

NTAINS NO A

READ

THE

LABEL

Love That Knew No

Bounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

tingling of self-appropriated guilt.

"Yes, you must. Please keep it

And"-she was getting suffocated now

She took his hard, misshapen hand

in hers for a moment very gently

met the astonished gaze with a look

of passionate pleading; then, turning

away, passed swiftly from the field

tears running down her cheeks, and

was lost to sight before the wonder

struck man could acknowledge, fa

ing rapidly around, and had recount

less comprehend, her gift.

-go-unpunished!"

READ

THE

LABEL

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MAGIC

BAKING

POWDER

INS NO AL

grumbled loud-if no one came to talk to he she must talk to herself. "It get vorse and worse every year. An ow if it isn't coming on to rain! Oh if ever 1'd suspected things eaching this pass I'd positively have een a menial servant. I should hav arned as much between now and then so, I'll be bound." And the "then" seemed to draw her

crockery

attention to an announcement in fine flourishing capitaled calligraphy, dat ed many years back, that "Miss Ame lia Ambler, having from circumstan ces resumed her business on South Street, begged a renewal of former kind support," etc., etc.

This document hung prominently the door now showed such an ac umulated coat of dust that its mis tress descended wrathfully from her high stool to brush it clean, murmuring, "What a head that idle Nancy has! I've a good mind not to keep her on. She isn't worth her food." Now, this cursory mention of food

was followed by a distant sensatio "No, I thank you. I was not wantof hunger in Miss Ambler's own ing-Mr. Barnet. I am-so grievedpinched frame. "Half past one," she for-you. And"-rising, somewhat said, listening to the chimes, as she dizzy-"will you take this?"-holding set straight a tray of brass thimbles out her paltry piece of gold with

juvenile school-girl had tumbled ino disorder, and then departed withbut finding one to fit. "Will Nancy lever learn to be punctual? Why

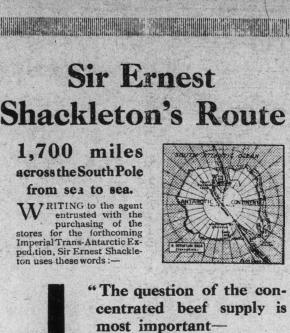
ter have it, sir, as I hope you always as well toast up the rest of this for with hardly held back tears-"and loesn't she bring my dinner?" and Mr. Lewis, will you-will you try to do, and won't ever have your confiherself. She'll like that. It'll make pening the door in the rear of the forgive-your debtor? He-did-not dence. Mr. Cheene, misplaced, not in up to her, poor soul, for my going and hop, she demanded explanation of

urn its nose up at it."

"Quite right. Oh, very right, Mis:

me! So I may as well say"-coming distressing her as I did. very ome invisible being further back. a few steps higher, her sharp old "Please, miss," responded a shrill oung voice. "I've eat the top of the spinster countenance at once defiant oaf as was left myself, and the bakand sheepish-"I-I had it with my cup of tea last night. For"-gazing r he hain't been yet, so what am I to ring you, miss?" at Mr. Cheene's well-worn boots as This was a poser. But it was be though defying them to contradict her-"I said to myself, of course Mr. eath Miss Ambler's dignity to admit Theene will never think of asking for erself nonplussed.

'Oh, it's no consequence, then. a bite like this any more, and I may And before he had labored pain as well finish it as let it stand and go Vancy," she cried. "I can takefully home out of the tempest gather 'm-anything I like when Mr. Potts bad, which with thunder in the air it's



it must

Bovril."

Men who trust their lives | as intimate a knowledge of

to their food take no risks, and Sir Ernest Shackleton. recognised the scientifically

planning this expedition with | proved value of Bovril.

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, APRIL 20, 1914-2

it the little taste of your cold chop altercation of any sort upset him doubly now. "If I don't take much vou were asking about?" "Y-e-s," Mr. Cheene admitted ner- dinner, perhaps I shall enjoy my tea rously that it was. But it was no more," he said to himself, covering up consequence, he added, not the very

the nausea-provoking tubers. The pelping himself to a modicum o "But truth is truth, and you'd bet- Cheshire, "I think Miss Amelia may School

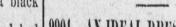
be

Piece Skirt. thoughtessly-very, indeed! And she can finish this loaf. I don't want nuch of it. A full meal is a bad thing if you are going to sit still after it all lay. And I sha'a't get a walk. I nust have a tune or two instead. 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 34 yards of 44 inch material for an then"-leaving his meal with much the same appetite he began-" then I rear size shall forget all about such things as nutton or new potatoes!"

