

Eat without Fear of Indigestion! Instant Relief for Bad Stomachs



When your meals hit back. When what you eat turns sour, forming acids, gases and indigestion. Magic relief. No waiting! The moment Pape's Diapepsin reaches the stomach all the sourness, acidity, heartburn, dyspepsia and indigestion ends. Upset stomachs feel fine. Costs so little—Any drug store.



UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXX.
AN HONEST MAN'S LOVE.

But presently something distinctly more modest than the voice of the elements comes dully through the rain, a voice calling with an accent of hopeful despair, a voice that seems to dread and yet long for an answer, shouts her name.

In all the variations and elongations of which that name is capable, the speaker gives it tongue—"Kitty! Kitty! M-liss Trevel-yan! Kitty! It's Kitty merely shiver a little, and reads her head the harder on her wet arm. Then there came a silence as if the caller had either been drowned or relinquished the search in despair; but presently there comes the wet plash, plash of footsteps upon the grass, and a moment later the short, stout figure of James—honest James—comes panting upon the scene.

Holding an umbrella over his head, carrying another under his arm, and encumbered by about half a dozen wraps of various descriptions, wet through, hot and steaming, he looks for all the world like the low comedian that is wont to burst upon our delighted eyes in a screaming farce.

As the sodden figure is revealed to him, he starts back with a "Great Heaven!" of surprise, notwithstanding that he has been hunting in the rain, fishing for her for the last ten minutes, and stands gaping with mingled horror and alarm, his mouth wide open, his eyes to match, and the perspiration running down to join the dripping from his hat, as if the sight before him was too much for human endurance.

"Great Heaven!" he gasps again. "Is that you, Kitty? What—what are you stopping here for? It's raining!"

At the sound of his voice Kitty has raised her head, and now, pale and hardened, she looks at him with a dangerous light in her bright, too bright, eyes!

At this piece of information, delivered so innocently, the eyes regard him—the whole of him, umbrellas, wraps—with the comprehensive stare of scornful irony.

"Raining? Is it, really?" she says, in a low, cutting voice. "Dear me! How did you manage to keep so dry?"

"Dry!" echoes Mr. James, upon whom irony is altogether lost, and sarcasm wasted. "Dry! I'm wet through, even with this umbrella! But you—you! Good God, Kitty, you are drenched!" putting out his hand and touching her, for once without a blush of nervousness.

"Am I, really?" says Kitty, with dry mockery.

"It's—it's been raining in torrents—it's—it's pouring, actually pouring now!" he reiterates, staring at her with bewildered anxiety. What made you stay here? No tree

IMPORTANT LINKS

Hygiene, rest, pure air, sunshine and a well-balanced diet, plus

SCOTT'S EMULSION

To improve the blood-quality, increase body-weight and build up resistance, are important links in the logical treatment of incipient pulmonary affections. To a child or adult with a tendency to weak lungs or tender throat, Scott's brings a wealth of rich tonic-nourishment. A little of Scott's Emulsion today may do you a world of good tomorrow.

Scott & Bowden, Toronto, Ont. 18-19

you?" he demands, with a little break in his voice, "that you do not like to be seen with me! I know," looking down at his comical figure—fortunately for himself he cannot see his face—"I know I am ridiculous—absurd-looking, if you like; I am not a Lord Sterne—"

Kitty winces and flushes, and his own face flushes as by reflection. "I am not a Lord Sterne—"

"Why do you say that?" she demands fiercely, as if the name had stung her. "Why do you harp upon his name? Cannot you forget him and let me forget him?" Then, with a dry sob—the only thing dry about her—flings her hands to her face and groans.

James drops one umbrella and clutches the other spasmodically, and stands looking at her. His breath comes in quick, uncertain pants, and there is a silence for a full minute, broken only by the quick, shuddering sobs that come from behind the hot, feverish hands.

CHAPTER XXXI. FOR HER SAKE.

THEN he speaks, and of a surety there is nothing about his voice now; it is all too earnest, sad, and bitter.

"I thought something had happened," he says, the hot passion of jealousy showing in every vein of him. "Even you," with an emphasis upon the pronoun, "do not sit out in the pouring rain without some cause; even you could not speak as you have spoken, had as you have treated the person who has come to help you and offer you shelter. Kitty," with a reproachful, imploring ring in his voice, "I did not expect to—to see you like this. You know why I came this evening. God help me! I was almost happy to-day!"

She chokes back a sob, and clenching her hands, looks out far beyond him. Happy! who was so happy as she to-day? And now!

