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Radiolas are the radio receivers made by the Radio Corporation of America, the organization recognized as the leader in international radio affairs. Truly RCA is world-famous for its development of ship-to-shore and transoceanic radio communications. For its extensive research in the development of Radiotrons and Radiolas. The friends of RCA are numbered by the million. Share in the fun and entertainment—with a Radiola.

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**Radiola**  
AN RCA PRODUCT

he last I shall take his place. I think you had better stand back a little, Miss Sartoris; a step might rebound and reach you."

Claire drew back obediently, and presently went into breakfast. When she came out on the terrace again, he was still there, and, as he did not leave until dinner time, it was evident that he had neglected his own breakfast.

During the afternoon Mr. Mordaunt Sapley came on the scene. He had received a hint from his father, and greeted Gerald as amiably as he could, and Gerald, who was the last man in the world to bear malice, responded pleasantly.

"My father has gone to London, Mr. Wayne," said Mordaunt, as he turned to go away. "If there is anything you want I shall be glad to do it for you." He made the other with downcast eyes; but Gerald disregarded his manner and thanked him cordially enough. Mordaunt went up to the Court and asked to see Claire.

"My father asked me to tell you that he was wired for to London, Miss Sartoris," he said. "There are one or two papers he would be glad if you would look at." He spoke almost humbly, and his manner was so marked an improvement on his ordinary one that Claire was agreeably surprised. "About the Grimleys, Miss Sartoris," he said; "my father thinks they ought to go, but I ventured to plead for them, and he says they may stay—of course I told him you wished it."

Claire was gratified, and showed her pleasure by a smile—perhaps the first she had bestowed on Mr. Mordaunt.

"Thank you," she said. "I am very glad to hear that. It was very kind of you to plead for them."

Mr. Mordaunt was very nearly giddy of one of his Oxford smiles, and so destroying the good impression he had made, but he checked himself in time.

"Is there anything I can do for you this evening, Miss Sartoris?" he asked, with his new air of deference.

Claire discussed one or two matters relating to the estate with him, and he took his departure remarkably well pleased with himself.

"The governor's right!" he said. "He's a knowing old fox! Yes, I must bend the knee and play the humble retainers or business, if I want to get on with her. I wonder what the governor has got up his sleeve, and whether there is anything in this idea of his? It doesn't sound probable, but I'll give it a trial. The husband of the mistress of Court Regna! It sounds too good to be true—like a fairy tale. Yes, she's beautiful—though I prefer something in Lucy's style; something soft and gentle. Poor little Lucy!"

(To be continued.)

### To End Severe Cough Quickly, Try This

For real results, this old home-made remedy beats them all. Easily prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 5¢ worth of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 14 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive and effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel safe holding instantaneously, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly cures dry, tight coughs, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. It takes no time to use, simply break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

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To avoid disappointments, ask your druggist for "2¢ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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WATCH IT GROW—DAY BY DAY—THE HUB OF ST. JOHN'S

## LORD WHARTON'S NIECE

—AND—

## THE HEIR TO REGNA COURT.

CHAPTER IX.

Claire looked at the paper. There was only a line or two, and her attention was bestowed upon the firm, clear handwriting rather than on the amount suggested.

"Yes," she said, absently.

The writing seemed to her characteristic of Mr. Wayne.

"Yes," said Mr. Sapley, rubbing his chin. "I don't know that we can meet it out of the current account. We shall have to sell some stock."

He spoke in an easy, matter-of-fact way, and arranged the papers before him in a preoccupied manner.

"Yes," said Claire again, assentingly.

Her ignorance of business or her resources was complete, and she did not understand his proposal in the least.

"If a small local man does the work he will want some money to start with," he went on. "If you wish it commenced at once, perhaps you had better have the money ready."

"It would be better, no doubt," said Claire. "Do not let anything create a delay."

"Just so," he said.

She had moved to the window with the drawing of the front elevation in her hand, and did not see the look he cast at her, a glance of surprise, combined with satisfaction. He seated himself at the table, and, watching her, drew from his capacious pocket-book a paper, and rapidly filled in some blank space in the writing upon it.

"If you will sign this, if you please,

Miss Sartoris," he said, when he had finished.

Claire bent down at the table, and scarcely glancing at the paper, appended her signature.

"Thank you," he said.

He did not take the paper up immediately, but left it lying on the table, but a moment or two afterward he dropped one of the papers on the top of it, completely covering it.

"Small I write and inform Mr. Wayne his plans are accepted," he asked, "or will you?"

"If you will be kind enough," said Claire, with her hand on the door and her face turned from him.

Mr. Sapley waited until the door had closed on her, then he caught up the hidden paper which she had just signed, and with a grim smile of satisfaction blotted the signature and carefully replaced the document in his pocket-book as if it had suddenly become exceedingly precious.

As he was returning the book to his pocket the door opened; Mr. Sapley started, and his hand drew the lappel of his coat and slipped it across his chest as if he was afraid that Miss Sartoris was returning to demand the paper from him. But it was Mordaunt who entered, and Mr. Sapley let his hand fall on the table with a sigh of relief.

Mordaunt glanced at the litter of papers and scowled.

"I suppose that fellow has got his way with those things?" he said.

Mr. Sapley nodded.

"Take care, Maundy," he said, warningly. "Miss Sartoris has only just left the room."

"I know," said Mordaunt, sullenly. "I saw her through the window as I passed. What was she signing just now?"

Mr. Sapley looked up—and he had seated himself at the table again with a sharp glance of inquiry.

"Signing," he replied. "Oh, yes, yes. A lease, only a lease."

CHAPTER X.

