

ASK FOR ALVINA The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil. Especially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia. A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XLIV. Philip kissed her hair. "You do love me" he whispered. "You know I do." "And you've forgiven me—for every-thing?" "Yes." "Look at me then." "I—I can't."

"Eva—you're not shy of me?" Philip's voice was a little shaky. "And we're supposed to be such an old, married couple," he went on, trying to laugh. He raised her face, his hand beneath her chin. "Open your eyes." After a moment she obeyed. "Say—Philip, I love you."

"Of course not! How can you expect me to be happy when the only man I have ever loved is squeezing me so tight that . . . oh, Phil!" He took her face in his hands. "Do you mean that?" he asked, in passionate earnestness. "Am I really—the only man you have ever loved?"

"Really and truly." She looked past him to window and the patch of sky above the houses, where a pale half-moon was just fading out of the daylight. "Ask the little man in the moon," she said, between kisses. "The little man in the moon knows."

CASCARETS 10¢ For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver. The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colic, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Upeck. Acid Stomach is candy-like "Cascarets." One or two to-night

Peter yawned. "Gone—he wouldn't stay. He wanted to take me along with him, but I'd had enough chasing about for one night." Peter rose to his feet. He glanced at Philip out of the corner of his eyes. There was something very youthful and embarrassed about young Winter-diek at that moment. His hair was decidedly ruffled and an unkind observer might have thought that his eyes looked suspiciously red.

He fidgeted round the room for a moment. "Where's Eva?" Peter asked suddenly. Philip blushed ingeniously. "Well—she's—er—packing some things . . ." he said. "I'm—er . . . well, we're going away—for a holiday."

"Oh, sort of second honeymoon," said Peter dryly. Their eyes met, and suddenly he held out his hand—"All right—eh?" he asked awkwardly. Philip seized the hand and wrung it hard. "Right as rain," he said. "I wish you . . . well, you know—it'll all come right in the end, old chap, you see."

Peter knew what he meant, but he could not answer just then. "I should like to see Bonnie—presently," he said, after a moment. "I'm going back home this morning—I hate town—never want to come here again. You might ask Bonnie if I can just see her for a moment. . . ."

Philip went across to his wife's room. He was enjoying himself tremendously by pretending that everything that had happened was just a dream, only a dream from which there would never be any need to wake. Eva was kneeling beside a half-packed box. She rose to her feet as Philip came in and shut the door. "Have they gone?" she asked apprehensively. She rather dreaded meeting Peter and Calligan again.

"Calligan has, but Peter's here . . . poor old Peter!" "He'll be glad some day," said Eva quickly. "She was never good enough for him."

"He wants to speak to you . . . There's no hurry. Wait a minute!" He turned her round the waist as she hurried to the door. "Kiss me," he commanded, in his best bullying manner. "I've kissed you hundreds of times," she protested softly, but she put her arms round his neck willingly enough and laid her cheek against his coat. Philip bent his face to hers. "Happy?" he asked in a whisper. She pretended to frown, though her eyes shone.

race of Hutton ran in her veins. She was a Hutton, without one of the characteristics which distinguished the Rays. While Martin Ray made a hero of Oliver Cromwell, and worshipped him as the saviour of his country, Leah hated the name, and loved the memory of the handsome, graceful, graceless Stuarts; while Martin saw nothing but heroism in the Paris mob who dragged their beautiful queen to the scaffold, Leah loved and admired Marie Antoinette. So through all the pages of history; and yet he thought to make her a denouncer of royalty!

Leah Ray was just sixteen, and beautiful as the opening bud of a June rose; grace, dignity, and passion were marked in every line of her face. The brow was somewhat low and broad, full of idealism and thought; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows straight. It was a face perfect in shape and harmony, with a proud but sensitive mouth—a face difficult to read. The lightness and brightness of girlhood were not on it; it was slightly mystical and dreamy, and the lustrous eyes had a shadow in them.

