

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 *Wm. D. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER — OR — THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER XII.

"Have you seen Viscount Melville, Sir George?" he asked. "My master wishes to speak to him—my master wants Mr. Edmund sent for at once."

"No, Peters, I have not seen him, but he cannot be far away," replied the baronet. "I hope that Mr. Locksley's headache is better."

"On the contrary, Sir George, it is much worse, and I fear that he is going to have another bad attack: it is always preceded by a headache. He seems to have something on his mind, and says that he must see Mr. Edmund. He wants his address, and insists that I send a telegram with my own hands to him."

"I am sorry to hear this," said Sir George, sympathetically. "Had there been the viscount. I hear his voice in the conservatory."

The valet hurried away, and the baronet's thoughts reverted to the moment and the will.

"At all events," he growled, "I am not so brutal that I would kill a man in cold blood, and I mean to see fair play here. Pshaw! Ailing men live long, and what harm can come to Locksley, surrounded as he is by servants? He will live to thwart every scheme of Melville's."

He strolled into the grounds again, and, after an hour's cogitation, rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"I will have it," he said, "I will have it this very night. I care not what risk I run. I cannot descend any lower than I am now. A paper on the bounty of a child who despises me? Curse it! What man of spirit can stand it! I am of a low and brutal nature, and my next tele-tele with my beloved nephew will be a painful one for him. Oh, what joy it

would be to bring him to his knees, and treat him to a little of my brutal nature! I will never forgive him—I will never forgive my daughter for the contemptuous way in which they spoke of me—for the way in which they hope to treat me. Ha! ha!"

An hour after midnight there was a light in the library, and Sir George opened the big iron safe with little difficulty. It was only of a common old-fashioned make, and by taking its number to the maker he had succeeded in getting the keys that fitted it. A hurried search revealed nothing of importance, and he was turning away with an oath on his lips, when his eyes fell upon a small brass-bound notebook.

To seize it, and close the door of the safe, was the work of a moment, and, carefully turning down the light of the lamp he carried, he returned quietly to his room.

CHAPTER XIV.

Locksley was back at Greely's Hotel before five o'clock, and found Dora anxiously awaiting him.

"It is all right, little woman," he smiled cheerfully. "I have seen your old governess, and like her very much. She is quite overcome by the prospect of seeing you, and I can trust you in her keeping with confidence. The world has used her very badly of late and we must do something for her by and by. You are to go to Fulham this evening, and then I shall work with a will to bring your father on the scene."

Dora looked at him gratefully, and Edmund continued:

"And, after I have done all that, suppose Lord Morden refuses to let

me have you? You see, Dora, I have no title, and I am not very rich."

The bare possibility caused her eyes to dilate, then she clung to him fondly, saying:

"I would marry you in spite of a hundred fathers, my dear love!"

"What, and run away again?"

"A hundred times, if need be!"

"Well, as the first flight is not yet at an end, you must be ready to continue it at seven o'clock."

He did not tell her of the news he had received from Lady Clare; indeed, he had almost forgotten it, in his belief that one great difficulty had been surmounted.

It was growing dark when they left the hotel, and were taken to Fulham in the same cab that had already created so much envious excitement among the denizens of Ladyville road.

At the corner of Wilde street a tall man happened to glance at the cab and its occupants, as it flashed by.

He started, and an exclamation of pleasure escaped him. It was impossible to overtake the cab, but it was not impossible to see the number, and he rapidly transferred this to his notebook.

Meanwhile, Locksley and Dora proceeded on their way, and once more the elegant cab rattled through Ladyville road, but it was too dark for the neighbors to see what really took place, and they greatly exaggerated things accordingly.

The meeting of Dora and Madam Bell was one of genuine sympathy and affection, and that happy evening lived in the hearts of both women as long as life lasted.

The little parlor had been brightened up in honor of Dora's visit, and Locksley found it hard to tear himself away, after keeping the cab waiting for nearly two hours!

The exact time to a minute was ticked off by Mrs. Zellovly's clock!

"I shall come to see you every day, my darling," he whispered in the tiny hall, beyond the inquisitive eyes and ears of Matilda. "I shall come every day until—something happens," he added. "Until there is some result to the task I have set myself."

He strained her tender form tightly to his throbbing heart.

"I seem to love you more with every passing hour, little woman. Heaven watch over you while I am away, is my prayer!"

