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

The Lost Will; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER XIX.

As he passed through the gate and Nora, stifling a sigh, turned away, she saw Stephen Fleming coming up the path. His hands were thrust in his pockets, his figure bent, and he looked as if he had been drinking, as he had. She saw Jack nod and heard him say "Good evening, Fleming," in a cheery and quite friendly way; and she noticed that Fleming ignored the greeting. She was walking back to the house when she heard footsteps behind her, and, looking over her shoulder, saw that Fleming was following her. She stopped, reluctantly, but with no timidity—for fear and Nora had not yet made acquaintance—and Fleming, just removing his cap, stepped up to her.

"Can I speak to you, miss?" he asked.

His voice was husky, but it was evident to Nora that, though he had been drinking, he was still sober.

"The colour rose to her face as she saw the cuts and bruises on his, the swollen lips, the discoloured eyes.

"Certainly, Mr. Fleming," she said. "Will you come up to the house?"

"No, thank you," he said ungraciously. "What I've got to say won't take long; and I won't intrude."

"You would not be intruding," said Nora. "Is anything the matter? You—you have been hurt?"

"That's nothing, miss," he said, with a jerk of the shoulders. "It was a fair fight, and I don't complain. No; I've got something worse than that against him."

"Yes, I mean—Mr. Chalfonte?" she said quietly, but coldly; for she was not disposed to listen to any depreciation of Jack, especially behind his back.

"Yes, I mean him," said Fleming, with the sullessness of repressed fury. "I think it's only right you should know what's going on here in the village, especially as he's in your employ—your service."

Nora grew red, and her voice was still colder as she observed: "Mr. Chalfonte is scarcely my servant, Mr. Fleming; he is, and has been, a very good friend to me."

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"He is not fit to be a friend of a lady like you, of any respectable woman," broke in Fleming. "Look here, Miss Norton, I feel it's my duty to tell you that your Mr. Chalfonte is a black-hearted scoundrel."

Nora, still red, held up her hand. "Oh, really, Mr. Fleming!" she said, with a little laugh that cut him like a whip. "Why did you not stop Mr. Chalfonte and let him hear you tell me this? But I suppose you had very good reason for not doing so."

Fleming's eyes flamed and, for a moment, he was speechless. Then he stammered: "You think, because he's beaten me, I'm afraid of him! You make a mistake, miss. I'm not afraid of him; and presently I'll be quits with him. No fear of that! No; I wanted to speak to you alone, before he could cut in with some of his lies."

"That will do, Mr. Fleming; I refuse to hear any more," she said, and she moved on a little. But Fleming strode up beside her, and went on with a repressed passion: "Miss Norton, you've got to hear me; you're the mistress of this place, and it isn't right and proper that you should be deceived and hoodwinked by a man who isn't fit to touch your hand, to sit beside you. You're the mistress of this place, and you ought to see that wrong isn't done here, especially by a man you employ and call your friend. Mr. Chalfonte is playing false with a young girl in the village, a girl that I've known since we were children together. That gives me a right to come to you and tell you—"

"I will not hear any more, Mr. Fleming," said Nora firmly; but the colour had left her face, and it was now pale.

"But if you didn't hear from me, you'd hear it from some one else, and very likely get the story all wrong; it's always the girl that's blamed, and the man made excuses for and let go scot-free. This girl was a poor girl enough, though a bit flighty perhaps, before Mr. Chalfonte came to play the villain with her. And he thought he'd an easy time of it; for Maud has no father or brother to look after her."

At the name of the girl the blood rushed for a moment to Nora's face, and then left it white. It was impossible for her not to remember that she had seen Jack and Maud Delman together, and the manner of the girl when Nora had seen them. It was impossible for her to forget Jack's embarrassment when he had spoken of Maud; and, being a woman, it was impossible for her not to be jealous. With a gesture—she could not speak—she tried to stop the man; but he continued, in broken, painful sentences: "Yes, she'd have been all right if he hadn't turned up. I may as well tell you the whole truth, Miss Norton; I was courting her, I was fond of her, and I believe that it would have been all right between us if Mr. Chalfonte hadn't stepped in. But what chance was there for me then? He's a gentleman—at least, that's what he's called—and, naturally, Maud was dazzled—most girls would be. He was always getting her to meet him, making excuses to call at the cottage, hanging about in the lanes for her, meeting her in the wood—"

"You must not say any more about this to me, Mr. Fleming," interrupted Nora, finding her voice at last. "It is no business of mine. Mr. Chalfonte is quite free to—to pay attention to any one."

