

A SURE RELIEF FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS.

10 Days' Treatment Free.
Orange Lily is a certain relief for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissue. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered normal. As this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease, it cannot help but do good in all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Price \$2.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. A free Trial Treatment, enough for 10 days, worth 75c., will be sent free to any suffering woman who will send me her address.



Inclose 3 stamps and address Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Happiness At Last!
OR
Loyalty Recompensed.

CHAPTER XXV.
"I am very grateful; it is very good of Mrs. Dalton to think of me, to care," stammered Bobby.

"She does care, I assure you; cares very much." Mr. Morgan Thorpe nodded gravely, almost solemnly. "She takes a great interest in you. As a rule, Laura is very chary of making friends. She has suffered a great deal, poor girl! and suffering hardens us—hardens us, my dear Deane. And I have never known her to come out of her shell, so to speak, as she has done with you. But about the cards, my dear fellow. You are not offended?"

"Not a bit," said Bobby, cheerfully. "The fact is, I ought not to have gone in for play, and—well I'm going to cut it now."

"I can't tell how delighted I am to hear you say so," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe again. "I'm a bad hand at preaching, and I don't set up for a Puritan or a moralist—"

"But I don't mind telling you, Deane, that if I had my time to come over again, I'd never touch a card or put a penny on a horse. They talk of the evils of drink. By the Lord Harry! I've seen more young fellows go under through cards and betting than ever were 'downed' by liquor. Why, I could give you instances by the score. And take my own case. In confidence, my dear Deane, I may tell you that Morgan Thorpe would have been in a very different position from the lowly one which he now occupies if he had made the resolution which you have just now so nobly made—and stuck to it."

"Why don't you chuck 'em now?" asked Bobby, with all the verdant innocence of youth.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe did not smile—which proves under what perfect control he held his facial expression.

"Ah, my dear boy, it is too late for me, alas! Some of us are born gamblers. It's in my blood, in my blood, my dear Deane. And poor Trevor's got the taint, too. Take the cards away from him and me, and we should go hang ourselves. It's too late for both of us. That's why I am so glad and relieved to hear that you are going to drop it. And Laura—well, it will be the best news I can take her. You'll come and see her, dine with us soon, Deane?"

"Yes," said Bobby, stifling a sigh as his good resolution went up the chimney with a moan of reproach and farewell.

"That's all right. So long!"

Mr. Morgan Thorpe paused at the door and looked round.

"Delightful rooms, these of yours. Always strike me whenever I come into them. Lord—what is his name—still at that place in the country?"

"No," said Bobby. "He has gone."

Morgan Thorpe stopped, with his hand on the handle of the door.

"Gone, eh? Where? Gone for good?"

Bobby shook his head rather sadly. "I don't know. He left Leafmore suddenly, and no one knows his whereabouts. I'm half inclined to think he has gone to Africa."

"To Africa?" A faint expression of relief shot for a moment into Morgan Thorpe's frank blue eyes. "Really? Well, he might go to a worse place. He'll escape the coming winter."

With another nod and smile he took his departure.

The expression of relief grew more open as he walked away. For Mr. Morgan Thorpe had an anxious time of it while in London. He had bargained with Gaunt to keep his wife out of England; but Morgan Thorpe, while making the bargain, had forgotten that his sister possessed that extremely convenient thing, a will of her own.

And the divine Laura had not only declined to remain at Vevey, or remove to Paris, but had insisted upon going to London.

He had not dared to oppose her, for she would have grown suspicious; and when the divine Laura was suspicious—well, Morgan Thorpe's life was not an easy one.

So he had been obliged to let her come, and had spent some part of his days in fear and trembling lest he should run up against Gaunt, and so, in a moment, lose his annuity.

But chance had favored him hitherto, and Gaunt had not seen Laura.

"Gone to Africa?" he mused, as he walked clubward, with a pleasant smile on his pleasant open face, as he smoked a choice Havana. "Well, he may have done so, and my luck may still be with me, but, on the other hand, he may not, and may turn up at any moment. My dear Laura, you will have to clear out. Yes, I shall have to move you. But how?" He pondered for a time, then he smiled. "If we are going, we may as well make a little coup before we start. A sort of spoiling the Egyptians. I'll talk it over with her. Her brain's better than mine at that kind of thing."

In which Mr. Morgan Thorpe scarcely did himself justice, for it would have been difficult to find a sharper or more astute scoundrel than himself, even in London, where sharp and astute scoundrels abound and flourish.

Three days afterward Bobby received a dainty little note—emitting the peculiar scent—from Mrs. Dalton.

Why did he not come to see her? Had she offended him? If so, why did he not tell her what she had said or done amiss? And would he come to dinner on Monday and give her an opportunity of explaining and begging his pardon?

So ran the note, prettily worded, and written in a thin Italian hand.

