

More Cups to the Pound
WILL BE YIELDED BY
"SALADA"
TEA
because the little leaves are fresher and more tender than in ordinary teas. Besides, you are always sure of that delicious flavor.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I am so glad we have met, dear Lady Ferndale," she says; "I hope—oh, I know we shall be great friends! and before Jeanne can realize it, before she can understand how it is managed, she is seated beside Vane's former love—the woman who has wrought her the greatest injury she has ever received.

One after another are introduced and make their bow; servants hover to and fro waiting for the arrival of some one ere they announce dinner. The some one is Lord Charles. He comes in with his usual light, hurried step, and comes direct across to the new marchioness.

Jeanne looks up with extended hand. It is her husband's oldest, dearest friend.

Charles's manners are not of the new school. He takes Jeanne's hands—both hands, and wrings them up and down, till Jeanne's eyes dance with their old girlish fire.

"Delighted to see you!" he says. "We shall be friends, Lady Ferndale! Don't say there's a doubt of it, though I am Vane's bachelor friend; and wives don't like bachelor friends, do they? But you'll let me put my toes on the fender and smoke a pipe, eh?"

So says, looking with frank and hearty admiration on the fresh, loving face.

"As many as you like!" says Jeanne, and Vane, standing by, smiles—as he hasn't smiled for three months quite.

"Come, I'm awfully hungry," says Lord Charles; "so are you, I'm sure. What are we waiting for, mother? Oh Sparks is dancing about with impudence like a bear on hot bricks!"

Lady Nugent looks around.

"Oh, Lord Lane isn't here yet—oh, yes, here he comes."

And the next instant Clarence's handsome face is seen above the crowd. It is flushed, not to say red; he has evidently had a struggle with a refractory collar or necktie, and he looks tired and exhausted.

For a moment he recognizes nobody, and it is not until Charles takes him by the arm and draws him to the sofa with a "Lane, let me introduce you to Lady Ferndale," that he looks at Jeanne.

As he does so, the red flies from his

face, and he stares as if he had seen a ghost. The silence causes Jeanne to look at him, and she turns pale. It is only for a moment, but two persons see it and notice. One, Lady Lucelle, smiles behind her fan; the other, Vane, frowns behind nothing.

It is only for a moment, the next Jeanne holds out her hand.

"Lord Lane and I are old friends," she says, quietly.

"—yes, yes," stammers Clarence, taking her hand and lowering his eyes.

"Then you know Ferndale, after all, perhaps?" says Charles, laying his hand on Vane's arm, which is like a bar of iron.

"En," says poor Clarence. "Is this Oh, Jerusalem! But he manages to suppress his amazement behind a grin, wring's Vane's hand, which feels like stone, and almost entirely loses his head when good-natured Lady Nugent says:

"As you are such an old friend of Lady Ferndale's, and the youngest man here, you shall take her in to dinner, Lord Lane, Marquis, will you take charge of Lady Lucelle?"

CHAPTER XXII.

WOUNDED LOVE.

Fate, which has impelled the good-natured old countess to pair Vane with Lady Lucelle, and Jeanne with Clarence, also ordains that they shall be placed each pair exactly opposite the other. It is true that there is a gigantic epergne between them, but Jeanne can just see Lady Lucelle's handsome, languid face behind it; and Vane, by turning his head, can obtain a fair view of Clarence's mustache.

That there is a slight taint of hereditary jealousy in the Ferndale blood we all know; and Jeanne—well, everybody knows that women are never jealous!

At present, however, there is nothing much to excite jealousy on either side. Clarence devours his soup in profound and solemn silence, and Vane, beyond remarking that the weather is like summer, is dumb. But with the fish, Clarence plucks up courage; he has scarcely dared to look at her yet. It is not the diamonds that flash in the candlelight—diamonds that eclipse all others in the room, as does their owner's face—but it is Jeanne's dark eyes that he fears to meet. For nine months their sweet, serious smile has haunted him, is it to be wondered at that now it is here, shining on him in reality, it sets his heart a-beating?

