CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

— OR —

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XL.

The night express from Ashford up to London, on one cold blustering March night, carried with it, in a compartment of which he was the sole occupant, a tall grave-looking man in a long fur-lined coat, who leaned back in his corner with an expression of deep thought on his face.

Two hours before, the evening mail had brought to Stephen Daunt, among other letters, a little note—two hasty lines written with trembling fingers, which seemed as if they could hardly guide the pen, and the words of the blotted scrawl were these:

"Come to me without delay. I am dying; there is no time to lose, and I have much to tell you."

The note was signed with one word—"Sibyl"—and it bore the address from which it had been written, an obscure street in an obscure part of Paris.

Stephen had lost no time in obeying the summons; a note to his father and a few lines to Sidney, who, with Agnes Burton, was spending a few days at Lambswold, were hastily written and dispatched; and half an hour after the post had come in Stephen was driving swiftly through the blustering March night toward the station, and within an hour he was on his way to town.

Leaning back in the corner of the carriage as the train sped on, he had leisure to think as to what the summons might be. For some weeks now Lloyd Milner and Hopgood had been prosecuting an active and eager search for the writer of that note; but they had grown to despair of the result. So long a time had elapsed since she had fled from Rutledge Hall that their chance of finding her was a very small one. She had left no trace behind of the route she had taken or whither she had fled, and the general opinion at the time had been that she had fled with Frank—a belief which had doubtless facilitated their flight in a great degree, since every inquiry made had been made under its influence. It was only Frank's assurance to Sidney that he had fled alone which had given them the first intimation that they had been deceived, and it was Lloyd Milner who had first decided that it was imperative, if possible, at any cost, to discover Sibyl Rutledge's whereabouts. And yet, keen as had been their search, bright as had been the intelligence brought to bear upon it, unsparing of money as the searchers had been, all had been in vain; and the very same post which had brought Sibyl's appeal had brought a dejected epistle from Lloyd detailing their non-success.

More than once in the dimly-lighted solitude of the railway carriage, Stephen Daunt took from his pocket the crumpled, blotted slip of paper, written so shakily that it was almost illegible.

To what bitter straits had the writer been brought? he wondered. How had she lived during those two long years and more? What had she to say to him? What confession had she to make, so important that she could not die in peace until it was made? What light was going to be thrown on the affair which had been so long involved in blackest, darkest night?

Frank Greville had never for a moment wavered in his assurance that he had never seen Sibyl Rutledge after he had seen her leave the ball with Stephen; and in this he was evidently sincere. That she had returned home the servant's evidence had proved at the coroner's inquest, and that she had fled was beyond a doubt. Conjecture after conjecture passed through Stephen Daunt's brain, following each other almost as rapidly as the train sped through the wintery-looking country in the stormy blustering March night.

The moon was at its full, shedding a flood of silver light on the bare trees, which spring had not yet begun to clothe with her tender green dress, on the quiet houses and deserted fields. Ever and again a cloud blew across her silvery face, blotting it out for a few moments; then, as the cloud which had obscured her scudded onward again, she shone forth once more in all her beauty.

It was in the darkest hour—that just before dawn—that the train glided into the station at Paddington; and Stephen eager eyes peering out into the station saw Lloyd Milner waiting there, wrapped in a long ulster, his face fresh and unwearied, as if he had not spent the day in harassing work and the night hours in useless conjecture.

"You got my telegram?" Stephen said, as they shook hands and stood for a moment together in the bleak bare-looking station. "But that is a useless question. Of course you did, since you are here. Did you find out for me what I want to know?"

"Yes," answered the young barrister in his usual quiet tone. "We leave Charing Cross at nine. It is now four," he added, taking up Stephen's travelling-bag. "Shall we drive straight there and get a bath and breakfast at the hotel, or will you prefer to go to bed for a few hours?"

"We will drive to Charing Cross," Stephen answered; and the next minute they were driving through the quiet, deserted streets of the great sleeping city, and Stephen was telling his friend of the note he had received and the urgent summons it contained.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, the mystery will soon be solved now," Lloyd said thoughtfully. "I cannot think how we have all been so dense as not even to suspect the truth."

