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This Time Of Year

Means Much Money Out of Pocket For Clothes.

If there are three, five or six in the family the outlay is really serious and a problem to many people, particularly this fall. But there is a way to save a great deal of money if you will but use it. For instance, last year's garments are not outworn—perhaps three out of four are worth doing something in the way of our Dry Cleaning and Dyeing. People are surprised at the splendid results we get. It is because we use every precaution. Our prices are reasonable and results are absolutely the best, and each garment is treated according to the particular fabric of which it is made. Our services will enable you to have entire new wardrobes for the family at very little cost. Let us demonstrate with one garment what we can do for you. We also do Altering, Turning, Repairing, Curtains, Tablecloths, etc., dyed at shortest notice.

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General Agent, Board of Trade Building.
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ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING ADVOCATE.

Her Reward OR Love's Recompense

CHAPTER V.

How The Night Was Passed

Miss Montrose laughed musically. In spite of the exceedingly disagreeable predicament which they were in her spirits arose as the hours advanced.

She was really comfortable in the glow of the fire, and with the skirt of her riding-habit, which was very long and full, drawn up about her shoulders, she half sat, half reclined upon those springy, fragrant boughs, and felt very happy, as she watched her companion walk back and forth on the other side of the fire. The romance of the affair delighted her. She felt safe and secure, surrounded by such thoughtful care as Arthur had bestowed upon her, while to be there alone with, and entirely dependent upon, the man to whom she had surrendered her girlish heart, thrilled her with indescribable pleasure.

Meantime, the rest of the party had been really deceived concerning "the enamored couple," as they regarded them, for every one believed that, if they were not already declared lovers, the time was not far distant when they would be, notwithstanding that young Halstead was so punctilious in all matters pertaining to propriety, when in the presence of others.

They had returned from the grotto by the way of the Witches' Glen, as they had told Arthur they should do, and they had expected to find him and his fair companion at the boat-landing awaiting them.

But as they were not there, and as their boat also had disappeared, they concluded that they had already gone ashore, and that they should find them on the main land where they had left their horses.

When they reached the spot, however, and did not find them, they were greatly astonished.

"They must have gone for a row upon the lake," some one suggested, and, believing this, they good-naturally strolled about waiting for their appearance.

But an hour went by and still they did not come. The party grew impatient; the day was falling; the air was getting chilly; the ladies were fearful of taking cold, and they at last decided to leave a man belonging to the hotel, who had come with them as a guide and to attend to the lunch, to show them the way home, and go on.

"They will not mind," one fair dame, laughingly remarked, "they will never miss us, and Mr. Halstead will be sure to take excellent care of Miss Montrose."

"Of that we may feel very certain," rejoined another, "and lovers always admire a moonlight ride by themselves."

So the gay company departed with jest and laughter at the expense of the innocent young couple. The man who had been left behind remained talking with the boatmen, and the three watched for the return of the Fairy Queen until ten o'clock.

Their faces grew pale and troubled as the time went by, and they began to hint that some accident must have happened to the missing ones.

They took a boat and rowed up the lake quite a distance, but it was all to no purpose; they could see nothing of any other boat, and they returned, sad and anxious, to wait for daylight before making a more thorough search.

Midnight came and the hitherto cloudless sky suddenly grew overcast; the wind arose, and low mutterings in the west told of a gath-



ing storm. It came up very suddenly, accompanied by sharp lightning and heavy thunder, and a pouring rain fairly deluged the earth.

Then it as quickly subsided, the moon came out from behind the clouds bright and smiling; the sky cleared, and, but for the ruffled surface of the lake and the glittering rain-drops upon every leaf and twig, one could hardly have told that there was a storm at all.

But the wind, and rain, and the rough waves, had driven the Fairy Queen from her quiet nook, and sent her forth over the dancing waters to tell at last the story of the mischief she had wrought.

"Tom, I'm sure something dreadful has happened to the young folks," said the elder boatman to his companion, when, at three o'clock in the morning, the dawn was beginning to break in the east, and they came forth from the rude boat-house, where they had taken refuge from the storm. "I can't stand it any longer, and I'm going to look for 'em until I find something."

He walked down to the water's edge where his boats were moored, loosened one of them, and entered it, followed by the other, and they rowed silently away up the lake, leaving the man who had watched with them through the night, standing with a blank white face upon the shore.

They had accomplished about half the distance to the island, when they descried the Fairy Queen floating toward them.

