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#### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XIV. AND THE FRUITS THEREOF.

"But let him be? Well, so I may, for he can't make me nor mar me no more. But, now, you think of this, miss; see if I mayn't feel angered. His fine ladywife goes off at the first clap of ruin, as proud as any queen, and takes her money-hers, that her husband give last, Shall I fetch him up to you?" her when they wedded-thousands on thousands, and never casts a farthing back to lift up them her husband's pulled down. And she takes a whole power of fine things he's bought her, and goes over to the other side of the land, nad lives among the high people, and never knows the meanin' of the -Sydney grew pale-"fine dames like herself, brought up so dainty, the very wind have to take care how it blow on em. And she've got fine soft clothing heaped up, that she never knows a need for-(I lay cold in the long winter!) - and she gives away her delicate things where they ain't wantin', and never misses 'em. And yet, yet"--what with his weakness and wrongs the man was almost sobbing-"yet when my wife writes-unbeknown to me-I've asked naught of no man-and when my wife tells her on'y our girls' earnin's keep us from the house, and I'm with one foot in the grave like, and the wolf's always at our door, she makes answer, this lady with her chiney and her di'monds and her laces, that any more such beggin' letters 'll

sends us-half a crown! (She knew it was coming. Link had been clasping link as the tale went on. Her white face turned now away: a sense of almost stupor spread over activity it contrived to keep out of the

be burned, and on'y just for once she

heart and head.) can live in wicked waste, and streets that Wednesday mid-day. mine may lay and starve or rot, for all But the tide of traffic and purchasers she cares! That makes a man forget stopped short of that part which had he's called a Christian, miss. Ill as the been the chief entrance to the town in turn he did me, I'll never bring myself | the time of coaching and carriage gen to believe John Alwyn would have tility. Life seemed diverted now to the served me so, if he'd had a finger in region of the railway. Grass grew be the way I was treated. But there's a tween the paving-stones of this wide God above as notes such doin's as this | South Street. Few came up or down

"Flatterers" due for 'em, this world or the nextsure, ay, sure as my name's Lewis!"
He left off at last parting: He left off at last, panting; lifted his moisture from his lined forehead, Syda word could she utter. Lost in a now and then so, I'll be bound." whirl of bitterest emotions, she lean-

> his old, slow, much-enduring tone: "I ask your pardon, miss. I've wore you out with all my talk. 'Taint often let loose like that nowadays. But you seemin' to listen so real kind like, why I ran on as I didn't ought to. Here

ing-Mr. Barnet. I am-so grievedfor-you. And"-rising, somewhat dizzy-"will you take this?"-holding out her poor paltry piece of gold with a tingling of self-appropriated guilt. "Yes, you must. Please keep it. And" -she was getting suffocated now with hardly held back tears-"and, Mr. Lewis, will you-will you try to for-

She took his hard, misshapen hand passed swiftly from the field, tears further back. running down her cheeks, and was lost to sight before the wonder-struck man could acknowledge, far less comprehend, her gift.

And before he had labored painfully bring you, miss?" home out of the tempest gathering rapidly around, and had recounted his most strange adventure, Sydney was far away from Lutterthorpe, journeying on again-this time to Stillcote

CHAPTER XV. MR. CHEENE HAS A CALLER.

It ws market-day in that town, and the nearest approach to commercia octopus-like clutches of the neighbor "Half a crown! While she and hers | ing county center was stirring in its

great lady's. From Him she'll get her except to the very respectable dwel-

When Choosing the Material

for a washable Frock for the

VIOLHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric

shrinking in the wash. It is

therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink

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in a delightfully easy me

Packets (two sizes) may

lings that flanked its breath, and its thinly scattered shops might almost have put up their shutters, for all the istom they attracted.

That was the opinion of one who had sat behind the counter of her modest establishment from nine in the norning, without taking as many as

Her very anxious face puckered up under an arrangement of small wiry 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 Street to lure away the humble chances of sale.

