

November 13th., 1924

Price

and \$1800 and \$6.00 .50 \$7.50 \$14.50

Scarfs Cottons and Sweaters Including

ods

irway and in the window-reaths of delicate ferns the prim-hung chandeliers, the sweet fragrance of muscians sat behind a dais in a corridor, and a carpet strip ran down the to the driveway, up which to witness the much-booted romance, light this afternoon's event chat of the town, for who to-day retired from ss, was its magnate, the finest single estate and of portland bank. From his oyhood Hugh Stires had f the subject of uncom- sion. His sudden dis- der, and the advent of e, had furnished the com- ent material for gossip. had capped this gossip opriate climax. Tongue over its pros and cons- et had induced a whole- s of his future. But the willing to let bygones be the wisecracks, to whose arriage stood as a sedu- ed on Page Nine)

ts ses tholatum You feel it heal

Bigger Better 5c

L. Stratton

IF YOU are weak, bloodless, nervous; IF YOU are subject to coughs and colds; IF YOU are losing ground in the struggle for health, strength and life,

YOU NEED PHOSPHO-COD and you need it NOW—

See your DEALER—

DELPHES LALONDE of 133 Wight St., Hull, Que. says: "I have suffered severely from Bronchitis, severe coughing spells and a general run down condition and oppression. After the use of only one bottle of PHOSPHO-COD I have been completely re- sored, the coughing has stopped and I can truthfully say that PHOSPHO-COD is the best medicine I have ever taken."

Mrs. MARY MORRISON of Ottawa says: "I want to tell you that I have taken your medicine and it is all right. Before taking PHOSPHO-COD I could not walk a block, my heart was so bad the result of gas in my stomach. Since using PHOSPHO-COD I can eat anything. I sleep like a child and have gained 20 lbs. in weight. I am glad I tried it and am pleased to recommend it."



PHOSPHO-COD is for sale by: Richards & Co.

Satan Sanderson

(Continued from Page Eight)

ed room. In her girlish, passionate idealism, Jessica had offered a sacrifice to her sentiment. She had promised herself that the first form her new sight should behold should be not her lover, but her husband! The idea pleased her sense of romance. So, hugging the fancy, she had denied herself. She was to see Hugh for the first time in a shaded room, after the glare and nervous excitement of the ceremony.

Gossip had heard and had seized upon this tidbit with relish. The blind marriage—a bride with hoodwinked eyes who had never seen the man she was to marry—the moment's imperfect vision of him, a poor dole for memory to carry into the honeymoon—these ingredients had given the occasion a titillating sense of the extraordinary and romantic, and sharpened the buzz of the waiting guests, as they waited away the irksome minutes.

It was a sweltering afternoon, and in the wide east parlor, limp handkerchiefs and energetic fans fought vainly against the intolerable heat. There, as the clock struck six, a hundred pairs of eyes galloped between two centers of interest: the door at which the bride would enter, and the raised platform at the other end of the room where, prayer-book in hand, in his wide robes and flowing sleeves, Harry Sanderson had just taken his stand. Perhaps more looked at Harry than at the door.

He seemed his usual magnetic self as he stood there, backed by the flowers, his waving brown hair unsmothered, the ruby-ring glowing dull-red against the dark leather of the book he held. Few felt it much a matter of regret that the humdrum and less personable Bishop of the Diocese should be away at convocation, since the young rector furnished the final esthetic touch to a perfectly appointed function. But Harry Sanderson was far from feeling the grave, alien figure he appeared. In the past weeks he had waged a silent warfare with himself, bitter because repressed. The strange new thing that had sprung up in him he had trampled mercilessly under. From the thought that he loved the promised wife of another, a quick, fastidious sense in him recoiled abashed. This painful struggle had been sharpened by his sense of Hugh's utter worthlessness. To that rustling assemblage, the man who was to make those solemn promises was David Stires' son, who had had his fling, turned over his new leaf becomingly, and was now offering substantial hostages to good repute. To him, Harry Sanderson, he was a glancer, a marginless gambler in the futures of his father's favor, and a woman's heart. He had shrunk from the ceremony, but circumstances had constrained him. There had been choice only between an evasion—to which he would not stoop—and a flat refusal, the result of which would have been a footless scandal, ugly town-talk—a sneer at himself, and his motives—a quietus, possibly to his whole career.

