Great Favourites

Huntley & Palmers 'Rich Mixed' is a delicious assortment, including twenty-four carefully selected kinds of their most popular rich biscuits

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

'RICH MIXED' BISCUITS

For social gatherings, for afternoon teas, and whenever a choice but inexpensive assortment is desired, no more delightful biscuits can possibly be offered.

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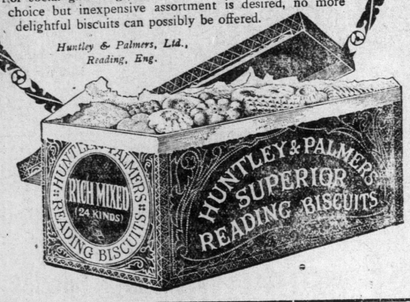


WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

For a few moments after the unearthly harmony ceased I stood motionless, refusing to believe the evidence of my senses, persuading myself that my imagination had played a trick upon me, that I was half asleep, carried away by grewsome fancy; then I darted from the room, down-stairs into the hall, where I found myself face to face with Sir Richard, just out-ide his wife's boudoir.

'What —what do you want?' he stammered, leaning against the frame-work of the door, as if to steady himself. 'Why are you not in bed?'

'You are going in,' I answered, the expression on his face convincing me that the music was no hallucination of mine. 'I—I have heard it too.'

We went in together and found the room apparently untouched, untenanted, the curtains drawn back, letting in a flood of moonlight. The guitar lay as on the day I had first seen it, carelessly thrown upon the sofa near the window, the unfinished letter was on the desk, and a jar of withered flowers stood on the table.

'See,' he said presently in a whisper, 'the window is partly open; any person passing along the terrace might put in his or her arm and cause the sound we heard; it is very easily explained. But it is very careless to leave the window open at this hour. I must speak to Mrs. Hackett to-morrow.'

He pulled down the window sharply, drew the curtains across, and laid the guitar upon the top of a cabinet at the other end of the room, then led me out.

'A casual passer-by could not have played the—the tune I heard,' I said to him at my bedroom door.

'A tune? You fancied you heard a distinct tune?'

'Yes; the prelude to that little song she was so—so fond of singing.'

He assured me, however, he had heard nothing but a few blurred chords that the most unstudied movement could have produced, and at last almost persuaded me I was the dupe of my excited imagination, and insisted upon my taking a glass of wine to steady my nerves.

I slept but lightly for about every ten minutes I awoke with a start, the dead girl's song ringing in my head, her sad quavering voice whispering in my ears the story of her grievous wrongs, her undying pain. She was still among us, she told me; her spirit wandered disconsolately through her old home, imploring her little children not to forget her—beseeching her husband, upon whose breast she had breathed her last sigh, to be faithful a little longer to the love of his youth.

At length a burst of bright sunshine drove away my grewsome nightmare the midnight voice grew faint, the notes of poor Chiquita's lament, that I fancied I had heard so clearly, became a senseless accidental sound; reason and common sense asserted themselves with daylight, and told me my poor little mistress had soared forever beyond the troubles of our humanity, that lovers pleasures and rivals triumphs could disturb her no more in the vast stillness of eternity.

I took a brisk walk around the lake before breakfast, then entered the schoolroom, where I usually had my first meal with the children, and there found my darling, with his little wan face crimson to the hair-roots, holding my toast to the fire to keep it crisp and hot.

"Miss Bernard," said Birdie, thickly, her mouth full of bread and jam, "do you know who the servants say was walking about the house last night, singing and playing the guitar most beautiful?"

"Singing and playing the guitar—who Birdie?"

'Our own darling mammy, Miss Bernard. Just think of that! They all heard her—every one! Jane, and Lucy, and William, and the cook, and even Mrs. Hackett—oh, every one! And Lucy saw her quite distinct, standing at the big lobby window just outside pappy's door, in the pink dress she has on in the picture; and when Jane gave a screech she disappeared in a moment. And Jem, the post-boy, saw her three nights ago leaning against a tree in the shrubbery, with her hands to her face, cryin', and it gave him such a turn that he's come round by the front avenue ever since, though it's nearly a mile further. And, Miss Bernard, Bijou and I are going to stay up to-night to catch her, and to tell her she must stay with us always and never go away again.'

'Hush, hush!' I broke in hastily, seeing Sir Richard standing at the door; 'you don't know what you are saying, Birdie.'

