

The Evening Telegram, St. John's, Newfoundland, June 10, 1912-2

she started up, woke Trick, and began to examine the furniture, with a view SACK to improving the comfort of Chum's abode Sherry "To be in this arm-chair is like sleeping on deck with no pillow! I'll Spain's Finest Wine, tell you what Chum we'll undo it inc, ury, zestful, of and stuff it again. Next time Uncle exquisite flavour. Dove goes shopping he shall bring Stays decanted In back some nice horsebair. I wonder what for? definitely with eut if we could get some from the horses'

tails here. No. that won't do: but DRY SACH of all good dealwool! A fleece dried, washed and carded; uncle could give us that." At this moment Rosa, with a face

wreathed in smiles, knocked at the cigar: but Miss Crump does, and you door and entered, carrying a tray on must leave that weed somewhere or which reposed a supper such as poor the way. much either. He'd bark if you Miss Crump had never had in her life before. Mrs. Homes had been touchbrought it here.'

d on her tenderest point, and every-"I don't think I want to com thing was as if Sir Evas himself had Toney," said Sir Evas, coughing again. What would Melina say if he "Is there anything else you can was heard of in Miss Crump's sitting think of miss?" asked Rosa who room? was his private thought. ould now follow the dictates of he "Don't want to come when two la heart as Mrs. Homes had set the exdies ask you, Uncle Dove! Well,

Toney looked critically at the dish-

the back stairs.

laughing

hard chair that I want him. Experience is worth so much more than only words.

"Oh. but Toney! how could you! And this supper not cleared away and-

Poor Miss Crump thought serious ly at this moment of resigning he situation These startling doing etc., etc. It need only be added that were too much for her nerves.

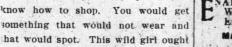
ion in the housekeeper's room that evening, and that Miss Crump's sup-

Lady Dove was congratulating herwell out of mischief. Sir Evas, how- of all my dresses before I left. Wish ever, was anxious to know why I hadn't. I know Aunt Dove will Toney could not come downstairs. "She has no frock for the evening,

must tell Rivett to do one up for her to-morrow. My old grey silk will body." do cut up."

night bring some stuff." said Sir Evas, who was rather tired of his

wife's old grey silk, and had a wish o see Toney in something new.



ordred a private repast. ate cook. Real talent that way.' "Well, ves, it's true, Papa often ad nothing but what I. could cock This mutton bone will make a nice lit ample. tle hash. Rosa shall get me a littl gravy, and Mrs. Homes, aren't mus. coms good? Ketchan will do how

ever, and pepper and stit. Stars "No, Rosa, I'm hungry, so I'm not Fry particular to-night. By the way, you'll see! There's no time for pud lon't forget to put something in my ding: but we'll to st this old chees

iding-place for to-morrow morning. Plain bread and butter and just some-

hing else will do" Rose said, "Yes, miss," and disappeared with quite a new excitement

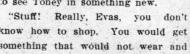
in her life Jane of course was much offended and recounted her woes to Mrs. Stone.

She had never had no orders, and i t hadn't been for her Miss Crump wouldn't have had any supper at all.

Toney was the subject of conversa-

er was never again a thing without

"I've to go to town to-morrow. I



English

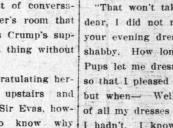
ough! Uncle Dove!" "Ahem! What is the matter?" "Well 'tain't a robber, or fire murder, uncle: but just your advice is wanted. Do you think you'd to give it to us? We have hearts on a fleece of wool." "A fleece of wool! Good graciou "I can't explain well from up I'd have to shout so. Uncle Dove

just step through the little low, and come up the back stairs. No body'll see you. I don't mind your

side door as directed, and crept up

"That won't take a minute. Chun dear I did not notice it before, but

self that Antonia was upstairs and but when- Well, I made a bonfire



filled the kitchen. "I shouldn't have thought you min "It's the ghost of our supper! We ed such things, missy," said Mrs want the body of it. Now look, Mrs. Homes, laughing in spite of hersel at Tonev's remarks. Homes, Crumpet and I aren't greedy; but, look here, what would you think of that if it was your supper?" Toney spread out the cloth and I get a day off my time-table, I'll in

showed the cold mutton bones, the ancooking." cient cheese, and the dry loaf. "Well, miss," said Mrs. Homes, rais

ing her head in anger. "I've had no I'll see what I can do." orders about suppor upstairs. I've enough to do with the late dinner." "Now, dear Mrs. Homes, don't be huffy with me! It's not your fault I'm sure, it's somebody's mistake: but I don't want to give you any more trouble, so if you'll let me stand at your fire I'll soon make things however, was sitting on the edge o straight. At home, you know, we let her chair, trembling with fear. Sup people come and have a bit of firing pose Lady Dove should come up be if they liked. We were just neighfore Toney returned! Supposebourly there, you see, and I'm a first



ATrue

CHAPTER VIII.

A Choice Supper.

