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St. John's, Newfoundland
Distributor

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER VI. THE SOUL OF THE PIANO.

"Ay—ay, sir!" said Jeanne, with a musical imitation of a sailor's response that it made all laugh.

Then Hal, having demolished as much bread and butter and jam as would keep an ordinary London boy for a week, came around and threw himself at Vane's feet; the servant brought in candles, and thereby changed Jeanne's hair to a brighter gold. Quietly she arose and went to the piano, as was evidently her custom to do; Uncle John settled back in his chair, and looked dreamily at the fire; and Aunt Jane opened her work-table.

Jeanne played some soft little sonnets, and all listened silently. Vane, the world-worn man, covered his face with his hands and drank in the peace and repose.

Jeanne was no musician—she hated practicing, and would rather have found cause for pride in being able to sail the Nancy Bell than in playing Mendelssohn's songs without words like a master, but she played with expression and with the grace that belonged to her as her birthright, but she had never heard real music as yet.

Vane listened with his hand before his eyes, but with his gaze upon the beautiful face, so calm and serene at this moment, and yet so capable of betraying passion and emotion.

"Thanks, Jeanne, my angel!" said the old man, as she finished. "She plays to me every evening, Vane," he explained; "and until chemistry took hold of me—"

Hal looks up with alarm.

Vane nodded, and complied.

"Mr. Vane, do you play?"

Vane started—he had been far away.

"Yes," he answered, absently, before he knew what he was saying.

"Jeanne, Mr. Vane plays!" says Hal, with hushed awe.

Jeanne came to the fire.

"Will you play for us?" she said.

He hesitated a moment, then he rose and went to the piano. Hal followed him with worshipping eyes.

"Jeanne, fancy his being able to play!" he whispered, as Jeanne knelt before the fire, with her head turned curiously toward the piano. After all it was nothing so very wonderful that an artist should be able to play the piano, or to walk on stilts, for instance, yet—

Suddenly, and yet softly, his hands struck a chord, and the first notes of music with life in it fell across Jeanne's soul.

What it was he played she knew not—there were chords of sound, soft and delicious, weird and mournful; deep, heart-stirring chords, that made the blood leap to their martial tones; then a low murmurous melody that seemed like oil on troubled waters, full of a touching sadness too deep for tears.

It ceased, and he arose and came near the fire, and stood holding his hands above Jeanne's head to the glow, before they could recover their astonishment.

"Sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "that's music!"

"It is Beethoven," said Vane; "do you know it, Miss Bertram?"

Jeanne looked up and shook her head, and he saw that her face was quite pale.

For a moment her lips quivered, as if with sudden remorse, then he went back to the piano and played a Neapolitan fisher-song.

"It's a song—a song!" said Hal, excitedly.

citedly: "sing it."

It was one of those songs one hears at Naples in the early morn, when the lake is gleaming like an opal in the sun, and the girls are clustering around the fountains to watch the men come in with their spoils.

The happy ring of the music, and the lilting of the words, set Hal beating time on the fender. Vane stopped and looked. The blood had come back to Jeanne's face, and the light to her eyes—they were sparkling, and her lips were apart with delight.

He turned to the piano with a sigh, and as he let his hands wander over the keys, muttered:

"A child with tears and smiles so near. Responsive to the touch as Miriam's harp. A child—yes! but she will be a woman, and like the rest—like the rest!"

**CHAPTER VII.
IN A STIFF BREEZE.**

"With a heave-ho! and a heave-ho! and away she goes!" sings a gruff, husky voice. "Heave-ho!" chimes in a round, full, boyish one, and with a steady shove from old Griffin, the fisherman, and a tremendous push from Hal, the Nancy Bell glides into the sea.

It is the morning after Vernon Vane's visit to the Gate House, and it is apparently again a day in spring. All the cliffs are alight in the early sun; the Nancy Bell dances on a sea of opal and gold, the sands glisten like sugar in a grocer's window at Christmas time, the very dogs pretend that the winter has passed, as they sit on their haunches amidst the group of Nancy Bell, and old Griffin, wipes real or imaginary perspiration from his bronzed and weather-beaten brow.

At the helm of the boat, now riding at her anchor, sits Jeanne—Jeanne, clad in a rough blue jacket that is suspiciously like a Jersey, and his her graceful bust as if she had been melted into it. Under her well-worn and business-like hat, her face shines out with a fresh and dazzling beauty which elicits many a murmur of admiration from the fishermen, who stand hand on hips watching her. All unconscious of her beauty and their admiration, she leans forward, with one knee on the seat, and both hands grasping the helm, her clear, brown eyes fixed on the place where Hal, all impatience to embark and get away, is jumping from rock to rock and whistling vigorously.

