

More Cups to the Pound

WILL BE YIELDED BY

"SALADA"

TEA

because the little leaves are fresher and more tender than in ordinary teas. Besides, you are always sure of that delicious flavor.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"

It was the last day of the year, Miss Hurst, with much importance, brought to the morning sitting-room two months' accumulation of bills and letters, the former all paid, the latter all answered, yet she conceived, requiring to be "run through" before filing or destroying. And this sacrifice to the manes of the fleeting months involved such examining and explaining that all other occupations had to be set aside to assist it.

Sydney's share in the work was simple, consisting of bearing innumerable epistles into diminutive bits, out of which Miss Hurst made queer little pillows and presented them to the poor! Mr. Hurst was equally easy to the attention mentally of items of domestic outlay, by which Miss Hurst could satisfy herself neither she nor her husband had been egregiously cheating one another. But the worst of the labor lay below the surface, certainly to one, perhaps to two, concerned. For it appeared that a trifle had been purchased for the house, done in, or wanted by it, that had not somehow been necessitated by "Gilbert." "Dear Gilbert," as this best of managers never failed to dub him, had in some mysterious way completed the next fortnight, rearing up a score of false surprises—though his tastes were simple as a hermit's—and had, by winks or whises, drained the slender family purse to its last pound. "Though," cried Jean Hurst—a sincere believer in her own ingenuousness and self-deception—"I don't mind that the least! Some call it drudgery for me to have to manage like this; Mrs. Greaves often says it is—you know who I mean, Gilbert. Miss Grey, by the way, has one of her letters now. But I always answer 'No, I care for nothing while I see you comfortable, Gilbert, dear!'"

With which triumphant speech this epitome of skill and devotion gathered up her account-books, swept and garnished for another year's campaign, and bestowed a carress of mild patronage on her brother's thick brown hair, that was showing lines of white long before its legitimate time. For an instant a sting, all but unbearable, confessed itself in the quick, fierce contraction of brows and mouth. Sydney knew that look must come; watched covertly, caught it, brief though it was. Another moment it was quenched in the nobler peace his face habitually wore. Her own eyes sunk, filling with tears.

"Take the morning while it is fine, and have your walk now, Miss Grey," counselled Miss Hurst; and having asked, somewhat wistfully, "Can I do anything for you, Mr. Hurst?" and been answered, "Nothing whatever, I thank you," she hurried out into the fresh, keen air, there haply to get rid of the pent-up irritability engendered by the last two hours.

What peculiar set of nerves had started quivering she could not tell. Nor could she define precisely why

she felt so. It seemed to her that she was being flattered, that she was being complimented, that she was being praised. She felt a little awkward, a little shy, but she tried to smile. She felt a little awkward, a little shy, but she tried to smile.

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Miss Jean's maladroit tenderness provoked her oftener and oftener to the verge of exasperation. Driven up a corner, she might have averted it with bare instinct prompting protection of one who, with rare self-restraint, forbore all self-defense. But up this inquisitorial corner she was not to be hedged till all ways out but one were closed. Meanwhile, she sped along the breezy upper road, the river always in sight—that river which once Mr. Hurst had called, in half-jesting earnest, his very good friend, for "he could trust it with his carver, it listened, and half lay between the ecclesiastical edifices over which the Rev. Everard Preece presided, but communication between the villages could only be held by crossing the stream, or by a five-mile detour over the nearest bridge, and this may account for the fact that the Preece's poorer flock at Capel Moor had to shift spiritually very much for themselves, lending their sick or comforting their dying according to their own rustic lights, taking their Sabbath services at one hour or another, or not at all, as the state of the river, or road, or rectory horses decided. It was a condition of affairs that many averred would never have been allowed if Capel Birch had not been a good living, held by a rich man. Had poverty entered into the situation, "then," said these prejudiced folk, "the rectors would soon have felt the pastoral crook about his shoulders!" And, quite lately, a vindictive local paper had stirred up such a hubbub on the matter that the outcome was an alteration, which the rector's wife came herself to announce. Usheréd straight into the study, Gilbert Hurst was unable to elude this guest, whose heavy conversational touch experience had taught him to dread; so, with his annoyed sister, he rose to receive her.

"The same as ever?" questioned Mrs. Preece, in rasping tones of condescension, ignoring Mr. Hurst's bow, and diving after his hand, which she persisted in holding in her own benighted clasp while she spoke. "No better? No likelihood of restoration of that precious power? None? Oh, how I feel for you! Do let me give you a chair. I can find one for myself. We, who are not afflicted, ought to wait on those who are! But never do I see you, Mr. Hurst, without saying afterward to my husband, 'Affliction has fallen on rich ground—rich, Everard; Mr. Hurst knows it as well ordained. He carries himself as an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian!'"

Having delivered which speech, at once pastotic, polite, and pious, Mrs. Preece relinquished the unresponsive

hand, seated her tur-tur-ed figure by Miss Hurst (she provokingly condescended of her oldest, shabbiest, homespun) apologized for the unreasonable visit with the simple explanation that the hour suited her better than a later one, and then, entered on their parochial quandary.