So now he stood to face a task which was doubly painful, but which he would go through with to the bitter end!

Only a moment Harry stood waiting; then the palm-screened musicians began the march, and Hugh took his place, animated and assured, looking the flushed and expectant bridegroom. At the same instant the chattering and hubbub ceased; Jessica, on the arm of the old man, erect, but walking feebly with his cane, was advancing down the roped lane.

She was in simple white, the point-lace on the frock an heirloom. Her bronze hair was drawn low, hiding much of the disfiguring bandage, under

which her lips were parted in a half-smile, human, intimate and eager, full of the hope and intoxication of living.

Harry's eyes dropped to the opened book, though he knew the office by heart. He spoke the time-worn adjuration with clear enunciation, with almost perfunctory distinctness. He did not look at Hugh.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him speak, or else here- ever hold his peace." In the pause—the slightest pause—that turned the page, he felt an insane prompting to tear off his robes, to proclaim to this roomful of heated, gaping, fan-fluttering humanity, that he himself, a minister of the gospel, the celebrant of the rite, knew "just cause!"

The choking impulse passed. The periods rolled on—the long white glove was slipped from the hand, the ring put on the finger, and the pair, whom God and Harry Sanderson had joined together, were kneeling on the white satin prie-dieu with bowed heads under the final invocation. As they knelt, their voices rose:

"O perfect love, all human thought transcending, Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne—"

Then, while the music lingered, the hush of the room broke in a confused murmur; the white ribbon-wound ropes were let down, and a voluble wave of congratulations swept over the spot. In a moment more Harry found himself laying off his robes in the next room.

With a sigh of relief, he stepped through the wide French window into the garden, fresh with the scent of growing things, and the humid odors of the soil. The twitter and bustle he had left came painfully out to him, and a whiff of evening coolness breathed through the oppressive air. The strain over, he longed for the solitude of his study. But David Stires had asked him to remain for a final word, since the bride and groom were to leave on an early evening train; the old man was to accompany them a part of the journey, and "the Stires place" was to be closed for an indefinite period. Harry found a bench and sat down, where camellias dropped like blood.

What would Jessica suffer in the inevitable awakening, when the tinted petals of her dreams were shattered and strewn? For the first time he looked down through his sore sense of outrage and protest to deeps in himself—as a diver peers through a water-glass to the depths of a river troubled and opaque, dimly desecrating vague shapes of ill. Poetry, passion and dreams had been his also, but he had dreamed too late!

It was not long before the sound of gay voices and of carriage-wheels came around the corner of the house, for the reception was to be curtailed. There had been neither bridesmaids nor groomsmen, and there was no sky-larking on the cards; the guests, who on lesser occasions would have lingered to throw rice and old shoes, departed from the house in the spens with primness and dignity.

One by one he heard the carriages roll down the gravelled driveway. A bicycle creened across the lawn from a side-gate, carrying a bank messenger—the last shaft of commerce before old David Stires washed his tenacious mind of business. A few moments later the messenger reappeared and rode away whistling. A last could distinguish Hugh's voice now—and at length quiet told him the last of his guests were gone. Thinking that he would now see his old friends for a last farewell, he rose and went slowly back through the French win-

