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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

They laid him gently in the ambulance, and the surgeon promised to send for Fairfax the moment it was safe to talk to the dying man.

The summons came much sooner than he expected. He and Frank were dosing before the fire, and the first faint flash of another day was showing in the western sky. They had talked themselves weary, and had not sunk into silence many minutes when a heavy step outside disturbed them. There was a knock at the door, and the young policeman who had been summoned with his sergeant in the earlier stages of the proceedings stood before them.

"He wants you, sharp sir!" the officer announced. "Mr. Fairfax, he asked for."

"We will both go," replied the barrister.

"Yes, sir. He's at Bow Street. The surgeon will take you to the hospital ward. There's another party he wants to see before he dies—somebody at Streatham Hill. I'm going there."

He saluted, and hastened away.

"Another party at Streatham Hill," repeated Fairfax. "That must be Viscount Melville. By George! the schemer is nearly run to earth!" He shivered a little as they emerged into the fresh morning air, adding: "Do you know, Rogers, I feel that we are about to learn the fate of my poor friend, and your late employer—Edmund Locksley."

"I am not hopeless," replied Frank. "Everything looks black enough in all conscience, but I am sanguine that my young master is not dead."

The prison doctor met them in the inspector's office, and at first objected to the presence of Frank.

"The man," he explained, "is bent upon making a confession. He has asked for Mr. Fairfax only, and we do not want his lips sealed."

"If the inspector rules that I must not be admitted, all well and good," Rogers said, "but there is more involved in this than you dream of at present. I am a private detective, lately in the employ of Hancock, of the Strand. I am specially interested in this case."

"I think that you may be admitted," the inspector remarked, looking up from his desk, "if the prisoner does not object."

The prisoner did not object. He said that it mattered little how many people were present, since his crimes would soon be published to the whole world. He was anxious to confess everything before he died.

The inspector and the surgeon conducted Fairfax and Frank Rogers to the hospital ward. At the door they paused, and the sentry drew aside.

"Make no exclamations that are likely to irritate him," the doctor advised. "He is out of all pain now, and this is a warning that his death may come at any moment."

They walked into the sickly-smelling chamber, and the inspector motioned them to be seated near a small

bed, whereon reclined a form, as still as death, while he took his position at the foot.

The nurse was dismissed, and the surgeon touched the uninjured hand of the dying man.

"I am afraid that there is some mistake here," whispered Frank Rogers. "Our man is much older than this one, and has gray hair and whiskers."

"There is no mistake," the inspector replied, holding up a warning finger, while Fairfax gazed at the face before him, his blood almost as cold as ice.

"Just Heaven!" he ejaculated. "It is Viscount Melville!"

"Yes, it is Viscount Melville!" repeated the sufferer, sneeringly. "Viscount Melville, who has played for big stakes, and lost by his last move! Oh, you need not look at me so pityingly; I regret nothing, except my failure, Mr. Fairfax, and I am not going to die repenting. Tell me one thing—is Peters dead? Peters, the meddler, who has brought me to this?"

"He is not," replied Fairfax, sternly. "And will recover."

"Curse him! curse him! That blow of his was quite unexpected. But he did not recognize me. No, no, my disguise was a clever one. It reduced my height several inches, and the hump was cunning. I wonder how my noble uncle will take this? My noble uncle, the Earl of Traumere? He thinks so much of our honor! I robbed him in my youth, but I knew that he would never prosecute me, because of our unsullied name. There is some satisfaction in dying in this way, because I know that my disgrace will reach him and his baby-faced daughter, who stepped into my shoes."

A demonical smile passed over his features, and his listeners could not resist a shudder of loathing.

"Yes, there is even pleasure in this," he went on, "and, with my last breath, let me denounce Mr. Norman Locksley as a murderer and a thief. Let me swear that he killed Lord Morden, his friend, the father of Dora Deene, and has been using this friend's money for his own pleasure for nearly twenty years. This was my power over him, and my plan was to secure every shilling for myself. I have fought for it for years, and should have succeeded, after Edmund was out of the way, but for the infernal valet, Peters."

"You look at me inquiringly, Mr. Fairfax, when I mention the name of Edmund. I do not wonder at it, because he was your friend, and his fate appears to be shrouded in mystery. I will make that mystery plain, and I believe that I regret killing Edmund Locksley! I find no pleasure in the knowledge that I stole upon him from behind, as he was crossing Waterloo Bridge, after hearing his father's confession. He was heart-broken. I had heard where he was going while in your office, I was listening at the door. I followed him to the house

in the New Cut, where his dotard of a father was in hiding; I followed him back, and struck him a savage blow—a blow that stunned him. To push him over the parapet, into the Thames, was but the work of an instant.

