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"SALADA"

The Most Delicious and Economical of all Teas. Beware of Substitutes. BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XIV. NEW EXPERIENCES.

"But, of course, there are hundreds of other things to see to—servants, furniture, horses, carriages—and that reminds me that I told the coachman to keep the carriage at the door, in case—only in case, dear—you would like to go with me and see about a few things—remember, I place myself at your disposal," etc., etc., to such an extent that Edna, utterly unable to stand up against the gushing torrent—gushing in two senses of the word—found herself in her modest little bonnet and jacket, and with Aunt Martha, in Mrs. Edward More's neat pony carriage, and out of one large establishment and in another, from carriage builders in Long Acre to Jackson & Graham's, in Oxford Street, and on to Swan & Edgar's, and from thence to half a score of other fashionable shops, before she could find her breath. But through it all she was conscious of the new power that came within her reach; she felt rather than saw the obsequious deference, which almost amounted to awe, with which she was received everywhere, and noticed, almost with amusement, how, at the mere mention of her name in connection with Rosedene, the staidest of attendants grew hound-backed and deferential. It was well—exceedingly well that pounds were to be counted merely as so many pence, for Mrs. Edward More had helped the heiress to spend a few before the day had closed. By the time Mrs. More's ponies had turned their heads toward Richmond, Edna was possessed prospectively of a brougham, a traveling chariot, a barouche, the horses to each of which Mr. Edward More had kindly promised to procure for her, a variety of dresses—morning, walking, dinner and evening; a choice collection of millinery, some articles of jewelry—the three latter items including those required by Aunt Martha—and a variety of other things too numerous to mention. As Mrs. Edward More insisted that they should return with her to Richmond that very evening, Edward More had gone on to the hotel to prepare the landlord for Miss Weston's departure, and the carriage was to

pick up him and Edna's small amount of luggage on its way home. As it pulled up at the hotel door, with much stamping of hoofs and clanking of bits and curb-chains, Edna, who had been rather listless and weary since they had left the last shop, happened to glance at Aunt Martha's face, and something in its still bewildered expression amused her against her mood.

"Well, aunt," she said, "are you still undecided as to whether it is a dream or not?"

"My dear Edna," replied the old lady, "I'm more confused than ever; nothing that could happen would surprise me, no, not if Mrs. More—that lady was talking to her footman, preparatory to alighting—not if Mrs. More were to declare that we are going to Richmond in a balloon."

Edna laughed her soft, silvery laugh, and was still smiling as she stepped on to the pavement.

A small crowd of street boys had collected to see the grand carriage, with its powdered livery servants; and, as Edna appeared, a little murmur of admiration rose from the juvenile lips, and caused a tall, stalwart-looking gentleman, who had gone into the road because of the block, to turn his head. As he did so he saw Edna's beautiful face bright for the first time that day, with its smile. He stopped suddenly, as if he had been shot, and looked at her, with his hand thrust into the breast of his coat and his face pale and strained. Then, as Edna disappeared through the doorway, he dropped his head upon his breast, and hurried on, muttering hoarsely:

"Forgotten already! Is it the money? No, dear child! you never loved me, never. All the money in the world could not make me smile. Ah, Edna, Edna, may you be happy!" He was gone in an instant, and there was no one to tell the great heiress that Sir Cyril More had been within arm's length of her. The journey to Acacia Lodge, Richmond, was uneventful by Mrs. More, who favored her guests with an account of some of her future neighbors. Edna leaned back and listened—she had a slight headache and felt rather dazed—while Mrs. More ran on like a watch or a clock.

"Of course, the duchess takes the lead—you will be charmed with the duchess. I was!—if report speaks truly the duchess was anything but charming. Mrs. More. The duke's place, Acacia Lodge, is only a drive from Rosedene, and he is almost always there. Then there are Lord and Lady Passington—he is an earl, my dear—Lord Morsey is his eldest son. Now, there if I might make a suggestion; though they say that he will never marry until he is obliged, and then one of the blue stockings he is always associating with, for her ladyship goes in for social science and all that sort of thing. And then there are the Bromleys—Sir George and his wife, and two daughters. I dare say you'll think the baronet a bore, I know I do; but Edward says he is the great authority on agricultural matters, and you might want his advice about the home farm some day or other, so you must put up with him sometimes—and oh, by the way, have you been presented, my dear Edna?"

