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**Maddolena's Story
AND
The Cameo Bracelet.**

CHAPTER V.

He had watched her look attentively as he spoke and seen her "sallow face brighten as he enumerated the advantages of the marriage, and he thought all was well; but when he added that Mr. Ormsby was in his sitting-room waiting to be introduced to her, to his great annoyance she drew back, trembling violently. Poor, untaught, ill-used Liz had more womanly instincts than her harsh kinsman imagined; and though she could not have explained why something in this transaction startled and even revolted her, she showed none of that delight at the prospect he held out that he had looked for.

"Come downstairs," he repeated. "Sir George and his son are waiting to see you."

"But I do not know this gentleman," she urged. "His father seems kind, but—but I do not wish to be married."

"Do you know what you do want?" started Goldring, clutching his stick and feeling tempted to use it. "Only a few days ago, you were ready to give these people an immense sum, without asking my consent, or demanding any security for it. Now that they are willing to take it, and you into the bargain, you hold off! What would you have?"

"Then, it is for the money?" she said, with a blank look.

"Well, and what then?" her uncle crossly demanded. "Do you think any one would have you—ugly, stumpy, stupid thing that you are—if the pill were not gilded? But what matter? You will reap your advantages from this marriage as well as he. Come, he will be tired of waiting."

However, she continued to muse over his words and hesitate to obey him.

"I am ugly, I know it; but I should like to be married for myself."

"And your dowry; no sensible man weds a woman unless she brings him something. What else is to compensate him for the expense of keeping and clothing her, eh? Be thankful that I have found a husband who, for his own credit's sake, will never stint you in food or fine dresses. What more can any girl require?"

But Liz went on as if she had not heard him:

"Hannah told me that her brother loved his wife so dearly, that he would have no one else. He waited three years for her—three long years. Who will ever do this for me?"

Any one else would have been troubled by the pathos in the lonely girl's voice, and the wistful expression in

the dark eyes, that looked too large for her pinched face; but the allusion to his faithless domestic was the only part of the speech that affected Mr. Goldring, and he retorted, angrily, that Hannah was a deceitful hussy, who ought to have had three months on the treadmill.

"Come downstairs," he added. "Why have you hindered me, repeating the rubbish the senseless creature poured into your ears? Come down, I say."

But the girl retreated from him, boldly answering:

"Not in these clothes; I will not show myself to the gentleman in these."

"Why, what all these? They were good enough for your grandmother. Isn't your frock silk—the best of silk? More money was thrown away to buy it than should have been spent on woman's gear if I had had anything to do with it. If the bridegroom does not like the fashion of it, let him buy you another."

But Liz was not to be convinced by such arguments as these.

"It is faded and shabby, and such as no other girls of my age are forced to wear!" and in her anger she rent away the trimming of the scanty sleeves. "I did not know how strange I looked in it till I saw Sir George stare and smile at me."

"Chut! the dress is good enough, I tell you, and he waits," was her uncle's peevish reply. "Must I drive you downstairs with my stick?"

Gripping her by the shoulder in no gentle manner, he would have forced her to descend with him; but wounded vanity strengthened her to resist him. The coarse soldier, Hannah's brother, had burst into a loud titter when he first beheld the quaint attire of Lucas Goldring's niece, and though she had accepted the apology his better feelings led him to tender, she had neither forgotten the circumstance nor the mortification it had cost her. Clinging to the balusters with such tenacity that the frail old man could not untwine her fingers, she looked dauntlessly into his face, saying:

"Uncle, I will not see this gentleman who is to be my husband, until I am dressed as I ought to be."

"Now, if it were not that I know your screams would bring them both upon me, I would beat you till you did obey me!" he exclaimed, in his fury. "Is the treaty to be broken off through your contumacious obstinacy? If you are the means of disappointing me, I'll choke you—I'll poison you—I'll—yes, I'll put you to slow torture, you idiot!"

But his passion was suffocating him, and when, in great terror, the girl cried: "Oh, uncle, you will have another fit!" he struggled to subdue his wrath. But he could not trust himself to speak to her again, and, shaking at her the stick he dared not use, he went slowly back to the room, where, lulled by the silence, Charlie had fallen asleep, and his father was sorrowfully keeping watch over his shoulders.

CHAPTER VI.

For the first time it began to enter the rather obtuse brain of old Goldring that his niece might not prove as amenable to his authority as he had expected her to be, and that the rich booty he coveted would yet escape his grasp, if he did not act warily. For some years after the death of the girl's parents her extreme delicacy of health, and a medical man's opinion that she would be short-lived, had led him to endure with the fact that she stood in his way; but when, month after month went by, and she still existed, he began to hate her, and, as he truly avowed to Sir George, to live in continual dread lest the fortune bequeathed to her by her father should be entirely lost to him.

By a clever stroke of policy he had,

as he supposed, secured to himself half the sum that might otherwise have altogether slipped through his fingers, and it would be horribly expediting if Liz at the last moment opposed herself to his schemes, and frustrated them. He had seen enough of Charlie Ormsby to feel sure that if she testified any repugnance to the match, he was too honorable to permit her to be forced into it. He must, therefore, try to gain an ally in Sir George, who had too much at stake to be equally scrupulous.