'And Jane says, Miss Bernard, that darling mammy has come back to tell pappy he's not to give us a cruel step-mother who'd hold me and Bijou to the fire till our skin peeled off, like the step-mother in the story—who'd put candle-grease on our bread instead of butter and salt into our tea instead of sugar.'

'Birdie,' exclaimed her father, sternly, his face hot with disgust and anger—'how many times have I told you that I will not suffer you to listen to or repeat——'

"Hoity, toity, what's the matter? We have got out of bed the wrong side, and no mistake!" exclaimed little Miss Johnson, coming up to his side simperingly. She was wearing a wonderful morning-gown of rather greasy pink satin, covered with faded ribbons, feathers, and lace. "What have the naughty, naughty children been doing to ruffle their kind, pretty papa so early in the morning, eh?"

"Birdie only said she wouldn't like pappy to give us a step-mother who'd toast her and me before the fire, and put candle-grease on our bread instead of butter," exclaimed Bijou, as his sister was still sullenly writhing under the effect of the paternal grasp.

'A step-mother,' echoed Miss Boadicea vivaciously, peeping through her fingers at Sir Richard's flushed face, 'a step-mother! Oh, is that what you are afraid of, you forward, suspicious little pusses! You think that I want to be your stepmother; that I have come here to entrap your pappy! Oh, for shame, for shame! Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Massey!' calling shrilly to that lady, who was hovering about in the passage outside; 'did you ever hear such an absurd accusation in all your life? Fancy me—me taking a widower. Fancy a girl of my age starting with a family on the very day I was married—rather not! No, no, my darlings; you need not be in the least uneasy, you'll never get fairy Vi to tuck you up in your cots at night. Though I dare say your pappy here believes he's only to whisper the word and I'll drop into his arms at once. Yes, yes,' shaking her finger coquettishly, 'of course he does! Look at his sarcastic air, his smile of a conquerer. Of course he believes we're all setting our caps madly at him — you, Mrs. Massey, weighed with your weeds —even you, I bet ten to one, don't escape his suspicion. Oh, vanity, vanity, vanity, thy name is surely a man and a disconsolate widower!

Fortunately, at this point, Mrs Johnson, entering the room in a state of uneasy bustle, dispersed my visitors with the information that breakfast had been up for the last half hour, and almost forcibly dragging her garrulous relative away.

CHAPTER XI.

How cruel and foolish reports gained ground and substance, and spread through all the estate and village in such a short space of time, I could not understand; but certainly, within a week of the luckless night when Sir Richard and I had been disturbed by that accidental strain, it was the common talk of the country side that the Court and surrounding shrubberies were haunted by the ghost of the late Lady Nesbitt, and all kinds of rumours and stories of thrilling apparitions were daily concocted to confirm the sensation. She had been seen, it was stated by nearly all the servants, in different parts of the house—seen just for a moment, melting away in a stream of pale moonshine, or surrounded by a blinding, unearthly glow that had faded before they had time to recover breath; her face had always been white and still, but never wrapped up in a sheet or shroud, like the usual run of ghosts. Sometimes, report said, she wore a pink dress like that in her picture, at others, she appeared in one of her ordinary winter dresses, and once William the footman, an extremely unemotional youth declared he had seen her leaning over the balustrades on the top landing, in a white lace dressing-gown, her hair hanging about her, listening, as Mrs. Hackett afterward informed me in a gasping whisper, with "a face of the most awful agony" to Mrs. Massey singing a love-song to Sir Richard in the drawing room underneath.

I remember the night well — remember the hoarse cry and crash that brought us all hurrying into the hall, where we found poor William leaning against the wall, with drops of perspiration standing out on his forehead and the coffee-service smashed to pieces on the tiled floor at his feet. He tried to tell the tory of the apparition which I afterward heard from the housekeeper; but Sir Richard silenced him indignantly, and the next day sent him about his business, engaging in his place a little, mean-looking, stealthy-footed creature, who did not do his work half so well.

By this summary, almost unjust dismissal, so foreign to his usual dealings with his dependents, by whom he was generally loved, I saw very forcibly how intensely he felt the foolish but painful matter, and how determined he was to stamp out the illuson by every means in his power. Nothing could induce him to leave the spot, though I know Mrs. Seymour and her daughter used their utmost influence to get him away—even bringing forward my darling's failing health as a plea for change, and urging me to persuade Sir Richard to accompany his children to Bournemouth, where Mrs. Seymour's vacant house was at our disposal. But he was immovable; and, this being the case, his guests were immovable also. Ghosts, or no ghosts, they would remain with him till the silly, shameful hallucination was exposed or had died of inanition; they would help him, by every effort in their power, to restore dignity and order to his hysterical, half-demented establishment.

