

# The Heir of Rosedene

## The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER II  
WHITE MUSLIN.

The sound of his voice recalled the girl. "Aunt Martha and I are waiting for the first of September."

"The first of September," said Sir Cyril, wondering how on earth partridges could concern two women.

"Yes; we start then for England, and we must not go a day before or a day afterward."

"Why not?" exclaimed Sir Cyril, raising his head from the reclining position in which he had been, with extreme surprise and curiosity.

The girl, with her eyes upon the snow peaks, answered quietly, almost dreamily, with that same look of having forgotten her companion:

"Because my father wished it; because he left it as a dying request, and commanded that I should do so."

The answer, so calmly and candidly given, was so characteristic of the childlike faith and confidence of her every word and gesture, that it was robbed of much of the strangeness and improbability which it wears when set down on paper.

Sir Cyril felt not a bit surprised by the confiding candor—he only felt a queer sensation of pity, and a desire to protect this simple-minded, pure-hearted child-woman from herself.

He changed the subject, though he was full of curiosity to hear more of her story from the sweet young lips.

"Your little favorites have all gone some, I suppose?"

She nodded absently, and then turned her eyes upon him reflectively. "You came from London?"

"Yes," said Cyril.

"Perhaps you know London well?"

"Pretty well—too well," he replied with a laugh.

A little eager light came into her eyes.

"You know some of the lawyers, perhaps. Do you know one named Burdon—Richard, Grey's Inn?"

Sir Cyril raised himself on his elbow, and was about to reply:

"Why is it my own lawyer?" but a something, an indefinable something, drove the answer from his lips, and in place of it he said, "Yes, I know the name; I know the man."

"What sort of a man is he?" she asked. "Is he a young or an old—but I know he must be old, for he was my father's friend."

"Yes, Burdon is an elderly man," said Cyril.

"Is he a good—an honest man?" she asked, her clear eyes fixed on his face.

"Good!" said Cyril, with a smile. "Scarcely the term by which to qualify a lawyer; honest—as lawyers go—yes, very," he added, seeing that the lightness of his reply had in some way annoyed or distressed her, for the clear eyes had clouded, as a child's does when it is displeased, or dissatisfied.

"Yes, decidedly honest, I should say. You only know him by name?"

"Only by name," she assented. "He was my father's lawyer, and on his deathbed my father charged me to go to him on the first of September that we are now coming to, and receive some papers which are to change my whole life. Is there any wonder that I am curious?"

"None at all," said Cyril; then there was a moment's silence.

"And Burdon; does he expect you?"

"Yes," she replied; "my father had written to him—or they had arranged that I should go, if—if my father could not. So that he expects me."

"He does not know you?" asked Sir Cyril, interested more than he could say.

"No; he expects to see a Miss Weston—Edna Weston, that is my name—and that is all."

Cyril remained silent for a moment. "It is a strange story," he said, more to himself than to her, but the words reached her, and for the first time there was a look of slight embarrassment in her eyes, a dash of color in her face; both heightened her beauty.

"Yes, and you think that I should not tell it to you! Perhaps it was wrong," she added to herself, with a little troubled look; "but you see I am almost always thinking of it—it is not wonderful that I should be—and it came natural to ask you, an Englishman, who knew London. I hope I have not done wrong!"

Cyril looked up, with something like a flush on his handsome face.

"My dear child—young lady, I mean," he corrected himself, "this stick," and he held up his cane, "will not be more dumb than I shall be—"

She interrupted him with a smile. "I am sure of that," she said, softly; "but there is no need for secrecy, that I know of; you see I know no-

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# PEPS

thing myself, and there is no harm in saying that I shall be at a certain place on a certain day!"

Sir Cyril nodded. The cathedral clock struck seven.

The girl pulled out a tiny gold watch, and rose with some haste.

"Seven o'clock! They will have begun tea at the pension!"

At the strange word Sir Cyril's doubts and speculations arose again. Tea at seven o'clock! Then, perhaps, after all, she was a pensioner, or her aunt lived in an almshouse.

Almost unconsciously he repeated the words:

"At—the pension."

She turned her laughing eyes upon him.

"Yes—how puzzled you look! Ah! I see you dine instead of drinking tea at this hour?"

"Yes, generally," admitted Cyril. "But," he added, "I was puzzled over the word 'pension.' Does your aunt live in an almshouse?"

She, in her turn, looked puzzled, then once more the musical laugh rang softly out.

"Almshouse! Oh, if Aunt Martha could only have heard you! Don't you know what a pension is?"

