

Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER IV. Love's Sweet and Bitter. (Continued.)

There are plenty of new dresses in New York. I am sure you know where to buy one.

'Yes, I think I do.'

'Well then, my darling?'

'Have you thought about father?'

'I spoke to him long ago. He knows that I love you and that my great desire is to make you my wife.'

'But after this health? Clara told me yesterday that he would never make any more money.'

'I know.'

'That he will be poor—very poor. We will not permit that.'

'I suppose I am very poor also?'

'Do you think I care whether you are poor or rich, Amber? Do you not love me, for myself alone?'

'As you love me, dear one!'

'Yes, truly so. Now, I am glad you spoke to me so plainly. Now, I shall always put my trust in you. Tell me the inmost thought in your heart, Amber. If it is against myself, and you tell it to me, I will be just and kind. And I will keep back by thought from you, nothing that happens me. We must be so clear as the day with each other. It is the only way to be happy.'

It was near midnight when Robert bid Amber 'Good-night,' but everything had been arranged.

'And I am not sleepy, Clara,' she said. 'Come to my room, and talk to me.'

So they went upstairs together and sat down by the open window. In the bright moonlight, they could see Robert slowly strolling down the country-lane to the hotel. The eyes of both women fell upon him.

'How good he is! How kind! How considerate!' said Clara.

'Yes, but it is a poor wedding! Not at all what I expected.'

'We are poor people now, Amber.'

'What is the use of telling me that over and over again? I say it is a poor wedding. I expected something very different.'

'What did you expect?'

'I intended to have St. Azarius trimmed with palms and flowers, I expected fine music and a couple of clergymen—more especially the curate who asked me about 'love marriages.' I had chosen my bridesmaids—eight of them. To be sure, I did not like any of them but Bessie; but they were splendid 'set-offs' to each other and myself. I had the dresses and the gifts, the bouquets and the ushers and other details perfect. It is a little hard to give up all for a family wedding in a country church; no music, no bridesmaids, no wedding-breakfast, no wedding-dresses, really.'

'Robert did not seem to care.'

'Robert was delighted. He said he did not see what the world had to do with our marriage, anyway. He said that 'show marriages' were infinitely vulgar, and that society would make a decree to that effect very soon. He said also that it was vulgar to receive presents and make a spectacle of ourselves, and that it would be far better and happier to enter life together by the modest portal that love desires and which does not offend good fortune.'

'He spoke very wisely.'

'Very wisely, indeed! I asked him if he had learned what he said out of a book. And he answered he had learned out of the Book of Life.'

It was natural enough that Ambrosia should have at least one little grumble over the collapse of her girlish dreams. Especially as she never

MOTHERS NEED Scott's Emulsion

Many mothers have learned how much they needed Scott's Emulsion by taking it to show their children that it was a sweet medicine. For thirty-five years it has been the best known specific against fatigue and enfeeblement, as well as the standard remedy for warding off and relieving colds and affections of the throat and lungs.

again alluded to them. Indeed, she was so full of endeavoring self-disparagements and of little compunctions for her happiness, that Clara thought she had never been so lovable and so charming. And during these last days—days so full of hopes, dreams and desires—Robert was a different Robert. Even Will was astonished at the manner—the chivalry and the magnificent generosity of his husband's love. For there is a Don Quixote in every Sancho Panzo; and Robert Carter was, perhaps, for the first time in his life, at the topmost reach of his best self. The actual world was under his feet, he was living in an ideal one, full of beauty and of self-abnegations. But it is not in this life—not in this life—we are able to live long in the ideal, however good and charming it is. We are not satisfied with ideals; and alas, for realizations! Be they ever so sweet and good, they are of the earth earthy.

CHAPTER V. WHEN "LOVE IS LORD OF ALL"

Count nothing won till Love be Lord of all.

'Domestic happiness, thou only bliss Of Paradise that has survived the fall.'

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds; And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased With melting airs, of martial, brisk or grave; Some chord in unison with what we hear Is touched within us; and the heart Replies.

Perhaps it was well the interval before the marriage was so short. Every one was at an unnatural strain, and every one was somewhat relieved when the beautiful bride, amid lifted hats and smiling faces, stepped lightly from her old life to her husband's side. Robert was almost impatient of the ceremony; impatient of the strain. He wished to realize his power to take

Bad BLOOD

'Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them.'

Ambrosia also had her plans of life. Young wives are all perfect housekeepers, and she had heard something from Will of the tyrannical reign under which he and Robert had been permitted to keep house. She intended to alter such conditions very quickly. Her servants must be well-bred, and her arrangements without flaw or hindrance. She had a great many people to astonish, she had some to snub, and a few whom

ing won the love of a being so superior to the rest of the world.

And Ambrosia now really loved her husband. A young girl is not sure of her feelings. A young wife is either supremely happy or supremely miserable. It seemed to Ambrosia that she had no wish left to gratify. Even her girlish desire to have unlimited silk and lace was remembered. However, when the trial of her self-restraint came, Robert found that Ambrosia was quite able to spend wisely and that her pretenses of extravagance were one of those willful hypocritical women are not ashamed of.

