

**SURE RECOVERY FOR WOMEN'S DEBILITY**

Orange-Jelly

Dr. J. W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

her strong arm, whips through the air, and alights on the neck of the passerby.

She waits an instant, just long enough to see her victim wince and put his hand to his collar, down which the cold snow is falling onto his back; then she turns and pushes the door.

But, alas! in her excitement she has pulled it behind her, and before she can turn the handle her victim has himself turned and is upon her! With a gasp, half of dismay, half of laughter, Jeanne struggles with the handle and looks around.

Looks around, not to see the smooth-pale face and weak eyes of Mr. Bell the curate, beaming reproachfully at her through his spectacles, but the handsome face of a stranger, and a pair of dark eyes, gravely regarding her in all their sated sternness.

Jeanne gasps for breath, and, in her amazement and discomfiture, leans defiantly against the obstinately closed door.

For a moment they regard each other in silence, she meeting the stern, half-sarcastic gaze of the dark eyes; he taking in comprehensively the graceful figure, like a stag at bay, the bronze-gold hair, from which the blue shawl has long since fallen, and the amazed, wide-open eyes.

Then, with a low bow, he takes off his hat, and smiles ironically.

"To what am I indebted for this attention?" he says, in a deep, musical voice.

Jeanne stares, speechless and apparently frozen.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" he continues, "or is this the regular formality with which a stranger is greeted in Newton Regis?"

Still Jeanne is silent.

The stranger puts up his hand, and, still bare-headed, takes the snow from the back of his neck.

The action rouses Jeanne to a sense of the ridiculous in the situation, and slowly the rigid lines of her mouth relax, and a laugh, low and rippling, oozes from between her rich, red lips.

For a moment the stranger looks gravely at her; then under his moustache his own lips bend, and he smiles.

"I am glad," he said, smiling, "that I have been able to afford you any amusement. Have you any more snow-balls in your pocket?"

Jeanne shakes her head slowly.

"No! Then I may turn my back in safety. Thanks! Good-afternoon!" And, with a bow, he replaces his hat, scrapes another handful of snow from his neck, and strides off.

And Jeanne stares after him like Leto's wife—motionless.

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Instantly, then its soothing influence heals the wound. Egyptian Liniment is an all-round remedy that every household should have for the prompt treatment of Cuts, Scalds, Burns, Frost Bites, Chills, Blisters, Throat and Chest, Neuritis, etc.

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**Fashion Plates.**

A POPULAR DRESS FOR OVER FIGURES.



Pattern 3423 is here portrayed, is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 yds. A 16 year size will require 4 1/2 yds of 36 inch material.

Serge, velveteen, taffeta, broadcloth, duvetyne and charms are attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is about 2 yards with plaits extended.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A NEW HOUSE DRESS IN "TIE ON" STYLE.**



Pattern 3133 supplies this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the dress at its lower edge is about 1 1/2 yds. Striped or checked gingham, seersucker, percale, madras, linen, and lawn are suitable for this style.

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**30 SPARS**

50 and 55 feet long, 7 in. tops

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**1000 Chairs!**

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at **\$1.55** each.

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The price is ridiculously low. These Chairs were all made in our building and are hardwood throughout. It is practically impossible to break them as they are built on a system of reinforcement and are much more reliable than imported chairs, besides being cheaper.

Why do you buy imported chairs and employ workmen of other countries, saving your own life?

**BE PATRIOTIC! BUY CHAIRS MADE HERE!**

Our Mr. T. Henry Smith (who hopes to sail by the "Sachem") expects to sell very large quantities of these Chairs for export to Great Britain. If he has such faith in our new make of Chairs, surely you will allow his long and expert experience in our trade to induce you to buy goods made in your own country. Look at our price also. Keep your money circulating in Newfoundland. Come to-day. On offer only until end of year.

Other Bargains in Furniture on View.

**The C. L. March Co., Ltd.**

Corner Water and Springdale Streets, St. John's.

