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Letter Post—Foreign

Letters for Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America are forwarded to destination for four cents per ounce or fraction thereof. Valuable letters may be registered for delivery in Newfoundland for five cents.

Circulars, that is, printed communications when posted in lots of not less than 10, wholly alike, and left open for inspection, are accepted for one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Newspapers or periodicals posted in the Colony for delivery in the Colony shall be subject to a rate, when sent from and posted by any office or printing house publishing the same, of one-half cent per pound weight or fraction thereof, and when sent or posted by any other person, of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

Newspapers to the Dominion of Canada, the United States, France, Germany, etc., must be prepaid at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Parcel Post

Parcels of merchandise are delivered to destination in Newfoundland at the rate of one cent for the first two ounces, and 1/2 cent for each additional ounce up to 1 lb., which is forwarded freight free, the second pound three cents additional, or eleven cents, and three cents for each additional pound or fraction thereof up to 10 and 11 lbs., which is the limit, at 55 cents. Name and address of sender must appear on all parcels. Otherwise we will refuse to accept them.

Senders of parcels for local destinations must write their name and address on the covers. If not, postmasters may refuse to accept them.

Parcels for other countries must be accompanied by a Customs Declaration Form, describing nature and value of contents. These forms will be supplied by the Post office and are essential to ensure prompt despatch of parcel.

Money may be transmitted by means of the Money Order System and by Telegraph to places in Newfoundland which are Money Order and Telegraph Stations, at reasonable rates on application.

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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE

The Valley of the Giants

By PETER B. KYNE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Suddenly he paused before her. 'Moira, you're a lucky girl,' he declared. 'I thought this morning you were going back to a kitchen in a logging-camp. It almost broke my heart to think of fate's swindling you like that.' He put his arm around her and gave her a brotherly hug. 'It's autumn in the woods, Moira, and all the underbrush is golden.'

She smiled, though it was winter in her heart.

CHAPTER XX.

Not the least of the traits which formed Shirley Summer's character was pride. Proud people quite usually are fiercely independent and meticulously honest—and Shirley's pride was monumental. Hers was the pride of lineage, of womanhood, of an assured station in life combined with



that other pride which is rather difficult without verbosity and is perhaps better expressed in the terse and illuminating phrase a dead-game sport. Unlike her precious relative, unlike the majority of her sex, Shirley had a wonderfully balanced sense of the eternal fitness of things; her code of honour resembled that of a very gallant gentleman. She could love well and hate well.

A careful analysis of Shirley's feelings toward Bryce Cardigan's immediately following the incident in Pennington's woods, had showed her that under more propitious circumstances she might have fallen in love with that tempestuous young man in shrewd recognition of the many lovable and really qualities she had discerned in him. As an offset to the credit side of Bryce's account with her, however, there appeared certain debits in the consideration of which Shirley always lost her temper and was immediately quite certain she loathed the unfortunate man.

He had been an honoured and (for aught Shirley knew to the contrary) welcome guest in the Pennington home one night, and the following day had assaulted his host, committing great bodily injuries upon the latter's employees for little or no reason save the satisfaction of an abominable temper, made threats of further violence, declared his unflinching enmity to the nearest and best-loved relative, and in the next breath had had the insolence to prate of his respect and admiration for her. Indeed, in cogitating on this latter incongruity,

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Shirley recalled that the extraordinary fellow had been forced rather abruptly to check himself in order to avoid a fervid declaration of love! And all of this under the protection of a double-bladed axe, one eye on her and the other on his enemies.

However, all of these grave crimes and misdemeanours were really insignificant compared with his crowning offence. What had infuriated Shirley was the fact that she had been at some pains to inform Bryce Cardigan that she loathed him—whereat he had looked her over coolly, grinned a little, and declared to believe her. Then, seemingly as if fate had decreed that her fury should be impressed upon her still further, Bryce Cardigan had been granted an opportunity to save, in a strikingly calm, heroic, and painful manner, her and her uncle from certain and horrible death, thus placing upon Shirley an obligation that was as irritating to acknowledge as it was futile to attempt to reciprocate.

That was where the shoe pinched. Before that day was over she had been forced to do one of two things—acknowledge in no uncertain terms her indebtedness to him, or remain silent and be convicted of having been, in plain language, a rotter. So she had telephoned him and purposely left ajar the door to their former friendly relations.

Monstrous! He had seen the open door and deliberately slammed it in her face. Luckily for them both she had heard, all unsuspected by him as she slowly hung the receiver on the

hook, the soliloquy wherein he gave her a plain hint of the distress with which he abdicated—which knowledge was all that deterred her from despising him with the fervour of a woman scorned.