"Yes," he says, "almost happy, for—with a passionate gnaw at his lip—"I was fool enough to think that what I longed for most on earth was coming to pass. I came to-night to ask you what answer you would give my note. I expected to find you, at least, kind and gentle, and I find you like this—bitter and hard and cruelly unkind. At least—with something that sounds remarkably like an oath—"I know whom to thank."

Kitty glares up at him, passionate and vindictive.

"And whom have you to thank?" she says—"whom but yourself? You say something has happened. Perhaps something has happened, and it is you who have caused it. You complain of my hardness; how can it be otherwise when I am in misery; misery brought about by your fault? Oh, why did you come near me now? Do you think I could be meanly-mouthed and talk twaddle when I know that I shall be wretched for years, for life perhaps, and all through your fault?"

And, with a sob, she lays her head on her hand.

"Through my fault?" he asks; "and how? Is it—with his face working—"Is it because I have loved you for these years, and waited for you, not patiently, but like a dog waits for a kind word from his master?—Is it because I have been humbler than a dog—that I have endured your ridicule, your sarcasm, your unkindness?—Is it because I have loved you better than—with a sudden rush of anger—"than you deserve, that it is my fault?"

"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Salt is the most valuable of condiments from a health standpoint. An old-fashioned apron is an excellent thing to wear when washing dishes.

KIDNEYS WEAKENED BY SPANISH "FLU"

Are Restored to their Former State of Health by

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Hundreds of letters from all parts of Canada prove this assertion. If you have been a victim to the "Flu," don't hesitate—take GIN PILLS. Gin Pills Sold Everywhere. 50 Cents a Box. THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

"Did I ask you to love me?" she demands, stretching out her hands with angry, despairful interrogation. "Have I ever given you any—any encouragement?"

He smiles bitterly. "Unless insult and derision can be called so."

"Well, have I not told you that—that what you wanted was impossible—impossible?" with a choking sob.

"You promised me that if ever you cared for any one—if ever you made any man happy—James shows by his emphasis that he, too, can be ironical—"that you would accept me. You may have forgotten this; women, they say, have slight memories when it suits them, when such trifles as a man's happiness, his life almost, are in point. Perhaps you have forgotten that evening when you promised to be my wife, if any one's? Yes, doubtless you have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it!" she echoes, with bitter enunciation; "I am likely to forget it, seeing that the stupid, meaningless promise you wrung—yes, wrung," she repeats, seeing him wince, "from me has been the cause of all!"

"All what?" he asks, his lips pressed tightly together.

As he speaks, his eyes, glaring at her with angry jealousy, falls upon an object that until now has been hidden by one of the wet folds of her dress; it is a man's glove, wet, shriveled, screwed up; he knows instinctively it has been clenched by her hand. Instantly his face darkens and reddens, and unconsciously he stretches out his hand for the obnoxious object, but Kitty snatches it up and presses it to her, then, the next instant, flings it with a passionate gesture away from her, and there it lies like a basilisk between them, and both of them glare at it.

"Ah," he says, at last, drawing a long breath through his shut teeth, "I need not ask any more questions; you have not been alone, he has been here with you, and something has happened! May I ask—perhaps it is no business of mine—did you meet him with such words as those you threw to me, or was it he who spoke them to you? Oh! how you must have altered—how changed in a short week or two. You—be crying in the rain for a man, a comparative stranger! who has gone and left you nothing but this consolation," and he points with his hand to the glove.

For a moment she stares speechless, stupefied by his audacity—by his new and astounding courage, then she crimson, face and neck, and confronts him, indignant, furious.

"How dare you say such things to me!" she pants, in a low, constrained voice. "How dare you speak so of him—"

"And how should I speak of him?" he demands. "A man who, for mere idle pastime, deceives and betrays a mere child, and then leaves her, like the cur that he is, unsheltered, unprotected, in a thunderstorm like this! Do you want me to praise him to your face and speak well of him, to call him a hero, when I hate and—and—and scorn him! Oh!"—with a break in his voice—"This is a cruel sight for me, Kitty, I—I would rather have died first."

Her face softens for a moment. "Do you think you are the only one who would rather have died before the night?" she says harshly. "Do you think I would not rather be dead a hundred times than be like this—to hear you speak of him as you do? You, who have caused it all—who have come between us—who have made him turn from me, and—and—call him worse names than you have called him! Oh, oh!" she cries, throwing herself down upon the seat and hiding her face. "I wish that I were dead!"

(To be continued.)

Salt is the most valuable of condiments from a health standpoint. An old-fashioned apron is an excellent thing to wear when washing dishes.

The Beverley Enquiry.