"Yes; but that's what I'm arguing," said Fleming. "It is your business. A great lady like you ought to have a care for the people that belong to you, especially when it's a young, innocent, helpless girl. And 'attentions' you mean that he's free to engage himself to marry? Of course! But

that isn't what Mr. Chalfonte means by Maud."

"You have no right to say that," said Nora, her voice dull, her heart aching and heavy with misery. "If Mr. Chalfonte is—paying attentions, courting, as you call it, this girl, Miss Delman, I am sure he will marry her—oh, I can't talk any more about it!"

"Marry her!" echoed Fleming, with a hoarse laugh. "Not he! That's the last thing a man like him would think of doing. You won't believe that when I tell you that he's got her away to London; that he's keeping her there against her mother's wish; that he's hiding her away. He wouldn't give me her address—that's why we fought."

Nora walked on a few paces in silence. Of course, she did not believe the accusation implied by Fleming's assertion. That Jack had flirted with the girl was not unlikely; that he had fallen in love with her—Heaven knew she was pretty enough, poor Nora—thought, with a pang of jealousy—and intended to marry her, was possible; but that he should have lured the girl to London, should be the villain Fleming called him, was impossible. She turned and looked at Fleming steadily.

"Mr. Fleming, I don't believe it. Chalfonte is incapable of—of what you lay to his charge. And now you have insisted upon telling me all this, you must go, please. You have forced me to listen to you against my will, and I have nothing further to say to you."

"You mean you won't do anything?" demanded Fleming, gazing at her with suppressed fury. "You mean you won't speak to him, get the address out of him, get Maud out of his clutches—you, a great lady, as everybody has looked upon as kind-hearted, will stand by and do nothing to save a girl that's been deceived and lured away by a man you call your friend, have about your place?"

"Certainly I will not speak to Mr. Chalfonte, and I will do nothing whatever; for I don't believe that he is guilty," said Nora.

"Very well," retorted Fleming, drawing a long breath. "Then I've got to do it all. And, mark me, Miss Norton, I mean to do it. If it's too late to save Maud, I'm going to have a reckoning with the man who's ruined her. You might have helped her

then you leave him to me. I'll know how to deal with him."

With an emphatic nod of the head he touched his cap and turned away. Nora walked on towards the house; but she was afraid to meet Mrs. Feltham's keen eyes, and she turned aside into the wood and sank on to a bank; for she was trembling like a leaf, and her heart was beating so fast and heavily that she had not strength to stand.

Of course, the man had lied. The and me—but you refused. Very well; girl had gone to London, no doubt; but it was more likely than not that Jack did not know where she was. Every instinct inspired by love rose in Jack's defense; she refused to doubt him, not only because of her love, but because that same instinct told her he could not be guilty of the baseness, the villainy, with which Fleming had charged him. And yet—and yet? Maud's pretty face rose before her, a torturing vision. A woman who is in love with a man is quick to detect the love of another woman for him; she thought she knew and understood now that look in Maud's eyes when she, Nora, had seen the girl talking with Jack.

"Oh, I ought to be ashamed of myself!" she murmured, with shame. "I am behaving just like a jealous, love-sick housemaid. Besides, even if—he is in love with this girl, what business is it of mine? He—he has never spoken a word to me that would give me the right to question his actions, his conduct with other women. Perhaps he is with her, and is going to marry her."

She rose and went back to the house slowly, pleaded a headache, and remained in her own room for the rest of the evening. When Mrs. Feltham came up to inquire after her, Nora affected to be asleep; but no sleep came to her that night. She wondered how she would meet Jack on the next day; it would be difficult to greet him, to talk to him as if nothing were the matter, as if she had not heard Fleming's accusation. She felt that she must avoid him—at any rate for some few hours, until she had become mistress of herself.

Soon after breakfast, which she took in her own room, she came down in her habit. She was still pale, and her eyes looked heavy, and Mrs. Feltham, as she kissed her, inquired tenderly after her headache.

"Oh, I'm all right this morning," said Nora. "It was very bad while it lasted; I suppose it was the heat—but I'm all right now. I'm going over to the Abbey; and I shall stay to lunch, if they'll have me."