Both men uttered an exclamation of fear and dismay as they saw it, and bending to their oars they soon reached the boat and drew it alongside.

They looked at each other with ghastly faces.

"Bad luck to ye, my pretty lady," said the elder, regarding his boat sadly, "I w' afeel ye've done a job this time that'll make my heart sore for many a long day."

(To be continued)

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Duckworth Street.

OBITUARY

MINNIE SARAH SHUTE
Salvage,
Dec. 12th, 1921.

Editor Evening Advocate:

Dear Sir,—Grant me space in your much read paper, the Advocate, to record the death of our little granddaughter, Minnie Sarah Shute, aged 15 years, who died the 8th of December, being only sick a fortnight. All that earthly hands could do for her was done, but nothing could do her any good. It was very hard to part from her, but the Lord's will be done. Her Father in Heaven had her marked for a flower to bloom in His home on high. A couple of days before she died, as I was sitting by her bedside she said to me: "Mary, I hear someone singing," and I said: "Where Deary?" She says: "Over on the other shore." I do firmly believe it was the Angels calling to her to come with them to their home on high. She leaves a father and an almost broken-hearted mother, one sister and her grand parents, uncles and aunts to mourn for one they loved most dear.

The hand of Death has visited
Our peaceful happy home,
And taken one we loved most dear,
And placed her round the throne.
We miss her kind and gentle words,
Her acts of tender love,
But what seems loss to us down here,
Is gain to her above.

Our hearts with grief are heavy now,
And yet why should we weep?
For what took her dear form away,
For her 'twas but to sleep.
In Jesus' arms till that great day
When the great trumpet sounds,
The dead from out their graves shall rise
O'er all the world around.

On that great day if we are true
To God and to His grace,
Our Minnie's face again we'll see
In that bright heavenly place.
Oh Father, may we ever live
Such lives of faith in Thee
That we may meet our loved one there
In Heaven's great Jubilee.
A BROKEN-HEARTED
GRAND PARENT.
Salvage, Dec. 12th, 1921.

SARAH MILLER
(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,—Kindly allow me space in your widely read paper, the Advocate, to record the death of our dear sister Sarah, beloved wife of Elijah Miller, who died December 22nd, aged 29 years, of that well known and much dreaded disease, tuberculosis. Altho her illness was long, she bore it with great patience, realizing that the afflictions of this life endureth but for a moment compared with the blissful life which awaited her. All that possibly could be done was done for her recovery, yet the Eternal Father who knoweth and loveth best, hath called her and hath given those who are nearest and dearest, the strength to endure the parting which is but for a little while, and "we shall meet again." A period of three years she was with us, being welcomed into our household and friendship on Dec. 24th, 1918, and on Dec. 24, 1921, we experienced the sad parting. She was taken out from our midst and laid in the C. of E. Cemetery "where our treasure is there with our hearts be also." The deceased leaves to mourn her, a husband, a little boy of two years, a father and mother, two sisters and one brother.

To all concerned in this sad bereavement the writers express sincere sympathy.

A precious one from us is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place made vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

MRS. JOHN MILLER,
MRS. DELILAH MILLER,
Chapman's East, Dec. 26th, 1921.

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The New Marble Works

If you want a nicely finished Headstone, or Monument, call at

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Opposite Baine, Johnston & Co.
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jan2, eod, tf

TO-DAY IN HISTORY

Shah of Persia



Thirteen years ago today, January 8, 1907, Muzaffar-Ed-Din, Shah of Persia, died.

Answer to yesterday's puzzle: Left side down, at elbow and gun.

What Labor Minister Saw In Germany

"There will be no more war, so far as the German are concerned," was the opinion expressed by Hon. Walter Rollo, minister of labor in the Drury government, upon his return to his office yesterday, after a sojourn in Europe, attending the Geneva conference. The minister based his opinion upon conditions which he saw and fairly authoritative statements made to him during a visit in Germany.

So strong has the anti-militaristic spirit become among the workers, the minister said, that the workers in one of the big munition plants had refused even to manufacture a sporting rifle. The German workers, he said, had made agreements among them-

selves that bound them not to engage in the manufacture of munitions or war-munitions.

The minister told of a remarkable sight witnessed in a big German plant of 50 blind soldiers operating machines specially constructed to enable them to do the work. The machines were absolutely "fool-proof," and constructed so as to make it impossible for the workmen to injure themselves.

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—By C. M. PAYNE