"I hope Mrs. Dostrell is quite well?" he says, suddenly, to Jeanne, who is looking across at Lady Lucelle, whose yellow head, in close juxtaposition to Vane's is bent over the menu.

"Quite well when I heard last," she says, in a low voice.

"And—my brother Hal?" he asks, gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"Quite well, also," says Jeanne, turning her eyes upon him with sudden courage on her part. "Have you been well? You have been away, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Clarence; "I've been about a good deal since—since I saw you last."

Can Jeanne help blushing when she thinks of how she saw him last? And feeling embarrassed, of course she hurries on, woman like:

"And you are going to stay in England?"

"I don't know—yes," he says, suddenly. "Yes, I'm going to stay."

Then he pauses, and screws himself to the point.

"I didn't expect this pleasure, Lady Ferndale!"

"What pleasure?" asks Jeanne, innocently.

"Of—of seeing you," he says. "I had no idea that Mr. Vane was—in fact it's all a mystery to me! How can he be Lord Ferndale—has anybody died?"

Has he come into the title? I didn't know he was connected with the Ferndales, even!"

Jeanne hangs her head and turns color. In his eagerness, Clarence has bent down to hear the explanation, and it is at this moment that Vane looks around the epergne and sees them.

"He—he always was the Marquis of Ferndale," says Jeanne.

"Good Heavens!" exclaims Clarence, looking back, mentally. "he was! And we all peeped him on the back and patronized him! And that old fellow, Lambton, came the grant? Well, if a fellow goes in for that sort of thing, he must take the consequences—that is, I mean, of course, who was to know?"

Jeanne says nothing, but her long lashes droop over her eyes.

"Who was to know—except, of course, yourself, Lady Ferndale. By Jove, you kept it well!"

Then he stops short, as a sudden thought takes possession of him, body and soul, and makes his heart beat.

She knew it, and that was the reason why she refused him.

It is a welcome, a delicious thought! If the great Marquis of Ferndale had not been his rival, he might have won her. After all, she may have cared for him—Clarence! Such things have been.

It makes his heart beat madly; he drains a glass of chablis, sends his entree—for which he has been waiting ten minutes—away untouched, and is only brought to compose by meeting Vane's dark eyes fixed on him.

"Lord Ferndale must be a wonderfully clever fellow!" he says, with sudden moodiness.

"Yes," says Jeanne, and at the coldness of the assent Clarence's face clears again. He glances around at her with greater courage; yes, she is as beautiful, she is more beautiful than ever; and, what is more surprising, she is just as girlish; just, in fact, the Jeanne who set his heart beating nine months ago, and whose refusal of his love has only increased it tenfold.

And Jeanne?

Well, Jeanne had grown more charitable and less critical. Clarence has improved in appearance, in manner, in the quantity and quality of his brains, and she is not sorry to see him.

You cannot feel unamiable with a good-looking young fellow who waits on you with hand and eye, discusses your taste in the matter of the menu as anxiously as if life and death depended on it, nearly breaks his neck in getting a flower from the epergne, because you happen to say that it has a pretty bud, and evidently is doing, in all and every possible way, his best to be agreeable.

Jeanne has been living a life of solitude for the last three months, with new friends, and a husband only in name; here is an old friend, and I say it is not to be wondered at that she should unbend and be agreeable.

But is there no other reason than that of natural amiability for the gentle smile with which she enraptures poor Clarence? I wonder why she looks so close to Vane's face opposite, which is so close to Vane's handsome head that no one can hear what the soft, red lips are saying.

And what are they saying? Do you think my Lady Lucelle is making love to Vane? Nothing of the sort; she is not so foolishly inexperienced as to commit such a blunder. She knows Vane better, alas, than Jeanne does.

She does better than make love to him—she amuses him. Not a word of his marriage, not a word of that bitter, cruel, scornful letter, not a word concerning Jeanne or herself does those soft, red, mobile lips utter.

No; at the slightest word on any of these subjects, Vane, she knows, would turn to stone or become like a hedgehog, all points. She amuses him, and when Lady Lucelle lays herself out to amuse, no man, scarcely a woman, can resist her.

