

The World's Choicest Sweetmeats

In a box of Moir's Chocolates are gathered together the delicacies of many lands. Cocoa beans from languorous palm-plumed islands, nuts and fruits from the tropics, butter and cream from the land of Evangeline—all confectioned into dainty masterpieces of the candy maker's art—The Moir Way. One trial will tell you what words must fail to describe—that Moir's have a distinction which makes them the ideal gift candy for wife, sweetheart or friend.

FRED V. CHESMAN, St. John's.

Moir's Chocolates
PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXVII

"Let us repeat the happy experiment of last autumn," said the Duchess of Evesdene to Sir Arthur. "Come with us to Dene. I do not remember to have enjoyed anything more than your visit. I will ask Sir Basil to come, and the two lovers will be happy—that is, if such unreasonable beings as lovers are ever happy. They seem to me more of them discontented."

The duchess had keen eyes, and she had noticed the shadow that lay on Sir Basil's face. It was not the shadow of discontent, or of sorrow, but of something that words could not define. More than once she had wondered if he were quite as happy as the successful lover of one of the most beautiful girls in England should be. She knew nothing of the general's interference and had no idea that Basil's declaration of love

PITTABLE WRECK SAVED FROM EARLY GRAVE

"I couldn't sleep, my nerves were all unstrung, I was steadily losing weight."

"My husband is a mechanic and earns good wages," writes one woman. "We have six children between the ages of seven and fifteen. Both my husband and myself have denied ourselves actual necessities to give our children the best schooling we could afford. I have often stayed up all night making clothes for them or doing mending. Besides this, I have always done the washing and ironing for the eight of us. I also do the scrubbing and the cooking. The outcome of this was that I was doing more than any human being could stand and so broke down. I became a complete nervous wreck. I was reduced to a skeleton. I was in such a nervous, high strung condition that the least excitement would start me on a crying fit which I couldn't control. This breakdown meant keeping my children from school to me in the housework, because I couldn't do anything as the least exertion left me a wreck. I was the finest example of a complete nervous breakdown that you ever saw. Everything was wrong with me—I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I had that dreadful weak feeling which I cannot describe but can only be understood by those who have had it. I was so weak that I was ready to catch anything that was going. I tried several preparations but none of them did me any good. One day my husband came in and said, 'I see a preparation in a drug store called Carnol. No extraordinary claims are made for it and I have an idea it might do you good. Why don't you get a bottle? They say if it doesn't do you any good they will refund your money.' I believe that advice of my husband's saved my life because seven weeks after I started taking Carnol I was doing more work than I had ever done before and was feeling stronger than I ever felt in my life." Mrs. T.

that scene. The name of his daughter and the hated stranger had never been breathed; yet when the crimson sun sunk into the waves and the day died "in a dream of amber skies," it was of his beautiful Leah he dreamed and thought, the child whom he had intended to succeed him.

A man like Martin Ray is soon lost to memory. He lives on popular agitation; and when strength and health fail him, and he can no longer go among the people with words that "fret and stir," he is soon forgotten. Martin had few friends; his name was no longer a tower of strength. He learned in that beautiful home by the sea some of the most bitter lessons. The one joy of his life was his fair, sweet Hettie—the child who loved him with such faithful, tender love, who had devoted her life to him since she made her choice five years before. He could not have lived without her. Hettie made the most of her education; she gave lessons to the children of the well-to-do people who lived in the neighboring villas, she sung in the fine old Norman church, she made pretty little sketches of the lovely scenes around them, and so earned money enough to supply her father with all that he needed. It was characteristic of him that he never noticed his daughter's shabby dress or her worn shoes. She gave him unreservedly all she had—her love, her money, her time, and her attention. The only break that ever came to the mopotony of her life was when her father, going out on business, took her with him for a few days. She thought it an act of kindness on his part, while he knew that without his most loving and devoted daughter he should enjoy very little comfort. She had never spoken to him of what she had read and seen of Leah. She knew that he perused the newspapers, but no word or look from him revealed the fact that he had seen her name. Hettie was compelled to preserve silence on the subject, but her thoughts ever reverted to Leah. So it often happened that, when father and daughter sat together in the porch of the pretty cottage, watching the sea in the distance, both were thinking of Leah. Martin saw her still as the beautiful child with the flash of defiance on her face with which she had left him. Hettie dreamed of her always as she had seen her last, in the brilliancy of her beauty and magnificence. Neither of them ever imagined how near she was to them. Southwood did not possess a newspaper of its own, and Dene Abbey was quite out of their world. The great green hill rose between them, and separated them as though they were in different hemispheres.

