

Children Cry for



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THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER IV.

Clarence Clifford hesitated, but deciding that it was best to accept, spoke his thanks, and accompanied the man to the public house.

A glass of cordial was placed before each, and the man, dispatching his, leaned against the counter to contemplate the young gentleman at leisure.

"Rather slow with that sip," he commented, as Clarence Clifford, unused to the fiery liquid, slowly and gravely disposed of it. "Not quite in your line. Hem! you want employment. It's astonishing what a lot do. No offense, I like your style, it's open and aboveboard. Sorry I cannot do anything for you."

He said the last words in the most decided way, but there was a certain trembling in the eye that rather belied them.

Clarence Clifford inclined his head sadly.

"No," he said. "I owe you a kindly service already," and he touched the empty glass.

"Which you took like medicine, to oblige me," grinned the sharp man of business.

Mr. Clifford colored.

"Do not think me ungrateful," he said, with a smile. "I know a kind deed, however well it is disguised, and you cannot help me farther."

"Well, I can," retorted the man, slapping the counter, "and I will, for, as I said, I like your cut; I know the real thing when I see it, and—ah!"—breaking off suddenly. "My name is Jeremiah Walker. I'm a Yankee. Didn't notice the drawl? Well, it's only idiots as think every American sings through his nose. I'm a Yankee and I'm ready to do business with anybody—I'll do business with you. What have you got to sell?"

Entering into the spirit of the sharp, keen nature and eccentric manner of the speaker, Mr. Clifford answered, readily:

"A knowledge of bookkeeping, four languages, and a persevering industry."

"Darned salable goods, if you can find the market," retorted Mr. Walker. "Where't the samples—in other words, credentials, character and that sort of thing?"

Mr. Clifford shook his head gravely. "I haven't them," he said. "I am no felon, but an honorable man, a martyr to fate."

The Yankee stared; his companion's face had lit up with fire, and his voice was trembling, quivering, rather, with a sense of his wrongs.

"Hem!" he muttered, commencing a fresh straw and tasting it deliberately. "Martyrs ain't in my line, there's too much novelty about them. But,"

he added, with sudden cheeriness, "novelty is well worth having sometimes. Come, I'll bid. Bookkeeping, four languages, industry. I'll give you plenty of work, a pound a week in fact, a trial. I'd make it better, give you trust, but you see there's no samples."

Clarence Clifford's eyes lit up.

"I accept," he said. "And I ask for no trust. Till I have earned your confidence, withhold it."

"That's all aboveboard, then," said the Yankee. "And now, we'll clear out."

Very much like a man in a dream, in spite of the matter-of-fact proceedings, Clarence Clifford followed his new employer, and was led to his office at the farther end of the road.

"Now," said Mr. Walker, seating himself upon a high stool and turning on the gas, for it was too dark in the small room to see anything until he had done so. "Now, see here. I'm a merchant. I buy—anything—concentrinas to Peruvian bark. Those loads of hay are mine. I bought 'em cheap. I buy everything cheap. That's my line. A man's in difficulties, no matter if he's a tobaccoist or a large city swell. He's got goods, but he wants money, wants it sharp. In the ordinary way it would take a month or two months to turn those goods into cash, perhaps he wants it transacted on the quiet. Well, he thinks, Jeremiah Walker's my man. He'll cut it close, but the money will be in his waistcoat pocket. You see? I buy 'em—cigars, silks, Peruvian bark—no matter, cheap. I've got a market and I sell 'em, not dear, because nobody 'ud buy 'em, but cheap, too. Between the two cheats, I clear the profit; do you see?"

Clarence Clifford nodded, rather sadly.

He rose and took up his hat.

"Sir," he said, gravely, "I am an honest man. I will not repay your kindness by robbing you. I should not be worth one half the money you offered me. I know nothing of the world, I should injure instead of assisting you."

Mr. Walker heard him out and made a gesture toward the chair.

