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TALK

**New CAPS.**

AT THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE.

**K&A Store**

**You Can Lie Down with Comfort in a Spirella!**

The SPIRELLA CORSET gives more than correct poise and beauty of line—it gives perfect comfort under all conditions. You can lie down in a Spirella with almost uncorseted ease—none of the stiff discomfort of the average corset.

THE SPIRELLA CO. of Canada, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.  
ELLA M. PENNEY, 52 Long's Hill, St. John's, Nfld.  
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**SHOES**

FOR YOUNG MEN.

We have a Shoe that is a great favorite with Young Men who are smart dressers, and who want all the style kinks that can be worked into a Shoe.

**Our TOURIST \$3.50 Shoe.**

This is the Shoe that fills the Young Man's fancy to the letter.

Made on lasts that are correct but extreme in style.

Straight or swing. Extension soles, narrow toes and military heels. Blucher and lace cut. Choice leathers. All sizes and widths. Not high priced, when we say \$3.50.

Many young men have already found out, and others are finding out, that this is the store for swell Shoes. If a Shoe is here, it's right.

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.**  
The Shoe Men.

**To Our Patrons**

We are making a visit to the British Markets to personally select the Latest Fashions and Fabrics for the coming season, and hope to return in about four weeks with the best selection of Goods for High-Class Tailoring yet displayed in this city. During our absence our Genuine American Cutter, Mr. P. A. McCafferty, will attend to all orders entrusted to us with his customary courtesy and thorough attention to detail that characterizes all his work.

We also take this opportunity to tender our sincere thanks for the generous patronage we have received during the past year, and trust by strict attention to business to merit even a larger share the present year.

**CHAS. J. ELLIS,**  
English and American High-Class Tailoring.  
Phone 230. 302 Water St. P. O. Box 122.

**FUSSELL'S**

FULL CREAM CONDENSED MILK

IS THE CREAM OF MILKS

**Job Printing Executed.**

**WON AT LAST.**

CHAPTER XVIII.

By and by, when we were back in the drawing-room, settled down to make the best of the evening that we could without Nat, she was taken with a fit of shivering—a fit so violent and so completely beyond control that madame, sitting reading on the other side of the fire, put down her book and looked up surprised.

"Dear me, what is it? Are you ill, mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle did not answer; it was more than she could do to still her chattering teeth.

"Whatever can it be?" cried my mother, rising and approaching her. "It is like a fit! Ned, bring a glass of wine!"

I brought one, and mademoiselle, managing to steady her hand sufficiently to hold the glass, drank the wine. It had some effect, for in a minute or two the paroxysm passed; but she still looked ghastly pale and her hands were icy cold.

"Whatever can it be?" said my mother, anxiously.

"It is nothing—it will pass," mademoiselle murmured faintly.

"My dear, nonsense! I am afraid you have taken a chill. And yet you have not been out to-day."

"I expect it was when you were out in the park before dinner, mademoiselle," I struck in. "I don't wonder you have taken a chill with nothing over your shoulders. It is very cold."

I suppose my speech was an unlucky one, for the governess shot me a wrathful look from her dark eyes as she replied to madame's surprised query, giving her the same explanation as she had given me. Her head ached, Mlle. Natalie's fall had alarmed her; she had gone out for air. Sleep would be best for her. Would madame permit her to retire?

"Poor thing! She seems to be quite ill," madame observed, commiseratingly, when we were alone.

"Yes. It must be through going out there in such a mad way. Fancy her neck and arms for such a night as this!"

"Very foolish!" assented my mother. "But she has not been herself lately, I fancy—since that fainting fit of hers, you remember."

I remembered well enough.

"I almost think she is troubled in some way," pursued my mother.

"Troubled!" I echoed. "Why do you think so?"

"Partly because she has been dull and out of spirits, and partly because of something which occurred just

ONCE USED ALWAYS USED

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For Household Use.—To use it is the best, most simple, and most comfortable way of ironing. Independent of stove and gas, it can be used anywhere. Non-inflammable iron without noxious fumes. No risk from fire; healthier and safer than any other iron.

For Neat work and travelling only, The "DALLINETTE," a smaller "Dalli." For general household work use the "Dalli." Having a larger ironing surface, and greater heating capacity every description of ironing can be done with it.