"Do, dear," Mrs. Feltham urged; "and bring them back to tea, if they'll come. I'll ask Jack to stay; he is a great friend of Lady Blanche's, and he will help us to amuse them. By the way, you'll be sorry to hear that there was a disturbance in the village last night. It seems that Stephen Fleming, of the Upper Farm, got very drunk at the 'Blue Dragon,' and created such a disturbance that they were obliged to lock him up."

Nora turned to the window to button her glove, but said nothing.

"I suppose the wretched man was upset by his beating," said Mrs. Feltham, always ready to find an excuse for the unfortunate or the sterner. "If Jack comes in time I will get him to go down and say a word for the man. Of course, he deserves to be punished, but—ah, well, I always remember what that French philosopher, or whoever he was, said—'To know all is to forgive all.'"

"Yes," murmured Nora.

"And the worst of it is that Fleming is neglecting the farm. His father is old, and has given it over to him entirely; and I heard Mr. Horton say that the poor old man will have to give it up. Perhaps, after all, it is the best thing Stephen could do. He might go to the Colonies and settle down. We must speak to Jack about him." She laughed. "He won't bear the slightest malice against Fleming, though they have fought about something or other. Jack's the sort who always has a tender feeling for a man he has thrashed; I believe most men have. That's the public school spirit, and Jack possesses it to an extraordinary degree; whether he helps a man or beats him, that man's Jack's friend for life."

"You have a great admiration for your cousin, Mr. Chalfonte," said Nora, still busy with her glove.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates

A PRACTICAL HOUSE DRESS WITH LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.



2241—This style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, kersey, repp, voile, flannelette, drill, linen and galate. The model is a one piece style, with the fulness held in place by a belt. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



2592—A Comfortable House Dress like this will make work lighter and more agreeable. This style is becoming. It is simple and easy to develop. Seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, linen, or linen may be used. Flannelette, cotton gabardine, repp and poplin are also desirable. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measured about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ... ..  
Size ... ..  
Address in full:—  
Name ... ..

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Unilectric Lighting

Question: Why are storage batteries used in connection with small electric lighting systems? Answer: Because the ordinary gasoline engine is not steady enough to produce a flickerless electric light. Question: What power has proven the most satisfactory for lighting purposes? Answer: Water power or high speed steam engines. Because they give a smooth, steady high voltage current which can be carried by ordinary wires a long distance without appreciable loss.

Question: Why are not storage batteries used in connection with small electric plants on board steamers and elsewhere? Answer: Because storage batteries waste electric current which passes through them, even when batteries are new. The amount of this waste steadily increases as the batteries continue in use. Wet batteries require to be filled with distilled water. If the water evaporates and is not kept at a certain level in the jars, the battery is injured. The battery also suffers injury if it is charged too much or if the current is exhausted before recharging. Batteries require constant attention and the use of delicate instruments.

Question: Manufacturers of battery systems claim that their engine need only be operated every two or three days. Is this any real advantage? Answer: No. It merely emphasizes the fact that their engines cannot be depended upon for steady continuous service. Most of the gasoline engines used are ordinary cheap gasoline engines. Many of them are air cooled and cannot possibly give continuous service. However, air cooled engines are much cheaper to manufacture and require less material than water cooled engines.

Question: Why are low voltage systems used? Answer: Because they cost less. Batteries for the use of high voltage current are much more expensive than batteries used in low voltage systems. Question: What are some of the advantages in connection with the use of low voltage systems? Answer: Much of the current is lost when wires are run to other buildings even when such buildings are but a short distance away.

2. Ordinary lighting equipment. Electric Irons, Vacuum Cleaners, vibrators and motors for running small machinery cannot be used. Consequently special equipment must be imported.

3. Years of experience has demonstrated that the 110 volt current commonly used is the most satisfactory. All electrical dealers keep 110 volt equipment always in stock.

Question: Have low voltage systems any advantage in the matter of safety? Answer: They are safer than when heavily charged wires are used, but current from the Unilectric plant cannot cause injury.

Question: Is any electric current able to produce fire? Answer: Yes. Any electric current sufficient to produce satisfactory lighting may cause fire if not properly insulated. Question: What are the advantages of the Unilectric over all battery systems? Answer: 1. It is the only gasoline engine we know of that can be depended upon for continuous operation and which will produce direct from the machine a smooth steady 110 volt current similar to that produced by