"We seem to have taken poor Greville's guilt for granted," remarked Stephen sadly. "Lloyd, what a terrible fate his has been, to lose all he held dearest on earth and to live a dog's life so long!"

"According to all accounts, he did not prize what he lost so much as you think he did," Lloyd Milner returned dryly. "If you will persist in believing in his love for Sidney, I think she herself has long ceased to do so. A man who passionately loves the woman he is engaged to is hardly ready to run away with another."

"It was a momentary infatuation," said Stephen gravely. "I think in his heart he always loved Sidney best. And that is not so much the question as her love for him."

"You know my opinion on that point," Lloyd answered coolly. "Your wife has cared for you for a long time now, even if she has not always done so, which I rather doubt."

"She loved me, and believed me guilty," said Stephen bitterly and incredulously—"perhaps believes me so still!"

"And loves you notwithstanding her belief. I think even you, Stephen, will hardly quarrel with such a love as that."

The tidal train to Folkestone carried no more eager travellers on that March morning that Stephen Daunt and his friend; and all through the rough passage across the Channel they smoked their pipes on the deck of the steamer, to the envy of the rest of the passengers in the agonies of mal de mar. And soon after midday they were on their way to Paris, flying through the uninteresting country at a steady speed, which if not quite so swift as the express they were most accustomed to, yet took them rapidly toward the gay and brilliant city whither they were bound.

"We will not wait to rest," Daunt said, when they alighted from the train on arrival. "We had better go at once to the address she has given us. There is not a moment to be lost, and Heaven grant that we may not be too late!"

The driver of the fiacre looked somewhat puzzled when Stephen gave him the address which Sibyl had written with such a trembling hand; but with a shrug of his shoulders, he drove away along the gay boulevards, with their light-hearted promenaders, passing the cafes already gayly lighted up and full of careless idlers, the gay and tempting shops.

The two young men were very silent. Stephen's thoughts had wandered back to his last visit to Paris with Sidney. They had then been only a few weeks married, but already the estrangement had begun which had gone on increasing until now there was a gulf between them which apparently nothing could bridge over. Ah, would the time ever come when the husband and wife would be to each other all that marriage meant them to be, when they would be all in all to each other?

Lloyd had, in his intense interest in the object of their visit to Paris, forgotten all else. Even his blue-eyed little sweetheart, the thought of whom was generally paramount, was not remembered now.

(To be continued.)

To End Severe Cough Quickly, Try This

For real results, this old home-made remedy beats them all. Easily prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Premier Hertzog Declares Session Would be Fatal

CAPE TOWN, South Africa, Nov. 17—The question of South Africa withdrawing from the British Empire some time was touched up by Premier Hertzog in a speech at Astron, Orange Free State, recently. He said that although the Nationalists (of which party Premier Hertzog is leader) had won the right for the country to secede from the Empire the Nationalists knew that such a step would be fatal.

South Africa would exercise the right to draw out of the Empire, Hertzog said, as soon as it became apparent that it was not in her interest to remain in the Empire. In any case, he assured the audience, the right of secession would not be exercised until the sentiments of both the English speaking and Dutch speaking inhabitants were agreed in the matter.

BORROWED MONEY.

WALT MASON

Once I borrowed seven dollars from James Whiskers Dinkelspiel, for I needed shirts and collars and a haircut and a meal. In due season I returned it, every kopeck, every groat; in the sweat of toil I earned it, loading stone upon a boat. In those days my luck was beastly, failure haunted my abode, and my language wasn't priestly when I sized up what I owed. So I borrowed seven smackers from James Whiskers Dinkelspiel, and I bought nine pounds of crackers and a yard of breaded veal. Since that epoch I have flourished, I have rubles in a tub, I am tailored, I am nourished on the best of costly grub. I'm as solvent as the banker, and as dignified to boot; I admit I gently hanker to be looked on as a plute. But old Dinkelspiel is dwelling in the town where I abide, and he spends the long days telling one sad tale that jars my pride. "Who would think," I hear him saying, "that this niftiest of lads once came to me, humbly praying for the loan of seven scads? Who would think, to see him crusted with a wealth of precious stones, that he once came to me busted, asking me for seven bones? Who would think that one so stately, garbed in precious reds and greens, pleaded till he moved me greatly for a loan of seven beans?" All the joy of my existence is converted into woe by his tale of the assistance he afforded long ago. Countless lives would be more sunny, countless joys would longer last, but for tales of borrowed money dug up from a rancid past.