"Sit down, it's all right. Now listen. I'm Jeremiah Walker, that's what I am, Jeremiah Walker, as sharp as most men and not to be done. But I'm not a gentleman, not a swell. That's where it's agin' me. Your grandee in carpet slippers and fly-away dressing gown objects to having anything to do with plain J. W. J. W. ain't fine and flummery enough. Your fine gentleman wants another gentleman to deal with. Now you—well, I know the article when I see

it, you're a gentleman. Any idiot can see that. I want a gentleman. I want to get at the highfliers. I want a man that can write a gentlemanly hand—not a clerk, mind you—but a regular, downright gentlemanly letter, with the regular ring about it. Look here, here's a letter"—and he took one from the jumbled-up heap. "Read that."

Clarence Clifford read it.

"Well, sir?"

"Now answer it. I want the things he offers, but I won't give him his price; but if he will get me the introduction to the house he mentions at the bottom, there, I'll give him so much. See?"

Clarence Clifford nodded and took the stool which Mr. Walker vacated. He wrote an answer and handed it to his strange employer.

"Read it yourself," said Mr. Walker, with a wave of his hand.

Clarence Clifford read it with composed gravity.

"That's it!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Walker, banging the desk. "That's it, that's what I want, and what I am ready to pay for. Is it a bargain?"

The young man took the hand held out to him with gratitude.

"Done," said Mr. Walker, decisively. "Now you shall feed and then we'll go to work. Mind, no cash for the present. I don't trust you, you know."

"I am content," said the whiffling tutor, simply.

Mr. Walker rang a bell, and dispatched the shock-headed lad who answered it to the neighboring eating house.

He returned soon, followed by a waiter, with a pile of dishes.

"I stand treat to-day," said Mr. Walker, as the plates were spread out, and revealed some slices of beef, potatoes and bread. "Here's to our mutual understanding."

With all his outward gravity and composure the young man was too feverish to eat much, but fearing to offend or hurt his new kind-hearted employer, he made an effort and ate what he could, rising when he had finished and looking towards the desk.

Mr. Walker, who seemed not a whit less sharp after dinner than before, explained what he wanted done with the heap of letters, gave Clarence Clifford a ledger to make up, and went off, returning to put his head in at the door and nod, saying, dryly:

"There's nothing you can make off with so I don't mind leaving you."

Clarence Clifford looked round. So here he was to find the antidote to all his griefs! Here in this dim gas oven to bury his troubled past, to bury it under a load of ledger figures and business correspondence!

He sighed—what young heart would not have sighed in contemplating such a prospect?—and trying hard to feel grateful to the Providence which had thrown him this boon, had saved him from starvation in the streets, he took up a pen and set to work.

He worked till six. At that hour Mr. Walker came in, provided with a fresh straw and with a decided cock to the brim of his hat.

"Well, how goes it?" he said, scanning the letters. "All answered?"

"And the ledger cast so far," and the secretary showed his handiwork.

Mr. Walker nodded complacently.

"Twill do," said he; "six o'clock and business is over; put the things in that desk and go and play."

Mr. Clifford smiled at the joke.

"I have no playground."

"Then go and sleep," retorted Mr. Walker.

"I have no bed, as yet," said Clarence.

"Come along, we'll find, or, rather, buy one," said the Yankee, and side by side employer and employed left the office.

"Have you sold the hay, sir?" asked the younger man, seeing as they passed the square that the carts had disappeared.

"Rather," said Mr. Walker, with a wink. "And well, too. Large cab proprietor snuffing round the hay for three mortal hours and trying to beat me down. 'I'll give you so much,' says he. 'No, thank you; if the hay ain't sold at my price I'm going to have a bonfire down at my place in the country.' Lots o' children," says I, 'give 'em a treat.' That frightened him. 'Here you are, and be hanged to you!' says he. 'You've sold the hay and me, too, I expect.' 'Well,' says I, 'one's gone cheap anyhow!' That tickled him and we wound up with a comfortable glass."

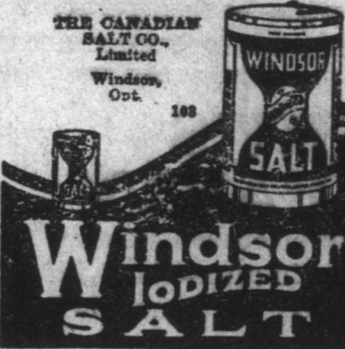
(To be continued.)

