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## "Flatterers" The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXII. MISS HURST ARRANGES EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE.

Over this excellent-intentioned labyrinth of words Sydney turned dazed. What to set right, what to leave unexplained, she could not sift out. Deeply resenting then chill and pale, she was able only to thank Miss Jean disjunctly for her expressed interest, interrupted by a brisk "Don't say a word about that. Our obligations are equal as a sister on to Gilbert. He was naturally taken up with my prospect, and appeared to pay no attention to yours; kept walking at the other end of the room, and didn't answer once till I said, 'Really, Gilbert, you ought to wish Miss Grey prosperity in marriage or anything for her good fortune!'"

So ended Sydney's last lengthy conversation with Miss Hurst. For during her remaining days at Wynstone, if the slated fiancée was not holding chatted converse with Mr. Babbington, Mr. Hurst's frowns or Mr. Grey's or Bella's boots, or some willingly anticipated duty demanded her time, and Sydney was left weary leisure in which to chafe her spirit more and more miserably. Useless incumbrance, despite all her cravings to serve them, no matter how cruel the wrench. One hour she longed to be away; another, the prospect of him who all unendingly had drawn forth her love, never to be given back, the foresight of his isolation, sympathy only too potent with that night fall of some of his desolate sorrow, and leaving him seemed impossible. But very soon decision was imperative.

"My brother's friend is not to be put off!" Miss Jean announced the third morning of Mr. Hurst's absence. "Of course I open Gilbert's letters. Here is one from that Mr. Drayton, and he means to look round, as he calls it, the end of this month or the beginning of next. He wishes for no answer. May not be at home to receive it. Which is all very well, but how does he know if I can receive him? There are the rooms—"

Sydney gathered up her resolution! She would be gone before Richard Drayton came.

"My holiday was to have been asked for soon," she said. "Of course now you will not want me back after it. Let me leave directly. I will write to—where I shall stay, and you will have books enough then for your guest."

"And to this Miss Jean, inclined to be provoked at her continued reticence, agreed somewhat stiffly, and Sydney took the initial step toward departing by writing briefly to Jacob Cheese that in one week's time she would be with him at Stillcote-Upton.

CHAPTER XXXIII. "FAREWELL"

The next day Mr. Hurst came home. Sydney saw him nearing Wynstone, very erect but surely aged, with a face

would be worth a larger sum. "An opening at last," thought Sydney, bitterly, "and she must not help him to use it!"

It reads like irony, does it not, Miss Grey? was Mr. Hurst's comment, as if he saw what passed within her breast. "Still, this lifts me out of a beggar's estate! For that release I have to thank you. This will take me from Capel Moor without further encroachments on my sister; so again I thank you."

"You, too, are going?" "Yes. To find my level among others as sightless as myself. I am to make one of Mr. Montague Carle's household. To learn, and to teach, and to get my daily bread under his orders. Mr. Babbington suggests this scheme, my sister desires it."

"I accept it. It means to the only human end my life may know. My sister's relief. I thank God for that."

To Mr. Montague Carle! Under his roof, his rule, hard, grasping, grinding, vulgar, intolerable! Sydney glowed, trembled, in angry revolt.

"You can never go there," she cried, passionately; "it is cruel!"

"No, no! They see no cruelty in it. Like me, they see the necessity."

"But—fighting this fact—Miss Hurst spoke to me of something else for you."

"Ah! to undertake, named as I am, for leaves and fishes, what I never counted myself fit for, in more capable days. No. This is better than that. I had a friend once, Miss Grey, a Robert Vaughan, who always held that solace of some sort lies at the end of the road called straight, however narrow, however rough it might be." (Sydney's eyes filled fast. Heaven send he might so find it!) "There was—very slowly—an hour when I forgot this. Henceforth I must forget it no more. When Jean, in her great sisterly goodness, would to keep me with her—idle—yielded; for I had no right to risk money of hers in seeking advantage for myself I might never secure. That way was narrow enough, but peaceful too. Now things are altered. Brighter times seem come for Jean. It would be unjust for me to mar them. So I turn out—late enough—on the rough way."