Just Folks.

By EDGAE GUEST.

UNCHANGEABLE MANHOOD.

These to the end of time shall mark
the man;
Courage to face the changing tides
of life;
The will to meet and bear his share
of strife
And wrest from it what victory he can.

Custom and fashion may make new
demands,
But honest laughter and the cheerful smile
Shall, to the world's last hour, remain in style,
And men shall love the mind which understands.

The gentleman shall always gentle be
Whatever laws the government may make,
These things shall stand till life's last thread shall break:
Honor, and faith and mirth and courtesy.

A thousand years from now though life seems strange,
He shall be loved who brothers when he can,
A noble spirit shall proclaim the man,
For what is truly noble cannot change.

"Two heads are better than one," so vote for FANNIE McNEIL and MAY KENNEDY.
nov28,tf

Personals

(Nfld. Weekly, Boston).

We were glad to welcome at the office of the "Weekly" during the past week:

Ray Elliott, son of Mr. Don Elliott, buyer for Geo. Barr, Ltd., of St. John's, and formerly of Burin. Mr. Elliott came to Boston about a year ago and is employed with C. F. Hathaway & Sons, wholesale bakers.

His mother is staying with him in Waverly.

Donald Wilcox, formerly of Brigus, C.B., who has been living in Hartford, Conn., for the past five years. Mr. Wilcox left for Newfoundland on Tuesday on a visit to his old home.

Miss Alice O'Brien, stenographer with Leo Carter, of St. John's, who left there in September on a vacation trip in New York, where she remained until a few days ago. On Saturday she reached Boston and has been visiting relatives at Cambridge. Miss O'Brien enjoyed her visit to New York, but would not care to make it a place of continued residence. She is booked to sail by the Sachem to-day.

Send your friends in England a copy of The Newfoundland Wembley Souvenir Booklet. Over 30 pages of Wembley and Newfoundland views.
nov14,6i,eod

The Sticking Plaster Disease

Does the use of ordinary surgeon's plaster afflict you with a painful skin disease? Although such supersensibility is rare, it is not unknown, as perhaps some of our readers can testify. A German physician now asserts that one patient in every hundred is irritated instead of soothed by the application of sticking plaster. Says a writer in The Lancet (London):

"In the course of a year the medical profession uses many miles of sticking-plaster on patients of all ages and conditions. It is therefore disconcerting to read an article by Dr. H. W. Siemens in the Munich Medical Weekly, in which he states that 1 per cent. of persons have an idiosyncrasy that makes the homely sticking-plaster an enemy. Rashes, blisters, eczemas appear from its use that may last a month and give severe trouble. The offending substance is 'dammar' resin, that comes from the sap of one of the evergreens and is the favorite mucilage of plaster manufacturers. The irritation is not an acid one, for the resin acids have been proved harmless when tried by themselves.

Dr. Siemens found three cases of individual susceptibility, and tested them with all sorts of sticky substances. The dammar resin introduced into the arm, produced an erythema after twenty-four hours that was still more marked after forty-eight. He tested his first two subjects again after three and a half and four months; the first showed less tendency to react and the second much more. In the third case, a college student, twenty-four years old, tests with various resins and their derivatives, repeated after three weeks, showed a slight reaction of dammar and plaster, and none to other substances. To quote further:

"Dr. Siemens finds that this idiosyncrasy is not related to eczema. It would be interesting to know if any parallel results are forthcoming in this country. The subject should certainly be investigated further, since if the 1 per cent. incidence that Bloch demonstrated is uniform, many cases must occur that are not traced to their real cause. Dr. Siemens is still doubtful about the exact nature of this idiosyncrasy, and the fluctuations, which he demonstrated in his first and second cases, warn us against accepting it immediately as constitutional. The experiments remind us that skin diseases as a whole is an obscure subject."