It was great satisfaction to the wily old schemer to see that his entrance had not aroused the sleeper, and, making a signal of caution to Sir George, he beckoned him from the room.

"Your son needs rest, poor fellow!" he said, hypocritically, "so we will not disturb him; and Liz, who is shy, would rather see you first. The girl is romantic, and rather shocked at the idea of being married solely for her money; but she likes you, and if you will talk her over a little, and convince her that she will be happy in this marriage—"

"Happy! and my poor boy may not survive it for more than a day or two!" the baronet interposed, with a groan.

"Then Liz will have the less reason to fret at her loss. Of course, I don't say this unkindly; but we must look at the practical side of the affair. Hark ye, Sir George, this match must come off. Mr. Ormsby sees that, and agrees to it; don't you by any bungling on your part or any attempt to encourage my niece in her folly, throw obstacles in the way, for if you do, you may find me a dangerous enemy."

"I will not be taught to fear you," the baronet haughtily exclaimed; but deep down in his heart he did fear the cold-blooded old man, who had no pity on him, and would not only wreck the happiness of his child, but make the gentle woman, who had loved and trusted him so many years, shrink from him, with reproach and shame in her gaze.

It was, therefore, in silence he followed the old man, as he laboriously toiled up the stairs once more, to where Liz, half-frightened at the victory she had gained, was sitting in her old attitude on the floor.

She rose as they approached; and, waiting with drooping head for Sir George to address her, little dreamed that with his pity for her helplessness a feeling of repulsion almost akin to hate possessed him whenever he glanced toward her.

But Lucas Goldring was too quick for either to have time to feel awkward.

"Liz, my good little niece"—his tones were so suave, so caressing, that involuntarily she looked her surprise.

(To be continued.)

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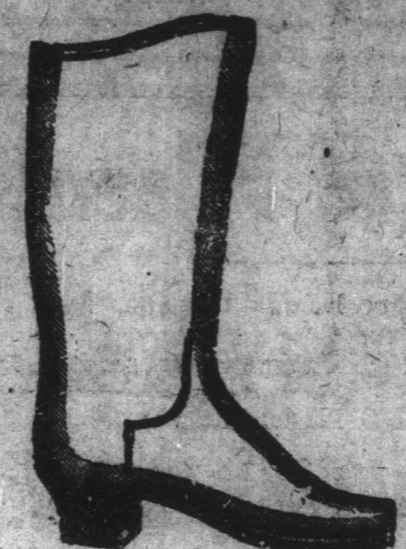
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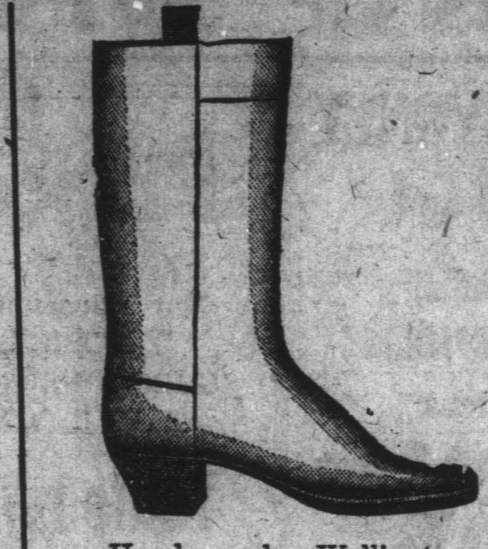
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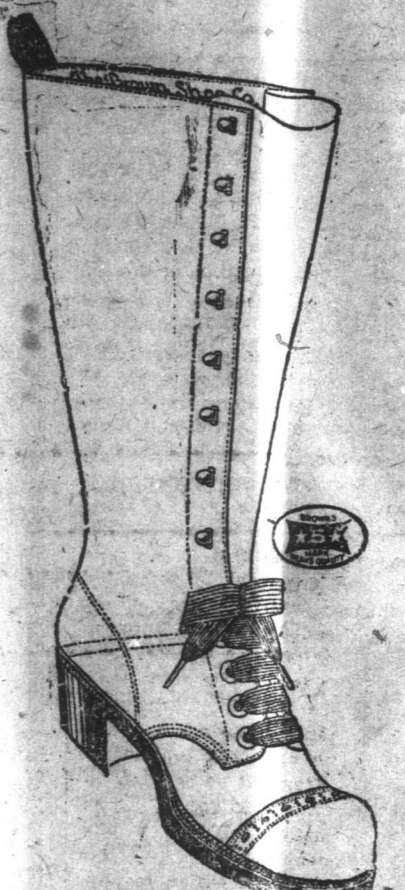
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Islands in Literature

FROM ATLANTIS TO "TREASURE ISLAND."

Plato seems very remote from Robert Louis Stevenson; yet "Treasure Island" was probably evolved from the huge submerged island of Atlantis as described, with strange realism, in the "Timæus" and the "Critias."

