## THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDRAND, AUGUST'8, 1918-2

itle of studio, bringing with him the flush any allusion to the tender pas-stounding intelligence that if we sion seems always to bring to her face Fashion hink we can anyhow contrive to make of late. oom for him, Doctor Fuller has prom-

"I do," I return; "I detest him with sed to pay us a visit in the course of ll my heart." few weeks. "Don't believe a word of it, War-

This is a prospect that strikes me en," interposes Len, looking up from as simply overwhelming, though Adhe sofa, on which he is stretching his lie seems to take it very quietly. Had ng limbs in his own peculiar lazy t been the Grand Mogul, or the Czar tion. "It is an unmistakable case JUST THE STILE FOR CALLING OR of Russia who proposed to pay us the of sour grapes, depend upon it. A onor of a visit, I could hardly have

woman's vanity is positively in elt more astonished. tiable no matter how many cap "Coming here!" I exclaim, with a ves she may drag at her charlo gasp, as soon as I can command my wheels; and Lesley, innocent as she roice sufficiently to 'speak. "Good looks, has her share; she is sure to racious, Len, you don't mean to say sigh for more, especially for the one that Doctor Fuller is coming down that resists her spells. That is just frim his stilts of high and mightiness Lesley's case. Doctor Fuller is a cap to such an extent as that? What in ital fellow, Warden: you will like him the name of wonder can he want ensely when you know him. H

here?" has a good deal too much sense t "To see me, of course; hope you give in to a woman's wiles, and, as did not flatter yourself it was you," matter of course, there is not one o returns Len complacently. "He is them but is ready to give her ears to going to stay two or three days" "Oh, well, in that case I may as

"Any w an with ugly ears, you well make up my mind to be miser ean; but I ask anybody whether able," I return, with an air of resig ine are not too pretty to be sacriation. "And what in the world we ficed for any man in creation?" I ask, are going to do with a man like thatturning a calmiy defiant face upon m somber giant, whose commones ivilities seem offered under protest.

"You hear! What did I say? Ah! as if they were grudgingly given, I vanity, thy name is woman!" is the can't conceive." framatic response; and, with one of "Upon my word. Lesley." exclaims his most provoking little grimacer Len, with one of his jolly little laughs. one would think you were afraid of Len picks himself up from his recum bent position and strolls away to the doctor." smoke a reflective pipe or put in a few.

"I am," I reply, making the humiliaing admission with a sigh that will judicious touches to the great picture Skirt Pattern 2504. Foulard, taffeta, that is destined to electrify the world batiste, dmitiy, dotted Swiss, organdy, not be repressed. "It is rather a novhantung, crepe and satin are do el experience to me, certainly; but I of art from the walls of Burlington sirable for its development. The skirt am afraid there is no disguising the House by and by.

may be made without the trimming So far Mr. Warden's prophecy con- The waist is finished with shaped vest nelancholy fact that I stand in awe of Doctor Fuller. His terrible eyes cerning our neighbors has not been portions. The sleeve may be made in and brusque manners are altogether fulfilled. Not a soul has called upon wrist or elbow length. The Skirt us yet; and, so far as visitors are 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist too much for my nerves." "How can you be so foolish. Lesmeasure. The Waist 2500 ni 7 sizes over which we have spent so many 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bus ev?" asks Adelaide reprovingly takhours of thought and toil, arranging senre It will require 6% yards 40-inch material for the entire dre usual. "As if we should not all be dein it all the prettiest objects in the lighted to see Doctor Fuller, to whom way of old china and bric-a-brac the in a 38-inch size. The skirt measures

we are under the deepest obligations. house contains, until it looks like the so I conclude, of course, that he must Secured know her. She may be a client of his, You are giving Mr. Warden a very background of some old pictures, reerhans." I add, seeing with what alpoor impression of our sense of hos- mains empty and deserted. most painful interest even the small- pitality, I am afraid." May is not yet out, but the weather "Speak for yourself, Addie," I're is like June. The sunlight, slanting Warden is invested for Addie who, turn. "It is all very well for you to down through the unshuttered winlike to see him. Doctor Fuller is dows of the exposed old house, is so putting down her pen, is looking at. more than half in love with you, I full of light and gladness that, yieldme with a little shade of anxiety. in

believe; but he has the bad taste to ing to its genial influence, I am rapidly forgetting the gloomy impression created on my mind by that first visit Try Cottage is like? Is she young or ment, Lesley?" Mr. Warden inquires, to Deepdene, and the appearance of that mysterious figure of which I have

thinking of the prisonlike aspect of quils with which she is filling some never yet spoken a word.



