



# Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under Royal Warrant of Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

## ALL FOR LOVE.

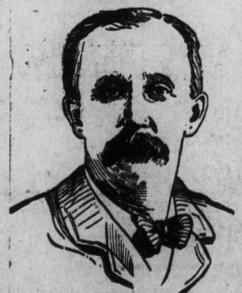
CHAPTER X.  
A BROTHER'S LOVE.

"Don't try to say any more, Lady Beth," said Paul Lambert very gently as her voice caught and tears flashed upon her lashes. "I understand," glancing at Philip. "Perhaps I ought to have understood before why you have never allowed me the opportunity to say this, but I simply had to know. Forgive me if I have caused you a single pang." He paused an instant and one hand clinched suddenly; then he went on in the same gentle tone: "I am afraid I can never forget, but you may be very sure I could not bear that we should ever be less than good friends; and if—with another thoughtful look at Philip—"some time there should be another to whom you can give the answer I have craved, why—Lady Beth, I—I should say from the depths of my heart, God bless you both." He arose as he concluded, paused a moment to look across the bay, then stole softly away.

Beth's face had fallen forward upon her hands while he was speaking, and as the last sound of his footsteps was swallowed up in the distance, heartbroken sobs came from her.

"Philip, Philip!" she breathed, "oh, now feels strong and vigorous."

And fit for any amount of work as the result of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. J. Huribert.

It is so easy to overlook the warning given by headaches, indigestion, falling memory, lack of power to concentrate the mind, irritability and worry over little things, that many a man does not realize his danger until on the verge of breakdown. Like the writer of the letter quoted below, you can call a halt to the wasting process and restore vim and energy to the nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great food cure has a wonderful record of cures.

Mr. J. Huribert, 23 James street, Brantford, Ont., writes:—"I was very much run down in health and as a consequence my nervous system was very much exhausted. Close confinement at my work, I think, brought on the trouble. I started using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the time I had used up one box I felt a great improvement. The continue use of this preparation has thoroughly restored my system so that I feel strong and vigorous and fit for any amount of work. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Ointment with splendid satisfaction, and recommend them at every opportunity." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 24 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

why is everything in the world at such cross-purposes?"

The next two days were very busy ones, and Beth, trying to put all unpleasant experiences and reminders behind her, threw herself into the preparations for the coming festival with a forced enthusiasm that misled even Muriel and, inspired every one else around her.

Of course Muriel had told her husband all about Beth's moods, of her threat to send for Philip to come to York Harbor to settle up that old score, and of Beth's counter-threat to fly at once to the protection of Aunt Prue, if she did so.

Teddy at once became rampant, for he had been doing a little private scheming by himself. He declared it was downright nonsense and obstinacy on Beth's part to nurse that old wound, and refuse to make it up with Philip, and he was all out of patience with her. Yet in his heart he thought, next to his wife, the finest girl in the world. Nevertheless, in spite of her threat, which he well knew was no light one, he knit his brows, settled his firm chin, and recklessly persisted in going straight ahead with his own little plot, which began to take form when his wife's party was first talked of.

Meantime, Philip, deeply immersed in his own plans to get business booming, well-nigh became involved in a tragedy which, however, was destined to result in good for himself.

After leaving his office one day, he was motoring slowly through Park Square, on his way uptown to his rooms, when he noticed a boy, about whose appearance something struck him as familiar, who was trying to pilot a little child of five through the crowded place to the opposite side of the Square.

"Jove! I believe he is that wretched thief," he muttered to himself, after a second look. "Good heavens! look out!" he yelled to his chauffeur the next moment, as he saw both boy and child go down between two teams, almost in the track of his car. He leaped from his machine, and was on the spot in an instant. Grabbing the boy by the collar, he lifted him to his feet, then tenderly raised the limp little form which the boy had tried in vain to shield from harm with his own body.

"Be she daid, sir? Oh, be she daid? Giv'er me—giv'er me," he wailed a hoarse voice at Philip's elbow, and a quick glance of the eye showed him the distorted face of the youthful thief, lifted in agonized appeal to him, his trembling hands extended for the unconscious child he was holding. "Giv'er me! Mine liddle sister," passionately commanded the boy, concluding with a fierce oath and a malignant scowl at Philip, whom he now recognized.

"No, she isn't dead," said Philip, kindly, moved by a feeling of pity for the miserable vagrant. "Come with me and we will take her directly to a doctor who will make her all right. Come!" he ordered authoritatively, a steely still scowled at him suspiciously. He strode to the auto, laid the still senseless girl on the back seat, motioned the boy into the other, and slipped in beside him.

"To the Children's Hospital," he

said to the chauffeur, "and make as good time as you can safely."

The boy had fallen upon his knees on the floor beside his sister, where he was weeping over her, at the same time talking to her tenderly in an unknown tongue, of which "Zieba, mine Zieba," was the refrain. It was a pitiful sight. Both were ragged and bony as they could be; gaunt from improper food—possibly from lack of sufficient to satisfy the demands of appetite. The little girl was especially fragile. Had she been clean she would have been attractive. Her brother was of a coarser type, with thick lips, heavy frowning brows, and a sneaking, sulky bearing; yet no mother could have manifested greater love and grief for her child than did this boy for the little girl who was evidently his sister.