Resolutely Shirley set herself to the task of forgetting Bryce when, after the passage of a few weeks, she realized that he was quite sincere in his determination to forget her. Frequent glimpses of him on the streets of Sequoia, the occasional mention of his name in the Sequoia Sentinel, the very whistle of Cardigan's mill, made her task a difficult one; and presently in desperation she packed up and departed for an indefinite stay in the southern part of the State. At the end of six weeks, however, she discovered that absence had had the traditional effect upon her and found herself possessed of a great curiosity to study thivilliant at short range and discover if possible, what new rescalency he might be meditating. About this time, a providential attack of that aristocratic ailment, gout, having laid Colonel Pennington low, she told herself her duty lay in Sequoia, that she had Shirley Summer in hand at least; and that the danger was over. In consequence, she returned to Sequoia.

The fascination which a lighted candle holds for a moth is too well known to require further elucidation here. In yielding one day to a desire to visit the Valley of the Giants, Shirley told herself that she was going there to gather wild blackberries. She had been thinking of a certain blackberry pie, which thought naturally induced reflection on Bryce Cardigan and reminded Shirley of her first visit to the Giants under the escort of a boy in knicker-bockers. She had a very vivid remembrance of that little amphitheatre with the sunbeams falling like a halo on the plain tombstone; she wondered if the years had changed it all and decided that there could not possibly be any harm in indulging a very natural curiosity to visit and investigate.

Her meeting with Moira, McTavish that day, and the subsequent friendship formed with the woods-boss's daughter, renewed all her old apprehensions. On the assumption that Shirley and Bryce were practically strangers to each other an assumption which Shirley, for obvious reasons, did not attempt to dissipate, Moira did not hesitate to mention Bryce very frequently. To her he was the one human being in the world utterly worth while, and it is natural for women to discuss, frequently and at great length, the subject nearest their hearts. In the three stock subjects of the admirable sex—man, dress, and the ill that flesh is heir to—men readily holds the ascendancy; and by degrees Moira—discovering that Shirley, having all the dresses she required several dozen more, in fact) and being neither subnormal mentally nor fragile physically gave the last two topics scant attention—formed the habit of expatiating at great length on the latter. Moira described Bryce in minute detail and related to her eager auditor little unconscious daily acts of kindness, thoughtfulness or humour performed by Bryce—his devotion to his father, his idealistic attitude toward the Cardigan employees, his ability, his industry, the wonderful care he bestowed upon his finger-nails, his marvellous care he bestowed upon his vicious taste in neckwear, the boyishness of his lighter and the manliness of his serious moments. And presently, little by little, Shirley's resentment against him faded, and in her heart was born a great wishfulness bred of the hope that some day she would meet Bryce Cardigan on the street and that he would pause, lift his hat, smile at her his compelling smile, and forthwith proceed to bully her into being friendly and forgiving—brother, her into admitting her change of heart and glorying in it.

To this remarkable state of mind had Shirley Summer attained at the time old John Cardigan, leading his last little trump in a vain hope that it would enable him to take the odd trick in the huge game he had played for fifty years, decided to sell his Valley of the Giants.

(To the Editor)

FRENCH REBELS

DUSSELDORF, March 29.—French authorities have begun the taking over of Prussian state-owned vineyards along the Moselle River, according to the Deutsche Rheische and Volk Zeitung. These papers say seizures include vineyards, buildings, wine cellars and acres of vineyards owned by the Government along the Moselle, where it runs into the Rhine.

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Published by Authority

For the information of the public it is notified that the regulations made under the War Measures Act, on the 23rd January last, provided that as and from the said date the sale of Potatoes and other like vegetables within this Dominion shall be by weight instead of by measure, is still in force.

For general guidance, the following extract from the Weights and Measures Act is published:

23 (1) IN CONTRACTS FOR THE SALE AND DELIVERY OF ANY OF THE UNDER-MENTIONED ARTICLES, THE BUSHELS SHALL BE DETERMINED BY WEIGHING, UNLESS A BUSHEL BY MEASURE IS SPECIALLY AGREED UPON; AND THE WEIGHT EQUIVALENT TO A BUSHEL SHALL BE AS FOLLOWS:

- WHEAT, PEAS, BEANS, POTATOES AND CLOVER SEED, SIXTY POUNDS.
- RYE, INDIAN CORN AND FLAXSEED, FIFTY-SIX POUNDS.
- TURNIPS, CARROTS, BEET and ONIONS, FIFTY POUNDS.
- BARLEY, BUCKWHEAT and TIMOTHY SEED, FORTY-EIGHT POUNDS.
- HEMP SEED, FORTY-FOUR POUNDS.
- PARSNIPS and CASTOR BEANS, FORTY POUNDS.
- OATS, THIRTY FOUR POUNDS.
- BLUE GRASS SEED, FOUTEN POUNDS.

R. A. SQUIRES,
Colonial Secretary.

Dept. Colonial Secretary,
October, 1922.