Old Griffin stands in the water, sucking at his short pipe, and eying the flapping sails with a profound gravity.

It is an unusual thing for the Nancy Bell to remain chained to the land; once her keel is wet, it is generally a rush and away, with the salt water clipping from her bows.

"Jeanne!" shouted Hal, who had leaped up to one of the larger boulders to scan the cliff road, "he won't come! of all the beastly nunsances—"

"Come aboard then," says Jeanne, calmly, but with a shade of disappointment in her eyes. "Come, Hal."

Hal trots across the sands reluctantly, and old Griffin prepares to take him on his back, when a stalwart figure is seen leaping from boulder to boulder, and Vernon Vane arrives.

"Oh, here he is!" cries Hal, waving his hat over Griffin's head. "He didn't we, Jeanne? You'll have to get on Griffin's back, Mr. Vane."

"I think not," is the quiet response, and without a moment's hesitation he plunges through the shallow water and springs on board.

Then, as Jeanne is about to remonstrate, she sees that he wears a pair of fisherman's long boots, and that he has donned a jersey and a woolen cap; in fact, that as far as costume goes, he is one of the fishermen themselves.

Hal's delight at this business-like get-up is so extreme that he gives vent to it by a cry.

"Why, Mr. Vane, you look as if you had been born and bred in a herding-boat! I didn't think you were used to sailing! Where did you get those clothes from?"

Vernon Vane smiles good-naturedly.

"Suppose I stole them from one of the cabins," he says.

Then he says to Jeanne:

"I am so sorry to have kept you, but I had a letter to write."

"It doesn't matter in the least," says Jeanne. "I hope you will enjoy your sail."

"I am sure to," he says, and then he goes to the ropes, and handles them with the air of one accustomed to the work, the sail spreads out like a heron's wing, the hawser comes rattling through the cleats, and the Nancy Bell is off like a bird on the wing.

With a cry of delight, Hal squats in the bottom of the boat.

"Shall I manage the sail, or will you, Mr. Vane?" he asks.

"I will, if you will trust me," replies Vernon Vane, looking around at Jeanne. All her eyes are for the clear sky and the line of cliffs, but she glances at him doubtfully; but there is something in the quiet, self-possessed way in which he handles the sail-sheets which apparently reassures her, for she nods.

He touches his cap, with a smile.

"I'm under your orders, then, Captain Jeanne," he says, with his grave smile.

"You couldn't be under a better," says Hal. "Jeanne knows the coast."

and the Nancy Bell knows her! Isn't this awfully jolly, Mr. Vane?"

Vernon Vane nods.

"This is what I call true enjoyment," goes on Hal, flinging himself full length on the bow, and resting his round chin on his hands, and staring straight up at the sky. "If I had my choice of a profession, I'd be a pirate or a smuggler. We only want a couple of kegs of French brandy in the hold to be complete."

"At least, we seem to have some spirits on board," says Vernon Vane, turning with a smile to Jeanne, but—

"The skipper never d word says she But steers straight out for the open sea."

Straight out goes the Nancy Bell, her sail spread out like a swan's back, the water rushing past her keel, and her crimson pennon fluttering in the gentle breeze.

Still Jeanne is grave and preoccupied, and it is not until the line of frowning cliffs is left well behind that she looks down at the stalwart figure at her feet, as it lies half sitting, half at length, clad in its fisherman's garb.

"You seem accustomed to sailing, Mr. Vane," she says at last.

He looks around and up at her with his quiet smile.

"Yes," he says, "it is no novelty to me. I have sailed the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic and I am old friends."

Hal stares.

"In a yacht, Mr. Vane?"

Vernon Vane nods.

"Yes, a yacht, Hal."

Hal stares at Jeanne.

"Why, Jeanne!" he exclaims, wistfully. "And where is she now?" he asks.

(To be continued.)

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The Healthy Up-to-Date Cuticura Way



One Soap for All Uses
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No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no free alkali, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. Doubles safety razor efficiency, not to speak of its value in promoting skin purity, skin comfort and skin health due to its delicate fragrant Cuticura medication. After shaving touch spots of dandruff or irritation, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Then bathe and shampoo with same cake of soap. One soap for all uses. Rinse with tepid or cold water, dry gently and dust on a few grains of Cuticura Talcum and note how soft and velvety your skin.

