

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Constipation is the chief cause of piles. By an entirely new principle Nujol softens the food waste without forcing or irritating. This prevents straining and enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along and out of the system. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint



Regularly at
Grocers

Nujol Booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger." (Constipation-auto-intoxication in adults) will be mailed gratis on application to the agent for Newfoundland.

J. B. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XII
A STRANGER IN EDEN.

"It is known Vane was going to come this trip," he says, ruefully, "I'd have got him out into the Nancy Bell, and drowned him; and that wouldn't have been any use, for he can swim like a dogfish."

For a while Jeanne comforts him and herself with the reminder that she will soon be back.

She is telling him so now, and they two, having escaped from the house, are strolling down the lane, her arm around the boy's neck, her face dreamily happy, her voice soft and low, and full of the subtle melody which Love lends to his slaves.

"It won't be long, Hal," she says, "and we shall come back and settle down within sight of the old house, and—"

"But Vernon does not say so," says Hal, incredulously; "he says his plans are all uncertain. I believe, Jeanne, you don't know anything about what you are going to do."

Jeanne flushes slightly. It is quite true; she does not.

"Not yet," she says, dreamily. "But we shall come back—oh, yes, we shall come back. And Hal—what time does the last train get in?"

Hal grins.

"Do you ever think of anything else but Vernon, Jen?" he says. "Did he say he would come back to-night? Perhaps he'll lose the train," he suggests, wickedly.

Jeanne looks startled, then she pinches his ear.

"Yes, he will come to-night," she says, looking toward the horizon longingly, as if Vernon had been absent a year, instead of six hours; "he never breaks his word. And Hal, don't you think we ought to go back?"

"No, not yet," says the boy; "I can't stand all that cackle about the fat-tails, and to-morrow's feed. Let's go down the lane into the road, Jen."

And so, side by side, they go through the crimson flood of sunlight, Jeanne's face, in all its fresh loveliness, beneath her broad-brimmed grey hat.

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Make a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Ready prepared, and ready about 1c.

If you have a severe cough of chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficulty breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any drug store can supply you with 2½ ounce bottles of Pinex, this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This remedy makes 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and its cost is its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief. You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 2½ ounce bottles with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

and her graceful figure clad in its plain muslin frock. That face and that figure are haunting Vernon Vane, even at this moment, as he is dashing up Regent street in a hansom cab, and chafing at the business which keeps him, even for an afternoon, from his girl-love.

"I shouldn't be surprised," says Hal, as they pause at the top of the lane leading up the road which climbs the high, cliff-like hill, "if Uncle John doesn't lose his head, with all the fuss and confusion, and blow the house up, wedding-dress and all; Jeanne, there'll be nobody to pull the cotton wool out of his hair, and brush the steel filings off his waistcoat to-morrow. Oh, hang it, Jen, I'm very fond of Vernon, but—"

"Dear Hal," murmurs Jeanne, coaxing his red and not too steady hand. "You'll be a good boy, Hal, Jeanne? He reports his mood changing. What, going to give me a lecture, like a mother when she says good-by at school. Why, then, you're only a child yourself, and will have to put on your best behavior, I say, look there," he breaks off, nodding to the high-road; "they're coming down the hill at a pretty good pace, anyhow."

Jeanne leans around on the stile and looks; seeming down the hill there is a carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited horses, who evidently don't know the road, and don't like it.

"That isn't any of the Marley post-horses, is it?" says Hal, resting his chin on his hands, and watching the prancing and restless pair with all a boy's enjoyment.

"What a splendid carriage, Jeanne," he says. "If they don't put the brake on they'll come to grief directly; the drop just here is the steepest on the road. What a dust!"

As he speaks, the carriage has descended almost to a level with them, and they can see still more plainly than before that the heavy chariot is forcing and chafing the heavy horses almost beyond endurance, and that the coachman is pulling his hardest and looking apprehensively down the steep incline below him.

"The brake—the brake!" says Hal, he breaks off, and jumps off the stile as, with a slip and a tumble, the near horse plunges on to his knees and rolls over.

Hal runs down the bank and is on the road almost before the coachman has got down, and Jeanne, following, is in time to see a face at the window, and hear a voice crying:

"Open the door—what has happened?"

