



When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delicate fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rise in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LUX
FOR DAINTY FABRICS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXXV.
A PRETTY PLOT.

Verona sighs sadly. "Papa does not think of me—of anything but Italy," she whispers. "Confound Italy!" exclaims Hal, under his breath. "And because the count is an old friend, and had a hand in some of these conspiracies, the princess quietly hands him the greatest treasure the world possesses!" "Papa does not think—and in Italy girls marry when their fathers wish them, and I—I have been promised to the count ever since I could talk."

Hal groans. "This is too awful, too wicked to be believed. But it shall not be. I'll talk Micky Count of his prey. There must be some way—chance—time will give us some opportunity, and I must think—think!" and he thrusts his hands through his short curls desperately. "Chance—time!" echoes Verona, sadly. "Alas, there is no chance can help us, and for time—"

She pauses and hides her head. "What—what do you mean?" says Hal. "She does not look up, and her voice drops so low that it is almost inaudible. "I am afraid!" she says, trembling. "Afraid! of what?" says Hal, fiercely. "I am afraid—and she clings closer to him, and hides her white face shudderingly. "That they are going to take me away—soon."

Hal's face grows as white as her own, and he holds her so tightly that his hard, strong arm hurts her, but she neither cries out nor moves. "Take you away! When? How do you know?" he ejaculates, brokenly. "I overheard the count and Senora Fittels—"

"Confound her!" "—talking. It was on the terrace; they did not know that I was near. And they are going to take me—and papa—to Russia!"

"Russia!" almost shouts Hal. "—and—" she breathes, shuddering again, "the day after—tomorrow." Hal is speechless, overwhelmed, benumbed.

"How Delicious"
is the opinion of all who have once tried

"SALADA"
TEA

If YOU have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Montreal.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

bear would be better than the count! And you will marry me, and at once?"

"There is no time! Think," he says, eagerly, impatiently, "the day after—tomorrow, and we shall be torn apart, never to see each other again. Think, Verona, think!"

She does think, and, white and trembling, clings to him. "Never to see him again!"

"No—no!" she sobs; "I could not live."

"Nor I!" says Hal. "But we will live, and be happy, too. Think, darling! My wife! my wife! Think of that! It's enough to send one out of one's senses to think of it. And I want all my wife. Let me see—let me see!" and, with the old familiar gesture, he runs his hand through his hair. "Ah, I've got it, George!"

"George?" echoes Verona, softly. "Yes, George; the man who brought my message—"

She blushes and hangs her head. "And brought me your flowers, God bless him! He's the man to help us. He's stanch as steel, and, by Jove, now I remember it, he hinted at—something of the kind—"

"At what?" she asks, wondering. "At—Verona, now don't tremble and be frightened; it is a mere nothing; it's done every day in England—yours'll be quite safe with me, my darling! Think with me! Verona, you must let me, instead of the count, take you away."

For all his preparation, she is astonished and stunned. "You—take me away!" she murmurs.

Then a crimson blush flies to her face. "Oh, Hal!"

He thrills as she breathes his name. "Well, there is nothing dreadful in that," he says, trying to speak lightly; "and I shan't take you to Russia, darling! No, we'll go to—"

He stops, for the simple reason that he doesn't know where on earth to go. But he runs on rapidly. "We'll go to some place I'll hunt out to-night, and there we'll be married, and then we'll see if his excellency can carry you off to Russia."

"Oh, I dare not!" she murmurs, panting.

"But I dare," says Hal, with a grin. "You are in my hands now, my darling. You have said you loved me, you know, and in England that means a great deal; it means that the man is to protect his sweetheart and help her out of all danger; and if you're not in danger now, nobody ever was. Yes, that must be it—must! there's nothing else for it. They've brought it on themselves, we're not to blame, not a jot; at least, you are not, darling. And—don't cry, or I shall think you are afraid of me."

"Afraid!" she says, raising her swimming eyes with a glance of sweet reproach; "I afraid! See!"—and she opens his brown hand and puts her little white one into it—"see, I am yours; do with me what you will!"

(To be continued.)

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER I.

Somewhere out in the night a woman was crying, crying desolately. The sound, rather monotonous, sound broke the silence of the street and floated through the open window of a room where Micky Mellowes was wondering how the deuce he should get through the long evening lying before him.

Micky was in a bad temper. It was not often that he was in a bad temper, but he had begun the day with a headache, which was still with him, and which accounted for the wide open window and the breath of icy air which was filling the room and fluttering the curtains; and half an hour ago some people with whom he had been going to dine had rung up and told him that the party was off owing to the sudden death of a relative, thereby leaving the evening dinner and empty on his hands.

It was New Year's Eve, too, which made matters a thundering sight worse.

He wondered if Marie Deland was feeling as sick about it as he was. Micky was in the middle of an interesting flirtation with Marie, which bade fair to develop into something deeper with careful engineering on the part of her family, for Micky was a catch, and though so far he had proved himself singularly adroit in avoiding mothers with marriageable daughters, the Delands were beginning to pat each other on the back and to look pleased.

When the sound of crying reached him he had been feeling so thoroughly fed-up with life that it had seemed impossible for anything to ever interest him again; but now he elbowed out of his chair with a faint show of energy and strolled over to the window.

It was a cold, clear night, with myriads of stars in the dark sky that seemed to shed a faintly luminous light to earth, bright enough at all events for Micky to distinguish the figure of a girl walking slowly along the pathway below.

She was walking so slowly and dis-

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to thicken and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All druggists!

purified that a sort of vague curiosity stirred in Micky's heart; here at least was some one even more fed-up with life than he himself, and with a sudden impulse he turned from the window, and snatching up a hat and coat which he had thrown down when he came in an hour earlier, made for the stairs.

