

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under
Royal Warrant of Appointment to
HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

The Snake Scotched AND Justice Done.

CHAPTER IX.
(Continued.)

He raised his cap, but Veronica, though—indeed, because—her heart gave a sudden bound at sight of him, kept her eyes fixed on Sally's ears and ignored Ralph's salutation. At the moment she had passed him she felt annoyed with herself.

"Now, why could I have just bowed!" she thought, irritably. "The man will think I am attaching importance to his—presumption!"

Ralph shrugged his shoulders as he looked after her, then went his way. Fate chose to amuse herself with them that day as it had done on the previous one; for as, an hour later, he crossed the top of a spinney, he heard the thud of hoofs behind him and, looking round, saw the mare tearing along the meadow at a breakneck pace. If she had not actually bolted she had very nearly done so, and Ralph, as he glanced at the wood towards which the mare was making, could not help thinking of the peril that awaited her rider from overhanging boughs and treacherous undergrowth. He stood, leaning on his gun, and waited.

Veronica had got all her weight on the bit, and succeeded in pulling up the mare on the edge of the wood, and so close to Ralph that he saw she was riding on a snaffle. The significant fact dispelled his reluctance to address her; indeed, he would have done so if she had been his mortal foe. He went up to her and said, respectfully but with the unembarrassed frankness which Veronica had found so trying:

"Forgive me, Miss Gresham, but is it wise to ride your horse on a snaffle? She's young and fresh, I see."

Veronica was hot with the struggle and not in the sweetest of tempers. "I always ride her on the snaffle," she said, curtly. "It is easier than a curb, and really more effective. If you knew anything about horses—"

A smile which displayed itself for an instant in his eyes nettled her. "But I suppose, like most men, you think you do."

"I was a cow-boy once," he said, simply. "And you've only one rein, I see," he added, going up to the mare and patting her. Sally, who had been fidgetting, sniffed at the hand which he slipped over her nose, an old cowboy trick, one Ralph had practised on Burnett's dog—and then, apparently satisfied, stood still and nibbled coquetishly at his sleeve. "Now, that's rather risky, and if I were your groom I wouldn't allow it."

"You wouldn't allow—" repeated Veronica, with a fine smile.

"No, I suppose he's responsible," said Ralph. "Two reins to a snaffle; but you'd better have a curb—you needn't use it—for a young and hot-headed mare like this; she's a beauty, oh, yes!—I admired her the other day—but she's a mare, and they're not always reliable. If she had bolted—she looked precious near it—and had carried you into the woods—Well, it would have been awkward."

"But I can pull her up; I did," said Veronica.

"This time, yes," he said, coolly; "but you might not always be able to do so; and your life is too precious—"

The blood rose to Veronica's face. "Will you please let go of my reins," she said, coldly.

"I beg your pardon," said Ralph, the colour coming and going into his tanned face, his eyes flashing with something like anger. "I meant any life was too precious to take such chances. His hand fell from the rein, and raising his cap he turned, and struck into the wood.

He reached the hut, and was removing the cartridges from his gun—a precaution he always took—when he heard something rushing and tearing through the brake and was just in time to spring upon the mare, which was thundering affrightedly through the clearing, and catch her by the—of course, broken—rein.

"Just what I thought!" he said to himself. He tied the mare up to a tree, then, with a sinking heart, he followed her tracks, and presently came upon Veronica. She was seated on a mossy bank, with her head in her hand.

She had lost her hat and her glorious hair had come partly undone, one dark, glossy strand falling over her cheek. She started at the sound of his footsteps and tried to rise, but sank down again and looked up at him with a mixture of helplessness, displeasure, and defiance.

"I have had an accident," she said, haughtily, but her voice shook and Ralph's heart melted at her distress.

"So I see. Are you hurt?" he asked, trying to speak casually, but his anxiety displayed itself in his eyes eloquently enough.

"N—o, I don't think so," she replied. "My mare was started by a hare that ran under her nose, and bolted. The rein broke—and I was thrown." She endeavoured to laugh with self-contentment. "I don't think I am hurt—but I struck my head, and I feel—dizzy—"

He nodded.

"My mare—if she gets to the Court, Lord Lynborough may hear of it and get alarmed."

"That's all right. I've got the mare. If I only had some water—Do you think you could come as far as the hut? Lean on my arm."

She rose, supported by his arm, and staggered a little.

"Lean on me," he said, almost with an air of command.

"That's right! It's not far; but you know, you only want some water and a rest—Ah, you're not going to faint!" for her eyes closed.

"No, no!" she said, in a low voice, and evidently struggling womanfully with her weakness. "I think I must have hurt my foot; it's so painful."

"A sprain!" he said, more to himself than to her. "You must not walk on it. Put your hand on my shoulder."

"What—what are you going to do?" she asked.

"Carry you!" he said, simply.

"I forbid you!" she said, the colour rushing to her face.

"Not much use," he retorted, as quietly as before. "To walk on a sprain is a silly thing. It will mean a bed or a sofa for you for months, perhaps. Keep still, please."

Her pride would not permit her to struggle with him, and she suffered him, under mute protest, to raise her slowly but firmly, the pain nearly made her faint again and her eyes closed, her head drooped lower and lower until, against her will, though she strove with all her force to exert it, it rested on his shoulder.

He carried her into the hut and put her on a chair. His heart was beating fast but not with the exertion of carrying her, though Veronica was no feather; every vein in his body was tingling; he saw the lovely face as

through a mist. Then he shook off the influence of her beauty. He went presently and, getting some water, put the cup to her lips.

