



The Hair of Rosedene

OR,
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER VII
IN LOVE'S LIGHT.

While the two have been communing, Pilatus has reappeared—the lake, at first gloomily and darkly, throws back the reflection of the hills; then, from the far west, streams outward a fanlike radiance from the dying sun, and slowly, gradually, the sky clears.

Slowly, happily, hand-in-hand the two, for whom that mist has brought so much of new and wondrous joy, descend the narrow path.

They are silent now, but each has for the other more than words in the close clinging of the hand, the lingering tenderness in the glances that meet and part to meet again. It is all dreamland as yet, but to them it seems as if there would be no waking.

The king of day, sinking slowly but surely, throws his arm upward with a gesture of defiance, and covers the near and distant hills with his purple mantle—then dies. It is twilight; before long it will be dark, and they are still far from home.

Edna looks down the path. "There is the last of the sun—for to-day; happy day! It seems to me as if everybody must know, and that they will all stare at me when we meet them—if we do," and she laughs a low, contented laugh.

"We must," says Cyril, "or the steamer for Lucerne will be gone, and we shall be left on this desert island."

"Like Robinson Crusoe. I can walk faster. Oh, no, I am not tired."

But her face betrays her words; nothing is more fatiguing than excitement, and of that surely the child has had full measure and running o'er.

"I could carry you," suggests Cyril, longingly.

"It would only be a fitting termination," responds Edna, with a blush and a smile. "I can go much faster—poor auntie, what a state she will be

in; perhaps they have already started a hue and cry; she will be so delighted to see us, and," with accented inflexion, "so surprised."

Cyril pulls his mustache. He had been so wrapt in his happiness that he had forgotten Aunt Martha. Edna's speech roused him.

Certainly Mrs. Weston would be surprised, but would she be pleased? The question did not receive a very satisfactory answer; the more Cyril considered the position, the less hopeful did it seem.

Edna looked up at last and pressed his arm.

"How silent you are—are you thinking, and of what?"

"Of you," says Cyril, pressing her arm.

"Of me; what an unsatisfactory subject. Of what are you thinking? Are you thinking," with a sudden questioning glance, "that it would have been better after all if we had gone down with the Robinsons?"

It is so difficult to believe that this great, handsome giant can really love her.

"Oh, sweet, silly goose," responds Cyril. "I was thinking—hoping, rather, that you hadn't any money; that you were quite poor, you know, as poor as I am."

Edna laughs. Real poverty she has never known, so it is easy to laugh. "Dispel all doubts," she says, lightly; "we are as poor as mice, Aunt Martha and I. Oh, quite poor."

"Come," says Cyril, "that's good so far."

"But I can't see why you should rejoice in our poverty," replies Edna, stroking his wrist, which she still has on.

"Can you not?" says Cyril. "What a little ignoramus it is! Let us suppose, for an instant that you were rich—an heiress, in fact—don't you think that would make some difference?"

"Oh, yes," she says, with a half sigh. "It would be so much nicer. Ah, I wish I were rich; it would be so sweet to bring it all to you, and say, 'See, here is some more rubbish to go with the other rubbish, meaning me.'"

Who can resist the arch, innocent face, the eyes in which the tears of a new-born love-tenderness are trembling?

"All that is very well, as far as you are concerned," says Cyril, with a slightly rueful look; "but you don't suppose they'll let me have you—your people, you know?"

"Would they not?" says Edna, quietly; "then I am glad I am poor. There is nothing to come between us."

"Nothing shall!" says Cyril, and the quiet determination of the tone calls up the color to her cheek.

"I like you when you speak like that," she murmurs.

There is silence for a moment; Cyril is still looking to future and probable impediments to the free course of his first true love.

REASONS

Why you should use Zam-Buk instead of ordinary ointment.

1st. Because Zam-Buk has a superior soothing and healing power. This is due to its unique composition. Zam-Buk is composed exclusively of herbal extracts and vegetable oils and is 100% medicine.

2nd. Because Zam-Buk cures are permanent. This is owing to the fact that the oils and extracts of which Zam-Buk is composed are so blended and refined that its power of penetration is extraordinary. While ordinary ointment remains on the surface skin, Zam-Buk literally soaks through to the underlying tissues, and destroys skin diseases at their very roots. In this way, only, can a permanent cure be effected.

3rd. Because Zam-Buk is anti-septic. In other words, germs cannot live where Zam-Buk is applied. This prevents any possibility of festering or blood-poisoning.

4th. Because Zam-Buk is pure. Its purity is due to its herbal composition, and this particularly commends Zam-Buk to mothers.

