

# LOWNEY'S COCOA



Lowney's shows you how cocoa ought to taste.

## A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER I.

Before the Bridal.

Elizabeth gathered her sister in her arms and drew her into the room with her. She let her cheek rest on Lillian's flushed one for an instant.

"Darling," she said, "the sun will shine just as brightly, and the flowers will smell just as sweetly, and you will look just as pretty, whether Lord Ottershaw is here or not."

"That is what Henry was saying," Lil murmured, "but I think it is very disagreeable of him. He might have come."

Sir Henry interposed here with some eager words, and Mrs. Griffin, with a shrug of her shoulders, moved on to the corner where Miss Forsyth sat. But while amusing herself by baiting the helpless, comfortable-looking old creature who was supposed to play the part of chaperon at Heathcote, her ears

were on the alert.

Lilian had any amount of orders to give.

"Beth had to do this and that, and Henry must not forget this nor that, and would Beth be sure to put all her presents exactly as she had planned them out?"

"Of course, I know I ought to do all this myself," she said, plaintively, "but I am so tired, Beth—oh, so tired. Do carry me up to bed, Beth, there's a darling!"

Mrs. Griffin turned at this.

"What next, I wonder?" she exclaimed. "Why, Beth is just dropping to pieces herself with fatigue! Carry you, indeed!"

"Give her to me," he said. But Elizabeth shook her head.

"No, she belongs to me tonight. I shall be down directly. Don't go, Henry, till I come back. See how strong I am! But, after all, one need not be very strong to carry a gossamer thing like Lil, need one?"

With a laugh, Elizabeth stooped and lifted her sister easily in her arms. She looked her handsomest in such a moment, with her small head thrown

back proudly, a flush on her cheeks and a laugh on her lips.

"You may kiss her," she said to Henry, "just once, and open the door for me, please."

There was only one remark in the drawing room when Elizabeth had passed out with her pretty burden in her arms, and that came from the old lady whom Mrs. Griffin delighted to torment.

"Elizabeth has done her best to ruin Lillian," she said, half peevishly. "I am sure I don't know what next she will be doing. I believe if Lil wanted to walk on her, Elizabeth would lie down at once and let her do it!"

Mrs. Griffin followed Elizabeth up the staircase.

For all the girl's vaunted strength, the journey taxed her; she had to mount the stairs very, very slowly, but Mrs. Griffin could hear her trying to laugh and answer Lillian's childlike voice that prattled on unceasingly, and she paused at her bedroom door to watch Elizabeth almost stagger into the room which Lil had occupied all her young life.

Mrs. Griffin's brows were contracted, and her mouth wore an angry, yet a painful look.

"Such a gossamer thing will bear down a stouter heart than yours, my Beth!" she muttered to herself. Then she entered her own room, and closed the door with a bang. It was a primitive way of relieving her irritation, but it answered its purpose all the same.

### CHAPTER II. In His Power.

Elizabeth was up with the dawn, though she had not gone to bed till long after the rest of the house had retired, and though she had been thoroughly tired out, it had been impossible for her to sleep. It refreshed her to plunge into her bath, slip on an old cotton frock, and make her way down into the dewy gardens.

When she reached the hall, Elizabeth took a basket from a shelf, put on an old straw hat, and drew on an old pair of gardening gloves.

For the last time she would make Lil a dainty breakfast. Only yesterday the girl expressed a longing for mush-

rooms; it was a long walk to the meadow, but Elizabeth felt that this simple task would be at once a relief and joy.

She slipped through the garden, found a small door, and passed out of her own grounds.

The exquisite beauty of the morning had the greeting of an old friend in it. She was so used to getting up at daybreak; some of her happiest hours, those laden with thought, definite and indefinite, had all been spent by herself in the fields before the world had been awake.

She was not long in filling her basket, and only laughed when she saw how drenched her skirts were at the hem, and how the dew had wetted even her ankles, as well as her shoes.

She determined to shake aside sorrow as she turned to go back. "It is so selfish," she said to herself; "why should I cry because Lil is going to be so happy? If I did not know that Henry was fit to have so precious a gift, I might be sad, but when every hour teaches me to know him at his real worth, it is wrong to let my own sorrow at loss of her blight the joy I ought to feel at her happiness."

The clock in the stables was chiming half-past five as she reentered the orchard.

In a little while the house would be astir. As it was, the farm laborers were out at their work, but it was neither a gardener, nor a laborer, nor a servant whom Elizabeth saw strolling toward her leisurely. It was a stranger, a young man wearing white twill clothes, the trousers of which were strapped neatly around the ankle to show that he was cycling. He had a Panama hat, turned down in front to shield his eyes, and altogether he had an attractive and smart look.

Elizabeth paused at sight of him, and she frowned. She forgot to think that she looked like herself, so great was her astonishment.

For half a moment they stood looking at one another, then the man spoke.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said; "I suppose I am something in the nature of an intruder, but may I take your basket?"

Elizabeth held her arm to her side.

