

For Thin, Nervous MEN AND WOMEN

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It makes other foods do good. It sharpens the appetite; stimulates the circulation and helps overcome catarrhal troubles. If you are rundown, anaemic or nervous, the benefit you will receive from Scott's Emulsion will surprise you.

"The Die is Cast"

For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER V.
The Dawn of Love.

"Yes?" said Lashmore, a lump rising in his throat; and he walked on. He fished to the west bend, and was landing rather a good trout, when a voice, close behind him, cried:

"Oh, that will want a net, won't it? Take this!"

He looked over his shoulder, and saw that the voice, with its faint suggestion of an almost vanished Celtic brogue, belonged to Miss Lyndhurst. She was dressed in a workmanlike fashion, with a rod and net in her hand, and stepped up to him with a frank and cordial smile; so frank and free from embarrassment that Lashmore, in his amazement at her aplomb and coolness, lost his trout.

"What a pity!" she said, sympathetically. "Are they rising well? I hope so, for I want to try the rod. I bought at the Exhibition."

"They're rising all right," he said. "So that the rod, is it? Let me put it up for you."

He put it together, and stuck on a fly; and she stood beside him as calmly and serenely as if no such place as Earl's Court had ever existed.

"Is my father doing well?" she asked. "I saw him on the lower reach."

"Sir Talbot is doing all right," he replied.

"I've told them to take tea to the spinney, up there on that little hill. Let me see what you have got. What a lot! You will have a big basket before you finish."

Of course he stayed beside her, and equally, of course, he gave her some tips, which she received with a charming meekness; and they talked as they fished, or, rather, she fished and he instructed.

"Father has some good sea-trout fishing in Galway," she said in the course of their conversation. "We are Irish, or partly so. Perhaps you noticed a slight accent, brogue, the first time we met?"

"Yes; I did," said Lashmore, half-stupefied by her coolness.

"Father has lost nearly all his; but he says I've got it still, and teases me about it. Is that a trout rising there?"

"It is," he said; "and you've got him."

She landed her fish neatly, and they moved up the stream, talking and fishing. Every now and then, Lashmore glanced at her expectantly. He was waiting to see if she would openly allude to their first meeting; but

Child Was Nervous, Irritable, Tired Out.

She Had No Appetite, and Her Complexion Was Pale and Sallow. How many parents realize the strain which going to school means to the child who is naturally nervous and of delicate health? You see them come from the schools daily with pale faces, many wearing glasses, and looking tired and worn. At home they are irritable, do not sleep well at nights, and are upset by a little extra excitement. If they are to grow to healthy manhood and womanhood their systems must have attention now. Such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does wonders for children in this condition. We are constantly receiving letters from grateful parents telling what the Nerve Food has done for their children. This one is a fair sample.

Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes: "My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no appetite, was

no such allusion came. She seemed absorbed in the sport and absolutely free from any irking memories.

They reached the spinney, and found a couple of footmen awaiting them with tea. Sir Talbot joined them presently, and they dawdled over the cups till the sun got low enough for the bank to throw shadows on the water. Then they took to their rods again, and Eva, thanks to Lashmore's useful tips, got a fairly good basket.

He was enjoying the sport, was enjoying the companionship of this beautiful girl, with her frank voice and sweet, innocent smile; and when Sir Talbot, coming up to them, said: "You will dine with us to-night, I hope, Mr. Lashmore?" Lashmore, stamping his conscience under foot, accepted.

But he went up to the Court two hours later, feeling like a hound, for he knew that he was going there on false pretences. But a vague power drew him on, and he could not resist it.

It was a very pleasant little dinner. Sir Talbot was rather tired, and most of the talking was done by Lashmore and Eva. He had traveled a great deal, it seemed, and he had something to say about most of the places and people he had seen. Eva listened, putting in a word now and then to encourage him; and Lashmore did his utmost, half-unconsciously, to interest her.

Sir Talbot fell asleep in the drawing-room, and the two young people talked in an undertone, which increased their intimacy. Lashmore gradually began to feel as if he had known her for years instead of a couple of days; the meeting at Earl's Court must not be counted. Every now and then he pulled himself up and glanced at her, wondering whether now, that she had grown so friendly, she would speak, and so give him permission to speak, of their adventure at the Exhibition; but there was no response, nor the least sign of consciousness in her frank, girlish eyes.