A very few minutes served to bring them to the Children's Hospital, where Philip, followed by the boy, whom he observed hobbled with difficulty after him, bore the little girl into the receiving room, and gave her into the care of the proper officials, with a brief account of the accident, saying he would remain until they could definitely report the result of their examination to him.

When they bore her from the room, her brother frantically attempted to follow, but Philip placed a detaining hand upon him, telling him he was to remain with him until the doctor came back, and comforting him by saying perhaps they would then allow him to go to her. The boy made an effort to control himself, but Philip observed that he continued to regard him with mingled suspicion and fear.

"You know me?" he inquired, after bearing his dark looks in silence for some time.

"Yah!" said the boy, with a flash of fire in his eyes, but suddenly cringing as if from pain.

"What is your name?"

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**THE TOOTON STUDIOS,**  
310 and 406 Water St.

The boy looked him straight in the eyes, but did not answer.

"Well, never mind," said Philip; "it doesn't matter. But I am not going to harm you in any way, so you do not need to be afraid of me. Is the little girl your sister?"

The boy nodded.

"Mine liddle sister, Zieba," he said softly. "Mine Gott! if she die," he added with a sob.

"Cheer up," said Philip, encouragingly; "they'll fix her up all right here and do everything nice for her." "They goin' keep her long?"

"Only until she is well enough to go home again."

The boy shivered and ground his teeth. "Be she get—ungry mit 'em here?" he asked faintly.

Philip experienced an inward shock. Was the boy himself hungry that he looked so pale and gaunt?

"No, indeed; she will have everything nice that she wants to eat. Are you hungry, my boy?" he asked in a compassionate tone.

The boy lifted a yearning look to him and involuntarily gripped his stomach with a grimy hand. As he did so, something bright and glittering fell to the floor out of the pocket from which he had withdrawn it. He made a dive for it, but sank back in his chair with a groan as if from some terrible twinge of pain.

Philip picked it up, and a look of astonishment leaped to his eyes as he saw what it was—a small chain purse of silver, and between its meshes there were several glittering coins visible.

"Where did you get this?" Philip demanded.

The boy hung his head in sullen silence.

Philip emptied the contents of the purse into his hand. There were a small fatchkey, two silver half dollars, three quarters, besides some smaller change, and a card upon which was engraved "Mrs. Leon Allen, No. — Beacon Street, Boston, Mass."

"You stole it," Philip gravely accused.

The boy threw back his head in angry defiance, his great eyes flashing like black diamonds.

"Yah—I stole," he flung back at him, "and I stole all times mit Zieba, my liddle sister, and get small—small—small, und—his voice rising fiercer and shriller with every word—"and I—kill sooner I lets Zieba be 'ungry'."

Philip's heart sank in view of the depths of want and woe which this desperate confession revealed, while the boy's devotion to his little sister, despite its questionable methods, impressed him as something superb in its self-sacrifice. The next moment he sprang forward just in time to catch the boy as he was falling from his chair in a dead faint. As he gently lowered him to the floor he noticed that there was blood on his clothing, trickling down his right leg, and at that moment a surgeon entered the room.

"Ah, another patient!" he observed inquiringly.

"It looks that way," Philip replied.

An examination showed that the boy's right hip had been badly bruised by a piece of iron or stone. He had doubtless been hurt while trying to shield his little sister from injury, and this accounted for his hobbling while following Philip into the hospital. Yet he had uttered no word of complaint to attract attention to his own suffering. He had borne it in silence until outraged nature could endure no more.

The surgeon said his wound was one that would need care, and he would have him sent to a ward and attended to at once. The little girl's left arm had been broken above the elbow, he added, and she appeared weak and emaciated from lack of proper nourishment; but, with the right treatment and good food, she would soon be all right. The boy also looked as if he were half-starved.

Seeing he could do nothing more Philip took his leave, as they bore the boy away, having first obtained permission to visit his proteges the following day. Upon returning to his rooms he inclosed the silver purse and its contents in a small box and mailed it without explanation, to the address given on the card.

Every day after that found him at the hospital, during the visiting hour, to see how the little patients were

progressing and he was much surprised at the transformation in them as they lay side by side in their cots—both of them having begged that they might be together—pale and wan, but immaculately clean. He soon made friends with little Zieba, whom he found quite an attractive child with good features and beautiful, velvety black eyes. She always greeted him with an eager smile, for Philip was very gentle with her, and never failed to take her a rose or some other fragrant flower.

(To be Continued.)

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

### 9600.—A POPULAR MODEL.

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Blue serge was used for this design, with black satin loops and self-covered buttons for trimming. The design is suitable for linen, ratine, gingham, percale, silk, crepe, voile and other seasonable materials. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

### 9609.—A NEAT AND PRETTY FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

Girls' Dress.

Tan colored linen, with brown and white striped percale for trimming is here shown. The closing is at the front. Deep Gibson tucks give width to the shoulders. The design is also suitable for gingham, chambray, linen, percale, corduroy, challis, lawn, dimity, voile or cashmere. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

## Suitings for Spring!

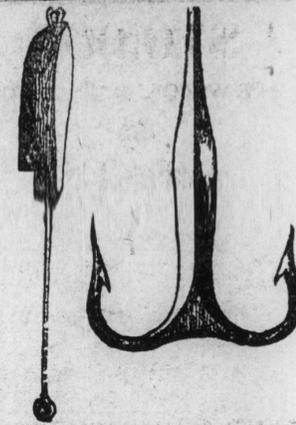


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