Dora returned his passionate kiss with all the warmth of her fond nature, and then she was aware that the cab was bearing away all that she loved best in the whole world.

Locksley went to bed early, a sense of oppression weighing upon heart and brain. He attributed this to the unkindness—to the eccentricity of his father, and, much as it pained him to combat his parent's wishes, he was angrier than he cared to admit to himself.

"I will not go to him until he sends for me," he decided; "I will not have my life dominated by a man of Melville's caliber. I have tolerated him, and his espionage, because he has seemed so devoted to my father, and it maddens me to believe that he is in some way connected with a part of which my poor father is ashamed."

He breakfasted at eight o'clock in a private coffee-room, and consulted the personal column of the Daily Telegraph.

He was glad to find that no advertisement or announcement was published concerning Dora's flight or abduction, whatever Mr. Marlowe and Esther cared to term it, and he became interested in a notice which read in this way:

Private Detective Hancox, late of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard, may be consulted daily, from 10 a.m. to noon, upon all matters which require secrecy and dispatch. Twenty-five years' experience. Agents in every part of the civilized world. Specially patronized by the nobility. Address: Detective, Hancox, 223 Fitzroy Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

The words "specially patronized by the nobility," attracted the attention of Locksley, or he might have passed on to a dozen more similar announcements.

"And why patronized by the nobility?" he mused. "Humph! I suppose it is merely advertising clap-trap."

He threw the paper aside, but a few minutes later returned to the advertisement, and copied Mr. Detective Hancox's address on the cuff of his shirt sleeve.

(To be continued.)

ALL OVER NEWFOUNDLAND

PURITY CONDENSED MILK

In town and country, on land and sea, in homes rich and poor, Purity Condensed Milk is in daily use. For cooking and for use in Coffee and Cocoa it is universally favored. Keep a supply in the house and you'll never be short of "milk and sugar," for Purity is both.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

SPEAKING OF DREAMS.

"I dreamed a dream and I dreamed that the dream was true."

What queer things dreams are! And how fascinating! I am always a bit sorry for people who say with such pride that they never dream. It seems to me that they miss an experience that, sometimes annoying, is always interesting.

I like my dreams. If they are disagreeable there is always the joy of waking up and finding they are not true. And it is my experience (which I imagine is shared since I realize that practically all experiences are shared by some at least of our fellow beings) that when I am dreaming something particularly unpleasant I often have the feeling that this must be a dream. I have even gone so far

as to dream that I waked up and told the dream.

Dreams That Persist.

Another experience I have had is to dream a thing so vividly that the subconscious impression still remained after I waked up. What I mean is this: I have dreamed that I had some gift, perhaps, and during the day have found myself thinking of that gift as a reality and then suddenly realizing that it was only in my dream that I had it. . . . Or I have dreamed that something very nice had happened and have found myself feeling happy on that account. Once I even went so far as to look for something I dreamed I had bought, and just the other day I was trying to remember that nice new way to do my hair, and presently I realized I had dreamed about it.

Another dream experience that I have found by comparing notes is shared by others, is that when I dream of swimming I always swim with perfect ease, and make the most tremendous progress through the water. If I could swim with the ease and speed I show in my dreams I should unquestionably win the international championship. And yet how often when we dream we are walking somewhere (especially if we are in a hurry) we have the sense of being held back and not being able to walk half so fast as we naturally could.

Do You Swim In Your Spring Dreams? If I had no other way of knowing that spring was coming I should always know it by one thing, and that is that as we come towards the end of the winter I begin to dream of swimming. I suppose it is my eagerness to get back into the water this expressing itself through my subconscious mind. I wonder if other water lovers have the same experience?

Dreams are queer and fascinating things. The psychologists claim that we can find out more about ourselves by tracing our dreams back to their sources in some hidden desire than any other way. It is easy to believe that. But not easy to believe their further contention that all the desires are of just one nature. I cannot believe that our subconscious mind has only one preoccupation. Sex is a large part of life but I cannot think it is the whole.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THE GARDEN AND LIFE.

About this time of year I take The catalogue the seed men make And eagerly I run it through In search of blossoms, old or new, Intent on finding something fine To plant within my summer beds of mine.

That garden is my number one Where grow the plants I love the most. From spring to fall friends come to see The beauty of each plant and tree, And very proud am I to show Each lovely thing I've caused to grow.

