



The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

— OR —
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was a terrible position for a delicate, sensitive woman. Sidney felt that even the knowledge of his guilt had made no change in her passionate love for her husband, that while she shrunk from him, she loved him still with the deepest, truest love, and that, even if the punishment of his guilt should overtake him, it would make no change in her love, no alteration in her feelings for him. She loved him, and nothing that he could do, not even his unworthiness, could destroy the love which her pity for him seemed only to increase.

And her anxiety was never at rest, never for one moment of the liveliest day. Even her sleep was haunted by the horror of the thought that Christian Greville would not rest now until she had aroused suspicion of Stephen's guilt, and led up to an inquiry into the murder which would result in Frank's innocence being proved. She had heard nothing from Christine since she left Easthope, save that she was still very ill and unable to leave her room, a circumstance to which Sidney attributed her present inaction; or perhaps, she thought sometimes, she was waiting until Frank was safe in the Colonies before she took any step in the matter. Nor had she heard of or from Frank himself since his visit to Easthope as Dr. Anderson. Once or twice a dread crossed her that he had written to her during her illness, and that the note had fallen into other hands; but the thought did not remain with her. If it had been so, surely she would have heard of it ere now!

Heaven only knew how Sidney Daunt suffered during those days of anxiety and suspense! Sometimes, when Stephen was with her, she had been tempted to tell

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To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 50 ounces of Pinex into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of a much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

There is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "50 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

in manner to Sidney had changed. Ever since that interview at Easthope when he had had proof that she was loving her husband, there had been a slight constraint between them, which even her kindness with regard to his engagement had not obliterated, but now that was entirely gone, and there was an extreme gentleness and sympathy in his manner which the poor girl could not but feel, and, feeling, attributed to the wrong motives. He too, she thought, suspected Stephen's guilt and pitied her.

As she sat, holding her great white fan, listening to the polite commonplaces of a gentleman by her side, Sidney's thoughts wandered away from the gay scene before her to her husband. What was he doing? she wondered. Was he alone in the library, reading or writing? Was he at Lambwood? Was he at Easthope, in his beautiful solitary home? Was he thinking of her, or was he meditating flight, as he had meditated once before? Ah, if he would go away and take her to one of those far-off countries where no one would know them, and where he would be safe, there might be some happiness in store for them yet.

"Here is some one you know, Sidney," Lady Agnes said, breaking off her conversation with another chaperon, as a gentleman in a superb Cavalier dress came up and doffed his broad-brimmed hat as he bowed low before Sidney. "For a moment she did not recognize him; then, with a faint smile, she put out her hand in greeting to Lord de la Poer.

"I am delighted to see that you are so much better," he said, taking a seat by her side. "But you look far from strong yet."

"Thank you; I am better. I did not know you were in Brighton, Lord de la Poer."

"I came down last night for this ball," he answered, smiling; "but I think of staying for a few days—Brighton is very pleasant just now."

Sidney glanced at him questioning. Was he still as much attracted by Dolly as before; and had he not heard of the engagement between her and Lloyd Miller? Sidney, her thoughts momentarily removed from her own trouble, was nervously wondering whether she ought not to tell him of it, when his next words solved the difficulty.

"I have not yet congratulated you on Miss Daunt's engagement," he said. "Mr. Miller's old friendship with your husband has doubtless made the arrangement a very satisfactory one."

"Yes, we are all very pleased," Sidney answered simply. "Dolly has a very fair prospect of happiness before her."

"I hope so," said the earl gravely. "I need hardly tell you," he added, with a slight laugh, "that I did not hear of it with unmixed pleasure, Mrs. Daunt."

"I am sorry," she told him.

"At first I was almost in despair," he said ruefully. "But I got over it, you know"—with a slight boyish laugh. "And Mrs. Daunt, I am beginning to hope that it is on the cards that I shall some day be related to you."

(To be continued.)