"They sell buttons at crockery shops and tapes at the booksellers', nowadays, I declare," she grumbled aloudif no one came to talk to her she must talk to herself. "It gets worse and worse every day. And now if it isn't coming on to rain! Oh me! if ever I'd suspected things reaching this pass I'd positively have been a menial servant. ney was shivering in every nerve. Not I should have earned as much between

And the "then" seemed to draw her ed upon her hands, cold now as ice, attention to an announcement in fine, struggling to hide the agitation which flourishig capitaled caligraphy, dated possessed her. Far sooner calm than many years back, that "Miss Amelia his listener, Lewis said presently, in Ambler, having from circumstances resumed her business on South Street, begged a renewal of former kind support " etc. etc.

This document, hung prominently b the door, now showed such an accumulated coat of dust that its mistres comes Mr. Barnet, side of his cart at descended wrathfully from her high 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 sensation of hunger in Miss Ambler's own pinched frame. "Half past one," she said, listening to the chimes, as she set straight a tray of brass thimbles a juvenile schoolgirl had tumbled into disorder, and then departed without finding one to fit. "Will Nancy never learn to be punctual? Why doesn't she bring my in hers for a moment very gently; met dinner?" and opening the door in the his astonished gaze with a look of pas- rear of the shop, she demanded exsionate pleading; then, turning away, planation of some invisible being still

> "Please, miss," responded a shrill young voice. "I've eat the top of the loaf as was left myself, and the baker he haint't been yet, so what am I to

Miss Ambler's dignity to admit her-

"Oh. it's no consequence, then, Nancy," she cried; "I can take-h'manything I like when Mr. Potts comes round, or I can send you out presently

"Yes, miss, to be sure," Nancy the unseen answered; but she gave an internal chuckle of glee at having secured that last top crust and the lodger's dripping for her own clamorous organs. Experience had taught her to

Even as this one. For Miss Ambler looked dejectedly in her till. There lay the four shillings she put in every morning for show, and took out every night for fear of thieves, and there lay very little else. A very poor prospect did that till offer of any such delicacies as beef-pies. She shook her head and mentally rejected the luxurious notion. Mr. Poots' loaf would have to content her, and-she should be uncommonly glad when that came.

Some one else in the house was perplexed on the subject of diet just at that time.

In a room over the neglected shop, tidily but poorly furnished, sat Mr. Jacob Cheene, at his very frugally furnished dinner-table, eyeing the comestibles just placed thereon by the small house-scrub with a rather disapproving expression.

Potatoes of last year's growth plentifully spotted with this spring's sprouting; a fragment of yesterday's rice-pudding; stale bread vis-a-vis-ed by very crusty chesse; these were evidently not inviting to our old acquaintance, who, somewhat thinner and more stooping than when he went a-visiting at St. Clair's, first inspected them disconsolately, and the, brightening with a happy flash, got up and called down the stairs to the attendant Nancy.

"I am waiting for the cold mutton. Bring it up. please."

"Mutton, sir?" repeated Nancy, bolting from her den at the back into the wild Arabs and effected what no tiny sitting-room where the stairs de- missionaries would have accomplished. bouched-"What mutton is it you They came in hundreds of thousands mean, please, sir? There ain't none from the deserts to see the wild that I know of."

"Not the piece I left yesterday?" questioned Mr. Cheene, mildly.

"There ain't not a scrap, sir, no-"Nancy!" said the voice of the misress, "Take your apron off and mind the shop till I come back, Shut the door. Oh, Mr. Cheene," her head ap-pearing at a turn of the stire, "was it the little taste of your cold chop you

"Y-e-s," Mr. Cheene admitted nervously that it was. But it was no connce, he added, not the very least." (To be continued)

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE



#### S. Simon Stylites.

Simeon, often styled Simon. orn in the vilage of Gesa, about A.D. 460, between Antioch and Cilicia, and as a boy, kept his father's sheep.

In his young manhood, he one day self-sacrifice

neighboring monastery, governed by a thou grieve me, my lord! I beseech nonk named Timothy: and falling down before the gate, he lay five days, Saint was dead. The body was taken neither eating or drinking, and on the fifth day, the abbot coming out, asked pomp. him, "Whence are thou, my son? What parents hast thou, that thou are so afflicted? Or, what is thy name, lest perchance thou hast done wrong? or perchance thou art a slave, and flee rom thy master?"