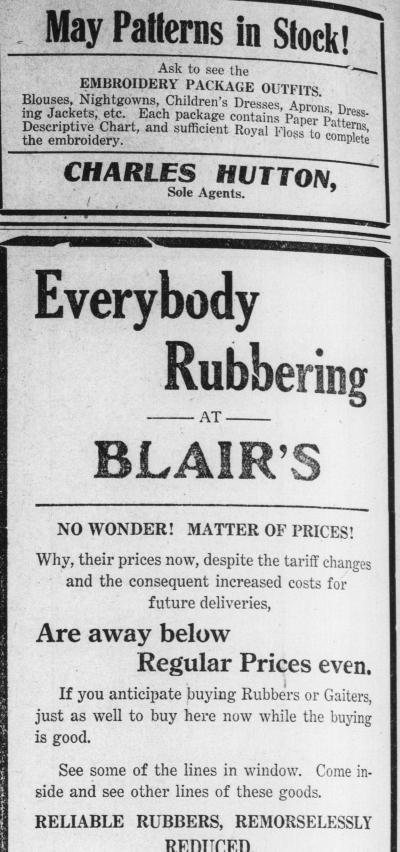
And herewith he unlocked a black



A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on recipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



comes round, or I can send you out sure to do, and then even a dog will case, lifted thence his viola, and had 9904 .- AN IDEAL DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WE.



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REDUCED.

ed his most strange adventure, Syd resently for a beef-pie or three penney was far away from Lutterthorpe 'orth of ham.' journeying on again-this time

moke

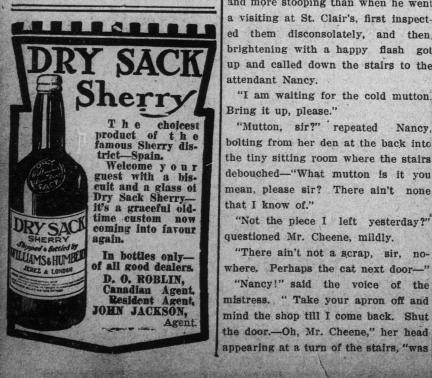
Stillcote-Upton. CHAPTER XV

It was market-day in that town and the nearest approach to commer cial activity it contrived to keep ou of the octopus-like clutches of th neighboring county center was stir ring in its streets that Wednesda midday.

But the tide of traffic and purchas ers stopped short of that part which had been the chief entrance to the town in the time of coaching and parriage gentility. Life seemed di verted now to the region of the rail way. Grass grew between the paving stones of this wide South Street. Few came up or down except to the very respectable dwellings that flanked its breadth, and its thinly scattered that came shops might almost have put up their shutters, for all the custom they attracted.

that time. That was the opinion of one who had sat behind the counter of he tidy but poorly furnished, sat M modest establishment from nine in the morning, without taking as many as ninepence.

Her very anxious face puckered up under an arrangement of small wiry disapproving expression. curls, Miss Amelia Ambler watched the passers-by with cat-like interest; arranged her buttons, dusted her cottons, and assorted her attenuated store of "general haberdashery and Berlin wools," bemoaning the while that change of fashion which permitted the larger establishments of High



melia ' "Yes, miss, to be sure," Nancy the nseen answered; but she gave an "But if I'd expected you to want nternal chuckle of glee at having se or your dinner, Mr. Cheene-if I'd ured that last top crust and the lodhought inquiries were going to be nade for that little bit of fat and er's dripping for her own clamorous organs. Exeptience had taught her ristle, for it was nothing else, why wouldn't so much as have touche o mistrust her mistress's magnificen with the tip end of my fork."

