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The Web;

OR, PASSION. LOVE'S TRUE

CHAPTER XXXIII. **Hell or Beggar!**
All eyes were fixed on the lovely face, its pallor accentuated by the black dress, and Mr. Petherick rose to get her a chair, but Guildford Berton stepped before him, and placed one in the window recess, so that she sat a little apart from the crowd, and with her face half hidden in the shadow of the curtains.

Norah did not raise her eyes to his face, but took her seat and sat motionless, and holding Lady Ferndale's hand tightly. The crowd of faces swam before her eyes, and the first words Mr. Petherick uttered in his thin voice sounded unintelligible in her ears. She knew that all the eyes, burning with suppressed eagerness, and anticipation, were covertly regarding her, and her hand trembled in Lady Ferndale's loving clasp.

Mr. Petherick coughed in his nervous fashion, and fingered the will. "Before I read the last will and testament of the late Earl of Arrowdale," he said, his voice quivering, "I feel it my duty to express my regret at the absence of the—present earl. I have used every means to discover his whereabouts and acquaint him with the melancholy news, but have failed to reach him." There was an intense silence. "Sooner or later—soon, I trust!—he will arrive, and—relieve me, and all connected with the estate, of a serious responsibility, but until he does I must ask you to regard me as executor, as the person in charge."

Then he proceeded to read the will. Many glances of curiosity and envy and suspicion had been cast at Guildford Berton's tall figure as he stood just behind Norah and Lady Ferndale, and when, after reading out the small bequests, Mr. Petherick slowly recited the clause in which the earl bestowed his watch and chain—and nothing else—to his closest friend, Guildford Berton, a suppressed murmur of surprise and relief ran round the room.

Lady Ferndale was as surprised as any one, and her hand closed over Norah's significantly. But Norah made no sign.

Mr. Petherick read on in the singsong, unemphatic legal voice, and presently he came to the clause relating to her. He read it slowly and impressively, and Norah felt rather than saw the hungry eyes fixed upon her. She heard nothing more until she found Mr. Petherick standing before her, with the will in his hand. All the rest had left the room excepting Lady Ferndale and Guildford Berton.

"I—you will allow me to express my satisfaction, Lady Norah," said

the old lawyer. "If I had drawn the will myself it could not have been more in accordance with the advice I should have given. Very right and—just, indeed."

Lady Norah looked at him vacantly, still holding Lady Ferndale's hand. "A very just and proper will," said the old man, turning his spectacles on Guildford Berton, who stood with his hands clasped tightly behind him, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Yes," said Guildford Berton, in a low voice. "But how could the earl have done otherwise?"

At the sound of his voice Norah drew a little closer to Lady Ferndale. "I—I do not understand," she faltered, almost inaudibly.

"Tell her," said Lady Ferndale, in a whisper, and she looked up at Guildford Berton.

He took a step forward. "Your father has left you everything that was his to bequeath, Lady Norah," he said. "Will you let me, too, say how rejoiced I am that it should be so?"

Norah raised her eyes to his face, which expressed a gratification consistent with his words, and not a sign of disappointment or envy.

"I do not understand," she said, almost piteously. "Am I—the viscount, the present earl, is he—?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick, in the tone a lawyer adopts when he is enlightening ignorant womankind. "The viscount—that is, the earl—has the estates, the land with the Court, of course; but the rest is yours. It represents a vast sum—vast. The earl, your father, my dear young lady, had for some years saved a large portion of his income, and had been extremely fortunate in his investments; extremely so. It really seemed as if everything he touched turned to gold. On several occasions I felt it my duty to utter a word of warning respecting some of the speculations in which he embarked, but he always had his way, and I am bound to say that the results proved me wrong and him right. It is impossible at this juncture to give an approximate estimate of the sum he has left you, but it must be very large—very large indeed. I am—as Mr. Berton has said—greatly rejoiced."

He looked round to bow to that gentleman, but Guildford Berton had glided from the room. Norah put her hand to her brow. "I do not understand yet," she said, in a low voice. "Should—should not all this money have gone to my father's nephew, the present earl?"

Mr. Petherick coughed behind his hand. "Ahem—that is a difficult question to answer, my dear young lady. In ordinary cases it might—that is, a portion—er—no doubt the present earl will feel slightly—er—disappointed. The estate, with the title and the position it involves, is—er—heavy—and—"

"You mean that he ought to have had some of this money?" said Norah,

raising her eyes to the old man's face.

