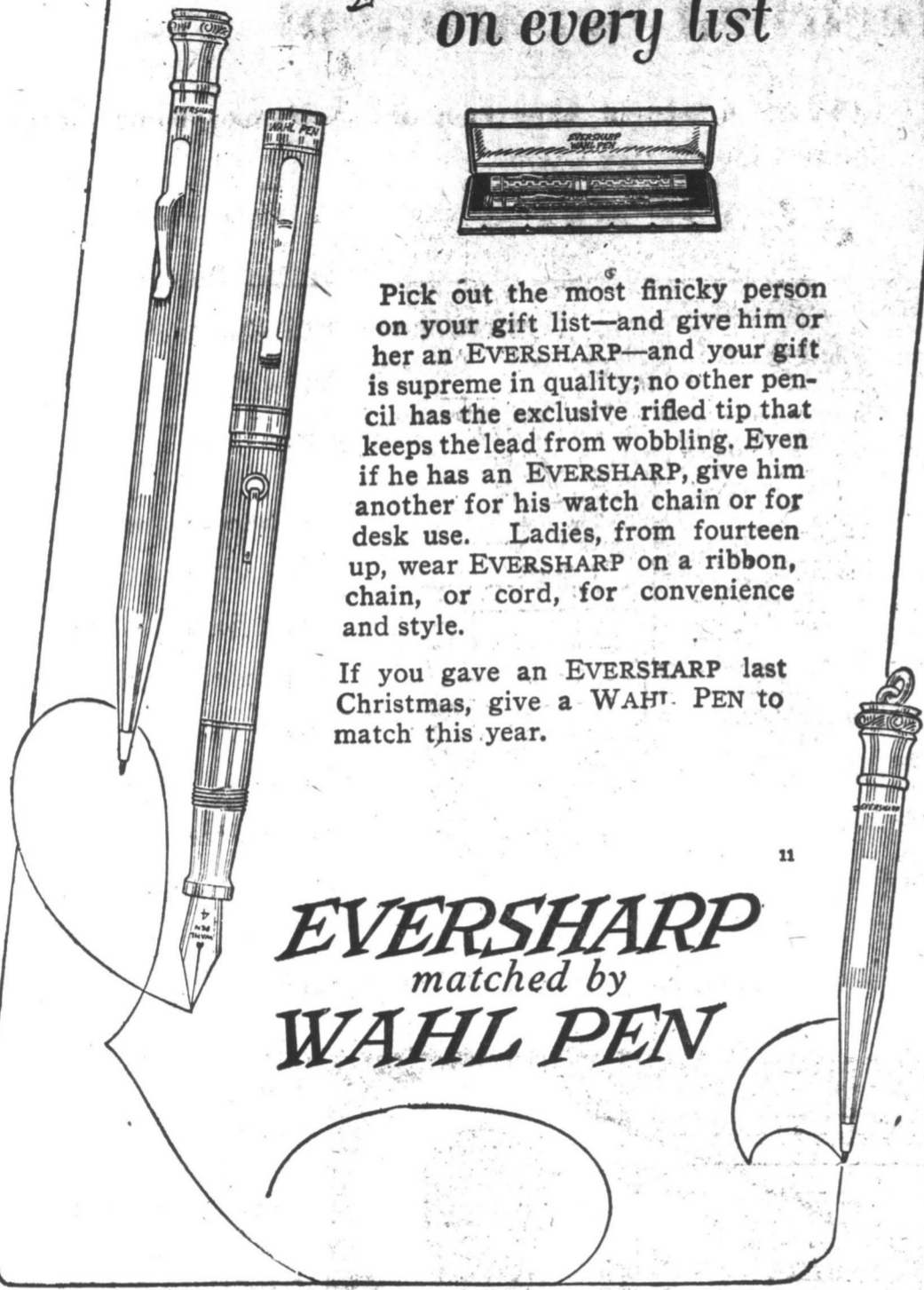


# GIFTS that should be on every list



Pick out the most finicky person on your gift list—and give him or her an EVERSHARP—and your gift is supreme in quality; no other pencil has the exclusive rifled tip that keeps the lead from wobbling. Even if he has an EVERSHARP, give him another for his watch chain or for desk use. Ladies, from fourteen up, wear EVERSHARP on a ribbon, chain, or cord, for convenience and style.

If you gave an EVERSHARP last Christmas, give a WAHL PEN to match this year.