M. Haslen (sworn and examined) gave evidence as to the stowing of the Beverley's cargo at Hr. Grace. L. Tobin (sworn and examined by Mr. Hunt)—I have been 6 years employed by Bartlett and Godden, the stevedores for Harvey & Co. I went to Hr. Grace in the Beverley, I boarded ashore. We were there from Sunday to Friday. We discharged 400 tons of salt on Monday and next day started to load. The ship acted well on the way over. There was no trouble with the propeller. She collided with Harvey & Co.'s wharf before going over and some work was done to her at Hr. Grace. I was in her hold and saw no leaks after the salt had been discharged. Between decks she was not built so strong as below. I got my instructions as to loading from Mr. Godden. She was not very deeply laden, whatever the captain told me to stop. I think she was in good trim. I did not see her leaving. The fish was in casks and barrels forward. There was no fear of the cargo shifting. In the after hold there was barrel and bundle fish. There was no fear of it shifting.

To Mr. Summers—She loaded at Munn's premises. There was bundle fish left in the store when we finished loading. The captain told us when to stop loading.

To Mr. Fox—I was on board when she collided with Harvey's wharf. She went over with the damage done here. I don't know what they did to her at Hr. Grace. I saw them around her stern in a boat.

Thos. Palfrey (sworn and examined by Mr. Hunt)—I worked 2 1/2 years with G. C. Fearn & Sons and the Shipbuilding Co. at Placentia. I was a shipbuilder before I was with them. I built a schooner for Penny of Ram-Beveler. Mr. Kemp asked me to put it on. It was 1 1/2 inch pine. I had nothing to do with the other repairs.

To Mr. Summers—Her lower hull was sheathed with rubber. The sheathing I put on would not make her as strong above the rubbers as below. I've built ships up to 400 tons. I don't think the Beverley was fit for heavy cargo between decks. From the rubbers up I don't know how she was fastened. I don't think the main timbers extended up. I hardly think she was strong enough between decks for an ocean going voyage. I didn't know what was done to the wheelhouses, but I think it was shifted.

To Mr. Fox—I didn't see the ship. I don't know the conditions under which she loaded. She merely didn't look fit to me for an ocean going voyage. My opinion was not based on an actual examination.

To Capt. McDermott—There was no discussion as to her qualifications at Placentia.

To Mr. Summers—I didn't know she was given a certificate of fitness later. At 5 p.m. adjournment was taken till 4 p.m. to-day.

Hr. Grace Notes.

Your correspondent tenders his best wishes to the Telegram staff and all its readers for a very bright and prosperous New Year.

The Christmas music at the different churches was specially good this year, even the tone of the music seemed to be improved by the fact that the world was at peace.

We are glad to hear that Rev. Fr. O'Neil, of the Cathedral, who has been very ill for the past few days, is now showing signs of recovery, and will, we trust, be all right in a few days.

Some little delay has been caused in launching the new ship at the Shipbuilding Co.'s yard. It is expected they will float the ship at high tide to-morrow.

The s.s. Hawk is now landing a cargo of coal for Mr. E. Simmons. The s.s. Viking is discharging coal at R. D. McRae & Sons.

Pte. Edward Taylor, a returned prisoner of war, arrived home on Saturday night, and his friends and our townspeople generally are pleased to give him a welcome home. Pte. Taylor is at a loss to understand the cause of all the German kindness shown him. He received kindness everywhere in Germany, although he witnessed other prisoners being cruelly treated.

—COR.

Hr. Grace, Dec. 27, 1918.

Fishermen, you see by the reports from Norway how they catch such enormous quantities of fish. Wall, O. Mustad's Key Brand Hook is used exclusively in that country. See that you get the Key Brand. Jly5.eod.t MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

XMAS SHOPPING

Is difficult this season, still you can afford to keep smiling, as things are a lot better here than they are in Germany, and they might have been a lot worse. If you are thinking of Giving Some of "The Boys" a Present or Two,

- we have: MEN'S LINED KID GLOVES at \$3.40 and \$4.50 pair. MEN'S EASTERN TWEED WINTER CAPS from 90c. to \$1.60 each. WOOL MUFFLERS in Khaki and other colors at 85c., \$1.20, \$1.70 and upwards. MEN'S KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFS. MERCERISED MUFFLERS—Various colors at various prices. MEN'S SWEATER COATS.