"Well—but, no!" he replied, firmly. "It was the earl, your father's, own personal property, to do with absolutely as he chose, and I repeat that, considering the circumstances, he chose well and—er—wisely."

Norah sighed, and her hand moved restlessly in Lady Ferndale's.

"What am I to do with all this money?" she sighed.

Mr. Petherick smiled. "It is easier to do with money, however large the sum, than without it, my dear," he said, gently. "Yes, an excellent will," he added, thoughtfully. "And yet—I—er wish the earl had permitted me to draw it. It is a strange thing that whenever a non-legal man, a man who is not a lawyer, draws up a will he makes some mistake."

Lady Ferndale looked up quickly. "There is no mistake—nothing to invalidate the will?" she said.

"No, no," he responded. "Nothing. Just a simple blank, which does not affect it, fortunately."

Lady Ferndale inclined her head with a look of relief. The old man's words had frightened her.

"There is one thing that surprises me," she said, "and that is the smallness of the bequest to Mr. Guildford Berton."

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mr. Petherick. "Just a souvenir, so to speak. Yes. Very much to his credit."

Norah raised her eyes, and, answering the look, he went on: "I must say that I was surprised. Mr. Berton was so great a friend, and has been of so much use to the earl, that I should not have been astonished if he had been left a sum of money. It is much to his credit that it is not so. I mean," he went on, stumbling and coughing, "that it is evident Mr. Berton is an honest and disinterested man. He might have used his influence with the earl to get himself named for a certain sum of money. Very much to his credit, especially as he is, I believe, a—er—poor man."

"Yes," he has behaved very well," said Lady Ferndale, but with a slight wrinkle on her forehead; "very well. Don't you think so, dear?"

Norah murmured an assent. The insignificance of the earl's bequest to Guildford Berton had surprised her; she did not even yet understand it.

Mr. Petherick went on talking about the property that had been left to Norah, and she gathered, listening listlessly with downcast eyes, that though the Court must go to the present earl, the missing man, there were other houses, as large if not so historic, which had fallen to her.

"I am afraid you are dreadfully rich, my dear," said Lady Ferndale, with a fond smile; and Norah sighed. There flashed across her memory the story of the man dying of thirst in the desert, who, in the course of his last feeble crawl in search of a spring, came across, not water, but a bag of precious stones, and how he flung them from him with a curse. He would have bartered them all for one draught of the life-giving water, and she would have bartered all the immense wealth that the earl had left her for one draught of Cyril Burne's love.

"Ah," she thought, as she sat in her own room and mused over it all, "if he had but been true, if he had but remained constant, that I might have gone to him and laid it all at his feet! Of what use are lands and money to me, who would have been happy sharing a cottage with him, and cannot but be miserable now that I have lost him?"

She lay awake all that night, the same refrain surging in her ears, and recalling with an agony too deep for tears those too short happy hours she had spent in the woods by his side.

Lady Ferndale remained at the Court for three days, and would have stayed still longer, but Norah would not permit her to do so. Nor would she yield to Lady Ferndale's oft-repeated prayer that Norah would go back with her to Ferndale.

"I do not know how it is," she said, "but I have a feeling that I ought to stay here until the earl arrives."

"That's nonsense," said Lady Ferndale, stoutly; "he may never arrive. Besides, why should you sacrifice yourself by remaining in this vast

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place for the sake of welcoming a stranger who will probably—

"Wish me gone as soon as he arrives," finished Norah, with a smile. "I don't know, but I put myself in his place, that is all. I should not like to come back and find the place deserted."

"Come back? The young man has never been here?" persisted Lady Ferndale.

"Then he will feel all the more a stranger," said Norah. "You go home, dear, and make my peace with Lord Ferndale for keeping you so long, and I promise that immediately Lord Arrowdale comes home I will pack up my things and invade you."

Lady Ferndale had to be satisfied with this, and went off reluctantly, and Norah was left alone, for even Mr. Petherick had found it necessary to return to London.

"I must find this earl," he said; "I must find him. If you want anything, my dear young lady, telegraph at once, and if you cannot wait even so long for me, send for Mr. Berton, who knows everything connected with the estate."

Norah inclined her head, but she thought that if Mr. Berton did not come to the Court before she sent for him, it would be some time before his tall figure shadowed the threshold.

