

Any Sickness Leaves Weakness

Even a simple cold strips and reduces your restive powers to allow other sickness. Only food—not opiate or drugs—creates the rich blood which distributes strength to the body, and the concentrated medicinal food in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Makes the blood rich and stimulates its circulation while its tonic value enlivens the appetite and aids nutrition to reestablish your strength quickly and permanently. If you are rundown, anemic or nervous, by all means get Scott's Emulsion. It builds because it is a food—not a stimulant.

Deceived

Disowned

True as Steel!

CHAPTER XX.

FRIENDS IN FORTUNE.

Somewhat puzzled at this mysterious conduct of the bushrangers, Reuben was about to make a struggle to regain his sight, when he heard the footsteps of one of the men approaching him.

"I want a few words with you," the voice said. "It's no good trying to humbug us—we know who you are. Now, how many are you, and how far are you off?"

Reuben smiled. He guessed that they took him for a member of another camp.

"In the first place," he said, "you have the advantage of me, for I don't know who you are. Secondly, we are a company of one, standing bound and blindfold about three feet from where you stand yourself."

The man uttered an oath, and clicked his revolver significantly.

"Come," he said roughly. "No nonsense! I give you two minutes to say where the rest of you scoundrels are." Reuben laughed recklessly.

"A case of the pot calling the kettle black, my friend," he said. "Do your worst!"

He half rose from against the tree, to which he had been but loosely tied; and the movement saved his life, for the other fired instantly. The bullet passed by Reuben's ear. With a savage growl, he burst his bonds and tore the bandage from his eyes. He made a spring forward, but was borne down to the earth by a dozen figures. In another minute, their knives would have been plunged into his body, when a voice cried out: "Stop!"

Reuben's heart leaped, for it seemed to him that the tones were familiar. "Stop! What are you doing? By Heaven, I thought so."

The speaker, a short stumpy man, had seized a blazing torch and lit up the murderously poised knives; then he flung himself on Reuben. It was his old partner, Jem.

"Why, you darned idiot, it's Jack—Jack Wynter! Another minute and you fools would have carved him." The others pressed forward.

"Wynter!" echoed the voices, as the light of the torches flashed on their captive. "Why, so it is! Shake hands,

old man! Why didn't you speak up—we might have killed you." Amid a thousand expressions of good will, Reuben was borne to the fire.

After a good supper, and surrounded by a host of old companions, all eager to make up for their rough behavior, when they had taken him for one of the bushrangers, Reuben related some of his adventures. He told them all about the finding and losing of his companion, Cravenden, and listened to his friends' accounts of their bad luck; postponing the good luck in store for them to the end.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose I must make my official report—though perhaps you will blame me for the results."

"No fear!" rang out the rough voices. "We're too jolly glad to have you back, mate."

Reuben smiled, glad at their trust; then, hurriedly unclasping his precious belt, he flung it down into their midst, and proceeded to unload the rest of his treasure from the various parts of his clothing in which it had been concealed.

"There's a sample of the luck waiting for you," he said, as the men clustered breathlessly around him. Then, briefly, he told them of the Golden Valley, and the two claims he had pegged out.

The men were nearly wild with delight. Their joy and gratitude refused to find adequate expression; and when Reuben wanted them to divide the gold that he had brought with him, they refused, one and all. Jem held a hasty conference with the rest, then returned in a few moments with the belt and packets of gold.

"Jack," he said earnestly, "we've talked it over, and we're all agreed that this gold is yours—every ounce. You worked it; it's more than enough that you brought us the news. We'll be off at dawn with you, if you'll come and dig for ourselves."

Reuben's face flushed and his voice trembled as he grasped his mate's hand. The men's trust in him had touched him deeply. But the division of the gold he insisted on; and, at last, very reluctantly, Jem agreed. Then, excitement making sleep impossible, Reuben gave them the chart, and described the place where he buried the claim to the land.

Dawn broke, and the little camp was struck; but, to the men's dismay, Reuben refused to accompany them. A volley of disappointment met his decision, but all to no purpose. Simply and quietly Reuben told them that he was rich enough for the present, and he left his claim in Jem's charge until he should return.

"I must find my friend," he said firmly, "or revenge his loss; then I

will come on to you. Meanwhile good luck, boys, till we meet again!" Then, with warm handshakes, he set the little band in the right direction for the hills, where lay the Golden Valley; while he himself rode slowly toward Ballarat, drawn thither by a secret impulse impossible to define, and equally impossible to disobey.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

MEANWHILE, leaving Reuben to hold the other members of the gang at bay, Lord Cravenden spurred on his horse, which bore the double burden of himself and what appeared to be the lifeless form of the girl whom he and Reuben had tried so hard to rescue. For a time he dared not stop to examine her more closely, but darted on till he reached a ravine, which, though deep in the hillside and sheltered by overhanging undergrowth, yet commanded a view of the plain. Here he dismounted, and lifted the girl to the ground.

