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It is unnecessary. We have saved the lives of hundreds of our fellow-townsmen and will save yours if you come to us in time. Our "Phorator" and "Creosote" Cough Mixtures seldom fail to give immediate and permanent relief. Use one bottle and you will give up the hack business. A cough if not stopped in its first stage often leads to consumption. We have two kinds of Cough Mixtures: PHORATOR which is specially recommended for children and aged persons. Price 50c. Postage 10c. "CREOSOTE COUGH CURE" highly recommended for Lung Troubles and deep-seated coughs. Price 75c. Postage 10c. extra.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale & Retail
CHEMISTS and DRUGGISTS,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXX.
A VISIT FROM THE PRINCESS.

"And where is Mrs. Lambton?" asks Jeanne.

"Oh, mamma is at the hotel. She has a headache; she doesn't care to go about much. She says the language makes her ill, and generally stops in bed. Whoever would have thought of seeing you here! How kind of Mr. Bertram to trouble about the ale! And isn't Germany delightful! We are enjoying ourselves so much. But mamma gets so angry with everybody because they can't understand English; and our German we learned of the governess seems quite different to what they speak here!"

"And you've got a castle here!" said Jeanne. "How delightful!"

"You must come and stay with us," says Jeanne. "You must come at once. Vane will be so glad that we have met you; it is a fortunate chance."

Both the girls color up with pleasure.

"Papa, do you hear? Jeanne, the marchioness, has asked us to stay with her!"

Mr. Lambton, still excitedly explaining to Hal and Bell the outrageous misconduct of the waiter in not understanding English, is properly grateful, and the invitation is accepted.

Mr. Lambton is so relieved at meeting with someone who can talk to "these confounded" Germans, that he grows quite cheerful, and the party go back to the hotel—which happens to be the same at which the carriage have been put up—quite happy.

Jeanne goes up to visit Mrs. Lambton, and finds that lady in a magnificent apartment—wherever Mr. Lambton goes, he has the best of everything, and pays twice the proper charge for it!—and exceedingly uncomfortable.

"My dear," she says, "I shall only be too delighted to come! I can't bear these foreign parts, where you don't understand a word that's spoken! And Lambton does fly into such violent passions! And how well you are looking—not an hour older! I always said that you were quite a child and you look it still. Oh, I shall be glad to come!"

HAS NO PAIN NOW

What Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound Did
for Mrs. Peasey
of London.

London, Ont.—"I suffered with periodic pains, was weak and run down, could not eat and had headaches. The worst symptoms were dragging down pains so bad I sometimes thought I would go crazy and I seemed to be smothering. I was in this condition for two or three years and could not seem to work. I tried all kinds of remedies and had been treated by physicians, but received no benefit. I found one of your booklets and felt inclined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I received the best results from it, and now I keep house and go out to work and am like a new woman. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to my friends, and if these facts will help some poor woman use them as you please."—Mrs. J. F. Peasey, 206 Rectory Street, London, Ont.

The reason women write such letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. and tell their friends how they are helped is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. Freed from their illness they want to pass the good news along to other suffering women that they also may be relieved.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"You must come at once, to-night," says Jeanne. "Hal and Mr. Bell shall make all the arrangements. I am so glad we met you! Why didn't you tell me that you were coming abroad?"

"I didn't know it," says poor Mrs. Lambton; "they made up their minds all in a minute, and away we came. And how is Mr. Vane—the marquis, I mean? It seems so strange to call him by so grand a name."

"Vane is quite well," says Jeanne, with a little sigh.

Then she goes down and finds Mr. Lambton fussing about Lord Nugent, in a state of excitement caused by so many lords and ladies.

But Hal is restless, also, and wants to get back, for a reason which Jeanne knows.

Presently, in the midst of the clatter, Lord Lane's carriage arrives. To say that Clarence is not in a good humor is to describe his state of mind in the mildest phrase.

The day is hot, the road dusty, and, thanks to Mr. Bell, he has been packed up in a hawmuche with three other persons, instead of driving with Jeanne. His surprise, not to say consternation, at the sight of Maud and Georgina is indescribable; however, he conceals it, and they—well, they greet him in the friendliest manner possible.

Hal and Bell make arrangements for the Lambtons' journey, and, after what seems an endless delay to Hal, the castle party are ready to start on their way home.

Once more Clarence hovers about the platform in which Jeanne is already seated.

"If you are tired, Hal," he says, "I'll take the boys home for you."

But Hal shakes his head.

"No, thanks," he says; "I'm all right; better go as we came."

"Let me drive," says Jeanne, "and Mr. Bell shall sit in the front for a change. And so Bell is rewarded, and Hal is left to meditate beside the groom."