Everything went smoothly, and almost rapidly as an express with the building; for the moment Gerald was informed that Miss Sartoris desired to avoid delay he set to work to clear the line, as he expressed it, and made the slow and sleepy folk of Regna and the neighboring town of Thornton "sit up" with a vengeance.

He chose a young man, just starting as a builder, for the work, and at the set-off informed him that he, Gerald, meant to keep a sharp eye on the affair. The young fellow—Lee, by name—saw that he had to do with a master mind he could rely upon, and assented cheerfully.

So it happened that one morning Claire, walking to the end of the terrace, heard the sound of a pick and shovel being used. She walked

around to see the cause, and there were a couple of men picking away at the old masonry, and Gerald down below with his dark eyes fixed upon them watchfully. He was so intent that he did not hear her approach.

"Why, you have begun," she said.

"Yes," he said, turning to her with a certain eagerness which he immediately suppressed. "You wanted it done at once, did you not, Miss Sartoris?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she said, looking at the men perched on the roof. "But I didn't think you would commence so soon."

He laughed the short laugh which she had learned to know so well.

"At once" means at once, with me," he said. "I'm afraid it doesn't mean quite the same to the 'good people down here; they should have spent a few years with me over there." He jerked his head back in the direction of America. "I'm afraid they will make rather a mess," he went on, "but I have arranged to pull down a bit at a time, and it will be carted away as it falls, so as to make as little confusion as possible. What's the matter, my man?" he broke off to inquire of one of the men who had paused and looked hesitatingly at the gong work he was picking at. "I'm taking Mr. Lee's place while he is at breakfast," he explained.

The man made some reply, and Gerald, with an "Excuse me," to Claire, went up the ladder, and, after a short conference, took the man's pick and successfully dislodged the stone, which fell with a dull thud to the ground.

Claire watched him with some little anxiety. It came to her that he was at something like danger, as he stood on the ledge of the coping which was being "wrecked," and when he came down she could not help saying: "Isn't it rather dangerous?"

"Oh, no," said Gerald, confidently, "not if you are at all careful."

"Then I hope you—they will be careful," she said, correcting the "you" with "they" quickly.

"Oh, they are all right," he said, easily. "They are all picked men; I have taken care of that, and Mr. Lee, the contractor, is a sensible young fellow, who will run no risks. He will be here nearly all the time, and when

### STILL GIVING.

Still, still I keep on giving to projects safe and sane, it makes me feel, while living, that I'm not here in vain; and when I have departed, to yonder "home-ward car" to d, some may be he a s v heart-ed, and bring tears may rain. By every mail I'm getting requests for iron men; the new ones are sweating with ink and trenchant pen; recalling how I aided when they were sick and fad-ed, and all their hopes were faded, won't help out again? I know that some are fakers who send these sad appeals; they are the expert makers of soul disturbing spels; but some no doubt are stricken, they suffer and they sicken, they need a toasted chicken, they sigh for wholesome meat. Far better help the fakers than let a good man die, and so I pay the baker's bread and custard pie; far better help some duffer whose luck might well be tougher, than let a good man suffer and read his beard and cry. Requests my mailbox fill; oh, make me stand aghast; still I send groat and shilling, as in the buried past; perhaps some kid is better because I sent a letter with coin to buy a sweater, to shield him from the blast. Perhaps some wintry suffer whose plight was sad to see, is now the joyous quarter of stumps of wholesome tea; perhaps some dame is saying that answer came to praying, because, an urge obeying, I sent her a bawbee. And thus I still am sending the farthing and the groat to those whose tears unending a battleship would float; I send the helpful penny to Jake and Joe and Jenny, to Keobuk, Kikenny, and other points remote.

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### The Latest Thing in Excavating

"Things are getting to such a pass that you can't pick up a newspaper without running into a cave-man or a dinosaur. I didn't begin to be really alarmed so long as all these antediluvian reptiles and all this detestable royalty kept decently remote, in Egypt or Crete or in the picture supplements; but when kings and queens in extensive neckties begin to break out right under foot in Ohio, I am just plain frightened. I can't help feeling that there is something Back of All This, something subversive, upsetting. I wonder that people don't write to the editor demanding an investigation."

"It was Titankamen who inaugurated this brilliant yet questionable procession out of the past into the present. Poor Tut is laid out now, but in coffins, in reticence, in treasure he set a pace that any previous king, whenever discovered, will have hard work to keep up with. I suppose it was because they felt the probable anticlimax of any deceased potentate who should attempt to supersede Tut that the powers which rule down yonder—powers that I can't help thinking hostile to all modern peace of mind—decided to remove dead royalty from the headlines and to substitute dinosaurs instead."

"Dinosaurs have now become the derrick in all up-to-date excavating."—Winifred Kirkland in The Lion's Mouth in the January Harper's.

A present day used of the fashionable woman who drives a car in a pair of best protectors, which are made of wool.

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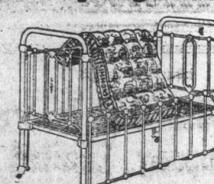
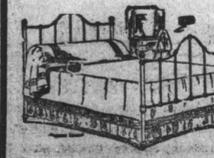
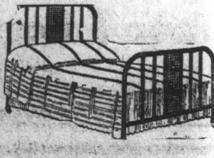
London's Latest

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Chiffon plus fours for ballroom wear are coming in with Christmas.

They look like a full-skirted evening frock when the wearer is standing still. But when she steps out into a dance, the divided effect becomes apparent.

The new dresses, designed in the interest of freer dance movements for women, have been combined with another new idea of London fashion dictators—colors named after wines. Burgundy, claret, tawny port, yellow chardonnay, and benedictine are among them.

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