"We must go in. Come along and I'll brush you. Aunt will be angry with us, as you are all over snow."

"So are you," retorted the boy. "You've had the worst of it. Look at your hair."

"How can I, you stupid boy?" retorted Jeanne. "Yes, it's Mr. Bell."

"Poor Mr. Bell!" said Hal; "he'll come in bleating like a sheep, and wiping the snow off his spectacles. Have you prepared your studies, Harry, my boy?" He—ha—ha! and Harry laughed loudly, Jeanne, I am sorry to say, joining in.

"I wonder what he'd say if I told him you and I had been having a set-to at snowballing, instead of worrying over Euclid. I don't suppose he ever had a snowballing in his life, Jeanne!" and Hal stopped short as if struck by an inspiration.

"Well!" asked Jeanne, making a futile attempt to shake the snow from her hair.

"I should like to give him a snowball; not a hard one like you and I have been making, but a good-sized soft one that wouldn't hurt him, but just give him a shock, eh?"

"All right," says Jeanne, with sublime carelessness, "I don't mind."

"Don't mind!" echoes Hal. "That's all very well. You haven't the pluck to do it yourself, though."

"Haven't I?" says Jeanne, with a daring smile.

"No," he says, "you'll run in and watch me do it; and I shall get a hundred times as sure as eggs are eggs."

"No, you shan't," says Jeanne, stooping down and gathering up a huge but soft snowball, "I'll do it."

"You will!" exclaims Hal, with unbounded admiration. "You're a bris, Jean! Look here, be quick! That one will do. Run around to the small gate, and wait till he has passed; then give it to him straight in the back—ha—ha!" and I'll wait in the hall and brush him down. Will you?"

"All right," says Jeanne, already making for the gate at which the trades-people enter, and which Mr. Bell, the curate and Hal's tutor, must pass. "I'll do it."

"Bravo!" says Hal. "Be quick—here he comes!"

With a bound Jeanne gains the side gate, opens it, and stands ready to spring out and deliver her harmless but uncomfortable missile.

As she stands, upright and erect, with arm upraised and body like a bow ready to deliver its arrow, the footsteps sound more clearly on the walk. Presently they reach the gate behind which she lurks, and slowly pass. In a moment she is outside, and the snowball, thrown with all the force of

of the lithic, graceful girl whom he left leaning defiantly against the gate rises before him; "bits of little consequence: if you will be good enough to wipe the snow off my coat, I think I can shake it out of my neck. Thanks!"

"The audacity of them boys is dreadful!" ejaculates Mrs. Brown, as she carefully wipes the coat. "To think as they should have thrown at you, sir, a perfect stranger! They ought to have known better. It's all of now, sir—'d better air it, though."

"Don't trouble," he says. "Is this the tea?" and he eyes it gravely.

"Yes, sir," says Mrs. Brown. "I hope you'll find it right; and if you please, sir, my husband has brought your things, sir," nodding at the easel which stands in the corner of the room; "he's taken great care of them."

"I'm quite sure of that," he responds, carelessly.

Mrs. Brown bustles about the table for a moment, and is about to leave the room, when her lodger looks up, and says, indifferently enough:

"There is a large, old-fashioned house behind a wall just by the street. Who lives there?"

"The Gate House, sir, do you mean?" he nods.

"Very probably."

"That's Mr. Dostrell's," says Mrs. Brown. "Mr. Dostrell and his sister, Miss Dostrell, live there. Do you know them, sir?"

"Not at all," he answers, promptly.

Mrs. Brown looks around the room, and her eyes rest on the easel. Instantly the good woman jumps to the conclusion that this lodger of hers, being an artist, is anxious to give lessons, or why should he come to Newton Regis? And she smiles benevolently.

"A very nice gentleman is Mr. Dostrell, sir, and so is his sister. Quite the scholar. A very quiet gentleman, indeed he is. They do say that he might do wonders in the chemistry way, for he spends all his time in making experiments; I don't know what for. He's quite a scientific gentleman."

