



## What Dr. Chase is Doing for Our Soldier Boys

At Home and Abroad---To Every Soldier a Full Sixty-cent Box of Dr. Chase's Ointment Free---Greatly Appreciated by the Boys.

Realizing that ointment is one of the prime necessities to the soldier, both in training and at the front, it was early decided to supply all Canadian recruits free of charge.

That this offer was appreciated by the military authorities is best evidenced by some of the replies received from Headquarters, as well as from individual camps.

Brigadier-Gen. Sir Sam Hughes wrote:—"This is indeed a most useful and acceptable donation, and for which please accept my most sincere thanks."

Lieut.-Col. Murphy, in charge of Valcartier Camp, wrote:—"I would be very glad to receive donation of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and feel sure it would be acceptable."

One Major reports:—"The Ointment arrived on the day the Battery completed 24 miles route march on foot, and I can assure you the Ointment was very beneficial, and much appreciated by those with sore feet."

Further distributions of Dr. Chase's Ointment will be made to the recruits assembling for training at the various towns and cities throughout the country. Officers in charge are requested to advise us how many boxes they can use, allowing one for each man. In a score of ways this Ointment is useful to the soldier, and it is our desire that every man shall be supplied free of charge. Address Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

For the 31st Regiment, Owen Sound, Q.M. Sergt. Miller writes:—"I have been directed by Col. Chisholm to tender to you our hearty thanks for your splendid gift of Dr. Chase's Ointment to the members of the Overseas Contingent. I can assure you it was appreciated by the men, and if the quantity had been doubled we would have had a hard time to save a box. The men swear by it."

From Niagara Camp Q.M. Sergt. O. M. Stevenson writes for the 37th Battalion:—"The Ointment has been distributed among the boys of our company, and is highly appreciated by them. I assure you that they will find it very useful both here and at the front."

**FIVE TONS OF OINTMENT**  
Weekly Supply for Use of British Soldiers Upon Their Feet.  
London, Feb. 10.—An "eyewitness" at the British general army headquarters in France pays a tribute in an article given out yesterday by the Official Press Bureau to the work of the army supply departments. He calls the Ordnance Department a "military universal provider." He says in part:—"The vastness of the work of maintaining a modern army may be gauged by the fact that during the past month the supplies furnished included 450 miles of telephone wire, 530,000 pairs of socks and 10,000 pounds of shoe blacking, while in ten days the Ordnance Department supplied 120,000 fur waistcoats and 300,000 flannel belts. The average weekly issue of ointment for feet is five tons. The complexity of the work is illustrated by the fact that the index of the stores include 50,000 separate kinds of articles. Most of these still are obtained from England, but some are being manufactured by the Ordnance Department in its own workshops in France."

have remembered him, for you seemed to take no notice of him the other day," said Evelyn, with a smile.

"I have not forgotten him," said Cara; "I never forget any one; perhaps that is because I see so few people."

"He is a very interesting man," said Evelyn; "very well informed and most entertaining. I shall be sorry when he has gone; he will only be able to stay a few days longer."

"He was very frightened the other day," observed Cara, as if she were stating a not particularly interesting fact.

Evelyn laughed. "Did you notice that? And yet you seemed scarcely to look at him. I don't think he is used to horses; and the cobs were behaving very badly that morning. Will you have some more tea? Come over to this cabinet and let me show you the carved ivory in it."

Cara's eyes had not missed her; it was Dexter Reece who had passed the window. He had been out all the morning, making the survey which served as an excuse for his prolonged stay at Thorden Hall. He went along the terrace and entered the conservatory, from whence there was an inner door which led to the library; he entered the stately room, and, seating himself at a table, made some notes of his morning's work; then he stood up and looked about him.

The stately room, with its paneled ceiling of carved oak, was lined with bookcases, containing the rare volumes which had been collected by one of the Desboroughs, who had been a bibliophile; in addition to the books there were one or two cabinets containing rare manuscripts, illuminated missals, miniatures, and other things dear to the heart of the collector. These cabinets were always locked; but Sir Reginald had given Reece the key and permission to examine anything in it in which he might be interested; and Reece now went to one of the cabinets and looked at it absently.

Everything in and about Thorden Hall interested him. The story of the stolen ruby, the abducted child, was always haunting him; he was always on the search for something that would throw a light upon the mystery which hung over the house of Desborough. Still absently and mechanically he took a small bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked the cabinet, and looked at the contents. They had been very badly arranged, for the modern and the antique were cheek by jowl; here a miniature of Cosway's or Opie's, there a quite modern portrait.

Dexter Reece took them up and turned them over with little interest; but presently, in a small drawer which stuck as if it had not been opened for years, he came upon a miniature which interested him. It was that of an extremely beautiful girl with dark hair and deep grey eyes; the lips were smiling, but the eyes were grave and somewhat sad; it was evidently a face with a history attached to it; and Dexter Reece looked at it with keenness which increased each moment. He was setting it down slowly, almost reluctantly, when it occurred to him to look at the back of it; he turned it over, and saw some faded writing; and he carried the miniature to the window and read: "Lady Desborough, the wife of Sir Mortimer Desborough."

