

## IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER X.  
AT THE THEATRE.

They went through the play, until they came to the scene in the widow's cottage, where Pauline, struggling between love for her husband and indignation against the trick he has played her, at one moment taunts, and at the other half invites him to plead forgiveness. It is a wonderful scene, and Olive lost herself in it; she forgot she was in a modern, commonplace drawing-room; she thought that she stood in the mean cottage of the Widow Melnotte, and that the man she loved, and yet scorned, was standing before her. Lost in the part, she delivered the warm, feverishly eloquent sentences allotted to Pauline, and was waiting for the answer, when, with a suddenness that startled her, Katharine stretched out her arms and drew her to her heart.

"My child!" she exclaimed, "do you know what you are?—a born actress! You were fated for the stage! Work and slave at the needle! I tell you that I will show the world a better Pauline than it has ever seen or dreamed of! Child!" holding her at arm's length, and looking at her with mingled tenderness and delight, "you are an actress born, and it is I who have found you!"

CHAPTER XI.  
FORGOTTEN PROMISES.

IN the smallest of small drawing-rooms, even in that region of small rooms—Park Lane—sat Lady Florence. Some months have passed since we saw her last, lounging comfortably and gracefully in the drawing-room of the Court; and now, though it is no longer summer, and the east wind of February whistles through the park, Lady Florence is still comfortable and graceful. There is little change in her; over her, time seems to pass with a swift, sparing hand—before his scythe turns in his grasp, and instead of lining the fair, white forehead with furrows of care and anxiety, it seems but to add an additional charm to her beauty, and mark its serenity with greater distinctness.

The little room is exquisitely furnished; a brilliant fire, whose fierceness is screened by a shade of Venetian glass, lights up the dainty decorations, the bijou pictures, and the blue china, and throws a soft bloom upon the small, delicately molded face of the aristocratic beauty. Looking at her as she leans back, the picture of graceful ease, the embodiment of luxurious satisfaction and prosperity, one would pronounce that at least there was one happy and contented woman in this unhappy and discontented world of ours. But the casual observer would be, as he very frequently is, wrong in both conclusions. Lady Florence is neither happy nor contented; her face is serene and restful enough for the simple reason that Lady Florence knows nothing is so fatal to beauty of her type as wrinkles; but if the casual observer would look from the face to the delicate white hands that lie so prettily upon the soft folds of the costly dress, he would see that the taper fingers are tightly bled, and that they move restlessly, palm to palm, in anything but a contented fashion.

What can she want? She who has so much—wealth, high birth, social position; she who sits, beautified, surrounded by beauty, while others of her sex—and how many hundreds of them?—are standing in the cold

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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.

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Instant relief! "Pape's Diapepsin" ends your stomach trouble forever.

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and puffed, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated— just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

outside, hungered and homeless. Who is it says that he who needs nothing, dies? If that be true, Lady Florence is a long way off death to-night.

Every now and then she looks up at the clock—a marvel of mechanism and art, which has cost as many hundreds of pounds as there are figures on its dial—and the full, shapely lips close more tightly.

The clock chimes five, and a dainty bird pops out, looking down at her, warbles a thin little tune, and pops in again to its nest among the wheels. The door opening suddenly causes the rich color to spring into Lady Florence's cheeks; but it fades again as Lady Fanshaw comes noiselessly across the room and stands beside her.

Lady Florence looks up. "Five o'clock. Do you think he will come?"

"Quite think so," is the reply. "Where else can he go? Town is nearly empty—he will be glad of a little company after the journey. It is natural that he should come here first."

"Instead of his club?"

Lady Fanshaw raises her eyebrows. "There is the club—yes; but I think he will come. And you are anxious to-night?"

Lady Florence's hands loosen and clasp again. "Yes," she assents, with a little laugh that is so soft as to be almost inaudible; "though why, I could scarcely tell, excepting I offered those few words of his when he went away. Charlie is not given to saying nothing, as some men are."

"No," assents Lady Fanshaw. "A few words at parting may mean a great deal."

"Or nothing," says Lady Florence, almost bitterly; "and perhaps I am foolish to lay any stress upon them. How I despise myself for doing so, even you cannot guess. What do they amount to?—I shall see you when I come back, Florence!" It was scarcely enough to keep us here, when town is empty, and every one one knows has departed. But it keeps me, you see."

"And it would keep me, I think, if I were placed as you are," says Lady Fanshaw approvingly.

"Well," says Lady Florence, with a little frown, "I have waited, and he will find me here. I am always waiting for him, and he can always find me; I think that is the great mistake, perhaps."

"Perhaps," says Lady Fanshaw, looking down at the white hands upon which the diamonds glitter restlessly. "And do you mean to say that we are going to Mentone?"

"Yes," says Lady Florence, with a touch of resolution and something like a blush. "If he does not want me to go, he can say so; if he does not care, then I am better away. You see, I can speak plainly."

"There is no one else," mused Lady Fanshaw.

"There is no one else," repeats Lady Florence confidently; "I should know if there were. Has he not been by my side all through the winter? I should know if there was any one else in the way. No; sometimes I think that he has no heart, and I wish that I were like him."

ing her hands to the fire, looked at herself in the mirror.

Lady Fanshaw caught the glance. "Florence," she said, "you are the most beautiful woman in England; that is your strength; you love Charles Heatherdene, and that is your weakness. My dear," laying a soft palm upon the rounded arm, "why must it be so? There are so many others to choose from."

"Not for me. I have made my choice," said Lady Florence, turning her eyes with a half-bitter, half-desperate light in them. "There are many others, handsome, higher, richer, but he is my best and handsomest. After all, we poor women can worship only one god at a time, and Charles is mine."

Lady Fanshaw turned over the cards that lay in a little heap upon a delicate dish of Vallures ware.

