

"Bovril Galantine" is delicious

Here is a new and very economical dish to serve for lunch or supper. Fill a pie-dish or mould with pieces of cold cooked meat. Add two hard-boiled eggs sliced, and, if liked, some sliced red peppers and a little parsley. Dissolve about a dessertspoonful of powdered gelatine in hot Bovril and pour over. When set, turn out on crisp hearts of lettuce, and serve.

BOVRIL simplifies Summer cooking

"Flatterers" The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXII
IN WHICH MR. HURST MAKES AN
UNWARRANTED DISCOVERY.

How all—Sydney exulted over this—had said, "Wasn't it the very thing poor Mr. Alwyn would have done if money had come to him before he died?—for he wasn't the man to injure a soul willingly." And he showed her letters of blundering orthography, but unmistakable gratitude, and described his poor, hard-pressed landlady's outburst of joy; how she had refused her share till assured none came out of his, Jacob's, pocket; and how, when convinced her fortune had come back in a golden lump, she had insisted on embracing Mr. Cheene, and poured out her blessings on her such self-obloquy at having overstepped the bounds of justice in the matter of her lodger's "leavings," as confessed Jacob, smoothing his shaggy eyebrows, "made a simpton of me, Miss Sydney, though I hadn't felt so happy for fifteen years."

And he told, too, of poor John Lewis; how his old cottage would be free at Michaelmas, and he was to get back to it; and how, with Nurse's money and his own poverty would never hang about their door again. Sydney's eyes overflowed with that. "If only dear old Taffy could have had her share! You put what I told you for her, Jacob?"

"Yes," he answered, "it's there. Her grave won't be forgotten now. But I felt I hardly ought to let you do it, Miss Sydney. You've left yourself poorest of all."

"Poor!" She looked up, a light in her beautiful eyes which prosperity could never have kindled. "Jacob, I never felt so rich! But I still am in debt. There is interest on interest. Shall I ever be able to pay it?"

"And I wonder," said Mr. Cheene, "if ever you will get anything for yourself. Money burns holes in your pockets, Miss Sydney."

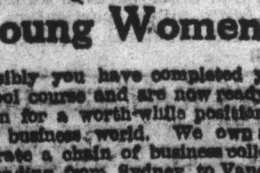
She laughed, though tears twinkled on her long lashes. "It's little gets the chance! And if I were as rich as Croesus, there are people I couldn't pay. You, for example."

"That's nothing, Miss Sydney, seeing what I owed your father."

"Ah! you say that to ease me."

"No, I say it to take what you might feel a burden of off your shoulders. For I'll tell you the truth, as no one on earth knows it. You take hold of me; that helps me, just as your father did when he'd come up and down High Street with his arm through mine. Miss Sydney, when I was a lad, and your father was just head of the office, I got into ill company. I'd joined a gloom club, as they called it; but our evenings that began with glasses ended with too. And I lost at that, and—"

"Oh, Jacob, dear! don't tell me this. It doesn't matter now."



Young Men and Young Women--

Possibly you have completed your school course and are now ready to enter a world-wide position in the business world. We own and operate a chain of business colleges extending from Sydney to Vancouver, our wide experience enables us to give a service that cannot be surpassed.

Write At Once For Prospectus

Empire Business College

Sydney, N.S.

R. H. Flewelling, Principal.

"And the only way I could pay was by borrowing of my master. There, that's not the word. I—stole! No one found me out but your father. He bowed me to the very ground, not with anger—with forgiveness. He made a man out of what might have been a felon. I was a coward, and I should never have dared face the world if it had not been for his help. But he turned my snare into a safeguard. He made me work at true music under his very own teaching. And he never despised me, though he knew my sin. After that, Miss Sydney, don't you cumber your mind with the thought of owing me anything. The greatest trouble I have is that I've not a farthing to leave John Alwyn's child."

"Who will never want it, dear old Jacob. You give her a better heritage in her father's praise!"

It was after a triumphant dinner, cooked by Miss Ambler, reckless in the way of sauce or vegetable, served by Nancy in a stuff gown and white cuffs, that Jacob Cheene and his guest strolled through the streets of St. John's, and he showed her the way to Curawick, his old lodgings, which he had quitted to share small means, and short commons with Miss Ambler; Sturats, owned now by a wine merchant; and the big church of St. Clement, where—

But there he broke off to ask of those with whom Sydney lived, their age, their bearing to herself.