peeches, which mostly ended in "Pray don't-" "Though, as it happened, I'd noth Even as this one. For Miss Amble ng handy for my tea, and Nancy has ooked dejectedly in her till. Ther one home, and I always believed, Mr ay the four shillings she put i heene, our understanding when you very morning for show, and took ou ook my rooms was that I was to have very night for fear of thieves, an he use of odds and ends. But if you here lay very little else. A ver wish that altered. Mr. Cheene"-ad oor prospect did that offer of an vancing another step-"if"-with an such delicacies as beef-pies. Sh

shook her head and mentally rejected ominous and unaffected sniff-"voi the luxurious notion. Mr. Pott's loa wish me to suffer more "" would have to content her, and-she "But I don't! My dear soul. I don should be uncommonly glad when indeed!" protested Mr. Cheene, re

treating. "I beg your pardon for mentioning that mutton. Of course Some one else in the house was per it would have gone bad.' So I'm very plexed on the subject of diet just a nuch obliged to you, indeed, for no leting it be wasted. And any-" In a room over the neglected shop

"Wanted, miss!" cried Nancy fron Jacob Cheene, at his very frugally below; "a lady, please." And to Mr furnished dinner-table, eyeing the 'heene's extreme relief, Miss Amblei comestibles just placed thereon by had to rub her nose, adjust her curls and hurry off to her customer; hope the small house-scrub with a rather

easily relighted in her much-enduring Potatoes of last year's growth bosom. Sometimes a purchaser had plentifully spotted with this spring's been drivin in by rain and bough sprouting; a fragment of yesterday' several shillings' worth of goods while taking shelter. A money boy rice-pudding; stale bread vis-a-vis-ed had jumped out of the kitchen fire by very crusty cheese; these were that morning; and unless signs were evidently not inviting to our old ac as altered as the rest of these degenquaintance, who, somewhat thinner erate times, that must bring luck! and more stooping than when he went Catching sight of no omens fo a visiting at St. Clair's, first inspect good or ill, but uncommonly relieved ed them disconsolately, and then brightening with a happy flash got at his task of soothing his landlady being cut short, Mr. Cheene returned

to his room and addressed himself to his viands with what appetite the episode had left him-which was not much, for, nervous all his life through

bolting from her den at the back into ebouched-"What mutton is it you Neuraldia "Not the piece I left yesterday? "There ain't not a scrap, sir, no-P.S.- Our A-K. Saloe

" Take your apron off

just sounded the first bars of one of 'orelli's little gossiping gavottes. when Nancy broke in upon him, with

mportant haste "Please, sir, can I clear away 'here's a lady coming up to see you.' "A lady?"-stopping short, boy uspended.

"Yes, sir, what came into the shop when I was a-mindin' of it, with he parasol soakin'. And she want you ir. not missus.'

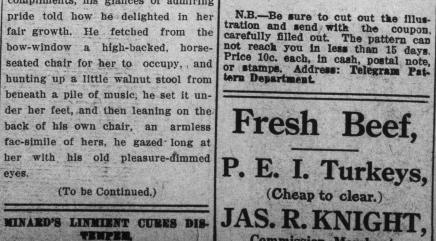
Now, midsummer was approaching and Jacob had more than one female isitor of mature years about quarter lavs. Here was one a trifle before and, no doubt. He laid his viola and ow aside to take a look at his purse sking.

"Is it Mrs. Goode or Mrs. Tettrell Jancv?"

"Neither, nor both, sir," was the harp reply. "This here's a lady, sir, and a young 'un; not a frump and a old 'un! Mrs. Goode, indeed! Ladies ehave very different to what she do! Only last time she come, says she to ne"-sweeping the table straight at erilous speed-'Girl,' she says, 'if ou couldn't keep Mr. Cheene's steps to cleaner than this. I'd-'" "Nancy!"

At the voice of the mistress the to develop. The Pattern is cut in 4 vely handmaid and her tray retired sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It rewith rapidity: Miss Ambler ushered quires 3% yards of 40 inch material or waist and skirt; overblouse ren the visitor with "As the lady has uires 11/2 yards, in the 10 year size. not given me her name, Mr. Cheene A pattern of this illustration mailed any address on receipt of 10c. can't say who it is!" And Jacob ilver or stamps. eceived the stranger with ceremon ous unrecognition that lasted till the loor was closed upon them. Then as she looked at him with a mos petitioning smile, and "Oh, surely Address in full:-Mr. Cheene, you remember me!" he

knew who she was, and fell into Name tremor of delight over her arrival. Again and again he shook he hands; and though he ventured on a ents, his glances of admiring N.B .- Be sure to cut out the illus-





Ne.

(Cheap to clear.)

Commission Merchant.

Remind that if you are trying to make the old OVERCOAT

do for the winter, you may have a long time of it yet. Why not try a

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