(To be Continued.)

A Paris Chemist Has Discovered How to Grow Hair.

In Paris the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing hats, which is due entirely to this new discovery. It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day.

The French are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale. This preparation is called SALVIA and is being sold with a guarantee to cure dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed, SALVIA makes a most pleasant dressing, and is sold by your druggist. A large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50 cents.

What Shall I Give for Christmas?

ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM—A BOOK?

What is there, other than books, that makes so complete and satisfying and yet so inexpensive a gift? Furthermore, this is particularly a Book Christmas. For every man, woman or child a Book exists somewhere of some kind. Isn't this your opportunity? We have all the latest Annuals, Chums, Boys' Own Annual, Girls' Own Annual, Quiver, Sunday at Home, British Boys' Annual, British Girls' Annual, The Empire Annual for Boys, Empire Annual for Girls, Sunday, Chatterbox, Prize, Playbox, Tiny Tots, Bo-Peep, Little Folks, Child's Companion, Our Little Dots, Leading Strings, Our Darling, Scout, Cottager & Artisan, Little Frollic, Picture Books from 2c. to \$1.50, Reward and Prize Books from 20c. to \$2.00, All the Poets in cheapest and best editions, All the Classics in Leather and Morocco covers. All the latest and best Novels, for the best books come to

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPH-
THERIA

City Fathers

Make Appeal on Behalf of Fire-Fighters—All Employees of City Council Granted Increases—Reduction of Fire Insurance Rates to be Considered.

The regular weekly meeting of the Municipal Board and the final session for this year was held last night, Mayor Gosling presiding.

The comparative revenue and expenditure for last week were:—

1916 Collections.	
Arrears	\$ 49.15
Water and Sewerage Rates	920.75
Sundry Revenue	206.43
	\$1,176.33

1916 Expenditure.	
Weekly and Staff Roll	\$2,802.18
Bills	902.96
	\$3,705.14

1915 Collections.	
Arrears, etc.	\$ 773.27
Sundry Revenue	518.83
Customs Coal Duties	2,045.00
Customs Water Rates	104.90
	\$3,441.00

1915 Expenditure.	
Weekly and Staff Bills	\$2,540.25
Bills	2,762.96
	\$5,303.21

The Mayor intimated to the meeting that a public meeting would be held early next month with a view to a reduction of present fire insurance rates. Mayor Gosling has in course of preparation an address dealing with the new water system, which is now in such an excellent condition as to make impossible a confagration in the city. Evidences of this were seen during the present year.

The report of the City Engineer was read and adopted.

A building complained about on George Street will be removed.

Complaint was made about the condition of Mundy Pond Road by the Messrs. Pope. The matter will be attended to.

The applications made by the sanitary men and other employees of the Council recently, requesting a fifteen per cent increase to their wages were then considered. The requests were acceded to and the increases will come into effect to-morrow. The clerks at the Council office have also been granted a slight increase. The total increase for the ensuing year's expenditure is approximately \$5,000.

Penalties were also given to a few old employees. Their work is to be done by some of those who got their salaries increased.

Just before the close Councillor H. Brownrigg made a motion that met with unanimous support and is sure to get the stamp of public approval as well. He moved that the Council recommend to the Government that the salaries of the members of our Fire Departments be substantially increased; also that the Council vote an amount in that direction when considering financial matters. In making an earnest plea for the fire-fighters, who daily run the risk of their lives, he referred to the enormously increased cost of living compared with the paltry stipend these men were receiving. The Councillor stated that longshoremen, coopers, clerks, sanitary men and other working people in the community had got their earning power increased, but the firemen were forgotten and it was about time that somebody moved in the matter.

The motion was seconded by Councillor Mullaly, who referred to the environment of the firemen as "prison" walls and that they are only allowed out when the fire alarm rings. They work day and night and never get a holiday for themselves, as no matter where they are they have to answer the alarm.

Councillor Vinnicombe, Deputy Mayor Morris, Councillor Ayre and Mayor Gosling spoke in turn, congratulating Councillor Brownrigg on his motion, which all strongly endorsed and promised their heartiest support. The Mayor reviewed the splendid work and efficiency of our fire brigades and he assured the mover of the motion that the matter will be fully and carefully considered.

The meeting then adjourned.

