

At Once! Stops Stomach Distress!

Indigestion pain, food souring, acidity, gas, and heartburn go instantly! Pleasant relief!



Wonder what you ate to upset your stomach?

Don't bother! Here is relief!

The moment Pape's Diapepsin reaches your unsettled stomach all the lumps of indigestion pain, sourness, gases, acidity, headache and dyspepsia go.

Costs so little at drug stores.

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

The Heir of Rosedene

OR,

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER IX.
IN BITTER MISERY.

"What have I done? Oh! my love, come back!"

But it is too late; wicked Sir Cyril is halfway down the street and out of hearing, even of the voice of his bride—the one voice he loves best in the whole wide world.

Outside the "Grand" the usual small group of idlers are congregated; it is the half hour before dinner, and the well-dressed men and women who patronize the best hotel in Lucerne, are lounging about, gossiping with the half-abstracted air which is noticeable about the man or woman waiting for dinner.

Cyril, blind to everything and everybody, filled with this, the first misery of his life, is striding past, heedless and indifferent to the little buzz and flutter of the fashionables, when a richly dressed woman, who is standing near the end of the ornamental forecourt, bargaining for some ripe figs with the dark-haired Swiss girl from the market, utters an exclamation at sight of him—or his face really—and puts out her beringed glove to stop him.

Cyril stops dead short with a start, and then seeing who it is that has stopped him, turns an ugly red, and with something like an oath shakes his arm free from her light grasp, and goes on—but only for a few steps. A sudden resolution sends him back, and walking past her, he makes a gesture toward the little English church that stands in the hotel grounds.

"Go—somewhere out of sight—I want to speak to you."

Molly Glitters hesitates a moment and pouts, then obeys and follows him.

"So," says Cyril, standing opposite her, his hands clasped on his stick, a scornful scowl upon his face, "you broke your promise, as I might have expected."

The fiery contempt in the latter words raise Miss Molly's ire.

"Now, Mr. Daredevil, I didn't come to be insulted!" she exclaims, angrily, eyeing him with mingled surprise and some honest concern, for

there is a look on his face which she intimately as she thinks she knows—or has known—him has never seen before. "And what's the matter? Have you been lifting your elbow?" she meant drinking—"already this morning? That's unlike you, Sir Cyril."

"What is that to you?" says Cyril, with haughty roughness. "Answer my question—why did you break your promise? Was it impossible for you to be truthful in small things as it is in more important ones?"

The bitter sneer touches her and takes her breath away.

"You have been drinking!" she says, under her breath, and with a passionate nod, "or else you wouldn't insult me like this—unless you're quite changed since I knew you—and—oh, my promise eh? And who says I've broken it?"

"Don't lie!" he retorts, savagely. "I have just come away from some of your—with—"

A light breaks in upon her and she smiles—not sweetly—but the smile dies suddenly under the scorching fire of his eyes.

"Oh, that's the matter. You don't like to be interfered with. Let me tell you, Mr. Cyril, I don't care what you say, and how you look. I'm not a bit sorry; in fact, I'm very glad if I've balked you for once, and saved that poor little thing."

"Silence!" says Cyril, between his teeth; "don't take her name upon your lips."

Molly flushes. "I don't know her name, and I don't want to! So I'm not good enough to speak it. It strikes me I should do less harm to her than you would. Oh, your black looks won't frighten me;—but she trembles a little nevertheless—I've spoiled your game, and there's an end of it, and it's no use your coming and wanting to knock me down, because you can't do it! If you had any proper feeling about you you'd thank me rather, and get out of the way, glad that I've stopped it from being any worse."

"Hold your tongue!" says Cyril, hoarsely; "you don't understand—you talk of harm! Harm! You think I meant harm!"

She breaks in upon him with her sharp and not unmusical laugh.

"When did you mean anything else?"

The retort strikes home so sharply that he winces, and Molly, seeing her advantage, goes on, quickly:

"Come, Cyril, what's the use of carrying it off high with me? I've done

a good action—the first in my life, perhaps, and you ought to be glad of it! For all your black looks now you'll forget her in a week, and—"

taking no notice of the dark frown that greets her assertion, she continues: "And it isn't half as bad as it might have been, for, as to my promise, I don't know that I've broken it after all—I didn't mention your name."