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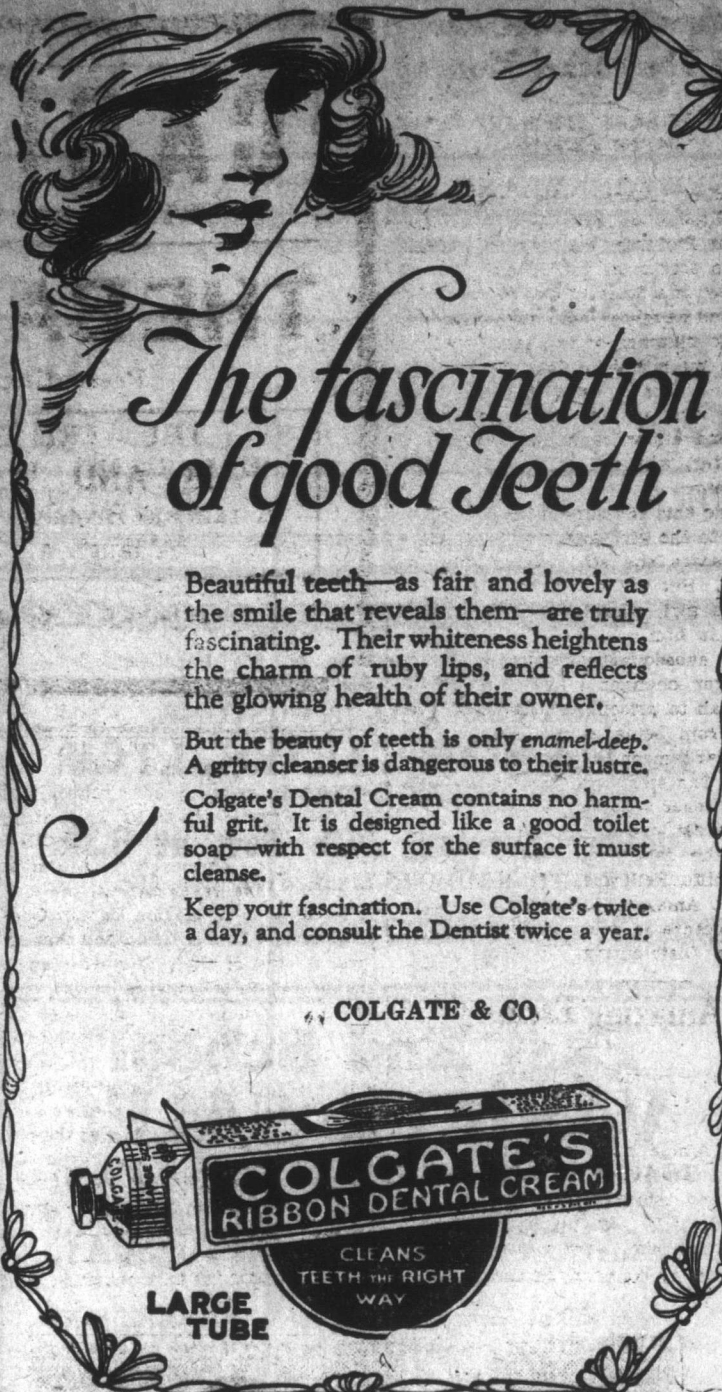
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Have an Ideal

(By the Editor of Tit-Bits.)

An ideal in life is a wonderful asset to success. It is quite believable that a man who always thinks great thoughts about his life's work is almost beyond the possibility of failure.

The people who never seem to make good are those who try to get through in a slipshod fashion. Anything slipshod is an impediment and keeps us back. The people who have won through are those who have decided on the thing for which they will live and work; and, having decided, never permit that goal to be far out of sight.

A boy determines he will pursue a certain course in life, and he begins, say, to study for engineering. He will have to face many setbacks, but if he is wise he will plod on, determined that, come what may, he will allow nothing to discourage him. He will study everything possible about his chosen profession and go forward with enthusiasm towards the prize he has in view. To such a youth there can be no failure; he will face the music, come what may. This is so throughout the whole world. The men who count are those who are wedded to their ideals and leave nothing undone that will help to gain their end.

Have you ever thought what it has cost to produce the world as we see it? What hurtlings and earthquakes and catastrophes and shocks have been experienced in order to make this world so beautiful? And we are given to understand that even in this matter the best is yet to be! The finale of Nature's wonders is not yet. She still holds in her secret away the wonders our children will come to look upon as commonplace.

And so in morals. Never believe that the world of men is getting worse. Let others speak of "the good old days" as they may, it still remains a fact that the best days any of us know are those that make up our lives to-day. If past days were good, let us rejoice with those who lived in them; but we must never believe it is true that there were better days than our own. Better people than ourselves may have lived, but the best, often in this matter, is yet to be.

Some people refer to the newspapers and suggest by the contents that men are no better than before. But remember, the papers record the unusual and extraordinary and that which is newsworthy and out of the way. People are better in living than formerly, and every discovery and effort to uplift men is another aid to the one increasing purpose that flows through all things.

In the walk of life we are called to do our best towards furthering the cause of a perfect and wholesome world; and the best way to do so is calmly and patiently to follow the gleam from the ideal that we have set for ourselves or others have set for us. Character is the factor that counts most in life.

We are here to laugh and be jolly. So long as we have the joy of life in us, we shall plod our way and every step will lead forward. The futuristic

life is dangerous. To be spasmodic is to degenerate. Discover the right road; then keep on keeping on.

