

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes:-



"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER X.

Instead of taking up his watch, he walked round to her.

"Inez," he said, gently, "forgive me for speaking to you here, and so late;—I will not detain you long."

"You must not," she replied. "I ought to have gone an hour ago; but the fire and my own thoughts tempted me."

"My thoughts tempt me," he said. "Inez, listen for one moment; I am not worthy of you;—you are so beautiful, so bright, so gifted. I am not worthy of you;—but will you let me love you? Will you promise to be my wife?"

To the day of his death Lord Lynne never forgot the look of startled happiness upon that lovely face.

"Do you love me?" she whispered. Could he help it, that love-lit face turned up to his, those wondrous eyes looking into his own, her hair touching his cheek?

"I love you, my darling," he said. "Will you be my wife?"

He never forgot how for the next few minutes she stood as one rapt in a silent ecstasy, then she turned away from him.

"To-morrow," she said,—"wait until to-morrow; we will talk about it then."

"But you will say one word, Inez?" he interrupted; "say you love me."

"I love you," she replied; and the music of those words never quite died in his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

"At last—at last," murmured Inez, as she reached the quiet sanctuary of her own room. "I have won him, and I will only live to make him happy. He shall never repent the words he said this night. I will make him happier and greater than my cold, quiet sister could have done."

In that hour of triumph Inez forgot the false, cruel treachery that had led to her present happiness; she never thought of her sister, betrayed and unhappy; she remembered only her love and its success. The fatigue and weariness that a short time before had almost overpowered her, disappeared; it was a fresh and radiant face that smiled so brightly, as busy thoughts painted the past and present in strong colors.

"It is not only that I love him," she cried; "were he penniless and obscure I would endow him with all my wealth; but there is triumph to me in the thought that my father's neglected child will be Lady Lynne, mistress of this proud home; exiled and neglected no longer; loved and revered as Lady Lynne."

She would not remember the falsity that had crowned her with success. By a strong effort of her indomitable will she swept away all unpleasant thoughts. She remembered only that she loved and was loved,—that the one thing she coveted was now hers,—her hopes gratified, her wounded pride soothed, the cup she had craved for filled to the brim.

If all this could have been attained by fair and honorable means, Inez would have been better pleased. She did not like to remember the false words that had stained her lips, or the pain she had seen in her sister's face. But—and she silenced the outcries of conscience in the thought—he would be the happier for it in the end, and so would Agatha; they were not suited to each other, she said to herself over and over again. Agatha had no ambition; she would be content to dream away her life at Lynne-wolds, satisfied in seeing her husband fulfilling the duties of a wealthy landed proprietor, without caring for or thinking of fresh glory. But it would not be so with her. She would fawn on him, help him, urge him on, until the name of Lynne was known and revered throughout the length and breadth of the land. He should be a statesman such as the Lynnes of old had been, and all England should ring with his fame and his talent. Then he would turn to her, and bless her as the center and source of all his success. Then to himself he should own that it was well the fair-haired cousin had rejected him, and the half-Southern sister crowned him with her love. When the mighty voice of a mighty nation was raised in his praise, when honors had been thrust upon him, when the first and grandest of positions were open to him, then he would but love her the more, for she would have helped him on his brilliant career.

In such thoughts and dreams Inez forgot less pleasant things. She never for one moment feared detection. Agatha would not return yet; and even when she did so, both she and Lord Lynne were far too honorable, she knew, to make any reference to their past attachment now that she was his betrothed wife. There was no fear for the future. Love, triumph, ambition, all wore their finest colors; and no shade saddened the brilliant face that watched the moonlight and the first flush of dawn. Even when she fell asleep at last it was with a smile of child-like happiness upon her lips.

Perhaps no one ever felt a greater shock of surprise than did Lord Lynne when he awoke on the morning following the scene in the boudoir. It rushed upon his mind as soon as his eyes were opened to the light of day. He, who only yesterday was thinking of going abroad, was now the betrothed husband of one of the loveliest and wealthiest women in England, and she loved him. Ay, how she loved him! The remembrance of the joy that had flashed in her face, the silent happiness that entranced her as he spoke, came vividly before him. This glorious beauty, with her wealth and talent, her genius and grace, loved him who had never felt anything but the calmest brotherly affection for her. The young heir of Bohun loved her; the gay and gallant Captain Marchmont had laid his heart and fortune at her feet; but she cared for none, loved none save him. A hundred resolutions of love and devotion crowded into his mind. He would forget Agatha, whose sweet

face haunted him. After all, was he not to be envied? He remembered her on the night he had played Romeo, how those dark eyes fell before his gaze, and he wondered how he could have been blind so long. He seemed to hear again that cry "I love him so!"