Cyril turns his eyes on her with a glare of surprise and incredulity.

"Ah!" says Molly, shrewdly; "meant no harm, eh? and didn't tell her your name! Well, perhaps it was best, and I've done no harm, for she didn't get it from me, poor little thing, and she never shall, that's more!"

Cyril stands, his hand pressing on his brow, his whole mind concentrated on one thought.

"You didn't tell her who I was?" he says.

"I didn't!" answers Molly emphatically.

"She does not know—"

"Unless you told her."

"And you will keep your promise? Oh, Molly, if I could trust you!"

Something in his voice, for the first time revealing the agony within, touches her.

She looks at him with careful scrutiny.

"Why, you are both as bad as one another! Who'd ever think that you'd be hit like this? Yes, you can trust me; I don't know why you should insult me like this—no one can say Molly Glitters can't keep her word."

"Hold to that, still," says Cyril, with a little anxious sigh; "keep it from her, and I'll forgive you all else you've done. Promise me, once more!" he pleads now.

"I promise, and there's my hand upon it!" she answers, humbly.

Cyril touches her hand with a shudder—it is the hand that has struck down his happiness at one blow—and then turns away.

"You are off now, I suppose?" she asks. "Where to?"

He puts his hat over his forehead again, and looks down with the dark, brooding stare.

"Yes, I am off," he says; "I don't know where now. We shan't meet again, but I trust to you; whatever happens, you'll keep it from her. Good-by."

"I will—good-by," she says.

And then, with his head bent down, he walks hurriedly away.

CHAPTER X.
A LEGAL CONSULTATION.

A chamber in Lincoln's Inn, the private room in the offices of Mr. Richard Burdon, solicitor. Mr. Burdon himself is seated at the writing-table in the center, talking to his friend and brother in the law, Mr. Edward More.

The table at which Mr. More sits is new, of well-seasoned mahogany and the best workmanship; the chairs—well stuffed and upholstered in leather—in which Mr. Burdon and the barrister sit, and their fellows round the room, are luxurious and comfortable to match. There is a handsome, sober-hued carpet upon the floor; dark, expensive rep curtains to the windows; and altogether an air of substantial, well-do comfort that is noticeable at a glance. At one time it was considered that a lawyer's office could not be too musty, dusty and badly furnished; but the lawyers themselves have changed all that; perhaps they have come to agree with the wisdom of the proverbial spider, and deemed it politic to make the ensnaring parlor pretty and enticing for their hapless victims.

The owner of the room, as he sits in the half-cool sunlight of this first morning in September, harmonizes well with the room and its adjuncts. Elderly, white-haired, sharp-browed, close-shaven, he looks, like his chairs and tables, well-to-do and prosperous, and, in addition, offers a striking contrast to the appearance and bearing of his companion, who, as well as differing from him in being small made, thin, dark and dissatisfied-looking, is, at the present moment, ill at ease and suffering from the first effects of a surprise, which he scarcely knows whether to consider welcome or unpleasant. Mr. Burdon leans back in his chair, his hand upon a thick pile of parchment, his placid, yet not unacute, eyes regarding his companion as he fidgets in his chair and gnaws, restlessly, at his three forefingers.

"This is a most extraordinary story," he says, at last, in response to the elder gentleman's patient, but

"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

nevertheless expectant regard. "Most extraordinary! And you say that it is as fresh to you as to me?"

There is palpable doubt in the tone, and still more plainly hinted incredulity in the look which accompanies the question.

Mr. Burdon does not appear to notice, certainly does not resent, either word or look.

"Yes, quite as fresh. I have, of course, never opened the deed until this morning—until just now. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" mutters Edward More, rising and walking to the window, where he stands for a moment to beat the devil's tattoo with his finger upon the glass. "Why, indeed, and yet—it is an extraordinary story—such a—a romantic!"—he says the word with a burst of irritable contempt—"business, that I should have thought you would have known something about it."