Some three hours later, when Jeanne is in her boudoir writing a letter to Aunt Jane, Mrs. Fleming knocks softly, and enters with two cards.

"The Princess Verona and Count Mikoff are in the small drawing-room, my lady."

Jeanne jumps up at once, rather agitated. The companion she had been prepared for, but the count!

"Is Mr. Bertram about the castle?" she says.

"Yes, my lady; I saw him go into the billiard-room a little while ago."

"Tell him," says Jeanne, "to keep out of the way; you understand?"

Mrs. Fleming courtesies.

"I understand, my lady," and Jeanne goes down.

As she enters, the count and the princess arise, and, with a polite greeting to the princess, Jeanne shakes hands with the count. Any one observing her would think that she had just been taken to a fancy to that nobleman, and that she had failed to be prepossessed by the princess, so friendly is Jeanne with the count, so calmly courteous to his companion.

But in every woman is a latent store of artfulness, and Jeanne is practicing hers now.

"That woman," she thinks, "has gone home, and told the count of our meeting, and he has come here to watch this sweet child instead of his accomplice. He will expect me to treat him coldly; he shall be disappointed."

So Jeanne, exerting herself to the utmost, lays herself out to charm the man of wrinkles, addressing a stray remark or two to the princess, who is evidently puzzled to account for the change in Jeanne's manner.

As Vane says, the man does not live who can resist Jeanne when she means to charm, and the count is soon entirely engrossed and thrown off his guard. Before he is scarcely aware of it, he has accepted an invitation to dinner for himself and the princess, and is engaged in a discussion on old china, when Jeanne says, suddenly:

"I am very sorry my husband is not in the way; will you come into the billiard-room, Count Mikoff? I heard the click of balls as I passed, and I think they are playing pool; let me introduce you."

The count's eyes brighten. If there is anything which a Russian finds irresistible, it is a billiard-table. He rises with his most polished smile, and Jeanne, with a polite excuse to the princess, takes him away.

In five minutes she is back again, and with an entirely different manner—oh, Jeanne—Jeanne, how can you be so deceitful!—bends down and kisses the sweet face.

"There!" she says, looking with laughing eyes into Verona's startled face, "he is disposed of! Now come and wait with me into my room. There is a cup of tea waiting for us, and no one can disturb us. Let us go at once, or he will come back!"

Verona colors and allows herself to be led away.

Jeanne has said, a miniature tea service of costly Japanese ware is on the table in the boudoir, and Jeanne, with gentle strength, forces Verona into the easiest of easy-chairs.

"At last!" she says, standing over her, and looking at her with a protecting smile. "I almost despaired of getting rid of him, he was so polite and courteous. Now, don't you think me very bold and forward to drag you here?"

"I don't come against my will,"

Verona says, blushing. "I am very glad to come. Why are you so kind to me, marchioness?"

"Because," Jeanne says, and then she breaks off—"don't call me marchioness; my name is Jeanne—unless you would wish me to address you as 'princess'."

"Oh, no—no!" says Verona. "I hate the title!"

Jeanne laughs.

"That is all right. And I may call you Verona." We seem like old friends already," says Jeanne, pouring out a cup of tea. "Perhaps it is because I heard so much about you from my brother—"

"Your brother?" says the princess, bending her head over the teacup; "has he spoken about me?"

Jeanne nods.

"Yes, a great deal. Dear old Hal—you have seen a great deal of him?"

"Oh, no, not much," says the princess, with a charming blush; "we have met once or twice."

Jeanne smiles.

"More than once or twice, Verona." "Well—more. He is very kind; he has—has caught some fish for us, and—"

"Called to inquire after your health," says Jeanne, with a smile. "Poor Hal!"

The princess looks up with a sudden surprise.

"Why do you pity him?" she asks, with wide-open eyes.

"Because," says Jeanne—"will you have any more sugar?—because he is such a dear, good boy; not clever and brilliant, like some people, but so good and so strong and brave; and he is so unhappy just now."

The dark eyes hide themselves behind their long lashes.

"Unhappy?" she murmurs.

"Yes," says Jeanne, "very—very unhappy. He has set his heart upon something which he thinks far, very far beyond his reach. Don't smile, Verona."

"I was not smiling," says the princess, raising her dark eyes almost reproachfully.

"Of course he is only a boy—how old are you, princess?"

"Seventeen," says Verona, softly.

"Seventeen!" echoes Jeanne, clinking her teaspoon. "And how old is the count?"

"The count? I do not know."

