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WM. DEMUTH & CO.
New York

The Sound of Wedding Bells

—OR—
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Glad!" he echoes. "Why, Maud is young enough to be his grandchild!" She smiles placidly.

"Not really?"

"Well, pretty nearly," he says. "The idea seems to be repugnant to me. Gretam is older than he looks, and—and—in short, I cannot believe it."

"Is he so old?" she says, innocently taking the camellia from her bosom and holding it up to the light.

"Old? Yes! I suppose he has nursed Maud on his knee many and many a time. Think of it! Why, suppose he had come to pay attentions to you?"

"To me?" And she laughs softly. "That is too ridiculous."

"But you are not older than Maud," he persists, "or very little. How would you like it?"

She laughs again.

"It is too ridiculous! No duke will pay matrimonial attentions to me."

"But I say how should you like it?" he insists.

"I—it is different with me," she says, with a little suppressed sigh.

"Well, then, it's the same with Maud," says simple-minded Hugh.

"The idea is dreadful! Gretam is a very good sort of a fellow; but—but if he meant to marry he should have thought of it years ago; or if he means to marry now he should look out for a woman near his own age. Then—well, it would be more consistent! But Maud!" and he laughs grimly.

"But," she says, still holding the camellia, "Maud would be a duchess. Many a young girl has married an old man for a title."

"Then," he says, sternly, "you think a title covers all other disparities? Lucy, I did not think you would have spoken so."

"But I did not say so," she says, softly, putting her arm on the chair again. "I don't think so. Nothing deal, Lucy, in the old times you and I were great friends—more than friends. It was to you I came in all

"Seal Brand" means a certain definite blend of high-grade coffee—uniform in quality and always delicious.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

my boyish, youthful troubles; it was you who sympathized with all my projects and ambitions. There was no thought or hope of mine that was not bound up with thought of you. When fortune smiled on me, and fame came within my grasp, I thought of you, and wondered whether you would be pleased. Do you not remember those old times?"

"Yes," she murmurs, falteringly, "I remember."

He is silent for a moment.

"You were a part of my existence," he goes on, with a gloomy brow—a brow that surely no lover ever wore before. "When I was fighting there under the Southern Cross, I used to think of you, my little sweetheart—the girl who had promised to be my wife!"

He pauses, overcome by the memory, and she sits and listens with bowed head, and her hand goes up to the camellia which but a few short hours ago had shone on the coat of the duke.

"I thought of you," he goes on, "and pictured to myself how glad you would be that I had not been picked out by bullet or shell, and then when it was all over I made my way home."

He pauses again, and her small hand steals a little way towards his.

"I made my way home," he goes on, "but on the way I met with one of those adventures which fall to one whether one seeks them or does not. Lucy, it was a midsummer madness. It was hot and fierce and strong while it lasted, but it passed. Lucy, I was mad. I forgot in that short delirium your fond, faithful love; I forgot everything, enveloped in the glamor of that hour. But it has passed. And, see, I come back to you—to you, my first faithful love, whom I have caused to suffer, I fear, for your heart can know no unfaithfulness. I come back to you, Lucy, and I offer you my old love, tarnished and stained though it be. Will you accept it, Lucy?"

His voice, broken and hesitating at times, when he thinks of Dulcie and speaks of his midsummer madness, grows firmer toward the close, and as he bends over her, he takes her hand.

She does not withdraw it, but looks up at him with a tender smile.

"Lucy, answer me," he says. "I know I deserve to be sent away with an indignant refusal, but I throw myself on your mercy. I feel that you have been true to me through all my fickleness. Lucy, if you still cherish an atom of the old love for me, tell me so, and let there be an end of the past!"

She looks up at him, still with the gentle, trusting smile.

"Dear Hugh," she murmurs, and the green eyes grow tender and loving, "what shall I say to you?"

"Tell me the truth," he says. "Do you still love me? Will you forgive me?"

She sighs.

"Yes, I forgive you, Hugh."

"Lucy!"

"I forgive you. But," with a little plaintive smile, "are you sure that your midsummer madness is past?"

"Quite," he says, "and if I were not the end of that madness would be very near at hand. Dul—Miss Dorrmore is engaged to Sir Archie."

"I know," she murmurs.

"She loved him all the time," he says, with a sharp twinge, even at this moment.

"I knew it," she murmurs, with a smile, enjoying his sudden twinge; "she was not worthy of you, Hugh; but am I?"

"Lucy!"

"Think!" she says, glowing over him. "She was very beautiful, while

you were always beautiful in my eyes," says poor Hugh. "Come, Lucy, do not keep me in suspense; do not recall the past; let me—let us both forget it. Will you be my wife?"

She is silent for a moment, and her hand goes up to the camellia.

"Hugh—"

"Yes, Lucy."

"Will you be angry if I ask you to give me time?"

"Why should you ask me, Lucy? Are you uncertain, undecided?" he asks.

"I?" and she eyes him with a glance of angelic reproach.

"Well!" he says, impatiently.

"Well, Hugh, you will not be angry with me!"

Doctor Said Operation.

When Chatham Lady Suffered From Extreme Nerve Exhaustion. Now Feeling Fine and Working Large Garden.

Chatham, Ont., November 16th.—This letter will interest every lady reader, because it describes a condition for which many doctors advise an operation. That the operation is often unnecessary and very often leaves the patient an invalid for life is well known.

You will read here of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for this lady and will then understand the great good it is accomplishing in many thousands of similar cases throughout the continent.

Every woman should think long and earnestly before consenting to an operation of this kind. It is a simple matter to give Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a trial and the results are almost always entirely satisfactory. You not only avoid the risk and expense of an operation, but find yourself restored to health and vigor.