Inmates of Poor Asylum

Enjoy Their Annual Treat.

Yesterday afternoon the Poor Asylum Mission gave their Annual Treat to the inmates of the institution, which proved the most enjoyable yet held. The supply of good things, which were in abundance, was equally distributed among the men and women of the institution who desire to express their thanks to the many kind friends who gave donations of fruit, candy and money and who by their action have lightened the hearts of the poor. An excellent programme was run off. Those taking part were:—Miss Barker and Cabell, Miss Pike, Brown, Barron, Curtis, Bears, Woods and Fitzpatrick.

A large number of the Mission were present and attended to the needs of their guests in a most pleasing manner.

New Year's Gifts!

We have a great variety of **Useful and Pleasing Presents,** Suitable for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls. The kind that are sure to please your friends. Call and see them to-day.

William Frew.

Baking Suggestions,

FOR THE **Festive Season!**

Seeded Raisins. Seedless Raisins. Cleaned Currants. Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels. Flavourings. Spices. Shelled Walnuts and Almonds. Icing Sugar, Figs, Crystallized & Glace Cherries.	FLOUR! Buffalo, 14 lb. sack. Graham. Buckwheat. Corn Flour. Rice Flour. CAKEMAKERS—The Cakemaker. SPONGEOMA—For Sponge Cakes.	ARMANDETTA. A perfect substitute for Almond Paste, 80c. lb. GROUND SWEET ALMONDS in ½ lb. & ¼ lb. tins GELATINE. Leaf in 1 lb. pkts. Knox's Sparkling & Acidulated. Cox's Colignets.
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Xmas Crackers! Xmas Stockings!

Xmas Plum Pudding, in 2 lb. & 3 lb. basins and 2 lb. tins.	Chocolates A full assortment of fancy boxes in Neilson's, The Chocolates that are different. ALSO Moir's, Ganong's, and Cadbury's, "King George and Queen Mary" pkts.	Fruits! Oranges. Table Apples. Grapes. Bananas. Pears. Peaches. Pineapples. Celery. Tomatoes. Calarab Fig, Orange and Apricot.
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Who is Brussiloff?

Cousin Declares That He Is Really Sir Hector Macdonald.

"When a man is dead, then he is done for," runs the old ballad. But there are a few who do not come under this generalization. We have had the famous Dauphin of France, the late King Louis XVII, who is said to have escaped from the deadly Temple, and to have lived in America or elsewhere as various people. And two novelists took the idea as bases for interesting novels. We recall news items that Oscar Wilde did not die in France, but was buried in effigy, and lived to find life anew, hidden away. The mystery of Marshal Ney is another story. And there was Hector Macdonald, who has reappeared in the person of more than one noted military leader; especially lately, he has been identified with General Brussiloff.

There are, then, men who say they will not stay dead. The story of Brussiloff, while the reverse of probable, is still interesting enough to be reproduced. A writer recently came out an interview with a resident of Gotham who said she was a cousin of the supposedly dead Macdonald, and put this identity with Brussiloff was put forth. We learn:

The legend of Sir Hector Macdonald is one of the strangest and most romantic in modern history. Charged with immoral conduct in October, 1903, Sir Hector, then a brigadier-general of the British army, a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and a member of the Distinguished Service Order, was reported to have committed suicide in a Paris hotel after visiting London and falling to have his charges dismissed.

Officially, General Sir Hector Macdonald is dead and buried in a cemetery outside of Edinburgh. His wife remarried many years ago. "Tradition has it, however, that he is still alive in the Paris hotel where he died, but a traveller in an adjoining room. Seeing at once the opportunity, Sir Hector, according to the story, changed clothes with the corpse, and, in his new identity, departed unsuspected. Like the man in Arnold Bennett's story, Sir Hector went forth in to the world with his life to use as he liked.

The legend, which was prevalent, hazy and unconfirmed, takes on much life in the words of this Mrs. T. M. Macdonald's cousin. The reporter asked a number of questions, trying to shake her belief in the identity of the hero of the eastern front but without any success. The account stated: "I am absolutely certain," she said, "that General Brussiloff is really Sir Hector. While I am only a distant relative, consists of Sir Hector's life in London and Canada and Australia, and I know they have been in communication with him.

"Sir Hector was a small man, slightly built. Gen. Brussiloff is of the same figure. In his character of Russian general, Sir Hector has grown

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