"Ah," says Jeanne, slowly. "Well, poor Hal has set his heart upon something which he thinks he never can gain, and so he is unhappy. Verona, he is my only brother, and I am unhappy when he is unhappy."

"I am very sorry," says the princess. "It is not right that he should be unhappy—he is so kind and good and brave, and—"

She stops suddenly, and colors a deep carmine.

"And now tell me," says Jeanne, "about the count. Where did you meet him?"

"Meet him?" says the princess. "I—I don't remember. He is an old friend of papa's; I have known him ever since I can remember."

"Ever since you can remember," says Jeanne; "and you are going to marry him! How old is he, Verona?"

"How old?" she repeats, with a little frown. "I do not know."

"And you are very fond of him?"

The princess blushes a deep scarlet.

"Fond of him?" she says. "He is a very old friend and very kind."

"I see," says Jeanne. "And how long have you been engaged to him?"

The princess considers.

"Ever since I can remember, years ago," she says, so simply that the tears rise to Jeanne's eyes.

"My poor darling!" she murmurs, as if she were an old woman, a mother sympathizing with a daughter! "Have another cup of tea?" she says. The princess looks around the room.

"What portrait is that?" she asks, looking at an oil color of Vane.

"That," says Jeanne, "that is—my husband!"

The princess regards it fixedly.

"How handsome he is," she says, "and how young." Then she looks at Jeanne. "And you are young—although you talk so—so—matronly—how happy you must be," and she sighs.

Lumbago

Like rheumatism is caused by poisons left in the blood by diseased kidney action. Correct this condition by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25c. a box, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver K&L Pills

GERALD S. DODGE,
Water Street, St. John's,
Distributing Agent.

Jeanne laughs, a cold, mirthless laugh.

"Do you think so?" she says.

"Yes," says Verona. "You are young and beautiful—yes, very beautiful—and he is young and handsome, and I know you love him by the way in which you looked at his portrait. Yes, you must be happy!" and she sighs: Jeanne's lips quiver.

"And you," she says, "you will be happy. You are going to marry Count Mikoff!"

She stops, for suddenly the princess arises and throws herself on her knees at Jeanne's feet.

"Do not—do not say so!" she says. "I am most unhappy! I—I did not know it until—until a few days ago; but now I know it, and it seems unbearable. Do not talk of my marriage! They are all talking of it, the count and Senora Titella, and—and I cannot bear to think of it!" and she bursts into tears. "Oh, you are married to the man you love," she goes on, clutching Jeanne's arm and hiding her face in her lap, "and you are happy and cannot understand—cannot understand!"

Jeanne, thoroughly frightened, bends down and kisses her.

"Hush—hush!" she murmurs, with her eyes full of tears. "Don't cry—don't cry, Verona! There may be some hope, some chance!"

"No—no, not for me!" says the princess.

Then, with a sudden effort, she arises and dries her eyes, pale and distressed.

"I—I—forgive me!" trying to smile.

"But—but I do not know what has come to me. I cannot understand myself. Until lately I did not feel like this. What is it?"

"I will tell you," says Jeanne; "you are in love!"

"In love!" echoes Verona, and a warm flush suffuses her face and neck. "With—with whom?"

"Let us go down," says Jeanne; "I think my brother Hal will be downstairs."

Verona looks at her with a half-frightened look.

"Your brother," she says, hesitatingly, and still looking at Jeanne. "He has been very kind."

"Has he?" says Jeanne, lightly; "he is a good boy, is Hal; ah, a little rough boy; a little rough and blunt."

"Do you think so?" says the princess, gravely. "I don't think—"

Jeanne laughs at the innocent heart laid so bare for her to read.

"Yes, he is rough and ready, but he is so good and true."

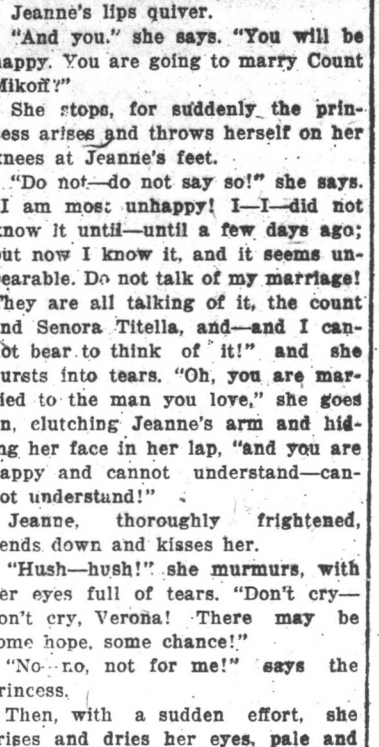
The princess's eyes brighten.