Mrs. E. M. Ford, 82 Delaware avenue, Chatham, Ont., writes: "For four years I suffered from my nerves. I was restless and could not sleep well. I had headaches, neuralgic pains through the body and backache. There was buzzing in my ears and twitching of nerves and muscles. I also had palpitation of the heart, which caused shortness of breath. I was easily tired and always droopy after eating. When walking or on my feet very much my feet would seem to go dead in my shoes. I consulted two doctors and both told me that I would have to have an examination and probably an operation, but I would not have either. Shortly after this I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and after a treatment of this medicine I can say I am now feeling fine. I am able to do my household duties without difficulty, and besides this attend to a half-acre of garden. I can go about without that dead feeling in my feet, and am grateful to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my cure. I think very highly of this medicine and recommend it to other sufferers whenever I have an opportunity."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Wedding Bells.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, November 14th, 1917, at the Chapel of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Prescon Convent, St. John's. The contracting parties being Miss Maggie Shelly, Gover Street, and Mr. Gregory Clooney, the popular young farmer of the White Hills. The bride was handsomely attired in a gown of rose colored silk and black hat. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Shelly; Mr. William Clooney, brother of the groom, acted as best man; the three little maids of honour were Misses Laura Clooney, Mary Heale and Mary Egan. After the wedding ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's parents where a sumptuous repast was partaken of after which they drove to their future home, White Hills. The presents were numerous and costly, testifying to the esteem in which the young couple were held.

Road Boards and Mails.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Editor—The same rule holds here re Election Road Boards as in Conception Bay, Holyrood and elsewhere. A Proclamation posted as per the last Act passed for simultaneous election to be held 15th Nov., and still the Stipendiary Magistrate to hold all Elections throughout the District thus rendering the Elections illegal. Why is it?

And why is it necessary for all parcels from U. S. or Canada to be sent past their destination to St. John's? Can they not trust their officials in the outports to perform their duties in examination and collection of duties? If not they should change them, and get others whom they could trust, and not incommode, and give a lot of unnecessary worry to the public who will ere long get sick of their quibbling ways and try a bit of Russian on them. That time is approaching rapidly.

Yours truly,
KERENSKY.

From Cape Race.

CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind S. Fresh, weather dull; nothing sighted. Bar, 29.55; ther. 46.

FIGHTING WITH CANADIANS.—Hr. Jack O'Rielly, formerly a well known vocalist here and a prominent member of the C. C. C., is with the Canadian soldiers in France. He has a brother, Dick, in the 8th Regiment. Jack was enjoying good health when writing to his parents recently. He wished to be remembered to his friends here.

Black charmeuse combines well with black-spangled tulle.

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For an inferior SUIT for your boy, when you can buy one for

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SPICES: Pure, in 6 lb boxes. PURE GOLD ASSORTED ICINGS, ASSORTED JELLIES, ESSENCES, 1 and 2 oz.; COCHINEAL, RENNETT.

PEPPER: Black, White, Whole. Caraway Seed, Nutmegs, Spices in 3 oz. tins, Pepper in 3 oz. tins, Curry Powder, Table Salt—Jars. Celery Salt, Pickling Spices, Herbs in tins, Poultry Seasoning, Vinegar Essence.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD, D. S. F., in 1 lb., 2 lb. and 1/4 lb. Tins.

PLUM PUDDING, in Basins and Tins. Nonpareils, Glace Cherries, French Capers, Lea & Perrin's Sauce, Banquet Sauce, Lazenby Fish Paste. GELATINE—Pure Gold, Knox's, Coignets.

MORTON'S SOUPS, in 1 lb. and 2 lb. Tins. French Sardines (in Tomato Sauce), Skippers, Durke's Salad Dressing, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Boned Chicken, MOIR'S CAKES.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited, Phone 832. GROCERY DEPT. Phone 532.

Fads and Fashions.

Pockets have gone. Chemisettes are ahired. Lavender blue is a favorite. The V neck is still fashionable. Coats are cut quite full and wide. Panels are frequent in the new gowns.

Taffeta and net is a new combination. Broche fabrics are having a great vogue. Hat crowns are trying to grow higher. Tailored dresses without belts are favored. A novel skirt is called the envelope skirt.

A ROYAL SMOKE.

BENGAL LITTLE CIGARS

Made of high grade tobacco and exceedingly mild, as your own tongue will tell you. Beware of substitutes.

10 for 25 cents. Wholesale and Retail.

JAS. P. CASH, Water Street.

The Lumbergrass Shipbuilding Co., Ltd. (IN LIQUIDATION.)

All persons having claims against the above named company are required to send particulars thereof, duly attested in writing, to the undersigned Liquidator on or before the tenth day of December, 1917, after which date the Liquidator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said company without regard to claims of which he shall not then have had notice.

St. John's, October 30, 1917.
PATRICK J. SHEA, Liquidator.
314 Water Street, St. John's, Oct 31, Nov 14, 1917.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

WOMAN GIVEN TWO DAYS

To Make Up Her Mind for Surgical Operation. She Fused; Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pain in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female troubles and would not get any relief until I was operated on. I had been married three years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I believe me, I only took four doses before I felt a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured. I never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know my cure."—Mrs. THOS. MCGONIGAL, 13 Hartville Street, Phila., Pa.

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That heavy headache, torpid liver, sick stomach, bitter taste in mouth, furred tongue, dull eyes and muddy skin, all come from a poor supply of bile. These unhealthy conditions are promptly corrected by

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