

**YOU'LL FIND!**  
**"SALADA"**  
TEA

contains just that flavor which makes real tea so enjoyable.  
BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED TEA.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

Peters put on his hat, and walked out into the night. He did not even say good-night to the lodge-keeper when he passed him, but he walked with quick steps to the railway station.

There was no train for twenty minutes, and he paced the platform impatiently.

"I shall be late," he thought. "I have to meet Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Rogers. It is eleven now; I cannot get to the Temple until past twelve."

He was right, for the train due at midnight did not get into Lutgate Hill until about half-past twelve.

Peters strode along Fleet street, his head bent in thought. He did not dream that he was being followed by a man in a gray suit. What had he to fear where it was almost as light as day?

He turned into the Temple, and the man hastened his movements, keeping well in the shadow.

He stumbled up the stone steps leading to the barrister's chambers, and the man flashed across the paved court, and into the dark passage after him.

Peters half-turned, when he felt a sharp pain in his side, and saw the flash of steel. Again the weapon pierced him, and he staggered; then gathering himself together, he launched out his heavy right hand and struck blindly at his assailant. It was an expiring effort, but the force of the blow was terrific. His clinched fist crushed into the assassin's face, and buried him over the iron balustrade that guarded the spiral staircase—hurled him as though he had been but a feather's weight—into the blackness, thirty feet below. An agonized cry started the echoes of the solemn cloisters, followed by a horrible thud; but Peters heard neither, for he had toppled over, dead to all knowledge of the world, his lifeblood gushing from two ugly wounds.

Then it was that the barrister's door was thrown open, and a flood of light revealed the ghastly scene.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The heavy blow that stunned Edmund Locksley came from a loaded stick, wielded by an expert and sinewy arm.

He was conscious of the shock; the electric lights along the embankment danced in a furious whirl; then there was a rush of air, and a plunge into icy water.

He went down, down with the bound of clashing bells in his ears, mingled with a roar like that of a mighty torrent. He struggled hard for life, and found himself clinging to the anchor-chains of a great, black barge. He never knew how he got there, for he was now a hundred yards from the bridge, and must have been carried along by the force of the rushing, swirling waters.

At last he pulled himself up the

stock man was a gentleman, and he blessed his lucky star that it was fast growing dark for he wanted none of the rival boat men to have an inkling of what he hoped would be a windfall.

He was a deep-chested, powerful man, and when Edmund had been handily disposed of across his broad shoulders, the weight seemed of little consequence to his quick movements.

With Will's assistance, they got him ashore in a row-boat, and from the rowboat he was carried to the cottage, without another soul being one whit the wiser. Then John Tomkins—for that was the barge-man's name—then held a brief consultation with his better half, and Locksley was put to bed in the room that they usually let to boarders.

This much accomplished, John Tomkins sent for a doctor, while he examined the contents of the sick man's pockets. There was a purse, with a good sum of money in it, and though it made the barge-man's eyes glisten, he did not appropriate one penny. He only counted it carefully, and wondered what he would make out of his imitation of the Good Samaritan.

Then he opened Locksley's pocket-book, and took out a small bundle of banknotes.

"Why, he's a millionaire!" thought Tomkins.

His next proceeding was to read a few of Locksley's private letters, and make the discovery that the man who had so strangely been cast upon his care was Edmund Locksley, of the Prince Albert Club, Piccadilly.

He quickly hid the pocket-book from sight, and thought—

"Of course, an outsider would say that it was my duty to communicate with the Prince Albert Club, at once, but what would be the result? Why some of his fine friends would come down here by the first express, and whisk him away almost without a thanks, and Mr. Locksley would not even know how much he is indebted to John Tomkins. No, that game won't suit me. Let him get well enough to realize what a poor man has done for him!"

The pocket-book, and all else likely to be examined by an officious doctor, were carefully placed under lock and key, and John Tomkins instructed his dutiful wife to know nothing when the physician arrived. She knew quite sufficient to understand this, and having an absolute confidence of her lord and master, assented, with a nod, a slight compression of the lips, and a fluttering of the eyelids.