"One, two, three of the marquis!" she said quietly. "Poor marquis!"

Lady Florence smiled. "There is one whom you think handsomer, better in every way than the other."

Lady Fanshaw took up a carte de visite.

"The Marquis of Ellinton is one of the handsomest men of the day, my dear."

"And his rent roll as long as his pedigree; and the Ellinton diamonds are a seventh wonder of the world, and he loves me to distraction; yes I know. You have told me so, in ever so many ways, a dozen times during the last month. I knew what Clare Vavasour meant when she asked me at the duchess' last night, why the marquis was staying in London in this dreary month? She would give all the world to have such a question put to her, and is mad with envy; but the marquis may stay in London or go to Siberia for what I care, so that he be near."

Lady Fanshaw looks round with a mild glance of consternation and alarm. Can this be the calm, placid, serene, and haughty Lady Florence? Lady Florence meets her anxious look with an unmoved countenance. "You think I am mad," she said with a smile. "Perhaps I am, on this point; but do not forget that I keep my insanity for you. A quarter past five; he will not come!" and with a sigh she sank back, and put up her hand to her bosom with a gesture of infinite weariness.

But as she spoke, a brougham came down the lane, stopped at the door, and Charlie Heatherdene alighted. He was in evening dress, and looked a trifle more serious than usual, and stood with his hand on the handle of the brougham door as if hesitating.

"What time, my lord?" asked the coachman, touching his hat.

"Eh? Oh—" said Lord Heatherdene hesitatingly; "go into the mews and keep the horse warm, and call for an order in half an hour."

The man drove on; but still Charlie

Too Nervous to Sleep.  
Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

stood on the pavement with the serious look upon his usually careless, light-hearted face. He even walked a few paces from the door, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat.

"Which shall it be?" he murmured. "Shall I do it or not? It is the best thing I can do; it will please the earl. How long are you going to keep Florence waiting for you?"

"How long are you going to keep Florence waiting for you?" was the burden of his song; and though I told him that there was no reason why Florence or any other woman should wait for me, I felt there was truth in his grumble. Why should I thwart them all?" he asked himself, with a little laugh that was not altogether an easy one. "The earl would be delighted—so would the Rivers—there would be roast oxen and cashmere broaching in three counties. And Florence? Yes, I think she would say yes, though that is an uncertain thing to say. Shall I do it? It is time I was settled. I am rather tired of knocking about from club to club like a well-to-do vagabond. Shall I do it?"

If Florence could only have known that her fate was weighing in the balance, her small, white hands would have been more restless than ever! Perhaps it's as well that we do not always know of the crisis in our lives.

Charlie Heatherdene took another turn, then with a sudden toss of his handsome head he ran up the steps and rang at the bell.

"I'll do it!" he said, adding with a laugh, "perhaps I have pondered the question quite unnecessarily. Florence may say 'No!' Well, here goes," and the heir to one of the oldest titles and richest estates in the kingdom made up his mind to offer himself and them to Lady Florence Rivers. "If Derrick were only here," he thought, as the servant opened the door, and with smiling alacrity ushered him down the tiny passage to the drawing-room—"if Derrick were here, he'd say that I was doing what I ought to have done a year ago. By Jove! I'll write and tell him if she says 'Yes.'"

(To be Continued.)

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## EARLY MESS

GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND DEAD.  
LONDON, Feb. 24. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Henry Blake died to-day at his residence, Myrtle Grove, Youghal, Co. Cork, Ireland. Right Hon. Sir Henry Blake, K.C.M.G., was Governor of Newfoundland 1887-88, having been Governor of the Bahamas for the preceding four years. He was Captain General and Governor in Chief of Jamaica from 1889 to 1897, his term having been twice extended at the request of the Legislature and the British bodies of the Island. He was Governor of Hong Kong in 1897-1903 and Governor of Ceylon 1903-7. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, 78 years ago.

RUSSIANS ON THE RUN.  
LONDON, Feb. 23. In the last two days the Germans are not met with a single case of resistance, a Petrograd despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Co. says. Evacuation of the port of Revel is proceeding slowly, the soldiers declining to assist. The headquarters of the Russian western army has been removed to Smolensk, 250 miles southwest of Moscow. The change was made in such haste that the staff lost touch with various armies.

TEXT OF WAR AIMS MEMORANDUM.  
LONDON, Feb. 24. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The following is the text of the Colonies and Dependencies clause of the Inter-Allied Socialist conference in London: "The International Socialists have always condemned the colonial policy of capitalist Governments. Without ceasing to condemn this Inter-Allied conference neverless recognizes the existence of a state of things of which it is obliged to take account. The conference considers that a treaty of peace ought to secure to the natives of all colonies and dependencies effective protection against the excesses of capitalist colonialism. The conference demands the concession of administrative autonomy for all groups of people that attain a certain amount of civilization and for all others progressive participation in local government. This conference is of opinion that the return of colonies to their pre-war possessors or any exchange of compensations which might be decided should not impede the making of peace. Those colonies which have been taken by conquest from the subject of special consideration of the peace conference, at which the committees in their neighborhood should be entitled to take part, but the clause of the treaty of peace on this point must secure economic equality in all territories for the peoples of all nations, and thereby guarantee that they may be shut out from legitimate access to raw materials, prevented from disposing of their own products and deprived of their proper share of economic development. As regards the possessions of the colonies of all the Allies and tropical Africa, from the Cape to sea, including the whole region of Zambesi and south of Sahara, this conference condemns any separatist idea which would make several countries the booty of one of several nations to exploit them for the profit of capitalists, or to use them for the promotion of the militarist aims of governments. With respect to these colonies, this conference declares in favor of a system of control established by international agreement under a league of nations, maintained by its guarantee, and, whilst respecting national sov-

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