Mrs. Johnson, though she was in a pitiful state of mind, clung to her son-in-law as well, and in her wake her crazy little relative, who, I could see, had the family weakness for comfort and high living, appreciating a nice dinner and a good glass of wine just as much as any of them; the servants—every one of whom Sir Richard threatened with instant dismissal if he heard another word of ghosts or apparitions—striving to keep down the expression of their terror, rushing through the house after dark, their eyes covered, their ears muffled, so as to see and hear nothing.

Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, the ghost showed no signs of being laid. Sounds wer still heard, and unearthly visions were still seen. One night a kitchen-maid was found in a swoon on the stairs, the next night another fell in an epileptic fit, and two stable boys gave up their situations in consequence of supernatural manifestations over the lake. A sense of feverish, uncanny gloom, which I struggled against in vain, overcame us all; and though I took every opportunity of reassuring and reproving the terrified servants, yet I think I had as great an objection to wandering along through the house after dark as the most weak-minded of them. Mrs. Johnson's perpetual appeals, her chattering teeth, and scared, almost hysterical manner, did not tend to steady my nerves.

What did I think—what did I think? Oh, wasn't I perfectly sure there was not a grain of truth in those dreadful stories, that it was all foolish imagination, as Sir Richard assured her? And then nobody but the servants had seen or heard anything that could not be most naturally accounted for. And surely if anything wa troubling the darling child, her poor old mother would be the first person she would come to, surely her heart would be the first she would appeal to. Oh, yes, yes; she would try to follow my advice, and think no more about it! Of course it was all nonsense and cruel superstition, wasn't it—wasn't it?

Whereupon I would strive my utmost to reassure her; and yet, an hour later, I would have to listen to it all over again. Sir Richard, however, with angry impatience, always silenced her at once, and would not allow the matter to be alluded to in his presence.

In the meantime, no other supernatural appearance or sound disturbed me after that night on, which I had heard the guitar; but every morning Mrs. Hackett informed me that some of the servants had been kept awake by the most ghostly noises — doors opening and shutting without any apparent agency, the bell in her ladyship's boudoir ringing two or three times in the night, the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and strains of wild music, long-drawn sighs and moans just outside the big ironing-room over the kitchen, where five of the women-servants slept together for mutual protection.

One night, at last, while reading in bed, I fancied I heard the sound of distant music, even the very tune of the familiar strain I had imagined I heard before. Slipping on my dressing wrapper, I listened tremulously at the door, until I distinctly heard a muffled footstep pass outside; then, opening it sharply, I saw a dark, crouching figure stealing down stairs.

'Sakes alive, preserve an' protect us—what's that? Oh, Miss Bernard—is it you? You nearly scared the breath out o' me!'

Then I saw it was George, the uncouth London footman who had taken poor William's place, and I asked him somewhat sharply what he was doing, wandering about the house in the dark at that hour.

'Oh, miss—don't ask me! It's that—that confounded banjo—what d ye call it?—guitar business that's drivin' the women all out o' their senses. What a ghost wants playin' a ban—I mean a guitar, beats me. I never heard of such a thing in all my born days—never!'

'You mean you have just heard the sound of a guitar?' I asked, vainly striving to disguise my anxiety.

'I do, miss—as loud and as clear as I ever heard an organ grindin' away in the streets. The tune is ringing in my ears still—drat it!'

(To be continued.)

Danderine

Makes your hair grow long, heavy and luxuriant and we can prove it

Get a 25 Cent Bottle Now and Forever Stop Falling Hair, Itching Scalp and Dandruff

Hair Becomes Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous and Abundant After a Danderine Hair Cleanse

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. If at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

Immediately after applying a little Danderine all dandruff will disappear, all itching of the scalp will cease and there will be no more loose or falling hair.

If you wish to double the beauty of your hair in ten minutes surely try this—moisten cloth with a little Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—In a few moments your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance, the beauty and glimmer of true hair health.

If you care for beautiful, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter—A real surprise awaits you.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the near-nature treatment for Consumption.

The power it creates, its purity and wholesomeness are Nature's *greatest aid* in overcoming disease.

