

Bovril Simplifies Summer Cookery

"Flatterers" The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXVI. SYDNEY'S NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

The unavoidably constant comparison of thought brought the workers into closer communion even outside their mutual occupation, and Sydney discovered that without offending she could make Mr. Hurst share the pleasant relaxation of her own brain when their afternoon quantum was done.

Three one February day when sunset warned them to leave off, she was fairly glad to look lazily out on the golden-tipped hills, and among her mind with nothing more consequential than a chattering troop of sparrows at the end of the garden. Bobbing their brown heads about, pluming their dapper little dun-colored bodies, saying their prayers, or squabbling, or telling their day's adventures—such a fussy and incessant rattle the feathered gossips kept going, that sight and sound of them set Sydney laughing.

"What is it, Miss Grey?" Mr. Hurst asked from her end of the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, she answered, feeling guilty to be amused at what he was cut off from. "It's nothing but a comical party of sparrows."

"Why beg my pardon?" he said, getting up and coming to the window himself. Miss Jean was receiving a caller in the drawing-room. "I used to think sparrows fascinating fellows. Are they not that tallest larch?"

"Yes," beginning to enjoy them again, "they are arranging their evening jollies."

"Just as they used to do! Many?"

"Ten, fifteen, thirty—oh! I can't count. They are making the boughs swing. They look so droll. The light is so clear, and their little fluffy figures against the sky—oh!" as the flutter of fifty pairs of wings filled the air, "they are so brightened; they are gone! No, they come back; they are settling again. And," excitedly, "one has a long straw in his beak. Three others are trying to pull it away, but," breaking off once more, "what nonsense this nonsense do you, Mr. Hurst!"

"Go on, go on," he said; "it sounds interesting. I have been wanting to know more."

"Why another has come to help him. The three are defeated, and off they go with his straw to his nest under the eaves."

"Happy little rascal!" said Mr. Hurst, with a laugh and then a sigh. "Thank you, Miss Grey, for a glimpse of the outer world again."

And after that Sydney fell into the habit of chattering for his benefit.

Why another has come to help him. The three are defeated, and off they go with his straw to his nest under the eaves."

such common things as spring skies, or the first coming of the primroses, or the unfurling of the hart-tongue's tight-packed, brown-fringed fronds, and all such insignificant minutiae as his sister had stowed carefully out of hearing; which, with her brother's growing enjoyment of the same, might not exactly have secured Miss Hurst's approbation, but about that time the good spinner's attention was diverted from its heretofore chief object, and settled on a more absorbing one—herself!

CHAPTER XXVII. CONTAINS A TENDER REVIVAL. Perhaps, though, that assertion is hardly fair. Certainly, the lady in question would have repudiated the imputation. It was not exclusively on herself Miss Jean's interests centered, but also on other individuals, who, as already heralded, appeared early in the year at Capel Moor, and who, with their environments, became of immediate and fast-growing importance to the mistress of Wyndstone.

The first fortnight in January had been a time of restlessness and ill-concealed excitement to Miss Hurst. She was exceedingly active, and very fidgety; found a multitude of small requirements about the house, made a variety of small changes, brought out of seclusion a quantity of her late cousin Miss Hammond's choicest possessions, hurried to stowed away for high day and holiday use, and altogether rejuvenated her little establishment to an amazing extent. Another alteration, once pronounced impossible, suddenly became feasible.

"Gilbert, dear, as the days get longer I have been thinking we will return to old habits and dine at seven," said the mistress, making the announcement as though it really was, what she possibly had deluded herself into imagining, the outcome of special deliberation on his behalf, "you seem to feel the evenings long. Oh! don't say 'no,' because I've observed it, and you can't deceive me! I am sure you walk miles round that garden between seven and nine, to pass the time away, of course, and that shows you feel dull. Now, dinner will make a nice long break, and you must be sociable enough to stop in-doors afterward and talk to me and Miss Grey. The servants will have to be retained, of course, but I will undertake that I can't have you growing gloomy and eccentric, you know, that would never do!" And, having thus ingeniously regained the more correct hour for their repast, Miss Jean took another new departure in the matter of personal appearance.

