

**Actually**  
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## Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Let Me Alone To-Night!"

(continued)

Ambrosia did not want flowers. She put them carelessly down and was angry at heart. Tears she could not restrain filled her eyes. She had not spirit enough to resent the doubtful words and compassionate looks of St. Ange. "What was the good?" she asked herself. She could have forgiven Robert's neglect of her, if only he was not so indifferent to the attentions of St. Ange. If Robert did not love her, she wanted, at least, that he should have a dog-in-the-manner feeling about any other man loving her. So she was silent and constrained, and as the train moved it glided evenly after it and mumbled behind his closed teeth:

"All things come to the man who can wait. My proud lady shall be humble enough some day."

Ambrosia gave him no thought at all. Her husband's indifference pained her; and the desolate country to which she was whirled seemed a fitting frame for her hopeless thoughts. Bare branches tossed in the freezing wind; little pools of water, withered tufts of long grass; bare, unpainted, shut-up cottages; empty fields; what a dreary panorama of the world-out-dying year! "All was!" She thought it a relief when the cars stopped; she had begun to feel as if she also was an atom, whirled by some irresistible fate. But an uncouth lad tumbled her familiarly, and said:

"Mrs. Shepherd told me to look out for you, miss. The old man is bad off, and she couldn't care."

Ambrosia silently entered the buggy. She did not like the frowzy, impertinent youth who seemed to feel it his duty to entertain as well as drive her. Clara might surely have met her. She felt hurt and offended by the lack of courtesy.

"Clara is like every one else," she decided. "She has other interests and I am nobody new."

It was difficult, however, to keep up this sense of injury when she was really in Clara's presence.

Clara had made so many preparations for her comfort, and with such welcoming words that she could not but by any means consider herself longer as a wronged and slighted woman. Yet that night she told Clara as truthfully as she was both wronged and slighted.

They were sitting together at midnight, watching the flickering out of the vital flame in the old man calmly sleeping himself into another life. He was indeed so far from this life that the low conversation of the two women touched no sense of his that was yet quick. Clara had at first wondered how Ambrosia could think of all this world's restless aims and passions while such a stupendous change was happening before her eyes; but she realized to let the selfish woman make her complaint in the very presence. It must of necessity somewhat control expression, and the control of words often means, to a certain degree, the control of feeling.

"That girl is the kernel of all trouble," said Ambrosia, after a moment, in a low, intense voice, her discovery of Meta in the doctor's laboratory.

"And what would you do, Clara?"

"I would ask the doctor to send her away."

"I have begged and begged him to do so, and he says she is no more to him than his instruments or his pen and paper. He thinks, therefore, that I ought not to object, as she is useful to him."

"I think he is wrong, very wrong, because he could easily find a man who could take her place. But every one has a point at which he resists, and I suspect Meta is the doctor's so far and no farther. I feel sure that before you asked for the dismissal of Meta, you had asked for a great many unreasonable things, and he thought he would make a stand at the girl. Very often what appears sadly wrong is nothing else but an unfortunate stand of this kind. A man takes it, and then gets stubborn about it."

"He goes away to his study every night after dinner and leaves me alone. He says he wants to read. Is that right?"

"Cannot you take an interest in the 'As You Reads'?"

"About 'grams' and things like that? Impossible!"

"I would pretend to do so then—assume the virtue you have not. In a little time you would really like it. I cannot pretend. I cannot be false to myself."

"Nonsense! If the occasion presses, we all pretend, every hour of the day! We are all players, and if our part is not always pleasant, it may be necessary. Have you seen the girl lately? Are you sure she is still in Robert's employ?"

"I have not seen her, but I know from Mrs. Ryan's insolent ways that she is still with Robert."

"St. Ange could tell you."

"I would not ask him for the world. His look said too much the day I first saw her. He is presumptuous enough. I dislike him as much as you, of course. I would dislike any one man or woman he employed. You see, I look as if it were so. But I say no thing about St. Ange, because Robert thinks it would be impossible for him to find another man so quick and sympathetic in his work. Now as I put up with St. Ange to please Robert, I think he might dismiss Meta to please me."

"Did you ever notice a typewriter?"

"I know one when I see it."

"Learn how to use it."

"What for?"

"What you are an expert—and it is an easy thing to become an expert—offer yourself in Meta's place."

"Oh, Clara, would you do that?"

"I would. No words you could say will speak as this action will speak. It has other advantages. You are envious and fretful with a purposeless life. This is a motive. It seems to me I could practice all day long for such an end. Think how annoying how touched Robert will be at such perseverance."

"I will do it! Thank you, Clara. I will get a typewriter to-morrow."

"Now let us consider things incidental to it. Do you remember Mr. Stuart, your father's lawyer?"

"We are yet good friends."