The noble head, the graceful figure and its movements, the mass of dark wavy hair, so fine and abundant, delighted Martin Ray. The more beautiful she was, the more sure was she to influence men. He never thought whether she would be willing to devote her young life to the propagation of his ideas, whether she would care to give up all the allurments and pleasures of the world to dedicate herself to the people. He had never thought that she would refuse the mission he had appointed for her, The man who preached liberty to the world never dreamed of giving it to his own daughter; he who openly taught rebellion against all authority never imagined that his daughter would disobey him.

CHAPTER IV. Martin Ray was living in one of the crowded streets of Manchester. The north was better suited to him than the south, because the great centers of industry were there. For some few months he had been unfortunate. Heaven had blessed the bountiful land with a fair, warm summer; the harvest was plentiful, the fruit ripened in rich abundance; there was a general air of prosperity; "no foreign war caused anxiety and agitation at home; orders from abroad had come in freely, and people were busy at work. There was no time for considering how the land and money of the rich were to be divided; men did not care to be drawn from their work by agitation of any kind; and Martin Ray had had fewer lectures to give. The contributions from different committees came in slowly. He was compelled to be content with writing pamphlets, which, before they were published, underwent so much revision as to make them pointless. He was all the more eager to bring Leah forward.

"The girl has genius—she has fire and power," he said to himself. "My mantle must fall upon her. Men will listen to words from that beautiful mouth that they will not hear from mine."

He had trained her splendidly. She was well-read and thoughtful. She was a girl of magnificent talent, full of energy and the restless fire that proclaims genius. He had never told her until now what his intentions were with regard to her; and on this day he had called her into the miserable little room he dignified by the name of study, to communicate his plans to her.

"You have grown very beautiful, Leah," he said, looking at her quite calmly—"very beautiful; and it is time you know for what purpose Heaven has sent you that same beauty." The girl smiled and blushed. She did not remember that her father had ever used such words to her before. Martin Ray went on—"You have a grand mission in life, Leah. You must not be as other girls; you must not think that dress, society, enjoyment, love, and marriage are the end and aim of your existence. You have a far more important future in store for you."



A Stitch in Time

Quick action is the only hope when kidney disease appears. There is a whole train of dreadfully painful and fatal ailments which soon follow any neglect to get the kidneys right. Among others are rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. In Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you will find a treatment which is both quick and thorough. Dr. C. E. Raynes, Lindale, Ala., writes: "I suffer from kidney disease and lame back for more than a year. A friend of mine one day told me of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and seeing upon his advice I tried them. After I had taken one box I felt better, so I continued until I had used five boxes. By this time I felt as well and strong as ever, and glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone suffering as I did."

At All Dealers. Distributor: GERALD S. DOYLE. Household Notes. Bouchess are small patty cases. Package raisins require no washing. Ripe olive sauce is good with wild fowl.

A dash of lemon improves prune and barley soup. Egg or mushroom sauce is nice with broiled shad. Serve mint sauce or horseradish sauce with roast lamb. Plenty of green-vegetables are essential to the spring diet. To glaze a tart melt a little amber jelly and pour over top. Prunes are delicious cooked with a little cinnamon and cloves. Shrimps are good scalloped just as one would scallop oysters. A little lemon or orange peel improves baked dried apples. Appricots are delicious served with scrambled eggs on toast. Try boiling rice in milk and serving it with sugar and cinnamon. Strips of green and red peppers stewed are nice served with fish.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. ALL KIDNEY DISEASE. RHEUMATISM. BRONCHITIS. DIARRHOEA. GOUT. GRAVEL. NEURALGIA. MIGRAINE. HEADACHE. DROPSY. SCURVY. ANEMIA. AND ALL THE PRONOUNCED AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

SIDE TALKS. By Ruth Cameron.

MOTHERS AND FATHERS ARE HUMAN BEINGS. It was 10 o'clock at night in the big hall. The G.F.A.C. concert was over. The men were clearing the floor for the grand march. It was "Ladies' Night" at the Lodge—the big night of the year—and all the lady birds wore the gown, which (whether it was only a simple dark blue taffeta, or a real decollete in the latest gorgeous color and shimmering material and striking silhouette) represented great events to them. And some of the men actually wore dress suits.