He began to wonder whether their first meeting was a dream, a vision, a delirium in his past. But the solid fact was always there. He had met her; she herself had told him that she had been at the Exhibition.

She sang for them later on in the evening, when Sir Talbot awoke; and Lashmore went to the inn with her voice ringing in his ears; it was a voice as sweet and beautiful as her face.

They met daily; for Sir Talbot, having returned to the fascinating sport, wanted to fish on every likely day; and Lashmore still lingered. Sir Talbot's liking for the unknown tourist vividly increased; and Lashmore might have spent most of his time at the Court if he had availed himself of the standing invitation Sir Talbot had given him. But the young man's conscience was not quite dead, and now and then it made itself heard. On these occasions Lashmore compounded with it by keeping away from the Court, though he compromised by fishing the Lyndhurst waters.

But it cost him something to keep away from the people at the big house; for though he would not acknowledge it to himself, his interest in Miss Lyndhurst was increasing day by day. He had almost forgotten the mysterious reserve and silence she persisted in maintaining respecting their first meeting; indeed, he had arrived at the conclusion that she had been guilty of a little escapade, had slipped out to the Exhibition with her maid, unknown to her father.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent \$1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Englewood, Ill.—"While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent \$1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking your medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Inasno Hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5667 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old-fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

Yes; his interest had now centered in Eva herself, though he thrust the fact from him. He caught himself thinking of her over his pipe, and when she came in sight his heart gave a distinct bound, and something ran through him like a warm cloud.

Yes; he must go, he told himself. Though, of course, he had not the least intention of committing the criminal folly of falling in love with Sir Talbot's daughter, it was time he quitted idling by the stream and sought a means of livelihood; his money was running short, and when it went—

He was occupied by these cheerful reflections one afternoon, as he absently whipped the new water, when he heard a slight step in the grass on the other side of the river. He did not look up for a moment, for he knew the step—alas! too well for his honor and his peace of mind!—and he felt that his face had grown red, a guilty red; then, with well-simulated surprise he raised his hat.

"It was so beautiful an evening, and such a good trout one that father could not resist it. I thought I should like to come, too, and as I was ready first, I walked on," said Eva. "What fly? March brown, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said. "Try it, anyway."

"I thought you had gone," she remarked cheerfully. "You've not been up to the Court for three days, have you?"

"I think it is three days," said Lashmore, with a beautiful affectation of uncertainty.

"My father missed you," she went on. "He had found an old angling-book in the library, the one you were talking about one night, and he wanted to show it you."

"Very kind of Sir Talbot; perhaps he will let me come up and see it," he said, suppressing a sigh. Who could resist this innocent, unconscious temptress; but what a cur he was to yield!

"Do. And please come in the daytime. I want you to look at my mare's foot. You remember you said that you thought that she would go lame?"

"I did," he assented. "I will come in the daytime, and look at her. Tomorrow, perhaps." And, a few minutes before, he had decided to go on the morrow.

"Thank you so very much!" said Eva. "I suppose that we ought not to talk? Father says that the trout have very sharp ears."

"Oh, I don't think they'd mind, so long as we don't shout. Have you got that fly on?"

"Yes; but I can't throw it properly; I believe I'm on the wrong side of the stream. I thought I was right, but I'm sure I'm not."

"No; you are throwing against the wind," he said.

"There is a bridge—or what serves as a bridge—a little higher up. I'll cross by it."

Lashmore stopped fishing and

watched her as she moved away. Beautiful as Diana, with the sweetness of the woman added unto her, Eva's personality smote him with that sharp, swift pain, which is love's first indication; it is, indeed, like the thrust of a dart, and he who feels it knows that the wound can only be healed by the hand that dealt it. He walked slowly along the bank, and still watched her as she approached the trunk of the tree which had been thrown across the stream, so that the farm-hands and shepherds might cross. It was a narrow, a very narrow bridge, and some one had nailed up a slight hand-rail, but it was so slight, and so rotten that it was rather a snare than otherwise; and Lashmore quickened his pace, so that he could meet her on the bridge, and give her a helping and protecting hand; but she had quickened her pace also, and was on the bridge before he could reach it.