Absolutely nothing like the Cuticura Trio for every-day toilet uses. Soap to cleanse and purify, Ointment to soothe and heal, Talcum to powder and perfume. 25c each. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyons, Limited, St. Paul St., W. Montreal.



Enjoyable Entertainment.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY GIVES JUVENILES A TREAT.

The children of members of the St. Andrew's Society were yesterday afternoon given their annual treat by the members assisted by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Over 60 children attended and every one spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Games of all sorts were indulged in and considerable amusement was caused by Mr. Bussey's impersonation of Charlie Chaplin. The Ladies' Auxiliary provided a tea at 5 o'clock, to which full justice was done. After tea games were again indulged in until 9 p.m., when the singing of the National Anthem brought the affair to a close. Before leaving each child was presented with a parcel of cake, fruit, and candy, which was highly appreciated by the little ones, and the entertainment was without doubt, one of the most successful held by the Society, and the members and the energetic ladies of the Auxiliary are to be complimented on the success of their efforts.

Praises for a Well Satisfied People.

ARE WHAT GIVES DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS POPULARITY

W. A. Shannon voices the sentiment that has given Dodd's Kidney Pills their standing in all parts of Canada.

Styl. Alta, Jan. 7th—(Special)—"I am well satisfied with the results I have got from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They were perfectly satisfactory as I have had no trouble since using them. I want other sufferers to know what they did for me." This is the statement of W. A. Shannon, a well-known and highly respected resident here. And in these few words W. A. Shannon gives the reason why Dodd's Kidney Pills are so popular in all parts of Canada. They do what is claimed for them.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely a Kidney remedy. They tone up and strengthen weak Kidneys and put them in condition to do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood. Strong healthy Kidneys are absolutely necessary if the blood is to be kept pure and the body healthy. Pure blood coursing through the body carries to the different organs the nourishment they need, keeps them sound and enables them to throw off disease of different kinds.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not make strong healthy Kidneys.

Last Night's Dance.

The C.C.C. Band Dance which was postponed on Thursday night, took place last night in the C.C.C. Hall, and was largely attended. The programme consisted of a splendid variety of waltzes, one-steps, fox-trots, etc., and with the new dance music supplied by the Band, the affair was in every way an unqualified success. During the evening the lady friends of the Band supplied a delightful supper, and Capt. Bulley and his assistants are to be complimented on the success of the entertainment. It is the intention of the Band to hold another dance in the very near future, which will, if anything, be more attractive than last night's sociable.

Here and There.

The Gift for Health from the East, "LES FRUITS," ELLIS'S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Mother Superior, St. Michael's Convent, Belvedere, begs very gratefully to acknowledge receipt of Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) a bequest of the late James Finlay, St. John's, per Rev. W. O. Flaherty, P.P.

Sure, I'm going to the C. L. B. Cadets Old Comrades' Dance on January 12. Supper included and a jolly good time. For Gents, \$1.50; Ladies, \$1.00. Music by C. L. B. Band and tickets from members.—Jan 6, 31

EXPRESS PASSENGERS.—The following passengers are on the incoming express—J. M. McLean, C. H. Palmer, Mrs. M. Puddister, E. Curtis, John Curtis, P. Simon, J. Simon, J. Willis and P. Brazil. The train left Port aux Basques at 8 o'clock last night and is due early tomorrow morning.

ARRANGING FOR TREAT.—The lady friends of the T. A. & B. Juvenile Society held a meeting in the T. A. club rooms last night, when arrangements were made in connection with the annual treat for the boys. The date has not been decided upon as yet, but another meeting will take place on Tuesday night when matters will be finalized.

Nouriture Laxative Infallible, "LES FRUITS," ELLIS'S.

S.S. Schemm arrived at Liverpool on Thursday morning and sails again for here on the 15th.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

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Don't Be Cured—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Will Save You Time, Money, Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

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My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is a chronic or acute, whether it is a hemorrhoidal or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter how your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those who are suffering from hemorrhoids, piles, or other local ailments.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too short-lived to last a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—But do this now—TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. B. Page, 221 E. 12th St., Marshall, Minn.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

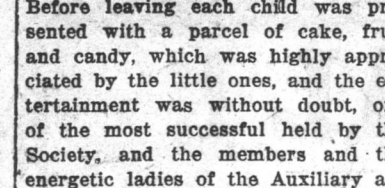
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Don't let anyone rush you into placing an order for the ready roofing you handled last year, even though it may have been good roofing.

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Leave a blank page in your order book until you have time to consider the merits of Vulcanite Roofing—Take your time.

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