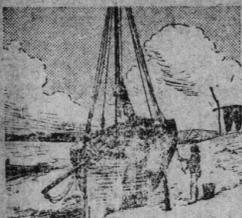


LAI D UP FOR REPAIRS.



The Breadwinner cannot afford to lie up, neither can his help-mate, nor the children at school, who have such a little while to store up the knowledge necessary for the years to come—no one can really afford sickness.

Much of the sickness prevalent to-day can more easily be prevented than cured.

Read what DR. CARL ENOCH, Hygienic Institute, Hamburg, says of

Lifebuoy Soap

"Solutions of Lifebuoy Soap were brought to bear upon the microbes of Typhoid, Cholera and other infectious diseases. After careful experimenting Lifebuoy Soap was proved to be a powerful disinfectant and exterminator of germs and microbes of disease."

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WEAK HANDS, BUT STRONG.

"Now, then, bully me," he says cheerfully, "as hard as ever you like; only mind, you needn't expect me to go away, because I won't distinctly and decidedly refuse."

"Well, now"—presently, finding I am still dumb—"where is your scolding? Why don't you begin?" You found out that I was Mr. Arthur St. Clair, and you took all sorts of fancies into your head accordingly. If you had read my letter, you would have found that out; but you didn't. Now, what else is there?"

"It wasn't that," I whisper.

"Oh, it wasn't? Well, what was it then?"

"It was because—" I begin—even now I hesitate to put my jealous misery into words—"because you loved her so afterward."

"Afterward! What do you mean, baby?"

"After we were married."

"Nonsense! My little woman, I loved Theo until she married Lasselles—nay, I was even in the first instance attracted to you because of the likeness between you; but afterward I loved you with the love one never gives save to one woman—that I should never have given to Theo if I had married her."

"Ah, but that letter!" I say, still unconvinced.

"Letter?" he repeats, blankly. "I don't quite see what you mean."

"The letter Theo gave me on the day—the day—"

"Oh, the day you cut us all! Well, what was it about?"

"Your letter!" I cry, impatiently.

"The letter you wrote to her—she gave it to me. Oh, you need not look so blank! You know which one I mean."

"Upon my word, I do not," he says, gravely.

"Give me my dressing case," I say quietly. "If your own writing, paper, scent, and all that, does not convince you, nothing will."

He fetches the case for me, and sets it in front of me, reseating himself on the bed, and still keeping his arm about me. With trembling fingers, I open the drawer, and hand

him the letter; he opens it coolly enough, and begins reading it.

I watch his face till he has pursued every word, when he folds the note up, and observes, calmly:

"What a fool I must have been to write that to—Theo."

"Then you did write it?" I say.

"I am grievously disappointed. I almost expected that he would indignantly deny it, would declare it was a palpable forgery. But he does not do anything so tragic; he says only: 'What a fool I must have been to write that to—Theo!'"

"Oh, yes, I wrote it, sure enough!" he says, in answer to my question. "Of course I did; you said so, didn't you?" Then he turns and bends his lips down to mine. "Kiss me," he says, gently.

But I am too much hurt by his honest, unabashed avowal to "make it up" quite so easily, and I turn away my head, with the tears once more swimming into my eyes.

"Crying again!" he says, laughing. "Oh, Audrey, it's only a poor, doubtful sort of heart you have, after all. So I'm to go away again, am I? Well—with a great sigh—"perhaps it is as well."

Both my hands are clutching something now, my small baby in one and my large one in the other. He halts, tries to loosen my grasp, but it is a very feeble effort.

"Why, won't you let me go?" he says, finding I still hold him fast.

"Because I don't want you to leave me," I answer.

"Good child! Now, shall I tell you something?"

"Yes, Adrian, please."

"Did it ever occur to you, my darling, that the letter you've bothered your brains about so long, and that has made me absolutely miserable for five long, wretched months might be an old one?"

"How an old one?"

"Do you suppose that when I was Mr. Arthur St. Clair I never wrote Theo any love letters? Dozens of them?"

"Adrian!" I exclaim, as the light breaks in upon my brain.

"Audrey!" he answers. "There—now you see what a little 'stupid' you are! If you remember, I always told you so; and now, perhaps, you will bestow upon me a salute."

"But I never dreamed!" I stammer.

"Darling, how should you?" he says, tenderly; "how should my little, innocent child, be able to fight against such a woman as Theo? Now, mind, Audrey, I don't say I have been blameless; on the contrary, I not only made a confounded fool of myself, but I made you unhappy, and set a lot of people talking; yet—"

"ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"



These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organ, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send absolutely free, a box worth five, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps, MRS. FRANCIS E. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

For Sale by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

Here he stops, and hides his face against my arm.

"Well?" I say, eagerly. "I will not mar my future happiness by passing by any more golden opportunities. I have acted hitherto too much on the principle of 'where angels fear to tread.' I have not proved myself very wise, so I will try the other half of the quotation."

"I can't tell you," he says in a ashamed voice.

"Yes, yes," I answer; "you must tell me everything; we won't keep anything back now."

"Well, I may as well make a clean breast of it," he says, frankly; "and then we shall both live in glass houses, and shall not be able to throw stones. Well, my darling, I was angry with you during that last month at Ideminstre—awfully angry—emphasizing the last words, as if to impress upon me the extent of his displeasure."

"With me!" I say in amazement.

"Why, whatever had I done?"

"Nothing, my dearest, nothing; but, then, I did not know that then and I was so furious and so jealous."

"Jealous!" I ejaculate. "Of me?"

"It was Theo who put it in my mind," he answers, contritely; "and I never found out what a trap I had fallen into until she announced that she had intended to marry him herself."

(To be Continued.)

A Millionaire's; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

"You've had a narrow escape," she said.

