

Deceived AND Disowned BUT True as Steel!

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE WEDDING DAY.

Time passed on swiftly, and at last the happy day itself dawned bright and clear. In Bingleigh—and, indeed, for miles around—all work was laid aside, and there was a general holiday. The villagers were in holiday attire and holiday humor, not only because of their love for the young squire and his bride, but also because the Verners' rule had ended, and with it much apprehension on their part. The man they had respected had come into his own. The day of Squire Ruben's wedding was to be a gala day for all and one that was not likely to fade from their memories.

There was a clash and clang of bells, and Sir Edwin had driven off to church with Olive, who looked so lovely in her wedding dress, that her father felt it would be hard to part with her, even though she was only going to the Grange. So great was the excitement around the countryside, that a stranger might well be forgiven for imagining that an election was in full swing. Certainly a carriage on its way from Woolcot had to stop, on account of the happy, laughing crowd, and one of its inmates, no less a person than Lord Cravenden himself, leaned out of the carriage and asked what was the matter.

The man whom he addressed did not recognize his lordship, and stared at him in surprise. "Why, sir," he said, in a tone almost of reproach, "it's the young squire's wedding day, an' there's the bells."

"Aye, sir, it be Squire Verner's wedding day," said another of the men; "an' a fine day it be for us."

Lord Cravenden looked mystified at the villagers' happy faces; for his memories of either Squire Verner or his son were not such pleasant ones. "Who is the bride?" he asked.

The man laughed, as he answered promptly: "Why our Miss Olive, of course, sir."

Lord Cravenden frowned and drew back, as the carriage went on its way. "So she married him after all," said his mother, the dowager, in regretful tones.

"Yes," he said. "I'm sorry for her." "Do you know them, dear?" asked his young wife, in her clear, soft voice. She looked lovelier than ever and entirely happy, as she sat by her husband's side, for she had been an overwhelming success. During their brief stay in London, she had captivated all hearts, till at last her husband, who worshipped her, declared himself jealous of her popularity, and laughingly carried her off to Cravenden Hall, where they had remained.

Now he looked at her fondly, as he said: "Yes, dearest, and I dislike the man." (To be Continued.)

Pape's Diapepsin for Indigestion Or Sour, Acid Stomach

In five minutes! No dyspepsia, heartburn, or any stomach misery. Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes all stomach misery vanish in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Pape's Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually. Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.

He is an utter bouncer. How on earth so refined a woman as Olive Seymour could marry such a clod, I can't conceive. "Perhaps she loved him," murmured his wife softly. "Impossible!" returned Lord Cravenden hastily. "Wait till you see him, my dear, and you'll agree with me. It is a mystery."

"She has done it to save her father from ruin, I think," said the dowager sadly. "Poor girl, I wish now I had stayed at the Manor; I might have prevented it."

Mary looked at her sympathetically. She had learned to love her mother-in-law; and she hated to see even a passing cloud on her smooth brow.

Lord Cravenden took his wife's hand. "We are nearly back, my darling," he said.

At that moment the carriage pulled up, as the crowd of people came down from Bingleigh and Reave Hollow. It was impossible for the carriage to pass along the narrow lane; and as Lady Cravenden looked out on the happy throng, a sudden thought struck her.

"Walter," she said, "do let us go in to the church; I do so long to see an English country wedding."

Her husband hesitated ever so slightly. "I don't want to know the man," he said, "though I shall always have the profoundest respect for Miss Seymour. Still, dearest, we will get in at the back if you like, where we shall be unnoticed."

The dowager was also anxious to catch one more glimpse of her old favorite, so, accordingly, the three travelers descended and made their way to the church. But the sacred edifice was full already, and the little party was compelled to wait outside, half hidden by an elm.

"Evidently the villagers don't share your dislike for the young squire, and they wouldn't make such a fuss," said Lady Cravenden, as she watched the children with flowers in their hands, ready to throw them beneath the feet of the bride. (To be Continued.)

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER I. A CHANCE TO ESCAPE. The girl, with a gesture of assent, lays down the hat and shawl, she had taken from the table, stands with her hands folded, the embodiment of impatient resignation.