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before dinner. She asked me to advance her the quarter's salary, which will not of course be due until the end of the year; she intimated that the money was wanted for some relative. She had letters this morning, and I fancy it may be some family trouble which is weighing upon her mind," continued madame.

"Did you let her have the money, mother?"

"Oh, yes, of course! It made no difference to me. I wish, if there is any trouble, that I could assist her; but she is always so determinedly reticent about her affairs."

The household went to bed early that night. The great drawing-room seemed a very wilderness without Nat's little figure and merry chatter. I was awfully sleepy too, when I laid my head upon the pillow, and fell asleep almost immediately, thinking that I should not wake until morning. But I did. Without any dream or any noise that I knew of, I awoke suddenly, and sat up, wondering what would have aroused me in such a fashion—for I usually slept soundly.

As most people would have done, I strained my ears for any sound or movement in the house. But there was none. In the deep hush I heard the slow solemn tick of the great clock on the staircase, and even the rapid beat of my watch on the table beside me—nothing more. Stay—surely that was a sound—a sound like the cautious closing of a door; and then the staircase creaked under a stealthy footstep, followed by the cautious sweep of some trailing garment along the corridor!

Was Nat ill? I wondered, straining my ears more than ever. No; the steps did not stop at her door; but stole softly on. There was a subdued creaking of the stairs again, and then on the upper floor a door was closed and locked quietly.

And I lay down again, knowing that the stealthy creature who crept so softly and secretly about Chavasse in the dead hour of the winter night was Lucille Valdini.

CHAPTER XIX.

Although very much against the little lady's wish—for I heard her protesting energetically—madame in her anxiety, insisted that Nat should not come down to breakfast. Her only son though I was, I believe that I might have been pitched over the head of Gray Donald half a dozen times without exciting half such a commotion in the bosom of Madame of the Mount as Nat's mishap had done. Indeed I had an impression that I was looked upon rather as a scapegrace on the present occasion. Clearly the general idea was that I should have come to grief if anybody did.

I did not go into the village, a message having arrived during breakfast to the effect that the Reverend Titus had caught another cold, which was likely to keep him to gruel and mustard-plasters for the next week; and the morning was too windy, snowy, and cold to tempt me out without necessity. Madame with her factotum the governess, disappeared in the direction of old Batterbin's domain, and I betook myself to the library, stretched myself before the blazing fire with a book, and settled down to read away the morning in default of having nothing better to do.

It may have been owing to the book or in consequence of the fire, but the plain fact is that I went to sleep—for how long I do not know, but I was awakened by a pretty smart tug

at my hair, and raised my scorched face from the fender-stool to meet Nat's black eyes, twinkling with mischief.

"Oh, you lazy rascal!" she cried.

"Eh?" I returned vaguely, my faculties a little confused still, either by my nap or its rather violent termination. "Was I asleep?"

"Oh, dear, no—only thinking with your eyes shut! You goose—of course you were!"

"I'm sure I didn't know it. It was that roasting fire, I suppose," I said, scrambling up and pulling forward a chair for her. "Sit down now, or madame is sure to be at you. How do you feel after your spill? You don't look any the worse."

"And I don't feel so," she replied, sinking down into the chair and stretching out her hands to the blaze. "I haven't even the leese bit of a headache, and yet madame would insist upon my keeping upstairs. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

"What would have happened if you had been really hurt, I wonder?"

"Goodness knows!" she exclaimed, laughing. "There has been such a fuss! There were madame and Mrs. Batterbin and Virtue and Valla holding a kind of consultation round me, each suggesting a different remedy to bring me round, when all in the world that I wanted was my breakfast. They would let me have only a little tea and toast, and I'm as hungry as ever I can be," she concluded, dismally. "I shall have to make a raid on the pantry presently."

"You'll be caught if you do," I said, laughing. "The mother and mademoiselle betook themselves kitchenward directly after breakfast. By the way, didn't she come to tender her sympathy?"

"What!" asked Nat—"mademoiselle? Oh, I don't think mademoiselle's sympathies are particularly active"—this with a queer little curl of her lip, accompanied by an equally queer little elevation of her dark brows. "Certainly they are not so for me."