In fact, he was astonished both at her prudent outlays and her still more prudent reservations. During their courtship, Ambrosia had held in reserve the practical side of her character; but when she was a wife, Robert soon understood that she knew very well how to obtain a dollar's worth for a dollar. And he considered this ability an additional charm, for he thought he was a generous man, he knew that generosity was meant for great occasions and that to be generous every day and always is waste and folly.

Their headquarters were in London or Paris, and from these cities they made delightful excursions not hurried by railway-time and not hampered by trunks and valises. Some of the glorious September days were spent among the laurels of Windsor, others in the terraced streets of Edinburgh, that—

'Towered, templed metropolitan, Waited upon by hills; River and widespread ocean, tinged By changing light or draped and fringed As changeful vapor wills, Or hanging like a Cyclops' dream, High in the shifting weather gleam.'

Here they grew silent and confidential in their happiness, answering each other's thoughts by glances and smiles, sitting in the lonely palaces full of dreams, or hand in hand, climbing the stony way to the gravel castles. The October they linked with ancient towns and the songs of the grape-gatherers and the romances of the Mediterranean. Then, half reluctantly and half willingly, they turned their hearts and faces westward.

Both felt that the May of their love was over and that it would be folly and disappointment to prolong what had come to a legitimate conclusion. Yet there was no sorrow in this recognition. Was not the rich summer and autumn of love before them? So though they turned backward with a sigh, as they stepped on board the homeward-bound steamer, the next moment they looked forward with a smile. They began to talk of New York; to recall its crash and rattle, its multitudinous cries, its snatches of talk and laughter, its bells and clocks and chimers; all demanding, insinuating, clamoring, at the ear and the heart.

They wondered about their house, and if Will had got the workmen out of it, or if they would have to camp in a hotel. And like a long-forgotten, but imperative friend, Robert's work appealed to him with an irresistible authority. The thought of his laboratory was pleasant to him; his unfinished experiments assumed new interest to him. All the positive ideas of actual duty which had seemed antagonistic to all his love-dreams blended now with the ozone in the salty air and the noise of the waves and the breath of the great west winds blew them into his heart and brain. Every day, as he drew nearer the shore, the thought of his work was better and sweeter.

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she would delight to honor. The waves rocked her to and fro, and she lay in her steamer-chair with closed eyes, thinking of and planning for the satisfaction of these diverse feelings.

There was a little squall on the evening of the day before they landed, and with her hand in Robert's hand, and her head against his shoulder, Ambrosia thoroughly enjoyed the tumult of the waves and the winds and the noise of the rattling sails and the hoarse cries of the sailors. After the dreary monotony of days of calm, it brought to her that quickened sense of life which is like wine.

But it was a tame sensation compared with the welcome New York shouted from all her wharves and streets. There happened to be some military display, and they landed at noon while the cannon were firing and the sharp regularity of military bands was striking fire and sympathy through the city's heart. Then they understood how much more powerfully men are affected by the noise men make than by any noise of nature's.

'The double, double, double best of their handiwork! Oh, and the shouting of the captains and the cheers of the crowd stirred Ambrosia as the voice of the winds and waves never did. She said to Robert: "I feel New York in all my veins. I breathe it. I live it. I would not give my three-score-and-ten years in it for a cycle of Europe. Would you, Robert?"

'And he was still lower enough to answer: "Not unless the cycle was surely to be spent with you."

Indigestion & Dyspepsia

In all its Forms can be Cured. It is quite a daily occurrence to hear persons say: "Oh, and the feeling of distress I have after meals, fullness of the stomach, heaviness and headache, I feel too tired to do anything, I have no heart to exert myself and at times I care for nothing. I often have a pain in the pit of my stomach, no appetite, my heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertion, I feel just as tired when rising in the morning as when retiring to bed. My sleep is often disturbed, and I often wake up with a sense of suffocation and a difficulty of again going to sleep. I have to be careful of what I eat, and my life seems a veritable burden."

Now, it seems a shame and a pity for persons to be suffering like that when it is in their power to get cured by taking a few boxes of Dr. Stafford's Prescription A. A sure cure for persons afflicted with stomach troubles. It can be obtained at

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,

Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill. Small size, 25 cents; postage, 5c. Extra; large size, 50 cents; postage 10c. extra. Mail orders must be accompanied by remittance.—oct29,11

Two-pieces of ancient tapestry which were recently discovered at Langford Hill, a Jacobean house near Bude, Cornwall, were sold the other day in London for £6,600. The principal piece, measuring some thirteen feet square, was one of a set of panels of fifteenth century arras tapestry, originally belonging to Cardinal Wolsey and representing the seven deadly sins. Three other of the panels are now hanging at Hampton Court Palace. The second piece was part of a frieze fourteen feet by two, originally made for Hampton Court Palace. Small pieces of the frieze still hang there in the Great Hall. The tapestry was found packed away in a box at Langford Hill. The house belongs to two maiden ladies who were unaware that their roof was harbouring such treasures. It was stated in the sale room that some years ago the panel, packed in a box and described as a carpet, was sold at auction for £1 10s.

