

H.P. SAUCE

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It is made by blending together the choicest Oriental fruits and spices with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process.

It has a new and delicious flavour, distinct—quite distinct—from any other sauce or relish you have ever had before; besides that, it aids digestion.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to get a bottle right away?

A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER II.
Hagar's Secret.
(Continued.)

So Hagar became suddenly silent, and uncommunicative, mingling but little with the servants, but staying all day long in her room, where she watched the children with uttaring care. Especially was she kind to Hester, who as time passed on, proved to be a puny, sickly thing never noticing any one, but moaning frequently as if in pain. Very tenderly old Hagar nursed her, carrying her often in her arms, until they ached from very weariness, while Madam Conway, who watched her with a vigilant eye, complained that she neglected little Maggie.

"And what if I do?" returned Hagar, somewhat bitterly. "Ain't there a vast difference between the two? S'pose Hester was your own flesh and blood, would you think I could do too much for the poor thing? And she glanced compassionately at the poor wasted form, which lay upon her lap, gasping for breath, and presenting a striking contrast to the little Maggie, who, in her cradle was crawling and laughing in childish glee, at the bright firelight which blazed upon the hearth.

Maggie was indeed a beautiful child. From her mother she had inherited the boon of perfect health and she thrived well in spite of the bumped heads and pinched fingers, which frequently fell to her lot, when Hagar was too busy with the feeble child to notice her. The plaything of the whole house, she was greatly petted by the servants, who vied with each other in tracing points

of resemblance between her and the Conways; while the grandmother peered herself particularly on the arched eyebrows, and finely cut upper lip, which, she said, were sure marks of high blood, and never found in the lower ranks. With a most sentimental expression on her face, old Hagar would listen to these details, and then, when sure that no one heard her she would mutter, "Marks of blood! What nonsense! I'm almost glad I've solved the riddle, and know just blood that makes the difference. Just tell her the truth once, and she'd quickly change her mind. Hester's blue, pinched nose, which makes one think of its, would be the very essence of aristocracy, while Maggie's lip would come of the little Paddy blood there is running in her veins!"

PAIN ALMOST CEASED FROM THE FIRST APPLICATION OF DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT.

The experience of Mr. McR. Hood, of Montreal, is a sample of what Egyptian Liniment will do. He tells it himself. "I met with a serious accident at Belleville, breaking my leg and dislocating my ankle. On leaving the hospital where I was confined eight weeks, I had to go on crutches, with my leg in a rubber bandage, suffering agony from swollen and contracted cords. For four weeks I tried every liniment without benefit, then I procured Egyptian Liniment and from the first application the pain almost ceased. In less than two weeks I put away the crutches and walked with a cane though I weighed 220 pounds.

"I cannot speak too highly of this Liniment." "Not only the severest cases, but the scores of little troubles that come up, cuts, bruises, burns and the like, are quickly relieved and cured by Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. 25 cents at all Dealers, free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

"And still; Madam Conway herself was not one-half so proud of this bright, playful Maggie, as was old Hagar, who, when they were alone, would hug her to her bosom and gaze fondly on her fair, round face, and locks of silken hair so like those now resting in the grave. In the meantime Mrs. Miller, who, since her daughter's birth, had never left

her room, was growing daily weaker, and when Maggie was nearly nine months old, she died, with the little one folded to her bosom. Just as Hester Hamilton had held it, when she, too, passed from earth.

"Doubly blessed," whispered old Hagar, who was present, and then when she remembered that to poor little Hester a mother's blessing would never be given, she felt that her load of guilt was greater than she could bear. "She will perhaps forgive me if I confess it to her over Miss Margaret's coffin," she thought, and once when they stood together by the sleeping dead, and Madam Conway, with Maggie in her arms, was bidding the child kiss the clay-cold lips of its mother, old Hagar attempted to tell her, "Could you bear Miss Margaret's death as well," she said "if Maggie, instead of being bright and playful as she is, were weak as sick, like Hester?" and her eyes fastened themselves upon Madam Conway with an agonizing intensity which that lady could not fathom. "See, would you bear it well—could you love her as much—would you change with me, take Hester for your own and give me little Maggie?" she persisted, and Madam Conway, surprised at her excited manner, which she attributed in a measure to envy, answered coldly: "Of course not. Still if God had seen fit to give me a child like Hester, I should try to be reconciled, but I am thankful He has not thus dealt with me."

