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

CHAPTER VII.

Sir George departed briskly, and neither Locksley nor Lady Clare begged him to remain.

"This is sudden," said Clare. "Surely, you are not flying from the wrath that you fear must be inevitable?"

For reply, he laid Doris's telegram before her, and while her eyes flamed, her red lips curled scornfully.

"Rather an unsophisticated maid!" she smiled. "What on earth are you to do with her?"

"Can you not help me, Clare?"

"I?"

She laughed almost harshly.

"I am afraid I cannot—at present. You have placed her and yourself in a very awkward predicament. I see only one course open, and though it is a terrible thing for me to advise, I do not think that you can do anything else."

"And that?"

"You must marry Doris Deane, Edmund. You must remember that her fair fame is in your keeping, unless you insist that she return home again at once."

Locksley flushed crimson. It was so sudden. What would Doris say to this?

"And you must leave me to explain to your father, and the others," she went on. "I will pretend that I do not care, and in time I may forget you, and perhaps fall in love with little Ensign Tomkins."

Again that harsh laugh that was new to Lady Clare.

"Bless you," he said, taking her hand and kissing it. "Clare, I shall bless you forever!"

She snatched it away with a sudden movement, and whispered:

"Go, Edmund Locksley, to the woman who is waiting for you, and keep me alive to your movements. I may learn to like her yet."

"I will write to you to-night, he replied. "I will trust you in all things, Clare."

"Good-by."

He looked at her, but her face was

turned to the window. She would not meet his gaze, lest he see the madness in her eyes.

"Good-by, Clare," he said again, then turned, and was gone. He sprang into the dogcart that was waiting at the door, looked at his watch, and told the groom to drive fast.

"Thus go my hopes and my love," muttered Lady Clare. "And now I live but for vengeance upon her and upon him. Ah, just Heaven. I hate them both!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The same morning Viscount Melville's face wore an expression of extreme satisfaction. He had spent the part of the night with Norman Locksley, and he knew he had never before employed his time so profitably.

"My long and bitter struggle with poverty is now at an end," he thought. "And I have proved beyond doubt that scheming is better than hard work!" Then he gave utterance to a half-regretful sigh. "There is only one thing I covet, the heart of my peerless cousin, Lady Clare! Pshaw! Am I a fool? Have I not made her a stepping-stone to fortune?"

He was standing at the window of a reception-room that looked out upon the drive, and presently saw Lady Clare returning from her morning gallop, attended only by her father.

A wild passion blazed in his eyes for a moment, and he stepped behind the curtains, muttering hoarsely:

"She is lost to me! I have schemed to my own undoing, but have secured five thousand pounds per annum!"

He laughed a hollow, mocking laugh, and turned a minute later to greet Sir George Moncrieff.

"So you are down, eh?" said the baronet. "What time did you get to bed? In the small hours? Clare and I have had a capital spin. Nothing like these September mornings for bracing air. We've been round to Ulwich and Peckham Rye, and I never

er saw Clare so reckless and high spirited."

"Relieved and pleased that Locksley has at last come to the point," smiled Melville. "By the way, where have you left the happy lovers?"

"Edmund has not been with us," replied Sir George. "He left early this morning, though where he was going I have not the slightest notion. Ask Clare."

"You astonish me," exclaimed Melville, a thrill of fear shooting into his heart.

"This is one of the most important days of his life, and he knows it. But perhaps he will be back in a few hours."

"No; Clare says he will be absent for a day or two. He received a telegram from a friend—a doctor, who asked his assistance of something of the kind."

Melville bit his under lip savagely, and paced the floor, while Sir George regarded him in surprise.

"I am annoyed with him," the viscount explained, "because he knows now his conduct will shock his father. For his sake we have labored through the night; for his sake an ugly past has been unearthed, and secrets laid bare which have harrowed poor Locksley's heart. He expects to meet his son—to hand to him the document that reveals all—to see him read it. His disappointment will be bitter, and he will never be able to face the ordeal again. It may be fatal to him. You know how he suffers from the consumption that is surely sapping his life. You know that a shock is liable to bring a fatal hemorrhage. The doctors have warned him of this again and again!"

Sir George looked perplexed.