Vane noticed with surprise that her voice had the same tone of refinement in it which rang in the girl's, and he looked curiously at her.

She was past middle age; her hair was white as snow; but there was still fire in her eyes, and her lip were firm and resolute; she was tall and gaunt, and dressed like a fisher woman of the district. But for her voice there would have been nothing noticeable about her.

"Yes," said Vane, "it was a very unpleasant incident, and but for your daughter's pluck and kindness—"

The two women exchanged a quick glance, and the girl turned to the fire and hung a kettle on the crook.

"She is my niece, not my daughter, sir," said the woman, "and she tells me she did very little except bring you here."

"But for her I should now be lying at the bottom of—what do you call it?—Garth's Hollow," said Vane. "I am very grateful to her."

The woman waved her hand as if desirous of cutting short his thanks.

"It was foolish to attempt to cross the Witches' Calderon at this time of night, in such weather," she said, gravely.

The weird name struck Vane, and he looked from the woman to the girl. Which was the witch?

"Yes," he said. "I was told that the road was rough; but I think I should have managed all right if the middle of the bridge hadn't caved in. I suppose there is another road besides the narrow track we came up by—I mean to Vale Hall."

"You were going to Vale Hall, sir?" she said.

"Yes," said Vane; "and now I have thanked you, I had better get on my way."

The girl looked round quickly, and, as if in response to her look, the woman said, but with a slight hesitation:

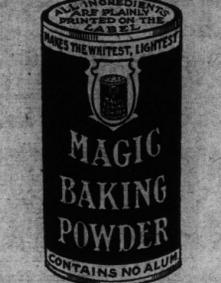
"It is late and very rough. You wouldn't be able to find the road; besides, you are hurt."

"Oh, no!" said Vane.

She smiled grimly.

"You are white as a sheet of paper," she said. "And you have cut your head; it is bleeding. You had better stay here till the morning. I will see to your wound and get you some supper."

NO ALUM



Vane protested.

"I wouldn't think of giving you so much trouble," he said, earnestly.

But she waved her hand again and motioned him to a seat by the fire.

Vane sat down, and was glad enough to do so, for he felt well-nigh exhausted, and the dull pain at the back of his head was in full force again.

The woman went outside and brought in a basin of water and bathed the wound, the water feeling like ice on Vane's burning head.

"You must be strong, sir," she remarked, significantly.

Vane laughed faintly.

"Pretty strong; and I've got a thick head," he said. "That reminds me—my horse."

"My niece tells me that he is not much hurt," she said. "And he will not stray from the grass by the stream. You will find him there in the morning, if—"

She stopped and looked at him intently; then said something to Nora, who had been standing by the fire watching with grave eyes and compressed lips.

She started slightly, bent her dark gaze on Vane's pale face, then went through a door-way behind him, which Vane had not hitherto noticed. In a minute or two she re-appeared with a mug.

"Drink some of this brandy, sir," said the woman.

Vane took the mug, and was surprised to find that it shook in his hand. The girl put out her hand and held the mug firmly for him.

"Some water," he said; and he knew that his voice was faint.

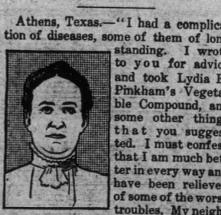
The woman shook her head.

"Not with this; it does not need it," she said; and Vane, slipping it, noticed that it was soft and mild.

"That's very good—brandy," he said, with some difficulty, for he felt dizzy, and would have fallen but that the girl leaned forward and caught him in her arms. He had fainted.

COMPLICATION OF WOMAN'S ILLS

Yields to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Athens, Texas.—"I had a complication of diseases, some of them of long standing. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and some other things that you suggested. I must confess that I am much better in every way and have been relieved of some of the worst troubles. My neighbors say I look younger now than I did fifteen years ago."—Mrs. SARAH R. WHATELY, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 92.

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and many of them state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

dug out of the rock, which was only roughly lined by old ships' planks. His clothes and watch and chain lay on a wooden seat beside the bed, and it was the smear of blood on the collar of his coat that, catching the eye, helped him to recall the incidents which had brought him there.

He tried to rise, but found himself unable to do so, and was wondering how long he had been lying there; and where "there" actually was, when the door opened and the woman of the hut stood beside him.

"You are better, sir?" she said, gravely, but with the sympathy in her voice which the nurse has for her patient.

"I am all right now," said Vane. "I suppose I have been ill, and I'm sure I have given you no end of trouble. How long have I been here?"

(To be continued.)

Makes Hair Grow.

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The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of. If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot disappears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, the Great American Hair Grower, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed.

And remember, it destroys the Dandruff germ, the little pest that spurs the life that should go to the hair from the roots.

SALVIA is sold by first-class druggists under a positive guarantee to cure Dandruff, top falling hair and itching in ten days, or money back. A large bottle costs 50c. The word "SALVIA" on every bottle.

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Ladies' Waist Pattern, 9664, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 9665, combine to make this pretty effect. The left side of waist and skirt are draped beneath deep hemmed portions. The sleeve may be in "bell" shape or in wrist length. The Waist Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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In 1912 the Canadian Life earned surplus of \$1,530,667, exceeding by over \$237,000 the earnings of 1911, and by a much larger amount the earnings of any previous year. This is of importance to policyholders, for their Dividends must come from this account.

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Summer FOOTWEAR.

\$2.00 Shoes.

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We've The Best
TWO DOLLAR SHOES
That are Made.

The leathers are good, the workmanship is good, the styles are good, the fit is good.

What Women, who have worn our Two Dollar Shoes, say about them is our best advertisement.

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It is just weather like we get here in Newfoundland that gives Dunlop Traction Tread Tires a chance to show their class—and motorists who have them know it.

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