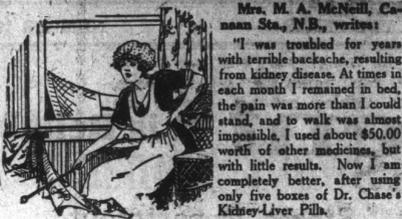


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A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER IV.

"I don't feel sleepy, and don't want to go," said Orrie, settling herself closer into the corner.

With the ringing tread of a dragon, the old woman marched in and approached her; but, seeing her intention, Miss Ortole thought discretion the better part of valor, and springing up, darted away, and was up the stairs in a twinkling. Soon after Grizzle walked silently and stealthily from the room.

"What is that child, Orrie, to that pleasant-spoken old lady, our hostess? Her grandchild?" asked Captain Disbrowe.

"Her grandchild? No; old Grizzle only has two sons—Kit and Blaise—a precious pair of handog scoundrels, both of em! and neither of them are married nor likely to be. I don't know what Orrie is to her; but she has always lived with old Mother Ortole as long as I can remember, and always was the same queer little wisp she is to this day. I expect she found her under a toadstool, or lying on a rush-blade over from Scotland, or dancing in a fairy ring some bright Hallow Eve night, and captured her."

"Shouldn't wonder. And now, about Fontelle. I suppose they received Barnecille's letter?"

"Saying you were coming to pay us a visit—yes," said the boy. "I heard Jack and Gus talking about it, and wondering what sort of an individual you would turn out to be."

"Gus?"

"Why, yes—Oh, I forgot, you didn't know. I mean Cousin Augusta—Lady Augusta De Vere, if you please."

"Lady Augusta? I thought you had no titles over here."

"Haven't we? That's all you know about it, then. Why, every second man you meet is a colonel, and a general, and a squire; and lots of other things. Uncle Bob's a squire—Squire De Vere, you know. But they used to call her Lady Augusta when she was a little girl—she was such a proud, haughty little duchess; and so the name stuck to her ever since."

"She wouldn't be a De Vere if she was not proud," said Disbrowe, quietly.

"Oh, wouldn't she? Well, they call me a De Vere, and anybody that says I'm proud—why, I say they're mistaken, to draw it mild. To be sure, it's not my name; but that's neither here nor there, nor anywhere else, for that matter."

"Not your name?" said Disbrowe, with a stare.

"No, sir!" said Master Frank, emphatically. "My name's Stubbs—but tell it not in Gath. You see, the way of it was, my mother and Squire De Vere's wife were sisters; and when father and mother died, and I went to live at Fontelle, everybody took to calling me De Vere. I was a little shaver then, and the name's stuck to me ever since. But tell me, Cousin Alfred—I suppose I may call you that—what first put it into your head to honor us with a visit, anyway?"

"For my honor, that's a puzzle, my young friend. I don't even know how I ever discovered there was such a place as America in existence. Oh, come to think of it, Ned Howard, of the Guards, told me. He did a little fighting here, once upon a time; and as I got tired of lounging about the Serpentine, and making love to Lady Jane and Lady Mary, I thought I would try the Hudson, by way of a change. And so Barnecille informed

me I had a half-uncle, or something, here, and wrote to him to let him know what a nice youth I was, and to warn him to treat me tenderly; and I obtained unlimited leave of absence and came, and saw, and—no—yes, I did, though!—I conquered an insolent fellow I met at the Mermaid Inn."

"How was that? Who was he?"

"Not acquainted with the gentleman. He was a short, stout, red-haired, red-whiskered individual, with an unpleasant, not to say ferocious, expression of countenance, and an air generally that looked like a cross between a sailor and a hangman."

"Why, it must have been old Nick Tempest. What did you do to him?"

"Gave him a cut of my horsewhip in the face, by way of a slight hint to be more polite to strangers in future."

"Whew!" said Frank, thrusting his hands in his pockets and indulging in a long, wailing whistle. "Well, then, let me tell you, you've made an inveterate and deadly enemy for life. That fellow's worse than a Corsican—he never forgives an injury."

"Well, there's not much love lost, that's one comfort. Who is he, anyway?"