A stream ran through the ravine; and, with eager haste, Lord Cravenden filled the top of his drinking flask with water, and bathed the face of his charge. After a few minutes, the pale lips regained a touch of color, and parted with a sigh, then a pair of sweet eyes turned questioningly upon the face of her preserver. It seemed to give her confidence, for she slipped a small, well-shaped hand into his, with a confiding gesture that sent a thrill through Lord Cravenden's heart.

"You are better?" he said gently. She nodded; then, sitting up weakly, looked around her.

"Are you safe?" she murmured. "Quite safe," replied Lord Cravenden reassuringly. "We must be quite thirty miles away now."

She looked up at him, tears of gratitude welling up in her lovely eyes, so lovely indeed that Lord Cravenden could hardly refrain from gazing into their violet depths.

"You have saved my life," she said. "How brave of you to attack those wretches single-handed!"

Lord Cravenden was about to tell her of Reuben, to whom her rescue was really due, when she gave a cry of horror.

"My father! Wasn't he rescued, too. Didn't you see him?" Lord Cravenden looked at her with intense pity in his eyes. It was evident the poor girl had hardly realized the full extent of her loss.

"I'm afraid I—we saw only you," he said hesitatingly; "but my friend remained behind, perhaps he—"

"No, no," she sobbed; "I saw him shot down. Oh, it was too terrible! I hoped perhaps he had crawled away. What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?"

She sobbed on helplessly, and Lord Cravenden felt the tears rise to his eyes, as he thought of what she had gone through. He let her cry on for a while; then putting a hand gently on the bowed shoulder, he tried to comfort her by his tactful interest.

"Try not to cry—won't you tell me who you are, and where your friends are to be found?"

The girl shook her head in dumb misery.

"I only had him," she moaned; "and now— Oh! if only I had died too! Why did you save me?"

Lord Cravenden was silent from sheer sympathy—he could do nothing, say nothing, to comfort her. Time alone could heal her grief. For a while, he thought it best to let her cry unheeded and unchecked; and presently—almost exhausted—she looked up, when he immediately came over to her.

"Don't think me ungrateful," she said sadly. "It was good and noble of you to rescue me at such risk to yourself—but—"

"I quite understand—it is terrible for you," Lord Cravenden said quickly. "Believe me—I feel it deeply that we were not in time to do more." Again there was silence, during which the girl made a brave attempt to stem her natural sorrow. Presently she put out her hand, which Lord Cravenden clasped tenderly.

A Child Hates Oil, Calomel, Pills For Liver and Bowels

Give "California Syrup of Figs" if cross, sick, feverish, constipated.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

here all my life. So now I am quite alone in the world."

Lord Cravenden's grasp tightened unconsciously on the hand which he had retained. He longed to tell her that she would not long be lonely or uncared for. He gazed on her with intense admiration, and his former hopeless passion for Olive Seymour, which he had striven so hard to kill, died a natural death, never to return to life. Here was a type of womanhood to love and reverence for its strength and fortitude of character, he felt instinctively that the love of such a woman would draw forth the best of his nature.

"My name is Cravenden—Walter Cravenden," he said. "You may be sure I will do all in my power to help you. But first I must take you to your friends."

The girl drew her hand away—in her abstraction she had not noticed how closely he had held it—and sighed wearily.

"I have none," she said. "We were always alone, my father and I. He always said I hadn't a friend in the world except himself, and used to promise to return to England; but now it is too late. I really don't know what to do now, for the nearest homestead to our farm was at least twenty miles away from us, and then the people who owned it were almost strangers. No, there is nothing for me but to work. I am strong—"

Lord Cravenden uttered an exclamation of dismay at the thought; but he said gently: "We will see what is to be done later, Miss Castle; meanwhile, you must be hungry."

"No—I think not—I am too miserable to want anything."

"Yes, I know," he said. "But you must be brave—you have done so splendidly up to now—I will see what I can find in my wallet. But first you must rest."

He took off his coat and put it against the rock behind her back, touching almost reverently the strands of hair which fell over her shoulders in a sheet of living gold. Never in his life had he seen such lovely hair. Mechanically, she twisted it in a huge plait; it was impossible to do more, as hairpins had vanished in the long ride.

Presently Lord Cravenden gathered a few sticks, and made a fire. Over this he hung the small billy which he invariably carried, and boiled some pieces of dried meat, as he had seen Reuben do. When the meal was cooked, he brought it over to Mary, who, as he saw, had been crying again; for the tears still glistened on her lashes, though she strove hard to repress the signs of grief. She looked up at him shyly.

(To be Continued.)

The Famous Canadian Salt Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2% p.c. to 5% p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

William Wilson & Sons (Established 1814.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annular, Lon."

One must wear woolen stockings while skating.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A GOOD SCHOOL DRESS.