"Let us go down," says Jeanne; "we mustn't let the count meet us."

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOME OR CALLING GOWN.



Combining Waist 3486 and Skirt 3381. The Waist is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 13 1/2 yards.

Blue or brown duvety or chiffon broadcloth would be suitable for this model, embroidery in dull colors or braid could supply the trimming. To make the dress for a medium size will require 9 yards of 38 inch material.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR SILK, CLOTH OR COTTON.



Pattern 3491 was used for this desirable model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material. The panel may be omitted, and the sleeve finished in wrist or elbow length.

Voile and lace, taffeta and ribbon, serge and satin, could be combined for this design. It is also good for velvet, linen, gingham and percale.

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

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

Produce and Provisions.

(From Saturday's Trade Review.)

CODFISH.—The exports of codfish from St. John's and the outports this week amounted to 11,476 quintals as follows:—From Harbor Breton by A. E. Hickman Co. in the schooner Maria 2,078 quintals to Oporto, from St. John's by Monroe Export Co., per schooner Svalen 3,200 quintals to Oporto and by the S.S. Schem 2,794 quintals to Liverpool shipped by A. S. Randall, Union Export Co., and N.B. Produce Export Co. and 3,404 quintals by the S.S. Rosalind. Besides hard salt cured fish there was a small shipment to Halifax of fresh and smoked fish put up by the Newfoundland Atlantic Fisheries Co., viz. 150 lbs. salmon, 500 lbs. of codfish, and sample boxes of Finnan Haddie.

COD OIL.—The cod oil market continues dull and there are very few transactions. The price is now down to the lowest point for seven years

FRESH SUPPLY
Huyler's
CHOCOLATES & BON
BONS.

Something Always New and Fresh at

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CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
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BARTLETT PEARS.
BLUE GRAPES.
GREEN GRAPES.
CALIFORNIA LEMONS.
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Fresh Celery.
American Cabbage.
Parsnips.
Carrots.
Beetroot.

Fresh Codfish.
Fresh Caplin.

NEW DESSERT RAISINS.
NEW TUNIS DATES.
NEW SMYRNA FIGS.
JORDAN ALMONDS.
VALENCIA ALMONDS.
NAPLES WALNUTS.
MARASCHINO
CHERRIES.

FRESH SUPPLY
Huyler's
CHOCOLATES & BON
BONS.

Delicacies for Lenten Season!

FRESH FROZEN CODFISH, SALMON, CAPLIN,
COD TONGUES, SMELTS, HADDOCK, TURBOT,
SMOKED CODFISH, HADDOCK, KIPPERS, Etc.

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TINNED SALMON, COD TONGUES,
LOBSTERS, SARDINES.

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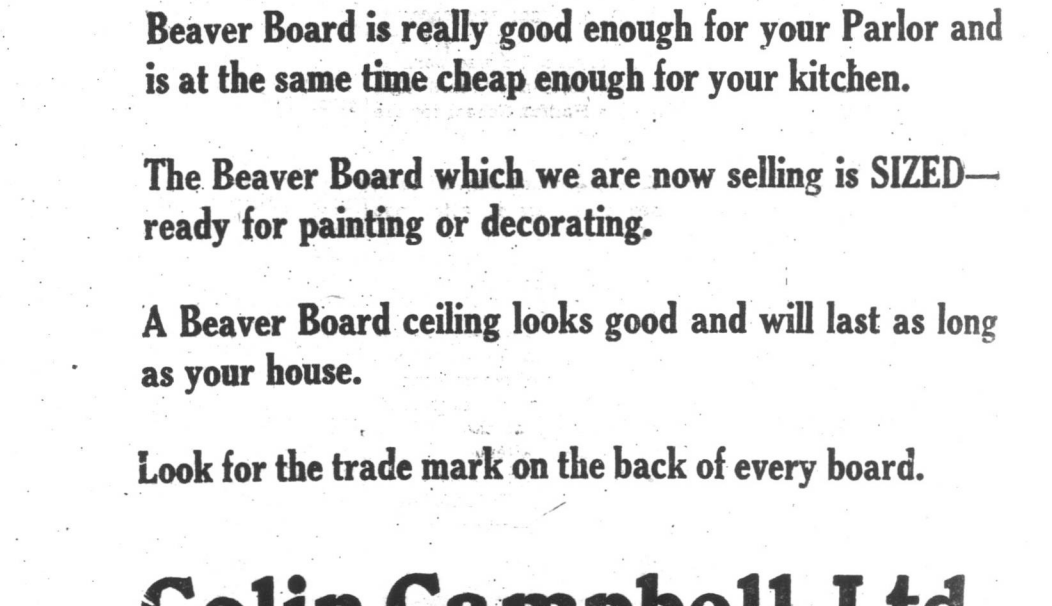
JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

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FRESH SUPPLY
Huyler's
CHOCOLATES & BON
BONS.