ALL DRUGGISTS

11-52

Girl Saw Vision of Angel.

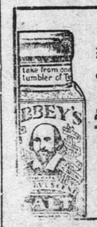
And Regains Hearing and Sight—Case Creates Great Interest in London.

London, Feb. 23.—There is a great interest in the case of Dorothy Kerin, of Herne Hill, a short distance from London, who claims she has been restored to health and regained her hearing and sight as the result of a visit of an angel on last Sunday.

She has now been removed to the residence of Dr. Ash, a nerve specialist, in order to enable a study to be made of her case, and to get her away from the crowds which have been visiting her home since Sunday after the people had learned of the angel's visit. The girl claims that she saw a vision of a flame and heard a voice saying:

"Thy sufferings are over" and that she was able to get up and walk.

Miss Kerin, whose is 22 years old, has been bedridden for five years with a mild attack of tuberculosis. Recently she became blind and deaf. She now sees and hears, and is able to stand up. Many physicians who examined her case are inclined to the opinion that her cure was affected by auto-suggestion through her intense emotional state, and that this caused the vision. Her account of the Angel vision, which restored her senses and relieved all pain, is ascribed to hysteria by skeptics, but the facts of the recovery are beyond dispute.



A bottle of prevention is better than a deranged stomach.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c and 60c bottle. Sold everywhere.

83

Ladies of Culture and Refinement Use Salvia Hair Tonic. It Makes the Hair Beautiful.

At last a remedy has been discovered that will positively destroy this pest.

That Dandruff is caused by germs is accepted by every sensible person.

Dandruff is the root of all hair evils.

SALVIA will kill the Dandruff germs and remove Dandruff in ten days, or money back.

McMurdo & Co. guarantees it. It will grow hair, stop itching scalp, falling hair, and make the hair thick and abundant. It prevents hair from turning gray, and adds life and lustre

SALVIA is a hair dressing that has become the favorite with women of taste and culture, who know the social value of beautiful hair. A large, generous bottle costs only 50c., at leading druggists everywhere, and in St. John's by McMurdo & Co. The word "SALVIA" (Latin for sage) is on every bottle, and sold at all first-class Drug Stores.

REALISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

"A great deal of fun has been poked at the realistic school of art," says a New York artist, "and it must be confessed that some ground has been given to the enemy. Why, there recently came to my notice a picture of an Assyrian bath, done by a Chicago man, and so careful was he of all the details that the towels hanging up were all marked 'Nebuchadnezzar' in the corner in cuneiform characters."—Lippincott's.

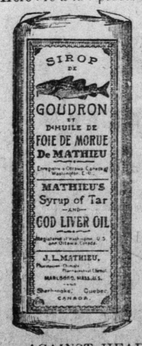
PERSISTENT COUGH.

Wherever soothing syrups fail to cure that persistent cough which exhaust you,

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts will rapidly and definitely rid you from it.

The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are highly recognized and endorsed. Here are a few proofs:—



PORT GREVILLE, C.B., Dec. 31, '09.
Blacking & Mercantile Co.'y, Ltd.
Dear Sirs,—Please ship by next express if possible, 3 doz. Mathieu's Syrup. It is the best cough mixture on the market. Yours truly,
W. TERLING.

CHURCH POINT, July 31, '08.
Blacking & Mercantile Co.'y, Ltd., Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—Nearly one year ago I had my first order of 'Mathieu's Syrup' from you. It was not known in this country, and I gave samples to several families whom I knew would use it. After a few weeks I began to have a call for it, and trade has increased wonderfully since. I have not the less doubt but that it will soon be the best selling remedy for coughs, colds, etc., on the market. In my store here sales are good and our people ask for it. Several stores in this county now keep it in stock and report sales increasing. I have bought from you since August 16th, 1907, 4 Gross and have only three dozen on hand at this date, and which I am holding for retail trade in my store. Yours truly,
LOUIS A. McLANSON.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as **Mathieu's Nervine Powders** which contain no opium, morphine or choral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU Co., Sherbrooke, Can.

THOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

LIPTON'S
ESSENCE of COFFEE & CHICORY

WAS

THE FIRST of its kind, and still remains FIRST in its kind.

Four Reasons for its popularity are:

1--High Quality.

2--Delicacy of Flavour.

3--Simplicity of Making.

4--Low Price.

A trial will convince anyone who may not have previously used it.

