

WHAT ABOUT FATHER?

Obsessed with the big idea of protecting those at home, father often omits the essential protection of his most vital asset—strength.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is as beneficial to the hard-working man of business as it is to the growing child. Scott's imparts the quality to the blood that enables the body to grip strength fast. Scott's helps solve the problem that faces every business-man—that of keeping up with the wear and tear on the body.



Scott & Bown, Toronto, Ont.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER III.

DINNER AT THE PENSION.

Swiftly and impartially the soup is served; Adolphe, hot and breathless, is prepared to stand at ease, at least for a moment, when the door opens and in walks—with that inimitable air of self-possessed nonchalance which is the birthright of the English aristocrat—no other than wicked Sir Cyril.

Madame Petre sees him and nods to Adolphe. "The gentleman, Adolphe—you have a place reserved? That is good!"

Adolphe whisks his napkin over his arm, makes an elaborate series of bows, and amidst a dead silence and under the direct and most inquisitive gaze of sixty pair of eyes, conducts the English gentleman to a seat next Miss Weston.

Edna looked up with a smile as he entered; she looks up at his face now with the same smile, full of calm, maidenly pleasure, nothing more, instantly the soft eyes focus themselves upon her.

"You see," says Sir Cyril, unfolding his napkin and taking up his spoon; "I have come."

"Yes," she says; "I hope you will be comfortable."

"There is no doubt of it," he responds; "I have seen my room, I have stepped upon my balcony, and I am content."

Edna smiles again, then turns to the old lady by her side.

"This, aunt," she says, "is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you yesterday; he was not comfortable at his hotel, and has come to try the Pension Petre."

Aunt Martha peers at him amicably and nods.

"Very comfortable here, my dear Edna—yes, very comfortable. I hope Mr.——"

There is a moment's pause, Cyril has his spoon to his mouth—both pair of eyes, the old and young, are turned to him. Why does he not answer? What is the matter with him? Has he forgotten his own name? It would almost seem so, for when he does speak in answer to the looked inquiry, he says:

"Mr. Harold—Harold Payne."

"I think you will be comfortable,"

Mr. Payne, says Aunt Martha; "have you been in Lucerne before?"

Mr. Harold—Mr. Harold Payne—replies that he has not, and a conversation, geographical and discursive, ensues between them, and Edna sits and listens, so, it must be added, do almost all the rest of the young people. Presently Edna is conscious that Aunt Martha has relinquished him, and that he is speaking to herself.

"Now that I have come I hope you will play the cicerone, and throw the light on some of my fellow pensioners," he says.

Edna smiles.

"Oh, you must learn to know them for yourself; they are very well worth knowing—some of them."

"I don't doubt it," says Sir Cyril, looking down the table. "Who is that stout gentleman at the end—by Jove! he is never asleep?"

"No not quite, only almost," says Edna; "but pray be more reverent. That is a baron—a real, live German baron. Oh, we are very proud of him, and, indeed, he is very wise, when he is awake, which is not often excepting at meal times."

"And the lady next him?"

"An authoress; she wrote 'The Tears of Hermione,' a volume of poetry—do you know it?"

"No," says Cyril. "Can't say I've read much poetry. Has she written anything else? I should like something more cheerful, 'The Groans of Clytemnestra,' or something of that sort, more in my line."

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Edna presses a smile; she is not ill-natured, but is blessed, evidently, with a keen sense of the humorous.

"Please go on," says Cyril, and she runs through the dramatic personae English, French, German.

"That is so-and-so, and those two young ladies are the Miss Robinsons; they are very nice, and so very clever. They paint, and sing, and play beautifully. I think you will like them."

"Indeed I shall," says Cyril, politely; "and who is that gentleman talking to one of them?" and he looks with an unmistakable commingling of horror and amusement at a specimen of the cockney swell; an overdressed, dandified young man, who, with eyeglass in eye, is fascinating one of the Miss Robinsons, and "haw, hawing" for the benefit of the whole table at the same time.

"That is Mr. Howley Jones," replies Edna.

"Indeed," says Cyril, "and who and what is Mr. Howley Jones?"

"He is—he is, I don't quite know."

I think he is connected with the aristocracy—he says so, and talks of so many great people who are friends of his."

Cyril looks across the table and strokes his mustache dubiously.

"There is scarcely anyone of any note whom he does not know, and he lives at—at Shooter's Hill—yes, Shooter's Hill."

Cyril sighs.

"Where is that?"