5th. Because Zam-Buk is economical. Owing to its freedom from animal fat, Zam-Buk cannot become rancid. It is, therefore, just as good to the last application.

The reliability of this herbal remedy has established it as the household balm wherever it has been used for eczema, ringworm, abscesses, ulcers, running sores, bad legs, blood-poisoning, piles, boils, pimples, burns, scalds, cuts, chapped hands, or chilblains. All dealers, 6c. box.

Zam-Buk
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.

"And is Aunt Martha to be told all to-night?" he asks, bending down and kissing the pale little forehead.

Edna nods.

"Why not? Why should I not make her happy? There has never been anything between Aunt Martha and me."

"Do I not know that, my darling?" responds Cyril, with an inward thrill of gratitude at the spotless purity of her young life. "But, this is a strange, cold kind of world, of which you know so little, birdie, and I who know too much of it, am looking for the enemy, for there is generally a battle to be fought before one gets such a prize as my Edna. Do you really think Aunt Martha will be as pleased as you pretend to be, little one?"

"Why not?" says Edna thoughtfully. "Auntie is always happy to see me happy; she has never denied me anything since—since I was born. Oh, no!" Then she stops short and looks up at him with a swift glance of apprehension. "Of what are you thinking? Do you think that something will happen when we go to London—at the lawyers—to come between us?"

She has put his half doubt into words, and Cyril nods.

Edna stands pale and almost breathless.

"Don't look so frightened, my darling," he says, reassuringly; "but I wish I knew more about this coming interview. You see I am not altogether a suitable sweetheart for anyone; perhaps, who knows, there may be something in these coming revelations that may render me less so than ever."

He has been following out the train of thought more to himself than to her, but she listens, wrapt in a kind of apprehensive terror. Instinctively her clasped hands grow tighter.

"Do you really think so—do you mean—" with a little stare and smile of incredulity—"that anyone would think you were not good enough?"

"That's it!" says Cyril, with humble emphasis. "Ah, you see, I know the world better than you do, Edna; it's a queer world, but—"

with a sudden fervor—"it shall never part us, little darling! I say that, Edna, my Edna!"

"Yes, I am yours," she says, looking up at him; "and—and it shall never part us."

Cyril looks down at her, as he holds her to him, wistfully.

"Edna," he says, "I am not satisfied yet; some uneasy demon seems to

whisper evil prophecy in my ear. Give me to-night to think over matters—one clear night—then let me tell Aunt Martha in the morning!"

All Edna's love asks for at present is an opportunity for displaying obedience. She inclines her head dutifully to her lord and master.

"If you wish it, you shall tell Aunt Martha in the morning. Dear auntie."

Talking as only lovers and such lovers can talk, they reach Wegg's at last, and find an anxious, curious and not altogether amiable group awaiting them.

There is not much time for questioning, for the steamer is puffing and snorting at the quay, and the passengers are already hurrying on board; and Miss Robinson, who looks very tired and frigid and disagreeable, finds time to say, in a mock sympathetic voice:

"So sorry for you, my dear Miss Weston—so very sorry! Of course, it was an accident, but no one will ever believe it. It is quite dreadful to think of—all the afternoon alone, quite alone, with a comparative stranger! I know how dreadfully you must feel it."

It is not the only stab or claw from talons pushed out beyond the velvet, but Edna makes no retort or defense—all the spiteful little arrows which those of the party who are of her sex let fly at her strike a-slant and roll from her as water from a duck's back; she nestles under the wing of Aunt Martha, too glad to have regained her to think of reproaches or questions even, and is silent.

As for Cyril, he offers no explanation of the simple truth, and takes himself and a cigar to the other end of the vessel.

It is close upon dusk when the steamer reaches Lucerne, and Cyril, though he gets as close as he can to the landing gangway, and succeeds in securing Edna's hand, cannot put in a word; for Aunt Martha has suddenly awakened to a sense of her responsibility and the danger that may attend this too close companionship of handsome strangers, and does not give Master Cyril a chance to hedge in a whispered word. Indeed, it almost seems that he has seen the last of her for that day, for Aunt Martha requests that the tea for herself and niece may be served in her own room; and Cyril, as a last resource, takes to watching under the balcony—that balcony on which he first saw her—on the chance that she may divine his presence by the instinct of love—or the aroma of his cigar.

One of the two does attract her; for just when Cyril has smoked his third cigar, and is inclined to retire in despair, the window opens, and a voice, soft and musical, whispers:

"Are you there? I have come to say good-night."

"Good-night!" echoes Cyril, with dismay. "Are you not coming down again?"

