

Bedtime

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Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XXXII.

The sky cleared at last, and Lady Iris was able to start for home. When she rose to go she placed some silver in the old woman's hand.

"No, I do not want it," said Esther. "You keep it, Isabel Hyde. You cannot tell my dear, whether you may want it or not. He seems all right, and everything seems safe; but no one can ever tell what will happen. Ah, but I was forgetting! Where is the baby, Isabel Hyde?"

"Never mind the baby, granny," said the girl soothingly; and then turning to Lady Iris, she added, "There is nothing she keeps on about so long as the baby."

"Where is it?" continued the old woman. "Did you come back for it? You said you would. Is it safe—the little fair head—is it quite safe?"

"Yes, it is safe," replied Lady Iris. "Good by, Esther. I shall come again soon."

"Good-by, pretty Isabel Hyde!" said the old nurse.

During the walk home, Lady Iris thought a great deal about Esther Rowson—so much so that at dinner-time she looked up suddenly at her father and said—

"Papa, did you ever hear of any one named Isabel Hyde?"

She smiled as she asked the question, remembering all that old Esther had said; but the smile died quickly when she saw her father's face. It expressed such horror and amazement; it was deathly pale and apparently full of fear.

He dropped his knife and fork and uttered a low terrible cry. She sprang from her seat and ran to him.

"Oh, papa, what is it?"

It was a few minutes before he recovered himself, and then he moaned—

"A spasm—a pain right through my heart, Iris."

The butler hastened to give him some brandy, and his daughter lavished loving attentions on him. The color slowly returned to his face, but

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he breathed with difficulty. Lady Iris was alarmed.

"I have never seen you like this, papa," she cried.

"I shall be better, Iris, in a few minutes. Open the window, Stokes, and let me rest awhile."

He eagerly drank the brandy that the butler brought for him, but his hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the glass. They left him for a few minutes by the open window, his head lying back on the chair and his eyes closed. When he returned to the dinner-table, he tried hard to converse as usual, apologizing for having startled his daughter; but she saw that he could eat nothing—plate after plate was carried away untouched. Yet in her own mind she never connected her father's sudden illness with the question she had asked.

She talked to him about his health, and declared that he must see a doctor; a spasm in the region of the heart was, she considered, a dangerous thing, and he must have advice about it. Then she thought of nurse Esther and Isabel Hyde.

"Papa," she said, "just as you were taken ill, I was asking you if you had ever known any one called Isabel Hyde."

Again the deadly pallor might have told her that there was something wrong; but she did not think of it. He was ill, and it was natural that he should change color.

"Yes, I know the name," he said slowly.

"Tell me about her, papa. Did she die? Is there some romance connected with her? Did some great lord love her?"

Great dross stood upon his forehead as he turned to look at her.

"Why, what makes you ask all this, Iris? What have you heard? What do you mean?"

Then she told him of her adventure in the morning, and his face grew whiter as he listened. In a thick hoarse voice he cried—

"But I told you, Iris, not to go and see Esther Rowson."

"I had no choice; I should have been drenched in that deluge of rain if I had not entered her cottage. I knew you would not mind in the circumstances. I was half frightened though while I was there."

"What did she say to you?" asked the earl; and the question seemed to be put unwillingly.

"It was a singular reception," answered the girl; "yet there was something very pathetic about it. I should say that this Isabel Hyde was some friend the poor childish old woman had in her youth. The moment she saw me she cried out, 'Isabel Hyde came back again! Anne, run out and tell all the neighbors that Isabel Hyde has come back!'"

A little cry escaped from the earl, which she thought was of wonder at her story.

"The strangest thing of all, papa, was that she had some horrible idea that she had 'laid me out,' as she called it. She touched my dress and stroked it, saying that the dress she left me in was white and full of stiff folds. She asked me who woke me—and that question really startled me; she seemed to think that I had been dead, and that some one brought me to life again."

The earl tried to smile, but his lips were rigid and cold. Lady Iris went on—

"It caused me to feel quite uncomfortable, papa. She said she had brushed back my hair and folded my hands. There was one thing which touched me. Still thinking that I was Isabel Hyde, she told me about some lover who had filled the hands of the dead girl with flowers; and Esther

said that he cried out that when she awoke the girl would know who had placed them there."

"What strange fancies!" said the earl in a huffy voice.

"I cannot remember all," continued Lady Iris; but there was something about a little baby with fair hair. She wished to know what I had done with it. The granddaughter, a nice clean tidy girl, told me that when once she began to speak of the lady there was no stopping her. She must have had some great trouble in her life, poor old Esther! But, papa, you did not tell me who she was—this Isabel Hyde."

"I cannot tell you. There was some one of that name who lived once at Fenton Woods, but I can say nothing of her."

"You did not know her then, papa? Esther has so aroused my curiosity about her that I must make some inquiries. 'Isabel Hyde' it is a very pretty name, and, if she has lived here at all, some one must remember something about her."

Lady Iris was startled by the voice in which her father cried out—

"You must not make inquiries, Iris!"

"Must not!" she repeated, surprised at his hard tones.

"No, you must not, remember, I have forbidden it," he went on excitedly. "I did not want you to come to Fenton Woods, and you came. I did not want you to see Esther, and you saw her. I did not want you to make inquiries. This time you must obey me, and it will be unpleasant for you if you do not."

He forgot that he was speaking to one whose wits were as keen as his own. In a moment she saw that, whatever was the mystery between old Esther and Isabel Hyde, she herself was chiefly concerned in it.