"I suppose you want your tea?" says the elder woman, coming to the table and fidgeting with the dress as she had done with the reels and cottons. "It's time you had it. I wonder whether they would like to be kept without their meals, even for a quarter of an hour, up at the Court? Ah, it's a hard life the poor lead; but you don't want me to tell you that—you're tired enough of it, I know! you look tired and tired of it, any one can see, Olive Estcourt."

The girl makes no reply, but goes slowly to the window and looks wearily out. As she stands, with still folded hands, her dark face set toward the light, she makes a grand picture for painter or sculptor; the face of a woman, the figure of a girl—a face that lacks only the light of happiness to become as beautiful and bewitching as Circe's.

"Why don't you speak?" asks the other. The girl raises her eyebrows. "What is there to say?" she replies; and her voice is, like her face, rich, harmonious, full of shadowed, subdued music. "I am tired—yes; but I shall not be refreshed by telling you so."

"You might be—at least, you've never tried; you'd rather brood and brood. You're like your mother, Olive—"

A flush spreads swiftly over the dark face, and her lips contract, but only for a moment. "The image of her. You can't help that, though sometimes I wish you could. Well, the thing is done, and I'll get the tea. Perhaps"—she pauses, and strokes the dress half nervously, half fiercely, before she goes on more abruptly—"perhaps this is the last dress you'll make for other women, Olive Estcourt."

Olive, not startled, simply aroused, turns her dark eyes questioning. "What do you mean?" she asks, in her low voice. "What I say; here's one that can tell you better than I can," she adds; and, as a knock is heard at the door, catches up the dress and crosses the room.

"Yes, Mr. Burney is in here," she says, though no one has spoken. "Come in; I'm going to make the tea."

The door opens slowly, and a man's face appears, followed slowly and hesitatingly by the rest of his body. It is not an unpleasant face, belonging to neither a young nor an old man. Indeed, it was difficult to tell Jacob Burney's age; it might have been more than sixty, or less than forty-five. One of those faces which once seen matched with a stout, well-developed, upright, and well-preserved body, with only a suspicion of age about it, and something almost of youth. Some wit, more pointed than kind, had called Jacob Burney "a chronological enigma," no one could guess his age.

"Come in, Mr. Burney, and sit down," said Mrs. Dennett. "Olive has finished her work, and will be glad of some one to talk to for a change; sit down."

The last part of the sentence was almost a command, and Jacob Burney, obeyed, rather precipitately. Then he smoothed his neat, mutton-chop whiskers, and looked up, with a hesitating, yet solemn, expression, at Olive who was moving to and fro, putting away the remnants of her toil.

"I'm glad you've finished your work, Miss Olive," he said at last. "Thank you," replied Olive, "so am I."

"I dare say, I dare say," he assented, with that pre-occupied air which a man wears when he says something, while he wants to be saying something very different. "I think you work too much, Miss Olive. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, with one of her rare smiles; "but my name's not Jack—that rule only holds good for boys, Mr. Burney." The old man—if he was old—fidgeted slightly on his chair, and shook his head solemnly. "I don't think that, Olive; and I've been thinking a great deal about you lately."

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

AN UP-TO-DATE DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2306—This makes a fine school frock. The back and fronts are plaited under square yoke sections, which may be omitted. The sleeve may be in wrist or shorter length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Gaiters, singham, linen, khaki, serge, velveteen and corduroy are nice for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD COSTUME FOR GENERAL WEAR.



Waist—2317. Skirt—2313. This model comprises Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2317 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2313. The models may be combined in one material, or the waist may be of linen, crepe, madras, satin or flannel and the skirt of serge, broadcloth, gabardine, mixed or plaid suiting. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require for skirt and waist 5 1/2 yards of 4-inch material. The skirt measures 2 1/4 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

NOTICE! John Smith, Late General Merchant of Brigus, G.B. To Outport Buyers and Sellers. Having sold out my interest in the business at Brigus and removed to the City, I am now open to act as your St. John's Agent. Goods bought at the lowest rate, and everything you have to sell sold at the highest price obtainable. My long experience in the general business of the country is now at your disposal. Correspondence solicited. Offices: No. 236 Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. When everything else fails. Besides helping to purify and enrich the blood Scott's strengthens the functions to throw off injurious acids and is especially beneficial during changing seasons. Many doctors themselves take Scott's. You Try It. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-34. Fads and Fashions. There are some very pretty evening gowns all of chiffon. Slipover blouses are thought very well of in some quarters. Button back blouses also find their place in many spring lines. Hats are of the simplest shape, depending entirely on line. Venice lace is slowly pushing itself into favor among laces. Black velvet gowns predominate at the theatres and restaurants.

