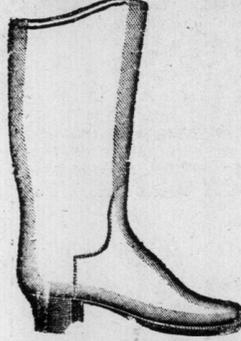


LIFE SAVING STATION

Fishermen! Don't get your feet wet. Get Smallwood's Hand-made Waterproof Boots, they will keep your feet dry and warm. Beware of imitations. Look for this plate on the heel of your boot. All our Hand-made Waterproof Boots bear this heel-plate.



None genuine without this stamp.



Hand-made Waterproof Tongue Boot. Also Tongue Wellingtons, Tongue High and Low % Boots. Measure taken and perfect fit guaranteed.



Men's Field Boots, hand-pegged, 17 inches high. Price \$5.50. Men's 12 inches high, full Bellows Tongue to top. Price \$4.50. Men's 10 inches high. Price \$4.00. Men's 8 inches high. Price \$3.50.

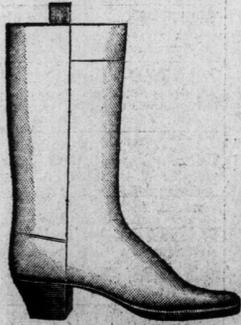


Boys Storm Shoes

Boys' Storm Shoes, 8 and 10 inches high, with full Bellows Tongue to top. Just the thing for the boys in wet weather.



Men's Hand-pegged Grain Leather Boots. Price \$2.25. Men's Hand-pegged Bellows Tongue Boots. Price \$2.50. These Boots are guaranteed all solid sole leather, and solid in every particular.



The Wellington Boot. Hand-made and Waterproof. Our stock of Rubber footwear are one of the largest in the city. Men's Women's, Children's, Boys' & Girls' Long Rubbers, Gaiters, Storm and Plain Rubbers. All orders receive prompt attention.

F. Smallwood,
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

Satisfaction or Your Money Back!

That's the condition that goes with every barrel Cream of the West Flour. It's a fair, square guarantee, and I want you to take it to mean just what it says.

Cream of the West

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

Give Cream of the West a fair, square trial. If you don't have satisfaction in baking bread, you'll get satisfaction at your grocer's. We guarantee one or the other. Cream of the West is a superior bread flour. Improve your home-made bread by using it.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, President

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's. Wholesale Distributors

A Terrible Tangle

CHAPTER VIII.

A STERN MAN'S REMORSE.

He released her so quickly that she almost fell.

"You have answered me," he said, and his voice was calm; "now I shall know how to act."

Turning, he moved swiftly to the door, but as swiftly Elizabeth followed him.

"What do you mean?" she asked "what—what are you going to do?"

"What is that to you?" he answered. "You have asked me to give you freedom for a little while. Well, I take your freedom—"

But Elizabeth put out her hands and clung to his arm.

"I will not let you go," she said, "till you tell me what is in your heart."

"The blackest thoughts are in my heart," he answered. "I tell you I am not sane at this moment. Take your hands away from me, and let me go."

But Elizabeth would not move. She little understood that the mere touch of her hands and arms, the clinging pressure of her body, was so much torture to him.

"I will not let you go," she said and this time the passion was in her voice. "If you are mad, then—I am your wife, and you are right, you are my master. What does it matter to me now what follows?" she went on wildly. "I am already dead. You have wanted to humiliate me and drag me in the dust; you have done it. You have wanted to pay back some thing of the mental torture that drove that poor boy to his grave—you have done this, too. If for a few moments I had the crazy thought that I could still remain mistress of myself, I abandon it. See—I ask you to take my freedom!"

The man to whom she clung stood and looked at her.

An extraordinary feeling passed over him. It was not pity, neither was it love; it was not anger, nor was there passion in his veins; it was a kind of wonderment that possessed him.

He felt her weight sinking on his arms, and gathered that she was already exhausted for a second time.