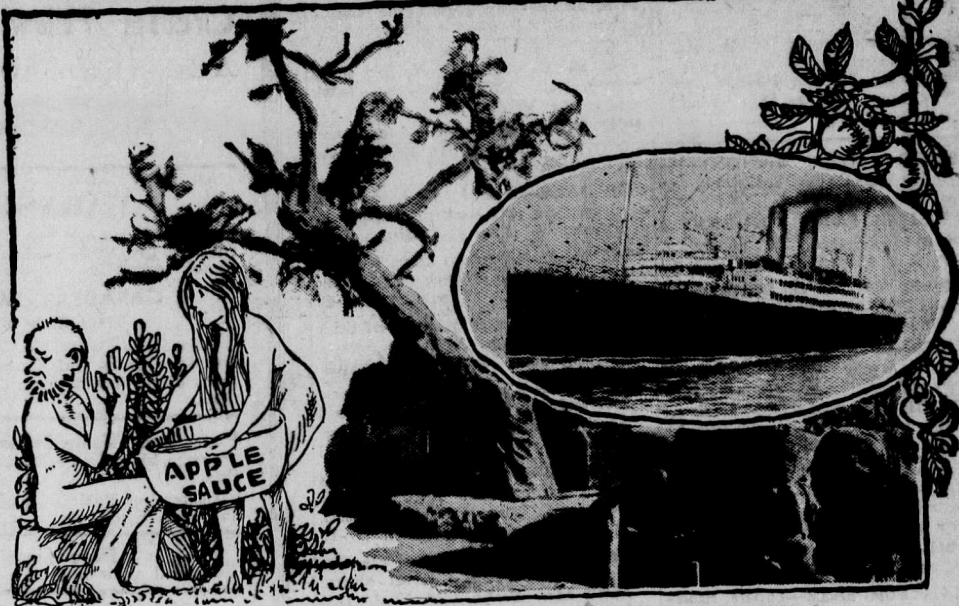
COULD NOT SLEEP NIGHTS

Pains and Headaches Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dublin, Ontario.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it as I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others." Mrs. JAMES RACHO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

Halifax Nurse Recommends Halifax, N. S.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to lend. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound." Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Garden of Eden—An Apple—A Canadian Ship



Above is photograph of tree designated by the British Government as "Tree of Knowledge."

A apple from the Garden of Eden arrived in Montreal this week aboard the Canadian Pacific steamship Melita. With it came the story of history repeated after six thousand years and a reprieve for sundry passengers who had been threatened with irons, trial in the admiralty courts and what not.

The apple came to Montreal with Robert J. Casey who was a passenger aboard the "Melita." Mr. Casey is a well-known member of the staff of the Chicago News and among the books of his authorship are "The Land of Haunted Castles" and "The Lost Kingdom of Burgundy." He was on the way home from a trip through Syria to Damascus and Bagdad taken for the purpose of gathering material for another book.

Mr. Casey said that the apple was one of a pair brought from Quernah—the traditional site of the Garden of Paradise at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in Mesopotamia. It was placed in a stateroom with Babylonian bricks and other relics from the cradle of the human race and did not figure in the log of the "Melita" until the ship had been four days out of Cherbourg. Then it disappeared.

The owner complained to Commander Clews. "I regret this unfortunate incident," said the Captain. "But of course you must have read the notice on the card given you as you came aboard; the company will not be responsible for apples and other valuables unless they are deposited with the purser. As it stands at present this looks like a matter for the appellate court. But of course we shall see what can be done about it."

Three women named Eve and a man named William Adamson from British Columbia were found on the passenger list and they fell under suspicion immediately since the armistice. Rogers, climbing the tree to have his picture taken, broke off one of the branches and was arrested by the Arab police.

The verdict finds him guilty of having broken a limb from the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden and fixes his fine at "one month's pay," a lighter sentence than that visited upon his remote ancestor for a similar offence.

expected denouement. A room steward, penitent but brave appeared before the officers substituting for angels with flaming swords.

"If it's an apple you're looking for I think I can find it for you," he volunteered. "It looked like just an ordinary apple and what with the way the women passengers are always wanting things there was no way of telling about it—you know how it is. I had brought a dish of fruit into that cabin the morning all the fuss started and when I was taking out the dishes some time afterward it was only natural-like that I should have made a mistake. I picked up that apple."

"And so it's lost," gasped the investigators. "That's where you're wrong," declared the steward triumphantly. "It's found. As soon as I heard of the howl I traced that apple. I followed its trail back to the pantry and thence to the cold storage room. And this morning I discovered it. One of the chefs had been in just before me. But I was determined. I went right out after him. . . . And I found the apple. . . . It's in here."

And with a magnificent air he lifted a napkin from a large pan of apple sauce. Another apple, later found concealed in a locked trunk, will be presented to the Field Museum of Chicago. The tree from which the fruit was picked has recently been designated as the "Tree of Knowledge" by the British Government substantiating an Arab legend of long standing. The document authenticating the claims of Quernah as the site of Eden is a record of court martial, a copy of which was brought back with the apples.

The case in point was that of Thomas Rogers, a sergeant in the British Flying corps stationed in Iraq since the armistice. Rogers, climbing the tree to have his picture taken, broke off one of the branches and was arrested by the Arab police.