"'Tis enough, I am satisfied," thought Hagar. "She would not thank me for telling her. The secret shall be kept," and half exultingly she anticipated the pride she should feel in seeing her granddaughter; grown up a lady, and an heiress.

And, however, there came stealing over her a feeling of remorse, as she reflected that the child defrauded of its birthright would, if it lived, be compelled to serve in the capacity of a servant; and many a night, when she paced up and down the room, her long hair, now fast turning grey, fell over her shoulders, and her large eyes dimmed with tears, as she thought what the future would bring to the infant she carried in her arms. But the evil she so much dreaded never came, for when the winter snows were again falling there made a little grave beneath the same pine tree where Hester Hamilton lay sleeping and while they dug that grave old Hagar sat with folded arms and tearless eyes, gazing fixedly upon the still, white face, and thin, blue lips, which would never again be distorted with pain. Her habit of talking to herself had returned, and as she sat there she would at intervals whisper: "Poor little babe! I would willingly have cared for you all my life, but I am glad you are gone to Miss Margaret, who, it may be, will wonder what little thing she is calling her mother. But somebody'll introduce you, somebody'll tell her who you are, and when she knows how proud her mother is of Margaret she'll forgive old Hagar Warren!"

"Come stark mad!" was the report carried by the servants to their mistress, who believed the story, when Hagar herself came to her with the request that Hester might be buried in some of Maggie's clothes.

Touched with pity by her worn, haggard face, Madam Conway answered: "Yes, take some of her common ones," and choosing the cambric robe which Hester had worn on the morning when the exchange was made, Hagar dressed the body for the grave. When, at last, everything was ready and the tiny coffin stood upon the table, Madam Conway drew near, and looked for a moment on the emaciated form which rested quivering from all its pain. Hovering at her side was Hagar, and feeling it her duty to say a word of comfort, the stately lady remarked that "twas best the babe should die; that were her grandchild she should feel relieved; for, had it lived, it would undoubtedly have been physically and intellectually feeble."

"Thank you! I am considerably comforted," was the cool reply of Hagar, who felt how cruel were the

words, and who for a moment was strongly tempted to claim the beautiful Maggie as her own, and give back to the cold, proud woman the senseless clay on which she looked so calmly.

But love for her grandchild conquered. There was nothing in the way of her advancement now, and when at the grave she knelt her down to weep, as the bystanders thought, over her dead, she was breathing there a vow that never so long as she lived should the secret of Maggie's birth be given to the world, unless some circumstance then unforeseen should make it absolutely and unavoidably necessary. To see Maggie grow up into a beautiful, refined and cultivated woman was now the great object of Hagar's life; and fearing lest by some inadvertent word or action the secret should be disclosed, she wished to live by herself, where naught but the winds of heaven could listen to her incoherent whisperings, which made her fellow-servants accuse her of insanity.

Down in the deepest shadow of the woods, and distant from the old stone house nearly a mile, was a half-ruined cottage which, years before, had been occupied by miners, who had dug in the hillside for particles of yellow ore, which they fancied to be gold. Long and frequent were the night reveals said to have been held in the old hut, which had at last fallen into bad repute and been for years deserted. To one like Hagar, however, there was nothing intimidating in its cracking old floors, its rattling windows and noisome chimney, where the bats and the swallows built their nests; and when one day Madam Conway proposed giving little Maggie into the charge of a younger and less nervous person than herself, she made no objection, but surprised her mistress by asking permission to live by herself in the "cottage by the mine," as it was called.