Hal is already on his knees beside the fallen horse, and takes not the slightest notice, but Jeanne runs forward, and lays her hand on the handle of the door; at the same moment another hand touches it. Both hands meet, and Jeanne, looking up as the door opens, sees the fair face of a woman looking startledly out at her. For a moment Jeanne is too startled to speak. It is not the beauty of the face, with its delicate tints and exquisitely carved features, and fair golden hair that positively glitters in the sunlight, but the whole figure. In short, it is Jeanne's first experience of that last marvel of our high-pressured civilization—a fashionable beauty.

And to Jeanne it is nothing more or less than a marvel; woman-like, she takes it all in—the graceful, trained figure, dressed to perfection, from the Parisian boot to the delicate gray travelling hat; from the exquisitely-fitting gloves and the silver handles to the priceless traveling scarf of China silk, which lies neglected on the dusty road. There is another person in the carriage, evidently the lady's maid,

who stands, pale and bewildered, grasping a jewel-case and a sun-shade, and looking as if the end of the world had come.

For a moment the lady does not appear to be conscious of Jeanne's presence, but stands shaking her French gray dress, and scolding in haughtily-languid tones the perspiring men-servants.

"Fell down!" she says, not sharply, but even angrily, but with haughty, contemptuous scorn; "of course, this is not a French road. Is the horse dead?"

The horse replies to the query by struggling up and shaking himself.

"It is both negligent and careless," she says. "Pray, let us go on!"

The man touches his hat and shakes his head.

"What is the matter?" she asks.

"Pole's broke off short, my lady," says the man, tumbling at the fragment.

"Do you mean that we shall not be able to go on?" she asks.

"Afraid not, my lady, till we get this mended."

And he looks around as if he expected to see a wheel-wright's shop drop down from the sky.

Her ladyship turns and apparently remembers Jeanne.

"Oh," she says, "did you help me out? Thanks, very much."

Then, as Jeanne's quiet bow convinces her that she is a lady, her ladyship adds more graciously, and with a sweeter tone:

"It really was very kind of you. I wonder you were not afraid. One's own people seem to lose their senses in accidents of this kind."

"I am very sorry," says Jeanne. "The hill is very steep here, and dangerous for those who do not understand the road."

"What my people do not," says the lady; "where are we?" she adds, looking around, with the air of a person who has left civilization and plunged into an unexplored district.

"This is Newton Regis," says Jeanne.

"But I don't see a house!" exclaims her ladyship, with indolent vexation. "Is there a village—a hotel—any place where one can get out of this dusty road? I suppose I shall have to remain in the carriage while they get another, or something. I must ask you to be quick," she adds, turning to the servants.

"There is a village in the valley," Jeanne says, "but our house is much nearer than the inn, if you do not mind walking to the end of the lane. It will be more comfortable than sitting in the carriage."

"You are really very kind," says her ladyship, still more sweetly and musically, more delicately respectful and self-contained than Jeanne had ever heard before in her life. "But it is intruding, I fear—"

"No," says Jeanne, in her frank way; "and it is not very far."

"Well, thanks, I will stay. You, Willson, you had better remain here while James goes down for another carriage. How far is Leigh Court from here?" she asks, as she follows Jeanne up the slope.

"How far, Hal?" asks Jeanne, but Hal, alarmed by the apparition of the fashionable beauty, has made his escape immediately after the upraising of the horse.

"I think it is eighteen or twenty miles," says Jeanne.

Her ladyship sighs.

"Quite out of the world! And do you live here?" she asks, looking at Jeanne, as if she wondered how any human being could exist so far out of the world.

"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 fluff 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!

"Yes," says Jeanne, smiling, "and am very happy."

This quaint addendum is like Jeanne, and is almost defiant.

The indolent blue eyes rest with languid interest upon the fresh young face.

"I am glad to hear it," she says; "I didn't think it could have been possible. I assure you that every inch of the road has only added to my regret at traveling! I have but just left Paris—"

Jeanne smiled, and blushed faintly.

"And I am just going," she thought, "—and am quite exhausted. It only needs this to put a climax to my suffering. Did you say your house was not very far?"