"Employ him in the matter; for it seems to me that I would make a clean sweep of the servants' quarters. I would spare none. However faithful they are to you, they are far more faithful to their own class. Don't Mr. Carter often go away?"

"He is going to a physicians' dinner at Philadelphia on Thursday."

"Then Thursday is your day. Go home to-morrow. Hire new help with instructions to come on Thursday night, and on Thursday morning, best out your petty irritations, and bring home your typewriter. You may have a teacher, but a very few lessons will do."

"You think I should clear out all the old servants?"

"Leave no one to infect the new order. No one can tell what wicked influences you may rid yourself of in such a movement. Many a wretched household is regenerated by new servants."

"They can certainly make the house wretched, nor can anyone tell exactly how they do it. Clara, I do wish I had come to you before. I am anxious now to get home and begin the work you have set me."

"And remember, dear, no one, with out your own help can break the bond between you and Robert. Nothing on earth is harder to break than a wedding-ring. Oh, Amber, there is no need to give you lessons. You can take Robert captive again with the greatest ease, if you wish; and what is more, all the women on earth cannot take him from you unless you give them permission by foolishly allying them."

Then the subject was dropped. Clara saw that all necessary stimulus had been given, and she turned the conversation upon Will and Bessie.

"I feel as if they had both been traitors to me," said Ambrosia, with a little contempt. "Will, I dare say, has made a fool of himself. The last letter I had from him was sickening. It was my wife every ten words. Bessie is and has always been an ambitious, ordering, dictatorial little thing. It was her love of ordering people made her like to go to mission churches. She pays her money, and they let her scold and advise as much as she likes. It is too funny to see a girl in her teens lecturing a woman who has had a dozen babies."

"There is no impertinence like the impertinence of youth!"

"And no presumption! Marriage is a serious thing, but Bessie first arranged her own, going about it in a most dangerous—I may say almost impudent—way, and then she could not rest until she had got Will and Louisa married. Some one will have to put a bit on her, or she will make her parlor a bazaar for marriageable people."

"Jack Madison will teach her a little control. That is all Bessie wants."

"Is it? You do not know the little lady. She wants to drive the world before her."

And to this restless babble of the world and all its cares and sorrows she listened, and she was slowly and gently passing away. After a short pause, Clara went softly to the bedside and looked at him.

"He sleeps like a little child," she said.

"I suppose he has been very good," remarked Ambrosia. She was not thinking of the dying man. "It does not seem a hard thing to die," she added.

"Death is innocent of many horrors which we lay to his charge," answered Clara. "Take away all the solemn burials with which we ourselves surround him—the nurses, physicians, priests, watchers, the darkened room, etc.—and what is left? Only a going to sleep."

To be continued.

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## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to FEB. 23rd, 1911

