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CHAPTER X.

She is dressed for dinner already in a charming demitille of wall-flower colored velvet and silk—Mrs. Murray and her daughter are always elegantly dressed, though they are poor—and with her bright hair and fair skin the warm-colored velvet contrasts to perfection.

"What is the matter, Dallas?" she asks, lightly, though her voice is not steady. "Really, you do send one such imperious messages!"

Dallas Glyne looks her straight in the face, and then, taking her left hand in his—such a dainty, warm little white hand—it is—he points to it.

"Where is your engagement ring, Miss Murray?" he asks, quietly; and Joyce reddens—an angry, frightened blush.

"What do you mean?" she falters, knowing quite well that she left the splendid half-hoop of diamonds and sapphires in her dressing case as she ran downstairs to her discarded lover.

"I mean Lord Dunavon's ring," Dallas replies, with a faint smile, though his eyes are lurid and his lips dry. "I wanted to congratulate you and to see what is his lordship's taste in jewelry. Nothing hackneyed, I hope?"

"You have heard, then?" she questions, hanging her head. "I could not help myself, Dallas," she adds, in a low, trembling voice.

"Of course not! We never can in these little matters," retorts Dallas, sneeringly, his eyes blazing with anger, his face pale as death. "But don't you think, before your mamma and my mamma had time to discuss the news, you and I might have had a friendly chat about it—eh?"

"Oh, don't, Dallas!" Joyce bursts in to tears. "I know you hate me and despise me; but—"

"My dear child, not at all!" Dallas interrupts, smiling, though he really does both at this moment. "You are a most sensible girl! Dunavon isn't a brilliant sort of fellow exactly—he is a huge, stupid, good-natured, red-faced man of fifty—but he'll be a good solid sort of husband, just what you really require. I dare say, even

if he doesn't quite satisfy the highest yearnings of your nature for a kindred soul."

"You needn't insult me, Dallas!" Joyce cries, with a little sob. "I am miserable enough without that. I can't help myself, I tell you, and you know I can't. I have no money—not a shilling, nor a prospect of one; and you have none, nor the prospect of any. There would be no use in our hoping to be anything to each other or waiting for each other. We should only grow poorer and older every day. And you have known that all along as well as I; so there is no use in your blaming me, Dallas!"

"My dear Joyce, don't cry out before you are hurt!" he says, coolly scolding. "I quite agree with you in every word you have just said, and nobody is blaming anybody. But I shouldn't care about Lady Dunavon very much, and I did care very much for Joyce Murray; so I will bid her good-bye. One kiss, Joyce—the last! Even Lord Dunavon would forgive me for posessing on his property so far."

She cringes, casts a frightened glance around, but does not refuse. He puts his arm around her slim waist and draws her close to his heart for the last time. He is smiling, a strange, cold smile, but she is weeping.

"When are you to be married, Joyce?" he asks. "Tell me the truth, if you can."

"She feels herself humbled in his sight, and bears the taunt."

"At Whitsuntide, I believe," she answers, huskily.

"Well, I've a little bit of news for you, Joyce," he says, laughing, with a little point at his heart. "I don't think your mamma and my mamma have had the chance to discuss my news, and you are the first to hear it. You are to be married at Whitsuntide, Joyce," he says—and he stoops and kisses her as he speaks. "Well, I am to be married at Easter!"

CHAPTER XI.

She is sitting alone, her chamber door shut and locked against every one—sitting in a chair by the window, gazing out with dark, wistful, yearning, unseeing eyes, with the rich silken folds of ivory whiteness, and the filmy veils and frost-like laces of her splendid robe falling about her slender figure and half hiding the dark girlish head, with its coiled-up wreaths of silky brown hair, and the pale, wistful young face. All about her are the fragrance of exquisite flowers and choice perfumes, the glitter of gold and the gleam of jewels, the glow of the rich hues of velvets and satins, and the snowy contrast of linens and laces.

She is sitting with cold, trembling hands tightly clasped together—dreaming of the past two months. It is a dream, troubled, feverish, happy, miserable, bewildered, which has extended over two months, and which has ended this morning—a dream which seems to begin on a misty, muggy day in December, the last day of the old year, when a girl, one Yolande Dormer, who has been out walking and shopping with her governess, comes home rather tired and depressed in the cold gray twilight, and is told by the butler that a gentleman called a few minutes ago and is in the small drawing-room with Miss Dormer. Then in the dream she hears Yolande Dormer rather wearily asking who is the visitor—for rich visitors and poor visitors and tresome visitors and commonplace visitors are becoming very plentiful at No. 9 Rutland Gardens; and she hears the butler answering her calmly while he turns one of the hall lamps higher, "Captain Glyne, miss." And then in her dream she hurries upstairs to the drawing-room door—the little side door which opens off the back corridor—and then pauses, with her heart beating madly, her limbs trembling, in the deep recess in which the doorway is placed, afraid to enter, afraid of the joy that is about to befall her, trifling with the rich draught of happiness that is sparkling to the brim at her lips. She pauses until Mademoiselle is affected, "mimic" voice in sarcastic tones startles her.

"What on earth are you waiting there for, ma chérie? You will change your dress, of course, before you let him see you. That new gray silk with the jet lace you wore at Mrs. Harmon's last night—that will complete the charm begun in the Vallee de Niquel. Besides, you know, ma chérie, what a dreadful tactidious gentle-

BEFORE MY BABY CAME

I Was Greatly Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sydenham, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born, and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I had started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would have weak, faint spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, night or day. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to recommend this good medicine. I will lend that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will help others take it."—Mrs. HARVEY MILLIGAN, Sydenham, Ont.

