

STRESS OF BUSINESS

A nation's necessity has plunged many thousands of boys and girls in their teens into the vortex of business before their time. Many will feel the strain upon vitality and energy and likewise the need for the nourishing and tonic virtues of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

A very little, taken regularly, is far more beneficial than when taken by fits and starts. *Scott's Emulsion* is concentrated nourishment that contributes to strength and helps confirm the body in vigor and health.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER V.
A VILLAGE FETE.

They are all here—the baron, the professor, the Robinsons, Aunt Martha, Edna—and even Sir Cyril, who has often been heard to declare that nothing should induce him to travel in herds and flocks. And being here with the avowed object of seeing the "magnificent panoramas of sunlit-lakes and snow-clad mountains," as the guide-book says, they are all clustered together, staring their eyes out, and wonder at what hour the big hotel, which some enterprising folks have built and furnished up here among the clouds, holds its table d'hôte; for though they have come up in the wonderful train instead of climbing as they ought to have done, they are all hungry and interested in the luncheon question, Cyril feeling particularly empty of everything excepting good humor, of which he deals out a supply at regular intervals.

"Wonderful—quite too wonderful!" exclaims the youngest Miss Robinson, as her sister finishes the usual guide-book dose.

"Splendid view!" murmurs the authoress. "How full of noble suggestiveness—how—"

"Jingo, there's the dinner bell!" breaks in Cyril, irreverently. "Come along—they'll cram the upper end of the table if we don't get there in time. I know them. Here you are, Mrs. Weston—now, Miss Edna—"

and only he strides, the group only too willing to follow him. Prompt as Cyril's action had been, the long table is filling fast, and there is a little rush between him and another party of hungry tourists. But utterly regardless of the others, Cyril secures a seat on each side of him for Edna and her aunt, and then, as is usual with him, relapses into his ordinary cheerful serenity.

Two days have passed since that night of the fete, and they have seemed to Cyril long, never-ending ones, for, as might have been expected, the escapade had resulted, as far as Edna was concerned, in a feverish cold, and in the quietude of her own room she has been afforded a valuable opportunity for reflecting on the insuffi-

ciency of an antimacassar as a protection against the night air and the humors of a holiday crowd. Two horrible days for Cyril, during which the sun seemed to have left the sky, and a dull, dreary despair to have taken its place. But it is all bright again to-day, and though she is unusually quiet and a little, just a little, pale, she is here, close by his side, within reach of him, the sleeve of her dainty ulster touching his, the whole of her under his wing, and Cyril is happy. And when he is happy, how difficult, how impossible it is to resist the power of his light-heartedness! He has made them laugh—all but the baron, who slept soundly—all the way up in the train, to the utter disregard of the exquisite scenery above, below and all round them.

He makes them laugh now, calling for unheard-of dishes in unheard-of languages, grumbling good-humoredly over the wine list, keeping up a running commentary on the strange and awful costumes which the gangs of ever-arriving tourists, male and female, have arrayed themselves in. It is impossible to be glum—to be even serious, under the straight down-pour of his sunny humor, the baron, who does not understand one word, included; and it is not until the bill comes that they sober down sufficiently to think of the hour of returning.

"Now there is one thing I may be permitted to say," says Cyril, breaking in upon a babel of contradictory chatter concerning the starting of the trains, "and that is that, of course, we shan't all be expected to go down by that very clever but confounded train—"

"How will you go down, then?" comes a general question.

"There are three ways—to walk on your own legs, to roll on your own back, or ride on a pony's."

"How glorious!" exclaims Miss Robinson, the younger.

"What, to roll?" queries Cyril, dryly. "Now I propose that those who intend to adopt either of my suggested means of locomotion start at once, and meet those who go by train at Wegg's—down below, you know."

"Capital!" exclaims the baron, when this is translated to him—"and I will go by train!"

"Very good," says Cyril, when the burst of laughter had subsided. "Now, how many ponies?"

