

GILLETT'S LYE
CLEANS-DISINFECTS-USED FOR SOFTENING WATER-FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP-FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXXVII.
A DUMB REPROACH.

With a stifled cry she pulled from its hiding place the stained morning frock, which she had worn the morning Elliot Sterne had come to her, and taken her heart from her. It was a very unattractive object; not a faded rose, or a crumpled letter, or a broken fern, only a soiled morning dress, but the very practical and unpoetic object brings all that happy, too happy day before her, and Kitty trembles and quivers like a person suddenly recoiling from the brink of a great crime. Her hands, a moment ago so restless and impatient, fall upon the soiled dress as it lies on her lap, and her great eyes stare at it with remorse, shame, supplication. If the crumpled thing could speak, it could not have spoken more eloquently than it did.

"What are you about to do?" it seemed to say: "you who have known what love is, you are going to sell yourself for pique—revenge, a pitiful, self-torturing spite! Shame! Can you look at me, and remember whose arms have enfolded me, against whose breast I have rested? can you recall the words I have heard whispered to you? can you, who put me out of sight as a thing too sacred for common handling, as consecrated by his touch, can you be contemplating this thing? Shame! It is better to have lived and loved, than never to have loved at all; better to live upon the memory of one day, than to drag out an existence of remorse and self-reproach. Be content! You who have known what love is, can never desecrate and degrade its sacred name by such a deed as you would do!"

This is what the dumb thing says, as plain as muslin can speak, and Kitty, hearing it, grows red, then pale, and then with a sob she bows her head over it and kisses it, and the pent-up tears burst forth, and the tortured heart speaks out:

"No! no! I cannot do it! God forgive me for ever thinking of it! I love him! I love him! I have been his love of only a day, and no one else shall call me his! Oh, my love, my love! I am yours, though you never, never come back to me, though another has the right to claim you, I am yours to the very end, and no one else's."

Devoted Mary, coming up the stairs

Don't Torture Your Child!

TO MOTHERS! See your little one's terror at the very thought of a dose of castor oil, mineral oil, calomel or pills. Ugh!

Cascarets "work" better, safer, surer on the tender little liver, stomach and bowels, besides Cascarets taste like candy. Even bilious, constipated, sick kiddies coax for this harmless candy cathartic.



Each 10 cent box of Cascarets, the pleasant candy cathartic, contains directions and dosage for children aged one year old and upwards. When the little one's tongue turns white, breath feverish, stomach sour, there is nothing better to "work" the nasty bile, soothe food and constipation poison from the child's system. Give Cascarets, then never worry.

some hours later, and for the tenth time, and far too anxious to be satisfied with a silent denial of admittance, opens the door cautiously and looks round the room with a perturbed countenance. She soon is staring into every nook and corner—falls on the heap of clothes, the soiled frock, and on the black bag, but not on Kitty. Mary looks behind the curtains, under the bed, even, then, crying by this time, into the bathroom. But that is empty; the door is open, and Kitty has flown!

Kitty has flown, but the bag is there, and clinging to it as a drowning man clings to a rock, poor, helpless, bewildered Mary sits down and weeps, with alarm, relief, and consternation as mingled and confused as the muddled-up heap at her feet.

If Mary had had the sense and mother-wit to run to the window, and pull up the blind and look out, she would have seen her fugitive mistress walking across the fields. But though Mary did not see her, another pair of eyes, that had been so watchful, and anxious as Mary's own, was on the watch; and Mr. Sydney Calthrop, pacing moodily and expectant behind the elm, saw the slim, graceful figure, and felt his heart leap out to meet it.

Ten o'clock had struck by the stable clock; it was ten minutes past. He thought, until he had looked at his watch, that it must at least have been a quarter to eleven, before he saw her; and no pen, however graphic, could paint the tortures of those ten minutes endured by the creature who had never known before what impatience meant!

Even now when he saw her he could not, for the moment, go forward to meet her. He must needs stop and calm himself, wipe the great drops of cold perspiration—the dews of doubt and misgiving, rising and falling hope—from his forehead. Then he summoned all his self-composure, and, vaulting over the stile, hurried toward her.

But he has not gone two yards before he stops with a sudden, swift, but convincing dread. It is not because he has seen her face, for she is too far as yet—it is not because she is alone, though that fact would be sufficient reason for the icy hand of doubt that seems to grasp at his heart and turn him cold. It is something in the manner of her walk; it is too hurried—for Kitty is not the one to hurry to any man, least of all to a waiting lover—something in her bearing, in the pose of the little figure, and the droop of the small, sleek head.

