

Clear the Skin

A beautiful complexion is the outward mark of good blood and a healthy body. When the stomach, liver and blood are in good order, the skin is clear and lovely. Unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions and sallowness show the need of Beecham's Pills to stimulate and regulate the vital organs and improve the circulation. Good health and better looks soon follow the use of

BEECHAM'S PILLS
are worth a guinea a box

Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXVIII.
A PROMISE.
"Well, don't, that's all," he says, nodding impressively.
"It was a rum kind of thing to do, and if it came to the governor's ears there would be a shindy about it. Calthrop says that he knows the earl wouldn't like it, and that if he knew of it, old Wigsey would get the sack."
"Mr. Calthrop is very considerate of the earl's feelings and your tutor's situation, Reg."

"I don't know any thing about that," says Lord Reginald indifferently. "Perhaps Calthrop thought of you at the same time; he's a cute fellow, and knows a thing or two."
Kitty crimsoned and her eyes flash dangerously.
"Mr. Calthrop's knowledge and acuteness are perfectly appalling," she says; "but neither he nor you need be afraid. Reg—you can keep a secret."
"And you will keep mum about this?" he says, half interrogatively, half with an assurance of her reply—"you won't let it slip out, and get me into a scrape, Kitty?"
Kitty nods; and her nod, as the boy knows, is as good as another person's most solemn assent.

"No one shall hear from me that you and I went to see the play, Reg," she says quietly. "If it is any comfort to your quaking heart, I'll promise not to open my lips on the subject."
"You will! That's what I call being a brick!" exclaims his lordship. "Now I'm off, mind, not a word to a soul. Good-by, Kitty; here, I say—and he bows forward—"you might let a fellow give you a kiss at parting—on a voyage, too."
But Kitty has suddenly become shy, and instead of letting him kiss her forehead, as she would have done a week—say, a day past—she holds out her hand to him.
"That's enough for you, Reg," she says, blushing and looking up into his face with a shy smile.
"Oh, I see!" says the unabashed Reginald; "that's enough for me, the rest is reserved for James, I suppose!" and with an audacious laugh he kisses her hand, and flings it away from him, dashes off.

A Happy Child in Just a Few Hours.

When cross, constipated or if feverish give "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, and they become tightly packed, liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.
When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can not cause injury. No difference what all your little ones—full of cold, or a sore throat, diarrhoea, stomach-ache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit "fig syrups." Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no smaller size. Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

his own better judgment. In the space of that moment, so short and yet so full of torture of temptation, every subtle grace that belongs to her forces itself upon him—the turn of her white, firm throat, the delicate shade of the small, quick ear, the lithic grace of the languid, drooping figure, and above all, the little, fearful, plaintive droop of the sweet lips, all seem to cry to him: "Take me! I am yours!" But Elliot Sterne is made of metal that has passed through the fiery furnace of the world; through the long watches of the night he has gained the victory, as he thinks, over self, and after that moment he hardens again, and steels himself to the withering influence of this child-woman whom he loves so madly, so passionately.

And Kitty? All day she has been thinking of her new and strange joy, has been dreaming of the future to be spent at his side—at his feet rather; his, the god of her idolatry, the king of her young, virgin heart. That future in which she is to glide through life hand in hand with him, reigning by his side in the great world if he wills it so, or in peace and quietude in some retreat outside it, but always by his side—always by his side!

All day long she has been picturing that he will come with that soft smile on his handsome face, with those low, gentle words throbbing to her heart; has almost felt, in the vividness of her waking dream, his hot, passionate kisses clinging to her lips; and now! Timidly she raises her heavy eyes to his face, and then drops them, benumbed and stupefied by its stern sadness and haggard gloom. But even then in an enforced agony of disappointment and dread, a hot flush of pride runs through her, a thrill of admiration for his beauty and kingly grace; whatever has happened, or is to happen, the whole world cannot rob her of one great saving gift: he has loved her! She has not dreamed that; he has loved her, his arms have held her to his heart; for one short day she has been his!

Then he speaks and his voice is so hard, so constrained and full of some smothered pain, that indeed, it seems to her like a voice in a dream.
"Kitty!" he says, "I have come to say good-by."
Though the horrible words stabbed her, she does not start or utter any exclamation of surprise or pain, but she echoes them inaudibly, and sinks quietly, with a word of languor, on to the seat, and, clasping her hands on her lap, looks up at him.
He waits a moment to see if she will speak, and then, with a sharp spasm of pity for her that makes his voice broken and hurried, goes on:
"Perhaps it would have been better if I had not come; yes, I think it would have been wiser and kinder to both of us; but, Kitty"—how sadly the familiar name sounds to both of them—"I could not go without a word—one word of farewell between us; one word, too, of forgiveness."