"Perhaps I could help you if I weren't kept so much in the dark," he said. "I only know sufficient to satisfy me that Edmund Locksley will make a son-in-law after my own heart, and the rest I have left to you. Melville, and to Clare's good sense. Aren't you making a bundle of trouble out of a quart measure?"

The viscount did not reply, for in his heart he despised his selfish and easygoing uncle.

"I am going out for half-an-hour," he observed, presently. "Will you ask Lady Clare to see me upon my return?"

"Certainly, Arthur."

"Melville left the room, and was soon on his way to the post office. Arrived there, he asked to see the original of the telegram received that morning by Mr. Edmund Locksley. He explained that Mr. Locksley had authorized him to see it, and the postmaster violated the rules by permitting him to do so because he was a viscount and the friend and mentor of young Mr. Locksley."

"You will not mention this, sir," the postmaster said, "because it would mean dismissal, or next to it, for me."

But Melville only waved his hand impatiently, and the man saw that his face had paled even to his lips.

"Thank you!" he gulped out, and walked quickly into the sunshine. He felt that he would choke in the dark and stuffy little office.

"Am I mad or dreaming?" he muttered. "Dora Deane! The child living when I was satisfied that she was dead. How much does that headstrong fellow know, and what attraction is she to him? What satanic plot is this to rob me of the toil of years? I have all—all, but the old man's signature, and that he will not give until Edmund and Clare are man and wife. He knows how tenaciously we Melvilles and Moncrieffs cling to honor. This is the bond that silences my tongue forever. More pecuniary considerations are not enough!"

He laughed softly, but there was a wicked glitter in his eyes, and he finished with a contemptuous shrug.

"If he only knew! If he only knew!" Melville walked rapidly back to the Cedars, and, going to his own room, rang for a servant.

"Is Mr. Locksley down yet?" he demanded, and receiving a reply in the negative, continued:

"I am going to the west dining-room. Find Lady Clare Moncrieff, please, and tell her that I wish to see her there."

The footman went away, and Melville followed him leisurely, his busy mind evolving some plan that seemed to give him great satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

"After taking Two Bottles my wife made rapid progress back to health"

Carol is one of the finest remedies ever discovered for use by the expectant mother. There is no time in a woman's life when it is so vitally necessary to safeguard her health. Not only should she protect her own health, at a most trying period, but she must consider also the health of the unborn child. Read what Carol did for Mrs. Perry. "My wife, about two years ago, just before our baby was born, was suffering from anemia and indigestion. She could keep nothing on her stomach. We tried a great many so-called remedies, phosphates and even beef, iron and wine tonics, but to no effect. One day I went into one of our local drug stores, Crawford's by name, and asked him to give me a reliable tonic for my wife. He handed me a bottle of Carol, recommending it highly, and told me to give it a fair trial. After taking two bottles my wife made rapid progress back to health. The color came back to her cheeks and her appetite was completely restored. We finished Carol almost invaluable for our baby. It serves as a useful medicine, especially at teething time, and we are never without a bottle in the house. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to recommend the merits of Carol. As a body-builder, nerve remedy and a wonderful restorative in all run-down conditions, I don't think there is any medicine anywhere equal to Carol."—Arthur I. Perry, 527-10th Street, Brandon, Manitoba. e 5-24

Strike Strangling Industrial Life of the Province

PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT HAS NO IMMEDIATE SOLUTION OF DIFFICULTY.

Not a single patch of silver shows through the lining of the strike cloud that has enveloped Cape Breton for more than three weeks, and a careful canvass of the situation reveals, at the moment, no immediate means through which the Besco-Miners deadlock might be pierced.

Premier Armstrong has informed the Press he has no advice regarding possible negotiations looking toward a settlement and can make no forecast as to eventualities. However, he intimated to a correspondent that the situation here was not being neglected.

The most serious aspect of the prolonged dispute between the British Empire Steel Corporation and the striking miners is that the majority of merchants doing business in the mining districts are rapidly being forced into that position where if a break does not soon come in this deadlock, many mercantile houses will tremble on the brink of financial crisis and not a few be eventually forced into bankruptcy.

In Glace Bay, Sydney Mines, New Waterford and other of the larger communities whose existence is entirely dependent upon the coal mines as a producing institution, there are plenty of business men who frankly say they have reached the limit of their endurance—some, that they are ready to give up, while of the others, none will deny that their position is a serious one.

