

Deceived

AND

Disowned

BUT

True as Steel!

CHAPTER III. AN UNAVENGED INSULT.

After he had delivered up his horse, Reuben strode back to his caravan; and there, alone and hidden from all eyes, the storm of his passion burst. There is, after all, nothing more degrading than a blow—especially when it must be borne in silence—unresented—unavenged. Throwing himself down on the springy turf, Reuben gave his passion rein.

"A blow," he muttered, "and I did not return it!" He turned back the sleeve of his jacket, revealing the red mark, now turning to a bruise. "I could have beaten that puppy off his horse and ground him to dust, had it not been for her"—his face softened at the thought of Olive—"because her voice struck down my arm and turned my strength to weakness."

With something like a groan, he buried his face in his hands.

All that day he sat brooding, till the sun's disk sank below the hills—forgetting everything save his unavenged insult and the woman in whose service it had been endured. While he sat motionless, the bushes parted lightly, as the graceful figure of Olive Seymour came into the open space, and a musical voice called his name.

"Reuben."

If an angel had whispered "Reuben," he could not have started up with a deeper light of welcome in his face.

"Reuben," she said, just a shade embarrassed by the adoration in his look—which she could not but understand—"I want to know the meaning of this morning's affair."

Mr. Verner will probably speak to my father, and I want to hear both sides of the case. Why were you insolent to him?"

Reuben looked straight into her beautiful face.

"I was not insolent, Miss Seymour; he ordered me to keep a distance behind, so that he could talk with you; and, as your horse was fresh and he a bad horseman, I refused to surrender my charge into his care; and for that—"

He broke off abruptly, and at that moment Olive caught sight of the now purple bruise, which was only half concealed by his turned-back sleeve.

"What is that on your arm?" she asked, her face pale, with apprehension.

Reuben pushed down the sleeve quickly, and turned away.

"Nothing," he said, curtly.

Olive was not deceived, however, by his evasion.

"Forgive me," she cried. "I did not know he struck you. The coward!"

"Yes," cried Reuben, his eyes ablaze at the thought of the insult; "and I allowed him to go unhurt—my wrong unavenged! What more?"

"Nothing more," said Olive, her voice almost trembling. "I did not know he had struck you. Reuben, you must not bear malice against me, will you?"

"Malice!—against you!" he breathed, hardly conscious of what he was saying.

Olive saw her advantage, and, womanlike, pushed it farther.

"Coughs waste energy. Careful physicians always point out that every cough wears human strength and tears down the body's resistive powers. The reason

SCOTT'S EMULSION is always best for coughs is that it peculiarly soothes the tender membranes while its rich, creamy food rebuilds the tissues to avert bronchitis and lung trouble.

Scott's is medicinal food. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Words of Encouragement to Childless Women.

Motherhood is woman's natural destiny, but many women are denied the happiness of children simply because of some curable derangement.

In many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is its marvelous power to overcome such derangements, as evidenced by the following letter:

Worcester, Mass.—"I suffered from female ill, and was advised to have an operation, but a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and who has six children, told me to try it. It has helped me so much that I am now well and have a baby boy who is the picture of health, and I thank the Vegetable Compound for my restoration to health."

—Mrs. BERT GARVEY, 20 Hacker St., Worcester, Mass.

In many other homes, once childless, there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

"Well, then, I want you to forgive the wrong, and forget the whole painful incident. Will you, if I ask you?"

She spoke as to an equal, and Reuben, as he looked at her, knew he would be powerless to resist anything that she might ask.

"Forgive!" he said, "that is hard enough—but to forget, that, Miss Seymour, is impossible."

"Try—for my sake!" pleaded Olive, holding out her hand.

"For your sake—I will," he said, hoarsely, as, with sudden passion, he raised her hand to his lips.

At that touch a thrill vibrated through Olive's being; with a little shiver she turned to go, leaving him gazing at his own audacity.

When she had gone, Reuben roused himself from his thoughts, and remembered that he was to call at Farmer Styles' that evening.

Farmer Styles had a farm high up on the hills, over which his daughter Polly presided as mistress very much as Olive did at the Hall.

Greatly admired was Miss Polly—both for her own good looks, and for her father's position—and many a swain round Bingleigh would gladly have aspired to win her hand.