Kitty looks at him and beyond him. At the same moment with that bitter mockery of the tragic, a comedy is going on within sight, for the storm is breaking, and two of the maids are rushing to and fro to save the linen that is hanging up in the meadow, and one, struggling with a huge blanket, gets it wrapped by the wind in a tight swathe round her head, and stands, blindfolded and helpless squealing for help. For the life of her Kitty cannot help smiling in that helpless, idiotic way in which a sick person might smile in the delirium of physical pain. Then, with a start, she comes back to his haggard, working face and the consciousness of his meaning.
"You—are—going!" she murmurs, almost inaudibly, and with a sudden pallor. "Yes."
He nods sharply.
"Yes," he says, "it is better that I should go, is it not, Kitty?"
She looks at him in an amazed fashion.

CHAPTER XXIX.
AN UNANSWERABLE CHARGE.
AS he stands looking at her, there rises, predominant over all other emotions, tearing at his heart, one great aching desire and longing. He knows that his heart has gone from him forever, by that dull sense of vacant pain which throbs within him, as he looks at the sweet, apprehensive face, and solemn, melting eyes; for the moment he is conscious of a wild temptation to cast prudence and wisdom aside—both of which he has purchased so dearly—to forget everything and to take her in his arms then and there, against all the world, against



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THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

"I—I don't know," she says.
"At least," he says, bitterly, "it is better for me. I am not made of iron or wood; I am not a woman, Kitty!"—with a fierce smile, half angry, half pitiful. "It would have been better if I had never come—if we had never met, but the Fates rules otherwise, and—add there is no help for what is past."
No, there was no help for what was past, she thinks in a number of kind of way; but she does not understand anything of his meaning except that he is angry with her, and that he is going—going!

She raises one trembling hand to push the hair from her face—and looks up at him.
"You—you did not say you were going yesterday."
At that one miserable little word, yesterday, he winces and bites his lips.
"Yesterday!" he says, "do not let us go back to yesterday. All that happened and was spoken yesterday was a mistake—a miserable, foolish mistake; was it not, Kitty?"
The hot blood crimsoned her face and neck, and a light flashes to her eyes as she confronts him.
"A mistake! You say so?" she says proudly, her lips twitching.
"And you, too, Kitty?" he says. "Oh, my dear—oh, Kitty, why should there be any concealment between us? Has it not wrought us harm—enough as it is? Kitty, Kitty!" brokenly, reproachfully, "why did you deceive me, why—why? I have been asking myself that question all day, and cannot find an answer. It was easy to deceive me, for God knows I loved you! But how did you deceive yourself—how trick yourself into believing, even for a short few hours, that you loved me?"
At this passionate reproach, at this astounding accusation of falsehood and treachery, Kitty seems turned to stone.

With a sigh of convulsion born of her silence, he makes an effort to regain his calmness, and succeeds.
"Forgive me, my poor child!" he says, gently and sadly; "God knows I did not mean to upbraid you—I did not mean to speak an angry, reproachful word, though you have done me the cruellest wrong, unwittingly, that a woman can work a man. A woman! my poor Kitty, I forget that you are but a little, thoughtless, impetuous child, ignorant of your own heart. How—how could you understand me? No, it was not deceit—I know it, I feel it; but—oh, Kitty, how could you forget that you were giving me what was not yours to give?"
He takes her hand, as if with an effort, and looks at it tenderly, wistfully.
"Come, Kitty," he says, bending over her, "do not let us say any more! It is I that should ask for forgiveness, and I do—I do! Listen, Kitty: I thought that my little child-woman was free, heart-whole, unpledged, unpromised, and so—and so—I lost my heart to her. I did not know that she was to be the little wife of another—aye, and a good honest fellow, too! If—if you had but spoken out to me—there, in the stable yesterday—you remember, Kitty?—if you had but said 'what you ask me to give you has been promised years ago to some one else; if you had told me all about that good fellow who has loved you so long, ever since you were boy and girl together, and to whom you had promised yourself, I—well, my dearest, my misery would have been hard enough to bear, but light in comparison with the anguish of this moment, when I stand here to say good-by, and have nothing to carry away with me but the memory of your poor little self, too frightened to tell me all the truth! Ah! Kitty, I could bear it better if you had not deceived me!"
Pale and trembling, she looks up at him with tearless, burning eyes.
(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR



