

## Love & Conqueror

OR—  
WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"It is impossible," the young girl answered—for, though she seemed to be a widow, she had not yet passed her girlhood.

"But you are anxious beyond everything to obtain a situation?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And—and—Miss Milton hesitated, and glanced at the papers before her—"you told me that you would soon be at the end of your resources?"

"Yes," Mrs. Grant repeated.

"And if you do not obtain some work, you may be reduced almost to destitution?" Miss Milton continued earnestly. "It is a terrible thing to be in London without friends or money. You had better make up your mind to write to your friends."

"But even if it be terrible," the girl answered steadily, "to be without friends and money in London, it is better to be so than to give trouble and pain and suffering to those whom you love."

"But surely their ignorance of your condition must give them more trouble than anything else?"

The sweet, troubled face dropped a little.

"At first it did, perhaps," she answered; "but now so many months have gone by—that—that—oh, surely they will have forgotten now! I think sometimes," she continued, lifting her wistful eyes to the grave face watching her, "that it was wrong and foolish to leave them—but I did it for the best—I did it for the best!"

Her voice had risen almost to a wail as she repeated the words; but, meeting Miss Milton's surprised glance, she colored and instantly checked her agitation.

"I beg your pardon—I forgot," she said, in a low voice; then she went on yery pleadingly—"Miss Milton could you not help me—could you not let me say you know me? Ah, you need not be afraid to recommend me—you need—"

"I think you hardly know what you are asking me," said Miss Milton coldly. "You are asking me to put my name to a false recommendation; and such a thing might be the ruin of my agency altogether."

"But you do know me!" Miss Grant cried pitifully.

"I beg your pardon. I know you merely as an applicant at my office for a governess's situation. You came to me two or three months ago, asking me to enter your name in my books, and I did so. I know nothing further of you, except that none of the ladies to whom I sent you would engage you, and also that three or four times, when I gave you an address, you refused with evident terror to go to that house. All these are suspicious circumstances, Mrs. Grant," continued Miss Milton, with dignity; "and really I am not justified in overlooking them even as much as I have done."

"But—but I have done nothing wrong," said Mrs. Grant brokenly; she seemed to bowed down even to resent the words.

"You forget that I have only your word for that," returned Miss Milton, compressing her lips in a displeased manner.

"Only my word!" the young widow echoed, looking up with startled eyes. "Only my word!" she repeated haughtily. "And do you doubt

## Radway's Ready Relief

Mrs. J. Westcott of Paterson, N. J., writes: "I have a large family of small children, and it has saved me many a doctor's bill. My little girl has sprained her ankle and is now in a terrible pain. I have used Radway's Ready Relief, and she is now all right. A bottle of this preparation will break out, and in the morning the pain will be gone."

### CURES SORE THROAT

Apply the Relief to the throat and chest until the surface smart and reddens. Give Radway's Pills in each dose. This will freely move the bowels. For a sudden cold, take a large dose of Radway's Pills, and a teaspoonful of Relief with a teaspoonful of molasses, in a tumbler of hot water. Relief at once to bed. A profuse perspiration will break out, and in the morning the cold will be gone. RADWAY & CO., Montreal, Can.

## See if the Child's Tongue is Coated

Mother! Don't hesitate! If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. 36

my word? Do you think I would tell a lie?"

"My dear Mrs. Grant, there is no occasion for heroics," said Miss Milton quietly. "I am obliged to be very circumspect, and indeed I have departed from my usual caution in the matter already. I felt interested in you, and in your solitary position, and I have done what I could for you—more even than perhaps I ought. There is no necessity for you to turn against me because I have been unsuccessful."

"I did not mean to be ungrateful," was the earnest answer; the momentary anger had died away, and she stood pallid and trembling, leaning against the desk once more. "You have been—been very kind to me, but—but indeed you might safely assist me further. I know that I am asking a great deal, but—"

"You are asking what I cannot grant," Miss Milton said decidedly. "I have my good repute to maintain; and I think this such a strange and extraordinary request of yours, Mrs. Grant, that really I must decline to give you any further addresses. A person who could ask for a false recommendation would be the last person in the world suitable for a governess or any position of trust."