"It seems Capel Moor is considered benighted! Why, I cannot really see. We keep a schoolmistress here. We give the choir a treat. We offer a guinea to any one who will take the duty if the water is out or Mr. Preece or the horse ill, so what more can be expected reasonably? Nothing! But people are not reasonable, so I have urged my husband to yield to the times and keep a curate. A man, as I say, to look after but sleep on Capel Moor. He will cost a hundred and fifty a year, so the sheep ought to be grateful."

Here was news! Five small farm-houses, and an occasional tenant of a fishing-box on the riverside, formed the present aristocracy of the village. A resident clergyman would be an exciting addition. To do Miss Hurst justice, her first thought was that it might be some one Gilbert would take to.

"Have you chosen a curate?" she asked, and on hearing "Yes," and that he would be there in a fortnight, inquired his name, and where he would take up his abode.

"At the Manor. You know the house is too large for the people who rent it. They will be glad to let half, and attend to Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name—and his young family," answered Mrs. Preece.

"Then the gentleman is married?"

"A widower, just home from abroad. He's been a missionary, an excellent man. Of course, we chose a good one. But we have had a great deal to think of in getting him. The applications we have had, and the letters I have written! More than once I have said to Mr. Preece, 'Oh, how I wish poor Mr. Hurst, over there, had taken orders before this and incapacity came on him—'"

"My brother, Mrs. Preece, never intended to take orders."

"Ah, but if he had! Then he could have been the curate, with a little coaching over the prayers, and extempore sermons, and it need not have cost us so much—we may have to put down a horse as it is!—and the stipend might have been a help."

Miss Hurst bridled at this.

"A help, Mrs. Preece, we are quite able to do without. There is no need for my brother to exert himself. I see that he wants for nothing!"

"Undoubtedly!"

Mrs. Preece wanted these Hurst's friendliness for the curate, of the man would leave, out of sheer fullness, so she tacked neatly off the shoal.

"I should have said it would offer occupation, an interest, for Mr. Hurst. That was what I meant. Though, glad to turn the subject, 'that exceedingly lady-like girl who lives with you must be a great assistance in passing time. She looks quite intellectual.'"

"Oh yes! Miss Grey is a very acceptable person," admitted Miss Hurst, awkwardly. "Gilbert, was there not a book we promised Mrs. Preece the last time she was here? The day Miss Grey was gone out, you know, we seem to have forgotten it. Can you remember what it was, Mrs. Preece?"

"Not the least, and it's of no consequence," returned the rector's wife, not easy to divert from any point on which she felt curiosity; "I recollect Miss Grey was out in September when I came, and I was sorry for it. My husband noticed her in church and called her beautiful. And a cousin of mine who came over to service was loud in his admiration. I met the young lady just now, and I'm bound to say I think the gentlemen are right. Ah, Mr. Hurst, how I wish you could confirm their opinion!"

He only answered with a forced smile, but Miss Jean, who with meaningful glances had vainly essayed to stop Mrs. Preece, now cut across the topic with the remark that Miss Grey was sensible and understood her position, and that was enough for them. Appearances were of no consequence whatever.

"But it is queer," persisted Mrs. Preece, "to feel you have pleasant-looking people about you. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hurst? He did, as tersely as possible. 'And though I only saw her a minute, I thought my cousin's observation correct. He goes in for beauty, and said the curve of Miss Grey's lips was simply perfect.'"

"Oh, really!" cried Miss Hurst, exasperated at this marplot's enlargement on an ever-avoided theme, "my brother and I have other things to think of besides Miss Grey's or Miss anybody's lips! My housekeeping and his books do not leave us time for such frivolous subjects, I assure you, Mrs. Preece!" and by the silence of one auditor, the annoyance visible in the other, Mrs. Preece did at last comprehend that the conversation she had lit on was not congenial; therefore she began to fear the horse would catch cold if it stood any longer; hoped with spring Mr. Hurst would come over and lunch with them, an invitation always vaguely repeated, never definitely accepted. And commending the new curate to their courtesy with the prompt message that Mr. Preece "sent his compliments and looked to them to make the stranger at home there," she just got up to her brotherly call.

Time passed it lightly by

FATHER TIME is very kind to certain houses—just as he is to certain people.

In the case of this house there is a good reason from the day, long ago, when it was built it has always had a permanent protection against the elements, and to-day it is proudly pointed to as a family inheritance.

B-H PAINT

Long after ordinary paint needs renewing the brilliant finish and surface of B-H "English" Paint will be a delight to the eye.

B-H "English" Paint is so completely opaque that it gives a maximum of covering capacity—its surface saving film is so elastic that it resists the extremes of Canadian temperatures—and it is so tough and durable that it provides a protection for a longer period of years than other brands.