"Of the captain of a schooner, and they say a buccaner," said the boy, lowering his voice. "He has been seen cruising round the coast, and it is more than suspected that his

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deeds are evil. But it won't do to speak of that subject here."

"And why not?"

"Oh, well, he's thick with old Grizzle, and hand-and-glove with her two precious sons. But I feel sleepy, and will seek a little virtuous repose in the arms of Morpheus, if you have no objection."

"Why don't you take a snooze yourself?" said Frank, settling himself in his chair, thrusting both hands in his coat pockets, and putting on a resolute expression that bespoke his unflinching determination to go asleep, in spite of all obstacles.

"For certain good reasons, that I will tell you to-morrow, which, if I don't mistake, is already growing grey in the east. Asleep so soon?" said the young man, glancing at Frank who had dropped off almost instantly. "I wonder if he knew as much as I do about this house, whether he would sleep so easily? Where has the old Jezabel spirited off the men to, I should like to know?"

"Drawing closer to the fire, Captain Disbrowe set himself to watch until morning; but, insensibly overcome by drowsiness and fatigue, he dropped fast asleep in ten minutes, and slept soundly—so soundly that he did not, two hours later, hear the door opened, nor the entrance of old Grizzle Howlet. Softly she crossed the room on tiptoe, and bent over him, and gazed intently as he lay with his head resting easily on his arm, and his handsome face plainly revealed in the gray morning light."

Suddenly he moved restlessly, and murmured something in his sleep. The woman bent down to hear, but she could only catch the words: "When I come back, Norma."

"When you come back, Norma!" said Grizzle, rising, with her evil smile, and looking down upon the sleeper. "Will you ever come back to Norma, whoever she may be? Oh, Jack De Vere! God grant the day may soon come—when I can see your high pride laid low, and your haughty head under the heel of this gay, proud Englishman, with his fair, young face and scornful heart—and may heaven send the day soon when I can repay you a thousandfold for all your taunts, and gibes, and mockery."

She struck her clinched hand on her breast, as if she could have beaten down a lion, and her face was livid with the raging passion throbbing in it, yet forcibly held back.

"Hello! old Mother Hubbard! what are you up to now?" said the voice of Frank, as he got up suddenly, with a

This Gift



raws, and shook himself. "Hurry up breakfast—will you? I shall have to make tracks for Fontelle in double-quick time this morning, or Jack will be in my wool. Let's have a look at the weather," said he, going to the window and looking out, while old Grizzle silently bustled herself in kindling a fire.

"Well, what is your opinion of the weather, my good comrade?" said Captain Disbrowe, awakened by his voice. "Is it snow, rain, hail, or lightning, or a mixture of all?"

"None of em," said Frank; "going to be a splendid day, after the storm." Breakfast was soon ready, and sooner dispatched. Then little Orrie brought around their horses, while the young Englishman settled his bill with the hostess.

"And now, madam," he said, fixing his eyes keenly and significantly on her face, "before I bid you good-morning, allow me to thank you for your and your three friends' kind intentions toward me last night; and to advise you, when you next hold a secret conference around the fire, to be sure the door at the foot of the stairs is shut. Good-morning, madam." And with a slight and peculiarly graceful bow and smile, he passed from the house. Not a muscle of the woman's face moved, not the slightest start or sign of guilt did she betray, but with a muttered "Humph!" she folded her arms and looked after them until they were out of sight.

A rapid ride of nearly five hours, through forest paths and muddy roads—considerably different from what the same route is to-day—brought them, at last, to their journey's end.

"There's Fontelle—is it anything like your English home?" said Frank suddenly.

Disbrowe looked and saw a large, irregular, cumbersome-looking old mansion of gray stone, that seemed to have been built at different periods, with two wings—the one at the north heavy and gloomy, and fashioned after some antique style; while the southern one seemed of more modern date and construction, lighter, airier, and more elegant. Extensive and handsome grounds surrounded it, and a long, winding avenue of tall maples led up to the front door. It was a fine old mansion, strongly resembling the old mansos so common in England.

