

CROWN LIFE

A Real Opportunity in Salesmanship

Are you ambitious, energetic and endowed with a certain talent of salesmanship?

If so, we would like to explain to you the opportunity presented by our new and exceedingly liberal agency contract.

The Crown Life Insurance business is one of the few commercial activities which are not halted by hard times.

Our policies are up-to-date and most attractive in their terms. A competent superintendent will be available when needed to give information and assistance.

CROWN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Toronto.
Write to-day for particulars to
C. J. CAHILL, Manager for Newfoundland,
St. John's, Nfld.

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
CONTAINS SURPRISES.

Only those who, strength and spirit spent after many a fight, have dragged themselves for a little respite, a little tender healing, to the one human source that never yet has failed them, and found that source cut off forever—only such can tell what Nancy's announcement signified to Sydney.

A great billow of despair seemed to close over her; an unconsciousness of everything save that another hard blow had come upon her when her forces were at their lowest ebb, and none of her once full fund of buoyancy left to meet it.

Nancy's frightened cry to her mistress; Miss Ambler's scared appearance down-stairs; these were a blank, emerging from which she found herself upon a slippery chintz covered sofa, the black-robed landlady crouching beside her with cold water, while the excited domestic, leaning the hair about into its temporary gale with the Stillcock-Upton Weekly Express.

"There, there," said Miss Ambler, soothingly, as Sydney's great sobs and eyes opened once more with sense and questioning. "You are coming to us nice as can be. Don't try to talk yet, miss. Nancy didn't ought to have told you all of a sudden. Shocks are bad; I have had them, and know. Here comes your luggage. You lay quiet, miss, while I take it in. We're ready for you, so to speak, for— with a sudden collapse into a lachrymose condition—him that's gone, poor dear, had been counting of your coming, and the room at the back's been ready for you weeks."

The injunction to lie quiet, Sydney obeyed involuntarily; for every vestige of rallying power seemed to have left her. All the battles she had gone through from last year till now revenged themselves on her vitality at once. As white as marble and as still she lay an hour and more without a word, till a glimpse of Miss Ambler creaking away a dipper with a contented air of profound anxiety supplied a spur to exertion which rarely found Sydney irresponsible.

"I am better," she said, turning, with a most wistful attempt at a smile, to the mellow, late afternoon light. "Please don't be frightened for me. And—will you tell me—about it now?"

Miss Ambler, more exercised than Sydney divined, had to cough and sniff a great deal before she was equal to meet this request; but presently, perched bolt upright on the edge of a chair, since the young lady made her sit, she managed to give account of as happy an exit from this troublous

sphere as the best heart could desire its best friend.

"He talked a many times this month past of when Miss Grey—he called you Miss Grey"—Sydney made a movement of confirmation, the slightest color rising, not unobserved—"or when you were coming for a holiday to him, and seemed as pleased about it as a prince. He'd not been well this winter, but he was always cheery the days he got your letters. He was looking for one this very time last week, and spoke put-out-like, for him, when I carried another instead. 'But,' said he to me when I fetched his breakfast-things down (for I waited on him myself, Miss Grey, and marked his appetite, and got him many a spring broccolour or new-laid egg my own self since I could afford it, for mean by nature I'm not, though close by habit I've had to be!)—'Miss Amelia,' he says, 'I'd no right to grumble at that letter. It's brought me great news. I shall tell you of it some day.' And almost every time I came to his room he seemed to have been reading it, and I can't picture how he looked, miss, but more glad and young-like than I'd seen him these long whiles. He played a deal of music that day. Long pieces such as he learned forty years ago with his rich master, as was then. And at night when I went to put his sitting-room lamp out he'd just finished 'Auld Lang Syne,' the tune the clock at Sturats used to play last thing before he left, he's often told me. He was so fond of it. He said 'Good-night,' and went off sort of singing it. And he might have been listening to it when he was—sent for—Miss Grey. For in the morning, when Nancy couldn't wake him, I went and found him with a tear on his cheek and a smile on his mouth, as easy-looking as a baby asleep. That was the morning your letter came, miss, which," said Miss Ambler, after a gallant struggle with an obstinate sob, "you'll find in poor Mr. Cheesne's rack, upstairs, for, of course, you'll like his room to yourself while you stop here. Nothing would have pleased him more than for you to use it. And till the gentleman comes who knows what's to be done with the things, it's freely yours."

Miss Ambler ended with a good hearty cry behind her handkerchief. Sydney had not yet reached that merciful casement, but stupefied as she still felt, the instinct born with her name did not desert her. This good landlady of Jacob's must not be encroached upon.

"From her purse she took out three sovereigns.

"If I may stay here while these last," she said, "I cannot tell you how thankful I shall be. For," moving her first face into shadow again, "I did so want this for a home a little while."