The present dispute is merely a climax to a process of several years with conditions becoming more acute from month to month, from week to week, and now, from day to day.

These years have been marked by repeated disturbances at the mines, and strikes and interrupted operation of the great steel mills, culminating in but part time working of the mines throughout last year, with consequent curtailment of the earning power of the large population affected, a result, and destruction of their buying power, and, now, complete cessation of work and conditions of destitution such as never before existed.

Resumption of operations at the steel mills two weeks ago brought a measure of relief so far as this city is

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Letter From Mrs. Ayars Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

"Spring Valley, Sask.—'I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights my back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my fifth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggists in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby is a nice healthy girl, who weighed nine pounds at birth. I am feeling fine after putting in a large garden since baby came. (She is as good as she can be.) Yours is the best medicine for women, and I have told about it and even written to my friends about it.'—Mrs. ANNIE E. AYARS, Spring Valley, Sask."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system so that it may work in every respect as nature intended. All druggists sell this dependable medicine. Give it a trial.

in the view of conservative and reliable authorities on the subject, before this section of Canada can get back to normal.

Apart from the problem affecting the industrial question itself and its echoing disturbance in the general trade structure the outcome of it all in a political sense commands growing interest in view of the forthcoming provincial elections and the attitude which the present liberal government has maintained toward the mines crisis.

Liberals Uneasy.

Considerable opinion here in the ranks of the government supporters reflects an uneasiness arising out of the present situation. Not before, they say, in the forty-two years of liberal supremacy in Nova Scotia has the party been faced by a more stirring appeal against a liberal regime than that which has been given in such province-wide and country-wide scope as in the current crisis; the appeal of vividly-pictured human suffering and seeming indifference to it on the part of the government.

"Whether there has or has not been exaggeration of conditions in the coal fields will be the issue," said a prominent liberal to-day.

There is a growing feeling here that further government action will be forthcoming soon with a view to ending the wage dispute. All sides are agreed that the matter now rests with the government.

Feeding the Hungry.

Relief stations continue their work of feeding the immense population in the mines areas, the good weather of the last few days having served to improve conditions somewhat, especially in sections where early in the week sickness threatened to become widespread owing to the inclemency of the weather.

The possibility exists, according to reliable authority that the provincial government may approach the matter in the sense of affording to the men some compensatory guarantees pending the report of an investigating commission.

Some such guarantees are in the view of the men, the most important consideration for they point to the partial operation of the mines during the past two years as the basic cause of their present destitute condition. The corporation declines to afford any guarantee of minimum work.

It is intimated that if some provincial guarantees of the nature described should be offered, the men would be willing to accept less than the 1924 wage scale and that should such proposal be forthcoming rapid agreement, enabling immediate resumption of operation of the mines would follow in short order.—Sydney Post, Mar. 28.

McMurdo's Store News

EASTER GIFTS.

We have a delightful display of Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters and Bath Salts for Easter gifts, also Easter Egg Novelties and Chocolates, all at reasonable prices.

SEED! SEED!

Having such an early spring, seeds are beginning to move, and we have already sold a large quantity. We have Suttons Vegetable and Flower Seeds, and also an assortment of Thorburn's American Cabbage Seeds.

We have Hayseed, Red, White and Alaska Clover, and a small quantity of the famous Pine Tree Brand Hayseed, also Lawn Grass Seed and Putting Greens.

THE ROSE.

The rose no question makes of creed Or place, or pomp, or worldly fame; The good, the bad, The poor, the sad, The beauty of a rose may claim, And great and low— Its charms may know— A rose cares nothing for a name.

It never gives a scornful look Nor holds its fragrance it can shed. Whoever goes To greet a rose, With beauty will be comforted; Whoever nears In smiles or tears Will find the red rose always red.

A rose is always fair to see, 'Tis man who speaks the bitter thing; 'Tis man who spurns His kind and turns To envy's cruel gossip; 'Tis man alone Who hurts his own By words and deeds which leave a sting.

Man is not always fair to see, Some find him good; some never can, He'll flatter here Then frown or sneer Or spoil with hate his nobler plan, Always the rose Its beauty shows, But man not always is a man!

Fashions and Fads.

Red and black are a favored combination. For resort wear, sunburn color is quite new.

Naïve chiffon is especially smart for evening.