"As he named it after Fontelle Park in England," said Frank, "he had it built, you see, to resemble it as much as possible. Does it really look like the old English house of the De Veres?"

"Very much," said Captain Disbrowe, in evident pleasure. "Very much, indeed. It only wants the broad lawns, and glades, and the great park, and the deer, and the 'silver star' above the gate, and the squire's lodge. Do you know the 'silver star'?"

"Don't it?" said Frank. "Is there a day of my life I don't hear of the 'silver star' of the De Veres? Hasn't Uncle Bob the family arms emblazoned in the drawing-room?—and doesn't the 'silver star' shine there from year's end to year's end, and never set? But, look here! if that isn't Jack! Jack! Jack! I say!" he called, raising his voice.

He galloped on, followed by Disbrowe, until, suddenly reining, he exclaimed, in a voice full of quiet malice and delight:

"Jack, this is our English cousin, Captain Disbrowe, allow me to make you acquainted with Jack De Vere."

Captain Disbrowe looked up, and sat for a moment stock-still with surprise. Well, he might; he was not the first who had been electrified by Jack De Vere!

(To be continued.)

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Seven Convicts Escape on Dartmoor

HUNDREDS OF VISITORS JOIN IN HUNT.

A dramatic and daring attempt to escape from Princetown Prison, Dartmoor, was made recently, by seven convicts. Two were immediately shot at by a mounted warder and taken back to prison. The other five made a wild dash for the moors, but after a thrilling chase, in which hundreds of holiday makers, who were visiting Dartmoor, joined, they were all recaptured.

The men were among a large gang of convicts engaged in hay-making, when they suddenly darted for a neighbouring hedge.

After the first two had been seized the other five rushed across the moor. A man who lives in a cottage near the prison immediately ran to the local police office and police constable Kellaway, who gave chase on his bicycle, overtook two of the escaping men. A struggle took place and one escaped. The constable, however, was able to hold on to the other until he was secured with the help of a party of visitors.

A Line Of Pursuers.

By this time the other convicts were making for Tor Royal, the Prince of Wales' dairy farm, and the densely wooded country beyond.

The alarm had now being extended, however, and the other gangs of convicts were brought back to prison, so that all the available warders could join in the hunt. They were also helped by holiday-makers and motorists who left their cars by the roadside and formed a line in extended order stretching across the moor.

The visitors who joined in the hunt had come on the scene unexpectedly in a long procession of motor coaches carrying them to various parts of the moors.

Every warder sent to various vantage points overlooking the moors was armed.

Fail Into River.

The day was brilliantly fine and in less than half an hour one of the warders had noticed two of the escaped men creeping along by the side of a hedge. He signalled to other warders who took up the pursuit, and one of the men, who had discarded his tunic, was recaptured. He was placed in a motor car and taken back to the prison.

The other man went off in the direction of Two Bridges, where he fell into the river and was caught and marched back between two warders. Finally, by eight o'clock, one only remained at liberty. Later in the evening he was also recaptured.

He was found by a warder lying in a ditch hidden by the undergrowth, and clad only in a shirt. The warder summoned assistance, but the man made no resistance and was so exhausted that he had to be carried back to prison on an improvised stretcher. He had thrown away all his clothing, and the warders covered him up with their coats.

In the early stages messages were sent to every town in a wide radius for every road to be watched. It was known that three of the men were expert motor drivers and it was thought possible they would try to board one of the many motor cars left on the moors while the occupants were changing neighbouring heights.—Daily Mail, Aug. 8.

Fads and Fashions.

One sees an occasional dinner or dance frock in the use of sheer materials.

Ochre is sometimes used instead of white for lingerie touches on the black frock.

The secret of "slim fullness" in the dance frock with long, transparent sleeves.

High collars are high, straight, and almost square in shape.

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CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM: 4 cups Carnation Milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 2 squares Baker's Bitter chocolate.

Put milk and sugar in double boiler. Let come to boil. Have eggs well beaten and stir briskly while pouring into milk. Dissolve chocolate by putting in bowl and stand in hot water. When thoroughly dissolved, pour carefully slowly into chocolate, stirring all the time. Freeze in regular manner. This recipe serves 10 people.

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