"No," said Sir Cyril, penitently. "I must confess I don't! Pray don't estimate the intelligence of all Englishmen by my standard. You'll travel all through the United Kingdom before you find a more ignorant man!"

"Shall I?" she said, laughing. "Well, I'll inform you on the point at least: a pension is a Swiss—or a French or German, for that matter—boarding house, where for the consideration of so many shillings—or francs—per week, travelers, especially unprotected ones like Aunt Martha and I, are lodged and fed."

Cyril laughed.

"What an idiot I am!—of course! And do you all—all the people staying at the house—feed—I mean, have your meals together?"

"Yes," she said—they were both standing by this time. "The breakfast bell—everything is done by bell-ringing—rings at nine for breakfast, and we all come out of our rooms like the old man and woman in the barometer, and sit at a long table to coffee, fresh butter, rolls and eggs; then the bell rings at one and we get our dinner—and a very good dinner, too!—and at seven we get what Aunt Martha calls 'a meat tea.' All quite in the Swiss style."

"It sounds very nice," said Sir Cyril. "I'm not quite comfortable at the hotel down below," he added, quietly, as the splendor of the Grand's appointments and the perfection of the chef's dishes rose before him—"not quite comfortable, you know; do you think they're room at your place to take me?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, innocently, "some people went away yesterday, and you could have their rooms—they were very nice rooms, with a balcony."

"I'm very fond of a balcony," said Sir Cyril.

"But, perhaps," she resumed, doubtfully, "you might find that you had made a change for the worse. What hotel are you staying at?"

"One of them down there," said Sir Cyril, faking his head in the direc-

tion of the town, and not daring to mention the Grand, for she, innocent and unsophisticated as she was, would know too much of the Grand's fame to be deceived.

"Well, perhaps you would be comfortable—at least, it has one recommendation, it is very cheap; but, perhaps," she added, glancing at him critically for the first time, and recognizing instinctively the aristocratic elegance of Cyril's cut and Hancock's jewelry, "perhaps that would be no recommendation to you!"

"On the contrary," said Sir Cyril, with grim sincerity, "it is the best of all recommendations—oh, I assure you it is of the greatest importance."

"Well, then, I should say you had better try it." And though it was just the speech that Sir Cyril wanted; it rather upset him by its matter-of-fact straightforwardness; if she had wanted him to come very much, for her own sake just a little, she would not have been so emphatic.

The scapegrace felt disappointed.

"Thank you. I think I'll call upon the proprietor, or proprietress, this evening, and see if they will accept me as a member of the family. I hope they will!"

"I hope so, too," she said, with the half smile; and then with a little graceful inclination of the stately head, she wished him "Good evening."

Cyril sat down again when she had gone, and stroked his mustache with the manner and look which his friends declared he always wore when he was more than ordinarily puzzled or confused.

"Cyril, my poor boy," he muttered, staring at his hat, which he had not yet replaced on his head, "you certainly are bewitched, and by a little girl, barely out of the schoolroom, and with a pair of dark eyes and a mouth that looks like a young woman's!"

He looked upon you as a middle-aged party—a sort of elderly uncle or young grandfather—a convenient recipient of her confidences, and as something to laugh at. Yes, by Jove, she looks at me so straightforward as if I were an old woman, or an intelligent retriever! Great Heaven, how the place must have aged me!

Perhaps, like Rip Van Winkle, I shall wake up and find I am gray-headed and rheumatic about the joints. And the marvel of it is! he continued, striking a match spitefully, "that instead of resenting such treatment; instead of turning away with disgust at such unnatural coldness and want of appreciation, I rather like it—that is to say, I'm bewildered, persecuted by it; that I feel like a great school-boy fumed and writhing under his first love affair!"

"And now!" he muttered, as he paced down the hill, "I suppose I shall be mad enough to give up my rooms at the Grand for some half-furnished attic in this confounded pension; throw up the eight o'clock dinner, with the clear soup and the capital vegetable cutlets and cabbage à la Suisse. Yes, I can see it come clearly. I can't resist! I'm persecuted! In fact, I'm stark, staring mad, and somebody ought to come out and take me back to Colney Hatch!"

CHAPTER III.  
DINNER AT THE PENSION.

IT is the dinner hour at the Pension Petre, and on either side of the long table the hungry boarders are awaiting their soup, some chattering, some silent, but all impatient.

At the head of the table sits madame herself, arrayed in a black bombazine—why do all keepers of boarding houses, English or foreign, run to bombazine?—and affably anxious.