(No calm could hide how he was suffering. Her tears fell quick and silent. Oh, to comfort him, to comfort him!) "I would not have tired you with so much about myself—he had to be very careful of each word now—"

"Only I would fain have my—Babbington—of so many months remember me fairly. At least as no worse than I am." He broke off abruptly. Sydney could barely muster voice to answer him.

"I will remember most, Mr. Hurst, that you taught me very much. That while you let me learn of you I grew almost to forget some great troubles."

"Troubles which may be nigh done with now," he returned; "for, mechanically repeating the sentences he had drilled himself in, 'Jean tells me what she sees in store for you. If she is right there is assuredly one cause for—for us—to be glad at this break-up!'"

Glad—was he? Best so a thousand times. And yet a momentary faintness surged over her. Outside Miss Hurst was heard. "Here, Davis, this is the luggage. Be careful of it. We have no time to lose." Sydney moved nearer Gilbert Hurst.

"Then I can only bid you—good-bye," she said. He leaned against the chimney-piece; his usual fashion, as she first saw him at Wynstone. Her own hand she held forth in farewell. He knew it, but kept his arms fast folded. For honor, for reason, he must act the churl.

"Good-bye," he repeated, motionless. "Miss Grey!" cried his sister without; the door opened; a rush of flower-scented air filled the room; it closed, Sydney was gone.

She never remembered clearly that walk to Capel Moor station with Miss Hurst. Belle Babbington ran out from the manor and claimed to join them. Davis brought a great bunch of white stocks as a valdictory offering from his "mistress." Miss Jean kept up a stream of mysterious orders, to write anywhere or do anything for her benefit, and waited saunters from the tips of her fingers as the train moved off; but all this, with the hot midday journey which ensued, seemed only like a dream, herself an automaton moving through it.

They were nearing Stillcote-Upton when she roused from breathing space to pain once more. To pain, and to dim hope, struggling against reader unbelief in the dictum Gilbert Hurst long before she later, at St. Clai's had learned of their mutual master, Robert Vaughan.

But even that was destined to more conflict. Her destination reached, she traversed a sleepy little Stillcote, guided by landmarks Jacob had pointed out last autumn. Past the lodgings of his clerical days, where her father went to and fro each morning; down the quaint, irregular High Street, where shop-folks stared at her, so evidently a stranger; by St. Clement's, the rectory, shadowed by the buttressed tower; by St. Peter's, where quail-roses peeped at her from the old walled-in garden; and so toward Jacob's dwelling.

She looked up at his bay-window, longing for the old man's smile—the only one in the world she could now count upon. He had not written back to her, but she never doubted his ready welcome. How much she would

have to tell him—how much to withhold!

On Miss Ambler's shining knocker she sounded a summons, modest enough, but it set the echoes flying down the old town, and brought in immediate response a small, rosy-cheeked handmaid, with very red eyes.

"Mr. Cheese, miss!" ejaculated Nancy, as, too tired to wait for invitation, Sydney entered while asking for him. "Oh, didn't you know, miss? Hadn't nobody sent you word of it? Why?—recklessly crumpling a clean apron over her face—"poor Mr. Cheese! he died o' Thursday, miss, an' they've buried him only this very mornin'!"

(To be continued)



I wish I was a man 'cos then I needn't go to bed till ten. An' I could stay an' listen to the talk the way the old folks do. Then I'd know what it is they say. The times they make me go away. An' Pa says 'Bud just disappear. This isn't for a boy to hear.'

I wish I was a man, an' I could have a second piece of pie or anything I wanted which for little stummocks is too rich. Then I could pass my plate an' they would have to serve me right away. Of if I didn't eat my bread. There never would be nothin' said.

I wish I was a man grown up. So's they'd put coffee in my cup instead of milk, an' I could do the very things I wanted to. An' go down town with all the men. An' telephone 'em now an' then. At night they shouldn't wait for me. Cos I would not be home to tea.