"Do you mean that I am not to trouble you again?" asked Mrs. Grant, standing erect, with a trembling dignity which had something very pathetic in its unconscious grace—"that I am not to come here any more?"

"I should prefer you not doing so," said Miss Milton, in a rather shamed manner. "You see I have my position to keep up. I am really very sorry; but I will return you your registration fee if you like, although I have no right to do so, as you have had so many addresses and letters."

"There is no need to return it," Mrs. Grant replied steadily; "and I should regret deeply that your position or your good name should suffer through me. Thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. I will not trespass on it further. Good-morning."

She turned away with her usual pretty dignity and grace, which struck Miss Milton even in her annoyance and displeasure, and which brought back a thought which had struck her before, that the young widow was not in the position to which she was accustomed. She answered her "Good-morning," rather sullenly and shamefacedly, for, although she was doing only what she honestly considered her duty, she felt a pang of self-reproach as she saw the slender, weary figure, in the heavy black garments which looked so sorrowful on that sunshiny summer day, moved toward the door.

There the widow turned, all the pride and haughtiness melting out of the pale face as she looked toward Miss Milton.

"Thank you," she said softly, stretching out her hand with a little gesture of farewell. "You have been very good to me, and I—I thank you." She opened the door before Miss Milton could reply and passed out, closing it after her; and Miss Milton resumed her book-keeping with a mixed feeling of relief, regret, and

compassion, which was very unusual to her, and which she tried to dismiss in vain.

"I wish she had taken back her fee," she muttered, as she copied some addresses in her business-like handwriting. "Of course, she has almost had the money in stamps, etcetera; but she looked so solitary, and—I wonder what her story is? Even sadder than most of the sad ones I hear here so often!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Grant had gone slowly and wearily down the grimy staircase, her heart heavier even than it had been when she mounted it half an hour before; and, when she reached the bottom she rested her head for a moment on the baluster, in utter depression and weariness both of mind and body. She had walked many miles in the hot sun that morning, and she was faint with fatigue; but the pain at her heart and the weariness of her spirit were greater even than her weariness of body. It had been some little comfort to her in her loneliness in London to come to the agency and talk to Miss Milton, even when the latter had no address for her. If Miss Milton was not busy, she was quite willing to talk to her; and the poor young widow was too utterly solitary not to be glad to have any one to speak to in the great wilderness where she seemed to be cast away and lost.

Now she would never go back there again—never! She felt very desolate as she lifted her head, pulled down her crape veil, and went out into the street. It was very hot—so hot that the heat made people languid and weak. Mrs. Grant's heavy crape-trimmed draperies were not a very suitable attire for such weather, and she felt their weight and heat dreadfully as she walked on. It was a day to make one long for sea-breezes, cool drinks, and fresh fruit, and to make the stuffy London streets almost unbearable.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" the young widow said softly under her veil as she went down the quiet street; and, as she stood still for a moment to consider whether she would go or what she would do to obtain some employment, a handsome carriage dashed into the street, bringing the inhabitants to their windows to look at the stylish equipage, at which Mrs. Grant glanced carelessly and uninterestedly as it passed. It contained only a lady, a handsome fair-haired woman in cool gray attire trimmed with a profusion of lace, who passed the black-robed figure without noticing it. "But, at sight of the occupant of the vehicle, Mrs. Grant turned pale as death and pressed both hands to her heart in terror; and waiting only to see that the carriage stopped at the door of the agency office, she walked on hurriedly—so hurriedly indeed that she almost ran—until she had placed three or four streets and squares between her and it.

Then she stopped, panting, trembling, breathless, leaning against the iron railings of an area for support. "What could she want there?" she said to herself in a paroxysm of terror. "Has she heard—does she know? And Miss Milton has my address, and she will give it to her! What shall I do now—what shall I do?"

She walked on a little way, clasping and unclasping her hands in her agitation and distress.

