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that relief must be found for the ills which may come any day, —else suffering is prolonged and there is danger that a grave trouble will follow. Most serious sicknesses start in disorders of the organs of digestion and elimination. The best corrective and preventive in such cases, is acknowledged to be

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This standard home remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates the inactive bowels. Taken whenever there is need, Beecham's Pills will spare you hours of suffering and so improve your general health and strength that you can better resist disease. Tested by time, Beecham's Pills have proved safe, certain, prompt, convenient and that they

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THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVE STORIES.

The Amazing Marriage of Edward Bulwer Lytton—Described by His Wife as "A Monster in Human Form."

Although the first Lord Lytton died in the year 1873, his popularity as a novelist and dramatist is still as great as when he was the most famous man in England. The genius of the man ranged over many fields of literature, so that his historical novels, like "Harold," "The Last of the Barons," and "The Last Days of Pompeii" are found on the bookshelves in thousands of homes, while his novels of modern life, like "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What Will He Do With It?" still sell by the million. His plays, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money" hold the stage as firmly as the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan, and few great writers have had a more powerful influence upon the imagination of the English people.

Self-Conceit and Brilliant Wit.

Yet the man himself was more romantic than any of his books. His character was a mixture of colossal self-conceit and brilliant wit, of profound scholarship and fantastic absurdity. Throughout his career, he was like a spoiled child of life, and the amazing story of his marriage reveals a man lacking in all the qualities of self-control.

His married life was indeed a tragedy, both to himself and to the beautiful woman with whom he was married. The love that seemed to promise them both a continual joy changed into hatred and bitterness on both sides. The girl who had adored her handsome lover denounced her husband as "a monster in human form." Rosina Wheeler, who afterwards became Lady Lytton, was a beautiful Irish girl of good family. When she was introduced to high society in London the wonderful beauty of the girl, her sparkling wit, and the sharpness of her intellect attracted many admirers. She had literary gifts also, which were praised by connoisseurs, but they did not see her cleverest writings, which caricatured her own friends. She could never resist a pet word or a smart repartee, and when she had a pen in her hand it seemed to write with acid instead of ink.

Perhaps in all literature there is no such description of a woman's first impression of them and who became her lover and her husband as the one penned by Rosina Lytton, then the beautiful Miss Wheeler. It was at

an evening reception to which young Mr. Bulwer Lytton (as he was in those days) had been invited with his mother.

Rosina Behind the Fan.

"He came in," wrote the lady who married him, "with a grotesque expression between a suppressed strut and a primitive Christian martyr like amount of self-abnegation. He had just returned from Paris, and was resplendent with French polish, so far as boots went. His combed cambric shirt front was a triumph of lace and embroidery. A perfect galaxy of studs glittered along the milky-way down the centre of this fairy lingerie. His hair, which was really golden, glittering golden, and abundant, he wore literally in long ringlets that almost reached his shoulders. He dangled from his ungloved and glittering right hand a somewhat gorgeously-jewelled ebony cane."

As he entered Rosina laughed behind her fan, and recited a poetical quotation to one of her friends:—"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box gent, vain, And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

During the evening it was obvious to her that the young man was anxious to obtain her favor, but he seemed to her egregiously vain, and she amused herself vastly by snubbing his advances. Nevertheless he begged her to call upon his mother one evening, and at their second meeting when his costume was more subdued and his conversation less egotistical, she liked him better. Sitting with her apart from his mother's other guests, he entertained her by the most satirical comments upon the company, and, as she was good at that game herself, she laughed very heartily. They parted excellent friends, and the brilliant young man plunged immediately into an ardent courtship with all the passion of his romantic character.

"An Ugly Old Dowdy."

But between young Edward Bulwer Lytton and this Irish beauty a dragon stood in the way. That is, Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, the mother, was resolutely opposed to the proposed match. She was an eccentric, hot-tempered, and arrogant lady, who had a considerable fortune of her own, out of which she kept Edward her son, while he was preparing himself for the brilliant career which she believed, truly enough, to be

within his reach. She had great ambitions for him, and desired him to marry some high-born damsel with a handsome dowry. She therefore refused her consent to Edward's marriage with the pretty but penniless Rosina. Perhaps, also, she was not ignorant of Rosina's sharp tongue, fiery spirit, and gift for ridicule. It may have come to her indignant ears that Miss Wheeler had described her as "an ugly old dowdy." She may even have heard personal remarks about her nose, which, according to her future daughter-in-law, was "so large that it would have been an exaggerated feature for a nose."

Be that as it may, the old lady had no love for the Irish girl, and her son, who was at that time no more than twenty years of age, could not afford to marry without her consent. Yet he persisted in his wooing, and wrote hundreds of letters, to his lady love, breathing out the most burning fires of affection, and vowing that he could not live without her. Meanwhile he had begun to write books as well as letters, so that gradually he became more independent, and at last persuaded himself, and his lady, that there are limits even to filial obedience, and that a son is not bound to wreck his own and his betrothed's happiness for life in deference to the whim of an ambitious mother.

Early Married Life.

The date for the marriage was postponed three times, but at last in 1827, when Edward Bulwer Lytton was twenty-six and Rosina twenty-seven, this strange, handsome couple were made man and wife, and departed from London to make their home at Woodcot House, Oxfordshire.

For a little while they were supremely happy. Passion seemed to promise a lasting love. Both the husband and wife were intensely emotional, they were both highly imaginative, they were both very young, and neither of them realized that the fires of passion burn low very soon, and that loyalty, forbearance, and unselfishness are needed in married life.