2624—In organdie, net, dotted swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the neck may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Yoke, gaborline, gingham, poplin and ropp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bolero.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

XMAS SHOPPING

Is difficult this season, still you can afford to keep smiling, as things are a lot better here than they are in Germany, and they might have been a lot worse. If you are thinking of Giving Some of "The Boys" a Present or Two, we have:
MEN'S LINED KID GLOVES at \$3.40 and \$4.50 pair.
MEN'S EASTERN TWEED WINTER CAPS from 90c. to \$1.60 each.
WOOL MUFFLERS in Khaki and other colors at 85c., \$1.20, \$1.70 and upwards.
MEN'S KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFS.
MERCERISED MUFFLERS—Various colors at various prices.
MEN'S SWEATER COATS.

For The Ladies We Suggest:
LADIES' TAN CAPE GLOVES at \$3.00 pair.
LADIES' WHITE WASHABLE KID GLOVES at \$3.00 pair.
LADIES' WOOL and IMITATION SUEDE GLOVES in various colors.
WOOL and MERCERISED MUFFLERS.
FURS and IMITATION FURS.
BLOUSES and WHITE EMBROIDERED CAMISOLES.
LACE and EMBROIDERED NECKWEAR.
EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

For Younger Members of the Family:
BABIES' BONNETS and CHILDREN'S CAPS in various makes.
IMITATION FURS.
RINKING SETS in Saxe Blue, Striped White, at \$2.25 set.
WOOL CAPS, CARDINAL OVERSTOCKINGS
WOOL MITTS in Cardinal, Navy and White.
BOYS' JERSEYS, COAT SWEATERS and NANSEN CAPS.
BOYS' OVERCOATS and LONG RUBBERS.
Many of the Goods mentioned in this advertisement have just been received this week, and are goods we did not have previously.
Remember we can give you Service during Xmas week for the above and other staple goods and make your money go farther.

Henry Blair

We are still showing a splendid selection of
Tweeds and Serges.
No scarcity at
Maunder's.
However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld

NO MATTER HOW THE FIRE IS CAUSED
If you're not insured, you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.
PERCIE JOHNSON
Insurance Agent.

The

Shipping Notes.

S. S. Cape Breton is expected to sail for Sydney to-day.
Baine Johnston and Co.'s schooner June left Jacksonville on the 24th inst.
Schr. Ruby W. Capt. Kennedy, left Bahia on the 20th inst., for this port.
S. S. Seal Capt. Rendell, has arrived at Gibraltar, after a fair run from here.
Schr. Jennie E. Ritcey and N. E. Schmidt arrived in ballast from Gibraltar yesterday afternoon.
Schr. L. B. Haskell reached port yesterday afternoon with a cargo of produce from Souris, P. E. I.
S. S. Diana, Jas. Baird, Ltd., owners, left Sydney to-day for here, loaded with coal.
The Alexandria has arrived at Bonney Bay to load salt bulk herring for S. G. Preble, Halifax.
The War-Mohawk came off dock to-day. It will be remembered that this steamer put in here in a leaky condition some days ago.
The West Eagle which arrived in port a few days ago from New York sailed to-day for France, taking about 100 tons of pulp and paper from the A. N. D. Co.
The A. G. Eisner is at present loading codfish for France. The American and Canadian Import and Export Co. being the shippers.

West Coast Notes.

The Gorton Paw Co's schooner Senator is at Channel loading salt bulk cod for Gloucester.
Captain Peoples schooner Eugene Cresser, with 1,990 bris. herring, sailed from Wood's Island on Thursday.
Two schooners finished loading with salt bulk herring at Curling last week, and sailed to market.
Three cars of herring for the New

SAL

OF

Ladies' JOB CO

For Limited Time

This is a lot just to hand during the next week or ten. They are American makes, and they are not the very last ones. They are very smart and the very good. Amongst them are

LADIES' CHECK TWEED at \$19.00 each.
LADIES' TWEED COATS at \$11.00 and \$18.00.
LADIES' CORDUROY velvet trimmed, at \$20.00.
A few **GIRLS' VELVET COATS**.

We also have

Ladies' Winter

This season's styles, all at

Prices

HENRY E