Lighting a candle, he sat down to a table on which were writing materials, and, picking up a pen, wrote hurriedly:

"Though I have given you the right to hate me, though you have perhaps justly accused me of every action that should make a man ashamed, I am not utterly proof against the claims that your womanhood and your present position make upon me. I am going to leave you a little while to yourself. I do not see my path clearly just at this moment, but my whole nature recoils from remaining where I am. I will communicate my decision to you at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile I give you the freedom that you ask, and in return I ask you for some faith. I am a bitter and a miserable man, but just because you have given me pity and sympathy, I believe I can ask you for your faith also. Perhaps I am sorry for what is done—I don't know; perhaps I may see a way to make things less black for you; this also for a moment is confused and vague. I have to repeat, you must give me your faith."

He signed this with his initials, and placed it on the table near her. Then he stood a moment looking at her, and then he went away.

Outside the room he was not long in coming upon the housekeeper, who

instinctively drew back as she saw him approaching.

Although the corridor was in shadow, Mrs. Winter could see that Barostan's face was as white as death. He paused to speak to her, and his voice came with difficulty.

"I ask your pardon," he said, "for speaking so roughly to you. I was very angry just now, and in anger, you know, one is not always master of one's self. I have a favor to ask you. Will you take charge of my wife? She has had a great deal to distress her of late, and she seems thoroughly ill to-night. I think she will be better in a woman's hands than in mine."

Mrs. Winter felt the blood begin to flow more freely in her veins. She held out her hand timidly.

"You may be quite sure I will take every care of her," she said.

There was something in his voice that touched her heart.

"And you bear me no grudge?" said David Barostan, as she clasped and held her hand.

She shook her head.

"Nay," she said, "He is hard enough as it is. It would be a bad affair if we could not forgive the faults of others as we like our own faults forgiven."

David Barostan was silent a moment.

"Would it be possible for you to sleep near my wife?" he asked. "I think that might be a comfort to her."

Mrs. Winter agreed willingly. Although she did not in the least understand the situation, although there was something in all this beyond her simple comprehension, her first bad impression of Barostan was fast melting away. He spoke so earnestly about Elizabeth, and she could see that he was most anxious about his young wife.

He gripped her firmly and looked at her in the dusk.

"Do you, then, care for him so much?" he asked her. His voice was a whisper. "Ah! yours is love in deed!"

He led her to a chair and placed her in it, and as he saw her head fall forward on her breast, he bent over her almost tenderly.

In the dim light he caught sight of her bag with scent bottles, and, taking one from its case, he bathed her brow and her cheeks.

It gave him an extraordinary sense of joy to minister to her, and the wealth of that tender love which he had lavished on his brother rose to his face now and took possession of him again.

A great shame passed through him as he realized how delicate and feeble she was.

"And yet," he said to himself, with that same wonderment, "so great is his love for him that she would give herself as a hostage to stand between him and my anger. I never knew that love could be so self-sacrificing so beautiful."

Whether she were conscious of his change of manner, whether his tenderness of touch, his thought, his care, or her unconsciously comforted her, he did not know; he only saw that though she was not actually fainting she was in that state, that made her helpless—which all this past week had been such a source of triumph to him—now moved him and appealed to his best and purest feelings.

Believing that she did not see, or know exactly what was passing about her, he held her in his arms for a little while, smoothing the pretty hair touching that fair, delicate skin, and once even letting his lips rest lightly on her brow. Then he put her back into the chair, arose, and pressed the back of his hand to his eyes.

"It must be quickly done," he said hoarsely, "if it is done at all."

He felt that she would not emerge from that spell of semiunconsciousness for a little while.

Lighting a candle, he sat down to a table on which were writing materials, and, picking up a pen, wrote hurriedly:

"Though I have given you the right to hate me, though you have perhaps justly accused me of every action that should make a man ashamed, I am not utterly proof against the claims that your womanhood and your present position make upon me. I am going to leave you a little while to yourself. I do not see my path clearly just at this moment, but my whole nature recoils from remaining where I am. I will communicate my decision to you at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile I give you the freedom that you ask, and in return I ask you for some faith. I am a bitter and a miserable man, but just because you have given me pity and sympathy, I believe I can ask you for your faith also. Perhaps I am sorry for what is done—I don't know; perhaps I may see a way to make things less black for you; this also for a moment is confused and vague. I have to repeat, you must give me your faith."