"Presented! Oh, I beg your pardon!" said poor Edna, awaking from a reverie; "at court, you mean. No; this is my first week in England since I was a child."

"Of course; how stupid of me!" responded Mrs. More. "Well, that must be the first thing. I wonder whether her grace would do it? If she would, your position would be made."

Edna looked frightened, and murmured a modest doubt.

"Well, we shall see!" said Mrs. More, nodding confidently; "if she

won't, I suppose I must," with a gracious smile.

Edna expressed her gratitude in suitable terms, and Mrs. More talked on until the carriage bowed up through the gates of Acacia Lodge. Mr. More woke up and began grumbling without loss of time at the coachman at once for not driving slower or faster, the footman clanged down the steps, a maid with pink ribbons and a general air of Mrs. More about her came out, and Edna and Aunt Martha were carried off to their rooms.

There was a bright fire in Edna's room; and she dropped into a comfortable chair and looked around her, still asking herself if she were awake, and whether it was she, Edna Weston, who had spent the day in purchasing carriages and furniture for Rosedene, near the great duchess's castle.

The maid coming in with warm water roused her, and having dismissed that damsel, whose ministrations would have made Edna, who had dressed herself since she had been able to tie a bow, exceedingly uncomfortable, she proceeded to array herself in her modest black silk. A long time seemed to have elapsed while she was doing this, as she thought, and she deemed it wise to descend in search of the drawing room, in case dinner should be waiting. She had noticed a daintily decorated room on the ground floor as she came upstairs, and she now turned into it. No one was there, as she thought, and wondering whether she had done right, when, going up to the fire, she came upon a little boy, who was curled up on a white mat before the fire reading a huge book, which he supported on his lap by clenching the top of the open volume with two tiny hands. An Edna came up to him he raised his head and looked at her, and Edna stopped abruptly in her approach, and stood with half pained and half pleasurable emotion. It was not the beauty of the child, and he was beautiful, with a fair, round face and long, flaxen hair, that made his dark blue eyes look almost brown, but a strange resemblance to some one, to—yes! with a throb at her heart she remembered. But that the face was that of a child, and was more dreamy and staid looking, it was identical in expression and meaning as Harold Payne's.

Edna recovered herself with an effort, and going up to him put her hand upon his silvery head, and with her own sweet smile, said: "Well, dear, what is your name?" The child looked at her, with grave scrutiny, as if he was trying to decide whether he liked her or not, then he said: "My name is Bertie More. What is yours?"

Edna turned pale at the sound of his voice, and quietly dropped into a chair beside him. The voice had the very ring and rhythm of that other's! "My name is Edna Weston," she replied, bending toward him. "Edna Weston," he repeated, looking up at her curiously, as if he was either surprised or disappointed. "Are you the lady who is so very, very rich?"

Edna smiled. "Yes," she said, "I suppose I am," and she sighed, why, she could not tell, neither could the boy, for he looked still more curious as he said: "Why do you sigh? Isn't it nice?"

"Do you so very much wish to be Sir Bertie More?" she asked. He looked at her, and ruminated for just a minute. "I couldn't be Sir Bertie More unless Uncle Cyril died, could I?" "No," said Edna. "No, then I don't want to be Sir Bertie," he replied, with great prohibitive; "I would rather Uncle Cyril lived always. You don't, I suppose, as you've never seen him?" "What sent that strange thrill through Edna, and sent the answer to her lips so earnestly? "Oh, yes, indeed I do, although I have not seen him."

"I thought, perhaps," said the child, quaveringly, "that as you had taken all his money from him, you wouldn't care."

Edna looked down, pale and trembling. The child, whose eyes were sharp, peered up at her.

"What is the matter?—what are you crying for? I can see you are crying, though you don't make a noise like Marie—that's mamma's maid, you know—does when she cries. Aren't you happy?"

"Not very," said Edna, smiling at him through her tears.

He looked at her curiously. "That is strange, isn't it? You're so very rich, you know! Perhaps somebody you know has died, or perhaps—have you got a husband?"

(To be Continued.)

