

Make a little meat go a long way.

Even a small quantity of meat goes far and becomes most nourishing and satisfying, if combined with BOVRIL.

A CHILLY OUTLOOK

"HALF a ton, half a ton—even five hundred"; When autumn nights are cool, Over the lack of fuel I've gravely pondered.

Folks to the left of me, Folks to the right of me, In the same plight as me, Cold and dejected, In trembling tones entreat Coal, wood, or coke, or peat, In which a breath of heat May be detected.

Are we to slowly freeze, Shiver and whine and sneeze? Say, Fuel Controller, please, What are you doing? Why don't you "get" the guys Hoarding big coal supplies? Soon, if you don't get "wise," Trouble is brewing.

Close up each church and school, Make the theatres cool, While people sigh for fuel And coal is scanty. Close club and dancing hall, Get enough teams to haul Ample supplies to all In shack and shanty.

Are we to shortly see Men who pay taxes, Marching along our streets, Carrying axes— Wildly and recklessly Cutting down fence and tree, Until this scarcity Of fuel relaxes?

T. Y. O'NEILL.
—Toronto Telegram.



FLAVOR-FULL

Undoubtedly there are degrees of flavor. Take Fruit for instance—you select an orange, and on eating it you find it to be flavory, certainly, but sharp—acid; choose another, a riper more matured fruit, and it is luscious, the flavor is mellowed and rounded—it is FLAVOR-FULL. Nature made a better job of the second orange. Exactly the same is true of Tea. Nature is not equally kind to all. It requires expert knowledge and continual care to select and combine FLAVOR-FULL Teas to produce the delicious cup obtained from KING COLE Orange Pekoe. If you love your cup of Tea, unusual pleasure awaits you in KING COLE Orange Pekoe.

Ask your Grocer for it by the full name—
King Cole Orange Pekoe
The Extra in Choice Tea
Sold in Sealed Packages Only.

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LINENS

and wish to impress upon their patrons that real Linens will be fifty per cent. higher next year, if obtainable.

Our prices as quoted in the Summer list hold good.

WRITE FOR PRICES

HILL'S LINEN STORE

St. Stephen, N. B.

Fifteen Hours in Durance

By SUSAN GLAGGETT

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The train for Winchester and points north pulled out on time, although even then the tracks were deep with the snow that had been falling steadily for 24 hours. Because of the storm her friends had endeavored to persuade Louise Cochran to remain in Washington, but she had laughed at their prophecies that unpleasant things would happen and had wished them good-by with apparent light-heartedness.

In reality she was apprehensive. She dreaded the delay to which she might be subjected. She was in haste to reach Staunton, at which place she would still be 18 miles from home, and the prospect of the long drive over country roads late at night did not appeal to her.

But she made herself comfortable, looked about, taking an inventory of the passengers. Seeing no one whom she knew, she applied herself to her knitting with an occasional glance out of the frost-rimmed window while the train kept on its way with ever-increasing slowness. There was a pause now and then for some passenger to alight. Then the train would start on again with ever-diminishing speed. Finally it came to a dead stop, apparently miles from anywhere. The worst had happened. They had run into a drift and were stalled. And this occurred before they had reached Winchester, not many miles from Washington.

It is one thing to be snowed up with plenty of warmth in the coaches, another when the thermometer gets down to zero and there is no heat. Something went wrong with the steam. The passengers were the usual crowd, some among them making light of the discomfort, others grumbling, but in the end the women took out their knitting and the men, having found several packs of cards, settled down to seven-up or poker.

But after several hours one and all smuggled down into their wraps, and occupied the inevitable. It was cold, horribly cold, and everyone was hungry. Louise had divided her lunch between two little girls sitting near her. Between hunger and cold she was feeling very forlorn, when a familiar voice said to her:

"Even if you are not on speaking terms with me, Louise, I think for the moment you had better call a truce. Stand up, please, while I put this around you."

Her teeth were chattering, but she managed a "Yes, I am comfortable, thank you."

"Don't be silly, girl," Robert Lee said roughly. "My coat cannot hurt you. Stand up or I will pick you up. Surely you do not want everyone in the car craning their heads to see what the fun is about?"

"That is the trouble with you," Louise chattered. "You always try to make me do things I don't want to."

"I pretty generally have my way," the young fellow said grimly, his jaw setting a set look. "When I don't, things are bound to happen. Will you stand up?"

She did not move, and he stooped over, slipping his arm behind her shoulders. She shrank from him and the boy—for he was little more than a boy in spite of his six-foot-two—drew back, his face white. Then he took her hand and drew her to her feet.

"I must say," he muttered, "I had no idea you could act so foolishly. I know you have quarreled with me, but that is no reason you should freeze to death when I can make you comfortable." He drew the coat well about her, then seated himself. "What is it all about? Your ring is in my pocket with a note that I haven't been able to make anything of. After you are warm you are going to give me an explanation. Here's some chocolate. nibble on it and perhaps your disposition will improve." He pushed the package into her reluctant hand, closing his fingers upon it.

"I saw you when we left the Union station, and if it had not been for this confounded storm I would have left the train without speaking to you, but now, believe me, there will be a perfect understanding between us before we are out of this."

The warmth of the fur-lined coat was having its effect, and without consciously doing so, Louise was taking little bites of chocolate, thereby finding a comfort she had not known before. She looked at the big fellow and remarked casually:

"It is very good of you to take this trouble. I did not appreciate how cold I was, nor how hungry." Here she bit into the chocolate with every evidence of enjoyment. "Do you always carry sweets about with you?"