He signed this with his initials, and placed it on the table near her. Then he stood a moment looking at her, and then he went away.

Outside the room he was not long in coming upon the housekeeper, who

instinctively drew back as she saw him approaching.

Although the corridor was in shadow, Mrs. Winter could see that Barostan's face was as white as death. He paused to speak to her, and his voice came with difficulty.

"I ask your pardon," he said, "for speaking so roughly to you. I was very angry just now, and in anger, you know, one is not always master of one's self. I have a favor to ask you. Will you take charge of my wife? She has had a great deal to distress her of late, and she seems thoroughly ill to-night. I think she will be better in a woman's hands than in mine."

Mrs. Winter felt the blood begin to flow more freely in her veins. She held out her hand timidly.

"You may be quite sure I will take every care of her," she said.

There was something in his voice that touched her heart.

"And you bear me no grudge?" said David Barostan, as she clasped and held her hand.

She shook her head.

"Nay," she said, "He is hard enough as it is. It would be a bad affair if we could not forgive the faults of others as we like our own faults forgiven."

David Barostan was silent a moment.

"Would it be possible for you to sleep near my wife?" he asked. "I think that might be a comfort to her."

Mrs. Winter agreed willingly. Although she did not in the least understand the situation, although there was something in all this beyond her simple comprehension, her first bad impression of Barostan was fast melting away. He spoke so earnestly about Elizabeth, and she could see that he was most anxious about his young wife.

A scream almost passed her lips, and she staggered to her feet, standing with her hand pressed to her heart, looking about her with a wild, pleading look in her eyes, as though seeking succor from corners of the room.

She turned sharply as Mrs. Winter came back again.

"Where—where—is Mr. Barostan?" she asked.

Mrs. Winter put down the tray she was carrying.

"Now, first of all," she said, "I am going to take care of you. Your husband himself has asked me to do so. I am telling you the truth, my dear," the old lady added, quickly, as Elizabeth's eyes gazed in startled fashion at her. "He came out of this room a little while ago, and he asked me as a great favor to take care of you. He said he thought you needed a woman's care, and so I have arranged to sleep here near you, and he will have another room. He was very kind my dear," Mrs. Winter went on, as she poured out a little brandy and water into a glass. "I must confess he took me by surprise, for he seemed very rough and wildlike just before; but there, when a man's in a temper one must not expect to be treated like a queen."

(To be continued.)

Head Stuffed? Got A Cold? Try Pape's!

One dose Pape's Cold Compound gives relief—Cure in few hours.

You will distinctly feel your cold breaking and all the Grippe symptoms leaving after taking the very first dose.

It is a positive fact that Pape's Cold Compound, taken every two hours, until three consecutive doses are taken, will end the Grippe and break up the most severe cold, either in the head, chest, back, stomach or limbs.

It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, mucous catarrhal discharges, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Get a 25-cent package of "Pape's Cold Compound" from your druggist and take it with the knowledge that it will positively and promptly cure your cold and end all the grippe misery; without any assistance or bad after-effects and that it contains no quinine—don't accept something else said to be just as good. Tastes nice—acts gently.

unconscious; but that the mental strain and stress seemed to have ended for a time, and her spirit was too worn out to struggle.

Little by little, however, she felt herself alone. She opened her eyes, and let remembrance steal back to her by degree.

Then that terrible choking fear roused her to her full senses.

While she had been sitting there, helpless and feeble, he had left her, gone on what errand?

He had said himself that he was mad, and had seen frenzy in his look when she had confessed her love for Ottershaw. Why had he left her? What was passing even now? Ottershaw at this moment was not Barostan's equal in strength.