"Take care!" he called out discreetly. "I don't put much faith in the rail—"

Almost before the words had left his lips, he heard a snap, the rail broke off just where Eva's hand was leaning, and, startled by the sudden loss of even so slight a support, she lost her balance on the narrow trunk, and fell into the water.

"Unfortunately it was shallow at this spot, and Eva fell on her head, and lay, with her arms extended, quite still.

Even as he sprang down the bank and caught her up, Lashmore was conscious of the strange fate which thrust and drove him before it. For the third time in their short acquaintance she had been forced to rely on him for protection, succor. The thought was scarcely formed, for he was swept away by the sight of her helplessness, and as he laid her on the bank, and knelt beside her, frantically rubbing her hands, and wiping the water from her face, he was, all unconsciously, calling upon her name, and in broken tones lavishing the strong man's pity on her.

"Eva! Eva! Dearest!" he murmured. "You are all right. Oh, my darling, open your eyes, speak to me. Don't faint! What shall I do?"

He raised her head—he had never before seen a woman in a swoon, and was as helpless and useless as a man always is on such occasions—and pressed her to him with an unconscious passion, and smoothed her hair from her white forehead.

"Dearest!" he pleaded. "You are all right! Are you hurt? What shall I do?" He felt for his flask; but, of course, he had left it at the inn that evening. "Eva! Eva! Dearest—"

He felt her quiver in his arms and pressed her still closer in his gratitude and thankfulness; and when her eyes opened slowly they looked up into his, which poured pity—and love—in a lavish stream.

Her color came slowly at first, then with a burning rush, and she put out her hand to the ground so that she might rise; but he still held her.

(To be Continued.)

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"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, upset stomachs in five minutes.

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Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain, unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them, or if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

Garland's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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.



2005—Ladies' Shirtrwaist, with or without Yoke, and with Collar Rolled High or Low.

Linen, taffeta, satin, batiste, lawn or flannel are good for this model. It is finished with a coat closing and high or low neck outline. The sleeve has a French cuff. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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

A Dainty Summer Frock.



1690—Figured organdie with "Val" insertion and lace is here shown. The dress is also nice for dimity, voile, lawn, nun's veiling, marquisette, crepe, embroidery, batiste, silk, chiffon and crepe de chine. The skirt is finished with a wide truck over side a d back, and has a panel over the front, finished with a plait extension at each side seam. The waist fronts are lapped at the closing, and the neck edge has a deep and pretty collar. The long sleeve is in bishop style, with a deep, straight cuff. In elbow length the finish is in "bell" effect.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt is finished with a wide truck over side a d back, and has a panel over the front, finished with a plait extension at each side seam. The waist fronts are lapped at the closing, and the neck edge has a deep and pretty collar. The long sleeve is in bishop style, with a deep, straight cuff. In elbow length the finish is in "bell" effect.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents measures 3 3/4 yards at its lower edge, in silver or stamps.

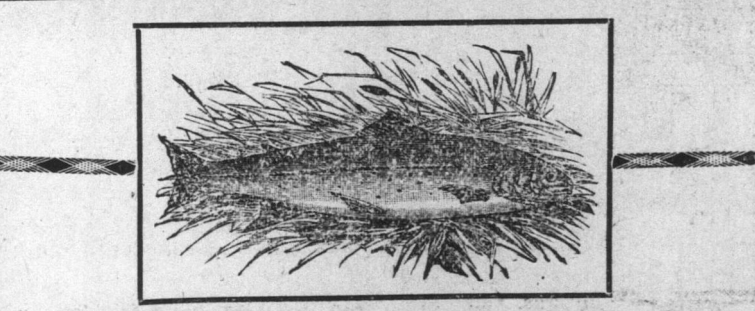
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It is so hard for rich people to give and felt the pinch of money that he really needed it for them to be generous without ing unselfish at all.

They can give sums that would accomplish tremendous amounts of philanthropy, that will bring infinite gratitude, without realizing up anything.

Who, when he has been called to give and felt the pinch of money that he really needed it for has not wished he were rich he could give without feeling it? It's A Natural Wish But An

It is a natural wish of self-loving humanity. It is whose fulfillment means soul-sis.

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