"I dare not go home," she muttered.

### Cured Diseases of the Kidneys

And is Depended On to Right Stomach and Liver Disorders.

Once Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are introduced into the family and their efficiency becomes known they are usually found too valuable to do without. For everyday ills arising from liver and bowel disorders they bring relief promptly, and when complicated diseases of the kidneys and liver develop they often prove a successful cure after doctors have failed. As an illustration, you may read the following, which was received a few days ago:

Mrs. John Wright, 53 McGee street, Toronto, Ont., states: "We have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten years, and would not be without them. My husband suffered from kidney trouble, and after taking treatment from several doctors without receiving any benefit, tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which worked a complete cure. Since that time we have used them for all stomach and liver disorders."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

### Clark's Pork & Beans

Quality, flavour, and perfect cooking combined.

The maximum of nourishment and palatability. Just heat—then serve minimum trouble and cost.

tered. "She will have followed me there; and I could not bear that she should see me thus—she, of all people—she always hated me! Oh, Heaven help me, what can I do? There is no use entreating her forbearance, although I would even do that to spare him the re-opening of the wound which is perhaps healed by now. My darling, how can I spare you? What can I do?"

She opened her purse and began counting its contents with feverish eagerness and trembling fingers. They were not difficult to count, for the little purse, a dainty silver-mounted toy, was light and almost empty—half a sovereign in gold, shillings and half-crowns sufficient to make with the gold piece the sum of one pound, and two or three pennies. She counted the coins twice; but she could not increase the sum, poor child—all the money she possessed in the world.

"That will not take me far," she said bitterly; "but it will be better to go away. If she knows that I am in London, she will soon hunt me down. Ah, if I had only stayed! But I did it for the best. And now to get to a railway station," she added, with a sudden lifting of the graceful head, as if she were trying to shake off her depression. "How am I to find my way to one?"

Sauntering slowly toward her was a policeman on his beat; and she went up to him quietly and asked him to show her the nearest way to a railway station.

"Do you mean on the Metropolitan line?" he asked.

"No—oh, no! I want to leave London," she said eagerly.

"And where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere—it does not matter."

The good-natured expression of the man's stolid face changed to as keen a look of suspicion as that face could assume, and he surveyed her from head to foot before he answered. Mrs. Grant lifted her head haughtily.

"Will you direct me, if you please?" she said, in quiet measured tones; and something in her manner forced him to answer.

"That is Paddington station just opposite," he said, jerking his chin in the direction he wished to show her.

"Thank you."

She turned and crossed the road, still with her veil down, and entered the station. It was comparatively quiet just then; the travelers by a train which was about to start were few, and Mrs. Grant had no difficulty in making her way to the platform.

"Where is that train going?" she said to a porter standing by.

"Torquay," he answered shortly.

"Torquay! She could not go there; she might be recognized."

"Does it stop anywhere on the way?"

"Yes, it's a Parliamentary."

"Is that the only train leaving just now?"

"There's one for Hereford in ten minutes."

"Thank you."

(To be Continued.)

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

9886.—A SIMPLE, UP TO DATE GOWN.



Dress for Misses and Small Women. (With Long or Shorter Sleeve and with or without Chemise).

Blue and white checked woolen was employed to make this design, with falcons of white eponge. The chemise and standing collar is of fine tuck net. The waist is bloused and shaped over the front in a point below the bust. The skirt front is cut to correspond. The deep arm scye is a good style feature, and the sleeve in either length is pleasing and attractive. The Pattern is suitable for velvet, corduroy, serge, cashmere, voiles, linen and other wash fabrics. It is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17, and 18 years, and requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size.

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

9841.—AN APRON EASY TO MAKE.



Ladies' Apron. Suitable for lawn, percale, gingham, or alpaca. The neck edge may be finished round or in "V" outline. The model is comfortable, simple, and will be easy to develop. The free edges may be bound with tape or braid or finished with a stitched underfacing. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

Size . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

---

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

PERCIE JOHNSON.