August found them at Dene, well and happy, without the faintest knowledge of the doom that was fast drawing nigh. The Abbey was built near Southwood, a pretty town on the slope of a green hill, and so close to the sea that when the tide rose high some of the little houses were not infrequently in danger. The little town ran up the hill after a quaint fashion of its own, and the houses seemed to climb with the social position of those who occupied them. The fishermen and the boatmen lived at the base; but nearer to the summit stood the pretty villas inhabited by the gentry—picturesque little houses half buried in foliage and overlooking the boundless, restless sea. Partly on account of its bracing air, and partly because he at times had a few engagements in the neighboring towns, Martin Ray had for some years made this place his home. His health was bad, his spirit broken, his means were small, his life was spoiled, saddened, blighted, his heart restless and embittered. It seemed that only hatred kept him alive—hatred that burned in his heart more virulently than ever—hatred of all rule, all authority. The spirit and courage of his youth had left him. For four years he had lived in a cottage standing alone on the slope of the hill. When the tide was in, and one looked from the upper windows, it seemed as though the house almost hung over the sea. It was called Rosewalk, because the hedges of the lane in which it stood were covered with roses. Rosewalk was one of the beauties of Southwood; and here, where the murmur of waves lulled him to rest and the song of the birds woke him in the early morning, Martin Ray made his home.

As he sat watching the crimson sunset over the waves, what visions came to him! His life had all gone wrong. He had intended to make for himself a place in history, and he had failed; he had mistaken self-love and self-interest for patriotism. Most of all, as he sat hour after hour watching the blue sea from the rose-wreathed windows, he brooded over the loss of his daughter, the child that had voluntarily left his side and clung to a stranger. He never forgot

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

Here are some specials for this week, and among them is something you need, for they are gathered from all over the store. Every one of them is big value for little money.



Children's Dresses.

Well made of a beautiful Light Fawn material, beautifully trimmed with silk braid, belt all round; Middy style; to fit from 1 to 6 years.

Each, \$1.25



Children's Hats.

Bring the children to this store to get one of these new Straw Hats; all shapes and colors; for boys and girls.

Each, \$1.49 to \$3.98



Middy Blouses.

For Ladies and Misses, in Balkan and long Middy styles; made of a serviceable White Jean; some with navy collars and cuffs, others with collars of white or pink. Splendid values. Prices range from

\$2.49 to \$7.98



Ladies' Pullover Sweaters.

Ladies, don't miss this last chance to purchase one of these Pullover Sweaters at this greatly reduced price, Reg. \$5.00.

Now \$2.49

Women's Bungalow Aprons.

In light and dark colors; all beautifully trimmed with rick-rack braid; belt all round, pockets; large and small sizes.

Each, \$1.69



Ladies' Spring and Summer Hats

In all styles and shades; all beautifully trimmed; one to suit every face. Prices are remarkably low; some Sailors.

Sailor Hats, \$1.98

Hats, \$3.49 to \$5.98

Corset Clasp.

No need to cast off your old Corset when we can give you Clasp to renew it.

Per Set, 39c. & 45c.

Colorite.

Don't cast off your last summer's straw hat. We can give you Colorite in the following colors: Brown, Jet and Dull Black, Navy, Lavender, Old Rose, Natural, Cardinal and Burnt Straw.

Per Bottle, 25c.

Writing Pads.

Good paper; lined.

Each, 10c. to 25c.

Jeyes' Fluid.

No home should be without a bottle of this disinfectant, especially at spring cleaning time.

Per Bottle, 25c.

School Bags.

Made of a good, strong Black Morocco.

Each, 69c.

Side Combs.

Splendid value.

Only Per Set, 19c.

Tea Strainers.

Each, 8c.

Hair Nets.

With and without elastic.

Each, 8c.

Soaps.

Cuticura35c.
Herb20c.
Jap Rose18c.
Infants' Delight19c.
La Perla15c.
Palmolive20c.
Witch Hazel6c.

Pepper & Salt Shakers.

Made of aluminium.

Each, 10c.

Tooth Brushes.

In all sizes. Prices ranging from

10c. to 39c.

Crochet Cotton.

In White and Ecu.

Per Ball, 20c.

Hat Wreaths.

Wreaths in double and single sprays.

Each, 35c. to 69c.

Cloths.

For Spring Coats and Suits. Colors: Green, Blue, Grey, Brown and Black.

Per Yard, 90c.

Women's Bungalow Aprons.

In light and dark colors; all beautifully trimmed with rick-rack braid; belt all round, pockets; large and small sizes.

Each, \$1.69



Men's Suits.

Blue Serge is the material that meets with universal favor. It is appropriate for business or dress. Good Blue Serge Suits are hard to get, but ours are so reliable. The range embodies the best desirable models.

Each, Per Suit, \$19.00



Men's Caps.

In light and dark shades. Spring and Summer wear. Light Grey, Dark Colors, \$1.79 & \$2.00

Comfortable Soft Collars.

Time was when Soft Collars were comfortable and not more. These new Collars are much more than that—their good looking as stiff and they surely cut laundry bills in half. We have pointed and round corners.

Each, 10c.



Tea Aprons.

Well made of a good linen.

Each, 20c.



Ladies' Blouses.

Made of White Voile, embroidered, long sleeves.

Each, 30c.

Ladies' Raglans.

Practical styles. "Wool Coats" many women wear them, because the styles are practical service the year round. Designed to give best protection to you in weather and at the same time a trimly fashionable look as could be desired.

Each, \$4.00

PHIL. MURPHY
317 WATER STREET.
Store Open Every Night and Every Holiday.