Her lodger nods, and takes up the teapot, but so clumsily that Mrs. Brown winces.

"And does no one else live with them?" he asks.

"Only their nephew and niece," replies Mrs. Brown; "that's Miss Jeanne and Master Harry. Their name's Bertram. They're orphans. A rare Turk is Master Harry; and Miss Jeanne has plenty of spirit, though she is so quiet. Ah! Miss Jeanne's got as much pluck as many a boy, sir. Down by the cliff they keep a boat—the Nancy Bell, she calls it; and they do say that she can sail this boat as if she was a fisher-boat. She's never so happy as when she's sailing out in the bay. A rare, daring young puss she is, sir. They've lived at the Gate House ever since they were children. Mr. Bell, the curate, teaches Harry—but he don't teach them drawing, sir."

Mrs. Brown's lodger looks rather perplexed at this piece of information; then he smiles.

"I see," he says, almost inaudibly. "But Mrs. Brown hears him."

"No offence, I hope, sir, but I thought you might be looking for pupils, sir."

"I may," he says, slowly, and with the same quiet smile. "and if I should be, you think Master Harry and Miss Jeanne would be eligible?"

"Just so, sir," assents Mrs. Brown, delighted at her own shrewdness. "Mr. Dostrell's just the gentleman to have the young people learn as much as they can; and there's plenty of others besides them; there's Miss Maud and Georgina, Mr. Lambton's daughters, up at the park; they'd be only too pleased to learn drawing and painting, I'll be bound; and—"

(To be continued.)

**CHAPTER III.**

**MRS. BROWN'S LODGER.**

Before the ill-used stranger had had time to get out of sight, almost before Jeanne has opened the side door, another footstep sounds on the hard path. This time it is a lighter, more hesitating step, and it belongs to a small, slight-looking young man, with a bland, simple face. He is dressed in the regulation long-skirted coat which our curates have adopted, and wears spectacles and a huge comforter, which winds its apparently interminable length around his neck. He carries a thick umbrella in one hand and a book in the other, and at sight of Jeanne, standing bareheaded and sprinkled with snow, he stops short with astonishment, drops his book, and clutches nervously at his gingham.

"Miss Jeanne, is that you?" he demands, in a weak, soft voice, which struggles through the comforter; "out without your—your hat, and in all this snow?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Bell," says Jeanne, demurely. "Does it snow? It is snowing fast."

"Yes, Miss Jeanne, it does. You'll catch your death—"

"Then I had better go in," says Jeanne, promptly, and darts off like an arrow.

Mr. Bell looks after her blushing for a moment, then follows, and, entering the little, cozy parlor, finds Master Hal quietly seated at the table gravely poring over Euclid, as if he had been sitting so for hours.

He looks up with an admirable start of surprise, and says, as innocently:

"Is that you, sir?" and, unusually attentive, respectfully adds: "Let me help you with your comforter, sir."

"Thank you, Harry, thank you," says the little man, cheerfully, so cheerfully that Hal eyes him and handles the comforter curiously.

"There is no snow on his beloved tutor's back; the comforter is quite dry. Despair and disappointment! Jeanne's snowball must have missed him! And it is with a decided change of voice that he replies to Mr. Bell's usual question—"Have you prepared your studies, Harry?"

Meanwhile, the stranger strides down the street, stops at a small cottage a little distance from the Gate House, and knocks at the door, over which runs the legend:

"**JOSIAH BROWN, CARRIER.**"

Mrs. Brown opens the door, drops a courtesy, and follows him into a little sitting-room, made comfortable by a glowing fire and a table ready set for tea.

"Is there anything you'd like, sir?" she asks.

"Yes, a towel or cloth of some sort," he says, taking off his coat.

"A towel? Why, bless me, sir, you're all over snow! Some of those dreadful boys have been snowballing."

"Something of the sort, Mrs. Brown," she assents, smiling grimly as the vision

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