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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER V.

No queen receiving her, subjects could have been more gracious and dignified and stately, and the great ladies who had come prepared to patronize the squire's nameless young wife had found themselves received in a manner which effectively put a stop to any patronage or encouragement on their part, and they had driven away, feeling half vexed, half amused at Sibly's graceful self-possessed manner of turning the tables and making them "countrified" and behind the times.

Sibly's wonderful beauty had never appeared to greater advantage than in the stately gloomy rooms of her husband's old mansion. It shone like a jewel in a somber setting which made it all the more gorgeous. To see her in her costly dresses going about the gloomy rooms, with the wintry sunlight falling upon her golden hair, was a sight which would have enchanted an artist, and she did the honors of her new home with a grace and dignity which could not fail to excite admiration.

But there was no admiration in her husband's eyes as they rested upon her now, although she made a beautiful picture. The fire-light fell softly on the long rich folds of her velvet dress of a peculiar dead-leaf shade, and was reflected back by the diamonds on her long white fingers; her beautiful head was resting against the satin cushions of her chair, the costly lace of her ruffles fell away from the white throat, disclosing its beautiful proportions, and her face, on which fell the light from the reading lamp by her side, was calm and proud as usual, no movement, no change in its expression betraying that she had heard his irritated question. The squire's stock of patience, always a limited one, failed him.

"Do you hear me, madam?" he said, angrily, raising his voice. "Have you lost your sense of hearing as well as your knowledge of what is due to me? Do you hear me, I say?" he repeated furiously, stamping his foot upon the ground so heavily that the china in an inland cabinet near rattled, and shook.

Mrs. Rutledge put down her book slowly, languidly raised her white lids, and looked at him calmly, still shading her beautiful face from the heat of the fire.

"Well!" she questioned, calmly, with no other expression on her face than a slight, a very slight look of dislike.

"Well! It is not well, madam!" he returned fiercely. "Did you hear me, I repeat?"

"Not being stone-deaf, I could not fail to hear you," she answered, in the same quiet manner.

which she had surrounded herself, at the rich soft folds of her dress, the diamonds upon her fingers, the rich laces at her throat and wrist, and knowing that it was to him she owed them all, his anger deepened and increased, until he had hard work to repress the furious words which rose to his lips. Her very indifference and contempt maddened him almost beyond endurance; he turned away abruptly, and walked hastily to the end of the room.

It was yet early in the afternoon; but the December day was gray and dark without, and it looked as if snow were threatening. The squire had been out hunting, and still wore his splashed boots and rather muddy hunting-coat. The ascent had been twice, lost, and they had had poor sport that afternoon. But it was not merely the want of success in the hunting-field which had exasperated him; he had other causes for annoyance in a few words he had overheard that morning, and their meaning was rankling still.

"I am expecting some young ladies to afternoon tea," Sibly said, calmly, glancing at a little jeweled watch. "Therefore this is not a very fitting time for a conjugal lecture, and—"

"There is no better time than the present," he replied, sharply. "And I am accustomed to choose my own time. It is quite necessary that there should be some understanding between us. Your conduct displeases me."

"Have you been reading Dickens lately?" she asked. "It would be an agreeable change from Bell's Life and the Field, which form your usual literature."

"What do you mean?" he said, testily. "I have already told you that this is no laughing matter, Sibly, and—"

"I am not laughing," she rejoined, languidly. "But you seem to have made an exhaustive study of 'Dombey and Son.' I believe in one chapter Mr. Dombey addresses his wife in almost the same terms as you have done me the honor to use this afternoon."

"I repeat that I am not jesting," he interrupted, angrily. "You must hear me. I insist!"

"So did Mr. Dombey," broke in Sibly's languid voice.

"I insist upon attention and obedience," he resumed, not heeding the interruption. "For several weeks past—indeed ever since we returned home—your behavior has not pleased me. You apparently forget that when I married you—Mr. Dombey himself could hardly have laid more emphasis on the pronouns, or made that emphasis more insulting—I gave you my name, which has never been dishonored yet, wealth which you could have had no hope of possessing, and a position of which anybody, however well-born, might be proud. It is hardly unreasonable, I think, to expect from you in return a certain amount of respect for my wishes, which you have chosen until now entirely to disregard."

