



We are now able to supply

## Lipton's Teas.

Specially blended in London from the finest Full Leaf Teas of Ceylon and China. These Teas are put up in 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. double parchment airtight bags.

YELLOW LABEL at . . . . .75c. lb.

RED LABEL at . . . . .70c. lb.

## In Straight CEYLON TEAS

we offer "SUNNY PEAK" Brand in 1 lb. double parchment airtight bags at 55c. lb.

We regret to inform our many customers for Mount View Tea that we hardly expect to have any of this very great favourite until early in November, owing to unavoidable delay in shipment from Colombo.

## HENRY BLAIR.

### The Haunted Oak.

(By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "The Shutters of Silence," etc., etc.)

"You see," Captain Billy Travers declared, "your father always hated soldiers. But that was before the War, and it doesn't follow that his daughter should hate them too. That bullet in my thigh at Mons ought to wipe out your late lamented parent's dislike to me."

"It ought to, but I'm afraid it won't," Billy. He was always unkind to me, and said that if I ever married a soldier his ghost would appear and tell me what he thought of us. And of the life that he'd led; And she knew that I knew What she meant when she said—

"Go to—father."

When I asked her to wed, Though she knew that I knew That her father was dead; And she knew that I knew Of the life that he'd led; And she knew that I knew What she meant when she said—

"Go to—father."

I suppose I'll have to try to get hold of him somehow."

Millicent Grahame clung to what the local paper, in an endeavour to be complimentary and allude to Travers as "battle-scarred," called her "battle-scarred warrior." "You know, Billy, I would never say such dreadful things to you; and if dear papa's life was a little purple, is there a man, living or dead, whose past has been without any—any colouring?"

"There you've got me, Milly. I don't know all the people who've ever lived and died; and I'm very glad I don't. I find it difficult enough to get on with the living. Here am I, as soon as my wound's healed, going back to the front to be potted at by those beastly gas-mongers, and you make 'inspersions' on my character. I don't think it of you, Milly. Indeed I didn't."

Milly clung to Billy again, and her fair hair mingled with his black stubble. "You know, dearest, I didn't mean anything of the sort. How'd you like to be married, and then, just as you were thinking your trousseau was so much nicer than any of the other war brides', have your father's ghost appear to you and—say things?"

"I don't suppose I should like it

one little bit, Milly, and I'm sorry I was such a beast. Couldn't we get the old man to come back and argue the point?"

"If we could! But how am I to let him know?"

"When I was a boy, I wrote a letter in my own blood to the devil, and put it in the fire. I was devilishly frightened that night. Suppose you did it in ink and put it in the fire."

"That shows where you think father's gone to, Billy."

"As I said before, I don't want to make any 'inspersions,' but it's sure to be all right. If he isn't in—well, where we think he is—"

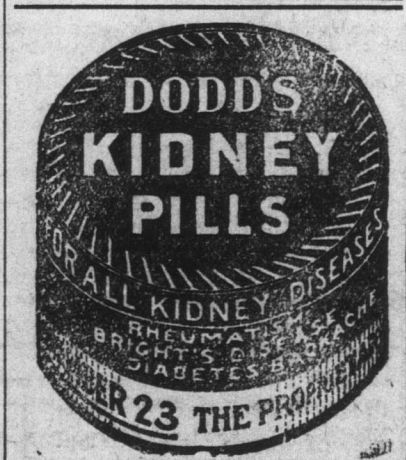
"Oh, I hope he isn't!"

"If he isn't there, it would be more convenient, because if he's anywhere else he'd be too happy to come back and bother you. Suppose you write him a line asking him to appear at the Haunted Oak in the park at ten o'clock to-morrow night—there's no moon—and we'll have it out with him? If he says 'no,' I'll give you up and rush into the fray, and fore-most fighting fall, and all that sort of thing, don't you know."

"I don't know, Billy. But I'll write the letter if you think it will reach him."

"Of course it will reach him. That reminds me. I want to send a line to Dickie Halswell. I'll do it while you're writing yours, and tell Jarvis to 'keep the home fires burning,' so that you can have a good blaze ready for your letter when you've written it."

Milly tearfully began her letter, and



Billy joyously wrote his. Then he rang the bell for Jarvis, and told him to send a special messenger with it down to the camp at Milverton at once. By the time Milly had finished her letter, Billy was waiting, tongue in hand, for it. "I'd better jab it in the fire till it's burnt, Milly. Want of politeness was never one of your dissipated parent's faults. He'll answer it—if he can."

"If he can. I don't want to be harsh with dear papa, Billy, but—"

"I know how you feel exactly. As the Scotchman said to his son when the lad was going to London, 'God be wi' ye, but I have me doots.'"

"How well you put things, Billy!" Billy put his lips to hers.

