

NERVES ALL ON TENSION?

A mother in the home, or a man or woman at business, with nerves undone and the system generally feeling the strain, should find wonderful help in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Powerful sedatives or strong medicines are habit-forming and dangerous. The logical help is a form of nourishment abundant in tonic properties. Scott's brings strength to the body, through nourishment that is felt in every part. If inclined to be nervous, the logical answer is—Scott's Emulsion.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER VIII. MISS GLITTERS SPEAKS.

Edna is fascinated; she cannot hold back; she must look if that look deals death to her, and it does almost, for as she looks on Cyril's face she falls back with her hand on her heart. "Come—there—bear up," says Glitters, not unkindly. "It seems rough, I know that—of course it does; but it's better to find him out now than when it's too late. Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, too handsome, for that matter; and it's hard to believe that a man with a face like that should be like the devil himself. I wonder what he's been telling you? Never you mind; the best thing you can do is to forget it—take my advice."

"Let me see," breaks in Edna, rising from the cold stones and advancing, white as the sculptured saints in the niches above her. Glitters held out the locket again. "Yes, there he is, there's no mistake taking him—there's the handsomest man in England, and the wickedest. You can't count upon your fingers all the hearts that face has broke, yours among 'em, perhaps. Well, well, perhaps it ain't too late! It's funny as I should have found out his little game—funny I should meet you here; but I'm glad I have, if it's only taken one plum out of his mouth—not that he has done the shabby thing by me—"

She stops in consequence of a gesture of mingled agony and horror by the quivering, anguished victim at her feet. Edna turns her white face up with a great loathing. "Are—are you his wife?" "His wife! Well, no, not exactly," replies Glitters, with an uncomfortable laugh, "not that I ought not to be, if right was right. No, I'm not his wife, and nobody ever will be if he can help it—he knows a trick worth two of that! But I know as much about him as if I was, and more, perhaps; and my advice to you is, get away from his reach as quick as you can! Don't let him say a word for himself, for he's as soft-tongued as a serpent, and as artful, for all his boy-

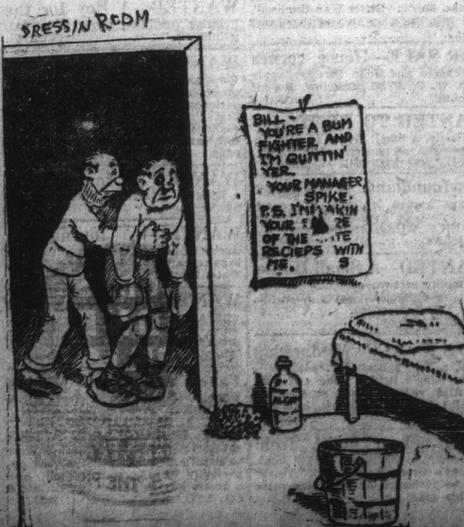
ish look; and if you think there's any mistake—if you think I've been playing it rough on him, ask him when you see him—if you're foolish enough to see him again—if he knows Molly Glitters, of the Theater Royal!" Then she gathers her voluminous, mauve-colored skirts about her, and, with an emphatic nod of the head, goes her way, leaving her victim bowed down with anguish, like a flower bruised and crushed, upon the cathedral steps.

CHAPTER IX. IN BITTER MISERY.

MOLLY GLITTERS went on her way, having, as she thought, perhaps for the first time in her life done her duty, and stretched out her hand to warn and perhaps save an innocent young girl from the snares of one of the most dangerous men of the day, with a most pleasantly approving conscience. It was quite a novel sensation for Molly, the feeling of having done the right thing, and having gone out of the way to do it, too; for Molly was not partial to young and simple girls—indeed, she had the usual antipathy of her class for them, and it had not been by any means an easy piece of good will which she had accomplished that morning. Molly went on her way, self-satisfied and complacent, and left behind her a tortured, anguished, racked woman, who was no more the Edna of an hour ago than the eagles one sees eating their hearts out in their cages at the zoo, or the monarchs of the sky, that soar above the Syrian hills. Motionless, fearless, she sat, her head bent upon her hands, her heart burning like a red-hot coal.

What did it all mean? What was this frightful nightmare? Was it true? Could it be true that her life had finished that day—that she should never know happiness, never be able to laugh more—for it came to that with her, she felt, if this were true. Ah, no, it could not be true! What was she sitting here for? Why did she not get home? Why did he not come? She was half stunned by the sudden, too sudden, revelation to realize it at once, immediately; but, as the slow minutes tramped round the clock overhead, the truth grew upon her and made itself felt, and, with a moan, she hid her face, and knew that the joy of life was over for her. The idol which she had worshipped as gold of the purest and finest type was suddenly shorn of its divinity and shown to be nothing better than common clay and dross.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



It is not too much to say that as she recalled the face and figure of her husband of an hour, the girl, innocent to a fault, shuddered. Had she been a whit less innocent, had she known half as much as the generality of girls of only half her age, that knowledge would have allowed her to discriminate, to see how far Cyril had stoned to weigh his sin in the balance, and make excuses for him; but Edna knew nothing save that the man she had thought so good—as pure and good, and noble and spotless as he was handsome—was something so different that she shrank from the mere thought of his presence, blushed and writhed under the remembrance of his passionate kisses, and moaned aloud a prayer that the good God might send death there and then to her, and save her. Edna's love had been as pure and noble as herself. She had not loved Cyril's beauty, great as it was, proudly fond of it as she was; if he had come back to her with some great scar across his face that rendered it twice as hideous as it had been before, beautiful, her love would have had no abatement—it would rather have increased by so much of sweet, wifely pity and tenderness. But now! Oh, God! it was too fearful to think of, so fearful that she, in her great innocence, could not grasp the full sense of it; but this she knew, that the man she had given her young life and virgin love to, the man who had come to her and made her love him, who had stood between her and blotted out all else as small and unworthy of consideration—did not love her, could not love her, for he had loved—oh, God, not loved, but murmured words of love to—had kissed with kisses, such as he had given her, another—yes, many other women.

