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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XX.
SNATCHED FROM RUIN.

He came quite before he saw her, then he looked up, and a sharp, sudden pallor made his haggard face and bloodshot eyes look more wan.

He stopped and stared at her, as if he were some vision his thoughts had called up before him, then he raised his hat.

The movement recalled Olive to her senses.

She gave him one glance, then struck her horse—for the first time since their acquaintance—and the startled animal dashed on with her out of sight.

Charlie stood looking after her for a full minute, then he went and leaned against the rails, and shivered like a man struck with a sudden illness. With her heart beating wildly, Olive returned home.

All day that haggard face haunted her accusingly, forcing the question upon her: Had she done wisely? Could she have injured him more—or so much—if she had taken the love he had offered her?

Evening came, the inevitable night, and pale and listless she went down to the theater. She dreaded she knew not what. But a strange, subtle joy seemed to thrill her. He was in London—near her. She had seen him once more.

Solemnly, passively she allowed them to dress her for her part, and all in a dreamy, mental mist stood in her white satin, waiting to go on the stage. Dimly she heard the roar of applause that greeted her—the chatter of Mr. Gossop as he dilated upon the crammed house.

She could scarcely lift her eyes to the front; she dreaded, yet longed, to see that one face. With a fearful feeling of relief, she did not see it. One box—one only seemed empty, the curtains almost closed.

Mechanically she went through her part—there was a slight feeling of disappointment among the audience, and Mr. Gossop shook his head.

"Miss Adrienne isn't quite herself to-night," he said to Katrine, who stood at the wings. "Not ill, I hope?"

"No, my sister is not ill," said Katrine thoughtfully.

The balcony scene was reached—the scene which all London was talking of. Suddenly, breaking the dead silence, there was some disturbance in the gallery.

A man—a dark, sullen-looking man, who had come in late—had jumped up on his seat and made some interruption. It lasted only a minute, for he was promptly seized and turned out; but the almost momentary noise had aroused Olive, and she looked up.

At that moment the curtains of the apparently empty box were pushed aside, and she saw—the only—the haggard face of Lord Heatherdene.

Howard, who was playing Romeo, saw her start and turn pale, and trembled. Was she going to fall?

No! With a superhuman effort she rallied and played as she had never played before. Never had her beauty seemed more bewitchingly fair and ethereal; never had her voice rung with sweeter pathos and intensity; never had, even she, played the part so well.

The house rose to a pitch of enthusiasm. The moment the drop scene fell, they shouted for her.

Olive went on, pale and trembling. As she passed across the stage she looked up once, and saw him looking down at her.

The play went on, and she went through her part like one inspired. She was playing to him—to the man she loved.

The curtain fell, and again she was led on to receive the storm of applause. Then she staggered into her room. Some one, it was not Katrine, stood watching her.

Before she knew it, he had her in his arms, and was holding her tightly pressed to his breast.

She neither struggled nor fainted, but his voice came to her through a mist, sounding dimly.

"My darling!" was all he could say. "I have come back! You will not send me away?"

Will not! She could not! She looked up at him with that look in her eyes which a woman wears once in her life and for one man only.

"Do not speak," he murmured hoarsely. "I have come back to claim you in the face of all the world. Nothing—nothing—can part us. Let the past go, Addy! Never to come back. You are mine."

Panting and breathless, Olive clung to him, his great love overwhelming her.

"Do you say so?" she breathed—"can you have it so?"

"Listen, my darling," he says hoarsely. "I am on the road to ruin, body and soul; you can save me—you only. Will you do it? I am content that the past, be it what it may, shall be buried and forgotten. Addy, say the word—be my wife!"

She hesitated one moment, then she looked up at him, with all her love in her eyes.

When Katrine came in, a minute afterward, he was standing with his arm round Olive, his handsome, haggard face flushed and working.

Katrine stood, turned to stone; then she came forward.

"Are you both mad?" she said.

"I am not now," he said, holding out his hand, with his old smile. "I have been nearly mad, but she has saved me. Katrine, here is my future wife!"

He bent down and kissed the head that nestled and hid its face against his broad chest as he spoke with a proud adoration, and Katrine sank, speechless, into a chair.

CHAPTER XXI.
PATERNAL WRATH.

LIVERMORE CASTLE stands on the slope of one of the Berkshire hills, overlooking, perhaps, the most beautiful scenery in a county famed for the loveliness of its landscape. Here, in the home of his ancestors, lived for the best part of the year the great Earl of Livermore and Marquis of Frith, a man who had set his mark upon the times, and was regarded for many a league round his castle as something superhuman and terrible in his might and power.

