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**IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness
Comes at Last.**

CHAPTER VIII.
FROM MIDNIGHT TO DAWN.

Hastley Derrick stood upright, and his eyes dropped.

"Motive?" he said, with uneasiness.

"Yes," she repeated, without flinching. "How did he persuade you to come? Is it true that you are leaving England to-morrow?"

"It is quite true," he said, in a calm voice, looking at her with mingled curiosity, admiration, and something of awe; for, in her lowliness and tragic calm, she looked as one of the ancient myths might have done.

"Is it true that you told him that you carried a large sum of money about with you?"

Hastley Derrick colored; the suggestion borne in the question was too shameful.

"I mentioned it, I think."

"Then, do you not now understand what has happened, and what I mean when I say that you are safe?"

Derrick looked at her with a stupefied glance for a moment, then he shot one glance at the wineglasses.

"Do you mean," he said, "that—the turned pale—the intended to poison and rob me?"

"To poison, no," said Olive; "to stupefy and drug you, to render you as helpless as he is now. This plot he dared to unfold to me—he dared to think that I would help him. I have helped him, I have saved him from a crime."

As she spoke she bent down, and, with a perceptible shudder of loathing and horror, drew the bag from the supine clutch of the limp fingers.

"There is your money," she said, dropping it on the table before him. "Leave us—to forgive and forget us if you can."

Hastley Derrick cast not a single glance at the bag, but passed his white hand over his forehead. It was wet with perspiration.

"I see—I see," he muttered. "You—you changed the glasses! Great heavens! What courage!"

Olive looked at him with a sudden flash of self-scorn.

"Courage!" she said, scarcely above her breath. "Would you have had me as vile as he?" Then her voice broke and he saw her tremble—the strain was giving way. "Go!" she said, leaning one hand heavily on the table; "go—I cannot breathe while you are here—go!"

Hastley Derrick took up the bag and buttoned his coat, then, with a sudden light in his eyes that surely had never shone there before in all his hard, cold life, he came toward her.

"Go!" he said, almost hurriedly; "go, and leave you here to his mercy—I cannot!"

Olive looked at him with a stupefied stare.

"Mrs. Rawdon, suppose I came here with a motive—as you suggested, as you suspect—suppose I know—"

Olive put her hand to her forehead, then put it up as if to wave him off. "I do not know—I do not care," she said, in the same frozen voice. "You are safe—the money is safe—that is all—that is all. Go!"

Hastley Derrick looked from the wretched figure lying on the table to the beautiful girl standing beside it, and his voice was broken and agitated.

whirl! Leave you here with him—impossible! You say he is asleep—what will happen when he recovers?"

Olive sank into a chair and pressed her hands together, but a scornful smile relaxed her lips for a moment. "When he recovers," went on Hastley Derrick agitatedly, "will you be safe? Think of yourself!"

"Myself?" she repeated, as if the word had no meaning.

"Yourself," he repeated, standing before her, eager and anxious. "Have you nowhere to go?"

Olive shook her head. "No friends?"

"Friends—no," she replied mechanically.

"Can you not go back to Hawthorne?" he said.

She looked up at him with a weary surprise that was almost too dull for surprise.

"Hawthorne?" she said. "He told you?"

"No matter," he said hurriedly. "Can you not go?"

"No," she said, as if to herself. "I have chosen my path, I must walk in it. I am his wife—his my husband."

Then she rose, as if suddenly awakening to the situation, and motioned to the door.

The silent gesture was so full of command that Hastley Derrick inclined his head.

"I am going," he said. "Since—since you will not let me stay. But," he broke off suddenly, and seized her hand. "Mrs. Rawdon—Olive! You are too good—too precious for such as he is! Will you—can I—heavens! Is there nothing I can do? Say the word, and I stay—say the word, and I will not leave England. Give me your hand and I will remain to protect you! I have never seen one woman in the world whom I could respect and admire until to-night! Olive I am at your command. Here I stand, tell me what I shall do!"

"Go! Go!" said Olive, wholly failing to understand his meaning, conscious only of her longing to be rid of his presence, which every moment was a palpable evidence of her husband's villainy and her own wretchedness.

"It," she said, almost wildly, "you owe me—any gratitude—if I have any claim on you—go, and never let me see you any more. Oh, I pray never to see you any more while I live."

Hastley Derrick turned deathly white, looked hard at her for a moment, then he set his lips.

"As you will it, so it shall be," he said. "I owe you gratitude; I will go. If I go now it is forever."