Sydney Calthrop stops short, and waits beside the stile, his heart beating, his eyes hungrily watching to read his sentence.

A glance at her face tell him more than enough. In a moment the thousand conflicting hopes and fears fall into nothingness, and a heavy despair settles upon him.

He does not even hold out his hand, but grasps the top bar of the stile with one hand, and looks steadily at her.

Panting, but not from her speed, Kitty stands before him, as pale as himself—more affected outwardly, but firm and immovable—he knows it—as a rock.

"I have come," she says, drawing

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PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO.

Shipment just received. The price is lower this time.

By "Lady of Gaspe" to-day, January 3, '19:

- 10 Barrels CARROTS.
- 10 Barrels PARSNIPS.
- 10 Barrels BEETS.
- 20 Barrels CABBAGE.

900 Bags P.E.I. OATS.

50 boxes Taylor's Borax Soap.
50 boxes Early June Peas.

N. Y. CORNED BEEF. PORK LOINS.

McCormick's Fancy Biscuits.
McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas.
Grape Nuts.
Postum Cereal.
Del. Monte Peaches.
Del. Monte Egg Plants.

GOVERNOR CIGARS. CONCHAS CIGARS.

100 Pairs FRESH RABBITS.

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Duckworth St. and Rawlin's Cross.

her shawl against her bosom, doubtless to still, if she can, the throbbing at her heart—"I have come, because—because I think that I ought, Mr. Calthrop"—he winces at the formal address, but his eyes do not move for a moment from her face—"Mr. Calthrop, I was mad and wicked when I saw you last, and said words, and promised to do what I never ought to have said or promised. Oh, do not look at me like that!" for his face works for a moment, and his eyes gleam with reproach and accusation.

"Indeed, I have suffered!—I am more sorry, sorry, sorry, than I can tell you—than you would believe if I told you! But I don't think I have quite known what I have said and done lately!" she goes on, with a startled look of pain mingling with her imploring, penitent one: "I have been wicked, and—and heartless!—heartless, indeed! Mr. Calthrop, I hope that you will not think too much of it—that you will remember what a worthless—utterly stupid and worthless girl you—you honored and confided in—and—forget her!" and, with eyes that are dimmed with tears, she holds out her hand.

He looks at it for a moment, then slowly raises his eyes to her face again.

"You will not come—is that what you mean?" he asks, struggling with his voice, that sounds hoarse and unnaturally calm.

"I cannot," she says, clenching her hands and hiding her face away. "I cannot and dare not; it is not only for myself that I draw back, that I break my promise. For your sake I ought not to—to do what you want me! I see it all clearer to-day, and know how heartless and cruel I should be if I yielded—"

"Heartless and cruel," he says slowly, and staring at her. "Yes, you have been heartless and cruel to every one who has loved you. I might have known—if I had not been a fool, if I had not taken you for a simple, guileless girl—that you would have cursed me as you did the rest. I am rightly served—we are all fools—all three—Ainsley and Sterne—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" she breathes, putting up her hand and turning white and wan. "Stop! You do not know! You judge me too harshly—and yet—yes, I deserve it! Say what—you want to and let me go," and she stands before him with drooped head and patient, miserably clasped hands.

"Say," he says, with a dull kind of passion. "What will words do for me? If I stayed all day and said a hundredth part of what I could say, it wouldn't harm you or do me any good. I knew, yes, by Jove, I knew it! That you would play me false, that you wouldn't keep your word. I was never set on anything so hotly as I have been on this. I have loved you—I love you still; and you go and leave me, and tell me I can say what I like. Well—I can curse you, and I do!" and he throws his hand toward

her, palm outward, as if he hurled a curse with it.

Kitty shrinks as if struck, and then with a cry of horror, and covering her eyes, turns away.

He stands for a moment looking after her, and yet without seeing. What he sees is the Nemesis which has come down upon the heels of his treachery, and betrayed him. What he sees is a long, weary, sterile struggle with the fruitless passion that tears his heart. What he feels is simply despair. It numbs his soul and body so that he cannot stand, and he sinks down upon the step of the stile and rests his face upon his arm.

Five minutes pass, and then suddenly he leaps to his feet, hot, panting, with bloodshot eyes and quivering lips.