The doctor came, and, after examining his patient, was the recipient of a wicked but ingenious story from the lips of John Tomkins.

"Is he very ill?" asked the barge-man.

"Not dangerously. He has had a serious blow on the head, but is suffering principally from cold and exposure. The fever will be gone in a couple of days. Who is he?"

"Well, now, sir," replied John Tomkins, "you're fairly got me. He came to the wharf while me and Will was loading the barge. We've brought twenty tons of hay down from Battersea, you know, sir. Well, the gentleman here was looking on, and said he would like a trip down the river. I said I didn't mind, and never asked him his name or anything else. Well, he boarded her from a rowboat, after the tug had dropped her, and all was right till this morning. Me and Will heard a splash, and we calculated that he had pitched overboard. There he was floating in the water like a log and we fished him out. He must have struck his head hard against something, for he's never spoke sensibly since."

"It was your duty to obtain medical assistance at once," the doctor said, severely.

"Well, how was I going to get it, and leave him when I felt responsible for him?" pleaded Tomkins.

"As it happens, he will soon get well, but you might have been responsible for his death."

"I should have told you a mighty different tale if it had looked like a case of death," thought Tomkins.

"Any papers about the gentleman to indicate who he is?" asked the doctor.

(To be continued.)

An old oven placed on top of your oil stove makes a splendid warming oven.

**PURE FOODS**

Purveyor of English fruits to His Majesty KING GEORGE V.

All Chivers' preparations are of guaranteed purity, and are made in the fresh air of the country under ideal hygienic conditions.

**Chivers' Olde English Marmalade**



Only Selected Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar, but so skillfully blended as to preserve the valuable tonic properties of the fruit. "Your Olde English Marmalade... makes breakfast worth while," writes a user.

**Chivers' Jellies**



Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices. The family and visitors, children and adults, all delight in CHIVERS' JELLIES—they are delicious, wholesome and refreshing.

**Chivers' Jams**



Chivers & Sons own 6,000 acres of land, a large proportion of which is devoted to fruit culture. They use each year thousands of tons of fruit freshly picked from their own orchards and preserved as soon as gathered with refined sugar only.

**Chivers' Custard Powder**



Combines highest Quality with greatest Economy. It creams up into a nutritive Custard of exquisite flavour.

**CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd.**  
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, England.

Chivers' products are sold everywhere, but should you have difficulty in obtaining them, please communicate with the Chivers' Agents: **G. W. SNOW, 378 Water St., ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland.** sp28,th,tt

Tart jam and cream cheese make an excellent filling for the sweet sandwich.

Fasten straps before a garment is washed and they will not be so badly matted.

**Just Folks.**

By **EDGAR GUEST.**  
**THE OLD CLOTHES CRY.**

I met him in his garden where he tolled with hoe and spade, I stopped with mind and roses and the panny bed he'd made, And I noticed he was wearing evening dress and fancy shoes— Which is not the sort of raiment busy gardeners ought to use.

"Why the soup and fish?" I asked him, and I laughed to hear him say: "That wife of mine has given all my other clothes away."

"Listen, neighbor, listen to my little tale of woe, I possess— The wife and I were married nearly twenty years ago, I've told her time and time again to leave my clothes and clay; But I have never had a pair of pants to call my own; I've set aside old suits, old shoes, for gardening in the spring. But when I've gone to get them out she hadn't left a thing.

"I've boarded suits for fishing trips and hunting trips to be, Now there's an army wearing clothes that once belonged to me! I've said: "When gardening time returns, these duds I'll want to wear."

But when I've gone to get them out I couldn't find them there; That wife of mine will never let a garment rest a day, I think she has a mania for giving duds away.

"So that is why you see me here in evening clothes to-day, And why my patent leather shoes are thick with mud and clay; I'm teaching her a lesson, though these duds will be a mess I'm gardening in the only other suit which I possess.

I'm trying to convince her, though I doubt if that can be, That charity begins at home, and ought to start with me."