**EVERSHARP**  
matched by  
**WAHL PEN**

## The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—  
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Let us have a rehearsal at once," replied Lord Bayneham, charmed with the idea. "If the ladies are willing."

When the curtain was drawn up it was acknowledged by all that Bertie's idea was a brilliant success. It would have been difficult to have found three women more beautiful, or differing more decidedly in their style of beauty.

Miss Deverney—tall and majestic, with a figure and carriage full of dignity, a face of the purest Grecian type, straight brows, and dark hair—was Juno, in all her majestic beauty.

Bertie declared the wonderful tissue of her robe must have been woven of moonbeams. Barbara Earle's pure, eloquent face, the calm serenity of eye and brow, the expression so full of intellect and feeling, fitted her well for the part of Minerva, the wise, beautiful, serene daughter of the gods.

Between them stood Aphrodite, a fair, lively face, bright as a morning sunbeam, a profusion of golden hair falling over the white, shining robe.

Lord Bayneham had refused the part of Paris, so Bertie took it, and he stood before the beautiful Aphrodite, just offering her the golden apple he held in his hands.

It was a beautiful picture, so perfect in its details that there was a universal demand for a second opportunity of seeing it.

Bertie had enjoyed the rehearsals, for he made an invariable rule, the moment they were finished, of offering the apple to Barbara, telling her he was a second Paris, with a far better judgment than his predecessor.

There were many guests at that brilliant evening festival who never forgot Lady Hilda as she stood between her fair rivals; who remembered the bright loveliness of the face, the rosy flush of beauty and triumph, the light in the violet eyes, and the sheen of the golden hair, long after the cloud of sorrow and suffering had dimmed the beauty then so radiant.

There was another tableau that evening as much admired as Bertie's—The Farewell before the Battle. A knight, belted and spurred, ready for the fray, had just taken farewell of his young wife. He turns once more to look at her, and she returns his gaze. The beauty of the picture lay in the expression of both faces—the stern beauty of the knight, looking his last upon his wife, her wistful, sad face, trying vainly to smile a last adieu, while the lips were pale and the eyes full of tears.

Hilda and Lord Bayneham rendered

the idea perfectly; there had been some difficulty in teaching the Lady of Bayneham Castle to look sad or tearful.

"I cannot do it," she said, when Bertie for the twentieth time found fault. "I cannot do it. I have never learned to look sad. Tell me what I am to think about."

"Fancy that Lord Bayneham is going to leave you, and you will never see him again," replied Bertie; "how would you look then?"

"I cannot do that for play," said Hilda; but even the passing thought

brought a rapt expression of grief that made a perfect and beautiful picture. "You must forgive me, Lady Hilda," said Bertie, "that I have been the first to teach you to look sad. I can only hope the look may never be more real than now."

That evening, when Barbara Earle, tired and exhausted, reached her own room, she saw a small packet addressed to her, lying on the toilet-table. She broke the seal and found a small box. When that was opened, lying in a soft nest of white velvet was a most beautiful little golden apple. It was made with a small loop, so that it could be worn at the end of a chain, or suspended to a bracelet; there was a slip of paper, and on it these few words were written—

"Barbara, will you accept this from me in my own character of Bertie Carlyon?"

Miss Earle, understanding exactly how much that meant, resolved upon taking time for deliberation before she made any reply.

On the morning following Bertie was anxiously waiting for her appearance, but Barbara avoided any tete-a-tete with him. The day after was spent in preparing for the grand ball, which Lord Bayneham declared should excel any given in the county, and its queen was to be his fair young wife.

The evening so anxiously looked for came at last. The whole neighborhood round Bayneham seemed alive with the rolling of carriages. The castle was one blaze of light and warmth. The ball was brilliantly and numerously attended. It was something like a dream of Fairyland—the rich hangings, the fragrant exotics, the little scented fountains that rippled so musically, the gleaming of jewels, the sweet, soft music, the bright, beautiful faces.

Lord Bayneham felt proud of the ladies of his house. The countess was dressed with more than her usual magnificence. Barbara wore a beautiful costume of green velvet, with rich golden ornaments. Lady Hilda looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her, in some wonderful combination of white satin and costly lace, with the fair-famed Bayneham diamonds shining in her golden hair and round her white neck.

Hilda was the queen of that brilliant throng, admired and flattered, the homage of great and famous men floating round her—her every wish complied with.