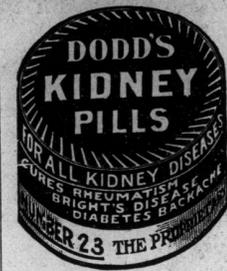
"Thank you," she said, coldly. She resented this man's calmness of manner, and she was at a loss utterly to understand why he should be there at such an hour.

"I am afraid you must have lost your way," she said. "This is private property, and the outer gates are locked."

He smiled, and showed a splendid set of teeth.

"Yes, as I know to my cost. I climbed over first and then lifted my bike afterward, and I have neither improved myself nor my machine."

"It is not customary to climb locked gates," Elizabeth ob-



erved.

Once again he smiled.

"No, I know it is not, but circumstances are not quite ordinary. I have been cycling from Stourchester. I left there at four o'clock this morning, and though I have taken it pretty easily, I felt I needed rest."

Elizabeth smiled very faintly. Against herself she was both interested and amused.

She suggested that there was a roadside, to which he nodded his head.

"Yes, but you see it was not only that I wished to rest comfortably, but because I had a little curiosity to see what Paradise is like."

"Paradise?" repeated Elizabeth, wrinkling her brows.

"Yes, Eden," he said, "the place where happiness, and ecstacy, and radiant joy are supposed to grow on trees."

"I am afraid I don't quite understand you," said Elizabeth, and her tone was very cold now.

"I am quite sure you don't," was the answer, "and so I will be more explicit. I am connected with Sir Henry Garland, who, I believe, is going to marry a charming young lady this morning, and I was told that Heathcote was the home of this charming young lady. So, on my way to Westminster, I felt impelled to pause and make acquaintance with the place, which I am sure dear Henry regards as Paradise itself."

"Oh," said Elizabeth, and she looked at him. He took off his hat, which he had replaced, and showed a young and handsome face, with hair that curled crisply about his brow.

"My name is Ottershaw," he said; "and I say, my good girl, do you think you could get me a glass of milk?"

(To be continued.)

## On Second Thought.

BY JAY E. HOUSE.

Prof. Harvey Worrall, the statistician, says three per cent of the laughter is due to amusement. The other 97 per cent is the result of attempts to be polite.

The rule in a small town is that if you see a man carrying a bottle you must make a joke about it.

Now that a good many other superstitions are being exploded, it may be safe to say that country women do not cook as well as the town men who are employed for that purpose.

There are exceptions, of course, but as a rule, the polite man is one who wants to sell you something.

Woodrow Wilson once said only ten per cent of the people of this country think. Which proves that Mr. Wilson, ordinarily a calm and self-contained person, can be quite fulsome upon occasion.

Angame that is played between December and March can work up a reputation as a sport.

Every man to his taste. Buck Kilby says he'd rather have a receipt for the rent than a reputation for generosity.

Unless you chance to be on the mailing list of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway you can have no adequate idea of the amount of printed matter circulated in this country.

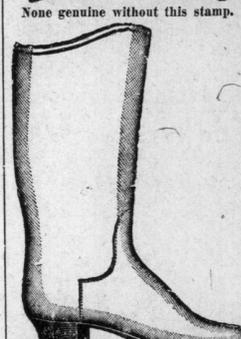
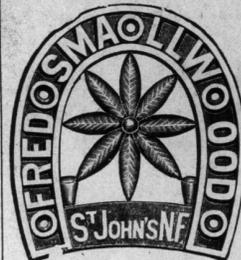
If you earnestly desire to provoke laughter and applause hit somebody with a slapstick.

The average man's idea of good music is that furnished by a male quartette.

**GOOD WORK DONE.**—There is no denying the fact that first-class work, good material and prompt delivery is some of the business principles of the Tailoring and Cleaning and Pressing Business conducted by SPURRELL BROS., and it will pay you to have them attend to the care of your garments. A Silk Velvet or Melton Collar and a good pressing will give your overcoat the appearance of a new one. SPURRELL BROS., 365 Water Street, next door to Parker & Monroe's. Phone 574.—oct24, eod, t.

## LIFE SAVING STATION

Fishermen! Don't get your feet wet. Get Smallwood's Hand-made Waterproof Boots, they will keep your feet dry and warm. Beware of imitations. Look for this plate on the heel of your boot. All our Hand-made Waterproof Boots bear this heel-plate.



Hand-made Waterproof Tongue Boot. Also Tongue Wellingtons, Tongue High and Low % Boots. Measure taken and perfect fit guaranteed.



Men's Field Boots, hand-pegged, 17 inches high. Price \$5.50. Men's 12 inches high, full Bellows Tongue to top. Price \$4.50. Men's 10 inches high. Price \$4.00. Men's 8 inches high. Price \$3.50.

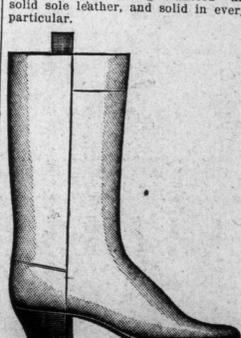


## Boys Storm Shoes

Boys' Storm Boots, 8 and 10 inches high, with full Bellows Tongue to top. Just the thing for the boys in wet weather.



Men's Hand-pegged Grain Leather Boots. Price \$2.20. Men's Hand-pegged Bellows Tongue Boots. Price \$2.50. These Boots are guaranteed all solid sole leather, and sold in every particular.