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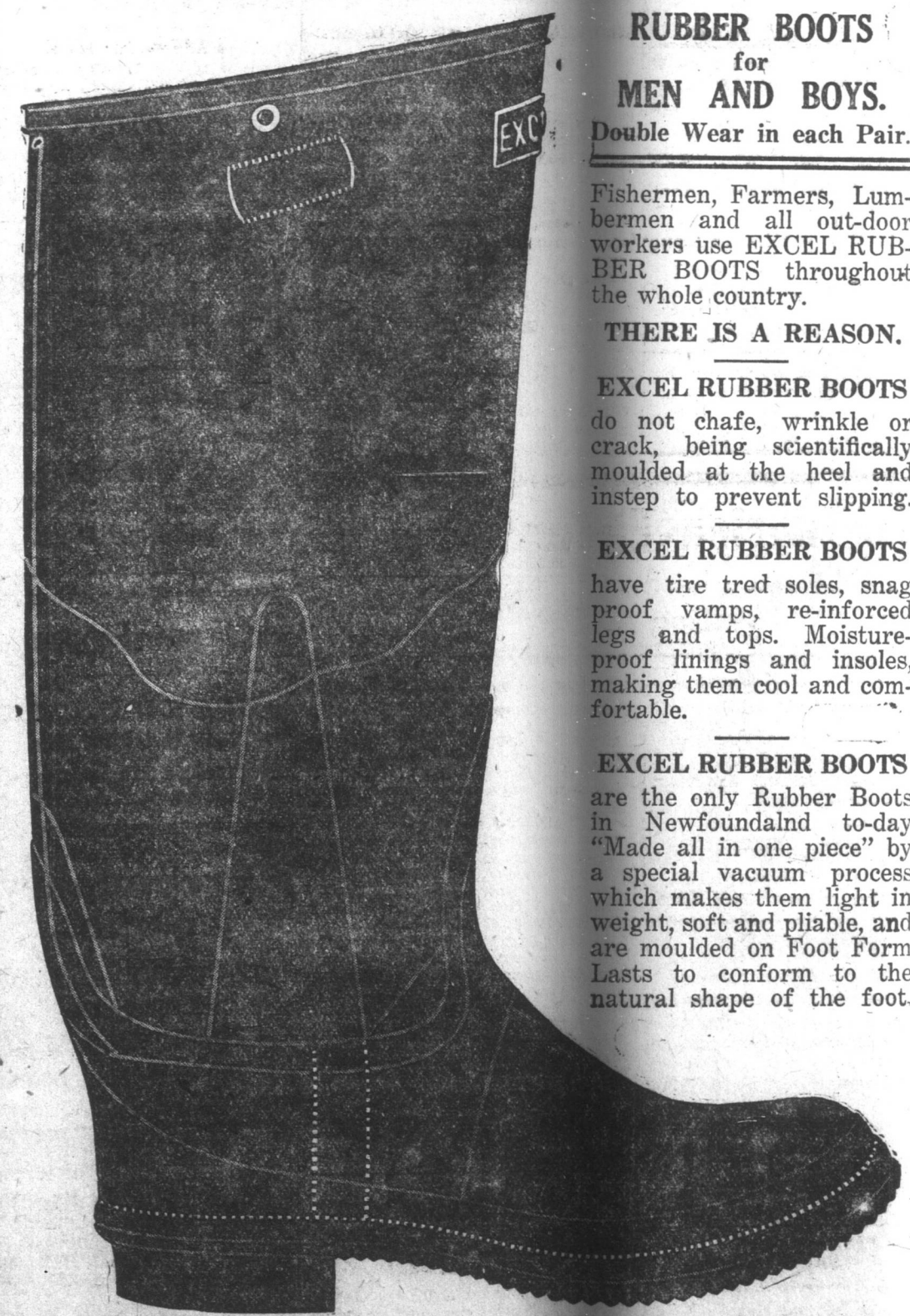
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"I Suffered Terribly With Sore, Aching Back"

Mrs. Roland Ferguson, 194 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:



"For over two years I suffered terribly with sore back. I was almost mad with the pain, and had doctored with it until I was discouraged. Then my father, who is a firm believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I followed his advice, and am glad to say I was completely relieved of that torturing pain in my back. It is over a year since I used these pills, and I have had no return of the trouble, but always keep them in the house."

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