Plato distinctly names the Atlantic Ocean; and Bacon's belief that America, with its strange isolated civilizations of Mexico and Peru, was the wreck of Atlantis was shared by Hakluyt and many others of his age. Although Herrera, the son of Columbus, resented any defence of Atlantis as a detraction from the greatness of his father's discovery, it really enhanced its glamour.

Working through Shakespeare's poetical imagination, it produced "The Tempest," wherein was imagined that enchanted island which was the forerunner of the creations of Stevenson, Defoe, Wells, Jules Verne, and Poe.

Shakespeare's Inspiration.

On the other hand, Atlantis suggested in conjunction with the wonderful tales brought back by travellers, that somewhere there might be found an ideally happy and virtuous community.

Bacon's "New Atlantis" (1629), a variant and elaboration of the Platonic narrative, with its forecasts of submarines, aeroplanes, machines, guns, and telephones, was, with the work of Rabelais, the real progenitor of the long line of Utopias, Arcadias, Oceans, and similar "political fantasies. Rabelais satirized superstition and war in his imaginary islands such as "The Evil Island," "The Island of Hypocrites," and "The Island of Belia."

Islands and Imagination.

The origin of imaginative islands, however, is deep-rooted in the needs and longings of human nature itself; and the island of the Phæacians and similar legends in early literature seem to show a place of folklore common to original humanity. So modern a writer as Jules Verne with his floating city reminds us of the floating island of Delos, which Zeus bound with chains to the bottom; while the rude legends of the Færoe Islands contain a similar story. The floating island—it is a symbol of the individual soul! If one adds a legendary volcano from Lemnos or Lipara the image is complete.

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perence. Legends and myths express real life; and islands were always fortunate as havens in times when steam and electricity were unknown and appeared as supernatural terrors. The sailor, in spite of steam and electricity, is still a man of imagination, which contact with islands has maintained. Islands were treated with child-like naturalness by the Greeks; yet the enchantresses who delayed Ulysses in island after island suggest illusory images of Penelope, and thus strike a note of subtle romance. The hardships that quicken imagination were in Defoe's case both material and mental. He really did escape from his sordid and tragic circumstances by living in the island of his own creation, which, on that account, has become a refuge also for others.

Islands and Gold.

There was no gold in the islands of Prospero and Robinson Crusoe. It was not until the era of Poe and Stevenson that the precious metal became an adjunct of romantic islands. Among early peoples gold seems to have been believed to possess magical properties, and the value they attached to it was inconceivable. There is sound reason to believe that their desire to obtain it for ceremonial rites impelled them to navigate their rude craft among the South Sea Islands.

The Island's Influence on the Mind.

The island appeals to the imagination in two opposite directions. It is a symbol both of freedom and of security, of travel and of home. It appeals to that nostalgia, that longing feeling of Novalis, which is expressed in the mystic quests for the Holy Grail and the Blue Flower.

The monk who incited St. Brendan to undertake his mythical voyage told him, as recorded by Baring Gould, "right he had sailed due east from Ireland, and had come at last to Paradise, which was an island full of joy and mirth; and the earth as bright as the sun, and it was a glorious sight; and the half year he was there slipped by as a few moments!"

Island literature has two aspects—that of the treasure island and that of the desert island. The former makes its appeal to those who crave for an imaginative realization of life; the latter to those who seek escape in resignation.—E. H. VIBIAN in John's London's Weekly.

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Messages From Dead

Polignat Discoveries in Depths of Flooded Mine.

Pathetic messages were discovered amongst the belongings of Thomas Thomson, miner of Felkirk, one of a batch of 11 victims in the Redding Pit disaster, whose bodies have just been found. They had been written in the darkness whilst the men awaited the coming of death when imprisoned by flood. The writing is scarcely decipherable, the words running into each other. One note reads:

"Dear wife, Willie and Jennie (his two children) be good to your mother. I am fine on this the 8th day if they get on!"

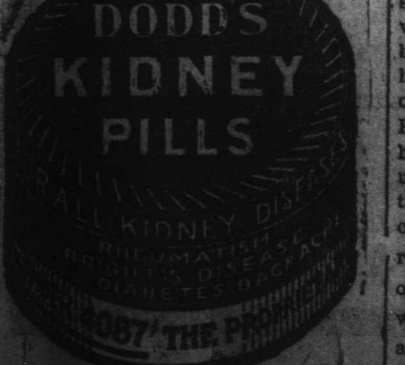
Another note ran: "Dear Willie—my love to you and mine. Written by father."

Mrs. Thomson, the widow, stated that these were the only messages found among the party of 11. They

"Bang" at the Station

For availing on their premises carbide of calcium, which was not hermetically closed in its iron drum, the City and South London Railway Company were fined £200 at the Guildhall. Thomas Hillard, plate-layer, related that when he was working on the extension of the south platform at Morden station with an acetylene lamp, there was a bang, and the next thing he knew he was sitting on a chair and someone was bathing his face with oil.

He was badly burned and taken to hospital. For the defence it was urged that it had not been proved the drum was the property of the company, and that the latter was not responsible for the acts of contractors. Sir William Price held there was a lack of supervision, and agreed to state a case on points of



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