"Fool! A cursed fool! I have let her go! I had her here—the carriage was in the lane—what was easier than to throw that shawl round her face and make her keep her promise? Fool—fool! Too late! It is too late!"

Like an electric current, the wild mad hope runs through his veins.

With an oath he springs on the stile and stares before him.

Yes, there she is, going with dragging footsteps across the meadow—the next meadow but one; the footpath turns to the left, she has nearly gained it; if he cuts across this next field and runs he can reach her before she can gain the lane.

A moment—a half moment—is sufficient for the calculation, and the next minute he springs to the ground, dashes over the gate of the adjoining field, and runs with the speed of a man racing with death.

Racing with death!

What is that behind? That strange echo that reaches his ears, muffled as it were, by a breathing harder and louder than his own?

For a few seconds he takes no notice of it, but suddenly the echo grows too loud, the breathing, which he fancied was his own, grows into a fierce, unearthly snort—he turns his head and his brain reels; behind him, so close that he fancies he can feel the animal's hot, savage breath, comes, at a headlong pace, the bull.

With its smooth, iron head bent low, blowing the hot steam from its nostrils, flinging the foam from its cruel jaws, the brute glares with its small, savage eyes a look of ferocious cunning straight into the horrified ones of the man.

Before them both—seeming miles away in the distance—is the gate which the man will never reach; the bull knows it as well as does his victim; he gives a long snort of ferocious delight, and dashes on.

Sydney Calthrop, the hunter, turned into the hunted, utters not a sound, but keeps on his way; suddenly Kitty, turning her head, sees the race of life and death, and a scream, shrill and piercing, rises into the air.

Then, for the first time, the brute opens his nostrils and bellows, bellows with defiant mockery and rage. (To be Continued.)

A frock of white panne velvet owns an ample sash which ties at the left side in an enormous bow.

Some spring dresses have the slant overskirt bordered with beads, wool embroidery and appliques.

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Try this! your hair gets wavy, glossy and abundant at once.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance; freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and curer for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—faking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

Fashion Plates.



A Dainty frock for mother's girl.

2660—One could make this of voile or crepe for a best dress, or of velvet or poplin, or the waist could be of soft batiste or crepe and plastron portions and skirt of contrasting material in a matched shade. The design is fine for growing girls. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

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

A SERVICEABLE AND BECOMING APRON.



2674—This model is easy to develop and easy to adjust. It is provided with ample pockets. Gingham, alpaca, saten, drill, cambric, lawn and percale may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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They have every Quality that spells Service—they are light, durable and comfortable.

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The - Evening Telegram

TO-DAY MESS

1.00 P.

THESE ARE THE

(Via Reuter's Ottawa) the official gazette of 22 new Victoria, three recipients of the Canadian, are de- rised among them. The Newfoundlander are the Canadian and recipients with ed. Captain John C.M. of the 2nd Ca- lites' Battalion, Fir- rito Regiment, for rious bravery, lead- rific devotion to- mbred from Septe- he led his compan- ne fire, and when ecked by machine- e was wounded, he- cated the enemy g- in forward in broad- ce of heavy fire, e- ons, and with an- angle handed, he- eads out of action, rking eight prisoner- tion saved many. He- led the advance to- in John MacGregor- \$8 at Nain, Scotla- March 1915, at V- econd mounted Rifles- a commission. By- rpreter. Others to- crosses were award- george Fraser Kerr, e- ronto, enlisted in- sion he was a che- kin in John Kerr- ronto, Lieut. Mitc- on in 1892, at Moun- and served as a ra- ation, and transfe- rials, and then be- ans Fourth Batta- on he was a schoo- of kin is Elizabeth G- andale in North- amuel Honey, born- ronto, enlisted Fel- erton, died of wou- on a school teacher- e 34th Battalion, e- rants stripes and- sion. Next of kin- Lemoville, Ont- rfield, born in- England, in 189- e was a farmer, N- er, William Merril- oad, Ottawa, Ont- lton, Central Ont- or the most consp- ed devotion to- tuck near Abancou- t, 1918, when his- p by an intense fire- line gun emplacem- of them both single- at of a shell hole in- eants of which first- ough wounded, con- ck on the second y- mb killed the occu- used to be evacuatu- ation until again- . Merrifield served- distinction on ma- ons, and all through- tember first show- alities of valor at-

HERE HARDEN WA

(Via Reuter's Ottawa) writing in Die Zukun- th Germany's police- aximilian Harden- rmany's rulers ma- the strength of that-

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