"Eh?" I said, looking up at her, for I was still lounging on the hearth, with my elbow on the hassock. "How's that?"

"Why, because she doesn't like me, of course!"

"Doesn't like you?" I echoed blankly.

"You silly boy, of course not!" returned Nat loftily. "Where are your eyes?"

"Wherever they are, they haven't seen that. What makes you think it?"

"I don't think it—I know it."

"Bad taste!" I said, laughing. "But why should she dislike you?"

"Well," said Nat, clasping her hands at the back of her curly head as she looked at me demurely, "there can't very well be two mistresses to folmdane, can there?"

"Oh, I see!"—and I laughed again partly at the notion, and partly at the comical little grimace which was contorting her pretty face. "I rather thought she had dropped the game lately."

"Why should she?"

"Might she be no good," I suggested. "And it isn't you know."

"I wish it were!" she cried, pettishly. "Fraser Froude is horrid, but she is quite nice enough for mademoiselle; and, if he married her, you see, Ned, he couldn't possibly tease me."

"You should send him about his business then."

"I wish I could. I snub him and contradict him whenever he says anything. What else can I do?"

I laughed at this literal truth, no other reply seeming necessary, and Nat, with a pout and a shrug, sunk back in her chair, and turning her eyes upon the fire, became mute and motionless.

I guessed pretty well about whom

her thoughts were busy, as I glanced up at the little dark musing face, with a wonderful smile curving the red lips. I wished Yorke could have seen her just then, and wondered vaguely whether one of these days any woman would love me as Natalie Orme certainly loved him. Then my thoughts wandered away to madame, and I wondered what she would say to it all. It could not be long before the news reached her now, for Roger would soon be here and certainly he would speak out directly he got Nat's permission to do so; and I did not think she was the girl to withhold it, for decidedly she did not stand much in awe of madame. And I made up my mind that I'd do all I could to help my friend's cause. Then I wished unceasingly that I possessed Roger's full confidence as thoroughly as he possessed mine. What was the story which he had refused to tell me in which Lucille Valdini was mixed up? Would he tell Nat when she became his promised wife? Of course it might be a mere trifle, as he had declared it was, so far as he was concerned; but the mere fact of his sharing anything like a secret with that woman bothered me. Then I remembered her odd conduct on the day before, and how I had heard her stealthy footstep creep past my door in the night. What had taken her out of her bed in the bitter cold of the December night? Had there been a second interview in the Lady's Walk between the French governess, and my friend, the man whom Natalie Orme loved? Surely if—

What was that? A sudden blow on my shoulder, as Natalie brought her small buckled shoes off the fender and sat bolt upright, effectually dispersed my uncomfortable reflection. A step was approaching the library door—a step too heavy for a woman's, and yet too light for a man's. We both knew it, and Nat looked at me with elevated eyebrows and a pursed up mouth of dismay as I scrambled to my feet and old Styles appeared at the door, ushering in Fraser Froude.

(To be Continued.)

**AT LAST, HE IS FREE OF LUMBAGO**

Because He Took GIN PILLS

Winnipeg, Jan. 6th.

"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to the house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS. I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble—in fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."

H. A. JUKES.

GIN PILLS will protect your Kidneys and Bladder against the ravages of winter. No matter how much you may dread cold weather, because you have been subject to Rheumatism or Lumbago, you will be free of pain if you take GIN PILLS.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, 136

**Asthma Catarrh**  
WHOPPING COUGHS SPASMODIC CROUP BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

**Vapo-Cresolene**

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without doing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapors, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the raw throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a BOOK to sufferers from Asthma. Send us postal for descriptive booklet.

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Our new 40 candle power lamp can supply more light at less cost than any other system of Artificial Lighting. This lamp is especially designed for use with our new ten-cent Slot Meter. Drop ten cents in the slot, and the lamp will run for 32 hours, giving a light of 40 candle power.

Call and get full particulars of our "Special Fitting" Slot Meter proposition, or phone 37.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY,  
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A good lotion for chapped hands is made with glycerine and rose-water to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin has been added.

If a tablecloth is beyond repair, cut it up into oval sized pieces, hem them around and they will be found most useful in the kitchen.