Edna laughs her soft, usual laugh.

"You ask me that! You, a Londoner; and I knowing nothing of it!"

"I forget," he says, "but upon my word I don't know where it is. Shall we ask him?"

"Not on my account," says Edna; and he fancies that there is a slight touch of color on her cheek, and the fancy makes his next glance across at the young donkey a more finked one. But Cyril hits upon the truth at once.

"That young idiot of a shop boy has been trying to make himself agreeable, and she has resented it. Serve him right."

The descriptive catalogue, however, is brought to a close; several other people have cut in and taken his conversational prize from him, and wicked Sir Cyril goes on with his dinner.

It is not a bad dinner, he is compelled to admit—it is more cheerful than the table d'hôte at the Grand, with all its silver plate and solemna funeral waiters; there is a charm about it that he does not understand or account for, until the little maiden beside him rises, gives him a quiet, graceful little bow, and leaves with the rest of the ladies. Then he understands it, and although he has half a bottle of excellent Pontet Canet still left, the charm has gone. There remain behind to console him, however, the baron, two English clergymen, an Italian priest and Mr. Howley Jones. Babel, for a time silenced by the innumerable courses, is now arisen again; but above all the chatter—French, German, Swiss and English—rises Mr. Howley Jones.

"Haw, haw my gun'nor's place at Shooter's Hill, my friend Lord Bottleby, my gun, my horse, my dawgs!"

Cyril looks across at him with quiet amusement and curiosity. He has seen this kind of young gentleman, the mock "swell," only at a distance hitherto, and he decides that at a nearer acquaintance he is entertaining—yes, decidedly entertaining—for a time.

Cyril finishes his bottle and strolls out, cigar in hand, into the garden.

It is a delightful spot, all green and shady, a series of bushrubbied terraces running down to the road that stretches along the hill above the lake, which lies beneath him, glittering in the sinking sun, with that peculiar greenish sheen which belongs to Lake Lucerne and no other.

Cyril lights his cigar, and strolls backward and forward. For the first time since he can remember, for, oh, a very long time back, he is not bored. What a charming, innocent little child-woman she is—what a pure, truthful—then, at reflection, he pulls up short. Yes, she is truthful enough, but what about himself? He is conscious, as he asks himself the question, of feeling uncomfortable. He has given them a false name. It was all very well to give the name of Harold Payne at the Grand; there was a fair reason for the concealment of his right one there. His name was too popular, was far too well known, to allow of his enjoying any immunity from tourist friends, if he had allowed it to be posted in the visitors' book at the Grand. It was only wise, perhaps, to give the porter at the Grand the name of Harold Payne, by why had he done so here?—what reason was there for such concealment? Surely there was none; he had no right to do it. And yet, he reflected, was it not the better course? He would be gone to-morrow, and there would be an end of it. Why should she ever know that she had poured out her confidence to "wicked Sir Cyril?"

But, notwithstanding this specious argument, Cyril did not feel easy; his cigar wouldn't burn; he swore—I am obliged to be truthful—he swore at it, lit another, and walked down by the winding path, resolved to make a clean breast of it next time he saw Aunt Martha and her niece. Alas for good resolutions! what a wide road that must be with which they are paved! He turned into the first arbor—the garden was as full of them as a hive is of cells—and

WEAK CHESTED PEOPLE

and elderly people particularly, who are so subject to ailments of the breathing tubes and lungs, are frequently difficult to prescribe for owing to their frail constitutions. For all such people Peps are the safest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, etc., as Peps contain absolutely no harmful drugs. Mrs. David Patricola of Mattatali Lake, N.S., writes: "I have just been cured of a very bad cough by the use of Peps. As I am seventy-five years of age I consider this cure all the more remarkable." For very young people, too, Peps are just as good. All dealers 50c.

Peps

there sat the two women of whom he was thinking; and where was his good resolution?

They are both busy with some kind of fancywork, and Cyril paused compelled to gaze at the pretty picture the sweet, down-bent head makes in its framework and background of green. It is a strange, really a remarkable faculty Edna possesses—that of looking enticing and picturesque anywhere and everywhere.

They look up suddenly; he is shutting out their light; and Aunt Martha smiles a welcome.

"Is that you, Mr. Payne?"

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. That beastly name!

"Yes, it is I, Miss Weston. I mayn't come in, I suppose?"

Aunt Martha smiles, and makes room for him; and he is about to fling his cigar away when she stops him.

"You are not used to continental ways, Mr. Payne; anybody may smoke anywhere in Switzerland."