"In what manner?" she spoke with perfect composure, still leaning back upon the satin cushions of her low chair; but she had dropped the hand-screen upon her lap, and as the fire-light fell upon her face, it gave it a color which it would not otherwise have possessed.

"In what manner! Need you ask?" very shortly after your marriage I had reason to make some remarks upon your behavior toward—toward two young men who formerly were merely on terms of formal politeness here, but to whom you have permitted a very unusual intimacy, encouraging their visits in a way that, especially in the present circumstances, I can not approve."

He paused to take breath. The long white fingers upon Sibly's lap pressed the ivory handle of the hand-screen so tightly that it snapped in two. She threw it from her with a negligent gesture.

"And what are the present circumstances?" she said.

Mr. Rutledge hesitated. He saw that his wife's indifference was more or less feigned, and he saw too that there was no fear mingling with the aversion he could not help reading in her beautiful scornful eyes. But he had gone too far now to recede with honor, and it was as well that they should understand each other once for all, in order to avoid any repetition of such a disagreeable scene as this.



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Alexandria Cotton Market of Egypt

Alexandria's cotton market is called the Minet al Bassal, which in English means "The Mean Market," says Karl Ugen Schmidt in the Living Age. Practically all the cotton raised in Egypt passes through a bank in its journey from the field to the spinner. Their main offices are in Alexandria, but they have branches and sub-branches all through the cotton-raising region. They advance money to the peasant on his future crop, presumably at a high rate of interest, and take the cotton directly from the field. It is not the peasant but the bank that delivers the crop to the cotton gins, which these institutions for the most part own, and after the ginning brings the fiber and the seed to Alexandria.

Practically every export merchant who buys cotton at Minet al Bassal is a European. After a trade has been closed at the Minet al Bassal the purchaser goes as soon as the market hours are over to the warehouse where the cotton he has bought is stored, to see if the fiber comes up to the sample.

ONTARIO WOMAN REGAINS HEALTH

Wants Other Women To Know About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mount Forest, Ont.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt weak and miserable, and had pains all through me. I was living in Alisa Craig at the time, and one day a friend came in and told me her experience of using the Vegetable Compound and advised me to take a bottle which I finally did. I began to get stronger and those pains left me. I am glad I found out about this medicine as I think there is none equal to it for women who have troubles of this kind. I cannot praise the Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. Whenever I know of a woman suffering I am glad to tell her of it."—Mrs. Wm. Rensdale, R.R. No. 1, Mount Forest, Ontario.

Women throughout the Dominion are finding health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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The Guardian of the Gate

At old Quebec atop the cliff, over the ancient guns and the greenward of Citadel, catching every breeze that blows, proudly floats out the emblem of Empire, the Union Jack. But it was not ever so—just wander through the streets of the old town with its mansard roofed houses, its quaintly paved streets and old world churches on every corner. Here Jacques Cartier landed three centuries ago, after him came Champlain up where now stands the Chateau Frontenac, the fiery warrior governor Comte de Frontenac gave the insolent New England Captain Kirke his answer to the challenge to surrender at the mouth of the guns. And Captain Philippe and many another intruder, until at last on the Plain of Abraham, without adequate support from the old land, the gallant Montcalm laid down his sword and with it his life to the British invader under General Wolfe, the French of the old regime, hurled defiance. And the character of the city has not greatly changed since those olden days—its charm is intensified if anything. To stand on the bastion, look at the British ensign aloft on the staff, to hear the soldier in British uniform wearing the Maple Leaf on his epaulette give the challenge in sharp French—what a touch to the imagination—what a picture of change and contrast. It is typical of the life of the city and of the surrounding country, everywhere you go it makes itself felt—this blending of the old world with the new—so intangible, yet so powerful. Romance is in the air. Come down and fill your soul with the spirit of the place. The Chateau Frontenac built upon the site of the old residence of the French governors, is the last word in comfort combined with backgrounds of the old town. But make your plans and act quickly for thousands upon thousands are feeling the lure and magic of Quebec and you may not find room in that heavenly spot.

