

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER III.
Lady Nora.

"It is not likely," said the earl. "Really, your candour is charming, Petherick! Oh, pray don't apologize, as the old lawyer grew red and stammering. Let us finish our wine in peace."

Meanwhile, the gentlemen strolled up and down the terrace with their cigars, talking together, and as they passed the window of the drawing-room, in which Nora was sitting, and in which the lights were lit, they lowered their voices.

"Poor girl!" said Lord Ferndale. "My heart aches for her! Great Heaven! fancy her position to-night! To be welcomed by a father whom she had never seen, in such a cold-blooded fashion! Old friend as he is, I had hard work to keep from flying into a rage with him!"

"Such a lovely young creature!" said the rector. "One wouldn't have been surprised if he had caught her in his arms and burst into tears. They were very near my own eyes, I know."

The squire laughed grimly. "I can't fancy the earl doing that," he remarked. "I often think that he was born without a heart. Why, it isn't only with his wife that he quarrels, there isn't a soul belonging to him that he hasn't parted from. Look at the young viscount. Having quarrelled with his father, the earl has actually never seen the young man. Never seen the heir to the title and the estates, by George!"

"And such estates!" murmured the rector, looking out across the park, thoughtfully. "Ah, and there's something more than the estates," remarked the squire. "The earl can't have been living up to half—ah, a quarter—of his income, and must be rolling in money!"

"That will all go to Lady Nora!" said Lord Ferndale. "Yes, and she'll be the richest heiress in the county, or thereabouts," assented the squire. "Poor girl, what a change it is for her!"

"I wish there had been some ladies here to-night," said the rector, "it would have been easier and pleasanter for her."

"What was the earl's idea in having us here to-night?" asked the squire, puffing at his cigar with a puzzled frown.

Lord Ferndale shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can say? To try her—to see how she would carry herself."

"Ah, and how well she did it!" exclaimed the rector. "Didn't you think so, Mr. Berton?"

Guildford Berton was leaning on the coping of the terrace, smoking slowly and thoughtfully, and taking no part in the conversation; he looked up, and inclined his head.

"Remarkably so," he said, in an utterly inexpressive voice.

Lord Ferndale glanced at him curiously, and with something like coldness.

"I think we had better go in," he said. "It must be lonely for Lady Nora," and they flung their cigars away, and re-entered the dining-room.

The footman had lit the candles in the drawing-room, and Nora had seated herself before a small table, on which the tea service had been laid, waiting for them to come in. Her gaze wandered round the vast room,

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Do long breaths hurt you? Try it, and see. If you notice a wheeze or a catch in your side, then be sure trouble exists.

Proper action consists in a vigorous rubbing of the back, chest and side with "Nerviline." This wonderful liniment sinks into the tissues where the pain is seated—gives instant relief. That catch disappears, all sense of soreness goes, and you then know that Nerviline has probably

WONDERFUL TALE OF AN ACTRESS

Struggled with Sickness and Discomposure; How Relieved.

Dayville, Killingly, Conn.—"I shall be glad to have every woman know what I know now, after using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Although I am only 24 years old, I have suffered for the past eight years. I hated the doctors, for a doctor told me to give up the stage where I was playing with my husband.



I had bearing down pains, my health failed me, and I could not work on the stage, and wasn't able to tend my baby or even get around myself. I was always downhearted and discontented with the world, and only lived for the sake of my little girl. The doctor said to move to some quiet little town away from the noisy city, and I might be able to live and feel well, so I went to Dayville in November. At that time I was so sick I could not walk around, and my husband kept house and I stayed in bed. One day in January I read your advertisement in a newspaper, and I sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and started taking it. Within two weeks time I was a different woman, could get around, and felt so good that it was a pleasure to do my housework. I felt contented and happy, and now am the picture of health, and am tempted to return to the stage. We appreciate my health as the most precious thing on earth."—Mrs. H. L. KLENETT, Box 55, Killingly, Conn.

with its gilded carvings and costly hangings, its priceless pictures and rare and curious bric-a-brac, and a sense of unreality seemed to possess her. It all appeared like a dream. This is her home, and that cold and stately personage her father! Surely she would wake up presently and find herself in the tiny room of Cliff Court, and hear Mrs. Jordan's sing-song voice buzzing in her ear!