As far as she knew she gave him the Hursts' history, and admitted that they were kind enough to make her sometimes wish she could drop the incognita her mother had imposed upon her. But, for a marvel, Jacob agreed with Mrs. Alwyn.

"If you are fairly happy, Miss Sydney, let well alone. If you want to leave them—you are not so far off now—come to me."

That Sydney promised, seeing that it pleased him to count himself her guardian, and, anyhow, another June she was to ask a whole week's holiday, and they were to pass it together. With which prospect the station was reached, and farewells said between these May and December friends, whom the day had drawn together by kinder ties than ever.

Capel Moor was reached as the last gleams of sunlight kissed the crests of the golden woods, and Sydney hastened toward Wynstone, till at the angle where lane joined road, and the weather-beaten church stood on the hill summit, a figure waited, leaning on the lichen-tinted wall.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hurst, as she drew near, "my sister prophesied you would enjoy your freedom till the last train. I was sure you would not disappoint us."

Sydney's sympathies had been too much on the alert, the whole day through not to catch quickly now at the implied need. It brought back old times, when her father counted every moment of her absence. There was sweetness in being again wanted, yet, out of a full heart, she had no words to acknowledge it. Mr. Hurst marked her silence.

"Will you come through the churchyard? It is the nearest way. You are tired?"

"Not very."

Something in the still scene, the quiet tomb, the silent house of many generations' prayers, unsteady her voice. Mr. Hurst turned to her suddenly.

"Sorry to leave those whom you want to see? Sorry to be in this dull spot again?"

"No, no, indeed, no."

"For that, the 'k' you," he said. "You are getting me into such ill habits, Miss Grey; it seems like losing my sight again not to have you at Wynstone."

From this strong, vigorous man the confession of dependence took Sydney's play as unwarlike, that she utterly forgot Miss Hurst's deep device for sparing his feelings. He was holding the gate open for her. Into his right hand she put her own, warm, soft, unglazed, and said, very gently:

"Now, I shall not want to be away for months and months, and the more you let me do for you the better."

Miss Hurst wondered, vainly the evening through, why her brother preferred wandering outside in the moonlight, "which, though it's lovely, as I say, he can't enjoy," to coming in and enjoying her society and Sydney's. She had fancied he would be pleased when

Miss Grey got back. But gentlemen were cold. She supposed he preferred the company of his own thoughts. They were thoughts Gilbert Hurst loomed, with all the throes of despair, to be rid of; thoughts of a tender, throbbing touch that still seemed lying in his own broad grasp—a touch waking a joy and an anguish that must needs run side by side till death extinguished them.

CHAPTER XXII THE FRIENDS SHE LEFT BEHIND HER.

Mr. Drayton never came to St. Clair's that summer to be received kindly for his own or anybody's else's sake, and all that happened in the village between hay cutting and harvest only added to the perplexity which began and the depression which increased with Sydney's departure.

Too loyal to the absent girl to attempt searching out her secret by comparison of notes among her fare-well to each, the rector and Mary Deale could only join voices in regret that she was gone. That Mrs. Alwyn's sudden adieu was connected with the earlier ones of her daughter many might suspect, but none knew certainly. People in general very soon tired of speculating upon what might never be confirmed. Sydney's mother and sister passed out of mind with a speed that unflatteringly matched their bodily removal, and it was but herself who was lamented long by Patty Peggs, and others of her kind and condition.

But even the poor folks ceased to pester the doctor's daughter with questions about her friend and theirs when they found she knew as little as themselves, and Mary named her now to few, since it was a pang to confess ignorance of one whom she missed more sorely every day. For that ugly presence, "gentle George," was asserting itself more obtrusively than ever at the Gate House as the warm weeks rolled by. Paying patients sidled off to the active young Edinburgh M. D., who diagnosed simple maladies in the mysterious phraseology of science, drove a tall vehicle with a boy in buttons at his side, and literally, as well as figuratively, soon left his old-fashioned rival far behind in the race to heel—Funch, the Deale's old cob, having expired through over-exertion in a night gallop to a pauper invalid, and his place, for want of funds, being left vacant still.

So the old doctor limped about among the few who still required his attendance. It awaited—rarely enough—far afield a neighboring baker supplied a steed on consideration of his wife being physicked gratis. All the shifts the household had endured cheerfully so many years barely sufficed now to preserve a decent professional front. And the cheerfulness grew grievously difficult. Mrs. Deale fretted for her husband.