A Adams, John, Duckworth Street Armstrong, Beaverley Alexander, Archibald B Baird, Wm., Nagle's Hill Baulivan, Norah Bryan, Thos., LeMarchant Rd. Blackmarsh Road Barrett, Arch, ret. Bran, Miss Janie, Brine St. Bradbury, E. J. Blake, Miss Elizabeth Barron, Mrs. Frank Benson, J. J., ret. B-ennan, Mary Joseph, South Side Bennett, T. P., Cochrane St. Brien, Thos., John Street Bugden, Frederick, Blackmarsh Rd. Buckley, Miss Alice, care G. P. O. Buckley, Mrs. Wm., playmouth Rd. Buckley, Mrs. Wm., New Gower Street Bruce, Richard, Flower Hill Burns, Miss T., Street, 25	B Byrne, Geo. T., ret. Butt, Allan, Bulley St. Budden, Mrs. Laura, New Gower Street Bergman, Ben Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John Brien, Mike, Simms' St. Brown, Miss E. B. Butt, Mrs. George, Forest Road C Caines, John Clarke, Ella, card Clarke, F. S., card Calne, John, Water Street Caine, John, late Badger Brook Cain, John, Water St. West Chafe, Frederick, New Gower Street Chaplin, Miss G., playmouth Road Sarrall, Capt. James, card Clarke, Edith, Gower St. Clarke, Mrs. B., care Mrs. Archer's Hill Collins, Miss Lizzie, Gower Street Cooney, Mrs. John, Water Street Coady, John, Lime Street Crocker, Samuel, late s.s. Invermore Cooke, Miss Baisam St. Cosman, Otto, late Sydney, C.B. Cooper, Miss Rose, care Mrs. Wm. Frew Crockwell, Lawrence, George's St. Crocker, Samuel, late Port aux Basques Cunningham, J. M., care Post Office Crocker, Miss Annie Cummings, Mrs. John, Duckworth Street	C Canning, A. J., Chafe, Beatrice, Forest Rd. Cooper, Miss, late Royal Stores Connelly, Patk. D Dwyer, Miss Lizzie, Rennie Mill Road Devine, Dan Dawlor, Sarah, ret. Dillon, Mrs. Mary, Fergus Place Downing, Mrs. Sarah, card Doyle Wm., late Bonavista Branch Dixon, J. P. E Emerson, Mrs. Wm., card Escoffier, Mrs. Mark, ret. Edmonds, Miss Mary, John Street Ezakiel, Thomas, ret. F Fry, Joseph, care Bishop & Sons G Gahan, Miss Elsie, Callaghan, Frank Greening, Mrs. A., slip, Long's Hill Gillis, J. A., into Bonavista Branch Gibbons, Mark Good, Mrs. Lizzie, ret. Gorley, Mon. Joseph, slip Gush, Wm., care G. P. O. H Halliday, Miss, Mt. Scio Hayes, Mrs. John P. Harris, Mrs. Wm., P. O. Box 136 Hail, Miss M. Henebury, W. J. Healy, Miss Mary, care Thos. Healey Heal, G. E., into Bonavista Branch Hillyer, Miss Jane, LeMarchant Road Hynes, Thos., card Hutchings, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Hutchings, Leonard, late Woods' Island Holt, Mrs. Wm., Bert, John G. Holman, Edward, Brazil's Square J James, G. A., Dunford St. James, Miss Mary, care Miss Dwyer Johnson, Conrad, card James, Jack, Adelaide Street James, Rev. E. R., card Keough, Bridges, North Side Kennedy, James J., York Street Kavanagh, John, card, late Norris' Arm Kavanagh, Mary Ann, ret. King, Mrs. M., care G.P.O. King, Jack J., card King, Mrs. Matthews, Kent of Kent & McFarland L Laba, Mrs. J., Langton, Edward Langton, Edward Lawlor, Francis, card Lewis, R., Little, Dr. John Lacey, Roland, care Gen'l Delivery M Marks, S., card Martin, Eric, card Mayer, C., card, Williams' Lane Miller, John, Duckworth Street Morrissey, Thos., Hutchings' St. Molloy, Michael, ret. Moyst, J. J., Casey's St. Murphy, N. J., care Gen'l Delivery Murphy, Mrs. Mary, Neagle's Hill Murphy, Wm., Adelaide St. Munroe, Hugh W., St. George's St. Mullowney, John, late Trinity Murphy & Doyle Murphy, P. J., ret. Mackay, Miss Maggie, card Moore, W. & J. McHiffey, Miss Minnie, Water St. West McLean, Mrs. Lottie, Duckworth Street McDonald, Edward, Water St. West McBean, W., card McNewhook, H., card Newberry, Miss Annie Noseworthy, Alice, Prince's Street O O'Neil, J., card, care Miss Mary E. O'Brien, Miss Mary E., Water Street Okley, Mrs. James, late Trinity O'Neil, W. J., card, Duckworth Street O'Brien, Wm., card, care Gen'l Delivery O'Neil, O'Neil, eter, Blackmarsh Road P Perrin, Lizzie, card, New Gower Street Phelan, E. W., Water St. Phelan, James, slip Penny, J. W., care G.P.O. Penny, Mary, ret. Penny, Sarah, care King's Bridge Road Pike, Miss M. H., slip Piddigrew, Wm., ret. Pritchard, Constable, Police Station Pike, Miss M., slip Phillips, Mrs. James A., care Mrs. Nagle's Hill Power, Miss Martha, LeMarchant Road Pike, Capt. John, care Gen'l Delivery	P Prowse, Mrs. James W., Water St. West Power, Mrs. Thos., Water St. West R Ryan, Miss Gertrude, ret. Ralsb, Hugh Ralls, Harry, Prince's St. Reid, Mr., care G. P. O. Reynolds, T. W., Y.M.C.A. Ring, Susie, Goodview St. Rogers, Mrs. S. A. Ruel, Martin Roel, Johanna, card Reed, S. E. Rodgers, Mrs., Golf Avenue Richards, Rev. 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J., card White, Jacob Wiseman, George, card Winsor, Ernest, care Parker & Monro White, Robert Winsor, Mrs. Susan, King's Road Woodford, Philip, Prince's Street Walker, Arthur B. Yale, Geo. W. L., care Gen'l Delivery
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## SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Penwill, Jacob, schr. Arabis Brenton, George, schr. Arabis Bregger, Capt. A., s.s. Arabis Benjamin, Charles, schr. A. M. Fox Petrie, Harold, schr. Arnold B Kelly, J. C., s.s. Beatrice Randell, John, s.s. Bonaventure Pike, Alfred, schr. Bella Rose House, Gordon, schr. Blue Jacket Steed, B., schr. Beatrice May C O'Reilly, Patrick, schr. C. J. Brennan Williams, Eugene, barqt. Charlotte Young Smith, M., barqt. Charlotte Young Hann, Jesse, schr. Climax Sharpe, Peter, barque Cordella Wyxon, M., barque Cordella schr. Commander D Hassell, Augustine, schr. Dorothy Roberts, Thos., schr. D. M. Owen E Hull, Willis, schr. Ethel E. Phillips, Frederick, schr. Ethel E. Herald, Capt. Norman, schr. Ethel E. Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethel Bess Tilly, W. John, schr. E. P. Morris Mills, Albert, schr. Edith Emery Ayles, Walter, schr. Empire G Blagdon, Eli G., schr. Grand Falls Rossett, George W., schr. Golden Hill Haegerson, Carl, barqt. Gaspe H barqt. Charlotte Young Miller, Capt. W. A., schr. Helen Stewart Anderson, Ed., schr. Hronic Miller, W. A., schr. Helen Stewart schr. Helen Stewart I Thornhill, Isaac, schr. Howard Young Rive, Capt. E. T., ketch Hero N Power, Patrick, schr. Norman O. Hicks, Capt. Richard, schr. Nellie Burns Lawrence, Edward T., schr. Nellie M. Walters, James T., schr. Oriental P Maurice, W., schr. Percevalence R Ricey, Milton, schr. Roma Young, Herbert, schr. Robin Sheppard, Walter S Flander, Capt. John, schr. Slsters Simms, Wm. G., schr. St. Elmo T Tette, Capt. H., schr. Tobaccat V Adams, Richard, schr. Victory Hobbs, Robert J., Vaudeville W Horwood, Capt. Cyril, schr. Waterwitch Woodcock, E., schr. Western Lass G. P. O., February 23rd, 1911. H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.
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## Here and There.