Hitherto her wardrobe had seemed chiefly maintained out of Cousin Priscilla's excellent but antiquated stock, and if alteration in the fashion of the same involved cutting to waste, then the garment would be worn in its original skimpiness or amplitude, rather than infringe Miss Jean's rigid law of economy. Hence ensued such costumes as would have driven Leonora Villiers into hysterics, and required some schooling for even Sydney to look upon without a smile.

But now a revolution of modes took place. A dress-maker came up from the village and fastened a whole week through in one of the attics, Miss Hurst was perpetually vanishing to be fitted; continually consulting Sydney as to shades and shapes; and rehabilitated by this conveyance of industry and taste, presented soon an improved appearance, which she sheepishly apologized for by a series of circumlocutory excuses, in the midst of which lay the one small transforming grain of truth.

"I ought to have seen to all this before you came, Miss Grey, but I was out of spirits; Gilbert had worn me very much, not that I complain of him, but I was getting fagged with him, but as the year turns, why, one likes to brighten up. And when one's rooms look fresh, one has to polish up one's clothes to match. Not that any polishing makes me young again. Still, I don't want to look quite like the old woman when—when—on Sunday morning! I wish I were clever at trimming bonnets."

"This speech was delivered while Miss Trotter, the rustic modiste, was down-stairs darning, and Miss Hurst was inspecting sundry boxes of mixed millinery with the aim of producing a new head ornamentation for the next Sabbath. Her achievements in this way were rather terrible. All the money collected by the late Miss Ham-

mond for many years danced a sort of country-dance with Miss Hurst's treasures of the same date, changing partners in shifting positions. Her plans now hiding rusty lace, presentable lace equitably concealing smashed flowers, and the last of the careful lady's efforts always outshone its predecessor in ugliness. Now she eyed the conglomeration of smartness ruefully, saying with dejection:

"Having such good things by me, I should not be justified in buying anything new—especially when, as I said to Gilbert this morning, I have not paid for his last suit yet. But how to contrive anything becoming out of these odds and ends I know no more than an infant in arms. Should you think, Miss Grey, this would do?" pointing on an ancient speckled shape a bunch of violet velvet, red poppies, and golden oats (flowers) out of season, snow-drops in October, blue-roses in December, had a fascination for Miss Jean.

"No," said Sydney; then at the ejaculation of disappointment, "I wonder," she ventured to add, "if I could do it for you? Ah, I have a sister in Paris who could put it together beautifully."

"In Paris?" exclaimed Miss Jean, on the qui vive for scraps of Sydney's history. "Living there?"

"Only traveling with my mother, but," quietly harring further questions, "may I try the bonnet for you? What dress do you wear it with?"

"The maroon; I thought green satin with some of the dangling things of Cousin Priscilla's best cap would look well."

Sydney shook her head. "It must be black."

"With these popples, then?"

"No. Nothing but—critically—"a buckle or two."

"Not even these, dear"—sentimentally—"dear little forget-me-nots?"

"Not even them. Let me do it as I like; then come and see if you approve."

And remembering why and for whom she worked, Sydney used an hour to such effect that Miss Hurst returned to find, elated, "a bonnet that actually might have come from a shop! So now," with incautious gratitude, "I shall be easy about how I look on Sunday. But, Miss Grey, I hope you have said nothing to my brother about who comes then."

"Nothing. I should never think of naming what you spoke of in such a manner."

"Of course not. I beg your pardon for asking. But there is a little nervousness about it. I shan't get over it till we have met—as—as middle-aged people and strangers—to everything we used to think of. I shall put off naming him—to my brother as long as I can. It is sure to reopen that miserable time—those wretched memories."

"The old Sydney, robbing Miss Jean's ostentatious pathos of its almost drollery. She, too, anticipated Sunday sympathetically; was pleased when Miss Jean went to church, very subdued, looking so much her best that country lasses in their pews nudged each other to mark the change; felt the little jump her companion gave when the stranger's voice first sounded; almost shared the wistful curiosity with which the Reverend Horatius Badington's first love stole glances at his two pale-faced, tawny-haired little girls, perched on hassocks in the rectory pew; and knowing instinctively the agitated lady's silence would last no longer than the end of service, hastened forward, leaving brother and sister to walk home together. Then said Miss Jean, clutching at Gilbert's arm:

"Oh, what—what did you think of that sermon? A little different from Mr. Preace's was it not?"