**Who Gets the Millions?**

A QUERY CONCERNING LAST YEAR'S BUDGET.

"In last year's Budget Mr. Philip Snowden reduced the tea duty, which then stood nominally at 8d. per lb. by one-half—nominally, but not actually, because the bulk of the tea we drink comes from India and Ceylon and enjoys Imperial Preference. So the actual reduction of the duty was from 6d. to 3½d. per lb.," writes F. B. in the Star.

"Mr. Snowden said at the time that he had received a guarantee that the reduction of the duty would reach the consumer."

"It did, instantly and emphatically. The Budget was introduced on April 29, and although the reduced duty did not come into force until May 5, on April 30 practically every shop in the country announced a reduction in the price of every description of tea by 4d. per lb.

"To the housewife it seemed almost too good to be true.

"It was.

"Before very long the price of tea began to creep up again, and by September an all-round rise of 2d. per lb. had taken place.

"This is the actual record of a well-known variety that has not changed in quality:—

	Per lb.
April, 1924 (before the Budget)	8 d.
May 1924	4 0
September, 1924	6 0
December, 1924	8 3 4

Since then there has been no change in this particular sort, and as far as can be ascertained the prices of all teas are back at the old level of a year ago.

"Mr. Snowden estimated in his Budget speech that the cost of relieving the tea drinker of half the duty would be £5,000,000 in the last financial year and £5,000,400 in a full year. Who is getting these millions?"

For pain in the back—try **FORD'S PILL**—25c. at **STAF-FORD'S**—ap27,imo

**Aberdeen Calling**

The cult of the wireless is having its troubles and its joys across the Atlantic just now as well as in America. The story is told of a wireless novice in London whose apparatus refused to function, and an expert neighbor was called into diagnosis. "Have you tried putting a sixpence under the transmitter?" inquired the expert. The adjustment was made, and the novice listened again. For a moment there was silence; thence a voice spoke from the outer spaces: "Aberdeen calling."

**RICHARD HUDNUT**  
**THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER**

The Face Powder that is Different. Having the Particularly Desirable Quality of Adhesiveness and persistency with its Delicately and Appealing odor of Three Flowers in All Popular Shades

**RIVARD'S LIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.**

**Better and Better**

Dependable ten years ago, and five years ago, and more dependable than ever to-day, Dodge Brothers Motor Car simply represents the latest phase in a process of continual betterment.

The first cars Dodge Brothers built established a world-wide reputation. The cars they are building to-day incorporate the accumulated refinements of those ten intervening years.

That important improvements in the comfort and appearance of the car are made from time to time, implies no basic departure from Dodge Brothers traditional policy of PROGRESSIVE rather than SEASONAL development.

**The Royal Garage, Agents,**  
LESTER & ELTON, Proprietors.  
CARNELL STREET ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.**

**"EXCEL"**

**RUBBER BOOTS**  
for  
**MEN AND BOYS.**  
Double Wear in each Pair.

Exc

Fishermen, Farmers, Lumbermen and all out-door workers use EXCEL RUBBER BOOTS throughout the whole country.

**THERE IS A REASON.**

EXCEL RUBBER BOOTS do not chafe, wrinkle or crack, being scientifically moulded at the heel and instep to prevent slipping.

EXCEL RUBBER BOOTS have tire tread soles, snag proof vamps, re-inforced legs and tops. Moisture-proof linings and insoles, making them cool and comfortable.

EXCEL RUBBER BOOTS are the only Rubber Boots in Newfoundland, to-day "Made all in one piece" by a special vacuum process which makes them light in weight, soft and pliable, and are moulded on Foot Form Lasts to conform to the natural shape of the foot.

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.,**  
Sole Agents for Newfoundland

SPECIAL PRICES to DEALERS. Sold by all reliable dealers from coast to coast. WRITE FOR TERMS & PRICE LIST.

**STEP**  
**EVE**  
SAFE—  
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Eveready Cells fit and improve all flashlights.

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