THE EVENING TELEGRAM. ST. JOHNS. NEWFOUNDIAND, AUGUST 7, 1925-2 it from the vantage ground. Th olice! Great Heaven! to think that the old name should come in contact ith them !* Well," said Clarence, sorry that had mentioned them, "then we mus ake the first course. You to you notel, I to my spying." CALSU OMATO "But," said Sir Ralph, looking roun TOMATO SOL HILL SAUCE COCKTAIL SAUCE the room, "why should we go to an hotel? This is very comfortable, and we are out of the world here-ch Lilian ?" "I thought," said Clarence, simply, "that this would have been too mean

Distributed by a place for you. At an hotel you would get more comfort and luxury. This-F. M. O'LEARY. "You live here," said Lilian, looking at him eloquently; "It was not too poor for you----"I," he said, with a smile. "I

> "A hero," said Sir Ralph, warming up for the moment, much to Lilian's delight; "the more I think of the way you have been treated and all that you

have done. I am filled with astonish ment at your * nobleness. Sir, you must have true blood in your veins and a good heart to act so." Clarence rose with a suppressed sigh and a glance at Lilian that said

plainly: "You give me credit for too uch disinterestedness. If you would seek my motive, turn and find itthere!"

But Sir Ralph either did not o would not see, and Clarence, taking up his hat said may come up." a pair of heavy feet.

"Then it is settled that you remain with heavy boots, came tramping up. here. I will go and tell the woman Lilian had re-entered the room, and of the house and commence my work;" looked with surprise and suspicion at without paper being as innocuous as then, adding that he should return the apparition of a country clown with an unloaded gun, we instantly charged shortly, he left the room. tight corduroy, trousers, leggings, it with stationery-the magnificent After arranging with the landlady, heavy boots, ruicund face and a shock paper of Caxton's time-and we im and giving her some commands to of red hair. "You wished to see me?" Ralph, gravely,

"Ees, I do," said the man, with a knitted and heavy with thought." grin that stretched his mouth, that fering humanity. was not a bad-looking one. "Ees, I do. CHAPTER XXIII. I wants to see 'ee about a matter o' from anonymous letter-writing to the An hour afterwords Sir Ralph heard bizniss, ver honor.".

a knock at the door, and, Lilian open-"Well? What business?" asked Sir fostered, facilitated, and democratised. ing it, found the landlady outside. Ralph. "Where do you come from? Incidentally, too, we have turned life "If you please, miss, a person wants What's your name?" to see the gentleman." "I coom from Yarkshire, and me "My father, do you mean?" said name be Timothy Speerks." Lilian, half frightened, but determin-Sir Ralph stared.

ed, let what might happen, that she would not leave the house or allow Sir "Yes. miss."

"Is he a gentleman " asked Lilian, going outside the door that her father sprang forward. "Oh, law, no, miss! a country fel-

must needs tell all three what he "And your business?" he asked. thinks about them. Through the ages "Is over," said the countryman, in the net output of his dreams and quite another voice, and, pulling on imaginings has come to be known as his red wig as he spoke; he revealed Literature. Nevertheless, many men the features of Clarence Clifford. have given their integrity also.

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Progress

"Their individual names and for-Sir Ralph fell back a step or two tunes concern the world as little as and clutched the chair. the share of a single coral-insect in Lilian uttered a slight cry and building up the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which withstands the tide

said Sir

"Oh, how could you? Well, well, I of the Pacific. But the fabric of the never!"-all blushes, smiles and her work to which they gave themselves is the one human creation hand pressed against her fluttering which withtsands time. And in no



Lord Balfour, Sir James Barris, ad Mr. Rudyard Kipling have been arolled as Honorary Freemen of the oners' Company. All three made htful speeches, but Mr. Kipling ling with literature in genera ke in happy vein. The Times rep ter Mr. Kipling said :---"You have referred with great !

dulgence to an author of my name An hour ago I admit I was that uthor; but, thanks to the high honch you have done me, I am now a Stationer, duly entered and "This is a heavy responsibility;

off the backs of beggars, and we

ground them and we pulped them to

"Why did we do that? Becau

some desperate soul, impatient of the

slow, beautiful handicraft of the past,

had invented an apparatus called the

printing press. But a printing press

proved the machine itself: and

devised special inks for it: and we

created the business for publishing

and distribution, and among us we

launched the Eleventh Plague on suf-

"Since that dreadful date there has

not been a crime in the Decalogue.

spread of idealism, which we have not

into the nightmare of a never-empty

"Man is always at war with, on

wondering over, himself or his

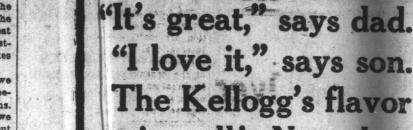
neighbours, or his goods; and he

waste-paper basket.

make more and more stationery.

for one cannot deny that the world mght have been happier if stationary had never been invented. Yet it must have been a brother of our mysteryan original Hieratic Stationer-who first discovered that if you soak the leaves of the papyrus plant in the muddy waters of the Nile, and beat upon them with a mallet, the beast ly stuff sticks together and makes

what looks like paper. "So we called it paper, and we supplied it as stationery, and men began to write upon it with read pons. And when, in the course of time, we had rooted every green thing out of the Valley of the Nile; when we had killed the fatted calf, and the unfatted calf, and the calf unbern, to make vellum, we tore the very rags



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THE SHOP ON THE CORNER



"Have you formed any plan?" Clarence asked.

"N-o," said Sir Ralph. "I-well, | Melville name-her name"-and he let me confess that I have relied on glanced at Lilian-"dragged through you. Such is gratitude! Mr. Clifford; the columns of the newspapers for it looks for favors to come. I am so every sweep to roll trippingly off his overwhelmed by the service you have tongue? No, no; redress must be ob- thinking it might be some messenger

Lilian, with tears in her eyes, turned a look of such loving gratitude up- insure Sir Ralph's comfort, he went mustache and turn his eyes aside, lest quickly down the street, his brow they should become so eloquent as to annoy Sir Ralph, who, he was fully realizing, would never consent to marry his daughter to a nameless adventurer, though that adventurer had "What I propose is this." he said, after a pause; "that you and Miss Mel-

ville should, under some assumed name, take up your abode in some quiet hotel, while I play the spy and turn the tables upon those who have worked this villainy. But if you pre- Ralph to be carried away even by fer it. I will go off this instant and force

"No, no; anything but the latter course. Could I endure to have the might not hear.

low: looks like a plaughman." "Send him up, then," said Lilian,