At first he is—well, sulky! meets her little, witty, pointed remarks with dry and caustic money-shibboleths, but she is not daunted. From subject to subject she flits easily, gracefully, adorning with her bright, delicate wit all she touches, until at last Vane's lips curve, and a slight smile lights up his grave face.

"You still retain your wonderful

"They WORK while you sleep"

Cascarets

You are bilious, constipated, head-achy, full of cold, unstrung. Your meals don't fit—breath is bad, skin sallow. Take one or two Cascarets to-night for your liver and bowels and wake up clear, rosy and cheerful. No griping—no inconvenience. Children love Cascarets too. 10, 25, 50 cents.

spirits, Lady Lucelle," he says, as if it were wrong for him.

"You are a bit of a Casanova, aren't you?" she says, and she should consider the happy man. What do you think he said? The man who at five-and-thirty has lost his memory and saved his digestion!"

"At any rate, my digestion is all right," says Vane, laughing.

"And having lost your memory, you are the happy man," she says.

And she looks up at him with a sweep of the dark lids that give depth and meaning to the dark blue eyes.

Vane seeks safety in silence. If to be envied is to be happy, Vane ought to be in the highest state of felicity, for men are envying him the lovely girl who sits opposite him with the Ferndale diamonds in her hair.

Slowly, but surely, the elaborately-planned dinner works through its courses; fantastic fabrics of sweet-stuffs take the place of more solid food; pomegranates and melons lie down on fig leaves from Alexander's time; sets of perfume water conversation grows general, and the courses rises as Sparks, the butler, comes toward Charles bearing a bottle of the yellow seal.

(To be continued.)

Frocks of embroidered organdies for southern wear have inserted bands of lace.

A Shepherd Boy Who Made An Industry.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF CAST IRON.

The pluck and perseverance of a Welsh shepherd boy in saving his master's sheep from a snowdrift was instrumental in revolutionizing one of the most important of British industries.

The cast-iron which to-day comes from the blast furnaces of many, from its useful quality of fusibility, he immediately used for manufacturing purposes by remelting it and pouring it into moulds of any required shape, this, of course, being the business of the iron-founder.

The use of cast-iron is comparatively modern. Though it may be traced as having been used as early as the fifteenth century, the process of casting was best with numerous mechanical difficulties, and it was not until 1700 or thereabouts that they were completely overcome.

This triumph was partly due to an intelligent mechanic named Abraham Darby who brought some Dutch workmen to England and established a brass foundry at Bristol. It was here that he conceived the idea of substituting cast-iron for brass. He prevailed upon his workmen to try the experiment, but their efforts did not meet with success.

At this time an incident took place which was destined to play an important part in the solution of the problem. A shepherd boy named John Thomas, after saving his master's flock from a heavy snowdrift, swam across a river in order to fetch home a herd of mountain cattle.

He collected the cattle and drove them to the river. Finding that the ford had become a torrent, he crossed it astride an ox and so brought the whole herd home in safety.

For this gallant act his master rewarded him by presenting him with four of the sheep he had saved. He sold behind and conducted further experiments to cast iron, he remarked to Darby that he thought he saw how he had missed making the process a success.

The Secret of Coalbrookdale.

After the workshop had closed for the night, he and his employer remained behind and conducted further experiments. Before morning they had succeeded in casting an iron pot. Darby was so delighted that he offered to take the boy into partnership, and an agreement was entered into.

Though enticed to leave, by an offer of double wages, the boy stood by his master, and when Darby died he showed his fidelity by materially assisting the latter's widow and children.

For more than one hundred years after the eventful night when young Thomas and his master made their successful experiment of producing an iron casting in a mould of fine sand, the same process was practiced and kept a secret at Coalbrookdale, where the keyholes were plugged and the doors were barred—TIT-BITS.

Nujol
For Constipation
To Keep Your Health—
you must regard Nature's laws; and one of the first of her laws is "Avoid Constipation".

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the fleshy tiny muscles in 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.

"Regular as Clockwork"

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

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

an' make their nests there every spring. Maybe you scorn them now, but they will bring you back again some day.

Good in Poverty.