For The Ladies We Suggest:

- LADIES' TAN CAPE GLOVES at \$3.00 pair. LADIES' WHITE WASHABLE KID GLOVES at \$3.00 pair. LADIES' WOOL and IMITATION SUEDE GLOVES in various colors. WOOL and MERCERISED MUFFLERS. FURS and IMITATION FURS. BLOUSES and WHITE EMBROIDERED CAMISOLES. LACE and EMBROIDERED NECKWEAR. EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

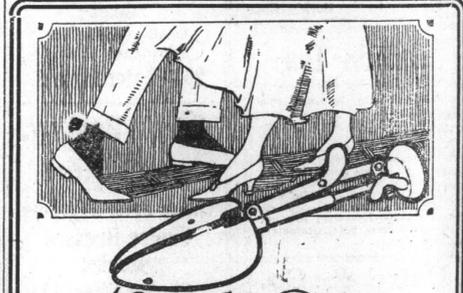
For Younger Members of the Family:

- BABIES' BONNETS and CHILDREN'S CAPS in various makes. IMITATION FURS. RINKING SETS in Saxe Blue, Striped White, at \$2.25 set. WOOL CAPS, CARDINAL OVERSTOCKINGS. WOOL MITTS in Cardinal, Navy and White. BOYS' JERSEYS, COAT SWEATERS and NANSEN CAPS. BOYS' OVERCOATS and LONG RUBBERS.

Many of the Goods mentioned in this advertisement have just been received this week, and are goods we did not have previously.

Remember we can give you Service during Xmas week for the above and other staple goods and make your money go farther.

Henry Blair



After the Dance

Place a pair of "FITALL" Shoe Trees in your shoes to keep them from becoming creased and mis-shapen. Do this and you will not only prolong their life and beauty, but make them more comfortable the next time you wear them, and save your hose.

Fittall SELF-ADJUSTABLE SHOE TREES

COMBINATION SHOE TREE AND STRETCHER. Buy a pair to-morrow and see what a marked difference they give the appearance of your shoes overnight. At all leading Shoe and Department stores.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.

Hardware, Agents.

Forty Years in the Public Service the 'Evening Telegram.'

They

Orders of the Day.

Soldiers Ward, General Hospital, St. John's, Nfld., Xmas Eve, 1918.

Dear Sir,—On the eve of the first Xmas of there being a soldiers' ward at this hospital, we, the undersigned patients, think it an honour to be among the lucky ones to be occupying a bed here at such a time. To you, Dr. Carnell, Miss Taylor, Miss Scott and all the sisters and nurses of this institution we wish to tender our heartfelt thanks for your kindness to us, and all hope if we ever have to come for treatment again we will get the same friendly feeling existing between the staff and patients. Nearly every man in this Ward has been in hospital somewhere and some of us have been in several hospitals, but we can all honestly say that we have never in all our experience received better treatment or attention anywhere than that received from you and your assistants. On this happy occasion we wish to present you with a little souvenir, not for its value but to show you we appreciate your kindness to us.

Xmas at the

Presentation to D

We remain yours truly, Sgt. J. McKinlay, P. O'Brien, W. Dalton, S. Fitzpatrick, H. Vaughan, M. Field, H. Wakeley, G. Pollett, H. Stewart, J. Whiffan, E. Kennel, W. Green, C. Coles, H. Young, R. Walsh, J. Mercer, J. Johnstone, M. Pottle, G. Yates, J. Walker, T. Dooley, J. Moulton, J. McCormick.

The following received presents from the soldiers: Dr. Keegan, Dr. Carnell, Misses Taylor and Scott, Sisters Fleming and Synard, Nurses Jones, Adams, Scott, Stevenson, Fitzgerald and French.

Dr. Keegan on behalf of his able staff replied in very fitting terms and thanked the boys for their kind thoughts and hopes to be able at all times to be of assistance in helping them to bear their sufferings.

Hoping you will find space in your paper to give this publication. On behalf of the boys of Carson Ward, I remain, yours truly, J. McKINLAY.

ARMY ORDERS.

Xmas Day, 1918. (Carson Ward) Officer Commanding, Lt. Col. Niggins, Medical Officer, Dr. Snelgrove, Orderly Officer, Lt. J. Beiss.

Parade, 3 a.m. Patients will parade with bare feet and pyjamas, when they will proceed to the bathroom, to remove all sweat and dirt; any man found wandering without his pyjamas will be reattested and held as a conscript for future use. All toe nails found in the bath will be turned over to Mike to be kept in the Mortuary for Military burial.

Route March. Every patient will parade at 6.30 a.m. for a route march to the Fever Hospital in full marching order (pyjamas and bare feet) and armed with a Whizz Bang.

Special Rations. This being Fitzgerald's birthday (the man who walked on water, and thought vermin were rabbits), every man will be given four caplin and six stick of chewing gum.

Sports will be held in the Wash House at 9 a.m. Every Sister and nurse (under penalty of six days' confinement in the sterilizer) must dance with a one-legged man or take the punishment.