"Much longer," said Mr. Hurst, unexcited enough.

"Longer! Surely not. But I wasn't meaning that. Oh, Gilbert! don't you know who it was? I could have told at the first word. You've not forgotten—Horatius Badington!"

Veteran of Civil War Still Hale and Hearty



GEORGE D. SHAW, Springfield, Mass.

"To say that I feel twenty-five years younger, twenty-five years healthier and twenty-five years stronger expresses what Tanlac has done for me better than any other way I can put it," said George D. Shaw, veteran of the Civil War, who now lives at 331 Walnut street, Springfield, Mass.

"I am now seventy-eight years old and I don't hesitate to say I have never known a medicine to equal Tanlac. For fifteen years I was subjected to attacks of indigestion that were so bad at times I would have to lay up for a week or two. For a long time I lived on crackers and milk alone as nothing else agreed with me."

"When I started on Tanlac I weighed only one hundred and seventeen pounds and my days were thought to be numbered. I've been so wonderfully built up. I now weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds and my stomach is as sound as a dollar. In fact, I believe I could eat the old army rations again without it hurting me in the least."

"I never miss a chance of saying a good word for Tanlac and I would like to urge the boys of the 'Sixties' who are not feeling right to give it a trial, for I am sure it would put them in line again just as it has me. For a man of my age to have no physical ailment, to be well and strong and enjoy life as he did twenty-five years ago, is certainly something to be thankful for and there is nothing too good I can say for Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Even before she answered, even as those last words slipped off my tongue, I suddenly remembered and was ashamed. And her answer made me more so.

"I don't care much about picking up the soiled clothes," she said, "but I rather like putting them away because that means the washing is done for the week."

No Wonder I Was Ashamed. And that which I had remembered (as you may have guessed) was that my friend does her own washing for a family of five people. And here was I darning to mind picking up the soiled clothes and handing them over to the washerwoman and then, putting them away when they came back sweat and clean. Can you wonder that I was ashamed?

Often times I think we do get a hate on some small task like this, but nine times out of ten we can exercise that hate by thinking how little we have to do compared to what we might have to do.

Someone else always has so much more to do that what we have seems little if we look in the right and not in the wrong direction.

It is ever so easy to get to dithering and resenting and dreading parts of the work we have to do. But it is very unfortunate because that dislike and dread and resentment often takes more out of us than the work itself.

She Didn't Dare Let Herself Hate Dishes. "Don't yet hate to wash dishes!" I heard one woman say to another who had a large family and a sink eternally full of dishes.

"I certainly don't," the other woman answered. "I wouldn't dare let myself. I have too many of them to do."

The woman who said that is one of the most successful women I know. She not only handles the largest household job of any woman I know

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

GETTING A HATE ON SOME NECESSARY TASK. A friend of mine dropped in upon me yesterday as I was in the act of sorting out and putting away the week's washing which had just been brought back by the washerwoman.

"I hate this job," I said, "I don't know why it is, but there is something about it that annoys me. I always dread this and picking up the soiled clothes for the wash; don't you?"

Resentment, dread, fear and the like are poisons. They poison the mind and since mind and body are so closely correlated that anything that goes wrong with either affects the other, they poison the body too.

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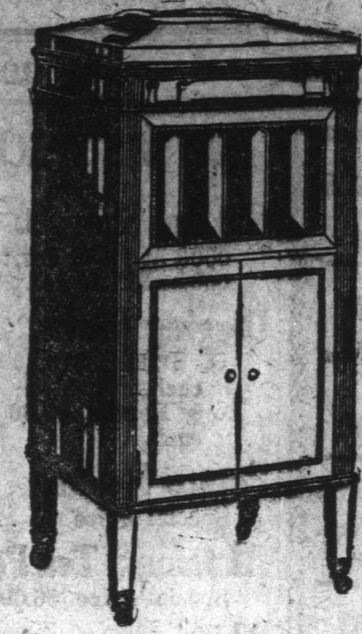
USE YOUR HEAD. A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust. When building a hut.

He works like a nigger To make the hole bigger—He's sure if His cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with pleas Of cheap artisans, But there's one thing Can rightly be said:

The whole excavation Has this explanation: He builds it By using his head.

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