Olive pointed to the door.

He took her outstretched hand, and before she could prevent him—she scarcely knew what he was doing—he pressed it to his lips, then let it drop, and was gone.

Olive heard the outer door close after him, listened to his footsteps ringing hard and clear on the frosty pavement until they died away; then she sank on a chair, and, with her hands tightly clasped, sat staring at the fire and waiting. The night wore on, the chimes of the church clocks sounded dimly on her ears. The candles burned down and guttered in their sockets, the fire burned low, and still the helpless figure of the man to whom she had given the youth and beauty of her life lay motionless and pulseless.

In Five Minutes! No Indigestion, Gas Or Sour, Acid Stomach

The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.

"Really does" put bad stomach in order—really does overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and cruciate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

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"There has been a wrong here," he said, "before this piece of scandalous to-night. Mrs. Rawdon, my poor girl! Great Heaven, my brain is in a

She had no fear, no dread that he would not recover; she was conscious of nothing save one overwhelming shame and horror. She had married a sharper and a swindler, a man without one spark of honor or manliness. Would it not have been better to have lived her old life, to have married Jacob Burney?

Presently she heard, with a ghostly chill, a movement beside her. Stephen Rawdon was recovering. With a heavy sigh that was almost a groan, he raised his head, and stared with lustreless eyes before him; then he shuddered and clutched at his cards; the next moment she saw a light upon his face—a greedy, avaricious gleam, and his left hand stretched out as if to clutch something—it had gone!

With a quick gesture and a violent effort to regain his senses, he looked across the table, his white lips trembling with the false smile that had sat upon them all the evening.

"Your play," he muttered, "your play—I—eh?" For suddenly he became aware that the chair opposite him was vacant. He looked round the room—his victim had escaped him!

Then his glance fell upon Olive's white, horrified face and watching eyes.

"Where—where is Derrick?" he asked, pushing his dark hair from his face.

"Gone," said Olive, and her voice sounded in the room like a ghost's.

"Gone—where?"

"Home—anywhere away from here."

He looked at her suspiciously, then tried to rise, but sank down again.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, in a weak voice. "Where has he gone, you—Why didn't he finish the game? Where—"

He paused, then rose, holding on to the table, and glaring at her. "Where is the money?"

Olive's eyes, set and scornful, should have pierced him.

"With its rightful owner," she replied. "It is safe!"

"Then—then," he said, with a sudden gnash of the teeth, "you have played me false! You didn't put the laudanum into the glass!"

"I did," said Olive, between her teeth.

"And gave it to him? It's a lie!"

"I gave it to you," she said.

He leaned forward, as if to strike her, but fell back, staring at her, white now with rage.

"You—you traitress!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Do you know what you have done? You have ruined me!"

"I have saved you," she said—"saved you from yourself!"

He looked at her, only half comprehending; his hands trembling among the cards, his lips moving.

"I see," he said, with a horrible sneer; "you saved him. You thought the dose would hurt him, and so you tried it on me! It was kind—very kind! I see—I see! He is gone—and why haven't you gone?"

The same question Hastley Derrick had asked her in so many words.

"No," she said, coldly as ice—"I am here; I have not gone. Be what you may—do what you will. I must stay—I am your wife!"

Scarcely had the words left her lips, than he burst into a weak, horrible laugh of derision.

"You must stay! You are my wife! Are you sure of that? This house is mine, not yours! You are not my wife!"

Olive looked at him, with no change of countenance; she thought him delirious.

"My wife!" he repeated. "That's good! This is a night for surprises! You think you have fooled me nicely; I think I have fooled you. You look like a girl, sitting there—an innocent child, but you cannot deceive me. You know you are no more my wife than—than you are Derrick's!"

He laughed. "Don't look so scared. Do you think you are the first country wench who has been deceived by a mock special license, and a fellow in a parson's coat? Because that's how it was done! I wrote the license, and a friend—a true friend—played the part of clergyman!"

but—but for this cursed night's work! And now you know the truth!"

Olive, panting, struggled for breath. "The truth!" she breathed. "Is it—the truth?"

"As true as there's a Heaven above us, and you have played me false," he answered.

Without a word, Olive dropped upon the floor and hid her face in her hands; then she sprang up and stood before him.

"It is true," she said, her voice scarcely audible. "Knowing what you are, it is easy to believe it. I feel that it is true! And, I—I came to you and helped you to deceive me. Oh, fool! I am rightly punished. Blind! Blind that I must have been!"