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARDEN IN COWS.

## WITHOUT HANDS THE AUTOPIANO

A SELF-PLAYING PIANO.  
Second to none in the world.  
LARGEST MAKERS  
in the world.  
Call for particulars.

### CHESLEY WOODS,

Sole Agent.

## Secondhand Books—half price

Clay Hanger—Arnold Bennett, 20c.  
Wife of Colonel Hughes—Hubert Wales, 30c.  
Lady Baltimore—Owen Wister, 30c.  
The Osbornes—E. F. Benson, 30c.  
Her Ladyship's Conscience—E. Fowler, 30c.  
Julia France—Gertrude Atherton, 30c.  
Pansy Meares—H. W. C. Newte, 30c.  
Where Strange Loads go Down—G. Page, 30c.  
Beyond the Rocks—Ellnor Glyn, 30c.  
Thelma—Marie Corelli, 30c.  
In Queer Street—Fergus Hume, 30c.  
Girl Who Wouldn't Work—G. De W. Jones, 30c.  
Chains—Edward Noble, 30c.  
Unknown Lady—J. M. Forman, 30c.  
The Card—Arnold Bennett, 30c.

Cousin Maude—Mary J. Holmes, 10c.  
Fritz, the Bound Boy Detective—Wheeler, 10c.  
Pride and Prejudice—Jane Austen, 10c.  
Middle March—George Elliot, 10c.  
The Heavenly Twins—Sarah Grand, 10c.  
The Weaning—Jas. Blyth, 20c.  
Minister of France—Weyman, 20c.  
Astronomy for Amateurs, 20c.  
The Great Refusal—Maxwell Gray, 15c.  
The Young Book Agent—Alger, 20c.  
Slow and Sure—Alger, 15c.  
When Love is True—Mabel Collins, 20c.  
The Shadow of Rope—Nick Carter, 10c.  
A Rogue of Quality—Nick Carter, 10c.  
Under the Red Rope—Nick Carter, 10c.

NOTE.—Half Price given on all Second Hand Books at

Garland's Bookstores, 177 and 353 Water St.

## Does Your Office require something new?

Would a fine Roll Top Desk fit that bare space before the window? If so, get one now and make your private room look up-to-date for the coming year's business. Good, quiet, dignified office furniture is a very valuable asset.

Our Showroom carries the finest stock of office requirements that can be found in the city, from a wastepaper basket upwards. Our prices for these goods during the month of January will be just a very little above cost, the reason being that we desire to have as little stock as possible on our lists after stock-taking. This is the business man's opportunity. We invite your inspection, and your inspection means a sale with a bargain.

U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

## Frew's Mid-Winter Sale.

No particular color or class of goods, but everything in our store reduced during this

### "Gigantic Sale."

Persons requiring anything in Dry Goods, Readymades, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc., should avail of this great money-saving opportunity at once. Cash Mail Orders received during this great sale will get the full benefit of the Bargain prices. Send your order to-day.

WILLIAM FREW, Water Street

## Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd.

The Right Hon. Lord Rothschild, G.C.V.O., Chairman.  
Robert Lewis, General Manager.

Total Assets Exceed \$120,000,000.

Fire Insurance of Every Description Effected.

LEONARD ASH, CARBONEAR, Sub-Agent for Carbonear District.

### BAINES JOHNSTON & Co.,

Agents for Newfoundland.

Highly rec  
H  
Rub  
We  
the les  
They w  
a quant  
tomers  
Th  
\*Males  
Par  
Filed  
At H  
There  
referred  
locate them  
Office  
place to file  
per indexes  
from any fir  
don't have t  
of the file t  
There is onl  
and every les  
ords. Cheques  
are all found  
Office Special  
Here is a ve  
Quarter-Cut  
Drawers for L  
Card Records,  
Invoices and B  
Records, 3 Sto  
with the top an  
for any busine  
OFFICE  
119, eod  
H  
stopped to  
eyesight?  
Oh, you?  
you are im  
the form of  
If you wan  
R. H.  
Advertise