(to be continued.)

Fresh Turkeys.
Fresh Chicken.
Fresh Ducks.

ELLIS & CO.
LIMITED,
203 WATER STREET.

New Potatoes.
New Cabbage.
New Beetroot.
New Celery.
New Cauliflower.
New Turnips.
Spanish Onions.
Cucumbers.
Green Peppers.
Ripe Tomatoes.

Honey in the Comb.

Ripe Bananas.
Japan Plums.
Blue Plums.
California Lemons.
California Oranges.
Grape Fruit.
Cantaloupes.
Dessert Apples.

"Callard & Bowser's"
Butter Scotch.
Rahah Lakuhm.
French Nougats.

"Cadbury's"
Milk Chocolate.
Chocolate Biscuits.

French Narbonne Honey.
Pate De Fole Gras.
Hera D'Oeuve in tins.
Preserved Ginger.
Crysl. Ginger in cubes.
Blanched Almonds.
Almond Paste.

Ellis & Co.

Red Ball Rubbers.



RED BALL VAC. RUBBERS.
RED BALL BLACK RUBBERS.
RED BALL VAC. STORM KING.

MEN'S SEA RUBBERS—The Rubber with the white sole.
SPECIAL PRICES ON CASE LOTS FOR CASH.

F. SMALLWOOD,
218 and 220 Water street.
The Home of Good Shoes.

A Suit or Overcoat at **Mauder's**, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.



John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

YOU SHOULD ENTRUST the administration of your Will only to those experienced in such matters. Administration of Estates is this Company's business, and its officers are especially trained for all the duties involved and will be glad to discuss the subject with you. Appoint this Company to act as your sole Executor or jointly with your friends.

Montreal Trust Company
Sir Herbert S. Holt, President. A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.
F. G. DONALDSON, General Manager,
11 Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.
St. John's, Nfld. Branch, Royal Bank of Canada Building.
sup83,37,200 C. E. JUBIN, Manager.

Gasolene and Motor Oils.
Having installed a Tank on our premises we are now prepared to supply motor boats and motor cars with Gasoline in any quantity required at lowest current prices.
We also carry stock of MOTOR OILS and GREASES of every description.

HENRY J. STABB & CO.
may31,200,11

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Special Values

IN
Sheetings, Table Damasks and White Goods.

With late opening of goods we are able to offer:
English White Twill Sheetings,
70 inches wide, only \$1.15 yard.

Remnants of White "Indian Head,"
Lengths ranging to 10 yards each, width 36 inches, only 45c. yard.

This is a material which can be used for many purposes and will wear forever. It is being used for Middies, Skirts, Aprons, etc., and many housewives are to-day making sheets with it, as being cheap and hard wearing.

ENGLISH LOOM (or Cream) TABLE DAMASKS at \$1.10, \$1.35 and \$1.75 yd.

English White Madapolams or Cambrics,
42 inches wide, at 40c., 45c. and 60c. yard.

Am. White Shirtings,
36 inches wide, at 25c., 27c., 30c. and 35c. yd.

Am. White Cambrics,
In long remnants, 36 in. wide, only 29c. yard.

Am. White Baby Flannelettes,
at 23c., 30c. and 35c. yard.

English Blue & White Apron Checks,
36 inches wide, at 45c. and 60c. yard.

WE OFFER THE BEST VALUES PROCURABLE IN COTTON PIECE GOODS.

Henry Blair's

FIRE INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE
SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD. OF PERTH, SCOTLAND.

The above Insurance Companies carry on a successful and extensive business, and always have maintained the highest character for the honourable and liberal discharge of their obligations.
Our first aim in every policy we issue is to ensure the holder complete protection, our second to grant that protection at the lowest possible rate. Write or phone us.

Nfld. Labrador Export Company, Limited,
s.t.t. Agents, Board of Trade Building.

NOVA SCOTIA APPLES
To arrive Tuesday:
100 barrels NOVA SCOTIA APPLES.
100 cases CALIFORNIA ORANGES—176, 216, 252.
50 bunches BANANAS.
In stock:
50 cases CHOICE SILVERPEEL ONIONS.
And out of month: ALMERIA GRAPES.

BURT & LAWRENCE.