"That is it," says Jeanne, as they came in sight of the familiar red bricks.

Her companion raises her eyelids languidly.

"A romantic spot," she says; "it is like the first scene in a modern comedy-opera. And this is Rawton Megis?"

"Newton Regis," corrects Jeanne. "Will you come in and rest?" she adds, and her ladyship follows her into the cozy drawing-room.

"If you will excuse me," says Jeanne, "I'll go and find my aunt."

Her ladyship bows gracefully, but with the most cool indifference, and Jeanne, half-amused, half-irritated, wholly interested, goes in pursuit of reinforcements.

Her ladyship, left alone, goes—as a moth to the candle, or a stream to the sea—to the looking-glass, and, slowly, peering off one glove, smooths, with her lace handkerchief, a few flecks of silken yellow hair, and then looks with languid curiosity around the room.

Aunt Jane having caused the Holland covers which usually incase the furniture to be removed, in honor of the coming morrow, the dainty little room looks at its best.

(To be continued.)

What Carpenter Thinks of Moran.

The following from Reynolds' Newspaper of London, anon Carpenter and Moran, is of interest; the interview coming after the win scored by Moran over Beckett.

"It was so very disappointing," declared M. Descamps, Georges Carpenter's boxing manager, after the fight. "The first round was good. Beckett looked so strong and fit that I thought he would win. Moran-then changed his tactics and poor Joe was trapped."

"It was a great mistake on Beckett's part to start infighting while his opponent was still fresh. He should have boxed. Moran was much the older man, and therefore would have tired quicker, leaving Beckett a chance to deal a knockout blow."

"It takes a lot to beat Moran. It is impossible to put him down for the count unless the blow carries full force and lands on a vital point. Also, Beckett was not so confident as usual."

Questioned on the subject of Moran using his left arm in the fight, M. Descamps replied: "No! Moran fought quite fairly. What some people took offence at was merely an exaggerated form of the American style of boxing."

"The best man won on the evening's performance," added M. Descamps, "but I would not go so far as to say the result would be the same in another contest."

"Would Moran stand any chance against Carpenter?"

M. Descamps replied, emphatically, "No. Georges would have him in three rounds. He would dash in like this, and go. Moran, he would thn. be-out!"

The volatile manager began to illustrate his words with imaginary knockout blows to sundry opponents.

Flying Altitudes.

A Lieutenant of the French aviation corps recently successfully subjected himself to a test to determine whether or not his life could be sustained at 12,000 metres (39,350 feet, or about 7½ miles altitude), says Popular Mechanics.

Entering a large air-tight cylinder, the signal to start the exhaust pump was given. At a pressure corresponding to an altitude of about 13,500 ft. (4,115 metres), the experimenter was compelled to resort to a specially designed mask and an oxygen tank.

At about 30,000 feet (9,144 metres), observers noticed that he seemed to experience difficulty in moving his limbs. This is an experience reported by all aspirants to the altitude record.

When the pressure had dropped to a figure corresponding to the height of about 34,000 feet (10,363 metres), the subject closed his eyes as though weary.

As the barometer touched a figure equal to a height of 39,350 feet, the man was ordered to get up and admitted to the cylinder that there might be no disastrous shock. The mock ascent took 47 minutes and 30 seconds, while the descent was accomplished in 17 minutes.

The experiment demonstrated that, so far as atmospheric conditions are concerned, human life may be sustained at great heights.

The Lieutenant expects to make use of the experience in a future attempt to establish a new international altitude record.

Piracy Not Dead.

If proof be desired that the romance of the sea is not dead it may be found in the account of the coming trial of Black Sea pirates, in Paris. The men are alleged to have overpowered the crew of the steamer Souhrab, plundered the passengers, and got away in the ship's boats with \$1,400,000. Though the black brig that opened flouted the "Jolly Roger" no longer prowls the main, yet so far as atmospheric conditions are concerned, human life may be sustained at great heights.

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And I fancy will raise the general average of politeness in the city—for the time being at least. When one does not know whether or not the stranger who is inquiring directions, or the stupid customer who asks so many unnecessary questions, is a reporter who may hand one \$50 for one's courtesy, one is apt to make a little extra effort to be courteous.

Do You Like to Have People Go With You?