In a quarter of an hour all arrangements are made and the parties have started. The descent, so says the guide who has engaged to lead them to the bottom in safety, will take three hours. There is a good path for

the ponies, there is also a pretty plainly marked track, leading by a little further way, for the pedestrians. Cyril has picked out the best pony for Edna, has placed her on it with as much anxious care as he could have displayed if she had been Dresden china; he lit a cigar and now strides alongside, one hand upon the pony's neck, the other wielding a little twig, with which to admonish him. It is exquisitely clear, surprisingly lovely, but for the life of him Cyril cannot be got to study the scenery, and tramps on, occasionally looking up to see if Edna is comfortable, or to tickle the pony into something exceeding a snail's crawl, but is silent. They go on for some few miles, and then arriving at a turn in the path, catch up the "caravan," as Cyril calls it, which has been up to this time a little ahead of them.

Then the guide explains that now is the time for those who walk to take the short road, if they so choose, to see the waterfall and great, over-hanging rocks. Some of the party have already gone on; the path is quite distinct, there is no danger. Cyril looks down it, and then up at Edna, and meets her eyes above looking down wistfully.

"Which will you do?" he asks; "will you take the narrow road," the guide beautifully remarks, "or stick to the pony?"

"I should like to walk."

"Hurrah!" says the pony, and so say I," says Cyril; and he lifts her off.

"Keep to the right," says the guide, as they commence the descent, "and do not leave the track, shentleman. We will await you at the bottom."

And then the equestrian cavalcade disappears.

"Ah, this is better," says Edna, laughing. "Do you know—I can confess now—that I didn't like the look of that pony? Hadn't he an odd way with his ears?"

"Poor beast!" laughs Cyril, "there wasn't an inch of vice in him from nose to tail. Dab half a dozen black spots on him, and he'd have done for a rocking-horse. Yes, this is better."

It is, the guide says, quite safe, but it is rather steep; and after they have "chopped"—no other word will explain the sort of quick half run half walk that is necessary—down for a little while, the path gets steeper and more uneven; and once Edna's foot slips slightly.

They have been going independent-ly of each other till now, Edna seeming rather shy of accepting any assistance; but now Cyril holds out his hand, and without a word she puts hers into it.

"Hold fast," he says, and her little fingers cling tight. "That's better—now we shall get on. I'll admit this is glorious scenery, now we're alone, and Miss Robinson and the guidebook is out of sight and hearing; simply glorious—almost as nice as England," he adds.

Edna smiles.

"Are you laughing at me again? Isn't it delightful—I am so glad the pony has gone!"

"Look at the lake shadowed by that cloud!" says Cyril.

Edna glances down and then looks up quickly shading her eyes with her hands, and Cyril, who is watching her face, sees it grows suddenly grave.

"Hadn't we better overtake the others?"

"You can't go any faster than you are going unless you roll. What is the matter—rain?"

She shakes her head.

"Mist."

"All right!" responds Cyril, with the cheerful indifference of ignorance. "You've got your ulster."

Edna laughs softly.

"That wouldn't help us to find our way."

"I see," he says. "Mind that stone. What's that moving down there—our party? Yes; there is no fear of losing them—if we cut off the corner we shall keep them in sight."

It is a very palpable corner, at a distance; but it would have been wiser to keep to the path, perhaps, for when they are half across the near cut they are brought up by a rock, and have to make a detour. They can still see the heads of their party beneath them, five or ten minutes will bring them together; but in less than five minutes the thick cloud comes stealing across the blue, and the mist is gradually blotting out the scene.

Be farsighted Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

the collar of your ulster round your throat," Cyril says, as the fleecy cloud-shower settles on them. Edna pulls up her collar and gave him her hand again, and they pass on; but the mist had longer legs, and overtook them, throwing a wet blanket over the hills, hitting the lake, then the trees near them, then the stones at their feet, and then—

"Bad as a London fog," says Cyril, trying to proceed. "I can understand some of the stories they tell you about people being lost."

Edna, who has been looking down at her feet for some time in silence, stopped dead short, and crept a little closer to him.

"Yes," she says, with a little, soft laugh, "for we are lost now."

Cyril pulls up as if he had been shot.

"What! Where is the track?" Cyril stoops down—he does not lose the hold of her hand.

"By George! we have missed it!" There is a moment's silence; then Cyril feels for his wax matches and strikes one. It is about as much use as a glowworm.

Edna smiles. "We must wait," she says.

"How long?"

"Until it clears."

"It is coming thicker still, why—" feeling the sleeve of her ulster, which is not so thick as it looks—"you are nearly wet through already; and you were in bed—well in your room yesterday with a cold! Here—"

slipping off his ulster—"put this on."

"No!" firmly.

"Yes," decisively.

"No, please!" imploringly.