"You do not mind—you are sure?" he says, and then sinks on to the seat, the picture of handsome contentment and laziness. "You are both very busy," he says, watching, with a subtle kind of reverence, Edna's little pink fingers as they ply the needle.

"Playing at being busy," remarks Aunt Martha. "You see, we cannot smoke like you gentlemen. I sometimes think it is almost a pity."

"It's not too late to—learn," says Cyril, and the speech does not sound impertinent, at it would coming from most men.

Edna looks up for the first time.

"The Polish countess who lived opposite us in Geneva smoked cigarettes all day."

"You have been living in Geneva?" says Cyril, curious and interested in anything pertaining to them.

"Yes," says Aunt Martha, with a little sigh; "we have been living in Geneva for years. I sometimes think that I have forgotten England."

"Aunt!" exclaims the girl, with the color in her cheeks, and a soft, indignant light in her eyes.

"Well, that England has forgotten us; and yet we used to be well known, Mr. Payne. Perhaps you may have heard of the Westons?"

(To be Continued.)

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, I took it for a week and felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could hear of much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness." J. WOODLAW, 2542 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Woodlawn.

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A NEAT, PRACTICAL APRON MODEL.



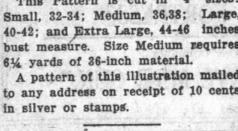
2368

2368—Very attractive in brown checked gingham, with facings of brown or white, or in blue chambray, with white braid for trimming, or in khaki or galatee, with pipings of red or white. Percale, too, could be used in any of its pretty designs. For warm days this model will make an ideal work uniform. The pockets are roomy and gathered to a wide-shaped band.

This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 6 1/2 yards of 38-inch material.

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

A SMART DRESS IN JUMPER STYLE.



2695

2695—This model really combines two styles, for the jumper may be omitted. The design could be made of velvet or satin, or of serge or tricotine, with trimming of satin or velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 2 yards.

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JUST ARRIVED: 100 dozen Galvanized Buckets,

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ALSO 80 CASES Enamelware.

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| White Enamel Pails. | Coffee Bolders. |
| Saucepans, all colors & sizes. | Milk Kettles, 1, 2, 3, 4 qts. |
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And the Worst is Yet to Come—



ONE OF THOSE NEW SILK-HATS FOR WOMEN.

the "Ere Mom Bomb End

JOHN J. RYAN, Wireless Operator.)

ly to the Editor's request for the Erik's last momentary in previous publication the real details, and I have very best to give them as follows, with a short description of former voyage that I am sure be out of place.

st trip was exceptionally unexcept for one little incident opened in the mining town of C. B. We docked about 10 o'clock and the hatches were opened up the hatches were some nuggets that were needed back in the old town. At 10 o'clock I met the operator, a big lanky chap from the city of Grand Falls, and he and I strolled around the city in a hurry with him. The good, and my friend's "quarant" of his rifle was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

our respective ships. On the pier we discovered the Erik and Neptune had shutles and were anchored four hundred yards. We were in a hurry with him. The attention to our cries. I went to town again and deposited a penny in a slot-machine. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

chewing between the pier and a log at the pier. The remainder of the night (Sunday) we spent in a session and now off for the Newfound. We were not when I put the big chisel and started to row over to land so that my one hand was on the shore on the slag in the steel works. Not a hour later when some of the men along did I see any of the men on board for a meal. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

ered on the ship for the time in Sydney. A few days later we were in John's, and I vowed never again with an empty pocket landing her cargo that I had to Sydney for another. But I missed her and was not bright and early. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

what was to happen in two days I guess she was named off without me at the breeze from the south. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

ing as we steamed down the Erik carried a lot of canvas, and this helped quite nicely. At four o'clock in the afternoon we passed Cape Horn shaped our course for New. We were averaging 10 knots at this time and made the following evening. I was indeed well financed. I was indeed well financed.

st Pierre. At dusk the Erik were still visible some. The strong winds that all day were showing a decrease in strength and the appearance to light of the big ocean. At ten o'clock into the cabin and put my val rhips working very so I turned in for the night. I remembered nothing of the jump clean out of the boat on deck; I thought I had burst. That I recall I could hardly believe it was the unmistakable well, and I watched the water a few yards from then I realized the ast

Wellington THE UNIVER

JUST smoke—down to the bacco—that's what Wellington. The French brier, fast by a master hand triangle trade—Good dealers have size you want—worth every penny WM. DEM New