He was half-way down when an apologetic cough at his elbow arrested him; he stopped and turned.

"Well, what is it?"

"If you please, sir, Mr. Ashton has just sent round to ask if you could make it convenient to be in at ten o'clock this evening, as he wants to see you particularly."

Micky looked surprised; Ashton had been very particularly engaged for that evening, he knew. Evidently something had happened to upset his plans as well.

"Ten o'clock? All right; I dare say I shall be in."

He went on down the stairs. Out on the path he paused and looked up and down the street.

The impulse that had sent him out had died away; it was beastly cold, and much more comfortable by the fire. He hesitated, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his chin and went on.

The girl had moved too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his chin and went on.

The girl had moved too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his chin and went on.

The girl had moved too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his chin and went on.

The girl had moved too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

She had stopped now in the light of a street lamp, and seemed to be looking at something she carried in her arms—a child! Surely not a child!

Micky's curiosity was aroused. He buttoned the collar of his coat more closely round his chin and went on.

The girl had moved too, almost as if she felt instinctively that she was being followed, and in that moment he saw the figure of the girl again.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

BULBS AND CHARACTERS.

Almost everyone knows what a joy it is to have a few bulbs growing and developing day after day and finally fulfilling themselves in the miracle of blue or white or yellow blossoms.

It isn't just the beauty of them that enriches one's life, it is the joy of watching them develop from day to day.

Do you know what I think is just as interesting and, in its way, just as beautiful? To watch character growing. Both your own and other people's, I mean. We all have qualities that we want to develop, and most of us as we grow older do develop them.

The Ideal is the Seed. Make it a sort of game with yourself. Visualize the qualities that you want to develop as you grow older as so many plants or bulbs. By your wish to develop them you have planted the seed or bulb of ambition, of courage and patience and forbearance and unselfishness and tact and self-control, and they are growing in your heart, and now and then you get a glimpse of the progress they have made.

Of course it isn't a day to day process this time. It's a month to month, or perhaps a year to year affair.

The forces of human nature cannot be hurried any more than the forces of nature.

And then it's not always a painless process. It does not seem possible for human beings to grow and develop unless they have the discipline

slug a stranger for his roll; their lives are bleak, they never feel the peace that warms the white man's soul.

I haven't sandbagged any man, or kidnapped anybody's child; I've followed up my old time plan when all the world was running wild. I haven't swiped a Henry car, or galloped in illegal spots; but I have picked in a jar the small rewards of honest toil. I pity men who rob and slay, who will not like good scots behave; they never have a decent day between the cradle and the grave. There's no use talking, life's a frost unless we do good all sin with skill; our breaks are made at frightful cost, and every man must pay his bill. We can't be happy or serene as through this world of ours we go, unless our records are as clean as is the well known driven snow. Oh, some for long may dodge the cops, and carry on a course of crime, but when we sin all comfort stops, we cease to have a bully time. We have no joy, no peace of mind, our nerves are racked, our hearts are sore; avenging seems to walk behind, and retribution stalks before. I pity those who cheat and steal or

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unerring remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

THE SAFE COURSE.

I haven't sandbagged any man, or kidnapped anybody's child; I've followed up my old time plan when all the world was running wild. I haven't swiped a Henry car, or galloped in illegal spots; but I have picked in a jar the small rewards of honest toil. I pity men who rob and slay, who will not like good scots behave; they never have a decent day between the cradle and the grave. There's no use talking, life's a frost unless we do good all sin with skill; our breaks are made at frightful cost, and every man must pay his bill. We can't be happy or serene as through this world of ours we go, unless our records are as clean as is the well known driven snow. Oh, some for long may dodge the cops, and carry on a course of crime, but when we sin all comfort stops, we cease to have a bully time. We have no joy, no peace of mind, our nerves are racked, our hearts are sore; avenging seems to walk behind, and retribution stalks before. I pity those who cheat and steal or

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

Magie! Drop a little "Freeseon" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freeseon" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

RAISINS!

Valencia, Four Crown Layers.

For Lowest Price

W. A. MUNN,
Board of Trade Building.

WHAT ARE YOUR EYES WORTH-TO YOU?

Save Your Eyes

Why not have them attended to and looked after same as you would any other valued possession?

A small eyesight error left uncorrected may lead to something serious later on.

Properly fitted glasses is the correct remedy and costs you little.

Have your eyes examined today—they are worth it!

T. J. DULEY & CO.,
Limited,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.
m.w.l.f.f.

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY.

You can cross wash day out of your life forever. Our Service of Quality offers the solution by caring for your whole family wash.

All Flat Pieces, including Bed Linen, Towels, Table Cloths, etc., washed, neatly ironed and ready for use.

Wearing Apparel, including Underclothing, Dresses, etc., carefully washed and dried, ready to be dampened and ironed.

And the price—10 cents a pound. Flannels and Starched Work charged extra. Give us a trial.

EMPIRE STEAM LAUNDRY, LTD.,
Phone 730.
Feb 23, 3m, eod

King's Road, St. John's.

The BRUNSWICK

GRAMOPHONE

with its wonderful ULTONA and its magnificent TONE AMPLIFIER.

Hear its recreations with your own ears and compare it with any other Gramophone imported.

CHARLES HUTTON,
The Home of Music.

NOTICE!

We have the only Lense Grinding Plant in Newfoundland and are showing in our window the process of grinding lenses from the rough blank to the finished lense.

Why wait weeks for your glasses when you can have them made by us, at the shortest notice. This plant is at your service. We can duplicate any lense you may require.

R. H. TRAPNELL, Ltd.
Jewellers and Opticians.

John Maunder,

Forty-Two Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

Potato

5 barrels...
WHITE...
PAR...
FRESH...
SNIPS...
CANNOT...
SOUND...
Super M...