I wish I was a man, an' I would never have to ever cry. Cos men, as far as I can see, aren't never gettin' hurt like me. An' nothin' seems to pain them so they've simply got to let it show. My Pa says men must suffer, too. But I don't think they really do.

### Where Colours Come From.

Every boy who has a box of paints wants as many colours in it as possible—ultra-marine, Chinese white, vermilion, crimson lake, and so on. Have you ever wondered where all these different colours come from? Both sea and land—animals, fish, vegetables, and miners—contribute their share of pigments, as the foundation of the colours is called.

The tiny cochineal insects produce varying shades, from deepest crimson to palest pink. Turkey red is obtained from the madder plant, which grows in India.

Yellow gamboge is another vegetable product, being prepared from the sap of a tree growing in America and the East Indies. This sap has a bright, yellow colour, and is rather sticky.

Discovered by Accident. That lovely hue, Prussian blue, is made in quite an extraordinary way—by fusing horses' hoofs and other animal refuse matter with impure potassium carbonate. As may be imagined, its discovery was accidental; it would not have occurred to anyone to experiment with these substances.

Ultramarine is perhaps the most beautiful of all the many shades of blue; it is obtained by burning the lapis-lazuli stone, which comes principally from China, Tibet, and Chilit.

Another blue is indigo, used chiefly as a dye; it is made from a plant which grows in Central America and the West Indies. As soon as the blossoms appear, the plant is cut to the ground and the stems dried. New shoots spring up quickly, so that two or three harvests are taken in a season.

### CORNS Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Frezzone for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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—for a brisk start when there's a big day's work ahead

THE right kind of a start in the morning cuts a big figure in the kind of work you do. And has a lot to do with the figure on your weekly pay-slip, too!

You've probably discovered how an early get-up sets your mind just right to tackle the tough job and give it all you've got! And by noon—well, the job wasn't nearly as hard as it looked.

So when your Westclox says: "Make it snappy, old boy!" it's really talking right into your pocketbook. The Westclox habit has helped many a man climb higher on the company pay-roll.

They've got to run and ring on the dot before the clock-makers at La Salle will let them go out into the world wearing the Westclox quality badge of faithful timekeeping.

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Various kinds of earth and clay give color. In the neighbourhood of Stone, in Italy, is found the brown earth called Raw Stone. When burnt it becomes darker in shade, and is termed Burnt Stone.

Yellow and blue ochre are natural clays or earth; they are worked in Devonshire and Anglesey. Some are fine enough in their natural state to need nothing but washing before use.

Opium-Fish Camouflage. Real Indian ink, strongly enough, is prepared from a recipe of which the Chinese possess the secret; its chief constituent is supposed to be burnt camphor. Chinese white has nothing to do with China, being a preparation of zinc.

The blacks comprise ivory-black and bone-black, both made from chips of ivory.

Sepia has an interesting derivation. It is the fluid ejected by the cuttle-fish when it wishes to conceal itself from its enemies. As the fluid spreads in the water, it serves the same purpose as the smoke clouds with which Zepherus surrounded themselves during the war.

From minerals we get vermilion and scarlet. Cinnabar, the ore from which quicksilver (or mercury) is drawn, also provides vermilion; while a lovely shade of scarlet is given by iodine of mercury.

Beautiful green can be obtained from copper.

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAID CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO. LTD.—108-112

### A Standing Example.

The United States and Canada had their acute differences, extending back to the bitter-boundary dispute of 1841. Then there was the later one of '64-40 or 'Night' the fisheries dispute, Alaskan boundary dispute and others. Public opinion on both sides of the

boundary ran high in each instance. But common sense prevailed. Good judgment settled what Europe under somewhat similar conditions always insisted should be determined by hot blood. To-day there is still peace along a mere geographical boundary line extending across the continent for a distance of 3,000 miles and the most friendly relations between the two

Governments and the whole peoples which they represent. Is it possible to exaggerate the importance of the lesson?—Syracuse Journal.

## Protect Your Negatives and Prints

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