Finding that the subject was disagreeable to her father, she began speaking of a great avalanche that had just fallen in Switzerland, and killed a number of people. But the earl did not recover himself. He listened for some time to his daughter's animated conversation, and then said that he did not feel very well; he should go to his study and smoke a cigar there; so he bade her good-night, and left her to her thoughts.

They were very puzzled and anxious ones. It seemed to her as if something was about to happen. There had evidently been some special reason why her father would never take her to Fenton Woods. Many times she had asked him to do so, and he had always returned an evasive answer until he saw that she was ill, and knew that it would be good for her to have change of air.

She believed that the reason was in some way connected with herself. Moreover, he would not let her visit Esther; and that too she believed, had to do with herself.

(To be continued.)

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.



A PLEASING APRON STYLE.
4098. This could be of unbleached muslin with bands of red and black gingham, of black saten with self bands, and cross-stitching for a finish. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small Medium, and Large. A Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS IN ONE PIECE STYLE.
Pattern 3502 was used for this desirable model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6¾ yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is about 2½ yards. Gingham in check or plaid patterns, striped seersucker, percale, linen, lawn, pongee or flannelite would be suitable for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY PROCK FOR MOTHERS' GIRL.
4149. Figured voile and organdy could be combined for this model, or crepe and challie. It is good also for gingham and percale. In crepe de chine or net with self trills or embroidery, it will make a pretty "party" dress. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 3 yards of 40 inch material. For collar and band cuffs of contrasting material ¼ yard 32 inches wide is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE "JUNIOR" STYLE.
This shows the new "one piece blouse effect." Pattern 3785 was used for this pretty model. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3¼ yards of 38 inch material. Gaboridine, crepe veves, prunella, hop sacking, twill, broad cloth, satin, and taffeta also serge and duvetyne will be good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY PROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.
Pattern 3375 is shown in this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 4¾ yards of 27 inch material. Checked or plaid gingham, striped seersucker, percale, serge, velveteen, saten, challie and taffeta are all attractive for this model. Green and blue plaid with blue facings would be attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

FOR THE COMMON GOOD
You shall never be great by your selfish deeds
And the thing which you boast as skill
And save it is spent for a nation's needs.

In vain is the iron will
For ever the badge of the greater man
Is to sink himself for the common plan.

This is the lesson that life has taught
Since the days of the earliest age
Who, for himself has lived and fought,

Banker was Artist at Eluding Bores.

QUICKLY DISPOSED OF UNCLE LUKE AN ALL-DAY CALLER.

The ability to welcome a tiresome visitor with a handshake and at the same time to "shake" him gracefully is an art possessed by few. One man in Kansas City, a banker, is said to be a past master at this. This is said that he can refuse a man a loan with such cordial good feeling that the man leaves convinced he doesn't need the money anyway.

Some time ago the banker was at his desk, from which he had a view of the entire floor of the bank. Nothing escaped him, and he realized instantly what the day would mean for him if the tall, angular figure approaching ever reached the chair beside the banker's desk.

"Hello, Uncle Luke," shouted the banker, extending a hand across the marble railing to grasp that of the visitor. "How's everybody up at Valley Falls?"

"All right," replied Uncle Luke, sliding along the rail in an effort to get around to that empty chair. "How's your folks, Willie?"

The banker knew if Uncle Luke ever reached that chair he would park there all day, sitting on his third dorsal vertebra with his crossed legs taking up as much space as a lawn mower. He had to think fast, for Uncle Luke was making progress. Suddenly the banker saw a man enter the lobby. It was Tom Brady, employed there as floor man. He called loudly: "Tom, come over here!"

"Uncle Luke," he went on, "I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Tom Brady. You never get down to Kansas City very often, and I want Tom to take you out and show you this town. You've never seen it, and Tom Brady's the very man to show it to you."

"But Willie," insisted the man from Valley Falls, "I wanted to just sit and have a nice long talk with you."

"You'll never have a better opportunity to see this town," the banker replied, with a nod which Brady understood. "Now Tom, you take Uncle Luke out and show him everything." Tom and Uncle Luke departed. It was learned later that Uncle Luke saw Kansas City from the roof of the Commerce building. He was given a ride over into Kansas on a street car, and saw the packing houses, from a car; he dined at a cafeteria and in the afternoon was taken out to Swope Park and went through the zoo. Tom put Uncle Luke on the first train for Valley Falls after that.

Uncle Luke was delighted. He had "seen Kansas City." It cost Brady about \$2.80 to entertain Uncle Luke at the banker's expense, but the banker felt that he had saved at least \$280 worth of time. And Uncle Luke still remained his friend. Isn't that an art?—Kansas City Star.

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Forty-Three Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Thousands of people are suffering from earthquakes and tremors. People are being killed and property is being destroyed. The earthquake in California last year was a terrible disaster. The Province of California and Coquimbó were destroyed. Throughout the world, thousands of houses were destroyed. The residents of the Province of California were killed and property was destroyed. The earthquake in California last year was a terrible disaster. The Province of California and Coquimbó were destroyed. Throughout the world, thousands of houses were destroyed. The residents of the Province of California were killed and property was destroyed. The earthquake in California last year was a terrible disaster. The Province of California and Coquimbó were destroyed. Throughout the world, thousands of houses were destroyed. The residents of the Province of California were killed and property was destroyed.