"It is better for me to be alone," said she, "for I may do something terrible if I stay here, something I should sooner die than do," and her eyes fell upon Maggie sleeping in her cradle.

This satisfied Madam Conway that she half-crazed woman meditated no harm to her favorite grandchild, and she consented readily to her removal to the cottage, which by her orders was made comparatively comfortable. For several weeks, when she came, as she did each day, to the house, Madam Conway kept Maggie carefully from her sight, until at last she begged so hard to see her that her wish was gratified; and as she manifested no disposition whatever to molest the child, Madam Conway's fears gradually subsided, and Hagar was permitted to fondle and caress her as often as she chose.

Here, now, for a time, we leave them; Hagar in her cottage by the mine; Madam Conway in her gloomy room; Maggie in her nurse's arms; and those of whom we yet but little know, while with our readers we pass silently over a period of time which shall bring us to Maggie's girlhood.

CHAPTER IV. GIRLHOOD.

Fifteen years have passed away, and around the old stone house there still clings no change. The moss still clings to the damp, dark walls, and as it clung there long ago, while the swaying branches of the forest trees still cast their shadows across the floor, or scream to the autumn blast, just as they did in years gone by, when Hagar Warren breathed that



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

BUYERS & ECZEMA 4 YEARS ZAM-BUK HAS WORKED A CURE.

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Railway, says:

"Four years ago I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doctor said I must stop work and lay up.

"After six months of this trouble I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, ointments and lotions I heard of, instead of getting better I got worse. "This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sore, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did.



Such is the nature of the great cures which Zam-Buk is daily effecting. Purely herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, frost bites, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, infected patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell it in 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., upon receipt of price.

Address all applications for sample and retail orders to T. McMURDO & CO., St. John's, Nfld.

prayer, "Lead us not into temptation. Madam Conway, stiff and straight as cold as ever, moves with the same measured tread through her gloomy rooms, which are not as noiseless now as they were wont to be, for girlish joyous, merry girlhood, has a home in those dark rooms, and their silence is broken by the sound of their feet, not moving stealthily and slow, as if following in a funeral train, but dancing down the stairs, tripping through the halls, skipping across the floor, and bounding over the grass, they go never tiring, never ceasing till the birds and the sun have come to rest.

And do what she may, the good lady cannot check the gleeful mirth of the clear ringing laughter of one at least of the fair maidens, who, since last we looked upon them, have grown up to womanhood. Wondrously beautiful is Maggie Miller now, with her bright sunny face, her soft dark eyes and raven hair, so glossy and smooth, that her sister, the pale-faced, blue-eyed Theo, likens it to a piece of shining satin. Now, as ever, the pet and darling of the household, she moves among them like a ray of sunshine, and the servants, when they hear her bird-like

voice waking the echoes of the weird old place, pause in their work to listen, blessing Miss Margaret for the joy and gladness her presence has brought them.

HAMLET.

BY H. L. RANN.

Hamlet was a prince of Denmark who flourished at a time when the favorite pastime of the ruling sovereign consisted in filling the nearest cemetery with the people who stood in the line of succession. Mr. Hamlet Sr., was a little lax in this respect, and one night his brother Claudius, who had been requested by Mrs. Hamlet to make her a widow without advertising for bids, beat him to it by stealing up and pouring a teaspoonful of cold poison into his left ear, after which he married the widow and moved his household goods into the palace. When Hamlet took one look at Claudius, who had a face that would turn a cross-cut saw, and saw what his mother had married, he put on the suit of conventional black he had intended to marry Ophelia in and had his sword sharpened for the purpose of letting a little surplus atmosphere out of Claudius. He also feigned a neat article of insanity by going out to the graveyard and engaging in earnest conversation with the skull of somebody who had no interest whatever in the proceedings. Hamlet never ate anything while boarding and moving, during this period, without first trying it on some man servant who believed in a future state. One evening the ghost of Hamlet's father, which had been bothering the neighbors for some time, came out on the terrace in a cheese-cloth kimono and chided Hamlet for not getting busy before he boarded and moved, and all of household furniture. Hamlet decided to do so and later introduced the ghost to Claudius who proceeded to litter up several bedrooms with his nervous shills. Finally, Claudius made up his mind that it would be for the interests of all concerned to remove Hamlet from these changing scenes below, so he hired a polished thief named Laertes to run a poisoned foil through Hamlet's lung. Before Hamlet let go of his breath, however, he stabbed Laertes and Claudius in a very heavy and unaffected manner and had the pleasure of witnessing the false-hearted queen cash in with congratulatory reluctance as the result of coming in contact with a bowl of poison which Claudius had prescribed for Hamlet. From the above, it will be seen that the play of "Hamlet" is a very complete and sprightly one, which never fails to send an audience home in a high state of exuberance.