Mr. Burdon shakes his head.

"I did not know till this morning. I might have had some suspicion or idea, but nothing more—"

Edward More breaks in with a sudden, suspicious question:

"I suppose it is all right?"

"How do you mean?" asks the other. "If you mean is the money all right, of course it is. Lord Sunley and myself are trustees."

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. THERAPION NO. 1 THERAPION NO. 2 THERAPION NO. 3

No. 1 for Bladder Catarrh. No. 2 for Blood & Nerve Diseases. No. 3 for Chronic Wounds. SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PATENT IN ENGLAND. SEE LIST OF AGENTS IN THIS PAPER. THE TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON THE BOTTLE. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

"Yes, yes, I know," interposes Edward, with an impatient nod. "I don't suppose the money's anything but right; but the deed?"

"Is without a flaw," replies Mr. Burdon. "Look at it yourself—it was drawn up by one of the first conveyancers—Green. Nothing could be clearer."

"I wonder you weren't asked."

"How?" responds the other, with a smile. Then the secret would have been out! No—John Weston was a far-seeing, acute man; he would have made a good lawyer, More; and he took every precaution to keep the thing quiet."

"Of course Green knew?"

"Of course; but there was nothing in that, any more than if the Sphinx had known it. You don't suppose Green would open his lips about a deed he had anything to do with if it was the understood thing that he shouldn't. No, I feel convinced that we three—Green, you and I—are the only ones who know of the existence of the deed, excepting the witnesses. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "it is strange."

(To be Continued.)

IMPORTANT LINKS

Hygiene, rest, pure air, sunshine and a well-balanced diet, plus

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to improve the blood-quality, increase body-weight and build up resistance, are important links in the logical treatment of incipient pulmonary affections. To a child or adult with a tendency to weak lungs or tender throat, Scott's brings a wealth of rich tonic-nourishment.

A little of Scott's Emulsion today may do you a world of good tomorrow.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-18

Fashion Plates.

A NEW FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

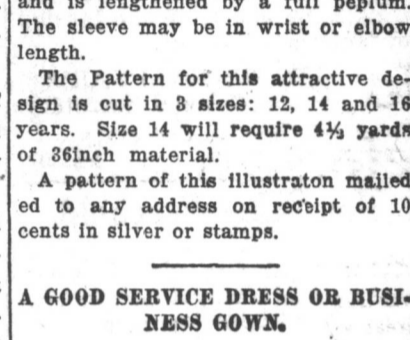


2706—You may make this of plaid or check suiting, with facings of serge or satin, or of wash fabrics with pique, drill or flanne for trimming. The waist is cut in surplice fashion and is lengthened by a full pleatum. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern for this attractive design is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36inch material.

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

A GOOD SERVICE DRESS OR BUSINESS GOWN.



2670—For small women, this style is especially attractive. The closing is effected on left side and shoulder and the fulness is held over the sides by the belt. This model is good for serge or gabardine, for satin, velvet, silk, corduroy, duvetyl and jersey cloth. It will be nice in plain cloth combined with checked or plaid suitings.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 1/2 yards, with plaits drawn out.

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

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, comfortable 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.

To the Wholesale Trade

To arrive shortly:

- 3 Carloads WINDSOR TABLE SALT— 1 lb. bags.
- 1 Carload STARCH and CORN FLOUR.
- 1 Carload ST. CHARLES' CREAM.
- 300 Cases 2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH.

T. A. Macnab & Co.,

Selling Agents for Nfld. Tel. 444. City Club Building

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

Now offering to the Trade and Outport Dealers the following

AUTUMN GOODS :

- POUND PERCALES
- POUND SATEENS
- DENIMS
- COTTON CHECKS
- POUND UNDERWEAR
- TOWELINGS
- SHIRTS
- DRESS GOODS
- PLAID DRESS GOODS
- BLOUSES
- FLANNELETTE
- OVERALLS

EVERY DAY GOODS ARRIVING.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

FOR SALE!