Lord of many a thousand acres in England, Scotland, and Wales, the old earl dwelt like a feudal baron, extending his protection to his people, and exacting in return the most implicit obedience and respect; his word was law, social and political, not only to the persons on his various estates, but to the whole of the Livermore family, who—but for one exception—would as soon have thought of taking any important step in their lives without his approbation and sanction as they would of shaving their heads and turning Mohammedans. The one exception was the earl's son and heir, Charles Viscount Heatherdene.

Always paying the mighty earl proper respect and having due regard to his father's wishes, Charlie had still, from his earliest youth, drawn the line between the honor due to his parent and a slavish obedience, and, therefore, while deeming it essential to acquit his father with the fact of his engagement and intended marriage with Adrienne Haldine, the famous actress, was not moved from his purpose one whit by the stern letter of prohibition which my lord, the earl, had immediately dispatched in answer to his son's respectful, but firmly couched, communication.

When, therefore, the announcement of Lord Heatherdene's marriage appeared with much poetical and congratulatory comment in the newspapers, the earl waxed furious, and brought on a particularly severe attack of gout, and he swore with a great oath that his son should never cross the threshold of the castle while he, the earl, was alive to forbid him, and predicted all sorts and manners of calamities as a result of the disgraceful mesalliance. Having thus played his part of the despotic and relentless baron of the Middle Ages, my lord, the earl, took to his bed and led his physician and attendants lives to which that of a baited bull was one of comparative comfort.

The weeks and months passed away, and as tidings of the change which had come over his son, and the happiness which the marriage appeared to have produced, were brought to him, leaking out in his presence by trembling lips, the old man grew less furious and became moody. Then he fell ill in sober earnest, and the gout, which is a powerful safeguard against other and more dangerous diseases, could not be induced to attack him, and there was gloom and dissatisfaction in and around the castle generally.

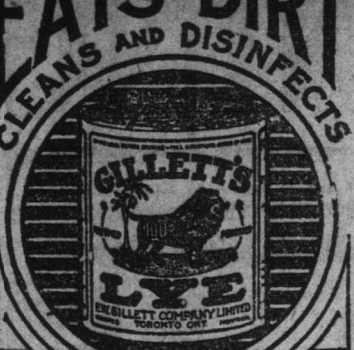
Every now and again there came letters, no doubt dutiful and respectful, from the obstinate viscount—letters which at first the old man pitched unread into the fire; but after the first two or three had been thus served, he held his hand, and, with a mighty oath, read the one that next followed; and at last he began to look out for others, and to inquire for the postbag with an emphatic oath, if it happened to be later than usual.

This went on for six months, the letters being dated from all parts of the Continent, France, Italy, Switzerland; and at the end of the six months came one announcing the return of the viscount and viscountess to England, and an intimation that if his lordship, the earl, desired it, Lord Heatherdene would bring his wife to the castle to be presented to her august father-in-law.

The earl flew into a towering passion at this cool announcement, and to the great joy of all about him, brought on a very severe attack of gout.

"What!" he growled, glaring at his physician. "He means to bring his play-acting wife down here, to fling about as the future Countess of Livermore, does he? Let him wait until I have gone down to the chapel—meaning the family vault—time enough then, and too soon. I don't care how soon you send me there, doctor, you don't know your trade, or you'd have done it years ago. A Livermore marry a play actress? Good Heavens! a woman with rouge on her cheeks and a varnished, theatrical smile upon her painted face—a May-day sweep, a ballet dancer, and no one knows what worse! Gad! I'll pull the castle down, stone from stone—I'll burn the whole place; I'll—I'll—curse it, doctor, the whole world is grinning at me, as the father of a fool

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who has been entrapped into marrying a painted jade from the playhouse! But I will not have her here. She shall not carry on her play-acting propensities in the halls of the Livermores!"

"Pray be calm, my lord," murmured the courtly physician admonishingly. "From all I hear, the world seems to be too much occupied with envying Lord Heatherdene's happiness to find time to laugh at your woes."

"What do you mean, sir?" the old man growled. "Do you think a Livermore, who isn't a madman in a straw waistcoat, can be happy after committing such a crime? Happy! He shan't display his insanity in my house, while it is mine. Let him take his play-acting wife to one of his own places, and hide her and his own shame from decent people. A brazen, impudent hussy!"

The doctor pursed his lips.