With a curious look, Miss Ambler pocketed the gold; but if dissatisfied at the loose bargain, showed no signs of being so; for, when the new lodger was fairly ensconced among the old lodger's household goods she was rebuked.

"Oh, I would not, indeed," cried Sydney, shrinking from intrusion. "If you think this will not be wanted for ten days more, I will be gone before it is dismantled."

With that last word her voice quivered. It was difficult calmly to discuss these last relics of her father, dear old Jacob's treasures, being dispersed.

"Ah, I'll answer now," said Miss Ambler. "You'd like a little something out of here as a keepsake like of poor Mr. Cheesne, wouldn't you, miss? Now, if you'd choose anything I'd see it was bought for you if the things are sold."

"She had no storing-places for aught. Her very capital she would not count her own."

(To be continued)

Jellied Salad à la Bovril

Take cold sliced potatoes, tomatoes, a few pieces of onion cut very small, asparagus tips, cauliflower heads, or other suitable cold vegetables. Place in moulds and cover with hot Bovril in which has been dissolved powdered gelatine in the proportion of a heaped teaspoon to a pint. Chill and turn out on fresh crisp lettuce leaves. Serve one mould to each person.

This dainty and unusual dish is not only light, because it is made with Bovril it is nourishing. Bovril contains the goodness of the beef. Use it in all your cooking.

BOVRIL simplifies Summer cooking

ous in her care, and made no trouble of anything except Sydney's poor patronage of the provision she offered. But for days the oppression of mingled pains kept Sydney in the bondage of an inertia which to her bright, ready activity was as the thralldom of some heavy illness.

Jacob goes; no one to speak to; her every mental effort unproductive; not a line from her mother, to whom she had written some ten days before leaving Wynstone; sharply assailed by mistrustful dread of her own doings—had her willfulness been wickedness all through, and so had she thrust herself into her present punishment?—and above, beneath all emotions else, like the dirge of sea-waves dominating every other sound upon the shore, one passion beat, beat, beating, at her heart, restless as hopeless; small wonder was it that, muffled, mournful, darkened the dreary length of that fair midsummer, threatening the very foundations of her much-taxed courage.

Not until July's first week had glided by did the tense strain of morbid suffering show signs of giving way. Then said Miss Ambler one morning: "Miss Grey, if you go on getting paler and thinner and eating no more than my tortoise-shell cat down-stairs, it won't be long before you are laid up on my hands, and then I should like to know what's to be done!"

"This sent a wholesome thrill of alarm through the girl. In such case, what indeed would be done? She was growing strangely selfish. Taking Miss Ambler's zealous services by far too easily. Unless she meant to throw her burden most unfairly on a stranger, she must rouse now at once.

The day was delicious. Martens chirped busily about the roof. The fresh air seemed to say, "Come out and taste me," and Sydney's senses accepted the pure medicine. She must make a beginning of whatever her new course was to be. It should date from her old friend's grave. In the quiet little churchyard, which he had taken greatly to when he had "Tafty's" tombstone placed there, Jacob Cheesne was laid. "How can I get to Lutterthorpe?" Sydney now asked. "For I will try not to be ill, Miss Ambler. I ought to go out, I know; and I would rather go there than anywhere."

It was not exactly the excursion Miss Ambler would have selected for her invalid; but seeing it was almost the first wish Miss Grey had expressed, she wisely furthered it. Brief journeys by rail took Sydney to and fro between noon and evening. Between the lettered record of her earliest friend, the late turfled covering of her last, she was granted the great relief of not altogether regretful rests. Here rested, after many cares, two faithful, uncomplaining natures. Wherein was she more privileged than they, that she should waste her gift of life in vain? Sydney, now, should she be up and doing, holding closer to that Presence of which the solemn ageworn walls uprising near seemed fitting sanctuary.

Tired completely, but more healthily, she spent that day's twilight among memory's less dangerous depths. Sitting in her father's chair, turning poor Jacob's cherished music-pages over, registering those marked by her father's hand; and about her sleep that night hovered notes and chords of some long strain, unknown, but strangely sweet, such as sometimes had sounded often enough at Sturats, unfinished when next morning she awoke.

Walking, work lay before her. She kept that fact written as it were in space, spurred to it by a new ambition. What she might earn need not be all her own. Though parted from Gilbert Hurst, her debt to him was not paid yet. However distant, she might gather together and send him herself, unsuspected, the means to preserve him from entire dependence on Mr. Montague Carle, or any other paymaster. That hope stirred animation once again. She would wait only a little longer, till the effort to breathe, to eat and drink were something less, then she would go straight to the trading-wharf of all nations, London, and backed by such credentials as Major Villiers could give her, would hunt for the hardest labor she could take at the highest pay.

One week more she would allow herself at Stillcock-Upton. If Miss Ambler would have her, and when her landlady was retiring with her saucy dinner-tray, she asked if she might be harbored so long.