Twitching of the Nerves

Wonderful cases brought about by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It is only by watching the symptoms of nervous exhaustion and applying restorative treatment that you can ever hope to ward off locomotor ataxia and paralysis. Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of Eastern Weyland Ave., St. Catharines, Ont., states: "For twenty-one years I was badly afflicted with heart trouble, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of the nerves and nervous headaches. I became weak, debilitated and emaciated. My condition was distressing and I was made worse through worry and loss of sleep. "I tried a hundred remedies in vain. After having used half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my old troubles had entirely vanished, and I was enjoying better health than I had since childhood." Such cases as this prove the wonderful efficiency of Dr. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It cures in Nature's way by enriching the blood and its benefits are lasting. 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to DEC. 16th, 1910

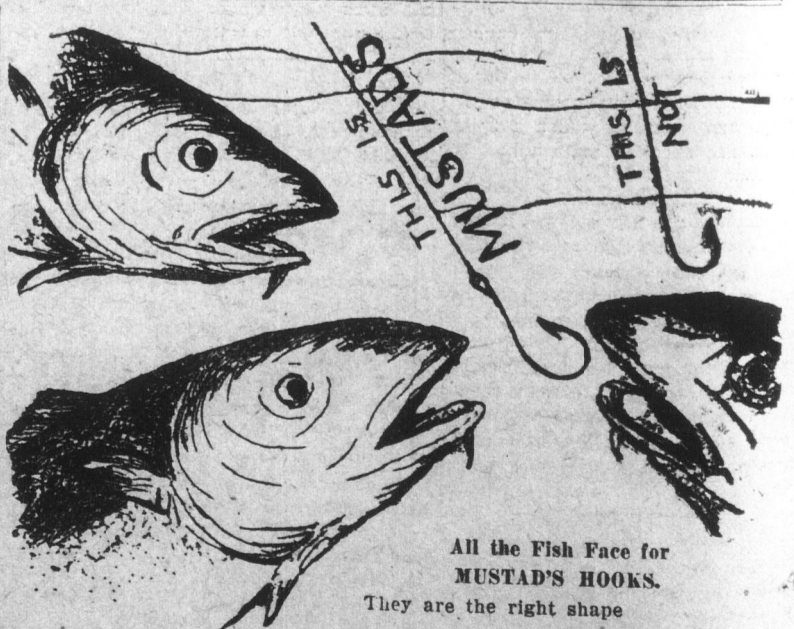
Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for A. Alcock, Patrick; Duder, A. C.; Lambert, George; and many others.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, ship names, and agents. Includes entries for A. Petrie, Harold; E. Mills, Albert; Whelan, Patrick; and others.

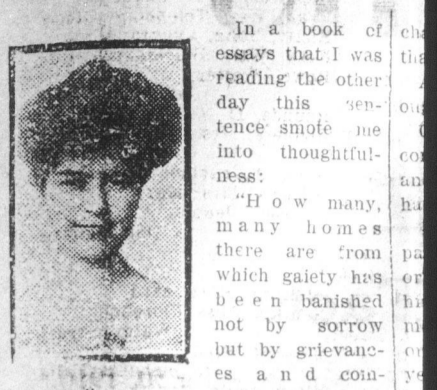
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The Evening



In a book of essays that I was reading the other day this sentence smote me into thoughtfulness: "How many, many homes there are from which gaiety has been banished not by sorrow but by grievance and bly complaints." If I were a minister I think I should preach on that thought just about once a year. I was talking with a young girl the other day who had just lost her sister.

There is one man in the United States more women's secrets than any other country. These secrets are not secrets of the secret of suffering and they have R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation that few of these women have been disappointed in a practice of over 40 years and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude of specialists in the treatment of women's ailments. Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce. All replies are mailed, sealed, upon printing or advertising whatever, out free to World's Dispensary Medical, Buffalo, N. Y.

Household Notes.

In building or remodeling a house, before the final boards are put on the pantry have it lined throughout with mosquito wire. It will make it forever mosquito-proof. To clean gilt, try touching it with a little at a time with a can of soda brush wet in alcohol. Don't let it dry, but rub off with a flannel. Walls should be changed frequently. Never scrape cooking utensils of any kind. Clean them out as much as possible, fill with water and washing soda; cover and allow them to steam. They will then clean easily. Before washing silk stockings, soak in borax water, then wash gently in tepid soapsuds. Don't wring, but squeeze out and after rinsing in several waters hang up to dry. In cooking broths all the juice is saved and much of the flavor otherwise lost is retained by completely brushing over the fowl with olive oil before submitting it to the flames. When carpets are not to be taken up, they can be greatly refreshed by washing with water to which a little ammonia has been added—not over a tablespoonful. Clothes will not dry so quickly if sprinkled and packed in a tin boiler the night before ironing day. They should be packed as tight as possible and the top pinned on the boiler. Crochets for soup are most easily made by cutting gale bread about half an inch thick, buttering it thickly on both sides, cutting in half inch squares and baking in the oven until brown. After washing woolen socks, dry them on frames to prevent them from shrinking. They should be washed in warm suds of white soap with a

Bad Colds old stop Never hesitate to ask your doctor. Pectoral. Use it or not, as he says