Both Fairfax and Rogers uttered cries of horror and detestation.

"Don't interrupt me! He could never have been a happy man, knowing the nature of his father's crime. It did not suit me that he should marry Dora Deene, when I knew that she might step in and claim the wealth I coveted. It was I who employed a detective to watch his movements, in conjunction with a man named Marlowe. It was I who instructed Marlowe to stop the marriage, and I suppose that Miss Deene has by this time been forced into some kind of marriage with the lucky Marlowe."

"You are wrong there," said Rogers, warmly. "You lured her from home by sending a forged telegram in my name, and I rescued her. She is back at Richmond, and your friend Marlowe is in prison."

Melville was silent for a minute, then he replied, coolly:

"Ah, well, it may be for the best. I see that my chances of success were not so rosy as I had imagined. I should have had you and Marlowe to contend with."

"There is one more thing of which I had better unburden myself, lest the innocent suffer. I am not very particular as to anybody's sufferings where my own interests are in conflict, but, with all my faults, I have passionately loved my cousin, Lady Clare Moncrieff. I have cared for her as she cared for my rival, Edmund Locksley. It was this hatred of him that nerved my arm to strike him that fatal blow. I do not want her to suffer for my misdeeds—no, not even the breath of suspicion must rest upon Lady Clare. There is only the word of Peters in her favor, and he may die. Everybody who knows anything at all about Sir George Moncrieff and his daughter is aware that there is no love lost between them—that he is a disgrace to our honorable family; that he keeps her poor, and then curses her for being so!"

"Ha! ha! I speak as though he were still living, when I know that he is dead—at the bottom of the horse pond. He found out my power over Norman Locksley, and threatened to be a disgraceful weight upon my hands, so I was obliged to remove him. Peters saw the deed, and that was my strongest reason for wishing him dead. I have sent for Lady Clare, but if she comes too late, you will tell her this."

The inspector nodded.

"Thank you. I have nothing further to say. I attempted too much, and I have failed. I am only sorry that I have failed."

He closed his eyes, and turned his face to the wall, refusing to speak again.

Fairfax and Rogers went away silently. Both had had experience of criminals in almost every form, but never had they met with one so unscrupulous, so cruel, as Viscount Melville.

After all that they had heard, it seemed that the efforts they were making for Dora—for Edmund Locksley's young wife, were useless and discouraging.

"At least, I believe that the accurate villain was wrong in one thing—the death of Lord Morden. I am convinced that it is he who has telegraphed to me from Switzerland, who is even now on his way to see me. Oh, my poor, young master!"

Frank broke into sobs, and Fairfax stared moodily before him.

"Our duty is plain now," he said. "We must see Mrs. Locksley righted, but it will be an awful thing to break the news to her! An awful thing. I believe that it will kill her, Rogers. It must be delayed for a day or two. If her father is really living, he will help to support her in this, her most dreadful sorrow."

As there was much yet to do, they went back to the barrister's chambers, and enjoyed a cold bath, after which they felt little the worse for their sleepless night.

It was the intention of Fairfax to go to "The Cedars" and see how matters were progressing there, although the place was in charge of the police by this time. And then, there was the promised visit to Marlowe.

(To be continued.)



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**The Problem of the Humane Killer**

(By H. J. MASSINGHAM.)

The present Government has probably a settled period of office, and it would be a graceful act were it to remove from this country the slur of being one of the backward nations in the unconscious brutality of its slaughtering arrangements. England has prided herself in leading the world in the humane treatment of animals, but in this respect we have no claim to the title.

As long ago as 1893, Switzerland passed a law prohibiting butchers from killing without previously rendering the animals unconscious by a mechanically-operated instrument.

Finland followed Switzerland's example and since then the adoption of humane methods has spread to parts of Germany, Denmark and Holland.

But in England the adoption of clause 9 (b) of the Ministry of Health's bye-laws, which concerns the stunning of animals by a mechanically-operated instrument before blood is drawn, is not compulsory, as it should be, but permissive.

Some local authorities have earned the credit of freely adopting this humane bye-law and the L.C.C. recently joined their ranks. But in most slaughter-houses all over the country, day after day, week after week, thousands of animals are slaughtered by old-fashioned barbarous methods, often in the sight of later victims, sometimes by the clumsy device known as the "cruelty" or "cruelty" machine.

It is a fraction of the cruelties were practised on horses during their work in the streets the public would be up in arms, but as the brutalities in the slaughter-houses are not seen by the people who buy and who daily enjoy their roast beef and mutton, the daily massacre, conducted with totally unnecessary cruelty, goes on.