But he was absorbed in the contents of a note he had taken from his pocket and did not answer. When at last he raised his head there was a curious contraction of his eyes and a bulging set to his chin that bespoke something of that animal's tenacity.

"What made you write this, Louise? When I saw you a week ago there was no friction between us, and last night this reached me out of a clear sky. What is the meaning of it?"

"Are you sure you don't know?" "My conscience is clear," she looked at her steadily. "There is no use fanc-

ing for time. You had some motive that is beyond me. I must be stupid, for I am completely in the dark." For a moment his anger got the better of him. "I thought you different from that crowd of butterflies back there," nodding his head in the direction of Washington. "It seems, however, that I am mistaken."

"Butterflies!" Louise exclaimed indignantly. "Butterflies, indeed! Every one of the crowd is at work, and hard at work, at that. Do you think it easy to spend all night at Union station meeting troop trains and to stay there until six o'clock in the morning, handing out coffee and sandwiches to men who have had nothing to eat for hours and hours and—"

"The uniform is becoming," he reported in an ugly tone. "I saw you in yours." To say nothing of the strain upon one's sympathy. Only last night Marion Harland called like a baby over an old man and his wife who had come for a glimpse of their boy who they had heard was on his way to Camp Gordon. "Did they find him? No. Instead, they were told his company had left suddenly for France. The boy was in the engineers. If the girls were butterflies do you think they would have been moved over the sore trouble of those two old people?" Her voice was steady in its wrath. "Would butterflies go day after day to surgical dressing rooms; would they care for three Belgian children and knit and knit, and knit?"

"Hysteria," he returned stammering. "There are a great many in dead earnest, but there is also a certain number that have gone into the thing for excitement and effect. But this is aside from the matter in which I am interested. Why did you write this note and send back your ring?"

"Of what he said she caught but one word. 'Hysteria! Oh! You great brute.' Two angry tears rolled down her cheeks. He saw them, although she had quickly turned her head.

Leaving forward he took her resting hand firmly in his. "We do not seem to be getting anywhere, Louise, just further and further from the thing that means everything to me, to both of us. In spite of my bewilderment I know you think you have some good reason for what you have done. Leave the others out of it. Dear, I am very unhappy."

But she harked back to something he had said. "Where did you see me in uniform?" she asked, abruptly.

"At the station two nights ago."

"And you did not speak to me?"

"Unfortunately, I could not. I was with the general."

"I did not see you." There was an edge to the tone that caught his attention.

"That would not be surprising in the crowd."

"You were not in the crowd when I saw you. There were but two, you and—"

He took her hands now and forced her to turn toward him. "You saw me? Did you see who was with me?"

"I saw a woman's head against your shoulder. That was enough."

"Was that why you returned your ring?"

"Wouldn't you call it a sufficient reason?"

"Appearances are often deceptive," he said slowly. "I thought you trusted me."

"Against the evidence of my own eyes?"

"Yes, and because you say that you believe me unworthy of trust."

"If conditions were reversed, what would you think?"

"That would be an entirely different matter," he returned shortly. "Often situations arise that place a man in a position in which he is touching the loyalty he owes the woman he loves, and I love you, Louise."

"You will not explain?"

"I cannot, dear. You must accept my word that there was no dishonesty."

She turned to him impulsively. "I would have given everything I possessed to get that letter back. I begged the carrier to give it to me, but he wouldn't. He looked sympathetic and said: 'Sure, if you've quarreled with him, miss, you'll have to write another. This now belongs to him.' I was furious. And I was heartick and started home to have it out with myself."

"That was what I was doing. I was given a week's absence and was on my way home. I have a handy plan to prevent future complications. What do you say?"

Here the conductor interrupted, looming big in the dim light. "Pretty bad, captain," he said in passing, "fifteen hours of it. But we will be in Winchester soon. They have dug us out from the other side. A terrible storm."

"A blessed storm," Robert Lee answered, as his hand sought and held the one deep in the pocket of his coat.

"Huh? What?" For a moment the conductor looked on in amazement, then a smile of understanding spread over his face as his gaze rested upon the flushed countenance of Louise Cochran. "All in the point of view, captain," he said, as he passed on. "All in the point of view."

German Buyers Corner Hides.

According to an article in the Beacon of October 10, 1917, entitled "Three Countries Want Hides," at a moment when British and American hide buyers are seeking Argentine hides they find the market flooded with extraordinary prices by a very low and active competition on the part of German buyers, who are taking all the dry cattle hides they can find, offering higher prices than their enemy competitors.

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TAKE THE LOAN

Written in May, 1861.

COME, freemen of the land, Come meet the great demand, True heart and open hand— Take the loan!

For the hopes the prophets saw, For the swords your brothers draw, For liberty and law, Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land, As ye love the gallant band Who have drawn a soldier's brand, Take the loan!

Who would bring them what she could, Who would give the soldier food, Who would staunch her brothers blood, Take the loan!

All who saw her hosts pass by, All who joined the parting cry, When we bade them do or die, Take the loan!

As ye wished their triumph then, As ye hope to meet again, And to meet their gaze as men, Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal Of our ranks of serried steel, Put your shoulders to the wheel, Take the loan!

That our prayers in truth may rise, Which we press with streaming eyes, On the Lord of earth and skies, Take the loan!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"So you loved and lost, eh, old chap?" "On the contrary, I came out a winner."

"How was that?" "She returned my presents and accidentally put in some of the other fellow's."—Boston Transcript.

"What a manly looking little fellow!" admiringly said the candidate, indicating four-year-old Bearcat. "He shore is, Podger!" admitted Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "You just ort to hear him cuss when he takes his quinine."

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