"Edna! I insist. This coat I have on is quite thick enough—there!"

With anxious care he brushes the light, feathery moisture from her, then wraps his ulster round her. She seems very small in the great thing.

"I'm doubly lost now," she says, with a merry laugh.

But Cyril is in no laughing mood. He is answerable for this sweet, innocent, peerless child.

"How long will this confounded mist last?" he says; "you know something about them."

Edna thinks a moment and crosses her arms over her bosom.

"It is so thick, it may last till night."

"What?" says Cyril, then he says in an altered tone—"Child, I must get you home before night if I die for it—"

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL APRON.



2697—This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose as back view illustrates. The style is good for -percale, gingham, chambray seersucker, drill, lawn or muslin. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cent in silver or stamps.

CHILD'S ROMPERS WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS.



2678—Checked gingham, with drill or repp in a plain color for the collar and belt could be used for this model. Striped seersucker, galates, flannel, poplin, khaki and drill is serviceable also. The bloomers portion is made with a drop back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Stole collars are often seen. White gloves are again in favor. The long string belt is still very popular. The use of fluffy neckwear is increasing.

Beautify your Complexion

—and rid the skin of unsightly blemishes, quicker and surer, by putting your blood, stomach and liver in good order, than in any other way. Clear complexion, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips follow the use of Beecham's Pills. They eliminate poisonous matter from the system, purify the blood and tone the organs of digestion—Use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

The Old PLAID Shawl

of the past may have had its air of romance, and in some cases been becoming, but

The Sweater of to-day is a Thing of Beauty and a Joy.

We are showing a new shipment of

Ladies' All-Wool SWEATERS

in

Pull-Over & Coat Styles

with and without belts. These come in soft, rich and warm colours, some being in two-tone effects, and when you see them you will say they are "dreams". The shades are: Rose, Cardinal, Navy, Saxe, Emerald, Nile, Orange, Corn, Grey, Mauve, Coralette, etc.

Prices are various, but price is nothing against their value, warmth and beauty. You will need one for the Rink, and for everyday dress a smart Sweater is now a necessary adjunct.

But see these early as some shades are in limited quantities only.

HENRY BLAIR

IS IT NOT SA

To think that of the hundred thousand blind people in the United States, the great part of them might have their sight to-day had their eyes been properly attended to in time. You people whose eyes bother you, don't make the grave mistake of putting the inevitable off until late. Your eyes are the most valuable asset you have; care of them. See

R. H. Trapnell, L.
Eyeglass Specialists and Opticians.

Fishermen, Buy Your Engine Now.

Lathrop Marine Engines
for immediate delivery.

Prices will be higher in the spring. We have a full lines of

STATIONARY ENGINES. SAW MILL MACHINERY. COOPERAGE MACHINERY. HEAD ROUNDERS, ETC., ETC.

A. H. MURRAY & CO., Limited

The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Limited
WM. WHITE, Manager

Forty Years in the Public Service the 'Evening Telegram'



And the Worst is Yet to Come

epub
nglo
ment
atty to Co
PORTUGUESE T
LONDON
ireless despatch rec
says reports fro
are to the effect
war vessels are
which is still in the
monarchs. The de
mors persist that
is about to land
RECOGNIZE POL
PARIS
recognition of the
of Poland is exp
to this end, it is
en shortly.
LO-AMERICAN AG
PARIS
the A.P.—The sol
in problem propos
Council of the
is considered here
manifestation and
ish and American
issues. Before the
this accord was
es and in private
glad by both Pr
and President W
stood, that inasmu
Council has accep
plan for the settl
in question, the
orm the foundation
which the peace r
the league of nati
FICIAL ANNON
PAR
text of the offic
of the Supreme C
President of the U
remiers and Forei
s Allied and Assoc
the Japanese tre
his morning at 1
The meeting of
mination of the
enary meeting of
on Saturday. T
ons were consider
se: First, intern
on labor; second
d punishments i
the war; third, r
damages; fourth,
e of ports, waterw
In addition, the
consideration of
adopted with reg
questions. The S
will meet again
am. Marshal Foc
Haig and General
at as well as the
ntatives at Vers
and Associated F
ATERS NOT W
OTTAY
entials to repres
at the Workers'
Parties have bee
Watters, former P
ion Trades and
Acting on behal
executive, Mr. To
has turned down