

Soothing and Healing



When the oven door burns you or the tea-kettle scalds your hand, apply "Vaseline" Jelly. It eases the pain and promotes rapid healing. After exposure to the weather it softens and soothes the inflamed surfaces. Coughs, colds and sore throat are greatly relieved by "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally. It is odorless and tasteless.

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Petroleum Jelly

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CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (CONSOLIDATED)
17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK.

All "Vaseline" Products can be obtained in Drug Stores and General Stores throughout Newfoundland.

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall
—OR—
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XVI.

All was perfectly quiet. Unless she betrayed herself by some sound loud enough to disturb the household, the chances were a hundred to one against detection; but Sidney's terror was so great that she could hardly force her trembling limbs to move, and she dragged herself rather than walked down the stairs and across the hall to the drawing-room. All was dark there; and Sidney groped her way across the room, and sunk down trembling by the window, powerless in her terror and agitation, her breath coming audibly in gasping sobs.

"I cannot do it," she moaned—"it will kill me!"

Then she dragged herself to her feet again, and with fingers which shook so terribly that they were almost powerless unfastened the window.

The rain had ceased and the stars were shining in the deep blue sky as she closed the window after her and passed out into the quiet night.

With the cessation of the rain the storm had risen, and the wind was whistling fiercely around the gables and chimneys of Easthorpe. A sudden gust caught Sidney's long cloak as she closed the window, and snatching the long, heavy folds from her trembling hands made her stagger as she stood. As soon as she recovered herself, she moved on down the terrace, and hurriedly crossed the lawn to a little rustic summer house, which contained a table and two garden-chairs. Upon one of these Sidney sunk, so breathless and exhausted that the person who was waiting for her there, and who had started forward hastily to greet her, hesitated to speak to her until the gasping, sobbing breath came more evenly. For some minutes—two or three perhaps—there was silence in the summer-house—a silence broken only by Sidney's gasping breath and the wail of the wind. Then a great dark cloud was suddenly rent, and the moon beamed forth, throwing a flood of silver light on the pretty tastefully-laid-out grounds, and on the two white anxious faces confronting each other in a silence more eloquent than any words—a silence which Frank Greville was the first to break.

"So you have come!" he said, half reproachfully, half bitterly. "I was beginning to give you up."

"It was difficult to get away," she answered, faintly. "But you might have known that I should come."

"How should I know it?" he demanded, in the low tone of repressed passion.

whose beauty has made me what I am!"

"Frank, where is she?"

He drew back from her in amazement.

"Do you think I know? Heaven! is it possible that you believed that horrible story—that you believed that I had killed the husband to run away with the wife?"

"Hush for Heaven's sake!" she cried in an agony of fear, as the harsh bitter laugh rang out clearly on the stillness of the night. "We shall be overheard!"

"What matters?" he said, bitterly, but speaking in a lower tone now, and glancing out apprehensively into the moonlit grounds. "I am sick of the life I have been leading. To end it would be a mercy. Sidney, it is only the hope that some day I may be cleared that has prevented me from putting an end to myself. Do you know—can you even, conceive what my life has been? No; how can you? Living in luxury and comfort and able to gratify your every whim, you cannot realize what it is to be hunted from pillar to post; what it is not to know in the morning what may happen before night; not to have a roof over your head or a meal of dry bread to keep you from starvation."

A faint shuddering cry broke from her as she sunk down trembling on one of the rustic seats.

"Oh, Frank, oh, Frank, it has not been so bad as that—it has not been so bad as that!"

"So bad as that?" he questioned.

"Sidney, I have been near starvation more than once."

"Oh, great Heaven!"

The thought was a very terrible one. Never had the sadness and misery of Frank's fate been quite absent from her thoughts; she had pictured him hunted, concealed, hiding for his life, but she had not fathomed the depths of misery to which he had fallen, and Frank was not unselfish enough to spare her now. The relief was great to be able to pour out his misery where he knew he should find sympathy and commiseration. He sat down beside the crouching, shivering girl, and Sidney's great dark eyes looked upward at him in the moonlight, while she wondered if the dark, bronzed face was indeed the face of the gallant young lover who had wooed and almost won her for his wife. She herself would not have recognized him in the disguise he had assumed.

The Maker of Tiny Towns

In one of the busiest streets of London there dwell a certain man named Thorp, whose business is a most uncommon one—the making of models—and he makes a very good living out of it. A recent visitor to the "shop," tells of what he saw as follows:

In the fading light I surveyed the fascinating array of tiny houses, roads, and miniature horses and carts. Across a little bridge Lilliputians were strolling with lifelike gait. It brought to mind a page from "Alice in Wonderland." Phantom children might have stolen out from behind the shadows, but I could see nobody but a kind-eyed man in the corner, smiling to himself as he bent over a littered bench and caressed a treasured model in his fingers.