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

A Wall of Resistance

Emphasis should be placed upon the conservation of strength and the building up of a strong wall of resistance against weakness.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is used regularly by many, right through the winter, as a dependable means of conserving strength. For the delicate child or adult, Scott's offers rich nourishment with tonic qualities that are great in their ability to strengthen the body and increase resistance.

to be very rich? Mamma says 'that you are wonderfully lucky.'

"I dare say mamma is right," said Edna, smiling now.

"Yes, but you would not have been so lucky if Uncle Cyril had not been so stupid. Mamma says he was a great fool; do you think he is?" Edna colored.

"I—I—don't know; I have never seen him."

"Haven't you, really?" said the boy with great interest; then, with a sigh, "neither have I for a long time! He doesn't come here now, and More Park is shut up. Have you ever been there?"

"No," replied Edna.

"I have," continued the child, raising his head with a dreamy, far-away look. "It is a beautiful place; I used to go and see Uncle Cyril. I love Uncle Cyril—that is, I would if mamma would let me, but she says I am not to. She says he is very wicked; Jamieson, the butler, you know, calls him wicked Sir Cyril; I've heard him. I am very sorry he is so wicked, aren't you?"

"Yes," murmured Edna, fascinated by the strange child, and unable to keep her eyes from his beautiful little weird face.

"I think you would like him if you knew him, though he is so wicked; you couldn't help it, like me. He is so kind, and speaks so—so—nice and pleasant, and he can play tennis and climb trees; he could climb the highest tree you ever saw and think nothing of it. He is very clever if he is wicked."

There was a pause; Edna slid down on to the white fur mat, and looked over the child's shoulder.

"What are you reading?" "Froissart's Chronicles," he answered, slurring the name over with a childish attempt at an accent.

"Mr. Bell, my tutor, you know, gave it to me. He says that I ought to read it and study it, because it gives an account of some of my ancestors—the Mores, you know. They fought in a great many battles. I am a More. I shall be"—and he raised his head with a strangely thoughtful look upon his face—"I shall be Sir Bertie More of More Park some day, perhaps, if Uncle Cyril does not marry."

Edna shrank inwardly. Was it worldliness or pure innocence? A glance at the child's unconscious face answered her.

"Do you so very much wish to be Sir Bertie More?" she asked. He looked at her, and ruminated for just a minute.

"I couldn't be Sir Bertie More unless Uncle Cyril died, could I?"

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"No, then I don't want to be Sir Bertie," he replied, with great prohibitive; "I would rather Uncle Cyril lived always. You don't, I suppose, as you've never seen him?"

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(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A POPULAR STYLE.



2733.—This simple model is easy to develop, and is most becoming to slender figures. The back and front are plaited, and the closing is effected at the left side of the front at shoulder and under the plait. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 8 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. Serge, corduroy, velveteen, satin, jersey cloth or gabardine could be used for this style. Blue velveteen with sleeves and belt of Georgette crepe would be pleasing, or brown serge with matched satin. The dress measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD MODEL FOR SCHOOL DRESS.



2730.—Brown poplin was selected for this design, with green and brown plaid for trimming. Blue serge trimmed with braid would make a serviceable dress. All wash materials are nice for this style. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The sleeves may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



TO ROYAL NAVAL RESERVISTS: It is notified for information that the Government has ordered that there be paid an additional amount of 20c. per day from the time of the commencement of the War, in cases where men were then serving otherwise, from the time when their services were up to the time of discharge, or of decease, or from the 1st October, 1917, up to the time of discharge or decease.

TO SOLDIERS OF THE ROYAL NEWFOUNDLAND REGIMENT—SERVING OR DISCHARGED AND DEPENDENTS WHOM IT CONCERN:

It is notified for information that the Government has ordered that the following Allowances, and Pensions to already existing Allowances, shall be paid:

1. A Clothing Allowance on the following scale:
 - For men discharged up to 1st April, 1917—\$35.00.
 - For men discharged between 1st April, 1917, and 1st April, 1918—\$45.00.
 - For men discharged on or after 1st April, 1918—\$60.00.
2. A War Service Gratuity, in place of Post Charge Pay, to be graduated up to six months' Pay and Allowances, exclusive of subsistence or allowances in lieu of rations and quarters. For men who have served in an actual theatre of war, or were on the strength of a recognized overseas establishment on Nov. 11, 1918, the Gratuity is graded as follows:
 - For three years' service or over—183 days' pay and allowances.
 - For two years' service and under three years—153 days' pay and allowances.
 - For one year's service and under two years—122 days' pay and allowances.
 - For less than one year's service—92 days' pay and allowances.