1923—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model is nice for serge, gabardine, velvet, taffeta, linen, percale, galatea, shepherd check and plaid suit. In brown or blue serge, with a collar of white poplin or linen, it will be very pleasing. The fronts have square yoke portions. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY DRESSING SACK.



2210—This smart style would be lovely in dotted challis, cool Swiss or dimity, and is also nice for crepe, batiste, lawn and percale. China silk, too, could be used, or crepe de chine, satin or chiffon.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material.

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Marmalade Dishes Cream & Sugar Dishes Cake Baskets Sugar Spoons Pepper and Salts Napkin Rings Epagnes. Jam Spoons Pie Servers Breakfast Cruets, Etc.	Sugar Basins Teapots Coffee Pots Pickle Forks Salvers Butter Dishes Pickle Jars Butter Knives Fruit Knives Biscuit Jars

On the above goods we are giving a Discount of 10 per cent. for Xmas week only

Briar Pipes
Tobacco Pouches
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We always carry large stocks of English and American DRY GOODS.

Headquarters for POUND GOODS.

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WE are still showing a splendid selection of TWEEDS and SERGES.

No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

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One must wear woolen stockings while skating.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier St. John's, Nfld.

The Evening Telegram is the People's Paper

EARLY M

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10. The American Army which is to be sent into battle to make the world safe is rapidly being formed. In the two months since the United States declared a state of war existed with Germany, the army has risen from 2,034 officers and men to 1,539,506 officers and men. This statement has been made by Secretary of War Baker, who declared that no army in the history of the world had ever been raised, equipped or trained so quickly.

The Secretary added that a substantial force of Americans already was in France, and fit for active service, and that full equipment is on hand for every man who will be sent during 1918.

THE GERMAN METHODS.

LONDON, Jan. 10. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Reuter's has received a complete copy of the official proclamation issued by the German Military Government to the inhabitants of the conquered territory of Italy. Placed side by side with General Allenby's proclamation to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, which provided for the carrying on of business as usual, and safeguarding all buildings and the protection of the inhabitants of all lands, the German document affords a high proof of the different manner in which Great Britain and Germany wage war. "A house to house search shall be made for all concealed arms, weapons and ammunition," reads the German proclamation; "all victuals remaining in a house must be delivered to us. Every citizen must obey labor regulations. All workmen and children over fifteen years of age shall work in the fields every day, Sundays included, from four o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. Disobedience will be punished in the following manner: any workmen will be accompanied by their work and watched by Germans. After the harvest they will be imprisoned for six months and every third day will be given nothing but bread and water. Lazy women will be obliged to work and after the harvest will receive six months' imprisonment. Lazy children will be punished by beating. The commandant reserves the right to punish lazy workmen with twenty lashes daily."

FOOD SITUATION SERIOUS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10. Ship losses and crop failures abroad have brought about such a serious food situation in the Allied countries at the U. S. is planning to release for export an additional 90,000,000 bushels of wheat. Although the country's export surplus has been shipped by mid-December, the American people will be asked by the food administration to cut their consumption to make up the amount to be exported. Unless they do this the situation is threatened with a flour shortage in May, before the new wheat crop is harvested in June. The food administration is considering legislation to make the saving of wheat compulsory, and has approved a bill drawn by Representative Lever for the food control bill, to enforce wheatless days. Proposals for mixed flours and for a form of war bread of mixed grains, are under consideration as the possible measures to reduce the use of what is preparation. The food administration has decided to purchase in May, before the new wheat crop is harvested in June, the food administration is considering legislation to make the saving of wheat compulsory, and has approved a bill drawn by Representative Lever for the food control bill, to enforce wheatless days. Proposals for mixed flours and for a form of war bread of mixed grains, are under consideration as the possible measures to reduce the use of what is preparation. The food administration has decided to purchase in May, before the new wheat crop is harvested in June, the food administration is considering legislation to make the saving of wheat compulsory, and has approved a bill drawn by Representative Lever for the food control bill, to enforce wheatless days. Proposals for mixed flours and for a form of war bread of mixed grains, are under consideration as the possible measures to reduce the use of what is preparation.

Lemons Whiten and Beautify the Skin! Make Cheap Lotion

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a most effective skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a full jar of the ordinary cold cream. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then a lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice mixed with bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and and is the ideal skin softener, soother and beautifier. Just try it! Make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the hidden roses and purity of any skin. It is wonderful for rough, red hands. Your druggist will sell three ounces of orchard white at little cost, and a grocer will supply the lemons.

The Wellington THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

PUT your good tobacco into a good pipe—a Wellington Pipe. The well catches the moisture. All you draw through the stem is clean, sweet, dry smoke. Every Wellington bears the W.D.C. triangle trademark—mark of pipe quality—sign of good French briar, well seasoned. All shapes and sizes, 75 cents and up. Pick yours.

WM. DEMUTH & CO. New York