Her state of mind—its great and awful contrast to that sweet, expectant happiness of an hour ago—in difficult to describe, well-nigh impossible, yet easy to understand; it was as if the heavens had been suddenly darkened, all good, and faith in good, destroyed, and she herself were left to stand alone and battle against unconquerable, inevitable, overwhelming misery of evil. She shed no tear, but her face was white and drawn, her eyes strained and wild with a vast agony, and her lips parched as with fever. And so the bride waited for the bridegroom!

The great clock above her struck the hour; three monks from the monastery on the hill came slowly up the steps, with bent heads and folded hands, and approached the smaller flight at the cathedral door. They looked at her as they passed; one—an old man, with white hair shining beneath his brown cowling—paused and bent over her as she sat, her head upon her hand, her eyes fixed with a wan, hopeless, startled look upon the street beneath.

"Are you in any trouble, my daughter?" he asked, with gentle gravity. Edna looked up at him with absent stare, and slowly shook her head; and the monk, with a muttered "Peace be with you!" passed with bent head, into the dim light beyond the open door. "Trouble! Yes, a trouble no monk that ever wore sandal could cure—a trouble she must fight and struggle with, and, alas! bear alone. The interruption, slight as it was, roused her; she could not stay there to attract notice and invite pity. With a weak, languid step, she rose, steadying her hand against the old, time-worn stonework of the porch—for she was giddy, and quivering like a wounded deer—and made her way to the quiet and seclusion of the little cemetery at the back; he must pass through it on his way, and would see her, there—stinking down upon one of the tombstones, in a little garden of crosses, with a pictured Madonna within sight, and a sculptured crucifixion overshadowing her—she waited.

She had not to wait long, for presently there came the quick, firm tread of a happy man, and Cyril, handsome as Apollo, and as light-hearted, humming some joyous air, came up the path. He had been longer than he expected; there had been some difficulty, caused primarily by his original French, but he had got the shawl, it was on his arm, and he was eager and impatient to exchange its light weight for the scarcely heavier one of his darling's arm. His! All the way from the station had that little word been ringing a merry chime in his ears. His! the



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dearest, sweetest, purest, angel that had ever walked on earth in the guise of a woman, was his! He didn't deserve it—he least of all men living—but fate, a kindly fate, had chosen to be merciful and generous and had poured out upon him the greatest gift that a man had ever received.

With such thoughts as these, handsome, happy, "Wicked Sir Cyril" strode along, impatient of every yard of the road that stretched between him and his bride. She saw him the moment he came past the cathedral into the graveyard, but she could not speak or move.

She watched him as he paused and looked round impatiently and eagerly; then, as he caught sight of her and came toward her, pinking his way among the tiny graves of the children, with their poor wreath of immortelles and summer flowers, she put her hand to her face, pushed back her hair and panted.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, half stumbling over a tiny grave; "I thought I had lost you, that you had run away from me—thought little of it, you know. Here's the shawl, a spoil and trophy of war! What a pity it is that there isn't one language, and that English! Such a language as we made of it at that station. Ah—" he has come close enough to see her face now, and there is enough in it to make him stop short and catch his words up.

"Edna! Good God! what is the matter? Are you ill, my darling?" And with an anxious, loving face he is on his knees beside her. With a visible shudder she shrinks from him, and draws—not snatches, that would not be so coldly reasonable—draws her hand which he has taken.

(To be Continued.)

Advertisement for Windsor Table Salt, featuring a portrait of a man and the text 'Deals them All Windsor Table Salt THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED'.

Fashion Plates.

A POPULAR STYLE.



2685—There is no model for a house dress more comfortable than a one-piece model. The style here portrayed is loose fitting. The closing is effected at the left side, where side front and panel join. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards, with platts drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

AN INTERESTING GOWN.



2680—This simple style could be attractively developed in black charmeuse and tan crepe, or in black satin and beige silk duvetyne. It is also good for combinations of velvet and satin, serge and silk, georgette crepe and satin. The neck line may be round or finished with a collar. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes as: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 yards of one material 40 inches wide. The dress measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. To make sleeves and overbush of contrasting material, as illustrated, will require 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide for the 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Form for ordering a pattern, including fields for Name, Address, and City.

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Advertisement for The Sweater of to-day is a Thing of Beauty and a Joy. Ladies' All-Wool SWEATERS in Pull-Over & Coat Styles. Prices are various, but price is nothing against their value, warmth and beauty. HENRY BLAIR

Advertisement for Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd. The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE. That is where we shine. WHOLESALE ONLY.

Advertisement for Bowring, Bros., Ltd. In Stock. Solder, Tin Plate, Barbed Wire, Gal. Sheet Iron, Coopers' Rivets, Slide Shoes. Bowring, Bros., Ltd. HARDWARE. Forty Years in the public service. The Evening Telegram

Partial view of another advertisement on the right edge of the page, including the word 'strikes' and 'Labor'.