But Polly was not to be lightly won, and at present she seemed to have set her heart on gaining Reuben's affections.

Reuben, who was engaged by Farmer Styles to break in his colts for him, had no desire to make love to his daughter; accordingly, he treated Miss Polly with a cold respect which did more to excite that maiden's favor than the most ardent love-making of the rustic swains of the district.

That evening, when Reuben came panting past a rustic seat in front of the farm garden, after a prolonged struggle with one of the colts, he found his employer's daughter awaiting him with a mug of cider and a slice of cake which she shyly proffered him.

"Thank you, Miss Styles," he said, as he took the tray from her hand.

"Oh, go on," said Polly bashfully, as she watched him at his meal. "Miss Styles, indeed! One would think you were talking to the young mistress at the Hall. My name is Polly."

"Well, good night, Miss Polly, and thank you," said Reuben quietly; then, raising his cap respectfully, he disappeared in the twilight.

Polly stood looking after him with the tray in her hand.

"He's handsome," she murmured, "but he hasn't got a heart!"

She would have thought differently had she seen him an hour later, as he stood under a lime tree in the avenue, looking up at the oriel and twisted chimney stacks of the Hall at Bingleigh.

CHAPTER IV.
SCHEMES AND DREAMS.

MEANWHILE, Morgan Verner returned to the Grange in no very amiable mood. He had ridden out that morning expressly to see Olive Seymour, and now he loudly cursed his ill luck—and not his ill temper—in

having failed to impress her favorably. With his face dark with anger, he made his way to the dining room, and was in the act of pouring out a stiff glass of brandy when his father entered the room.

"What, Morgan—you back already? What's that you're drinking?" he said irritably.

"A glass of sherry," returned Morgan; then, starting as if in surprise—"No, it's brandy—my mistake," he said, as he put the bottle down again.

Mr. Verner frowned.

"Didn't you go to Bingleigh?" he asked.

"No," said Morgan, sullenly.

"Why not?" inquired his father.

"Because I met the girl on the downs, riding."

"Ah!" said Mr. Verner, with a smile of satisfaction, as the pair seated themselves at the luncheon table.

"Ah! and accompanied her, of course?"

"No," said his son again, "I didn't even get the chance of speaking half a dozen words with her."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Verner angrily. "Have you ridden all those miles for nothing?"

"No," said Morgan, sulkily. "I've ridden it to be insulted."

"Insulted! By whom?" asked his father, in amazement.

"By some low ruffian she called her riding master, and who looked more like a stable hand, I asked the rascal to keep farther back, so that I could talk to his mistress. Bless you, he took no more notice than if I'd been a dog—so I thought I'd try something more eloquent. I should have broken his head, if he hadn't put up his arm."

Mr. Verner's face went purple.

"Morgan," he said bitterly, "what an utter fool you are—it is impossible to trust the slightest thing to you. Just as I was cementing a firm friendship, you go and undo all my work! What chance do you think you will have with the girl, if you strike her servant in her presence?"

"How could I help it?" said Morgan. "The fellow was insolent, I tell you. You surely don't expect me to take his impudence without a word? Besides, there's no harm done—I apologized, curse him!—and left the girl all right. But I'll be even with that ruffian yet!"

"You'd better look after your pocket first," sneered his father. "How often must I tell you that, unless a stroke of luck turns up, the Grange will be sold over our heads? Your doings in Paris cost me a pretty penny."

"And what about your doings?" retorted Morgan. "Come, governor, there wasn't much to choose between us in the way of making the money fly."

"I spent money in speculation and finance," said his father, crimson with indignation. "You spent yours in folly and debauchery."

"Oh, all right," said Morgan, tossing down a glass of the brandy, which he had managed to place upon the table. "The money's gone—and there's an end of it. The thing is to get more."

"Yes, and when I show you the way you go and upset matters," said Verner, still angry. "I tell you this girl is helress to the whole of Sir Edwin's estate and capital—enough to rebuild the Grange and set us on our feet again."

"Very nice, indeed," was the reply, "but how's it to be done?"

"Not by striking her servants," returned his father spitefully. "You put on your best manners and marry the girl—and leave the father to me. Try and retrieve to-day's mistake by conciliating that groom or whatever he was—tip him—understand?"

