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CHAPTER V. ON THE ICE.

"Is he?" says Jeanne. "I like him," and again Mr. Fitzjames is nonplussed. "Oh, Jeanne, dear!" exclaimed Maud, twisting her thin arm within Jeanne's round one. "We haven't thanked you for bringing dear Toby home. We missed him; we went to Matzy this morning. It was quite kind of you, wasn't it, Mr. Fitzjames? You wouldn't believe it! she carried Toby—you know Toby—all the way home this morning."

"I can believe Miss Bertram capable of any kindness!" murmurs the honorable. "Such a weight, too!" says Georgina. "Did you carry him all the way?" "Yes," says Jeanne. "We thought perhaps your friend helped you," and she smiles and nods. Jeanne turns and looks at her with calm, undisturbed front.

"To you mean the gentleman who walked through the park with me?" "Yes," says Jeanne. "Maud nods and smiles with charming significance. "Yes, don't blush, dear! Mrs. Giles, at the lodge, told us all about it. For my mamma, Jeanne, has met the mysterious stranger."

"He's not mysterious," says Jeanne, before Mrs. Lambton can command her chattering teeth to reply, "he's an artist!" "Oh, there!" says Georgina. "It was the artist, Mrs. Giles didn't know who it was, but she said he was very handsome. Is he?" "I don't know," says Jeanne, calmly. "Maud and Georgina giggle quietly. "Oh, Jeanne, do tell us!" "You can see for yourself," says Jeanne, whose eyes are sharp, "for here he comes!"

Instantly all eyes are directed to a figure that, looking supernaturally stalwart, is seen coming toward them through the dusk. Maud and Georgina cling close together, with a little affected shudder of shyness. "Papa—papa! this is the gentleman who helped Jeanne to carry Toby," murmurs Maud. "Eh—what—who?" says Mr. Lambton. "But before any further information can be given, the tall figure has nearly borne down upon them. For the moment, it seems as if he was going to pass them without notice. Jeanne remarks the absent, abstracted look on his face and hopes—why, she knows not—that he will do so. But as he comes up to them he looks aside, allows his eyes to glance on the group, recognizes Jeanne, and raises his hat. With a flourish, Mr. Lambton takes off his. "Thank him, papa!" whispers Georgina, all in a flutter. "You must thank him."

"Good-evening, sir," says Mr. Lambton, in the hearty squire voice. "Good-evening," is the grave response, as he passes on; but Mr. Lambton is not to be balked of an opportunity of playing the courteous old English gentleman. "He, sir," he says. "I have to thank you for—" ("carrying my daughter's dog"), whispers Maud.

"For your kindness in carrying my daughter's dog home." Mr. Vane stops short, and looks at the distinguished pillmaker with a calm regard. "I think you are mistaken, sir," he says. "I did not carry it. Your thanks are due in another quarter," and raising his hat in a general salute, strode on.

Mr. Lambton gasps for breath. "Well, I never!" he says, forgetting his part in his astonishment. "That's rum behavior!" "And only an artist!" ejaculates Maud. "One would think he was a duke, at least."

"Seems rather sullen, your friend," draws Mr. Fitzjames in Jeanne's ear. Jeanne's face flushes, and she opens her lips, but she does not speak.

CHAPTER VI. THE SOUL OF THE PIANO. "England, an island in the Atlantic," wrote a French geographer; "it has many colonies, a large and ever-increasing commerce—but no climate." That French geographer wronged us. We have every climate. If variety be charming, then English temperature should be the most charming temperature under the sun. It is not unusual for us to have winter in spring, and spring in winter; one day the sky is blue and genial, and the sky heavy with snow; the next we walk through the slush, and the sky is an Italian blue. Yes, the French historian is wrong. We have a dozen climates rolled into one.

Thus it happens that a week after the park skating party there is a most resolute jaw—the roads are slushy, the sky is blue and genial, and King Frost seems so long dead as never to have returned. Under Newton Cliff one might almost think it was spring, and under Newton Cliff sits an artist painting at his easel. Beside him, on a bowlder, is a lad bending over a drawing-block, busily plying a lead pencil. Both are so absorbed in their work that the sea surges beside them unheeded, and the fatigued lark, that has evidently mistaken this genial day for spring, sings above their heads disregarded. At last the boy arises slowly and stands beside the easel, looking now at the cliff and now at the picture. "How beautifully you paint, Mr. Vane!" he says at length, with an ardent sigh; "that cliff looks as if it had moved on to your canvas. You must be a great artist!"