"You have not seen Lady—I mean Lord Heatherdene's wife?"

"No, sir, I haven't; but I suppose you have—paid your shilling at the door of the playhouse, like the rest of the world. Gad! men were bad enough in my days, but they're fools now. When we admitted women of that kind, we didn't disgrace ourselves by marrying 'em."

And the old heathen dropped back in his chair with a groan and a snarl.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I think, my lord," he said, "you scarcely understand the change that has come over the condition of society, and the modé of thinking that now exists—"

"Society is always the same, sir," the old man retorted haughtily. "You will not get me to believe that while you have kept me chained by the leg in this hole that society has become revolutionized, and that it is a proper and usual thing for an earl's son to marry an actress or a barmaid. An actress!" he groaned, "and Florence ready to his hand if he had only asked her."

(To be continued.)

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a dazed condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone where there was a crowd, and the forty-four survivors owe their lives.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Lawrence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley Street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go anywhere where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get a long sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment 4 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

B. I. S.
PAY TRIBUTE TO IRELAND'S GREAT PATRIOT.

Vice-President J. L. Slattery presided at the adjourned annual meeting of the B. I. S. held Sunday morning. Mr. J. O'N. Conroy proposed and Mr. J. Meany seconded the following resolution which was passed:—

WHEREAS, on the sixth of March last, Ireland lost her foremost statesman and patriot, and the Irish race its most eminent representative, by the untimely death of Mr. John Edward Redmond, M.P.

AND WHEREAS the Benevolent Irish Society feels deeply the loss which is suffered by the Irish race when the Chief of the race who has led us so long through the wilderness dies at length within sight of the Promised Land;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, that the Benevolent Irish Society of St. John's, Newfoundland, in general meeting assembled, in the 113th year of its existence, place on record its deep and abiding sorrow, which it shares with all Irishmen, at the sudden passing of the leader who guided and counselled us so long, and who achieved for us so much; that it pay heartfelt tribute to his distinguished patriotism, and to his lifetime of strenuous and selfless labour—now at last promising to bear fruit; and that it express its regret that after a life spent freely in Ireland's service there was not granted to him the crowning triumph of speaking on the floor of that independent Irish Parliament that he strove so tirelessly to establish.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Society place on record its sincere and earnest sympathy with the widow and relatives of the dead leader in their bereavement.

RESOLVED FURTHER that these Resolutions be sent to Mrs. Redmond, to the local press and to the Dublin press.

Following the resolution Mr. M. J. O'Mara, Chairman of the Portrait Committee, presented the society with two oil paintings, donated by the Hon. J. D. Ryan, President of the Society. The paintings are of the Rt. Rev. James Louis O'Donel, D.D., first Bishop of Newfoundland, and the other of Rt. Rev. Michael Anthony Fleming, D.D., who was vice-Patron of the Society and also an active member.

On St. Patrick's Day the Society will attend Last Mass at the Cathedral in a body.

T. A. & B. Society.

The regular meeting of the T. A. & B. Society was held on Sunday, with Vice-President Murphy in the chair. The following resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, by the recent disaster to the Florizel, Newfoundland sustained a loss of life almost unexampled in its records;

AND WHEREAS, amongst those who perished in the tragedy were representative citizens of every class and bread winners, through whose taking of many families have suffered grievously;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, that this Society fully realizing the magnitude of the disaster and the crushing blow it represents to those who suffered by it, and sincerely sympathizes with them in this sad occasion and hereby places on record its sense of deep regret at the loss which these families and the community in general has sustained by the marine tragedy of Cappa Hayden, two weeks ago to-day; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that this Society tenders its congratulations to Mr. John Davis, the one member of the institution who was on board the ill-fated ship on his fortunate escape, and rejoices that there were on hand promptly to undertake the work of rescue, fellow Newfoundlanders with the courage and self-sacrificing characteristics of our people, and to those whose efforts under God the forty-four survivors owe their lives.

On behalf of the St. John's T. A. & B. Society.

W. J. ELLIS, President,
GEO. J. COUGHLAN, Secy.

Household Notes.

Peas, beans and lentils are the most nutritious of all vegetable substances.

A good balanced supper consists of corn chowder, apple jelly and rye popovers.

Creamed graham toast, stewed pears and coffee make an economical breakfast.

Pure black sugar or maple sugar is a more wholesome form of sweets than candy.

When baking apples, fill the cavities with sugar and a little grated lemon rind.

Beans contain as much carbon as wheat, and almost double the amount of nitrogen.