The verdict finds him guilty of having broken a limb from the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden and fixes his fine at "one month's pay," a lighter sentence than that visited upon his remote ancestor for a similar offence.

down. The east room was empty, save for servants who were gathering some of the cut flowers for themselves. He stood aimlessly for a few moments looking about him. A white carnation lay at the foot of the dais, fallen from Jessica's shower-bouquet. He picked this up, abstractedly smelled its perfume, and drew the stem through his buttonhole. Then, passing into the next room, he found his robes leisurely and laid them by—he had now only to embellish the sham with his best wishes!

All at once he heard voices in the library. He opened the door and entered.

Harry Sanderson stopped stock-still. In the room sat old David Stires in his wheel-chair opposite his son. He was deadly pale, and his fierce eyes blazed like fire in tinder. And what a Hugh! Not the indolently gay prodigal Harry had known in the past, nor the flushed bridegroom of a half-hour ago! It was a cringing, a hand-dog Hugh now; with a slinking dread in the face—a trembling of the hands—a tense expectation in the posture. The thin line across his brow was a livid pallor. His eyes lifted to Harry's for an instant, then returned in a kind of fascination to a slip of paper on the desk, on which his father's forefinger rested, like a nail transfixing an animate infamy.

"Sanderson," said the old man in a low, hoarse, unnatural voice, "come in and shut the door. God forgive us—we have married Jessica to a common thief! Hugh—my son, my only child, whom I have forgiven beyond all reckoning—has forged my name to a draft for five thousand dollars!"

CHAPTER VII Out of the Dark

For a moment there was dead silence in the room. In the hall the tall clock struck ponderously, and a porch blind slammed beneath a caretaker's hand. Harry's breath caught in his throat, and the old man's eye again impaled his hapless son.

Hugh threw up his head with an attempt at jauntiness, but with furtive apprehension in every muscle—for he could not solve the look he saw on his father's face—and said:

"You act as if it were a cool million! I'm no worse than a lot who have better luck than I. Suppose I did draw the five thousand?—you were going to give me ten for a wedding present. I had to have the money then, and you wouldn't have given it to me. You know that as well as I do. Besides, I was going to take it up myself and you would never have been the wiser. He promised to hold it—it's a low trick for him to round on me like this. I'll pay him off for it sometime! I don't see that it's anybody else's business but ours anyway," he continued, with a sturly glance at Harry.

Harry had been staring at him, but with a vision turned curiously backward—a vision that seemed to see Hugh standing at a carpeted dais in a flower-hung room, while his own voice sailed out of a lurid shadow: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband . . ."

"Stay, Sanderson," said the old man; then turning to Hugh: "Who advanced you money on this and promised to 'hold it'?"

"Doctor Moreau?"

"He profited by it?"

"He got his margin," said Hugh, solemnly.

"How much margin did he get?"

"A thousand."

"Where is the rest? David Stires' voice was like a whip of steel.

Hugh hesitated a moment. He had still a few hundreds in pocket, but he did not mention them.

"I used most of it—had a few debts."

"Debts of honour, I presume!"

Hugh's sensibility quivered at the fierce, grating irony of the inquiry.

"If you'd been more decent with spending-money," he said with a flare of the old offrontery, "I'd have been all right! Ever since I came home you've kept me strapped. I was ashamed to stick up any more of my friends. And of course I couldn't borrow from Jessica."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed the old man with harsh sternness. "You are without the decency of shame! If you were capable of feeling it, you would not mention her name now!"

Hugh thought he saw a glimmer through the storm-cloud. Jessica was his anchor to windward. What hurt

him, would hurt her. He would pull through!

"Well," he said, "it's done and there's no good making such a row about it. She's my wife and she'll stand by me if nobody else does!"

No one had even seen such a look on David Stires' face as came to it now—a sudden blaze of fury and righteous scorn, that burned it like a brand.

"You impudent blackguard! You drag my name in the gutter and then try to trade on my self-respect and Jessica's affection! You thought you would take it up yourself—and I would be none the wiser! And if I did find it out you counted on my love for the poor deluded girl you have married, to make me condone your criminality—to perjure myself—to admit the signature and shield you from the consequences. You imagine because you are my son, that you can do this thing and all still go on as before! Do you suppose I don't consider Jessica? Do you think because you have fooled and cheated her—and me—and married her, that I will give her now to a caught thief—a common jailbird?"

(To Be Continued next Week)

Speedy Relief ROBERT'S SYRUP OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER AND TAR

Choice Meats Prompt Service Courteous Treatment. H. Corbin & Sons