The painter stops in his work and looks up at the boy's bright face. "You deem me so because you are not a severe critic, Hal. You will think less of this sketch when I tell you that it will not fetch twenty pounds when it is finished." "Twenty pounds!" says Hal, indignantly; "it is worth a hundred—it is the cliff itself! That comes of being poor."

"Just so," responds Vernon, with undisturbed equanimity, that comes of being poor. Let me see what you have done." Hal picks up his pencil sketch reluctantly. "There it is, sir; an awful muddle. I'm ashamed to show it to you. I know I couldn't do it. It's all a waste of time. I told Jeanne so when I told her you had offered to teach me."

"Yes," says Vernon Vane, with his eyes fixed on the picture; "and what did Jeanne say?" "Jeanne? oh, she will say anything to encourage me and coax me on. You

don't know what a brick Jeanne is!" "Perhaps not." "She said that every one must have a beginning, and that as you were kind enough to offer to help me, I ought to accept!" "Wise Jeanne!" "I don't know about being wise," says Hal. "But Jeanne is—," he pauses for want of a word to describe Jeanne's qualities, and Vernon Vane fills in the pause: "Jeanne is Jeanne."

"There's nobody like her," says the boy, squinting on the bowlder, and staring at the cliff. "You don't know Jeanne, Mr. Vane." "Not very much," was the quiet response. "I think we have met some half-dozen times, and exchanged half-a-dozen sentences."

"Ah!" says Hal, "and you wouldn't know Jeanne if you had exchanged half-a-dozen." "Perhaps not," was the quiet response. "No," continues Hal; "that's because Jeanne is different to other girls. She's all for others, is Jen! You wouldn't believe it, but she is as grateful to you for teaching me as if you had taken the trouble for her sake!"

"Indeed!" says Mr. Vane, looking at the sky, and leaning back in his camp stool. "Yes," says Hal, "Jeanne's a brick. It isn't every girl who'd sit up at night to help a fellow with his Latin exercises; and that's what she'll do. Did you ever have a sister, Mr. Vane?" "Never," says the artist, dabbing a piece of flake white on his canvas. "Ah," says Hal, "then you can't understand Jeanne."

"No, perhaps not," is the quiet response. "There is a difference for some minutes, during which both work steadily; then Vernon Vane speaks: "And where is Jeanne—your sister—to-day?" "Oh, up at the park," replies Hal. "She's always there. Since Mr. Fitzjames—that's the honorable, you know—has been there, there has always been something going on, and Jeanne gads up there almost every day."

"Almost every day," echoes Vernon Vane; "yes, I have seen her pass." "And no wonder," says Hal; "the house is dull enough to drive anybody away. Uncle John is always in his laboratory, and Aunt Jane is always in the kitchen. By the way, sir, Aunt Jane told me to ask you if you would come up to tea to-night? I'd almost forgotten it, because I knew you wouldn't come—you never go anywhere, do you?" "No," says Vernon Vane. "And that makes your kindness in taking so much trouble over me all the kinder," says Hal, sucking his lead-pencil and staring at the cliff; "but perhaps you won't mind just coming in this evening."

"Just so," says Vernon Vane. "I don't mind," says the boy. "Maud and Georgina are not much company, and the honorable Mr. Fitzjames is an awful fool." "So he is!" assents the artist, then corrects himself quickly; "at least, he looks so." "But he's an Hon., and the cousin of a duke, and that makes the difference, I suppose!" "I suppose so," assents the artist with a curt smile. Both worked on in silence, during which a girl figure, clad in blue serge, descends the hill behind them, and, unseen by them, swiftly approaches. She stands, indeed, close behind the artist before either knows that she is near, and it is Hal who, looking up, exclaims: "Jeanne!" and so announces her presence.

At Hal's exclamation, Vernon Vane's brush is suspended, and he looks around. A fairer picture than any cliff or rock can present meets his eye, for Jeanne, flushed with her walk, and radiant with her youth and buoyant health, is beautiful indeed. For a moment she stands speechless, gazing from the wet canvas to the cliff which it reflects; then she says: "How beautiful!" Vernon Vane looks first at her, then at the white cliff, and the sea breaking wrathfully against it. "Yes," he says, in his grave way. "I mean your picture," says Jeanne, "that is what I call beautiful!" "And I mean the cliff," he says, in his dry tone. Jean shakes her head. "I did not know it was beautiful until I saw it there," and she points to the wet canvas. "I saw you from above, and came down. Do you know that it is nearly dusk—nearly blind-man's holiday? Have you not finished for to-day?" Hal jumps up and closes his drawing-case; Vernon Vane leans back and stares at his canvas. "Where have you been, Jen?" asks Hal. "At the park," answers Jeanne. "Always at the park," retorts Hal; "you nearly live there." Jeanne looks at him abstractedly. Vernon Vane's eyes are on her face. "You're always there," grumbles Hal. "What on earth you find to do there, I can't conceive. Do you talk about pills to old Lambton?" Jeanne laughs. "Let me look at your drawing, Hal." (To be continued.)

