



**More Food Released.**

The Government, recognizing the great food value of "Skippers," has released the supplies kept in bond for emergencies, and has granted shipping facilities for importing more "Skippers." Once again everyone can enjoy delicious "Skippers" in olive oil.

Weight for weight, "Skippers" are more nourishing than meat, and the valuable phosphates and fats which they contain will repair the wear of war on brain and nerve.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

"Skippers" are bristling with good points.

A guarantee on every can.

**"Skippers"**

**"Love in the Wilds"**

—OR—  
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XLVIII  
HIS FLORAL OFFERING.

"Bless you, sir," replied the gardener, delighted with Sir Charles's affability and trimming the leaves from a plant as he spoke—"bless you, sir, never see such a silent, solemn young man in my life. Excepting a good-morning or good-evening, as the case may be, he never opens his mouth. Always thinking, thinking, with his hands behind him and his spectacles bent on the ground. They do say that he is very clever up at the house, but of course I don't know."

"Very difficult to know whether a man's clever or not if he says nothing more than good-morning, eh?" said Sir Charles, with a pleasant laugh. "Well, I'm curious to see him. Good morning, Thompson; and thanks for the flowers."

And Sir Charles strolled away. Now there was nothing particularly culpable in being possessed of so beautiful a nosegay; but, seeing a bevy of ladies on the terrace, Sir Charles, with a sudden flush of color, that made his haggard face look exceedingly handsome, put the bouquet behind him, and then, as if still fearful it might be seen, turned down an alley in the shubbery and made his way back to the house.

After breakfast, as Thompson was putting on his coat preparatory to taking a walk, Sir Charles re-entered the conservatory and, looking round in a careless way, to see that all was clear, said:

"Here's the bouquet, Thompson. If you are going up to the Warren perhaps you will take it to Miss Goodman with my compliments; if you are not, I will stroll up with it myself, as I should not like one of your men to crush it."

"Oh, I am going that way, sir!" said the man, promptly. "It'll be safe with me, sir; a man don't spoil his own work."

The baronet watched him till he got clear of the terrace and upon the high road, then turned back with a shrug of the shoulders, muttering:

"Perhaps if Master Thompson guessed there was something else there besides the flowers he might not feel so flattered."

But if the gardener did not know there is no reason why the reader should not; and although letters are a nuisance in general, we must be permitted to communicate the contents of

this one, as they are of some importance.

"My dear Rebecca," it commenced, and it was wonderful how easy these first three words were to write in comparison with the remainder, for Sir Charles was not quite so ready with the pen as he should have been.

"My Dear Rebecca:—This is the first letter I have written to you since one indited some ten years back which, if I remember rightly, contained principally—and solely, I am afraid—a modest request for a ten-pound note. I feel this morning that I ought to have taken that old fogey, Toddy's, advice and remained in the quiet seclusion of the sick-room a day or two longer. That is to say, I have spent so restless and unsatisfactory a night as to be reminded that I am not in good training as yet.

"Seriously, my dear Rebecca—for I feel that this attempt at light-heartedness is out of place—I feel most terribly miserable. I wish sincerely that there was no such person as Reginald Dartmouth and no such place as this new Hall.

"I seem scarcely able to breathe with the dread and horror of the thing. What you must have endured with the constant, never-ceasing nightmare continually with you, night and day, since the old man's death, must be indescribable.

"Great Heaven! It is fearful—indeed! And at present I see no way out of it at all.

"Were it not for your wish—which with me has more weight than a king's command—I would not stay here another moment; but for once I must serve the cause of justice, and hold myself ready to follow your directions.

"These expressions will naturally prepare you for what I have to tell. Last night—tormented by the suspicions your story had filled me—I devised a plan whereby I might get some clew to the truth of the terrible fears you possess, Rebecca, I am almost without a doubt of the correctness of your surmises. To be brief, during a quiet moment in the drawing-room, while no one was near us save the countess, I got into conversation upon the old Dale, and with intentional suddenness mentioned the old well, watching Reginald's face intently.

"It changed—nay, he changed, shrank and quailed beneath it to such an extent that in an effort to recover his usual calmness he broke between his finger and thumb a massive ivory chessman, which I could not, if paid ten thousand pounds, break with my two hands.

"Of course, he lost his presence of mind only for a few moments, but I saw enough to confirm my worst fears.

"What my night has been I can not describe to you. I will only remind you that for long years I have called this man friend. 'Tis true, I always knew him to have no heart, and scarcely gave him credit for conscience; but he was my friend, and this sudden revelation of the man's true character has been nothing more or less than a shock.