"And welcome," was the emphatic answer. "And I'd say for a month, miss, if I could make sure this furniture would stand as it is so long. But an empty room you couldn't dwell in; and as for asking you to take share of mine—"

"Oh, I would not, indeed," cried Sydney, shrinking from intrusion. "If you think this will not be wanted for ten days more, I will be gone before it is dismantled."

With that last word her voice quivered. It was difficult calmly to discuss these last relics of her father, dear old Jacob's treasures, being dispersed.

"Ah, I'll answer now," said Miss Ambler. "You'd like a little something out of here as a keepsake like of poor Mr. Cheesne, wouldn't you, miss? Now, if you'd choose anything I'd see it was bought for you if the things are sold."

"She had no storing-places for aught. Her very capital she would not count her own."

(To be continued)

Richard's Linctus used by Physicians

The World's Most Wonderful Garden.

For eighty years Kew Gardens have been the Mecca not only of the world's horticulturists but of millions of admiring visitors.

The history of the Gardens, which date from 1770—seventy years before they were thrown open to the public—is closely associated with Royalty. The Gardens were first named originally from the grounds belonging to Richmond Lodge and Kew Palace, two Royal estates that were separated by a bridge-path known as Love Lane. The grounds were linked together by George III., whose "good, little old Queen Charlotte" did much to beautify them, enlisting the assistance of eminent men like Sir James Smith, the noted botanist, and Sir Joseph Banks, the still more celebrated naturalist and gardener.

Banks, who was unpaid director of the Gardens for fifty years, instituted the system of importing foreign plants, which has been continued to the present time.

In Queen Charlotte's day the Gardens were the resort of rank and fashion. It does not need a vivid imagination to picture the "little old Queen" dispensing tea under the beeches, while about her hovered the great ladies of the period, with their powdered wigs and lace fans.

Since those days Kew has been transformed out of all knowledge, although one or two of its features, such as the Orangery, built by Sir William Chambers in 1761, and Queen's Cottage remain substantially the same.

Kew Gardens do not exist solely or even primarily for the purpose of providing relaxation for jaded Londoners or wondering visitors from the country. Their chief object is the advancement of the study of plant life, combined with the introduction into Britain of new and foreign plants.

The Gardens, which cover 238 acres, contain 25,000 different varieties of plants arranged systematically in greenhouses and in the open. The Palm House, which attracts more visitors than any other building, is 362ft. long and 66ft. high. It is warmed by huge ovens, the heat being conveyed through 17,500 ft. of pipes.

A Cannibal Plant.

One of the treasures of the Gardens is the Victoria Regia, the queen of water-lilies and the biggest flower known. Its leaves are so broad that they are capable of supporting the weight of a child of five. This wonderful plant, which has a house to itself, was discovered in 1821 by a Spanish monk, who described in a report to his Government his astonishment at first seeing the glorious blooms.

Thirty years later an English botanist found the plant floating on the Berbice River in British Guiana, and his description created tremendous interest. Soon afterwards it made its appearance at Kew, where the wonderful plant has received the homage of hundreds of thousands of visitors.

Another source of attraction are the pitcher plants. The Flytrap variety is almost uncanny. No sooner does an insect alight on the inside of its cup than the lid shuts down tightly, remaining closed until the prisoner has been completely digested by the plant.

But to catalogue the plant marvels of Kew would be to essay a gigantic task, just as to inspect the contents of the Gardens thoroughly would occupy many days. For the visitor who is interested in Nature and who has an eye for beauty, the possibilities of Kew are inexhaustible.

Brick's Tasteless can be purchased at J. Brown's Grocery Store, Cross Roads, West End. Price \$1.20 bil. Postage 20c. Extra—sepi.17

Blowing Bubbles to Break the Waves.

Air bubbles are being used with success to fight the tremendous force of the waves that are dashed against the shore during fierce storms.

An American engineer found that stone breakers were useless in certain exposed places. He conceived the idea that compressed air injected into the body of the waves from below would impair their strength.

An experiment was made at a point some distance from the shore. A pipe was fitted to carry the compressed air out along the bottom of the sea, and it was arranged to release the air at a certain distance, so that the bubbles would rise in a cloud through the billows.

The first plant was erected at Crotch Island, Maine, U.S.A. This is a very exposed spot where boats could not be loaded when an east wind was blowing.

Soon after the new invention was ready a strong wind blew up which threw the spray many feet into the air. The compressed air was turned on, the bubbles released, and in a quarter of an hour the water along the shore was smooth.

At El Segundo, in California, where a pier, 4,000 ft. long, was washed away by a violent storm in one night, a pneumatic breaker was installed. When a storm came along this pier was saved by the bubbles, which broke the strength and continuity of the waves.



U-m-m! It Makes Cereals Taste So Good!