**OLD SEALS SEEN.**—Two old seals were seen off Broad Cove this morning.

**ON THE DOCK.**—The S. S. Panna and S. S. Portia went on the R. N. Co. Dock to-day. The dock will be kept open for the S. S. Home.

**BOWRING SHIPS.**  
The Prospero left Burgeo at 2 o'clock this morning.  
The S. S. Portia is on the R. N. Co. dock.

**McKinley Music.**—Just received 500 copies McKinley Music, also new catalogues for 1911. CHESLEY WOODS, Sole Agent for Newfoundland.—Feb 12, 1911

**GOING FISHING.**—Some twenty men from Torbay will leave for the Rosalind this evening for Boston and New York to engage in Peegle fishing. Others will follow by train and steamer.

**HOCKEYISTS WILL BE FINED.**—The Feildian Hockey team will be given a dinner by the "Old Boys" at Woods' Restaurant, Monday night, in honor of their winning the inter-collegiate trophy.

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**HARBOR SEAL KILLED.**—Robert Chafe killed a harbor seal at Petty Harbour, yesterday. It was in the water and he fired at it from the shore. The dog swam out and brought the seal ashore. It weighed 26 lbs.

**STELLA MARIS DOING WELL.**—The S. S. Stella Maris left Greenpond this morning at 9 o'clock and is expected to arrive at 12 noon. Capt. Winsor made the following points O.K. so far: Bay de Verde, Trinity, Catalina, Bonavista, King's Cove and Greenpond.

**THE ROSALIND SAILS.**—The Rosalind sails for Halifax and New York at 5 p.m. Her additional passengers are: Miss Tibbo, Miss J. Thorslund, F. B. Gerrard, James Maher, Michael Power, W. H. Franklyn and 21 stowage.

**A VALUABLE FISH.**—Mr. J. Healey received a halibut yesterday which came from the west coast via Greenpond and today. It weighed 127 lbs. He sold it out by retail at 12 cents a pound taking in \$29.04. This is a big price for one fish.

**INTERESTING HOCKEY MATCH.**  
At 10 o'clock last night an interesting hockey match was played in the Prince's rink between the Pasha and the Anglo-Telegraph players. The latter won by 6 goals to 2 and a good exhibition of stick handling was given. The Anglo and McDonald's teams contest to-night.

**EFFRATES STILL JAMMED.**  
The S. S. Effrates is still caught tightly in the lee off Horse Point, near Pauline. She is about a mile off the shore. Her position is now being watched as long as the wind does not come in from the north east a strong gale. The ship is short of coal and wood. Mr. Thoms Harris is making arrangements to send a tug out to her.

The Trade and Labour Council held its regular monthly meeting last night. A considerable amount of discussion took place over the report of the delegates who had interviewed the constabulary in connection with the various alterations in the Tarif as requested by the Council. Several serious matters of importance to the various unions were discussed and the meeting adjourned at 11 p.m. The matter of the adjustment of the Tarif to meet the Council is still under the consideration of the Government.

**Personal.**  
Mr. Ernest Noseworthy, the post-office traveller for W. V. Drayton, piano and organ dealer, returned on Tuesday night's train from a successful trip around Conception Bay.

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