Lady Nora! She had not even yet got used to the title, which sounded so strangely in her ears that when it was spoken, she half looked round to see who was addressed by it. Lady Nora! She was Nora Frere no longer, but an earl's daughter, and she had come "home" to this vast place with its palatial rooms and army of servants.

Lonely! No Arab in the center of the desert ever felt lonelier than did Nora at that moment, and the desire for one soul upon whom she could lean, to whom she could pour out her heart, was so intense that her heart actually ached with it.

Then the door opened, and the gentlemen filed in.

Lord Ferndale went up to her at once, thinking, as he spoke to her, and looked down at her, that of all the beautiful things in the room, she was the most beautiful; and he noticed with admiration, how promptly she had taken her place at the tea table, just as if she had been accustomed to it for years.

"We have been away so long that we scarcely deserve any tea, Lady Nora," he said, with his kindest smile.

"I am afraid it will be rather cold," she said. "I have been looking round for a cozy to put on the teapot—we always had one at home—"

She stopped, and coloured; it was the first slip she had made. "I mean at the cottage—"

"You would like some fresh tea," said the earl, natively. "Will you ring, Guildford, please."

"I think it is hot enough," said Nora, just raising her eyes to her father's face.

He bowed.

"It rests with you," he said, in his courtliest fashion.

She poured out the tea, and Guildford Berton came and stood beside her, and silently took the cups and banded them round, his dark eyes

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downcast and guarded, but once Nora happened to look up suddenly, and found them fixed on her hands as if he were studying them, or found something curious in their white shapeliness.

Lord Ferndale seated himself in a low chair beside her, and glanced at the others.

"I suppose you are wondering who we all are, Lady Nora?" he said, with a smile, and in a voice audible only to her.

She turned her dark eyes upon him with a frankness which he found very sweet.

"A little, yes," she admitted. He laughed.

"I'll try and tell you," he said. "I'm an old fogey who lives near you, in a place called The Park. Mr. Parfret, or the squire, as he is always called—well, I suppose he is another old fogey—he lives at the Manor; the rector doesn't need describing, and—there you are!"

"You have forgotten Mr. Berton," said Nora, with a smile.

Lord Ferndale half glanced in the direction of that young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I beg his pardon, I'm sure. Well, you know his name—and there is not much more to tell about him, except that he is the son of the earl's—your father's—late steward, and that he lives in a little cottage just outside the park—your park, I mean."

Nora looked across the room again. Mr. Guildford Berton was leaning against the piano, his hands behind him, his eyes fixed on the ground; stately and silent, and as perfectly self-possessed as if he were alone in the room.

"You are wondering why your father should make such a friend of his steward's son?" said Lord Ferndale.

Nora turned with a slight start. "Scarcely wondering," she said.

"Well, if you had wondered a great deal, it would be only natural, and like the rest of us. It is strange. But Mr. Berton has made himself extremely useful to the earl, and—happens to suit him." He laughed. "That's the only explanation, I believe."

Nora noticed that he spoke of him as "Mr. Berton, which is the superior way of speaking of an inferior."

"You don't like him, Lord Ferndale!" she remarked, in a low voice.

It was his turn to start, and he looked at her.

"You make me quite afraid of you, Lady Nora!" he said. "Are you a thought reader?"

"Then you don't like him!" she said, with a smile.

"Not very much," he admitted. "It's only fair to say that I know nothing against him, nothing whatever; and I believe him to be most clever. But he is—well, a little too silent; and—yourselves, you are always suspicious of superior beings whom we do not understand. You will understand him, I dare say, and like him, I hope. He is really very clever."