Each year I find my garden space Richer in loveliness and grace. New plants I've added round about. Some that have failed I've taken out And by a sense of pride I'm moved To know that garden I've improved.

Yet with my life I rush along And little think of right or wrong. But little time I take to plan To make myself a fairer man. I seldom hunt for splendors new, As honest gardeners always do.

I seldom see that barren space Or life which I could fill with grace. Or think to part old faults away To put in something bright and gay. My garden yearly I improve, But live my life within a groove.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN.

You can have the new fashionably smooth arrangement for the fluffiest hair

THE newest hair arrangements—whether for long or for bobbed hair—are severely smooth. The hair may be waved, but it must follow closely the outlines of the head. The difficulties of giving this fashionably smooth appearance to unruly hair are easily overcome with Stacombe.

Just a touch of this delicate cream—and your hair will lie just the way you want it. And it will have a lovelier gloss, too. You can get Stacombe at all drug and department stores—in jars or in tubes.

Stacombe MAKES THE HAIR STAY COMBED

At all Drug and Department Stores,
GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

Anaemic—Nervous

The anaemic child is in no condition to stand the mental and nervous strain of school work and examinations, along with the enormous burden which physiological changes put upon the system at this time of life.

The importance of good, robust health during this critical period cannot be sufficiently emphasized. It may mean the difference between invalidism and health throughout a lifetime.

Fortunately this condition responds promptly to restorative treatment and the results obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food have proven beyond doubt its suitability in such cases.

Mrs. Archie Martelle, Cornwall, Ont., writes:—
"My daughter, while attending school, was sick for two years, and had to be kept home. She had nervous trouble, and was under the doctor's care, but he did not seem to do her much good. She was very thin, restless, and hardly ate anything. Her complexion became sallow. I began giving her Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it did her the world of good. Her improvement was gradual, but it was not very long before she was quite herself again. I cannot recommend this treatment too highly."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60 cts. a box all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., LTD., TORONTO.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

A WONDER VALU ALUMINUM WARE

A good selection of 99 p.c. Pure Aluminum Ware the wanted sizes that will sell like wildfire. A sensational purchase allows a gigantic price reduction on wonderful bargain.

Aluminum Fry Pans.
Guaranteed first quality; one piece Aluminum.
Each, \$1.25

Enameled Preserve Kettles.
A preserving kettle of this quality will perform its many duties for years—Get one at a price.
Each, 75c. 89c. \$1.98, \$2.49

Aluminum Percolators.
Made of strong thick Aluminum in the popular paneled "Colonial" design. A superior. Glass tops, enameled cool handles. You'll save in the purchase of one.
Each, \$1.98 & \$2.49

Aluminum Combination Roasters.
Another Aluminum kitchen necessity that is always bright and clean. No seams to catch dirt and grease; strong steel handles. Self-basting cover that firmly clamps into place.
Each, \$1.98 & \$2.49

Tin Dairy Pans.
Here are heavy, refined pans several sizes; good strong pans, made, at a specially low price.
Each, 15c. 18c.

Covered Convex Kettles.
High grade, highly polished, convex paneled, strong wire ball, wood handle, domed polished cover. A preserving time necessity that is useful the year round.
Each, \$2.10

Aluminum Dish Pans.
Deep style, made of heavy Aluminum with no seams. A superior article for constant use. It will pay you to invest in one of these pans.
Each, \$1.79

Aluminum Preserving Kettles.
Deep shape and highly polished outside. A kettle much preferred by housewives.
Each, \$1.79

Aluminum Convex Saucepans.
These Saucepans are made of Aluminum with tight fitting covers. They have the popular oval shaped cool hollow handles. Now is your chance to get one of these at a big reduction.
Each, \$1.79

Aluminum Convex Saucepans.
Every kitchen should have several of these highly polished Aluminum Saucepans, useful, sanitary, serviceable.
Each, \$1.79

Pure Aluminum Water Pitchers.
At last—a water pitcher that won't break, made of high quality aluminum polished outside, bright sun-ray finish inside. The handle is strongly riveted. A lifetime of use in one of these.
Each, \$1.49

Enameled Tea Kettles.
The "constant" simmering on the stove demand a kettle of extra quality enamel. These are stamped from one piece of steel.
Each, 89c.

HERE'S A WHOPPING BARGAIN!
White Enameled Dish Pans.
Get yours before they are all gone! Big Size—Big Value—Big Quality. You can't beat this combination.
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