The black cat on the hearthrug sniffed, and walked indignantly out of the old Hall.

Billy placed the letter in the fire, and held it down until not a particle remained.

"That ought to fetch him if anything will," he said cheerfully. "Now we'll talk about something more interesting."

II.

All next day Milly was decidedly nervous and unhappy. Towards nine o'clock she went upstairs and changed her frock for a black one. "It seems only respectful," she explained to Billy when he stared at her in amazement.

"I suppose it is. It never occurred to me. I'll put a black band round my arm," he said, remorsefully. "You always know exactly the right thing to do, Milly. Besides, it might put him in good temper. Ought we to take prayer-books and things?"

"I think not," she said, decidedly; and they set out.

It was a dark, cold, wet night, and Billy still limping from the effect of his wound, was glad to lean upon Milly's arm, perhaps a little more heavily than the occasion really required.

The Haunted Oak was about a mile from the house, on a slight acclivity with a dense mass of bushes behind it, through which it was impossible to see even in the daytime. Billy carried a shaded lantern. "We'll turn it on your father if he gets nasty," he explained, thoughtfully. "Ghosts never like too strong a light on their proceedings."

"Don't you think we'd better go back?" faltered Milly. "Papa was never very good-tempered."

"Not a bit of it. As Martin Harvey Carlton says, 'This is a far, far better thing than I have ever done, and we've got to see it through. If the ghost gets the better of me, Milly, you chip in for all your worth. Perhaps he'll listen to you.'"

Milly promised that in case of need she would chip in for all she was worth, and relapsed into an unhappy silence until they reached the Haunted Oak. "I'm afraid," she whispered. "Oh, Billy, I'm very much afraid!"

"What of? He can't bomb or gas us, Milly. I wonder who'll speak first?"

"Oh, dear papa is sure to. And he always used to have the last word."

"Well, he won't get it this time. I shall simply say, 'Good evening, Mr. Grahame, and if he gets nasty, begin to crow. Then he's bound to be put out. No ghost can stand a rooster.'"

They halted a few yards away from the Haunted Oak. For the moment, nothing happened. Then,

Above the patter of the rain That on the oak boughs fell, there sounded a hoarse and menacing voice. "Good evening, Mr. Grahame, and if he gets nasty, begin to crow. Then he's bound to be put out. No ghost can stand a rooster."

"Sounds well," murmured Billy. "Don't faint, Milly. It will soon be over."

"I'm not going to faint, Billy. But be quick about it. Say how pleased we are to see him again."

"It's no use telling transparent lies to ghosts, Milly. They see through them."

"Do you think he'll see through us, Billy?"

"Not a bit of it if we're careful. So kind of you to come, Mr. Travers. We're just—"

"Brought me out in the rain," growled the ghost. "Why do you want to give me rheumatism on such a night as this?"

Told you he wasn't used to cold," murmured Billy. "We're awfully sorry, Mr. Grahame. Awful. But we just wanted to ask you whether we might get married. You see, Milly will have an allowance when I get back to the front, and—"

"An admirable idea," hollowly replied the ghost. "Get married at once by all means. But why trouble me to come such a journey for a little thing like that?"

"You really mean it, father?" tremulously asked Milly.

"Of course I mean it," replied the ghost in the same sepulchral tones. "In—where I come from—we have more liberal ideas than we have on earth."

"And you'll give your consent, father?"

"By all means. But it's infernal— I mean, it's very cold here. I must be going. Good night."

There was a rustle in the thicket, a pale phosphorescent light shone on the oak tree, and again the darkness fell.

"You see," joyously said Billy, "there really wasn't any need to be anxious."

"I see. But how father's voice has changed, Billy!"

"Oh, he's caught cold," hastily replied Billy. "I feel a little chilly myself. We'd better be going too."

And Billy's friend, Dickie Halswell, the perspiration running down his brow and a megaphone tucked under his arm, waited until they were out of sight before he threw the megaphone into the bushes and sauntered up to the Hall to supper.



Oh, when you've walked with famous folk

An sat with people fine,

And when you've heard the fulsome word

Which thrills like rare old wine;

When you have shared the loud applause

Which comes to brilliant men,

And found your dreams, how good it seems

To get back home again!

There comes a time to every man

When he shall tire of pomp,

When he shall long to quit the throng

And go where children romp;

It matters not how high he climbs

Nor whether he may roam,

He'll count life best when he can rest

With those who wait at home.

Let youth exultant seek its goals

And strong men face the fray,

Let those who will by brawn or skill

Seek glory through the day;

But all who fall and all who win

Shall reach that moment when

They'll turn from fame and want to claim

The peace of home again.

There is no lasting joy in pomp,

Its burdens wear men down,

And many a king has longed to fling

Away his jeweled crown;

And once you've walked with famous folk

You'd give your fame once more to claim

Your peaceful yesterdays.