It was Dr. Johann Gottfried Galle, who died at Potsdam on July 16, 1810, at the age of ninety-eight, who, on the night of September 23, 1846, made the first observation of the planet Neptune.

The Discovery Of Neptune.

A DIVIDED HONOUR.

The honour of the discovery, however, did not belong solely to the German astronomer, who had received a letter from his friend, the famous French astronomer, Leverrier, requesting him to look for an unknown planet with the large refracting telescope of the Berlin University at the position which he indicated to him on Breamler's star map. Dr. Galle searched the portion of the heavens indicated to him, and almost immediately discovered a Star of About the Eighth Magnitude.

Brgt. Antoinette Storm-Tossed.

Over 100 Days From Oporto. The brig, Antoinette, Capt. Webber, was towed down from Cape Spar yesterday at noon, but the captain declined to continue on to the beach port, Harbor Grace, and no doubt reached there last night. The Antoinette was over a hundred days out from Oporto via Gibraltar, and as she passed the Narrows yesterday all fears and doubts entertained by the friends of those on board were removed. The vessel left Oporto in December last and at the outset had it summer-like being favorable winds, but as it was ordered by the grade winds, on last New Year's Day coming over the Banks the vessel first met it stormy. A stiff breeze, a potent agent in the matter, which gradually increased, accompanied by mountainous seas, until it reached the velocity of a hurricane. As the passage advanced the wind blew harder and harder, threatening the Antoinette with disaster, while heavy seas continually swept over her doing considerable damage about the decks. She laboured heavily, making slow, if any, progress and the fury of the elements was severely felt. The crew had a trying experience. Sleep was out of the question as it was feared any minute the vessel would founder. Her decks were constantly inundated and frequent blizzards and intense frosts made it difficult for the crew working about the decks. All the second week in January terrific weather prevailed. Storms were daily encountered and to make matters worse all her canvas was blown away. This, however, was not discouraging, and the ship was kept head on to the wind combatting the elements. Suddenly a N. N. E. gale sprang up, the severest Capt. Webber ever experienced, and the vessel was holed. While riding in it a huge combber boarded her carrying away everything movable from the decks and flooding the salley and cabin. This was followed in quick succession by two mountainous waves sweeping over the vessel breaking staunchly and bulwarks and demising the wheel house. Shortly after she sprung a leak, and the crew had to confine their efforts to working of the pumps keeping her hold free of water. The vessel was then about 600 miles off St. John's and to proceed under such adverse conditions would be next to impossible. Her course was then altered and after a tempestuous passage of 57 days she put into Gibraltar in a battered condition. When the necessary repairs were effected, which occupied three weeks, she left again for this port. This took five weeks during which an occasional storm was met, but the vessel did not sustain mishap. The trip from Oporto via Gibraltar was over 100 days.

SEALERS LEAVE.—The tug Inghram sailed north Thursday night with most of the crew of the Florizal and those belonging to Conception Bay went to their homes by the train.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GART GET IN COWS.