HENRY BLAIR,

Wholesale and Retail Agent for Lipton, Limited.

VINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS TEMPER

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.

This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same; the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is *increased vitality*—vigour—

VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY

to throw off these morbid feelings, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-reviving tonic

THERAPION No. 3

than by any other known combination. So surely as it is taken in accordance with the printed directions accompanying it, will the shattered health be restored,

THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH,

and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, "used up," and valueless. This wonderful medicament is purely vegetable and innocuous, is agreeable to the taste—suitable for all constitutions and conditions, in either sex; and it is difficult to imagine a case of disease or derangement, whose main features are those of debility, that will not be speedily and permanently benefited by this never-failing recuperative essence, which is destined to cast into oblivion—sweeping that bad preceded it for this wide-spread and numerous class of human ailments.

THERAPION is sold by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the world. Price in England 2/9 and 4/6. Purchasers should see that the word 'THERAPION' appears on British Government Stamp in white letters on a red ground affixed to every package by order of His Majesty's Honourable Commissioners of Stamps, without which it is a forgery.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Dragee (Tasteless) form.

The Evening Chi

By RUTH CAMERON

There is a gratification for one's self and a charm for others, in having a distinctive style about one's little accessories and belongings, of which I wonder that more women do not take advantage.

When I receive an oblong white envelope of a certain kind of linen paper, I know at once, without glancing at the handwriting that it is from a certain woman. For style of notepaper ever since I have known her. Almost all my other correspondents have run the gamut of color and style, but she has always clung to that particular style, and thus has given her correspondence a charming distinction which I, at least enjoy.

This same woman always carries a certain style of handkerchief—of fine linen with a very narrow border and no ornamentation, except the old English initial.

"I'd know Dora must be somewhere around if I found one of those handkerchiefs in Hindustan," a friend says.

To mark all one's belongings with a monogram or initial is a very prevalent and rather pleasing fashion, but it seems to me that thus stamping them with the intangible, but none the less unmistakable mark of one's own individuality, is tom.

One's possess pression of one many of us, ou ing but the refle the expression personality, go solutely no ref for our particu own intrinsic be

There are lim which one can ity in one's be chief and the w illustrative sug hairpins, in sto countless other tume and per may, if one wi style which sh as surely as t graved monog

Another grea method, besid would be the s original woma adopted a cer and dres all her clothes She said the was enormous the goods an without a wor and dressmak us would carr might emulate adopting certa cessories, and spent in selec year or two.

Ruth

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organ: that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor organs of womanhood. It clears the complex eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "F Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R.V. Pierc

For Swert Charity's Sake.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I would ask for the use of a portion of your valuable paper, to draw the special attention of your many readers to a notice that appears elsewhere in this issue, advertising a card tournament in the Star Hall on Friday night for St. Vincent de Paul Society.

As this Society, Mr. Editor, has no Government grant or other fixed income, it will be at once seen that a large amount of money is required yearly to carry on its noble work.

The Star Association has given the free use of its rooms and managing committee for the holding of a series of card games on Friday night, and hearing of this, Mr. Editor, I am appealing to those of your many readers who like a nice, quiet game of forty-fives, to go down with the Star boys on Friday night. Friends of members will be heartily welcomed. The rooms are newly decorated, and are well heated, lit and ventilated, and the Management has a glad hand for all. The games start at 8.30 and there is a promise of a couple of hours innocent and interesting amusement, with three or four practical and serviceable prizes for those winning the most games.

Before closing, Mr. Editor, I would also say that O'Callaghan date in the sa worthy cause. You

March 12th, 19

HILL'

LIVE

If you are aches, Bilious Constipation, HILL'S PILLS the next day. For sale by T.

The estimat States is $125 There was a infantile paral wall. G. B., la porting to t Board, suggest disease in lat ated with the cars.

Dr. de Var

A reliable French pills are exceeding generative portion all cheap imitations $5 a box, or three The Scobell Dru

Gone to the W And Throu

To meet the demands of our ra business we are compelled to make tions to our store. To enable us to do conveniencing our customers, we have our Store for 14 days.

When we have completed these Store will be second to none in the city able us to stock a larger range of *Up Furnishings*, which up to the present to do, through lack of space.

We thank our numerous patrons support they have given us since we st *A. STORE*, and hope that when w Bright little Store on the Corner, it popular as ever.

We remain, yours faithfully

C. F. KE
J. M. AT

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