"I don't understand why I should be so tired in the mornings."

"ARE you often that way?"

"Why, for months I have felt wretched every morning. And it is not because I do not go to bed early enough."

"How do you sleep?"

"Not very well. Lots of nights I lie awake for hours, restless and fidgetty, thinking about everything, but not resting or sleeping."

"Have you consulted a doctor?"

"Yes. The doctor says I am anaemic; the blood is thin and watery, and the nervous system run down for want of proper nutrition."

"Are you taking any medicine?"

"No, not now; he gave me some tablets to make me sleep, but I had to keep on taking them, and I could not see that they were of any lasting benefit. I don't like drugging myself that way."

"Why don't you try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"I don't know just why, unless it is because I thought it was only for the nerves, whereas what I need is something to enrich the blood."

"Well, that is exactly what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. It is only by enriching the blood that you can restore exhausted nerves."

"Perhaps I should try it.

"I certainly would if I were you, for I know it is wonderful the way it helps some people who are anaemic and generally run down in health."

"I have no appetite, you know, and what I do eat does not seem to go to the improvement of the blood. When one gets in that condition it is most discouraging. This is why I have such blue days sometimes, and I do hope the Nerve Food will help me."

"I am sure you will not be disappointed, and if I were you I would not lose a day before getting started with this treatment."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 60c a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.

King Tut's Beauty Secrets

Beauty secrets have been found in some strange circumstances and in strange places, but no cosmetic can have a more romantic history than one which may in a few months' time be placed at the disposal of the young ladies of to-day.

It was recently stated by Mr. Howard Carter that among the objects found in the tomb of Tutankhamen was a cosmetic vase. The cosmetic it contained was still plastic and fragrant, and it was hoped that it could be reproduced.

Mr. Carter expressed his confidence that this 3,000-year-old beauty secret would be useful to the ladies of the present generation.

Among other discoveries made in the Valley of the Kings recently are some lamps made of translucent alabaster. So that the very latest in modern lighting luxury—the alabaster electric lamp—was in a measure anticipated by the Egyptians over a thousand years B.C.

One Out of Every 285 Crazy in B. C.

VICTORIA, B.C., Nov. 19.—(C.P.)—People of British Columbia are caring for, in mental hospitals and asylums, one mentally defective person for every 285 of population, according to figures announced in the Legislature Wednesday, by Hon. W. Sloan, Provincial Secretary, who spoke to his resolution to authorize the appointment of a special committee of the Legislature to investigate the situation regarding the increase in mental defectives. He declared that the increase in the number of defectives since 1872 had been all out of proportion to the increase in population.

Girl's Claim for Loss of Her Hair

GENEVA, Nov. 14.—A very remarkable case of mistaken identity is reported here when Fraulein Maria Seeger, a beautiful sixteen-year-old girl, with long black hair, was arrested, imprisoned, and accused of fraud.

The police, in order to obtain a "confession," handcuffed Fraulein Seeger, and cut off her luxuriant tresses. The girl fought like a tigress, and it took six gendarmes to hold her during the operation.

Later, however, the police discovered that it was a case of mistaken identity and released her. Fraulein Seeger now claims £3,000 damages for the loss of her hair and injuries to her hands.

The Annual Collection for the Christian Brothers, will be next Sunday.—nov23,6i

Revel in Radiola Melody

INVITE all the folks down to your home and entertain them with a Radiola concert. Tune in on the powerful broadcasting stations. Listen to the vocal numbers. Dance to the music.

It requires just a turn of the dials to tune in on any Radiola. All Radiolas are simply constructed.

You do not have to fuss around with them. For Radiolas are the dependable receivers made by the world-famous Radio Corporation of America.

Our representatives will gladly answer your questions about Radiolas. You are invited to communicate with them.

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