Another result of this system

that the supper was a very varied

and Jane did not dare to take upon

herself to purloin any of the good

things that came out from the dinner

The result was usually that she pro

cured a very small amount of cold

meat and some bread and cheese

which was grandly called Miss

When Toney came in very hungry

she found this fine fare spread out

"This is a cold collation. Crumpe

for her and Miss Crump in the sit

"Oh, anything does for me, dear."

"I imagine that inside you're made

just the same as Aunt Dove, and 1

know I am! What if I cooked a bit

first-rate at cooking. I can toss ut

"Oh. no. indeed! It's impossible: in

"You bet. Mrs. Homes don't know

how to do little things! Here, whisk

all this into that work-basket, and I'll

forage. We'll have a rare good sup-

"Miss Antonia-Toney, dear, what

will Lady Dove say? I beseech you."

in a hurry, were like lightning, and

the loaf, the dry cheese, and the cold

meat, wrapped up in the small table

cloth, were packed in a large baske

Just then there w.s.a lull in the

routine of the kitchen. Dessert had

gone in. and Mrs. Homes was sitting

down, directing Rosa about some drip

ping, when a scuffle and a rush were

heard and Toney stood before her

"Lor. miss, how you frightened

"I didn't mean to," said Toney

"A ghost, miss!" Mrs. Homes

started up, and Toney's merriment

cheerfully. "Did you think this whit

thing was a ghost? Well so it is!"

holding up a large white bundle.

me!" said Mrs. Homes.

and on their way to the kitchen.

dear! Is this your supper?"

Crump's supper.

ting room

anything."

mustn't be done.

per to-night!"

The kitchen people were

"to bother about that supper,

D

SHERRY BUILD

JEREZ & LONDON

"You, miss!

of supper for us, Crumpet dear? I'm treat. Her appetite's delicate. There's

But Toney's actions, when she was the situation, and Crumpet is tired to

night.

shall take it

Homes?"

clean.' "

deterioration.

D. O. BOBLIN,

Toron

Resident Agen

Canadian Agent,

JOHN JACKSON.

and there must be some fruit or some

thing left from uncle and aunt's din-

ner! I mean to give my Chum a rea

a look of slow liver, don't you think

There was no withstanding Tone

in her busy, earnest mood, and gradu

ally Mrs. Homes' anger began to melt

"Tisn't fit work for you, missy

"Fit work! Why, Mrs. Homes, I'm

real poor, lots poorer than you are.

bet. Just a poor relation. But yo

see, it's as well to make the best of

"lirr ladyship wouldn't like you be

us here, missy. If you'll just go, I'l

"But you can't do the cheese in jus

homely way, can you, dear Mrs

"Yes, miss, my poor mother was

that fond of it when I was a girl tha

"Ah, that's right. Well, I'll go bad

if you say I must, and tell Rosa

bring me up a nice table-cloth. Pun

was so particular on that score. "

we have nothing on it, Toney,' he o

ten said, 'let's have it white an

often did it for her."

Toney looked hopeful.

send you up something, and Ros

about Miss Crump?"

leave me to do it."

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Therapina may wow also b obtained to Drages (funtpless. Corm.

"I had to! I'll tell you what, cook, a good deal." dear, some day when we have time, i "I'm glad you think so, Evas. I'm sure there has been no peace since l vite you to supper and do all the she set foot here, but of course "Oh, miss, whatever are you talkin: Sir Evas knew he had called down about! But if you'll just go up again a storm on his head, so he said hastily that "as it was a fine night he Toney looked regretfully at he would have a stroll in the garden." cheese, but obeyed. In a few minute and taking a cigar he went off, leavshe was back again in the sitting ing his wife to do some important acroom. The room looked very differ counts before she sent for Miss ent now that it was adorned with rump choice flowers, and that a woman' His ill-luck took him round under hand had been at work. Miss Crumt

the sitting-room window, and worse still, it made him cough just as he 'ooked up at the light shining brighty through the uncurtained glass. In 1 moment Toney's curly head popped At last Toney did burst in. Her en out, for a sound against a high wall trance was always like the s carried very distinctly upwards. fresh air into a hot room

"I'm very sorry. Crumpet dear, coo vouldn't let me tess vou up a little supper. That's what it is to live in a prison-house. You must make the best of it. You see we have lost what we had even."

"Oh, I don't mind about that, in deed I don't, I'm often too tired to eat e mutton; but you, Toney, you with a cold.

aven't had any supper." Trick was curled up in front of the

fire and cocked his ears at the word

"I'm just famished. I'll own. It's dreadful to have an appetite like Never mind, Chum, we'll tell stories, and I'll make my waist-band very tight. That's what the men in the bush do if they can't get any food I assure you it does for some hours." "The servants will be so angry! I will look as if I complained, and what will Lady Dove say? Oh, dear, I wish

vou were not quite so-so-" This amused Toney immensely, se Jates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

to be dressed in sack-cloth." "Hales would think she was an anchorite, he was preaching about anjets of

horites the other day. After all, Mewith the goods they ship, and th Colon and Foreign Markets they supply, lina, the girl brightens up the house

arranged under the Ports to which the sail, and indicating the approxime milinge;

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