A scream almost passed her lips, and she staggered to her feet, standing with her hand pressed to her heart, looking about her with a wild, pleading look in her eyes, as though seeking succor from corners of the room.

She turned sharply as Mrs. Winter came back again.

"Where—where—is Mr. Barostan?" she asked.

Mrs. Winter put down the tray she was carrying.

"Now, first of all," she said, "I am going to take care of you. Your husband himself has asked me to do so. I am telling you the truth, my dear," the old lady added, quickly, as Elizabeth's eyes gazed in startled fashion at her. "He came out of this room a little while ago, and he asked me as a great favor to take care of you. He said he thought you needed a woman's care, and so I have arranged to sleep here near you, and he will have another room. He was very kind my dear," Mrs. Winter went on, as she poured out a little brandy and water into a glass. "I must confess he took me by surprise, for he seemed very rough and wildlike just before; but there, when a man's in a temper one must not expect to be treated like a queen."

(To be continued.)

COAL.

500 Tons NORTH SYDNEY SCREENED COAL.

Now being landed ex s.s. Wasie. Send along your orders while steamer is discharging.

MULLALY & CO'Y.

EVERY OFFICE MAN

Should enquire about my handy, labor saving, filing devices, at the earliest opportunity. Details gladly supplied. An absolutely new line.

PERCIE JOHNSON

Just received a large shipment of BEDSTEADS all Pries and qualities.



MARTIN HARDWARE CO.

Advertise in the TELEGRAM

Children's Fleece-Lined VESTS and DRAWERS.

This is a splendid line for the youngsters. Heavy fleeced and ribbed at a low price.

Size	A	26 cents
20	G	27 cents
22	A	28 cents
24	R	29 cents
26	M	30 cents
28	E	32 cents
30	N	34 cents
32	T	36 cents
34		

BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD.

151 Duckworth Street

50 tons No. 1 TIMBER 300 bags WH 200 bags Due

500 bags N 200 bags HOMIN 250 bags COP 100 bags 100

Duckworth Street

J. J. CHEAP

Royal Household Flour Windsor Patent Lakewood

Ham Butt, Fat Back Boneless and Punct Cases and Brs. Keros and Corn Meal

oct 29, 11 J.

1500 bales New Hay, 1000 bags Bran, 1000 bags Black Oats, 500 bags Turnips, 500 bags Blue Potatoes.

GEO. NEAL.

NOV 12

"Clan Mackenzie" SCOTCH WHISKY, OLD and MELLOW. In Bottles or on Draught.

HAYWARD & CO.

1,000 boxes DIGBY 10 kegs HALIFAX 30 brls. LAR 100 brls. 125

Glassware.

STERLING VALUES IN USEFUL ARTICLES.

We now have on hand a large assortment of very pretty Glassware, and before you buy elsewhere we ask you to have a look at our 5c, 10c, 20c, and 25c. Counters, where you will probably find many articles that are just what you want.

TABLE TUMBLERS—Just to hand a nice shipment of handy Table Tumblers, good, strong and cheap, for 10c each

SMALL GLASS CREAM PITCHERS 10c each
SUGAR BASINS (to match) 15c each
COVERED BUTTER DISHES (to match) 20c each
LEMON EXTRACTORS 10c each

8 in. GLASS BERRY DISHES (4 patterns to choose from) 20c. ea.
7 in. GLASS BERRY DISHES (4 patterns to choose from) 15c. ea.
Etc., etc., etc.

SPECIAL—Ocean Baking Powder, 1/2 lb. tins, 5c.; 1 lb. tins, 10c.

GEORGE T. HUDSON,
367 and 148 Duckworth Street.

The N Intensified Inc Using Ordin

The excellent re-lamp are worthy of the men who desire the least cost.

A good example may now be seen at the Hon. George lamps have recently

We invite competitors opportunity to prophesy" Lamp, which on trial.

ST. JOHN'S G

Lumber and

Our stocks were never so low now.

SILL TO

IS O

Horwood Lumber