It is remarkable how many cases have been reported similar to this one. Many women are poorly at such times and get into a weakened, run-down condition, when it is essential to the mother, as well as the child, that her strength be kept up.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent tonic for the mother at this time. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and does not contain any harmful drugs. It may be taken in safety by the nursing mother.

man is Captain Dallas Glyne!"—with a little, sharp, thin laugh.

But Yolande only looks at her coldly, for the speech borders on insolence. There have been no girlish confidences between her and her pupil to warrant the familiarity of her advice; and Yolande, who is a young gentlewoman in all her instincts, has begun of late, from some intangible feeling of repulsion, to shrink from the glib, clever governess.

Without a word, Yolande opens the door and enters the room; and, as she stands in the radiance of the fire-light and the lamplight, her face rose-flushed and sparkling, with her hand clasped in Captain Glyne's, she reads in his eyes nothing but pleased surprise—and approbation of her—those eyes where most of all on earth she longs to read approval.

The dream is all hazy and feverish here, and its details are blurred on the page of memory from the anguish of happiness, which have harassed and racked the young soul day after day.

Before her mind passes the memory of the unreal, delicious, unsatisfying happiness of that evening and of other evenings, when Captain Glyne dines with them, goes with her and her uncle to the theatre or the English Opera, or with her and Aunt Keren to picture galleries in the afternoons, Miss Dormer's conscience objecting to going to theatres—"Not to please all the grand people in the world!"

the good old obstinate soul sturdily declares—and then the lonely, desolate disappointment, the gnawing pain of suspense, and the sickness of deferred hope of the days when Captain Glyne does not come, and the evenings pass on and pass away without his knock or his ring, or the sound of his dear footsteps in the hall, though she listens for it hour after hour.

And then there comes one evening—the dream is vivid here in scraps which are indelibly burned in on memory's tablets in brightest gold and vividest colors—when there's one of the grand, formal, tresome dinner parties which Yolande hates and her Aunt Keren dreads with dread un-speakable.

Mrs. Sarjent has been asked, of course, as all the efforts of her relatives, since their enrichment, have been directed toward preventing that good lady from feeling aggrieved or "luffy" on the score of what she calls their "grandeur" and their "titled people." But Mrs. Sarjent has a bad calarrah and cannot appear in a manner satisfactory to herself, her un-kind relatives secretly blessing that opportune cold.

(To be continued.)

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

FAILURE.
I will not fail today.
I will not cry my burden to unfast.
Cast it aside and leave it lying there.
I will not say
Soft words of pity to myself, and
whine
That others have an easier task than
mine.

I will not fail to-day.
I will not mar this record white and
new
By failing to do all that I can do.
Let come what may,
I'll do my best with what my hands
shall find,
And passing, leave no vain regrets be-
hind.

I will not fail to-day.
I will not play the shirk or play the
cheat.
I will not stain my duty with deceit.
Though rough the way
And heavy seem the burden I must
bear,
I'll not begrudge to life these hours
of care.

I will not fail to-day.
I may not come to dusk by glory
crowned,
But I shall fight my battle, round by
round,
And hope shall stay,
And night shall find me, as the day
begins,
Though not a victor, still no less a
man.

A fall note of interest is the use of several shades of the same color in one gown, especially a velvet.

Fashion Plates.

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

A SMART DRESS FOR THE GROW- ING GIRL.



4418. Striped and plain ratine are combined in this instance. Figured and plain woolen, crepe, and linen are also attractive for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of one kind of material 32 inch wide. To make an illustrated requires 2 yards of plain and 1 1/2 yard of figured material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR PRACTICAL MODEL.



4491. This style has good and comfortable lines. The closing is in coat style. Madras, gingham, jean, drill or flannel could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes neck measure: 14, 14 1/2, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2 and 18 inches. A 16 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Dish Pans. Each, 49c. to \$1.59	Milk Pans. Each . . . 6c. to 49c.	Egg Beaters. Each, . . . 23c. 25c.
Bright Tin Loaf Tins. Each, 19c. to 39c.	Preserving Kettles. Assorted Sizes. Each, 49c. to \$2.20	Muffin Tins. 6, 8, 10 Cups. Each, 20c. to 39c.

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One Piece Bathing Suits asstd. colors and stripes.

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In Plain Blue Stripe and Khaki colors. Each, 98c.

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In colorful checks, stripes and figures, trimmed with organdie and Ric Rac braid. Each \$2.98

Children's 2 Strap White Canvas Shoes.

Size 6, 6 1/2, 7 1/2 and 9, a few pairs to clear at 98c.; also a few pairs of Tan Harefoot sandals. Each \$1.98

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Worn under the overshirt and hold up the trousers perfectly, made to give service, comfort and freedom of action. Per Pair 80c.

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Balkan, Jaquet, Tuxedo and Slip-over styles; all new colors. Each, \$2.49 to \$6.49

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All shades. Per Pair 98c.

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In Grey, Navy and Fancy Heather mixtures. Each, \$2.98

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In stripe percales, some with silk stripes. Each 1.39-3.50

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Child's Blue Luree Vack Tar Reefers. Each \$2.49

Men's Pants.

Men's all wool Tweed Work Pants, sizes up to 1. Per Pair \$2.98

Bows.

The fashion Bow, size any collar, all shades. Each 25c.

Men's Panties.

Men's all wool Tweed Work Panties, sizes up to 1. Per Pair \$2.98

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Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets the care of your skin. Ointment and Soap sent for a free sample which helped me so I purchased more, and after using four cakes of Soap with the Ointment, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Martha Tussach, R. 2, Box 45, Winton, N.H.

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