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About \$10.00 worth of Beaver Board will put a handsome ceiling on your Parlor.

Beaver Board is really good enough for your Parlor and is at the same time cheap enough for your kitchen.

The Beaver Board which we are now selling is SIZED—ready for painting or decorating.

A Beaver Board ceiling looks good and will last as long as your house.

Look for the trade mark on the back of every board.

Colin Campbell, Ltd.

Distributors.—Vulcanite Roofing and Beaver Board.

and is believed by dealers, to have reached the bottom and any change is almost certain to be upward, more particularly in view of the likelihood of the leather manufacturers assuming more activity the coming spring. The export this week was 36,384 gals. **COLLIER OIL.**—This commodity is back to less than pre-war prices with the poorest demand in years. The Norwegian returns for 1920 show that the exports from that country amounted to 43,736 barrels, which has always been, and no doubt will continue to be, a formidable competitor with Newfoundland Refined Oil. Their fishery seems to have started well this year and the prospects of anything like last year's prices for our product the coming season are poor.

PORK.—The pork markets continue dull in spite of the reported short supplies of hogs. Such a weakness in the market under the circumstances is unprecedented. It can only be attributed to a general lack of demand. Some American experts believe that the bottom has been reached in pork prices, and that an advance is inevitable in the coming three months. This opinion is based on the shortage of supplies. The local quotations are: Ham Butt, 44¢; Fat Back and Short Cut, 40¢, and Mess, 38¢.

BEEF.—The same conditions apply to beef that appertain to pork, viz. a dull market, and short supplies. The general business depression the

world over lessens the purchasing power of the people, thus compelling lower prices, because so few want to buy or are able to buy. The local market partakes of the same slackness in the beef trade and rarely was business so dull in February. Leading brands like Libby's, naval, family are \$39; Fancy Flank (Morris), \$36; Boneless, \$31; and Family, \$35.

FLOUR.—There has been no change worth recording in the wheat market the past week. Prices declined gradually and slowly for some days and then recovered suddenly in one day almost all that had been lost. Exports continue to European countries at the same rate. The local market is steady. Leading brands \$14, other quantities \$13.50 to \$13.75. The imports since New Year amounted to 31,515 barrels.

SUGAR.—Raw sugar markets continue firm in the United States. Planters, it is said, are trying to fix the price of Raws in Cuba. This, if successful, will make a firm market. The question is whether the price will stay fixed. Our own experience here would seem to point in a contrary direction. Some dealers think that the low price has been passed. White granulated is still 23 1/2 cents wholesale and 25¢ retail. The Food Control Board reports stocks on hand February 19th, 7,200 bbls.; the consumption from January 26 to February 19th was 1,410 bbls.

POTATOES.—Imported P.E.I. potatoes are now holding the local market and are selling at \$5.20 per barrel for No. 1; this is, picked potatoes. Owing to the severe weather there are no home-grown worth while coming into the city. The price of these is \$4.20 per barrel for good quality and \$3.30 to \$4.00 for general run.

HAY.—The market is weak and im-

ported baled hay is still being sold at \$58.00 to \$59.00 a ton. In the exports the past three weeks cattle have been kept on short rations, owing to the difficulty of getting hay from St. John's by reason of the rail snow-blockade, especially the past week. There is an ample supply in town and there is not any likelihood of the prices advancing, at least if stocks are used up.

OATS.—The oats market is also weak. There is no change, however, in local prices as yet, but with the coming of spring a decline is indicated in the Canadian quotations of the day. In St. John's white oats are quoted at \$4.30 to \$4.40, mixed \$4.20 to \$4.30, and black at \$5.20 per sack. There is a good supply in stock here and there is no apprehension of a shortage.

FEEDS.—There is no change in the price of feeds this week, but the market in bran, hominy, corn meal, etc., is very weak abroad, and lower prices are likely to rule in the coming spring. At present the price is not quotably lower. The S.S. Sable brought in 250 sacks of bran and 2,900 bags of meal from Halifax last trip, so that the market is well supplied in the latter.

WELL DRESSED AT SMALL COST.—If you do not intend to get a Suit or Overcoat for the holiday season, you can at least be well dressed by having your clothes cleaned and pressed at SPURRELL the Tailor's, 367 Water Street, and it will cost you about \$1.50. Do you need a new Velvet Collar on your Overcoat?—m.w.t.t.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DIS-
TEMPER.