When thecissors have lost their edge, open and close them over the neck of a bottle.

An excellent vegetable stew includes carrot, onion and potato with dumplings.

If you would have fish fresh, choose those with bright eyes, firm flesh and good color.

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.

A SIMPLE, POPULAR MODEL.



2225—The simple gown in the gown of the season. In this model, the lines are pleasing and the development is easy. The pockets are smart in either wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out.

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

A STYLE VERY BECOMING TO GROWING GIRL.



2367—Black satin with braid trimming, navy blue charmeuse with facings of white satin, brown serge with pipings of burnt orange, or green gabardine with trimming of tan faille, would be nice for this model. The dress is loose fitting, so that it slips easily over the head. The front is closed at the left side.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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In a Strange Land by DeWitt Lusk, 70c.
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Tommy and the Maid of Athlone by Joseph Hocking, 65c.
Pool Divine by G. B. Lancaster, \$1.00.
My Four Years in Germany by Gardner, \$2.25.
A Secret Service Woman by Henry de Halsalle, 70c.
The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli by Major Bryan Cooper, \$1.00.
The First Seven Divisions by Lord Ernest Hamilton, \$1.75.
The White Lady of Worcester by Florence Barclay, \$1.50.
Ginger and McClusky by A. G. Hahn, \$1.00.
The Major by R. Connor, \$1.10 and 75c.

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Evening Telegram

W. J. HERDER, - - - Pr
WEDNESDAY, March 13,

Explanation.

Owing to a breakdown at Works yesterday, we were of the power with which our machines are operated, and quantity could not issue the We express regret for non-peace the circumstances responsible been beyond our control.

Good Luck

With the departure last of the seal yesterday, the 1918 begins. V ships than ever there should better chance of each securing. And we trust that full trip obtained. No greater could happen to us at the time, than a failure of this. No greater benefit could be than the loading of each ship of the fleet. To owners alike this would mean added ament for other ventures a country at large a greater financial advantage and it is regrettable in a sense strength of the fleet, the ships as men has been reduced, but agencies of the times have been responsible for this. Conceal small number of steamships, it is a wonder that a return sailing vessels has not been. Time was when the sailing fleet was the pride of New to-day with the exception or three small craft fitting Channel, to engage in the there is no hum of industry, docks and around the premises owners of sailing ships. Im and purchasing sailing vessel carriage of codfish to Eur South America most all our are active, but it appears since the steamers ousted the ers, they are content to let that. Year by year widening of one or more wooden steam it will but a short time hen they will have all gone. T them with others of similar is impossible as the cost is altogether beyond their actual and on the other hand no their kind and construction a set up in the yards nowadays, fore a return to the fore and a topsail schooner will have to if in the future the seafish be made yield its rich harvest benefit of Newfoundland, and could be calculated more to country better service than ested parties taking up this at once, and giving it the tion that it merits, from ever of view. To not only the owners but to the outport well, this suggestion is made, trust that it will eventually ise. In the meantime, to all sailed for the frozen pans in fleet, we wish the best of the per trips and a safe return he, 1918

Reception at Synod

On Monday afternoon, the and lay members of the Synod, and other members Church, with their wives and friends had the pleasure and of meeting the Archbishop of Scotland and the Bishops of Montreal and Quebec. A under the auspices of the Executive Committee was held Synod Hall for this purpose. was handsomely decorated for occasion, with fires, evergreen and flung. The walls were with bunting, conspicuous among were the Union Jack and the banner (Red Cross of St. G. a white field.) Lounges and chairs were scattered around air of comfort was quite. Among those present were Henry Sir C. A. Harris, who accompanied by Miss Harris, Lloyd, Prime Minister. Tea ed by the ladies of the con and a very enjoyable time was. Before the company had gone the distinguished visitors, a photo of the gathering was which will be an interesting ir of this memorable function.

Obituary.

There passed peacefully a daughter's residence, Harb on February 21st, 1918, in year, fortified with the Church, an old and respect of Holyrood in the person Mary Jane, relict of the late Walsh, mariner, leaving to are three sons, Thomas, re the South Side, Holyrood, home, and the Rev. Leo V. the Order of St. Benedict and three daughters, Mrs. H. Hicks, with whom she resided, Thomas McLoughlan, Hal Mrs. B. Lewis, Curling, B lands and, one sister and two at Holyrood. May her sou peace.

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If your stomach is strong, your liver active, and bowels regular, take care to keep them so. These organs are important to your health. Keep them in order with

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