Says Dislike to Science Political

London, Aug. 27. (G.P.)—Professor Horace Lamb, noted scholar and writer on mathematical physics, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the opening of the annual convention of the British Association, yesterday, at Southampton declared that the dislike to science was now political, rather than ecclesiastical, as the habits of sober, accurate analysis promoted by science was not always favorable to social or economic theories resting mainly on an emotional basis.

Referring to the disappointment and disillusion sometimes expressed that science had not produced a new era of prosperity and international reconciliation, President Lamb pointed out that science was unable to improve human nature but he claimed that science tended to increase the intellectual and material and even the aesthetic possessions of the world.

Dealing particularly with Geophysics, President Lamb regretted that the observational side had been neglected in England. He paid a tribute to India for efficient geodetic gravitational work done there. He alluded to the institution of a readership in geodesy, the science of surveying, in Cambridge University whereby he hoped a gravity survey of the British Isles would be initiated, while with the co-operation of the navy he hoped a gravity chart of the world—hitherto almost a blank with regard to the ocean—might gradually be filled in.

President Lamb expressed regret at the present inactivity in the way of the interpretation of seismic records.

Try a box of Renaud's French Face Powder, only 15c. at STAFFORDS.—sept. 2.

Japanese Artist

DOESN'T MIND EXCLUSION ACT.

Yoshio Mariko, well-known Japanese artist, now in this country, writing in The Forum, reports a conversation with American friends on the subject of the Exclusion Act.

"Your entire nation seems very much hurt," remarked an American professor.

"Why should it be?" I inquired. "All Japanese non-immigrants like myself are freely allowed to come here. That is more generous than our old Shogun's policy. It is only a question of immigration. In the days of Columbus any nation had the privilege of making colonies here. But now that America is a well-established country, it can regulate immigration as it chooses."

"But doesn't your nation feel itself slighted by being called an inferior race?" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"If I were to call a millionaire a beggar, would he be slighted? And

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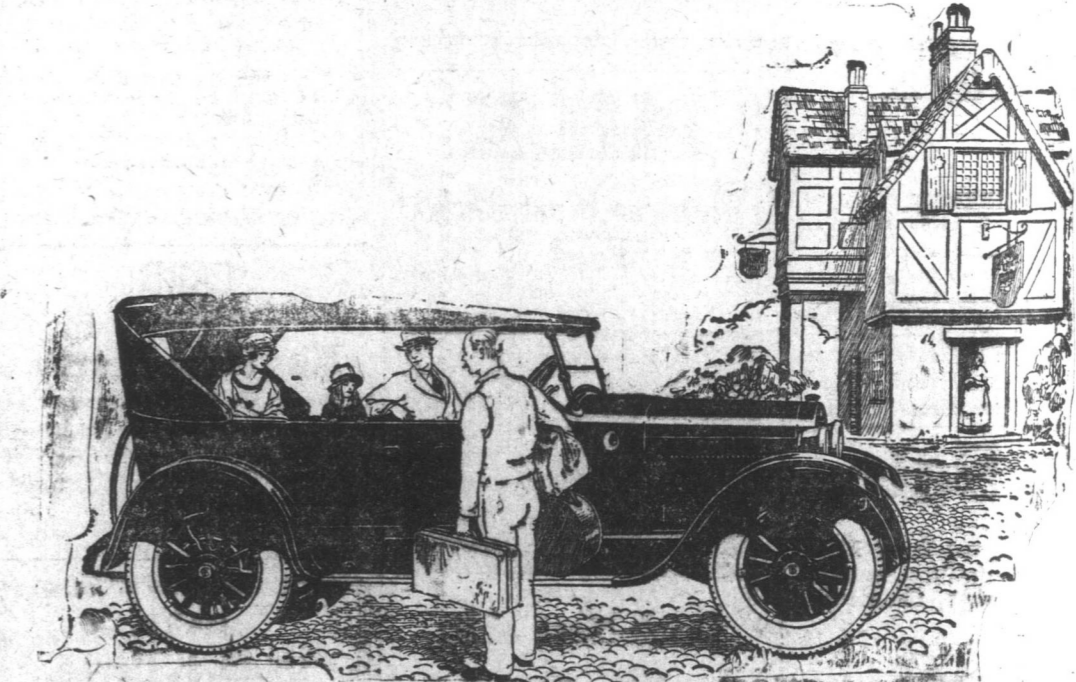
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