Waist-2500. Skirt-2504.

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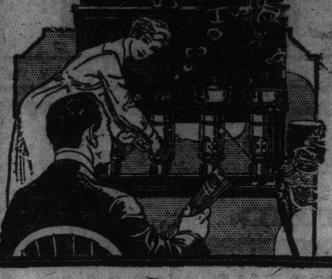
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Happiness ing out of the cottage this afternoon

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CHAPTER VIII. THE SOMBRE WOMAN.

had been for a walk one afterand returning by the road that ast Ivy Cottage, a forlornold, do you think?"

with a grass plot and a couple of the dull little house and that locked vases, and trying to hide the telltale stunted evergreens under its front gate. "No young woman would make

her grave, sweet eves.

"Very likely," she assents. "I won- dislike me, and I know it." der what this mysterious incognito of "Why don't you return the compliwith rather an uneasy glance at Ad-"Oh, old-decidedly old!" I reply, die, who is bending over a heap of jon-

(To be ocntinued.)

FOR AFTERNOON OR CALLING. However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

and

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ws, I am startled by the su appearance of a gentleman who, coming hurriedly out of the cottage, pauses for an instant at the gate-an iron grating set like a door in a high wall, with a spiked top, and which, inclosing the house and garden all round, gives it rather a prison-like aspect-

. . . . . . Three weeks have slipped away since our arrival in Devonshire: and so wonderful is the change effected in our new home that we scarcely recog-

such a recluse of herself as that!"

nize it. The quaint old parlor, with its carshuts and locks it with the utmost deved mantlepiece and paneled walls, liberation behind him.

is no longer suggestive of dirt and It is Mr. Warden! There is no posdisuse. Everything has been scrubsibility of mistaking that magnificent bed and polished into a condition of figure, those darkly, splendid tints of his handsome face, clouded just now absolute cleanliness. Vases of roses, by such a shadow of care, of pain, of and late spring flowers brighten the windows and tables; while new books utter weariness, as I should never and music-thanks to Mr. Wardenhave thought it capable of expressing. lie scattered everywhere in the bright He does not see me. He is evidentsunshine that floods the house.

mpossible not to feel that these are

arden has got to be quite a constant

isitor now, and these two are fast

earning to forget-everything in the

There has been no mention so far

of the subject between myself and Addie; but watching them together,

sughing and chatting over their

work in the garden, or strolling side

vorld save each other.

ly too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice anything outside of them, as, slipping the key into his pocket, he turns on his heel and walks away, with his eyes on the ground, toward Hanbury.

To quote my sister-into whose life some new-found happiness, that reveals itself in her every look and tone, seems suddenly to have comelife at Deepdene is like an idyl. And. ooking into her fair, sweet face, mor "Did Mr. Warden ever tell you that bright and hopeful than I can ever reaember to have seen it before, it is

he is acquainted with the mysterious Mrs. Lennox-the invisible inmate of Ivy Cottage?" I ask, a little later this happy days, for Addie. Mr. Ernest evening, as I stand on the hearthrug, watching the rapid motion with which Addie's pen is travelling over a page of the long letter she is writing to Leonard.

"No. I think not, Why, dear?" she asks, in surprise.



The best work is demand d from all at this crisis i he world's history. W a't do our best when the stem is full of poisons. The liver and kidney ast be kept active so that will be proper Dr. Chase's Ki ors of these

by side down the overgrown paths, the sunlight slantling down through the lilacs on their two figures, I have heir secret. There is a subtle eloquence in and that trembles when it touches nother, in a swift look from eyes that light as they rest on a loved face in a sigh, a tone even, that expresse nore than an oration.

Len, who 'is gaining health and strength with every day, comes down from London nearly a week ago, lad-en with a heterogeneous collection of artistic belongings that have been consigned to the room upstairs, which s to be dignified henceforth by the Trade supplied by MERHAN & COMPANY, SB Jo