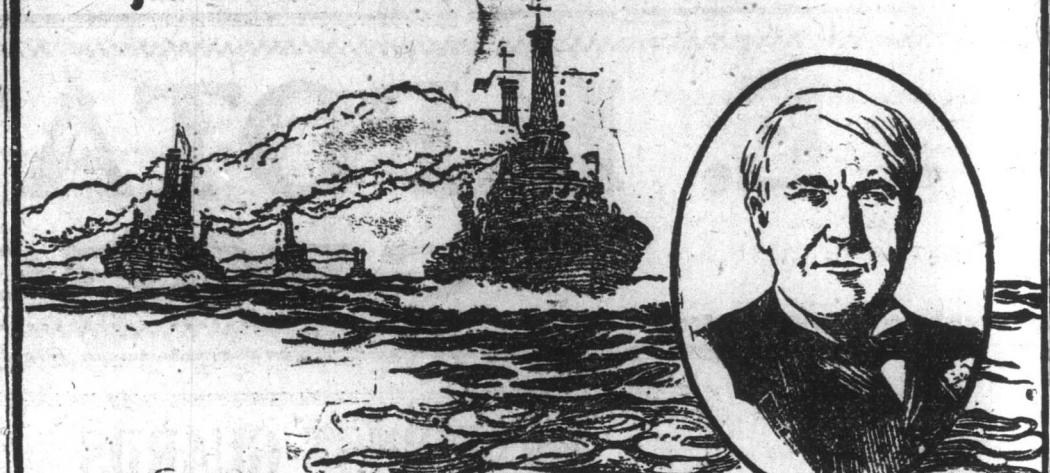
But what gets me is the reporter's idea of politeness. On one occasion he asked directions as if he were a stranger in town, and then pretended to go in the wrong direction. The man who had given the directions followed him up and set him right again. One would have thought he would have received the \$50. But he did not—because he did not go along with the reporter and show him the way!

Now do you think that politeness requires that? I don't.

It would certainly embarrass me

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



At last you can learn
What Edison Did
during the War

YOU wondered—everybody wondered, and practically nobody knew how Edison "did his bit." At last the official announcement is out! Come in and get your copy of the bulletin: "What Did Edison Do During the War?"—or write, if you can't call.


It tells what Edison did while Chairman of the Naval Consulting Board—how he spent months at sea, experimenting and inventing devices for foiling the German submarines.

The bulletin also tells how Edison stood the gaff and kept the price of the New Edison down to bed-rock during the era of high costs and soaring prices. The New Edison has increased in price (in the United States) less than 15% since 1914—part of this increase is war tax. The bulletin also tells Mr. Edison's views on our Budget Plan which makes the New Edison easy to buy.

FRED V. CHESMAN,
Edison Dealer, St. John's.

Watch for the announcement of Mr. Edison's new research!

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron



WHAT IS POLITENESS?

What is politeness? One of the newspapers in a certain city has recently been conducting a politeness contest. Every day it sends out a reporter who is told to hunt for the politest person he can find and give him \$50.

It is an interesting contest and I fancy will raise the general average of politeness in the city—for the time being at least. When one does not know whether or not the stranger who is inquiring directions, or the stupid customer who asks so many unnecessary questions, is a reporter who may hand one \$50 for one's courtesy, one is apt to make a little extra effort to be courteous.

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It would certainly embarrass me

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Looked Out for No. 1.

(From London Ideas.)
Green, Brown and Johnson were
invited to Robinson's Christmas
ner.

On the way there Brown remem
to Johnson and Green.

"By the way, you fellows, I
want to give you a friendly warnin
Beware of Robinson's champagne!"

So when the drinks were produ
Johnson and Green said they wou
drink nothing stronger than leas
ade.

Much to their surprise, howev
Brown did not follow their exam
but drank the champagne. So on
way home they asked him:

"What really was the matter w
Robinson's champagne?"

"Oh, the quality was all right,"
plied Brown, quietly. "It was the
quantity I thought would be defici
—not enough for everybody."

HALI
Years
Old
today

as young
to ever
PEOPLE
who are
to talk
this can
possibly have im
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Dyspepsia and
orders.

Some diseases can be
Dr. Wilson's
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