She drank some breathing slowly and painfully, and wiping her lips with her handkerchief. He took it from her and, dipping it in the water, bathed her brow, and in doing so, unconsciously drew her head till it rested against him. The faintness passed and she opened her eyes and looked up at him with a vague, uncertain dreaminess.

"Where—ah, yes, I remember!" she breathed. Then the colour rushed over the ivory of her face. "Thank you," she said, coldly, but her eyes were shy, as they still met his as if she could not withdraw them. "I—I am sorry you should have so much trouble."

Ralph tried to say the conventional "No trouble!" but his voice died away in a mutter. She moved and winced.

"Your foot!" he said. "Let me see—"

"No, no!" she said, earnestly. "It is nothing—I can walk." She put her foot to the ground and he saw her lips writhe. "Oh, how shall I get to the Court!"

"I'll go for a carriage," he said. "But we must get that boot off first or else—"

"No, no," she said, again; but, disregarding her refusal, he knelt down and untied the boot. The foot was already swollen, and as he endeavoured to take off the boot she winced again.

He took out his knife and cut up the back of the boot and slid it off gently and skilfully, and the small, shapely foot, already beginning to swell, rested in the palm of his hand.

She leant back, but her eyes rested on his bent head with a strange expression from which pride was quite absent.

(To be continued.)

A. & S. RODGER.

INCOMPARABLE VALUE.

POUND TWEEDS,

2 to 4 yards double width, every end of the very best quality.

Dainty Lace and Embroidery Jabots..... 20c

Wide Embroidery Insertion, per yard..... 20c

Ladies' White Hemstitched Lawn Handkerchiefs... 5c

Artistic Designs in Plaques, at... 10, 14, 20 & 30 cts

A. & S. Rodger.



Don't Miss the Big Sale at the Home of Good Shoes!

Our Pre Inventory Sale of the Past ten Days did the work it was intended to, that was to give Shoe Buyers a chance to save money. We are continuing sale for another ten days, and have placed on our counters Boots to fit the boy and girl of a few months old to the stylishly dressed man and woman.

The Greatest Shoe Event of the Year.

Just an idea of the inducements we offer at this Great Sale:

144 pairs Ladies' Canvas Outing Shoes, flexible Soles, colours Tan, White, Grey; regular price \$1.50, sale price 99c.

Job Lot of Ladies' Shoes, worth \$1.20, \$1.40, \$1.60; only 85c.

60 pairs Ladies' Dongola, Blue, Patent Tip; reg. \$2.20; sale price \$1.50.

100 pairs Men's House Slippers, in Tan and Black; reg. \$1.50; sale price \$1.20.

40 pairs Men's Walking Boots, in Tan and Black; reg. \$2.75 and \$3.00; sale price \$2.00.

We have a great variety in Boys' and Misses' Shoes, in Tan and Black; reg. price from \$1.20, 1.40 to 1.60; sale price 70c., \$1.10, to \$1.30.

Our Counters are laden with Boot Bargains ready for your inspection. Don't miss this chance. Golden opportunity for Outport Buyers.

F. SMALLWOOD'S, The Home of Good Shoes.

ANOTHER SNAP, COLLINS'

Colored Lawns, 5c.

A YARD.

Shades: Pink, Black, P. Blue, Cardinal.

Customers requiring goods of this kind better hurry up as it is selling quickly.

P. F. COLLINS,

299, 301 Water Street.

Fresh Fruit, Fresh Poultry New Vegetables

ELLIS & CO., Ltd.

202 Water Street

Fresh New York Turkeys
Fresh New York Chicken

New Cabbage
New Turnips
New Carrots,
Ripe Tomatoes
Green Corn

Fresh Cauliflower.

New Cucumber
Fresh Lettuce
New Potatoes
String Beans
New Celery

Green Grapes.

California Oranges
Ripe Bananas
Red, Yellow and Blue Plums
Bartlett Pears
Messina Lemons
Pineapples
Watermelons

The New Food, "VIST" Seed of Strength.

Consomme—in tubes
Yvelon—in cubes
Oxo—in cubes
St Ivel Lactic Cheese
Sauages in Tomato in glass

Stearns' Electric Rat and
Roach Paste, sure death to
all Vermin.

Telephone, Nos. 482 & 786

LARACY'S

Week End Bargains.

Prints and Muslins, regular 12 to 15 cts., for 10c. a yard.

Ladies' Cashmere Stockings, Ribbed and Plain, regular 35c., for 25c. a pair Friday and Saturday.

LARACY'S

345 & 347 Water St., opp. Post Office

An intelligent person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing, \$200 or particulars. Free Syracuse File Lockport, N. Y.

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.

ABSOLUTE THE SECURITY TH

allotted to Canada 1.
\$2

and the large increase
Canada Life Policies
M. J. B. T. —, his
to express my satisfaction
Company for \$2,000
the total premiums
for twenty years."

At age 30 a Profit
be purchased for a
together with accumu-
in a number of inst-
It will pay you to
proposition suited to

Canada

C. A. C. B.

Money

for the purpose of obtaining
more money you will
that will meet the require-
interest income—with

F. B. B.

Members M

C. A.

July 30, 11

New

Four Million

Thoroughly de-
Landing every

Horwood

DO

MOONEY'S C

Mooney's Assn

Jacob & Co.'s

(Fresh St

Hartley's Assn

Choice French

Symington's Co

Heinz's Minc

Baked Beans

Fruit Puddin

J. J.



Advertise in The Evening Telegram.