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NUMEROUS CLIPPINGS FROM THE WORLD'S BEST PAPER. A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING.

Miss Cora was taking her first trip on the trail. The conductor came through and called for the tickets. Cora readily gave up her ticket. A few minutes later the butcher-boy coming through called 'Chewing-gum.' "Never!" cried Cora bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my chewing-gum."—The Overhere Digest (Minneapolis).

HARD LUCK.

Sailor—"We have just seen some orange-peel and banana-skins floating on the sea-board, sir." Columbus—"Was there any 'chewing-gum'?" Sailor—"No, sir." Columbus—"Then it must be the West Indies we're coming to, and I'd hoped it was going to be America."—Punch (London).

IS IT COMING TO THIS?

Mistress—"How did you happen to leave your last position?" New Maid—"The lady fired me." Mistress—"Ah, she was dissatisfied." New Maid—"Naw. She was a sore-head. I run for aideman ag'in her and won."—Town Topics.

WHAT A HOPE!

The British high Tories, militarists, and imperialists are against the League. Only low Tories, Liberals, and Labor party men are for it. Shall we associate ourselves with the lower orders, now that the British aristocracy is nearly 100 per cent. American?—B. L. T., in the Chicago Tribune.

HITTING HOME.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you remember how you laughed at me because there were some things I didn't understand about the ball game?" "Yes."

"Well, after reading some of the recent news, I want to ask you, as man to woman, weren't there some things about that game that you didn't understand either?"—Washington Star.

IT'S ONE DRAWBACK.

A Scotman came south to have a look at London. He spent a few days in London and sped back to Scotland again. On the first night of his return to his little village up in the wilds all his friends gathered round him to hear his opinion of the town whose streets were "paved with gold." He told the tale as only a Scot can—short, and candid, without too much padding; then a friend interrupted him.

"How long wur ye in London a' the either, Jack?" "About a week," replied the traveller. "What did ye think of the town?" "Hoos, mon, it wur ad rich in its way! Lunnon's a fine wee town itself, but it is wick a long wa' fra anywhere!"—London Answers.

UP TO THE MULE.

A teacher was instructing a class in English and called on a small boy named Jimmy Brown. "James," she said, "write on the board 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'" "Now," continued the teacher when Jimmy had finished writing, "can you find a better form for that sentence?" "Yes, ma'am, I think I can," was the prompt answer. "Richard can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."—Boys' Life.

ONLY NATURAL.

"Aren't you afraid America will become isolated?" "Not if us farmers keep raising things the world needs," answered Farmer Corntossed. "The feller that rings the dinnerbell never runs much risk of bein' lonesome."—Washington Star.

AN UNFORGETTABLE SUIT.

"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the bully-ragging attorney. "Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness-stand. "What suit was it?" "It was a blue suit with a white collar and white cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back."—The young lady.—Los Angeles Times.

The Prophet Muskrat.

In rural regions there is a widely-held opinion that the winter will prove to be a mild one because "the muskrats are buildin' thin." The muskrats are not alone among the animals regarded as prophesying a warm and open winter. A Maine man is reported as having shot rabbits with coats as brown as in midsummer. Similarly, people had it that the woodpeckers have not donned winter costumes of white as it is held they would do were there to be such snow. It is said that migratory birds are lingering in the North instead of taking flight to the sunny South. It would

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Fashions and Fads.

Many frocks suggest the flying panel. The waistline drops still lower. The high neck continues in favor. The full-length surplice collar is seen. The circular tunic is new and smart. Wraps continue to feature large collars. The foundation of skirt is still quite narrow. The heaviest fullness is just above the knee. Many of the new frocks slip over the head.

The Victorian line is used in décolletage. Crepe de chine is used for straight tunic frocks. Side panels are sometimes accented with dress collars. Dress collars stand a little away from the neck.

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