"Not a bad idea that," agreed Morgan, "but I'm so confoundedly short of money—I was just going to ask

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THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN AGENCIES, Representatives, Post Office Box 1131, St. John's, Newfoundland

You if you could let me have fifty pounds till next allowance day."

"Fifty pounds!" echoed Mr. Verner, with a frown. "There's not such an amount in the Grange, till Griley rings in the rents, and I'm too low down at the bank to give you a check. Here's a five—and that's the best I can do for you."

"Thank you," said his son more amiably, as he pocketed the note. "I'm sorry you're hard up, and I'll do the best I can with the girl and tip her man."

"Yes, and do it with good grace," said his father. "You can pay off our grudge afterward."

"Of course he can," said a harsh voice, as the bent figure of old Griley, who had evidently been eavesdropping, came through the open French windows. "Nothing easier, my dear Mr. Morgan. You find the young man's been tripping—doing mischief in the village, or getting drunk—and it's your painful duty to undeceive Sir Edwin as to his fitness to be trusted with Miss Olive—eh?" He gave a furtive chuckle.

"Oh, get out, Griley," said Morgan; but his gray eyes lit up cunningly, and the steward saw that his hint had not been lost.

Mr. Verner rose.

"Well," said Morgan, as he lit a cigar. "Perhaps I'll have a look round later on, and see if I can smooth his ruffled feelings first. Reuben, her riding master, she called him. I wonder if he lives in the house."

"No," said Griley. "I expect he's the young horse-breaker who lives in a caravan in Bingleigh Woods."

At the sound of the hated word "caravan," Mr. Verner started—he had not forgotten John Wynter.

"Perhaps he's a gypsy," he said, avoiding Griley's keen glance.

"Not he," said Morgan, as he crossed the room. "What gypsies have light hair and speak good English?"

Whether Morgan had any intention of seeking out Reuben it is hard to say, but after dinner—which on that day was at an early hour—he bent his steps toward Bingleigh, and, with a cigar in his mouth, climbed the hill upon which stood Farmer Style's farm. He was just in time to see Reuben bid farewell to Polly Styles, and at once jumped to the conclusion that the pretty young girl leaning on the garden gate was the young man's sweetheart. He immediately resolved to pay back his score against Reuben by interfering with his love affairs. Throwing away his newly lit cigar, he took another from his case, and, emerging from behind the hedge, raised his hat with a flourish.

"Can you oblige me with a light?" Polly started with a little affected scream, and instinctively patted the blue ribbon in her hair, as she answered:

"Certainly, sir."

(To be Continued.)

Fads and Fashions.

Skirts are increasing in length. Practically every hat has its veil. Earrings are coming back to favor. Crystal and jet necklaces are very fashionable.

Rose tinged with mauve is very fashionable. Buttons trim everything—from bags to belts.

A good many deep coats are made in cape effects. Ample mantles are made of Jersey or taffeta cloth.

Strapped slippers of blue glazed kid are charming.

Many of the new suits incline to the Russian style.

Suede is a good choice for a leather utility bag.

Many of the new coats have regulation sailor collars.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A NEAT AND SIMPLE MODEL.



1924—Child's Dress in Empire Style and with Long or Short Sleeve.

This model is nice for wash fabrics, and equally attractive for serge, gabardine, voile, taffeta, challie and cashmere. The sleeve is nice in wrist length or in elbow style. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

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

AN EASY MADE APRON.



2279—Seersucker, chambray, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

No.

Size

address in full:—

Name

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FOR

Fashionable Folk!

By the late English steamer we have received a lot of Furs which our customers have been awaiting for some time, and which we advised we would announce when opened. These comprise:

White Hare and Ermine Neck Pieces and Black Foxeline Necklets

A Magnificent range of Ladies' and Misses' Imitation Fur Sets,

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at prices more than reasonable, they being no higher in price than last year's.

LATE ARRIVALS OF GOODS which we have opened and are opening

Will Bring Our Stock Up to a Comparatively High Standard

for the present strenuous times.

Our Values are the BEST Obtainable,

as we make our trade on Low Prices and Good Value, as every careful shopper knows. We know we never have in fair variety many lines of

Goods Which Are Difficult to Obtain Elsewhere.