HOW GIRLS MAY AVOID PERIODIC PAINS

The Experience of Two Girls Here Related For The Benefit of Others.

Rochester, N. Y.—"I have a daughter 13 years old who has always been very healthy until recently when she complained of dizziness and cramps every month, so bad that I would have to keep her home from school and put her to bed to get relief.



"After giving her only two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound she is now enjoying the best of health. I cannot praise your Compound too highly. I want every good mother to read what your medicine has done for my child."—MRS. RICHARD N. DUNHAM, 311 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

Stoutsville, Ohio.—"I suffered from headaches, backache and was very irregular. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and before I had taken the whole of two bottles I found relief. I am only sixteen years old, but I have better health than for two or three years. I cannot express my thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had taken other medicines but did not find relief."—Miss CORA B. FOSNAUGH, Stoutsville, Ohio, R.F.D., No. 1.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for their daughters have been seen by Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Guarantee.—"I hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West is superior bread flour, and as such is subject to the money-back-if-not-satisfactory-after-a-14-day-trial-authorized-to-return-price-paid-by-customer-on-unsatisfied-portion-of-bread-baked-out-of-cream-of-the-west."—The Campbell Milling Co., Limited, Toronto. Archibald Campbell, President.

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale

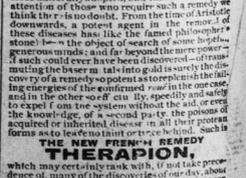
LITTLE WILLIE

By WALT MASON.

If you would make life grand and sweet, and be fit, then don't endeavor to repeat the clever "the fox" whenever I go out of doors, to shoot the wolf in some forty thousand horses who push me up against around in frenzied rings, and paw me till I'm not the clever things their little ten-cent Willie talks, you doze that racks my breast and rids my soul of joy, in wrath, and crawling underneath the walks, I land, have, through their parents, caused much we take a stand and lay the Willie peril low. So where there comes some fond and foolish—I've joined dub, just say: "Your efforts won't avail."

The P... A drunk or... ordered to... each, or... Per... An ass... Monday... Head... Murphy for... wander on... charge; the... Electric... Phosphono... and vitality... weakness... make you a... St. John's... Co., St. Cathar... Supra... (Before... Mark Gibbo... This mat... Thursday... time to cons... delayed having some repairs made to her machinery and to the hull which were needed owing to damage received forcing through heavy ice.

THE FINEST STIMULANT is the Rich, Old Nourishing Brandv, labelled thus



HINE'S Three Star Brandy. Guaranteed Twenty Years. T. Hine & Co. are the holders vintage brandies in Canada. JOHN JACKSON, BR...

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- SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALTIES!
- Household Linen**
Dinner Napkins, 21 x 31, 50, \$1.42 doz.
Tablecloths, 24 x 32 yds., \$1.96 ea. Linen Sheets, 7 x 7 yds., \$2.14 doz. Hemstitched 4 1/2 x 2 yds., \$4.20 pair. Hemstitched Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., \$1.20 pair. Filled Linen Pillow Cases, 36 x 42, Linen Blank Towels, \$2.30 doz. Glass Towels, \$1.08 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.50 doz.
 - Handkerchiefs**
Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, the doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs hemstitched and embroidered, each from \$1.05 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, \$1.20 doz.
 - Underclothing & Laces**
Ladies' Nightgowns from 96 ea. Chemise trimmed embroidery, 56c. ea. Combinations, \$1.05 ea. Bridal Trousers from \$35.45. Lavatory, \$14.25. Irish Lace goods direct from our own works at very moderate prices.
 - Collars and Shirts**
Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.15 doz. Dress Shirts, machine quality, \$1.42 each. Oxford and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff collars and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.
 - Dress Linen**
White and all newest shades, 45 in. wide, 37 and 48 per yd. Union Linen Poplins, in all new shades and white, 27 in. wide, 27c per yd.

N.B.—Illustrated Price Lists and samples sent free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to orders from Colonial and Foreign countries.

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