Behind her and about her generally sit the six maid-servants, and the one manservant, Adolphe the ubiquitous, also is here, there and everywhere, and is now ladling out the soup.

It is rather a motley crew—the long lines of men and women who have put up at the comfortable Swiss Pension, and not unworthy of some modern Leech; but attractive as their vain and humorous modern characteristics were, the eye of the person who should be fortunate enough to enter at the moment would have been drawn and riveted to the face and figure of Edna Weston.

Pure and matronly and beautiful as only a good-looking English girl can be, she sits at the center of the table facing the door, calmly sits listening to the babel around her, and at times turning her shapely head to speak to a white-haired, handsome old lady, who sat at her side.

(To be Continued.)

## Fashion Plates.

"A ONE-PIECE MODEL WITH NEW LINES."



2661—This style will make a very attractive "all through the day" dress, for service, for the street, and it is smart enough for calling or afternoon wear. The waist is cut in smock or blouse style, and is lengthened by skirt portions, to which it is joined under a hem tuck.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SPLENDID "ALL THROUGH THE DAY" DRESS.



2602—This is an ideal model for the busy woman. It may be fastened with snap hooks. The fulness over sides and back is held in place by the belt. The model is in one piece style and good for serge, velvet, satin, poplin, jersey cloth and all wash fabrics. It is to be recommended as a good dress for business and general wear.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

## SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

New offering to the Trade and Outport Dealers the following

- AUTUMN GOODS:**
- |                 |                   |
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| POUND PERCELES  | SHIRTS            |
| POUND SATEENS   | DRESS GOODS       |
| DENIMS          | PLAID DRESS GOODS |
| COTTON CHECKS   | BLOUSES           |
| POUND UNDERWEAR | FLANNELETTE       |
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- EVERY DAY GOODS ARRIVING.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

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No scarcity at Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.



## John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

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PIANOS ORGANS

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JUST ARRIVED: 100 dozen Galvanized Buckets, Assorted sizes: 11, 12, 13, 14 inch. ALSO 80 CASES

## Enamelware.

- |                                |                               |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| White Enamel Pails.            | Coffee Boilers.               |
| Saucepans, all colors & sizes. | Milk Kettles, 1, 2, 3, 4 qts. |
| Boilers, all colors & sizes.   | Pie Dishes.                   |
| Wash Basins.                   | Dinner Plates.                |
| Dish Pans.                     | Mugs.                         |
| Jugs.                          | Dippers.                      |
| Tea Kettles.                   | Chambers.                     |
| Tea Pots.                      | Sink Drainers.                |
| Coffee Pots.                   | Funnels.                      |

## Hollow Ware.

ZIN LINED SAUCEPANS AND DINNER BOILERS. FRY PANS, SLOP PAILS, OIL HEATERS, OIL STOVES (3 wick), LAMP BURNERS & CHIMNEYS, STOVE PIPE ENAMEL, ALUMINUM PAINT, GENERAL TINWARE, at

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## PROHIBITION RATIFIED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15. Legislators of thirty-five states, less than the required two-thirds majority, have ratified the Prohibition Constitutional amendments. Several assemblies now in session are expected to take action to-morrow. A probable race between Nebraska and Minnesota as to which will be the thirty-sixth to ratify the amendments was completed to-day. The legislatures of five states, Colorado, Oregon, New Hampshire and Utah making a total of thirty-six states. The amendments under its provisions becomes operative one year from the date of its ratification. Additional legislation by Congress is necessary to make it operative, and the ground for this already has been laid. Legislation will prescribe penalties for violations of the amendment and all to determine how and by what agencies the law shall be enforced.

Iowa legislature ratified the prohibition amendment to-day. This is the thirty-first state to do so.

## IN THE HANDS OF THE RUSSIAN RED ARMY.

BERLIN, Jan. 13. The city is now completely in the hands of the Russian Red Army, according to a Mitau despatch to the Zeitung. Bolshevik forces advanced from Dvinsk and occupied the station at Neugut, thirty miles from Mitau. Mitau is overrunning with refugees. German soldiers the last persons leaving Riga, that the city is burning in several places and that the Russians are murdering and plundering.

## DEMANDS OF MINERS.

LONDON, Jan. 15. The South Port Miners' Federation has unanimously adopted a resolution demanding that miners in the army be demobilized immediately and given employment. The union also asks those disabled in the war be paid the wages which would have earned if they had been hurt, and that those totally disabled be trained for other work at the expense of the Government. The

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