With her girlish, graceful figure at its full height, she looked down upon him with wild misery and scorn, then she shuddered, and moved unsteadily to the door.

With her hand upon it, she turned and looked back at him.

"God forgive you," she breathed; "I cannot; I cannot!" and was gone.

Stephen Rawdon looked stupidly after her, then he staggered to his feet and tried to follow.

"Olive! Olive!" he called out faintly. "Stop—I—didn't mean to tell you—your own fault! Oh—"

Then he fell forward, with his head on his arms, mastered by the drug that still held him in its thrall.

Lying upon a chair in the hall was a shawl which Olive had thrown there in the morning. Almost unconsciously she snatched it up and threw it over her head; then, without a moment's hesitation, opened the hall door and passed out into the bitter December night.

Stephen Rawdon remembered the sound of that closing door as it fell on his burning brain for all his life after.

(To be Continued.)

Three months of winter due you—you need a good Overcoat and must have one. We have a splendid stock to select from, and can give you the latest and smartest cut; and, listen, perhaps a cut in price, too. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water St. Phone 574.—Jan 16, 1918.

Fads and Fashions.

A pretty girdle is very wide and buttoned under the arm.

Narrow tiebelts are a pretty way of defining the waistline.

Silver, gold and steel buttons are used in fastening dresses.

Colored wool embroidery is seen on evening caps of satin.

Feathers, quilts and wings on hats are highly laquered.

Fashionable colors for coats are sand, navy blue, and black.

White footwear promises to be very popular this summer.

The straight one-piece dress is still the smartest garment.

Ashes of roses and bright blue are a charming combination.

To pour tea in fashionable attire one must wear a pretty tea cap.

Not a few of the new spring coats button up close under the chin.

Wool cashmere and silk jersey are favorite materials for spring suits.

The smart sports sweaters have hems turned up to serve for holding golf balls.

Afternoon dresses are made of white cottons and are entirely guileless of lace.

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We recommend Griffin's
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To make good bread you better use them. Seedless not Seeded.
"BLUENOSE" BUTTER—Taste "Bluenose" for yourself.
The meal that counts in these meatless days is PORK & BEANS—Armour's, Clark's and Libby's. Try a tin right now.

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NEW Furniture.

We have just received another shipment of New Furniture, Bought at Last Year's Prices, which we will offer at Old Prices to clear, as prices will positively be much higher. Those intending to buy Furniture within the next three months, will do well to see same. It consists of:—

Sideboards, Extension Tables, Bureaus & Stands, Chairs, Rockers

in various sizes and prices. Also, a small shipment of

BEDS,

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We have just received a fresh shipment of Velox Gaslight Paper of different sizes; also
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in packages and gross. Get your supply now at
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To-Day's Messages.

CANADA'S TRADE INCREASED.
OTTAWA, To-Day. Canada's trade for the ten months ending January 31st reached a total of \$2,229,493,276, according to the monthly statement issued from the Customs department to-day. This constituted an increase of \$351,208,578 over the same period last year.

GERMAN SOLDIERS MUTINY.
PETROGRAD, To-Day. (By Associated Press.) German soldiers at Grodno and Kovno, according to a report received here from Moscow, have refused to obey the command to move to the French front. Troops have entrenched themselves under the protection of their own artillery and have defeated detachments of loyal forces.

PETROGRAD, To-Day. The foregoing despatch may be an echo of an earlier report of a mutiny of German soldiers on the Russian front. A Russian wireless news service sent out a message on January 15th to the effect that 25,000 soldiers in the region of Kovno had revolted in consequence of the German Government's drafting of all soldiers below the age of 35 for service on the West front. German deserters were quoted as saying that the men rebelled, marched out of their positions and entrenched themselves with rifles and machine guns against other German units. The German military authorities were said to have been powerless against the mutineers and are endeavoring to cut off their food supplies. One of the motives for the revolt, according to German deserters, was that the sending of troops to the West front was a contravention of the Russo-German armistice agreement.

WAR SUMMARY.
Stories from the front by the Associated Press tell of the intrepidity of Americans in the trenches during raiding operations, of their coolness under fire and in returning fire, accurate aim of gunners, and intense watchfulness at observation points to see that the enemy obtain no undue advantage in surprise attacks. The only criticism thus far heard regarding the Americans is their desire to

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BANANAS,
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Raspberry, Strawberry, Plum,
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