MR. GOSLINGTON DOES A LITTLE PHILOSOPHIZING

"Glimmerby, my friend Glimmerby," said Mr. Goslington, "propounds the theory that both poverty and worry are conducive to longevity; and I think there is something in that. I am not so sure about the worry, and yet I think even that may be true. I can see, for instance, that if a man worried hard enough he would keep himself lean and so escape the ills and inconveniences attendant upon obesity; but that poverty tends to lengthen life I have no doubt whatever."

"The man who is poor, as we most of us are, has to work for a living. Surely it is in work that we are most blessed; and if we have work to do in which we are interested, that appeals to us, then we are fortunate indeed; we find a pleasure in labor and a joy in accomplishment; and it makes me smile to think how in such work we forget our worries entirely."

"So we don't really need to consider whether worry is a life prolonger or not; all we want to lengthen our days is to be poor, poor enough so that we have to work and keep plunging; but I do wonder that Glimmerby did not mention along with poverty and worry, as among the things that might tend to prolong life, our physical ailments."

"Some years ago a friend of mine began to lose weight and he kept on in that way until he had lost 25 pounds. Then he consulted a doctor.

It was something that could be checked, controlled and perhaps entirely cured if the patient would follow faithfully the prescribed treatment; and then he was told that the general benefits he would derive from the treatment were such that his life might be prolonged to a greater limit than it would have reached if he had never had this ailment at all.

"I might add that his friend has now regained several of his lost pounds, he is feeling very chipper and cheerful and he fully expects to live to be a very old man."

"The fact is that many things that we may look at, when they come upon us, as drawbacks are in reality blessings in disguise."

Vapo-Cresolene
A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use. You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapors soothe the inflamed throat, loosen the breathing easy, relieve the cough, ease the nervousness, and protect the system. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all throat troubles. The benefits are unquestionable. Sold by Dispensaries, Vapo-Cresolene Co., Lansing, Mich., U.S.A.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT—The little girls of the Methodist orphanage wish to thank the Victory Club and their President, Miss Pearl Snow, for the very pleasant afternoon the lovely tea and practical gifts given them on Wednesday, February 2nd.

Ask for Hansen's Junket Powders.—Jan 31, 21

GIRLS! GIRLS!
Clear Your Skin
Save Your Hair
WITH CUTICURA

Make these fragrant super-creamy emollients your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear sweet healthy skin and complexion, good hair and soft white hands, with little trouble and trifling expense. Absolutely nothing better, purer, sweeter at any price.

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and protect, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere \$10 each. Canadian Depot: L'Esperance, Limited, St. Paul St., West Montreal.

"Cuticura Soap saves without soap."

A Message to Skin Sufferers

For years perhaps you have had to endure discomfort, disfigurement, humiliation, or even daily torture and sleepless nights, because of some skin disease. Times without number you have followed some hopeful advice and each time you have met only disappointment and despair.

"Who knows?" you ask, "Whose advice may I follow?"

Here is a frank and honest answer:

Reputable physicians admit they can only guess at the true cause of skin disease. Some say it is a blood disease, to be treated through the blood. Others say it is a skin disease, to be treated through the skin. But they are not sure and we would be foolish to try to tell you what even science does not know.

We can tell you, however, about a doctor's prescription for skin disease that has been successfully used for years, and we have written you to read letters from those who have used it.

A Doctor's Prescription

D.D.D. is the prescription of a physician, Dr. D. D. D. Dennis, who first overworked in his neighborhood practice to years ago. Today it is a household name. It is a miracle. It is just a common-sense remedy composed of well known healing and soothing ingredients, such as Throat, all of wintergreen, etc. We make no extravagant claims. We say only this: That for 25 years, day after day, thousands have simply poured in—without our suggestion or solicitation—telling us of their restored health and happiness.

Trial Bottle Sent on Request

Without making any promise of return, we will send you a trial bottle of D.D.D. on request. The bottle is sent in a sealed envelope, and you can return it to us at any time. We will not ask for your name, but we will send you a trial bottle of D.D.D. on request. The bottle is sent in a sealed envelope, and you can return it to us at any time. We will not ask for your name, but we will send you a trial bottle of D.D.D. on request.