"They are not destined," said Mr. Thorp, as he welcomed me into his workshop, "for the nursery, but principally for courts of law. I have made thousands of them in the last forty years."

As a "Bluecoat" boy he made a model town of cardboard and wood. He charged his schoolfellows a penny each to see it! But Mr. Thorp's models have appeared at many exhibitions—some could be seen at Wembley. Queen Alexandra was an interested visitor to his exhibit of Old London Models in 1908, and he still shows with pride, the sixpence Her Majesty paid for admission.

"Models play a tragic part in human affairs," he told me. "A short time ago a model of a bungalow was produced in court, and still more recently another of a hut on a poultry farm was used to assist a jury." Lord Darling once paid Mr. Thorp a neat compliment. The details of an action defended by Sir Edward Marshall-Hall were very complicated, but when counsel produced a model the judge—then Mr. Justice Darling—smiled. "Now," he said, dryly, "I understand what you have been talking about for the last hour."

Sitting inside and outside a house at the same time! This was the unique experience enjoyed recently by the guests of a well-known public man who was very proud of his pretty villa. He had placed a small model of the building on the dining table. Models of buildings cost from £500 to £2,500 to make, but they often save a firm a considerable expense. For instance, Mr. Thorp made a model of the entire working arrangements of a flour mill, situated in the country. The owners were then able to demonstrate certain details in their head

Distressed After Meals?

Indigestion, no matter how slight, is a nuisance. It can ruin the good nature of the most genial of us.

If you are troubled this way, you'll be glad to know a simple way to avoid it.

Just try eating a few pop-o-mint Life Savers after meals.

It's wonderful how these little mint circles relieve that heavy, lousy feeling after eating.

Probably that's why our grandfathers so often had their bulky little bags of peppermints handy in their pockets.

Life Savers are granddad's bag of peppermints up to date.

See flavors displayed at all good stores so you may help yourself.

Pop-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Citrus-o-mint, Lic-o-ri-cis, Clo-o-ve, and Vi-o-lets.

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More power, better satisfaction.

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No. 1100—Cream Combination, medium weight (Stays 22-32), \$2.50.

Stanfield's Red Label, all wool, heavy rib Men's Shirt and Drawers (Stays 22-34), at \$2.75. Also Shirts and Drawers.

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Illustrated booklet showing Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear for all the family will be mailed on request. Write for them.

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Truro, N.S.

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these human warrens were quite understandable.

Intending to construct some historic scenes, a famous United States film producer came to England in search of "local color." He saw one of Mr. Thorp's models of an Elizabethan mansion. "I've come right across the Atlantic to find that," he exclaimed. "Can I burn it?"

"Burn it?" the maker repeated, feeling very hurt. "Sure" was my reply. "A terrible fire occurs in my new film. Instead of burning up the big set we'll fire your model and shoot a few close-ups with the movie camera."

"The plans look like a jig-saw puzzle. But I can lift the lid of London and show you underneath." After he removed the top from a large model of the station, the arrangement of

Not for Sale

An American on a visit to this country went to the Zoo. Approaching one of the keepers, he said to him: "Say, keeper, I want you to take me right along to your head man so that I can talk business with him."

The stolid official eyed him suspiciously.

"And what sort of business do you want to discuss?" he asked.

"Wal, it's like this," explained the American: "I've taken a great fancy to this 'I'll exhibit, and I want to buy your Zoo for my kids."

"Nothing doing in that line," answered the keeper, tersely; "but I'll tell you what we might do—we might buy your kids for our Zoo."

Englishman's View of American Fashions

London, Sept. 24.—"American women are more richly clothed than the women of any European country, and 90 per cent. of them wear silk foulard ar dresses, real silk stockings—and, incidentally, very little else. I should imagine," according to R. G. Thomson, a prominent English draper-haberddasher—just back from the United States.

This was just one of a series of impressions he had of America and Americans, which he has listed thus:

Things I Have Seen.

Ninety-nine of the male population wear straw hats.

Chemists sell, among other things, radio sets, toys, cigars, candy, food drinks, etc. etc. I think they also sell drugs, but I am not sure.

Sunday newspapers run to 1,000 pages—at least, I think there are that many.

Snider's TOMATO CATSUP
CHILI SAUCE, COCKTAIL SAUCE, TOMATO SOUP

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Dear Madam: Although Snider's is served at the famous hotels, it costs no more than ordinary catsup.

Made in Canada

STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

No other underwear combines these qualities to such a degree. Yet Stanfield's is not expensive. Measured over a long period of strenuous wear, garment for garment and price for price, it proves the most economical.

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Stanfield's will not shrink! Given ordinary care in washing according to our directions, it will keep its size and snug, tailored-to-fit shape as long as you wear it. And it is made in all grades and weights, styles and sizes, for all the family: pure virgin wool, silko-wool and mixtures of wool and silky cotton, priced from \$1 to \$10.

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