There was only one answer possible. Bobby wrote and said that he would come and tell her that in no way had she offended him, and that she had always been all that was kind and gracious.

And he went. She was alone when he entered the drawing-room, and she received him with a half-sad, half-reproachful air. She was beautifully dressed, had "made up" a little, her black eyes, which, as she had heard his voice outside, had shone with contempt and boredom, now beamed upon him softly, almost tenderly.

"I thought you were never coming, that I—should never see you again," she murmured. "Come and sit beside me and tell me what is the matter." She touched a chair near the fire and beside her own, and Bobby dropped into it, feeling as if he had been the cruelest and most hard-hearted of young men.

"Morgan has told me that you are going to give up cards. I am so glad!" she said, after Bobby had assured her that there was nothing the matter and that he had not been able to come because he had been "busy." "Oh, pray, pray, keep to that! I have seen so much misery through gambling, and I do hate it so! Besides," she added, with an air of innocence which would have done credit to a first-class actress, "you will be able to sit and talk to me while they are playing, for, of course, Morgan and Mr. Trevor will play."

And in this way she talked to him, singing Conscience to rest, and the beautiful, bewitching face blotted out all remembrance of his resolve not to see her again.

Then Trevor came in.

He smiled at Bobby as he nodded to him.

"Thought you'd gone into the country or abroad," he said, sullenly. "Duced cold." He gave a little shudder as he drew nearer the fire. His face was pale—it had the pallor of

the red-headed man—and his eyelids were swollen and inflamed. It struck Bobby that Trevor had been drinking heavily, and Laura shot a glance at him as he stood gazing moodily at the fire.

Presently Morgan Thorpe came in. "My dear Deane, Trevor, forgive me! I am late," he said, with his charming smile. "Trevor, how well and fit you look!"

Trevor glowered at him sullenly. "So? Then my looks belle me, for I feel anything but fit. It's this beastly cold weather coming in so suddenly."

"Your dinner will put you right," said Morgan Thorpe, brightly; "and there's the bell."

As Laura rose, Trevor bent over her.

"Let that cub go first to-night," he said. "I'll stay after him; I want to speak to you."

She made a motion of assent, and smiled up at him, sweetly, confidingly.

Thorpe was in the best and brightest of humors, and once or twice Bobby thought that that resolution would have cost him if he had stuck to it. They were such pleasant people, the Thorpes; and Laura—was an angel.

Trevor drank a great deal—as usual—through his dinner, and Thorpe pled him assiduously with the earl's wine; and after a time his face got flushed, and the sombre fire burned in his eyes.

They went into the drawing-room, where—as usual—Laura was playing softly on the piano, and Bobby went and sat down beside her and turned over the music.

Morgan Thorpe opened out the card-table.

"Do you play to-night, Deane?" he asked.

Bobby shook his head.

"Not to-night," he said, reddening. Laura's left hand stole out toward him encouragingly, sympathetically.

"Why not?" demanded Trevor, looking across at him with surprise. "Can't afford it," said Bobby, with a touch of his old spirit.

Trevor sneered.

"That's a reason no one can meet," he said, with a sneer. "Go on, Thorpe."

Bobby flushed still more hotly; but the small hand sought, and found, and pressed him.

The play went on; Bobby remained beside the piano, or sat in a chair close—very close—beside Laura's near the fire. They talked in a low voice, which, low though it was, seemed to annoy and irritate Trevor, and once he turned toward them fiercely, and demanded:

"What on earth are you two whispering and mumbling about?"

Laura laughed softly.

"Mr. Deane is telling me about his coach, his crammer; he must be such a funny man! Are you winning or losing, Mr. Trevor?" The former, I hope, why don't you give up cards, and come and sit round the fire, like good Mr. Deane and me?"

He swore under his breath.

"Losing," he said.

She turned to the fire again and the play went on.

Half an hour later Mr. Thorpe said, affectionately:

"Laura, my dear, will you give us a little champagne?"

(To be continued.)

Cover soiled feathers with warm pipe clay. Let remain a day or two, then beat out the powder.

Brown a slice of ham and some chicken in a frying pan, put them in a casserole, cover with thickened milk. Bake, season and serve.

Chinatown salad is a mixture of cold boiled rice, raisins, chopped almonds and chopped dates. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Caramel flavoring is made by melting one and one-half cups sugar in the frying pan, and when brown add one and one-half cups boiling water. Boil fifteen minutes.

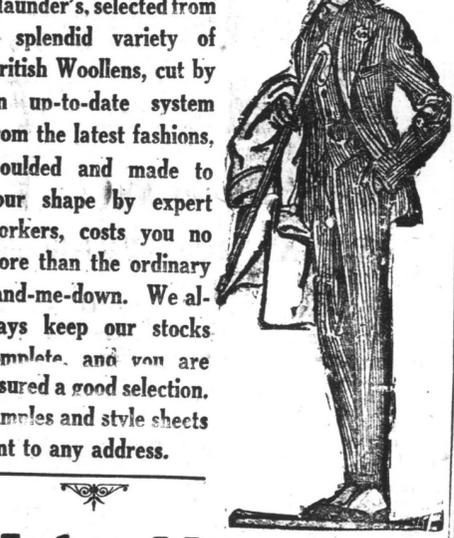
Another Shipment!