We are mentioning below, for the benefit of our customers, lines of goods which are new arrivals, of which we have a good range.

LADIES' BLOUSES—An extensive range just opened. **INFANTS' COATS**—A fine selection to hand. **LADIES' & MISSES' HATS, INFANTS' BONNETS**—Assorting lots just received.

Smart Styles in FLOWERS, FEATHERS and MILLINERY—A new shipment. **LADIES' WHITE, BLACK and COLOURED WOOL GLOVES**—Extra special values.

MEN'S, WOMEN'S, BOYS' and MISSES' WOOL SWEATER COATS. **MEN'S & BOYS' OVERCOATS, SUITS, PANTS and OVERALLS.**

BLACK and NAVY WOOL DRESS SERGES, from 80c. and \$1.00 yard. **CORDUROY and PLAIN VELVETEENS and VELVETS** in all colours.

WHITE & RED FANNELS, UNBLEACHED SHEETING, GREY CALICOES. **WHITE SHIRTINGS and WHITE FANCY HUCKS.** **WHITE EMBROIDERY CAMBRICS, LAWNS, NAINSOOKS and other White Materials.** **WHITE CURTAIN SCRIMS** in very large variety. **DOWN and WADDED QUILTS, WOOL BLANKETS, WOOL NAP and COTTON BLANKETS.** **COATS' WHITE CROCHET COTTON**—All numbers up to No. 40, at 11c. ball.

COATS' WHITE MERCERISED COTTON—All numbers, at 15c. ball. **DRESS FASTENERS** in Black and White. Reg. 8c. to 10c. dozen. Special Price only 6c. doz.

This advertisement is for your service, and we want you to know that though the times are strenuous and we are up against all kinds of difficulties in getting necessary goods for you and giving you as good service as we should wish, that—

We have the goods, we have the men, We have the women too; Both goods and men are hard to get, But both are here for you.

Henry Blair

For Xmas

WRIS

"The Gift"

It is the season when woman and child so if you are waiting for Xmas,

GIVE A Every one back that up. Prices

T. J. D. The Re

The Dis

(From St. John Telegraph, Fri

HOUSES BLOWN TO ATOM

In the west end, and north the damage was more extensive. The walls of houses were in shown to atoms and the plaster laths strewn on the streets mo

shell town section of Flanders town or city of Canada. The main damage, however, done in the north end of the known as Richmond, which was the point of the vessels' ca

Here the damage is so extensive to be totally beyond the field of description. Street after street is rains and flames swept over the

In this section many of the buildings are a smouldering heap of ruins and the ordinary street is a mere heap of shattered and debris.

Autopsies were scurrying and thither this section of the each one bearing a blanket-clad den, which told only too plain serious injuries or in many death.

The hospitals each and even with admirable order were reaid and in the military hospital soldiers who were on guard were being hurried in and the heaps and blackened powdered ed faces to the wards for relief.

Terror-Stricken People. Five minutes after the explosion occurred the streets were filled a terror-stricken mob of people one trying to make his or her way best they might to the outskirts order to get away out of the range what they thought to be a gas raid.

Women rushed in terror-str mobs through the streets ma them with children clasped to breasts. In their eyes was a terror as they struggled in through the streets with bloodied faces, horror-stricken, while endeavoured to get away from the falling masonry and crumbling walls.

By the wire and lath-littered sides as they were passed there had been the remains of what had been human beings, now horribly pieces, but beyond realization what had occurred. Here and there by a cracked and shattered tele pole was the cloth wrapped by a tiny tot scarred and twisted by the force of the horrible explosion had wrecked all in its path.

By the side of many of the ruins were women who watched horror the flames as they consumed the houses which in many cases the bodies of loved one who never more to be seen.

Watch Homes Burn. They watched their homes in the flames and as others with inquiries as to whether could render any aid they showed heads in a dazed manner and their gaze once more to the pyre of all those whom they loved.

Among the hundreds who were killed and injured. The damage to the water front is very serious.

On one steamer, the Pictou, reported that thirty-eight of the of forty-two have been killed. bodies of seamen have been up in the harbor and rescue are working among the ruins buildings removing bodies of the