And in puddings and desserts, Carnation Milk adds such flavor and deliciousness that it sets any little one's appetite on edge.

Children eat more, enjoy their meals more, whenever Carnation Milk is used.

Especially do they like to drink Carnation Milk diluted, of course—with an equal amount of water, or more, according to taste.

The freshness, wholesomeness and nourishment of Carnation Milk is not the only reason why you will like it.

It is pure, safe, "whole" milk—distributed to you in a more convenient way.

Milk from fine farms in Canada's best dairying districts is delivered fresh to the Carnation condenseries. Part of the

water is taken away by evaporation. Then this rich, creamy milk is sealed in air-tight cans—to safeguard against contamination.

For extra safety, it is STERILIZED.

That is why Carnation Milk "keeps." It contains neither sugar nor preservative of any kind.

And because it keeps you can store your milk supply ahead on your pantry shelves. You need never run "short" of milk for the children's drink. Frozen milk—and milk "turned" by summer's heat—no longer worry you. And there is no waste with Carnation Milk.

It serves every milk need of your home and can be used as cream.

Buy this convenient and economical milk from your grocer.

Try Carnation Milk one week. Order half-a-dozen cans, tall (16 oz.) size, or a case of 48 cans from your grocer.

Use Carnation Milk for

- Cereals
 - Tea
 - Coffee
 - Puddings
 - Cream Sauces
 - Fudge
 - Custards
 - Gravies
- For every milk use

100 Tested Recipes
Carnation Milk adds flavor and nourishment to everything you cook. Carnation Milk recipes will add variety to your menu. There's an illustrated booklet of 100 tested recipes awaiting your request. Write for it to-day—it's free. Address our Aylmer office.

The label is RED and WHITE



Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows" "At Your Grocers"

Made in Canada by
Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited
Aylmer - Ontario

(Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.)

Making a Silk Purse From a Sow's Ear.

This hardly belongs to industry in the commercial sense, but it is a business to philosophy. First there is the sow which "passed on" as the saying is—but into provisions here present in accordance with her genius rather than into the less definitely known Great Beyond. The ears, instead of going into pickle, went into glue and the glue was softened in water, brought almost to the point of precipitation with acetone in a V-tube. It was picked out

Protect Your Negatives and Prints

By using proper Albums in which to keep them. We have a fine stock available for both prints and negatives, those for the latter being fitted with leaf-pockets into which the negatives may be easily slipped.

Don't stick your prints and negatives away in envelopes and then forget all about them, keep them neatly where you can easily get at them.

Call at the Kodak Store and see their print and negative Albums for yourself.

TOOTON'S,

The Kodak Store, Water Street.
PHONE 13L

YOU SHOULD ENTRUST

the administration of your Will only to those experienced in such matters. Administration of Estates is this Company's business, and its officers are especially trained for all the duties involved and will be glad to discuss the subject with you. Appoint this Company to act as your sole Executor or jointly with your friends.

Montreal Trust Company

Sir Herbert S. Holt, President. A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.
F. G. DONALDSON, General Manager,
11 Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.
St. John's, Nfld., Branch, Royal Bank of Canada Building,
sept.18.17.00d. E. B. McNEERY, Agent.

of the V-tube, reeled, dried, treated to a 40 per cent. glycerine bath, in which it was also dyed, then reeled and dried again, woven and sewed up—and there is as handsome a silk purse as ever was carried by the gentle abbees of whom Chaucer sings and who never messed up her wine-glass while engaged in the conviviality which now, alas, is denied to us.

As a chemical achievement it was played more play; an incident of many research. Our interest in it is a contribution to philosophy. This tract, of which the silk is not even strong or of especially good quality, should serve as a mighty club in argument. The wretched old saw, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," has been echoed down the ages, the Bourbon chorle of those who never learn and never forget.

Let's hope that it may serve to refute the foolish arguments of the ignorant and that it will help to lay those hoary ghosts of the past that jabber against progress. Science can do—Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering (New York).

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO., LTD.—inc.17

EMPIRE HALL (formerly Blue Puttee Hall), cor. Cover Street and King's Road, may be hired for small dances or meetings. Rates: Evenings 10/6. Afternoons 5/6. Apply W. F. POWER, Manager. jan.17

S
Se
an
th
JO
P. C
febl
Bel
British
Utr
clan
W
De
Wa
Gri
HUNGARY
Hungary b
the League o
tion on her s
to the League
Albert Appro
here, to-day
Karnelbek of
count of the
swarded to A
Treaty, Hung
UTMOS?
Winston Sp
for the Colon
said that the
gone to the s
its offer to S
was rejected,
anything else
ed the end of
NOT
YANG
Hon. Mrs.
portfolio in F
ture, announce
candidate for
although she
House ultima
CANAD
The proclai
ment and am
Lo
Crab
Gr
F
Duc