"I hasten to let you know the result of my test—scarcely knowing whether I am doing right in so doing. The bouquet in which I have inclosed this, I trust securely, will be brought to you by the gardener, an unspurious and honest fellow. If you have any message, written or otherwise, you need not fear to intrust it to him.

"I am a bad letter-writer, Rebecca, but you will believe me that, though I can not express my gratitude any better on paper than I have done in words, my sense of your kindness, gentleness, and goodness grows clearer every moment.

"Ever your,  
C.

"P.S.—I have omitted to say that the secretary is away in London. He seems a strange character from what I hear, and I am almost convinced—though why I could scarcely say—that he is in some way a part and parcel of this fearful system. If he is not, he is, I should think, a tool of R. D.'s. I leave him, and all else, my dear Rebecca, to your keenest comprehension. Do not forget, I entreat you, that I am, heart and soul, at your service, even to death."

Strong language; but, unlike most written strong language, perfectly true, for Sir Charles wrote as he felt.

CHAPTER XLIX.  
THE END OF THE SEASON.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, All are but ministers of Love, And feed his sacrificial flame.—COLERIDGE.

It was the last ball of the season at the new Hall.

On the morrow the guests who had been enjoying its hospitality were to take unto themselves wings and fly to fresh fields and pastures new.

The great saloon was all ablaze with light, the ante-chambers affording welcome relief with well-toned candleabra and half-darkened nooks of satin and buhl.

Flowers, added by foreign perfumes, threw a subtle scent upon the atmosphere, and the strains of fifty choice performers wafted from the carved and gilded orchestra at the end of the magnificent saloon, gave the finishing touch to the scene of gayety and luxurious abandon.

But a small number of the original guests had been compelled to depart, and the saloon was well-filled, and looked like a splendid conservatory of exotics all in flowers and bloom.

It would be difficult on the first moment of entering such a scene to pick out the principal actors in it, but the dazzled eye after a few minutes would single out first and foremost among the ladies the tall and graceful form of the Countess Vitzarelli.

Attired in a magnificent costume of pearly-gray satin, dotted with sprays of frosted silver and glistening with precious stones, that at every rise and fall of her perfectly-molded bust shot out innumerable scintillations of dazzling light, her glorious hair bound round in one massive Ionic coil and shining in the brilliant atmosphere like satin, and her dark, lustrous, yet mournful eyes, gazing dreamily around her with a look of calm meditation, she did indeed seem the impersonation of all that was goddess-like and beautiful.

At least, so thought all the men—most of them acquainted with beauty and loveliness of no small order. They one and all declared her to be, in grace and queen-like beauty, perfect and matchless.

More than the rest did Reginald Dartmouth so consider her.

To him she was the one thing to be ardently desired—the one thing, at the present, to thirst after, to scheme and plot for.

There was no lack of high spirits and ever excitement upon the faces of the pleasure-makers that wonder-

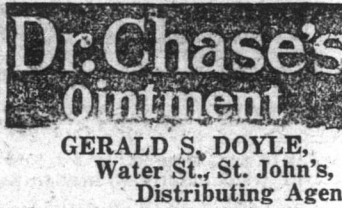


**Applied After Shaving**  
Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth

MANY men suffer from irritation of the skin as a result of shaving. With some it assumes a form of eczema and becomes most annoying and unsightly.

By applying a little of Dr. Chase's Ointment after shaving the irritation is overcome and such ailments as Barber's Itch and Eczema are cured.

all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



ful night; but his face, though the heart below it throbbed with the excited pulsations of a stern and sudden resolve, remained as placidly calm, serene, and nonchalant, as he stood with one foot resting upon the slightly raised dais, looking round the room and its magnificence, as it had when he lounged through the old Dale rooms, toying indolently with the fiery, untamed nature of the young girl, Grace. Yes, quite calm and placid—so much so that one man, who has been watching him from behind a statue of the Venus de Médici, with keen eyes, turns away with a sorrowful sigh and murmurs in the voice of Sir Charles Anderson:

"Wonderful! He must be more than man!"

But the next moment the placid quiet of the handsome face had given place to a sort of keen scrutiny as the small, lithe figure of the Count Vitzarelli paraded itself through the maze of dancers and reached the side of the host.

The count had honored this ball because it was the last. Usually he remained in his room during festivities, busily engaged morning, noon, and night, in receiving and answering the dispatches which came sometimes by the ordinary post, but more frequently by well-mounted special messengers, who were great at swallowing the new Hall ale, and also great at keeping their counsel, as the prying domestics did not fail to complain.