Men's Work Shirts, Men's COLD WEATHER SHIRTS, WE HAVE THEM!

Shirt Flannels and Winceys have been difficult goods to get even at high prices, but we have managed to procure a fairly decent assortment of MEN'S FLANNEL and WINCEY SHIRTS at pretty decent prices. If you want a bit of Red Flannel to wear on your "chaps" these times, you've got to pay about \$1.15 per yard for it. It takes about three and a half yards of Flannel to make a Shirt, and there is the cost of making. Now, do a little figuring. We offer— MEN'S STRIPED WINCEY SHIRTS at \$1.50 each. MEN'S HEAVY GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS at \$1.45 each. MEN'S FINEST QUALITY STRIPED and GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS at \$3.00 to \$3.50 each. These latter range in size from 14 1/2 to 17 1/2 inch neckbands, and are made with detachable collars. Most of our other Shirts are made with collars attached. We have a lot of other Work Shirts which we do not mention here as the quantities are small. Amongst them

A Big Seller is Our Men's Khaki Winceyette Shirts, only \$1.35 each. You will have to admit, on the present prices of materials that our Shirt Prices are more than reasonable. But be warned, we can't do these prices for always, so buy now. We mention that we have BOYS' STRIPED WINCEY and FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, without collars; sizes 12 to 14.

HENRY BLAIR.

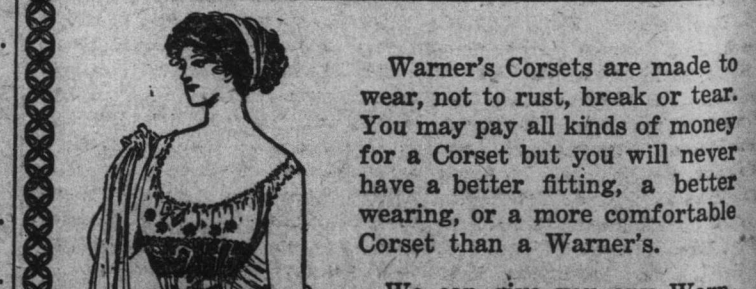
WE are still showing a splendid selection of : : : TWEEDS and SERGES. No scarcity at Maunder's.



How ever, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

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Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets. A Work-a-Day Corset as well as for Dress. Warner's Corsets are made to wear, not to rust, break or tear. You may pay all kinds of money for a Corset but you will never have a better fitting, a better wearing, or a more comfortable Corset than a Warner's. We can give you any Warner's style that is correct for fashion and your figure, and we confidently expect to fill every Corset requirement with a Warner's Rust-Proof, so remarkable are they in shape, comfort and wear. Price: \$1.50 per pair up.



NOTICIE! John Smith, Late General Merchant of Brigus, G.B. To Outport Buyers and Sellers. Having sold out my interest in the business at Brigus and removed to the City, I am now open to act as your St. John's Agent. Goods bought at the lowest rate, and everything you have to sell sold at the highest price obtainable. My long experience in the general business of the country is now at your disposal. Correspondence solicited. Offices: No. 236 Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F. MARSHALL BROS.

Bank of Montreal 100th Annual Report

THE ANNUAL REPORT. The Directors have pleasure in presenting the 100th Annual Report of the Bank of Montreal for the year ended 31st October 1912. Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October 1912 ... 31st October, 1911 ... 31st October, 1910 ...

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS. Includes items like Capital Stock, Deposits, and Loans.

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VINCENT MEREDITH, President. FREDERICK WILLIAMS, V.P. The 100th Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board Room at the Bank's Headquarters. Amongst those present were: D. Hughes Angus, Esq., R. B. Angus, Esq., J. H. Ashdown, Esq., H. W. ...