The Foreign Press.

HOW ABOUT N.E.?—The disorganizing of the profiteers of their war profits which is likely to occur both in Britain and other nations of the world will be watched with a considerable amount of interest.—Calgary, Alberta.

A PROTECTING TIME.—Congressional investigations do sometimes have good effect: A foot pirate can't profiteer very much in the few minutes he is on the witness-stand denying the usual charges.—Kansas City Star.

WHAT REALLY COUNTED.—It is said, and denied, and again asserted that General Pershing said "Lafayette, we are here!" at a venerated grave in Picpus cemetery, Marshal Foch, at least, seems to be informed that he did say it. Anyhow, there the Americans were!—New York World.

QUITE READY TO WAIT.—Lillian Russell the actress has been offered a gold-trimmed coffin by an admirer who is also an undertaker "any time she wants it." This is one case where the recipient of a gift is probably in no hurry to use it.—Quebec Telegraph.

## Books! Books! Books!

Educational Drives for money, mean nothing without Books.

We have

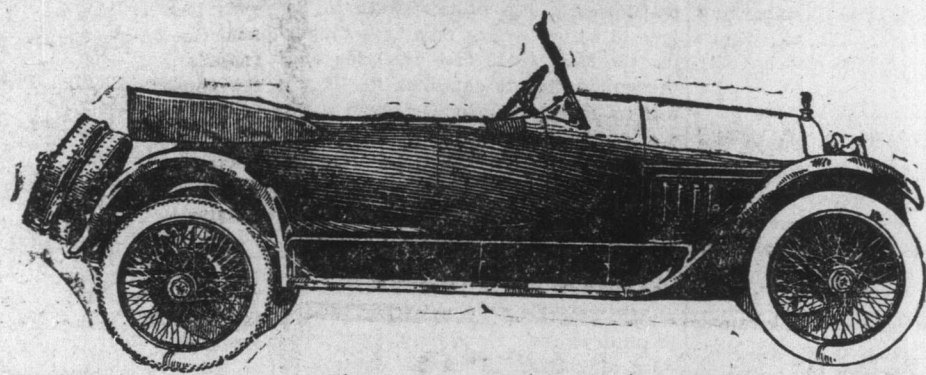
All the Books and All the School Supplies needed for

All the Grades from the Primary to Senior Associate. Principals and Teachers of City Colleges and Schools, Outport Dealers and School Teachers send your orders for School Supplies to

## AYRE & SONS, Limited

Stationery Department.

## A SNAP!



## ONE COUNTRY CLUB OVERLAND

in good running order.

## Price only \$1,050.

Call in and see it.

## OVERLAND SERVICE STATION,

12 Prescott Street.

## DO YOU WANT ONE FREE?

About a year ago we issued a 56-page pocket booklet which we mailed to all our clients at that time. We still have a number left, of which we would be glad to send a copy free of charge or obligation to any investor asking for same.

It treats upon the Science of Investment; how Banks and Trusts make their money; the significance of watered stock; the difficulties and histories of old companies; the magnificent profits returned from various companies on small investments; speculative deals; about small shareholders' melons; inside methods; oil profits and who makes them; the abuse of money; growth and safety, and many other interesting items.

YOUR COPY IS FREE FOR THE ASKING.

## J. J. Lacey & Co., Limited,

City Chambers.

St. John's, Nfld.

### Knowing What To Do.

(From the St. Louis Republic.)

Said Uncle Joe Cannon recently: "I hear a lot of talk about the country going to ruin and becoming Bolshevik and all that rot, but I don't believe it. Give the majority of Americans a certain condition of affairs to face and they generally know how to meet it and come through with flying colors. The alarmists remind me of a chap in my town that we'll call Charlie."

"Charlie and his girl were walking along under a very small umbrella. Charlie was acting kind of bashful

and nervous, and finally Katie said: 'I'll carry the umbrella, Charlie, if you'll let me.'"

"Oh, no. I can carry it," protested Charlie.

"I know, but, Charlie, one of your arms takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know, dear, but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way, just the same?"

"I don't know, Charlie. Mary Martin told me that Tom Clark always knew what to do with his arm when he was under an umbrella."

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

Miss Information.

IN AGAIN AND OUT AGAIN.

By Wood Cowan

Protected by George Matthew Adams



### O'MARA'S Wild Strawberry Compound.

is especially prepared for the relief of Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and kindred troubles. It promptly relieves the condition and corrects the cause, restoring the bowels to normal healthy action.

Keep a bottle in the home in case of need.

PRICE 25c. BOT.

PETER O'MARA,

The Druggist,

44-48 WATER ST. WEST.

Open every night, Stafford's Drug Store, Theatre Hill, till 9.30.—sept11.12