Again Nora looked at the motionless figure and handsome face, still downcast and abstracted.

"What Mr. Berton does not know is not worth knowing," continued Lord Ferndale, leaning back and nursing his knee. "He took a high degree at Oxford, I believe, and was intended for the bar, where he would have been a great success, I have no doubt."

"And he has thrown up his profession?" asked Nora, with surprise.

"Yes," assented Lord Ferndale. "It would appear so. At any rate, he has been living outside the park for the last two years, and does nothing, apparently, but help your father with the estate, and he does that free, gratis, for nothing," he added, with a laugh.

The clock on the mantel shelf struck half-past ten, and at the moment a footman announced Lord Ferndale's carriage.

He and the squire and the rector clustered round her to say good-night, and Lord Ferndale held her hand for quite a long time.

"Lady Ferndale will be so glad to come and see you, Lady Nora," he said.

Guildford Berton was the last to come up, and he took her hand with just the two words, "Good-night."

How Pneumonia Starts, and How Often Prevented.

You catch a little cold to-day, and by to-morrow it has reached the throat, next day the lungs are affected and you wish you had used "Catarrhose," which kills colds in five minutes. In the first place Catarrhose soothes the irritated membrane and relieves congestion, then it cuts out the phlegm and destroys the germs. It enables the blood to retain a natural supply of oxygen, lung-food, and vitality. In any cough, bronchitis or Catarrh, it's guaranteed to positively cure. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names for genuine Catarrhose, which is sold everywhere, large quantities containing two months treatment costs \$1.00, small size, 50c; trial size, 25c.

Nora thought it was fancy, that she was tired, and over-strained, and it seemed to her that his long, thin fingers struck a chill to her, and she began to think that she understood Lord Ferndale's vague dialike or suspicion of the young man who was the son of her father's steward, and who was "so clever."

The earl, with the courtesy for which he was famous, accompanied his guests to the hall, and bowed them farewell; then Nora heard him returning, and her heart beat fast.

At last they were alone. What would he say to her?

He came into the room, and looked at her as she stood, tall and slimly graceful.

"I am afraid you are tired," he said, in his soft, restrained voice. "Too tired to converse to-night. Indeed, I do not think we have much to say. The past—your past—has been left behind to-day; you start on a fresh new life. Hitherto you have been simply Nora Frere—Frere was the name, I think? Henceforth you are Lady Nora Arrowsdale, and my daughter; and this will be your home. I trust you will be happy. If there should be anything you desire, anything I can do to insure your comfort, pray do not hesitate to inform me of it, Nora."

"Thank you—papa," she responded. The last words dropped from her lips softly, in a voice that would have melted most men; but if it touched the Right Honorable, the Earl of Arrowsdale, he concealed any emotion most successfully.

"You must not let me keep you from repose," he said. "Good-night."

He held out his hand, and as she put her small, soft one into it, she leaned forward a little. A word, a gesture, and she would have thrown herself upon his breast, but he just bent forward and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Good-night," he said, almost as if he feared she would make "a scene."

"Allow me to ring for your maid."

He rang, held the door open for her, and inclined his head, just as he would have done to a guest, and she passed out.

With her eyes moist, but her head and figure erect, for she was still resolved to show no sign, she went up the broad stairs. At the top, when she had gained the wide corridor, which ran round the vast hall, she paused, confused by the number of doors and their similarity, and as she hesitated, wondering which was her room, a woman, dressed in black, came toward her. She was a woman approaching middle age, with a sober-looking face and a strikingly subdued manner.

"This is your ladyship's room," she said, opening a door.

(To be continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9163—SOME NEW THINGS FOR THE BABY.