**ROYAL**

USED BY ALL BEST HOME PROFESSIONAL BAKERS

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**YEAST CAKES**

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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**Cowardice.**

BY H. L. RANN.

Cowardice is a disease of the backbone which attacks people who leave home without carrying an emergency tank full of red-corporated courage. It is harder to cure than the mill-dried Vermont asthma, and scatters the nervous forces so widely apart that he is perfectly willing his wife should go ahead and see who is trying to break into the cellar.

When cowardice once gets into the system, it is harder to eradicate than the footprints of a huckleberry pie from the bosom of a new tablecloth. A person can never tell when he is going to have an attack of cowardice. Some men go through life with a red mustache and a fire-eating reputation, and then shatter the confidence of a bold, bristling wife by crawling under the bed when something falls off the kitchen range and makes a noise like opening the back door with a crowbar.

There are two kinds of cowardice—moral and physical. Moral cowardice is the kind which prevents a man from quitting without entering into a joint debate, when he decides that he has had a genteel sufficiency. The moral coward always wants to carry on a long-winded argument and then taper off on five cigars a day. Whenever his heart rears up and beats a tattoo on the bed clothes he swears off with deep emotion, but the next morning he lays it to indigestion and scours around the alley until he finds his pipe.

Physical cowardice is a form of shuffling palsy which is accompanied by a new-born love of peace and a willingness to arbitrate. It is frequently found in large quantities in ferocious, booze-fighting citizens who have never beaten up anybody but their wives. It is an interesting sight to see one of the fourteen-carat paste heroes shriveled up in the midst of a gory recital by some short-legged bantam with sand oozing out of his vest pockets. The physical coward has the respect of everybody until he begins to bluster about his list of dead and wounded.

**One Dose Relieves a Cold--No Quinine**

Pape's Cold Compound cures colds and grippe in a few hours.

You can surely end Grippe and break up the most severe cold either in head, chest, back, stomach or limbs, by taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken.

It promptly relieves the most insupportable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, mucous catarrhal discharges, running of the nose, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Take this wonderful Compound as directed, without interference with your usual duties and with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world, which will cure your cold or end Grippe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—except no substitute—contains no quinine—belongs in every home. Tastes nice.

**The Twilight Peace**

When day is done—  
What reveries invade the soul when day is done!  
For light is fading, and the night comes on  
And in the darkness I may not complete  
The task I have begun;  
And so I rest, and dream, and patiently await  
Another day to come  
—When day is done.

When life is done—  
What reveries invade the soul when life is done!  
For light is fading, and the night comes on  
And in the shadows I may not complete  
The task I have begun;  
And so I rest, and dream, and patiently await  
The other life to come  
—When life is done.

Unightly cracks on furniture can easily be filled with beeswax. Soften the beeswax until pliable, then press it firmly into the cracks.

When there is a white deposit on the comb after the shampooing, it is either from the towel or soap which has not been rinsed out.

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**Order the Next Time**

If rightly used will make the tious bread haven't tested go to the gro

**Cream**

the hard wh

Hereby a Flour is a to our absolute after a fair trial return price portion of barrel

The Campbell

**R. G. ASH & CO.**

**OUR**

Went away regard of liko avoid to also about relati If new to will

the best points about it, ments that induced you warn the cockles of yo commenting upon them.

"Isn't it a wonderful will say, "and what can Try it on and let me see you. What a pretty thing to you. Anke slender. Yes, it certain gain."

Show the same growt and, though she good points, she certain sign of having done so, trary she kindly points advantages which she let escaped your eye. "The tie too small across the and the sleeves are too how they almost always sleeves too short. It is or, isn't it, but so trying few people can wear it, cheap, but then, they alw lace in ready-made things of the reasons why I like things made up. Of cour rip it out and put in soe

The closer the relat closer is the degree of course. By the way, has happened to notice how "frank" like the word "to pass judgment on the qualities of." Evidently it was usually unfavourable elism is now generally

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Wherever soothing exhausts you,  
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and definitely rid you of The merits of Mathie Here are a few proofs—

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MATHIEU'S Syrup of Tar

GOD LIVER OIL

ALLMEDIUM

**AGAINST HEADACH**

Nervine Powders which costs per box of 18 powde

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