Were the citizens of this country to make it their business to see for themselves the ordeal the animals have to meet before death at last releases them, they would raise such a clamour that the permissive clause should be made compulsory that no Government could resist.

Of course, many butchers desire to continue the demode methods, and the disinclination to embrace new and progressive ones is a common-place.

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of commercial civilization, where the big industries are nearly always behind popular enlightenment. The Factory Acts, the Acts relating to employment and education of children, the Acts protecting the workers in dangerous trades, etc., have all been built up gradually, and have all being opposed by the established institutions responsible for the conditions to which change spells dislocation. The meat trade is an exception to this rule. That the trade's objections are no more than common prejudice against modification of any kind, is shown by the following facts:—

The first objection is that "the meat after slaughter with the humane killer does not keep so well as that killed in the old way." But unassailable proof has been produced by an eminent authority in Scotland that the meat slaughtered with the humane instrument had equal keeping properties with that killed with the pole-axe. "The Scottish trade was convinced that the humane killer had all the qualities claimed for it. There are many butchers in Scotland who voluntarily adopted the mechanical killer years ago; its adoption did not in any way handicap them in the conduct of their business, and the 'keeping' question has now ceased to have any effect as an argument against humane methods of slaughter." This is what the "Scottish Butchers' Journal" of November 15th, 1924, had to say:—

Objection two is "that the mechanical killer is dangerous." It happens that there are slaughter-houses where the humane killer has been in exclusive use for years, and where no serious accident through the fault of the instrument or of the operators. The raising of status of the meat trade in Scotland is the object of the trade leaders at the present time, and "nothing offers more healthy signs of advancement than the fact that humane feeling predominates in the outlook of the men who are endeavoring to make the meat trade second to none from every point of view."

"When the trade and the public are allied for the purpose of removing the more barbarous methods," proceeds the "Journal," "the day should not be far distant when, as far as Scotland is concerned, the pole-axe will be discarded for ever."

It seems hardly necessary to quote the butchers' objections and the answers to them. In Switzerland, Finland and parts of Germany, Holland and Denmark, the use of the humane killer has resulted in none of the disasters to consumer and butcher predicted by the less elastic-minded butchers.

Bacon firms are prominent in objecting to the adoption of modern methods, and it has been proved by experiment that there is no reason whatever why so intelligent an animal as the pig should not be as humanely killed as beasts and sheep; consumers should refuse to buy any bacon unless they know that the pig has been slaughtered by a mechanically-operated humane killer.

The matter is largely in the hands of the housewife. If the salesman tells her that the meat will not keep, etc., she should communicate with the R.S.P.C.A., who will forward her all the particulars they have amassed on the subject of pig-killing. Then let her refuse her custom to the shop where she buys her meat unless the proper means of slaughtering have been applied. If women would show some firmness here, those butchers who persist in antiquated views would soon alter them when the prosperity of their business depended on it.

For it cannot be too strongly urged that it is not the quality and desirability of the reform which is at stake, but the capacity for change. The humane killer needs no advocacy; it is objection-proof, because it has been used with success that silences controversy. The real trouble is the transition from an old and bad method to a new and good one and there stands in opposition to this, not so much what is called the conservatism nature, as the grooving of institutions. I do not like compulsion in any department of social activity, but if a case can be made for it, it exists for the establishment of the humane killer in the slaughtering trade, where nobody will be a penny worse for it, and the animals will die without physical pain and mental terror.