Infants' Set, consisting of a Cap, a Sack, a Night-Gown and a Dress. Muslin, cambric, flannel or flannel-ette will do nicely for the night gown, while lawn or nainsook is suitable for the dress, with embroidery, tucking and lace or edging for decoration. The sack will look well in silk, cashmere, flannel or flannel-ette, and the cap is suitable for lawn silk or all over embroidery.

For the dress of founcing it will require 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material with 1 1/4 yards of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn, 36 inches wide, it will require 2 1/2 yards. The gown will require 2 1/2 yards of 24 or 27 inch material.

The cap, 1/2 yard of 18 inch material. The sack requires 3/4 yard of 27 inch material.

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

A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE STYLE.



1866—Ladies' Dress with Removable Chemise.

This design will be nice for taffeta, serge, poplin, broadcloth, faille and gabardine. The waist is cut with low neck outline, and finished with a rolled collar, a chemise with standing collar may be added. The waist is lengthened over the back to join the skirt, with plaited extensions at the seams. A smart yoke belt trims the hips. The sleeve is new and novel, with a wide tab to which the gaiters of the sleeve is gathered at the elbow. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

To protect clothing from being stained by moths, first be sure that it is thoroughly cleaned before it is put away, then put it in a bag made of new unbleached muslin, put in a few camphor balls and tie tightly around the top. Moths will never eat through cotton material.

MILNER'S Lintment Cures Distemper.

C. L. B. and Volunteers Church Parade.

Yesterday morning the C. L. B. under command of Lt.-Col. Rendell, accompanied by the C. of E. members of the 9th Regiment, held a church parade, attending Divine Service at 11 o'clock at St. Thomas's Church. Rev. Dr. Jones, Chaplain of the Brigade, preached an instructive and impressive sermon taking as his text: "The Christian Soldier Unshamed." The preacher referred to the splendid work of the Brigade in St. John's which was instrumental in training so many of our boys to become soldiers of the Empire. At the close of the service the vast congregation remained standing while Organist Stirling played the "Dead March in Saut," a tribute to the memory of the former officers and boys of the C. L. B. who have answered the final call. On leaving the church the Brigade was assisted in the parade by the volunteers of other churches and the return to the Armoury was made via Cochrane Street, Water Street, Duckworth St., Church Hill and Long's Hill, the Battalion band furnishing excellent music along the route.

The Strike.

The Union strikers are still on strike. Some sort of a settlement is hoped for as a result of a meeting of the Union to be held to-morrow night. The Reid steamers Meigs and Glen-coe, which were held at Port aux Basques got away Saturday, non-union men being secured to take the places of union men. On Saturday evening last the firemen of Baird's steamers Erik and Diana quit the stokehold and came out on strike.

Yesterday's Ordination Service.

Yesterday morning at the Church of England Cathedral the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland held an Ordination Service, elevating from the rank of Deacon to the order of the Priest, hood Revs. Moulton, Bailey, Hunt and Greavett. The candidates for Holy Orders were presented to His Lordship by the Examining Chaplain, who performed the ceremony which included many of the ancient and solemn rites of the Church. Rev. Canon Smart, Rector of Heart's Content, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon most suitable to the occasion. A large number of friends of the newly ordained Priests, including several people from Port de Grave, Portugal Cove, French Shore and other places attended the service, after which they congratulated the reverend gentlemen.

Here and There.

Turkeys, Ducks and Chicken at ELLIS.

REPORT GROUNDESS.—A report current last night that a man had been drowned along the waterfront was found to be baseless.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.—SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, WOUNDS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, "THE RAPID CURE," IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH GIVES INSTANT RELIEF. Send stamp address enclosing to Dr. LECHE, 25, COLLEGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HEAD DAVE.—During the past week Head Const. Dave was engaged going around the city impressing upon people the necessity of conforming to the new lighting law.

T. J. Edens

200 bags Whole Corn.
250 bags Bran.
100 bags P.E.I. Black Oats
200 bags Badger Dairy Feed.
200 bags Mixed Oats.
200 bags Corn Meal.
200 hds. No. 1 Hay.