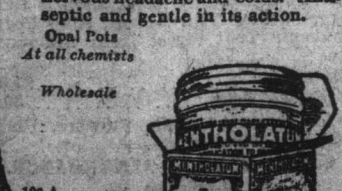
(To be continued.)



**for Insect bites**  
also for sun burn and prickly heat

THE troubles that summer brings to the skin yield quickly to Mentholatum. It instantly soothes the sting and smart of sunburn and stops the itch of insect bites.

Mentholatum  
A HEALING CREAM  
is truly marvellous for cuts, burns, nervous headache and colds. Antiseptic and gentle in its action.



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Pattern 3269 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

White voile is here shown, trimmed with "Val" insertion and ribboned beading. This model is attractive for poplin, wash silks, taffeta, gingham, linen, dimity, swiss and organdie. The founce on the skirt may be omitted.

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

A PRACTICAL OUTFIT.



2789—Here is a choice combination for a set of Short Clothes. It comprises a pretty dress that is excellent for lawn, batiste, voile, nainsook and crepe, a petticoat which is comfortable and easy to develop, and simple drawers. The undergarments may be of lawn, cambric, or nainsook.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, mos., 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 will require for Drawers, 1 yard; for Petticoat, 1 1/2 yards; for Dress, 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

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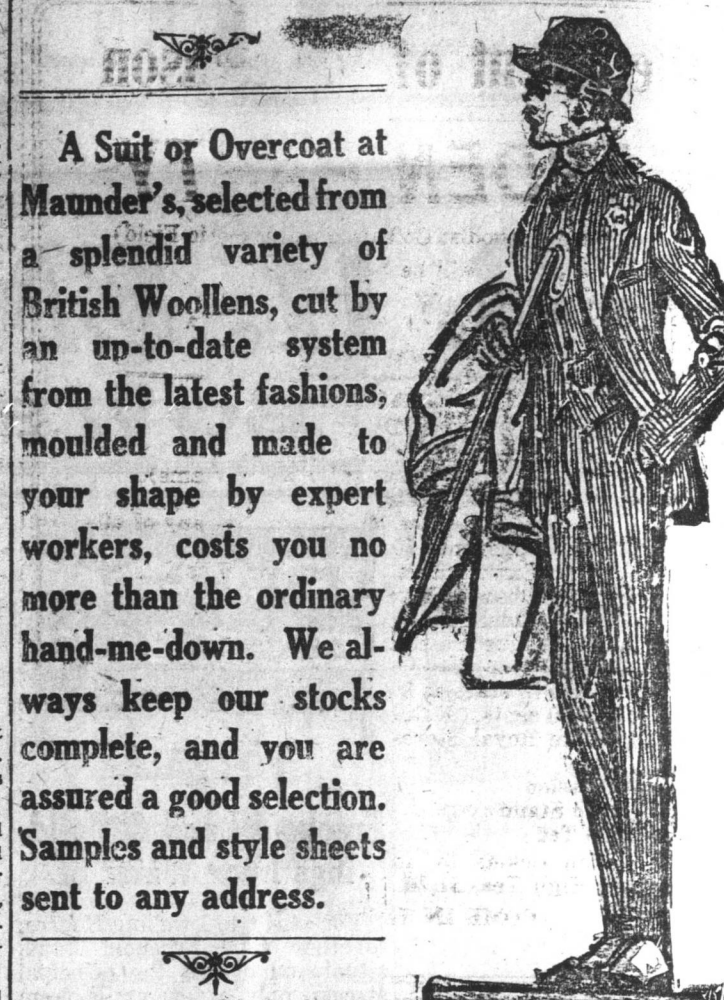
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NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.

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Tailor and Clothier, 822-318 Duckworth Street.

**Immediate Delivery!**  
Protect your spring trade by placing your order at once for the following popular goods:  
MEN'S SERGE SUITS—Asstd. prices.  
MEN'S TWEED SUITS—Asstd. prices.  
MEN'S WORSTED SUITS—Asstd. prices.  
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MEN'S FRENCH COATS.  
Customers report making quick sales with "Victory Brand" Clothing on account of the good fit and finish of the garments.  
**WHOLESALE ONLY.**  
**The White Clothing Manufacturing Co., Ltd.**  
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**NEW CROP.**  
Just Arrived One Pound Cartons.  
For Lowest Price  
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