"No, not to-night," she replies, with a little sigh; "auntie is tired, very tired, and has a bad headache—all my fault, and I am to stay upstairs and be scolded." Another sigh. "Is it beautiful and cool out there?"

"Yes," says Cyril.

"I wish I were there, but no—I must not. Hush! that is auntie's voice. Good-night," and she bends with lithe grace over the iron railing of the balcony.

"Mrs. MAY COULD NOT WORK Made Well and Strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbia, Pa.—"I was very weak and run down and had dragging-down pains and pains in my back. I could not get around to do my work and had to sit down and rest oftentimes. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the papers and read the testimonials, so I thought I would try it. Now I am healthier than I ever was in my life, and can recommend it to any woman who suffers as I did."

—Mrs. ELIZABETH MAY, R.F.D. No. 1, Columbia, Pa.

The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming woman's ills is because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence, and the letters which we are constantly publishing from women in every section of the country prove beyond question the merit of this famous root and herb medicine.

Fashion Plates.

AN UP-TO-DATE STYLE FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



2681—This attractive little model has simple lines and is easy to develop. The overblouse may be omitted. It is arranged on a plain gathered waist and skirt, which could be of contrasting material. The waist portions covered by the blouse may be of lining, if one wishes to economize on the material. Serge, suitings, velvet, corduroy, and all wash fabrics are good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE WORK DRESS.



2474—Galates, khaki, seersucker, percale, gingham and chambray are nice and serviceable for this style. The front closing is a practical feature of this one-piece garment. The belt confines the fulness at the waistline. This is a good model for a "food conservation" or canning costume.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

"White Rock" RUBBERS



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We have a complete stock of "White Rock Rubbers" for boys and girls, with extra heavy soles and heels; rolled edge, bright and dull finish. White Rock Rubbers will outwear two pairs of ordinary rubbers.

Prices for Boys \$1.45 to \$1.80
Prices for Girls \$1.06 to \$1.40

PARKER & MONROE, Limited
DISTRIBUTORS.

WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!

TUB THEM—
RUB THEM—
SCRUB THEM—
KEEP THEM CLEAN

You can't hurt WARNER'S RUST-PROOF CORSETS.

They have every Quality that spells Service—they are light, durable and comfortable.

The first feature that a woman appreciates in a corset is shape, but the shaping must be comfortable.

This you can rely upon through Warner's Rust-proof. And the fact that a corset is impervious to moisture is a feature not to overlook.

Price from \$2.30 per pair up.

Marshall Bros
Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

After the Dance



Place a pair of FITALL Shoe Trees in your shoes to keep them from becoming crooked and mis-shapen. Do this and you will not only prolong the life and beauty, but make them more comfortable the next time you wear them, and save your toes.

FITALL Shoe Trees are ingeniously devised as to the shoe, high or low, and are adjustable. They are available in "breaking in" new shoes and preventing chafing of the feet, as well as venting corns, etc.

Buy a pair to-morrow and see what a marked difference they give the appearance of your shoes overnight. At all leading Shoe and Department stores.

Fitall
SELF-ADJUSTABLE
SHOE TREES
COMBINATION SHOE TREE AND STRETCHER

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from 50c upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Olives' Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

(Established 1814.)
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
Cable Address: "Aussara, Lon."

William Wilson & Sons
Hawdrc, Agents.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd

Forty Years in the Public Service the 'Evening Telegraph'

No Luck for Him

This child won't play or smile. He is real sick. His tongue is white, breath feverish, stomach sour. He fears he is in for a dose of awful castor oil, calomel or pills. How he hates them. He would rather remain sick. No! He won't tell mother!

If his mother would only learn the value of candy "Cascarets." How children love this candy cathartic—how surely it acts on liver and bowels.



TO MOTHERS! Each ten cent box of Cascarets contains full directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards. Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the tender little bowels so gently, yet so thoroughly. Even, cross, feverish, bilious children gladly take Cascarets without being coaxed, Cascarets taste just like candy. Cascarets never gripe, never sicken, never injure, but above all, they never disappoint the worried mother.

RAWING Y

JAC
CL

And there

Success
fresh want
Our custom
and they ha

Sweeping P

We ha
Prices hav
our winter
ciate all th
Come to-da

We have Ju
FU
Some very suitab
THE C. L. MAR

Sideboards &
from - - \$39.50

Washstar
From - - \$6.50

The C. L. M

lay Postponed.

play. "A Tangled Sket
as timed for last night w
on account of three pe
being ill—it will be stag
by next. The play is go
to be well patronized, but
unable to attend next Mo
and want to give up the