20 boxes
P. E. I. BUTTER,
2 lb. prints.

25 boxes
PURE WAX CANDLES,
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FRESH TO-DAY:
New York Corned Beef.
Rolled Boneless Beef.
Fidelity Hams and Bacon.
Irish Bacon.
Kingin's Bacon.
Bologna Sausage.

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BULLDOG and
DANAWALLA TEAS
keep on increasing. The value is there.

FRESH RABBITS.
FRESH EGGS.
By Rail daily.

T. J. EDENS.
Duckworth Street and
Military Road.

Acids in Stomach Sour the Food and Cause Indigestion

"Pape's Diapespin" fixes sour, gassy, upset stomachs in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach, headache, you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty-cent cases of Pape's Diapespin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why it relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes.

"Pape's Diapespin" is harmless; tastes like candy, and each case will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapespin" cranks as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparatory, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery.

Get some now, this minute, and rid your system of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

Believes He Was Robbed.

A workman named Thomas Dougherty, who was engaged along the waterfront last week, was paid off on Saturday with fifteen dollars odd, receiving the money in the towns of silver notes and some loose change, including silver and coppers. On reaching home Saturday evening he found to his dismay that a few coppers were all that his pockets contained and that he had been relieved of his "greenbacks" by some unknown member of the light fingered gentry, but supposedly by some individual well versed in the infamous art of pick-pocketing so prevalent in the towns of Uncle Sam. The loss to poor Dougherty and family is great and it is a pity to have the culprit who took his money at large.

Shortage of Business.

Trade at the different Water Street business houses on Saturday night was the slackest for some considerable time, because of people being afraid to venture out of doors in the dark. We understand that merchants and business people generally are now contemplating the idea of opening their stores from 7.30 every morning until 5.30 p.m. at evening. Would not the suggestion of shopping early on Saturday obviate the difficulty instead of opening the stores an hour earlier every week day?

Cochrane St. Centennial Church.

At Cochrane Street Methodist Centennial Church yesterday two very important subjects were ably and thoughtfully dealt with, that of work which is essential to life and making an honest living, by the Rev. D. H. Hemmison, B. A. and by the Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bond, the evening service, on the real essential for success in business, as answered by a real live business man well known to the preacher, to be a successful business man it is absolutely necessary to have a proper relationship between man and God. The services were well attended, and the singing on the part of the congregation was bright and hearty.

A Warning to Boys

A number of boys of the East End of the city, who make it their business to hang around the Rinks, are a source of annoyance to the guard of volunteers remaining at the old quarters and to pedestrians who have to pass that way. Yesterday afternoon about fifty of these young hoodlums took a delight in poking fun at the volunteers and when told to move on threw stones at the fence. The practice is a dangerous one which may terminate none too well for those who continue it. Boys should remember these are war times and military laws show little mercy to those that break them.

Workman May Lose His Hand

Mr. James Finn, of Petty Harbor Road, met with a nasty accident on Saturday which may result in the loss of one of his hands. It happened that at the time of the accident, he in company with others were working at the Big Pond dam near Bay Bulls, driving large spikes as supports for the dam, when his companion, who was swinging a heavy sledge hammer came down for a final blow, and not seeing Mr. Finn's hand, which was resting on the stake smashed the member almost to pulp. The sufferer was attended by his comrades who had great difficulty to stop the flow of blood, and securing a horse and carriage drove the unfortunate man to the city where he was treated by a doctor.

Workman May Lose His Hand

Pressed beef: Two quarts of water, one and one-half pounds common salt, two ounces saltpeter, half pound molasses. Mix saltpeter and molasses in hot water; let the beef lie with mixture ten days, and then boil it until the bones drop out. Put it into a shape with a heavy weight on it.

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White Enamel BEDSTEADS,

Complete, with Cuban Spring

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