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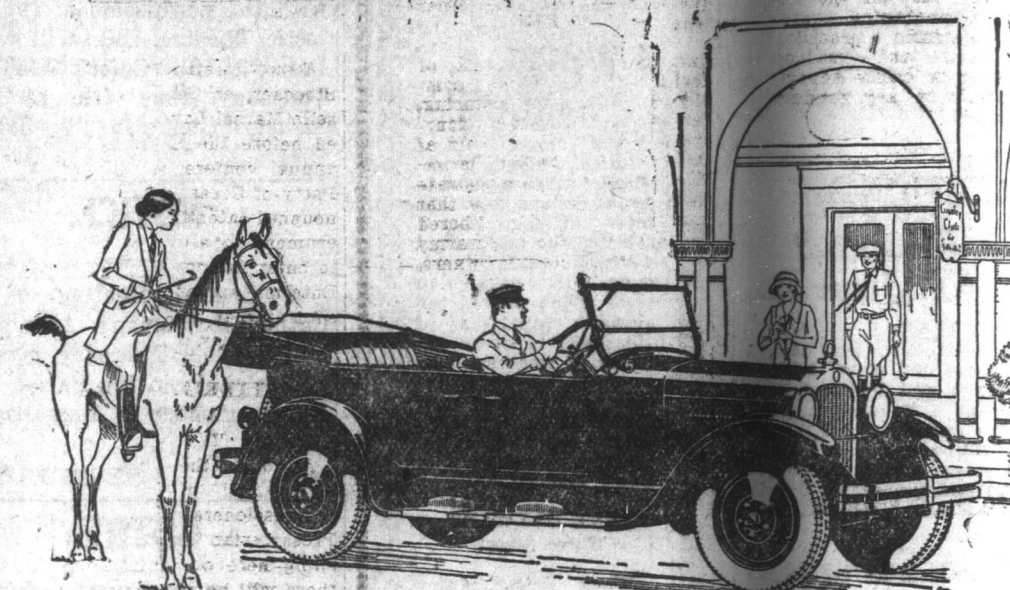
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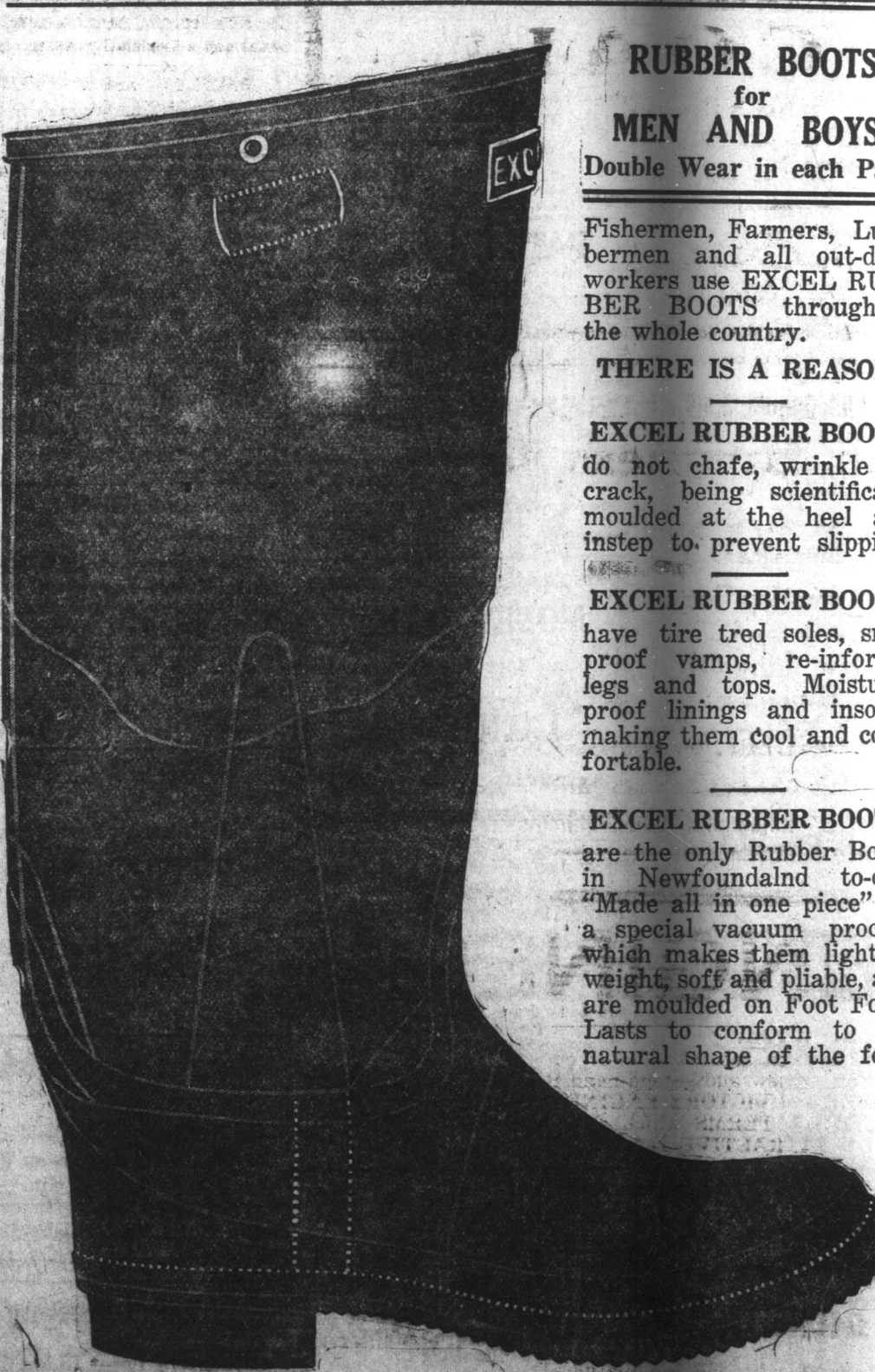
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