Buy the paint with the guaranteed formula—a formula that has proved to be the best.

FOR SALE BY
BOWRING BROTHERS, LIMITED,
St. John's.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON

Side Talks
by Ruth Cameron

A HINT TO ADVERTISERS.

If merchants and manufacturers realized how completely the value of a product is sometimes cancelled by the personality and conduct of the people who handle it, they would find some way to prevent such cancellation.

There is the sort of thing I mean: There is a certain automobile against which there is a great prejudice in my home state. And this is the reason which you hear given on every side, "Don't buy a Spitzbergen, it's a good car but you get such rotten service on it." Again and again I have heard some variation of that criticism.

Advertising Defeated. That means that all that advertising and a good product can do to popularize the — is being cancelled in our part of the country by the personnel of the large service station to which owners in a large section of the state must take their cars for major repairs.

The service is slow, ungracious and over costly. One man tells the story of how he took his car to the station for a small repair and, being in a hurry, sat in the car and waited while the work was being done. It took a little less than half an hour. The man who made out the bill evidently did not know of the owner's presence for he was charged for two hours of time!

You can imagine how a single story like that, going the rounds, weighs down the wrong side of the scales to people who are considering that car among several others for that eternal topic of thought, conversation and hope—"my next car."

The Saleswoman and the Suit. Again, we spoke of a certain shop which has first class things for fair prices, and someone said, "I hate to go there because the salesladies are so disagreeable." Hearing that said aloud crystallized a feeling of distaste I had been unconsciously experiencing. The last time I went to the suit department I had encountered a saleswoman who was so indignant because I didn't take a suit, which she considered becoming and of wonderful value ("you won't find anything so good elsewhere, Madame") and which I considered smart but hideously unbecoming, that she

actually poked me out of it. I have since wanted to go back and look at a new consignment of suits they are advertising but have been deterred by that subconscious dislike for entering the department.

Maybe She Was Tired. Now perhaps the saleswoman was very tired and that made her cranky. But it would pay any shop to give its clerks a rest when they need it, rather than to let them overwork and antagonize customers.

It really seems to me that it would pay any large merchant of large interests, or any manufacturer, to hire someone to go about finding out how the public is treated by its agents. Very likely something of that sort is done already by some firms. What an interesting job it must be! I think I should like one, wouldn't you?

HAPPY SPITZBERGEN. Spitzbergen's winds are blowing, their edge is like a file, and there it's always snowing and life is worth the while; no torrid nights are keeping the children from sleeping; no sun-struck gents are weeping; but people sing and smile. Spitzbergen, land of pleasure, of comfort and of ease! The cold they cannot measure, for mercury will freeze; amid those wholesome rigors no water ever freezes on fire or ants or chickens or steekers, bugs or bees. Of that fair land I'm dreaming when I to roost repair, the perspiration streaming from brow and cheeks and hair; how I would like to wander among the icebergs yonder and see the ground-hog ponder within its frozen lair! It seems a thing surprising that all men do not go where winter is always rising, and there it's always snow; why do we shilly-shally? Why don't we straightaway sail to some far northern valley and sit upon a foe? Spitzbergen is inviting the weary to her doors; she beckons, at this writing, she beckons and implores; why are we here remaining, where horrid heat is reigning; oh, why is no one straining to reach her ice-bound shores? The rigors no water ever freezes, the sky's like polished steel; and heat, absurd, amazing, has put us on the blink; and still the days grow hotter, why don't we weave and tatter to where men chop the water when they would have a drink?

Through With School, Now What? The answer is entirely up to yourself! It is only a question of whether or not you are properly trained. Every man pays for a business training whether he gets it or not, pay for it in smaller salary, in harder work, in dissatisfaction, in fewer opportunities.

Richness, Fragrance, Natural Purity and Delicacy.

Are all its qualities which appeal to discerning palates.

"ARMADA,"

The Cup that Cheers.

In 1 and 1-2 lb. packages. Never in bulk.

Penman's Rebuilt Organs.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED.

Our Catalogue gives the opinions of some of our best musicians and will convince you we can save you money.

It is yours for the asking.

Musicians' Supply Co.

DUCKWORTH STREET.

(Royal Stores Furniture).

STOVES

of all kinds at BEST PRICES.

See Our Assortment and be convinced of the values we are now offering.

JOHN CLOUSTON,

140-2 Duckworth Street,

P. O. Box 1243. Phone 406

APPLES and PEARS!

DUE FRIDAY

300 Barrels Gravenstein Apples

and 70 Half Barrels Pears.

BURT and LAWRENCE.

COAL!

A Small Cargo SCREENED NORTH SYDNEY COAL, every load weighed, not measured.

We will have a Small Cargo best ANTHRACITE COAL, which we will sell at very low prices, as usual.

A. H. MURRAY & CO., LTD.,

Beck's Cove.

Advertise in the "TELEGRAM"

Balkan to Lead English in siege Bo Fein M.

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LABOR AND DISA

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