D. D. D. Company
Dept. T. B. Toronto, Ont.

Just Folks
30
Bosbar & Guest

UNFORGETTABLE THINGS.

They ain't much seen from day to day—
The big elm tree across the way,
The church spire, an' the meetin' place
Lit up by many a friendly face.
You pass 'em by a dozen times
But never think them in rhymes,
Or fit 'em for 'em's singin'. Yet
They're all the things you can't forget.

An' they're the things you'll miss
Some day
If ever you should go away.

The people here ain't much to see—
Just common folks like you an' me,
Doin' the ordinary tasks
Which life of everybody asks;
Old Dr. Green, still farin' round,
Kept a secret at Coalbrookdale, where
An' Parson Hill, serene o' face,
Carryin' God's message every place,
An' Jim, who keeps the grocery store
Yet they are folks you'd hunger for.

They seem so plain when close to view,
Bill Barker, an' his brother too,
The Jacksons—meat an' rank
Because they chance to run the bank.
Yet friends to every one round here,
Quick to hand, an' slow to anger,
Not much to sing about or praise,
Livin' their lives in modern ways—
Yet in your memory they'd stay
If ever you should go away.

These are things an' these the men
Some day you'll long to see again,
Now they're so near you scarcely see,
The beauty o' that big elm tree.
But some day later on you'll see
An' wonder if it's standing still,
An' if the birds return to sing

Restoring Nerve Power.

In many people the tissues of the nerves have suffered from the strain of War and from the shortage of fats. You can restore your nerves in a natural way by eating "Skippers." The pure olive oil in which they are packed is worth its weight in gold to those who suffer from "fat-starved" nerves.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of
"SKIPPERS"
A guarantee on every can.

"Skippers"
Are Briling with good points.

ANGUS WATSON & CO., LIMITED,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

DENTISTRY

Dr. Lehr
DENTIST,
Has removed to
Strang's Building,
329 Water St.,
Three Doors West of
A. Goodridge & Sons,
Jan 6, 1921

Fashion Plates.

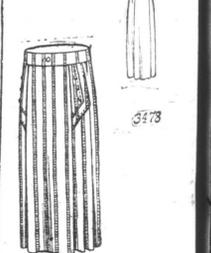
PRACTICAL GARMENT FOR HOUSE WORK.



Pattern 3485 is illustrated in 30 style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 24; Medium, 26-28; Large, 30-32; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measurement. A Medium size will require 7 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. The width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD SKIRT STYLE FOR FUTURE FIGURES.



Pattern 3478 is portrayed in this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch size require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Skirt checked or checked, leather buckles, velours, serge, satin, taffeta and other fabrics could be used for this model. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended, is about 2 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

NOTE—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c each.

FOR THE WESTWARD—The Postal Sailed west this morning taking a small freight and the following passengers:—Sergt. Fitzgerald, J. C. Harding, P. White, P. Guinan, Capt. Hollett, J. O'Brien, Burdock, and Lee Steerage.

Nouriture Laxative Infants' Syrup, "LES FRUITS,"—4c per tin.

New Poland Agrefines as U Rath

Poland and Russia... did not wait the presence of the Chamber of Deputies, and the President Tardieu's request should not be considered a question for the States assembled. Mr. Br... to the Chamber of Deputies... did not wait the presence of the Chamber of Deputies, and the President Tardieu's request should not be considered a question for the States assembled. Mr. Br... to the Chamber of Deputies...

Equity by the... of K5 sub... all hands of... ago have... gurry surround... facts remain... putting the dis... fully controlled... Sea Craft... finally officials.

RAFTING COU... Steps are being... enter proposa... strations dema... Cabinet Coun... day, at which... demands were...

Jey's Fl... bottle. L... Best Pack... Good Qua... lb. Best Qua... lb. Chinese S... 20c. McLaren's... jars, 35... Ingersol... and Pin... Cream of... Cream of... Puffed W... Puffed R... Kellogg's... Post Tons...

Duckw...