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Dramas in the Dark

ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND.

Adventurous people, exploring underground passages and deserted mines, often get themselves into dangerous positions.

Only the other day a young man had an unpleasant experience while exploring the underground passages with which Paris is honeycombed. He went down by himself and got lost in the labyrinth of tunnels. It was 24 hours before he was found by a search party, sitting down by his lantern tired out with his efforts to reach safety.

The deserted lead mines and the caves of Derbyshire offer great opportunities for exploration. A party of three men nearly came to grief in them not long ago. They were trying to find a way into the High Low mine from the famous Masson caverns near Matlock, and had discovered nine different routes when they suddenly lost their way.

Lost in a Mine.

For hours they wandered about trying to find their way out. Their supply of candles had just burned out when by sheer chance they discovered an outlet.

Even more trying were the experiences of a holidaymaker who foolishly set out to explore a deserted lead mine by himself. He lost his way in the tunnels and remained underground for three days, during which time he subsisted on his supply of candles. When rescued he was in a pitiable condition.

A collier who recently set out to explore some old mine workings nearly came to grief in a similar manner, and was wandering about in the dark for twenty-four hours.

He had penetrated the workings for a considerable distance when his candle blew out, and on trying to relight it the man found that his matches were damp and useless. He wandered on in the dark until he lost himself. When rescued he was in a state of collapse.

A Remarkable Escape.

Three young men who were exploring the dark underground dungeons of an old fort at Eastbourne got trapped in one of them and might have remained prisoners until they starved to death, had it not been for sheer luck.

They had entered one of the dungeons, without letting anyone know of their intention, when the heavy door swung to, locking itself, with the key



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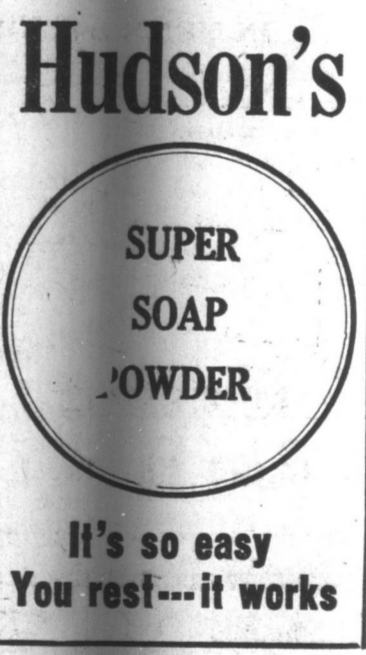
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Sprinkle a little on your floor canvas then wash with a wet cloth. Best for washing windows.

Cheaper than "elbow grease," a package costs only 3 cents. Hudson's will wash very much soiled articles without boiling.



Gifts From the Sea—

Not a tree grows in Iceland except a sort of willow no higher than a man's head. Yet the farmers on the south and west coasts sit over roaring log fires. The trees from which these logs came grew thousands of miles away, and are a present from the Gulf Stream, which has brought them from the far Caribbean. Quantities of American driftwood land upon the coasts of Norway.

In Orkney and the Hebrides great treasures of driftwood come ashore after westerly storms, and once a cargo of mahogany was cast ashore on the coasts of the Faroe Islands. Over two thousand pounds' worth of this valuable timber was collected.

But the most wonderful treasures of driftwood are those found upon the coast of Alaska itself. The Black

Stream, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, piles treasures from Asia even from South America upon the barren beaches. In some of the driftwood the shingle is choked and hidden foot deep. Here are camphor from Formosa, and rare timbers from China and Japan. In some places you may dig down for yards and nothing but masses of timber, rotten, some so pickled by sea water that it lasts like rock.

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'BYNOL' is a rich tonic food and restorative which gives new strength and energy. When suffering from loss of weight 'Bynol' builds up the body and increases its natural powers of resistance against disease. 'Bynol' restores vitality and brings good health.



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Blu

THE QUICK AND CE...
DA...
Jimmy Johnson... City, will hold a De... Hall, from 9.30 to 2...
ADMISSION—LAD... —GEN... —DO...
June 17, 31

Foot

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