For men who have served overseas, and discharged prior to November 11th, without having been in actual theatre of war, and for men who have served in Newfoundland only, the Gratuity is graded as follows:

- For three years' service or over—92 days' pay and allowances.
- For two years' service and under three years—61 days' pay and allowances.
- For one year's service and under two years—31 days' pay and allowances.

In the case of an Officer or man with dependents whose pay and allowances, as described, are less than \$70.00 for a 31 day period, a consolidated rate of \$70.00 will be paid in lieu of every 31 or 30 days' pay and allowances to which he is entitled. In the case of an Officer or man, with dependents who are entitled or who, before retirement or discharge, were entitled to separation Allowances, whose pay and allowances including Separation Allowance is less than \$100.00 for a 31-day period, a consolidated rate of \$100.00 will be laid in lieu of every 30 days' pay and allowances to which he is entitled. If part of, or all the gratuity under Post Charge Pay Regulations has been paid to an officer or man, the amount so paid will be deducted from the Gratuity provided by the "War Service Gratuity" Regulations.

3. Separation Allowance to wives of members of the Regiment and to other dependents thereof, shall be retroactive, making effective from date of enlistment, or from date when entitled to receive same under existing Regulations. The foregoing will necessitate a large amount of accounting and additional work, and it will not be possible for the Department of Militia to make payments before the 1st of March.

J. R. BENNETT, Minister of Militia

feb.5,1919

SLATTERY'S

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EVERY DAY GOODS ARRIVING

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Buy and use promptly.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Any one who has coughed all day and all night will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents a bottle) and plain granulated sugar to make 16 ounces. Or you can use refined molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Either way, this mixture saves about four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasantly—children like it.

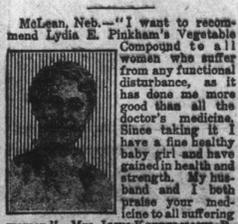
You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known as the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "24 ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.



McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine for all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KORTZMANN, No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacement, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headache, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

American Letter.

South Carolina, Feb. 1. Wilson has won a serious victory at the Peace Conference. It begins to look as if the imperialistic designs said by some of the nations will be shown a dispossessed and entirely in accord with the members of the League of Nations. It is hoped that the League will be able to impress its policy upon the nations with the adhesion of the League of Nations. It has been said that "melting pot" has been a failure. Nothing could be the truth. There was an exhibition of unity in various nationalities in the war. When the United States went to Germany, it was in a manner that international disunity was general, but such was the entire population of the United States. America came first in the regard of its adopted policy. The greater portion of the population remaining might have caused troubles as would put a million troops to put a test of American iron. They stood the storm of a feather on the labour strike in Great Britain. It is causing some concern in the country and hope is that it will not degenerate into a civil war. Europe at the present time sympathy is extended to the striking shipyard men in Seattle and San Francisco. These men are striking because the Government refuses to scale earned during the war. The armistice they have made is \$1.00 per hour for 9 months. The overtime wages in the steel industry are not all they want. These men walk out every week no longer make \$100 per week they are a profiteer class.

Some of certain long-haired politicians to glorify the Russian revolution in Russia has reformation of a group of revolutionists and world reformers intent on spreading their doctrines throughout the world. To listen to these Trotsky and Lenin are working for the abolition of capitalism and authority. This is the kind of socialism that is all things sacred. The man there chattered on growing upon the idea of marriage and concerning the propagation of the pagan conditions. They succeeded only in the abolition of dehumanization of mankind. Their aim to exhibit motherly love, that pain and suffering are generally repressed. We depend to Sparta when conquer peoples who natural human impulses. Like her latter Germany, she went and vanished forever from the earth. The doctrine of the Spartans regarding men in many other respects as morality and law are not included in the simple religion in the minds of men. All its concomitants of, irreligion and hostilities must surely follow. It is now threatening. If there was need with Germany for a hand on the part of the League to offset the campaign set on foot by the Bolshevism. The danger to the people of the world.

By likes flakes than Bobby have best—

STIES