Yet in some way he shrank from telling his mother the news; nor did he seem in any violent hurry to descend to the breakfast-room. When he did so, his first thought was one of wonder at his delay, for there next to his mother, sat a fair and radiant girl whom any man would have been proud to claim. The rich flush that crimsoned her face, the sly, sweet glance that half met his, stirred his heart, and he felt that he had won a prize. He could not go near her for the Countess of Strathdale and Lady Victoria had remained for the night, and were now seated in great state at the breakfast table. His almost undivided attention was given to them. Her ladyship's carriage was ordered at last, for she had promised to lunch at Bohun Court; and Philip, despite his impatience, could not leave until both ladies were seated and the coachman had received his orders. Then he turned to look for Inez, but she had vanished.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Lynne, "will you walk up and down the lawn with me? I have something to say to you."

"Find me a shawl," said Mrs. Lynne, with a smile, "and then I will walk as long as you please."

But when her son had fastened the cashmere over her shoulders, and had placed her arm in his, he walked by her side in perfect silence for some minutes.

"I thought you wanted to talk," said his mother, with some amusement. "What is it? Have you settled anything about your journey?"

"No," he replied; "I had forgotten it."

"Ah, my dear boy," interrupted Mrs. Lynne, "I wish you would renounce the idea. I would give all I have in the world to see you settled and happy. Do not be angry with me if I ask you one question."

"Ask what you will," he replied.

"Tell me," she said, "how it is you do not ask Agatha Lynne to be your wife? If I know anything of the young girl's heart, I am sure she is not indifferent to you."

Lord Lynne attempted to speak, but the words died away upon his lips.

"I would never advise you to marry for money," continued his mother; "and I think your uncle's will both cruel and unjust; still, Agatha is so sweet and gentle; out of all the world she is the girl I should have wished most to see your wife."

Mrs. Lynne waited for a reply, but none came; her son was thinking that at any price, he would keep his cousin's secret.

"I cannot understand your indifference," said Mrs. Lynne. "I used to think you loved Agatha. Now with Inez the case is different,—she is very beautiful; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy any one loving her."

"Fush, mother!" he cried; "do not speak so. I brought you here this morning to tell you that Inez has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Lynne dropped the arm she was holding, and looked up into her son's face with astonishment almost too great for words.

"Inez!" she cried, at last; "why, Philip, how can that be? I thought you loved Agatha, and she cared for you."

"That was a mistake, mother," he replied, lightly; "Agatha has always thought of me as a dear cousin and a true friend, but nothing more."

"Of course you know best, my dear," said Mrs. Lynne, meekly. "I will never pretend to any judgment again."

"But you do not say one word, mother," he replied, half impatiently. "I thought you would be so delighted to know that I was going to marry and settle, as you call it, at last."

"So I am, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne. "Do not mistake me, I forgot my happiness in the greatness of my surprise. But I never saw any signs of your love for Inez."

"You will welcome her as your daughter, will you not?" he asked.

(To be continued.)



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Household Notes.

Hot milk is nice served with prepared cereals. If jelly is moldy it can be rebolled and spiced.

Barley crystals are delicious served with honey and thin cream.

Either egg or mushroom sauce is appropriate to serve with broiled shad.

Reliable authorities state that the Duchess apple is the finest apple producible.

A delicious pie filling is made with thinly sliced apples mixed with a few blueberries.

It is a good idea to add a tablespoonful of bran to each child's morning dish of cereal.

Telegram Fashion Plates

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



A NEAT LITTLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

4396. For this dainty model one may use any of the wash fabrics now in vogue. The above may be finished in wrist- or elbow length. As here illustrated the design was developed in pongee with fancy wash braid in colors for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A GOOD WORK GARMENT.

3933. A practical model for overall quite simple in construction, is shown in this illustration. They will be found just the thing for farmers, painters and gardeners, in their work or for any occupation that requires protection for the clothing. Wear or serve tea, and for other equally interesting indoor duties, this apron affords pleasing protection.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



A JAUNTY BLOUSE DRESS FOR SLENDER FIGURES.

4330. This is a good style for sports materials, for taffeta, kasha, jersey and serge. Vest, collar and cuffs may be of contrasting materials. A very attractive development would be red and gray ratine, with red suede for trimming, or linen, with checked gingham. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 3/4 yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR MODEL.

4177. Cool dress styles have been "rediscovered"—and are shown in season, in many attractive ways. The design here portrayed has simple lines, and is easy to make in cloth or velvet.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A GOOD GARMENT FOR PLAYTIME.

387. Trim and neat, and altogether practical is the model portrayed here. The boy who likes to romp and run will welcome a play suit of this kind, with its spacious pockets, and comfortable lines. The style is good for wash fabrics, for serge, and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size requires 3 1/2 yard of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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