"Scenes" at Woodcot House.

Rosina Lytton had two great faults. She was intensely and insanely jealous, and when she was in one of those moods she lost all control of her tongue and spoke with such violent language that each word seemed like a sharp knife. The first quarrel came quickly. It was followed by a continual sequence of domestic scenes, exasperating to a young man of Lytton's temperament. He, too, had a caustic tongue. There were scenes when Woodcot House, Oxfordshire, was like a scene in a tragic melodrama. After such quarrels young Lytton rushed off to town, on the pretext of seeing a publisher or attending some literary function, but when he returned he found a wife frantic with jealous suspicions, and in tremendous "tantrums."

Yet it is impossible to believe that in spite of her undoubted provocation, young Edward Bulwer Lytton should have behaved so brutally as the accusations of his wife declare. In a written statement of an extraordinary character, she asserted that his first act of violence took place in May, 1828, a month before the birth of her first child. Worn out and exhausted one evening (so her story goes), after having helped him in his literary labors by getting down books of reference from the shelves, she had lain down on the sofa, when her husband asked her to hand him down another volume, and for that purpose to mount a step-ladder.

"Really, Edward," she said, "I cannot do more; I am so tired." In a sudden fit of fury he sprang to his feet, and she alleged that he kicked her in the side with such savage violence that she fainted with pain.

"Brutal Rages."

After the birth of a daughter whom they called Elizabeth, and a year later of a son named Edward, the husband and wife travelled for some time in Italy, which Lady Lytton acknowledged to be the happiest months in her life. In her diary of this time there is no word of ill-usage, but afterwards she declared that her husband had grievously ill-treated her. Her waiting-maid also made an affidavit in which she took her oath upon the following accusation:

"At Naples, in one of his brutal rages, he kicked and banged her ladyship against the stone floor in the Hotel Vittoria, till she was black and blue, and had to keep her bed."

The greatest outrage, however, charged against Lord Lytton by his own wife in an incident which, as she vowed, took place at the house in Hertford Street, London, where they lived after the Italian tour.

"The 'provocation' I gave this man was this: Upon his asking me with whom I was going to the christening of Mr. Frobenius's child that night, and I replying, 'With Lady Steyne,' he then repeated, as fast as he could, a dozen times running, 'My mother calls her, 'That ugly old woman.' He then called out, 'Do you hear me, madam? Of course, I hear you.' Then why don't you answer me?' I did not think it required an answer. 'Do you, madam!' he exclaimed.

Varicose Veins and Itching Piles

Usually Arise From Same Cause—Relief and Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Nearly everybody knows of Dr. Chase's Ointment as the most effective treatment for piles or hemorrhoids that medical science has been able to compound. So much suffering and misery arises from this ailment that one is not long in telling his friends when he has found an actual cure. This accounts for the enormous sales of Dr. Chase's Ointment. This latter tells of relief from the suffering of varicose veins by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Many suffer from this trouble not knowing the comfort to be obtained by the use of this great soothing ointment. Mrs. R. A. Evans, 133 Aurora street, Toronto, writes: "We have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for years. I have been troubled with varicose veins, and find it the only thing that gives relief. For every purpose when a soothing, healing ointment is needed, there is nothing so good as Dr. Chase's Ointment." 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Seizing a carving knife—for we were at dinner—and rushing at me cried, 'I'll have you know that whenever I do you the honor of addressing you, it requires an answer.' (Continued on 9th page.)

Sick, Sour Stomach Indigestion Or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapiesin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in revolt; if sour, gassy, and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapiesin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapiesin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapiesin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

Joy Cometh.

I sat and sighed, with downcast head, my heart consumed with sorrow, and then my Aunt Jemima said: "I'm going home to-morrow!" I'd feared that she would never leave, her stay would be eternal, and that's what made me pine and grieve, and say, "The luck's infernal!" I thought my dark and gloomy skies no sunbeam ever would borrow, then Aunt Jemima up and cries, "I'm going home to-morrow!" Thus off the kindly gods confound the kickest and the carkiest, and joy comes, centering around just when things seem the darkest. We all have aunts who come and stay until their welcome's shabby, who eat our vittles day by day, until the purse is flabby; and when we think they'll never go, or let us know what peace is, they up and dissipate our woe by packing their valises. The darkest hour's before the dawn, and when your grief's intensest, it is a sign 'twill soon be gone, not only hence, but hencest.

Big Competition.

Enter this great competition. Win or lose, everyone gets a prize. Only one condition: Write your name and address plainly and send us with ten cents silver and a two cent stamp.

All names will be placed in a box shuffled, and one drawn. The winner receives 15 pint bottles of our Golden Glow Maple Syrup, absolutely free. You lose nothing as you get a prize anyway. We want everyone to know about our Syrup, hence this offer. Competition closes Dec. 23rd, noon. Write immediately. Address all letters to

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A New



On in kitchen years h a moth finds four through dress them cloth the bell took ten minutes to get rid of and when she finally came kitchen, there on the floor three-year-old son calmly the last of those garments. The work of hours destroyed in ten minutes. I thought that tired woman impulse, that of cruel naughty child, and then, er remarkable mother, think. "The baby isn't to do that from mischief, it's just that he has s things, and he wanted to He didn't mean to be na wanted to fold something if I gave him something enjoy folding it, and it him out of mischief." Whereupon, instead of child, she got out two dish towels and an old gave them to him, and floor amusing himself, folding and unfolding, I seen his mother do. Moreover, she did not son. When the next ba

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