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Queen's Doll's House

ONLY OBJECT INSURED IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

The room housing the Queen's Doll's House at Windsor Castle is closed to the public until the spring.

During the interval Mr. Kennedy North and Mr. William Nicholson will begin their artistic work.

Thousands have visited the Doll's House during the past three months, including hundreds of Americans.

The Queen continues to take the keenest interest in the house, which is the only object in the Castle insured against fire or other damage. The castle contains many treasures of such immense value that insurance is out of the question.



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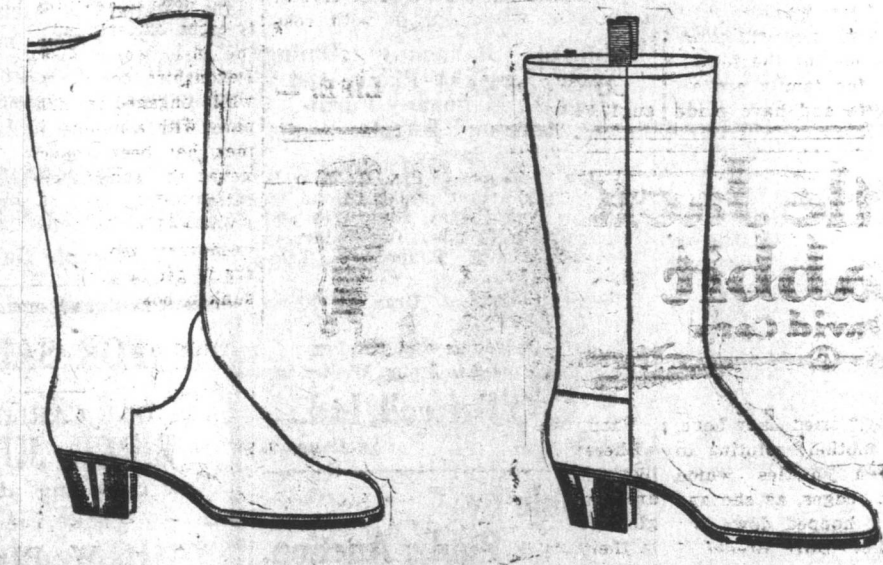
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Engineers of Empire

A very interesting ceremony, marking the completion of a great engineering feat, will take place this week when the Khyber Railway is officially opened.

Passengers on the two trains which are to make the first run over the new railway will be carried to Landi Kotal, the highest point of the pass, and they will see some remarkable scenery on their way. In places the pass is only fifty feet wide, and even at its widest it is no more than 450 feet. On each side of it, the mountains lower sheer into the sky, some times to a height of 8,000 feet.

The whole of the thirty-three miles of the pass are rich in historic associations, and the pass has always been regarded as the key to India. There is no other route by which heavy traffic and artillery can pass between the country and Afghanistan. In the Afghan wars of 1839-42 and 1878-80, the mastery of the pass was hotly disputed, but the Afghans were unable to hold it against British troops.

For some time the Khyber Pass has been under the control of the Government of India, but the Afghans made an unsuccessful attempt against it in 1919.

The semi-independent tribes in the neighbourhood of the pass were at first hostile to the idea of the railway;

but they have now been reconciled to it and have even co-operated in its construction. Their representatives will be present at the opening ceremony.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION No. 2 THERAPION No. 3

A good salad is made with sliced cold meats and shredded cabbage. Serve with French dressing.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SPRAINS

SAUC Just a snack becomes a meal with R

Harbor Grace

The members of the United Church of Canada Sunday School in Harbor Grace, which was conducted by Rev. H. S. B. St. John, was a success. The weather could be desired and the school was filled, there being a gathering of the scholars and friends. Rev. H. S. B. St. John, Secretary Religious Provinces and a very helpful voice was brought to the singing of the Hymn.

Rev. St. John, occurring the United Church of Canada and delivered a sermon. The congregation was one. It was the Rev. St. John's visit here, and he was pressed with the harbor Grace. He moved near on Sunday afternoon for the pulpit of the church for the evening service.

Some fifteen or so people were present. Elsworth gave a pleasant surprise on the day, when they gathered at Noad Street, and to a miscellaneous group of people, who had been capable and efficient staff of Nurses at the St. John's, resigned here about two months ago, and carried in the near future. The words Miss Elsworth, gathering for the day, their kindness and indulgence in and evening spent by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin, their children, Francis, were on Tuesday of last week to Boston, where they will make their home. The members of the family residing there.

Little Rabbit

"Look, bunny boy, pretty rabbit, milkweeds and the new thick in the bushes. Little Jack Rabbit, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown."

"See how faded the milkweed is, bunny boy, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown."

"I love the autumn, bunny boy, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown, mowing his way to Rabbittown."

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