One House on the head of Pleasant Street, with Stable and Coach House. One House on Power Street, Atlantic Avenue, 3 rooms, plastered. Also Houses in various parts of the city. Farms and Land in suburbs and country. See our ads in window.

Also I attend to repairs of property and appraising of property and negotiating of loans on property in the city; and you can buy property from me for less than half you can build for at present. Every satisfaction is guaranteed. Also purchases for their advantage to deal with me as I make terms of purchase easy.

J. R. JOHNSTON,

REAL ESTATE, 30 1/2 PRESCOTT STREET, Jan 8, eod, 6m

ONIONS!

W IN STOCK.

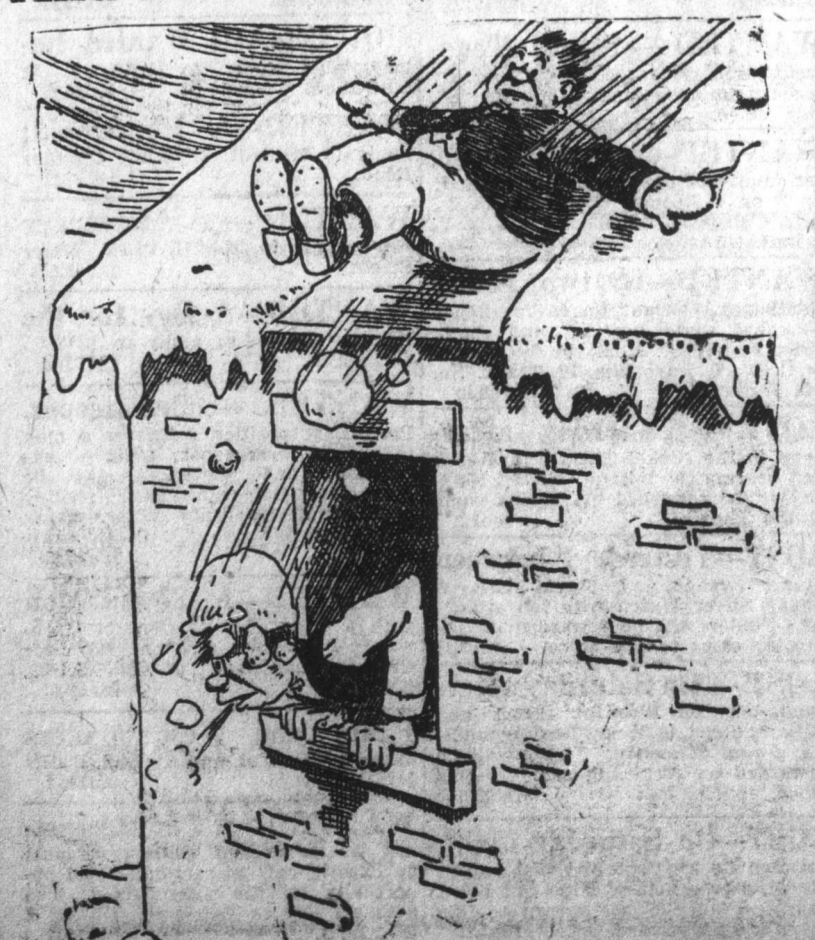
Silver Peel, 100 lb. Bags

Burt & Lawrence, 14 New Gower

Forty Years in the public service

—The Evening Telegram

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



William Wilson & Sons

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

90 D That Con FOR L Shades of B Conferen Regarding like Situat in Sight -- vik in Rus AGREEMENT REACHED. PARIS, Feb. 28.—The great Powers concerning the German colonies in the East, more definite than is generally supposed, and, besides accepting the principle of the American mandate system, have agreed upon the main features: The Associated Powers are to be given the German colonies which were returned to Germany, owing to the management, cruelty, and misadministration of these colonies as subject to the conquered regions of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia shall be determined where by the well-being and development of backward colonies are regarded as the paramount principle of civilization over which the League of Nations exercises supervision. The administration of these regions is entrusted to more advanced nations, which are to be regarded as mandataries in behalf of the League of Nations. These mandates are not uniform, but vary according to the degree of development of the Colonial region