Then the lad answered with tears, "No master! I long to be a servant of God, and to save my soul. Suffer me to enter the monastery, and send me not away."

The abbot, touched by his humility and earnestness, took him into the house and introduced him to the brethren whence he remained for four months, doing menial work. Most of his food he gave away to

the poor, and one day when he went to the well to draw water, he took the rope from the bucket and wound it around his body, from the lions to the neck and soaked it with water. The pain caused by the smarting of the rope he bore until his flesh was cut into. At last the other monks com-This was a poser. But it was beneath | plained to the abbot of him, saying: "We cannot abstain like him; he fasts from Lord's day to Lord's day, and gives away his food."

Then the abbot rebuked him, but he answered not. The other monks unwound the rope and dressed the for a beef-pie or three penn'orth of wounds at had made, by as soon as ham." entered a deserted tank where he remained in hiding for some days, where the abbot found him. But Simeon begged to be left alone, saying I beg you, servants of God, let me alone one hour, that I may render up my mistrust her mistress' magnificent spirit for yet a little while. My soul speeches, which mostly ended in is very weary, because I have angered the Lord." Finally the abbot had o remove him by force to the mon astery, where they kept him for one year. These were the days when the literal mortifying of the flesh was thought to be pleasing to the God of mercy and love.

> the monastery and found a Mtle house at Telanassus, under the peak of the yards of 36 inch material. mountain, in which he lived, until the of the skirt at lower edge is about 2 day of his death.

persuaded Blasus, who was archpriest ished in elbow or wrist length. up the door of his hut with clay, so that he might fast for forty days and nights. Blass did as the second second be used for this model.

A nation of this model. nights. Blasus did as he was asked, to any address on receipt of 15c in but placed ten loaves of bread and silver or stamps. some water beside him. However, these Simeon did not touch.

When the forty days and nights had expired. Blasus found him still alive, but very weak. He moistened his lips with a sponge and then gave him the Holy Eucharist and little by little he recovered strength.

After three years spent in the little house, he took possession of the peak -made so famous by Tennyson commanded a wall to be built around him and taking an iron chain, fasten ed it at one end to a great stone, and at the other end of his foot. But Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, telling him that the chain signified nothing, if he had the will to remain. Simeon sent for the smith and had the chair struck off.

The fame of Simeon's austerities appealed to the imagination of the haggard man. Fleeing from them, he climed up a pillar, first up six cubits, then one twelve cubits, and finally, one of the thirty-six and lived there, this style, Hence, he was called Simon of the Pillar or Stylities.

The Arabs confessing their under the influence of his teaching were converted from the errors ors. Once his moth but was not allowed to enter the en called out to her to "Bear up, my mo ther, a little while and we shall see

But she began to yehuke him, saying Son, why hast then dene this? In re turn for the body I bore thee, thou has

n wept when he heard her, and ried to her, "Lady mother, be still a while, and we shall see each in eternal rest." The poor moher remained for three days there,

A robber, Johnsthan by name, fied to S. Simeon, and embracing the column, weeping bitterly, confessed his sins. The prison officials followed him from Antioch, but Simeon forbade them to take him. He answered: "My sons, brought him not thither, but One greater than I. I cannot give him up, for I fear Him who sent the man to me."

the ghost. The officials came again for the poor wretch and the Saint said to them, pointing to the body, "He who brought the poor sinner here has come with his angels, and has pardoned this man Himself."

At last this peculiarly minded Saint himself passed away and his death is thus described by Anthony, one of his disciples: "After a few years, it befel one day that he bowed himself in praythe Sabbath, and the Lord's day. Then was terrified, and went up to him, on attended church with his parents, and the pillar, and stood before his face, asked a fellow worshipper what one and said, 'Master, arise! bless us, for would gain by keeping the beautitudes. the people have been waiting three The man sketched for him the life of days and nights for a blessing from thee.' But he answered me not, so I From the church, Simeon went to a said to him again. Wherefore does thee put out thy hand to me.' "But the to Antioch and there buried with great

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Pattern 3887 is here illustrated. It cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. 6 year size will require 2% yards 27 inch material for the dress and 1% yard for the bloomers. Checked gingham, striped er, khaki, jean, Indian he

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