The Wellington Boot. Hand-made and Waterproof. Our stock of Rubber footwear is one of the largest in the city.

Men's Women's, Children's, Boys' & Girls' Long Rubbers, Gaiters, Storm and Plain Rubbers. All orders receive prompt attention.

**F. Smallwood,** THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

## Here are the Latest in Books, Magazines & Fashion Journals!

Conan Doyle's New Book, "The Lost World"; something entirely new in fiction. 50c. and 70c.

"He Who Passed." Another shipment of that famous anonymous novel. 50c. and 70c.

"The Rock of the Ravens." John A. Steuart's new book. Steuart wrote "The Minister of State," of which there was a bigger sale locally than any other book we know. Cloth. 70c.

Charles Garvice's new book, "Two Maids and a Man." Only a few copies. Ladies! 50c. and 70c.

"Pan's Garden," by Algernon Blackwood. 50c.

Did you see what the Reviews said of these strange stories? "Eve—Spinster" Dedicated to My Husband that is to be." Delightfully bright and witty.

"The Street Called Straight," by the author of "The Inner Shrine." 50c. and 70c.

"Mightier than the Sword," by Alphonse Courlander. 70c. Everybody is reading this remarkable story of a Journalist's life on a great London newspaper.

"The Case of Oscar Slater," by Conan Doyle. 15c.

"Hypnotism and Suggestion," by Edwin Ash. 30c.

All the new Magazines and Fashion Journals just in by the Furness and Allan boats. Come and see them at

## DICKS & Co., Ltd.,

Biggest, Brightest and Best Book, Stationery and Fancy Goods Store in the City.



## ST. JOHN'S MUNICIPAL COUNCIL Public Notice!

REVISION OF THE APPRAISEMENT OF WATER RATES, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with Section 107 of the "Municipal Act, 1902," the Books of Appraisal of Water Rates, to be revised during the present year, have been deposited with me, the Secretary of the Municipal Council, and are open to the inspection of the Public at the Council's Office, City Hall, Duckworth Street, each day during the month of November, from 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Any person may, within one month after such deposit, by notice in writing to be filed with the Secretary of the Council and served on the Appraisers, object to the said Appraisal; but the neglect to serve such notice shall not debar anyone from the right from objecting at the Court of Revision. The Court of Revision will be held during ALL the month of December, of which due notice will be given.

Municipal Office, Duckworth Street, October 28th, 1912.

JOHN L. SLATTERY, Secretary.

## ST. JOHN'S Municipal Council. Public Notice!

REVISION OF THE APPRAISEMENT OF VACANT LANDS, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with Section 122 of the "Municipal Act, 1902," the Books of the Appraisal of Vacant Lands to be revised during the present year, have been deposited with me, the Secretary of the Municipal Council, and are open to the inspection of the Public at the Council's Office, City Hall, Duckworth Street, each day during the month of November, from 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Any person may, within one month after such deposit, by notice in writing to be filed with the Secretary of the Council and served upon the Appraisers, object to the said Appraisal; but the neglect to serve such notice shall not debar anyone from the right of objecting at the Court of Revision. The Court of Revision will be held during ALL the month of December, of which due notice will be given.

Municipal Office, Duckworth Street, October 28th, 1912.

JOHN L. SLATTERY, Secretary.

## FLOUR!

"GOLD COIN," "COOKS DELIGHT." Send for SAMPLES.

**JAS. R. KNIGHT,** Sole Agent for Nfld

## Best Food in the world is good Homemade Bread, made of "Beaver" Flour

Bread, made of "Beaver" Flour, will nourish and sustain you longer than any other one article of diet.

Bread, made of "Beaver" Flour, is the least expensive of wholesome foods. You can eat bread, made of "Beaver" Flour three times a day for a lifetime without wanting a change. It's good for you.

"Beaver" is a blended flour. It contains both Ontario and Western wheat, in exact proportions. Your grocer will supply you. Try it.



R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices

## For

2,000 Sa

CO

112-Pou

Worth 25  
100-lb. Sack  
get FULL V

HARV

IN THE

how much will you have a saving? Most men will have savings are at all similar to the

Every provident young man accumulating for his own benefit old age of comfort and security. And every thoughtful man a duty rests upon him to make

The safest, simplest and all this, and to be sure of it is by investing in a Canada of \$10,000, according to your policy can be bought on easy terms to assist in carrying an

Send in your name and proposition.

## Canada Life

C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager

Ho  
6.66 t  
On Y

The tendency of the times is higher interest return. Prof. investors. We own and offer blocks of the undermentioned

Stanfield's Limited  
Nova Scotia Car  
Nova Scotia Clay  
North Atlantic F  
Hewson Pure We

A Common Stock bonus  
Price and full particulars

**F. B. McC**  
Members Mont  
C. A. C.

oct21, t

## Handsome Coats and Suits

Just received from the of the present day m

The Coats and Suits shipment just opened up

Stroll through our and Skirt Department

the new Fall styles. T department is fairly spar

with pretty new designs display is the most com

and quite the best we ever shown.

**U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.**