His long, lean hand closed over the miniature spasmodically; then his fingers unclosed, and he looked long and fixedly at the beautiful face. This was the wife of the Sir Mortimer Desborough who had been murdered, the owner of the great ruby, and the daughter who had been stolen! It was an exquisitely painted portrait, and seemed instinct with life; and Dexter Reece looked at it so long and so keenly that every feature was impressed upon his mind; it almost seemed to him as if the original itself were before him. This, then, was the Italian girl whom Sir Mortimer had snatched from the arms of her rustic bridegroom; this was the mother of the child who had disappeared so mysteriously, the child who, if she were alive, was the owner of the great ruby and the other priceless jewels Sir Mortimer had left behind him. (To be Continued.)

"Oh, who was that?" said Evelyn, turning as the shadow fell across the floor.

"It was the gentleman who was driving with you the other day," said Cara, whose eyes were sharp.

"How quick you are! That was Mr. Dexter Reece; he is staying here on some business of my father's. I should not have thought you would

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This Company is under contract with the Canadian Shell Committee to manufacture Shells for the Imperial Government under terms which assure very profitable returns.

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Five Hundred Shares in the Stock of the Company (par value \$50.00 each) are now offered for Public Subscription.

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The sound of motor wheels heralding the arrival of unexpected guests has no terrors for the housewife whose menage is run on up-to-date lines. While the visitors are removing the traces of travel with the hot water which a gas water-heater keeps always "on tap," a match to the gas fire makes the drawing room a place of warmth and pleasantness for their reception; and the children love to "help mother" by toasting the crumpets before the clear and smokeless glow.

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### Love in a Flour Mill, OR, The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XIII.

"That is where I live," said Evelyn brightly. "Would you like to see it? Yes, you shall. I should love to show it to you. You must come and see me often."

Cara looked faintly troubled, and she glanced from the house to Evelyn doubtfully.

"I don't know," she said hesitatingly. "I don't think my father would like me to go."

"Oh, but why not?" pleaded Evelyn. "I will not keep you long. We will just go round the garden and into my room. I want to show it to you."

She spoke a word to the pony, they reached the lodge, the lodge-keeper's wife opened the gates, dropping a curtsy as she did so to the young mistress, and the pony tore up the drive and stopped at the entrance to the Hall; a groom sprang forward, a footman hurried down the stone steps and the butler stood in the doorway. One would have thought that Cara would have been embarrassed and made nervous by the state and formality of the service, but she did not appear to be at all affected by it. Her grey eyes wandered along the magnificent front of the house with grave interest; it was evident that she was impressed by it, but she was quite self-conscious, quite at her ease.

"Let us go round the garden first," Evelyn said. "It is not looking at its best, because many of the flowers are not quite out. I have a little garden of my own, where I sit and read or work, when I want to be quite alone and quiet. Here it is. Isn't it pretty?"

They passed under an arched opening in a tall, thick yew hedge, into an old-fashioned ladies' garden, with a miniature lawn, having a sun-dial in its centre and some beds of old-time flowers.

"I like this," said Cara, as she looked around. "It must be nice to sit here alone and read and think," she added, but without any envy in her tone.

"I call this my door," said Evelyn, as she opened an old oak one; "because scarcely any one but myself uses it, and it leads up to my room. We will go there first."

They went up a narrow stair-case of stone—the one by which Evelyn had descended on the night she had stolen out to meet Ronald—crossed the corridor and entered Evelyn's rooms. She was eager, girlishly eager, to show her new friend the pictures, the books, the innumerable nick-nacks of which she herself had grown fond; and Cara looked at everything, doubtless with an inward

wonder, but with an outward calm. "We will spend many an hour here, Cara," said Evelyn, "and have many a talk. Are you fond of music? But what a question to ask an Italian!"

She went to the piano and began to play carelessly; and Cara stood nearer, looking down at her. Presently Evelyn looked over her shoulder and saw that a subtle change had come over the girl's face; it had grown pale, the lips were apart, the eyes were wide open; her bosom was heaving; she was evidently greatly moved; and when Evelyn, rather startled by the effect the music had produced, stopped suddenly, Cara stretched out her hand and said, in her deep contralto voice, deeper than usual: "No! Go on!"

But Evelyn rose from the piano and linked her arm in Cara's.

"Not now," she said, with a laugh. "I can see now how I can lure you, Cara. I will play to you, sing to you, next time you come, every time you come. Why, it is tea-time! Shall we have it here? No; I want to show you the hall."

Arm in arm they went down the great staircase to the hall, where tea was already laid, and a footman was in attendance. Evelyn sent him away, and, as she poured out the tea, an-

swered the unspoken questions in Cara's eyes, as slowly they wandered about the beautiful place, the family portraits and pictures, the armour and flags, the bric-a-brac. It is one of the finest halls in England, and a more sophisticated person than Cara Raven, the miller's daughter, would have been moved by it; but she uttered no exclamation, and sat and listened in silence as Evelyn gave a brief account of some of the more interesting things around them.

It was evident to her that Cara was drinking in every word; and Evelyn was delighted by Cara's quiet way of taking things, and her perfect self-possession, though she was slightly surprised by the girl's attitude amidst surroundings which must be so novel to her. She took her tea as if she had been accustomed to drinking it in just such a place all her life; she leant back in the carved oak chair and seemed perfectly at her ease. It struck Evelyn that this girl, who had lived nearly all her life at the mill on the moor, was much more like a lady than some of the women of undoubted rank with whom Evelyn was acquainted.

While they were talking, or rather, while Evelyn was talking and Cara was listening, some one passed the window.

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"How quick you are! That was Mr. Dexter Reece; he is staying here on some business of my father's. I should not have thought you would

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