RED BALL VAC LONG RUBBERS.
RED BALL VAC STORM KING RUBBERS.
Best in the world. Double wear in each pair.
Mail orders receive prompt attention.
Special prices in case lots for cash.

F. Smallwood,
The Home of Good Shoes,
218 and 220 WATER STREET.

A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 822-318 Duckworth Street

Bracelet Watches!

The selection of a Bracelet Watch demands a great deal of care and the absolute assurance that your purchase is just what it is represented to be.

We have some very special values to offer you in this line in High Grade Swiss Levers and Walthams.

May we show you our Leader at \$28.50, with 15 Jewel Lever Movement and twenty year Gold Filled Bracelet?

T. J. DULEY, & Co., Ltd.
The Reliable Jewellers,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

Forty-One Years in the Public Service--The Evening Telegram

T. J. EDENS.

Having decided to run our Sale for two more days only, i.e., finishing up Wednesday, November 17th, we are marking down all that remains of our stock to well under cost prices. Remember, only two more days. There will be an auction on Thursday or Friday of what remains. Particulars later. In the meantime look at these prices.

- PINEAPPLE—**
Libby's large, extra special, 55c. tin; \$6.00 doz.
Also some at 40c. tin; \$4.50 doz.
- LIBBY'S EX. SPECIAL PEACHES, 55c. tin; \$6.00 doz.**
- LIBBY'S SWEET CORN 20c. tin; \$2.25 doz.**
- LIBBY'S ASPARAGUS, 50c. tin; \$5.68 doz.**
- SPICES.**
Pure White Pepper, 60c. lb.
Pure Allspice, 22c. lb.
Pure Cream of Tartar, 90c. lb.
Pure Caraway Seed, 26c. lb.
- Pure Cinnamon, 36c. lb.
- Pure Nutmegs, 43c. lb.
- LUX, \$1.05 doz. & \$2.17 doz.**
- MONKEY BRAND SOAP, 12c. cake; \$1.20 doz.**
- LIBBY'S PICKLES, 23c. bottle; \$2.50 doz.**
- POST TOASTIES, 20c. pkg.**
- TRUNES, 15c. lb.**
- Vermicelli, 20c. pckt.
- S.A.P., 8c. tin; 85c. doz.**
- APRICOTS, 40c. tin; \$4.50 doz.**

T. J. EDENS.

Buy Progress Brand Working Shirts, Pants & Overalls!

Roomy sizes, durable materials, strongly made in our own Factory to withstand hard usage. The materials were bought a long time ago and are priced well below present quotations. This means a considerable saving to you. Keep the home wheels turning by buying local made goods.

NFLD. CLOTHING CO., Limited.
WHOLESALE ONLY.

VICTORY BRAND Clothing

100 Per Cent. Value

The clothes we turn out are uniform in style, quality and workmanship. Every suit is tailored with the same care. Every stitch sewn into it is as important as the making of the suit itself.

Every progressive dealer will readily realize the increased patronage and profit he may enjoy by handling clothes of such qualities. Ask your dealer for

VICTORY BRAND CLOTHES.
The White Clothing Mfg. Co., Ltd.,
Duckworth Street

Cleaned CURRANTS!

NEW CROP.
Just Arrived One Pound Cartons.
For Lowest Price

W. A. MUNN,
Board of Trade Building,

Eats Candy but Loses Her Fat

Here's joyful news for every Bobby person who loves good things to eat, especially those who are desiring themselves the things they like most because of their desire to keep down their weight or to reduce the fat with which they are already burdened.

There is no further necessity to diet in order to keep your weight down or reduce the fat you have already acquired.

The famous Marmola Prescription has been put up in tablet form, and is now sold by all druggists at one dollar for a good size box. To get rid of fat at the rate of two, three or four pounds a week, just take one of these little tablets after each meal and bedtime until you have reduced your weight to where you want it. No exercise or fasting will remain. The Marmola Prescription Tablets according to directions a few weeks and get results without going through long and tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Get these at Marmola Co., 255 Central Building, Detroit, Mich., and receive them by mail, prepaid, in plain, sealed cover.

I SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Paris, Ont.—"For five years I suffered from pains caused by displacement of my organs and in my back. All of this time I was unfit for work and was taking different medicines that I thought were good. I saw the advertisement in the papers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took it faithfully. I am now in perfect health and in the newspapers as a testimonial."

—Mrs. D. CASSADY, Box 461, Paris, Ont.

Why women will continue to suffer so long is more than we can understand, when they can find in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound!

For forty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.