She bore her honors meekly, with sweet, unaffected grace, never forgetting in this, the supreme hour of her triumph, the wants and wishes of others. Her guests declared Lady Hilda was a perfect hostess; no one was forgotten or overlooked.

The great county magnate, the Duke of Laleham, had purposely delayed a journey he meditated in order to attend the Bayneham ball. He opened it with Lady Hilda, who delighted her stately mother-in-law by the way she conversed with one whom the countess held in high esteem. Soon afterward the duke, conversing with Lady Bayneham, expressed his great admiration of her son's wife.

It was a brilliant and successful evening, more so perhaps to Bertie than any one else. He secured two waltzes with Barbara, and probably spent the happiest moments of his life in the conservatory with her.

"Barbara," he said, as they stood watching the lamps that glowed like pale moons among the green plants—"Barbara, do you accept or refuse my little present?"

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### Moir's Chocolates

"The golden apple?" she said with a smile; "neither, Mr. Carlyon. I hold it in reserve."  
"Is there any hope for me, Barbara?" little Hilda, where Hilda had sought refuge for a few minutes' repose.  
"Tired," she said, in answer to her husband's question—"just a little, Claude. I am tired with pleasure and happiness; it is all so bright and beautiful."  
Lord Bayneham smiled. To Hilda's great surprise the countess, who had never embraced her since her wedding-day, went up to her and kissed the fair face that flushed with joy as she did so.

"You have charmed me this evening, Hilda," said Lady Bayneham kindly. "I shall begin to believe that you win all hearts."  
She passed on, leaving the husband and wife together.  
"Claude," said Hilda, "I am too happy. I had but one shadow of trouble—that was I feared your mother would never love me. But she does; she will care for me almost as much as she does for Barbara Earle."  
"A great deal more," replied Lord Bayneham, looking at the fair, loving face.

"Then I have nothing left to wish for," said Hilda, with a sigh of unutterable content.  
"I cannot stay with you, Hilda," said the young earl. "Rest for a few minutes, then I will fetch you."  
She smiled as he looked at her, and many long years passed before Claude Bayneham saw the same expression of happiness on her beautiful face.

"THE KID'S CLEVER."  
"Paw," began little Lester Livermore, who is of unusual width between the eyes, "if a man 60 years old marries a girl of 17, and his son, age 25, marries the girl's mother, doesn't that make the old man the son-in-law of himself? And—say, Paw, can I go to the picture show to-night if I won't ask any more questions?"  
"Yes," yelled Mr. Livermore.

### Petrol From Coal.

CLAIMS FOR A NEW PROCESS.

A discovery which may be of very great importance to the British coal industry—the conversion of soft coal into liquid oil—was the subject of a lecture delivered to the Mining Society of the University of Birmingham by Dr. F. Bergius, an eminent German research chemist.

The process is simple. To coal under a very high pressure the gas hydrogen is added, and the result is that 80 per cent of liquid oil is obtained. By various modifications of the process it is possible to produce petrol or other kinds of mineral oil.

A process which would enable a large part of the British coal reserves to be transmuted into liquid fuel would secure this country against any risk of a liquid fuel famine and enable it to make its own oil at home.

Hydrogen for such processes is generally obtained by decomposing water (a combination of hydrogen and oxygen) with electricity, and its price will depend on the cost of electric power.

### Wash With Cuticura Soap and Have a Clear Skin

Baths with the Soap and hot water on rising and retiring, using plenty of soap, if any signs of pimples, redness, or roughness are present, smear with the Ointment and let it remain five minutes before bathing. Always include the Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

See the Ointment and the Talcum Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Agents: The Canadian Talcum Co., Montreal, Quebec, 345 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

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### MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF WOULD DO MUCH BETTER WITH A CAN OPENER.

—By Bud Fisher

JEFF, WHEN YOU STOP TO THINK OF IT, AIN'T MAN A WONDERFUL ANIMAL?

JUST WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, MUTT?

TAKE THE EYES FOR INSTANCE! WITHOUT EYES WE COULDN'T SEE THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OR THE WONDERS OF NATURE!

RIGHTO, AND THE EARS ARE A NIFTY ARRANGEMENT, TOO!

YES, THE EARS MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO HEAR BEAUTIFUL MUSIC! IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF MAN HAD NO EARS!

YOU BET! THE CARPENTERS ESPECIALLY WOULD BE UP AGAINST IT WITHOUT EARS!

WHAT'D YE MEAN, CARPENTERS?

WHY THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE TO CARRY THEIR PENCILS!

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