As the men rushed about pushing back the seats and sweeping up the floor, a little youngster toddled out on the floor. She could not have been more than three years old, perhaps not more than two. She was dressed in a little, frilly white frock, and she was having a wonderful time. "Her Parents Ought To Be Ashamed!" Immediately from all about me came a murmur of comments. "Isn't she cunning," came first, and then almost invariably, "But what a dreadful thing to have a child up at this hour! I call it a shame. Her mother and father ought to be ashamed of themselves," and so forth.

My own first instinct was to join in the chorus of criticism. But before I could speak the woman next to me said to one of the critics. "Do you know who that child's mother is?" The critic did not. "Well, I do, and I know that this is the first time she and her husband have been out for an evening together since that child was born." The mother hasn't got a living soul to leave her with. She probably won't do again for a year, but her husband was just crazy to have her come to this affair. He loves to go and he persuaded her to bring the baby along. And I don't believe it will hurt the baby enough to balance the good it's doing the mother. Don't

The Lost City.

ROMANCE OF BURIED TREASURE. For four hundred years and more men have been searching for the lost city, where the enormous treasure of the Incas was hidden, and success has at last been achieved. When Pizarro and the Conquistadores captured Cuzco, the capital of the Incas in Peru, where at that time gold was one of the commonest things, they found to their disappointment and chagrin the great treasure chambers in Cuzco had been stripped empty, and only a short time before, they tortured the natives by the hundred, but not one divulged the destination of the treasure.

A Perilous Journey. Early last century, after Peru threw off the yoke of Spain, the Peruvian Indians loosened their tongues. According to their traditions, the treasures had been hidden at Choquequirau, which itself means "Cradle of Gold"—somewhere far up in the Andes, where the frontiers of Brazil and Peru now meet. Faithful to their ancient rulers, the family of which still exist there and in utter poverty, none had gone near Choquequirau; and in time even the whereabouts of it had become forgotten. In recent years, different expeditions sought for the lost city, but in vain. It fell to an American, Hiram Bingham, to find it. And to-day a company is digging for the buried treasures.

Bingham found the lost city within eight days' hard travel from Cuzco. Most of the time he and his party were hanging on to the side of a mountain almost by their eyelids. They had to descend into an hitherto unknown valley 6,000ft. deep; cross a rapid and dangerous river there by means of a suspension bridge constructed out of woody creepers; by the Indians of the party; wade through a tall jungle, so dense with shrubs and creepers that it was necessary to cut a track every foot of the sixteen miles; and then climb up 8,000ft. of steep, precipitous mountain, unscalable save by one track much destroyed by time and the weather, that apparently had been used in Incan times. In the mists at the top, 18,000ft. above the sea, they found the city.

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Just Folks. By Bob A. Guest.

THE CLIMBER. She has money enough for her wants and her wishes. Her meals are all served on the best dishes. Her husband is faithful and kindly and good. But her friends all live in her own neighbourhood. And her life seems as gloomy and dark as can be. For Mrs. Van Gold never asks her to tea.

She may do what she will, and whenever she pleases. May go to the South where the sea is never frozen. May travel whenever she chooses to roam. But she finds no contentment abroad or at home. Her days are not happy, her future is grim. She's not as the vulgar would say, in the swim.

She has friends who are kindly and never intrusive. Good people to be with—but they're not "exclusive." No joy is denied her which money can buy. Yet she travels the town with a frown and a sigh. And this is the sum of her pitiful plea. The upper crust doesn't invite her to tea. Now I sympathize with a genuine sorrow. I've done it to-day and I'll do it to-morrow. I'll go when I can in the face of a need To help out a friend, and I'll do it with speed. But no one can wring any tears out of me. Because some swell duchess won't ask her to tea.

To Amend the Volstead Act.

Amendment of the Volstead act so as to permit the manufacture of light wines and beer is urged by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor in a declaration issued on Sunday. Recalling the unanimous decision of the Federation last year to ask for such a change, the council says that that conclusion was not reached until after it had caused an exhaustive investigation of the effects of the Volstead act to be made. That investigation showed, according to the council, a general disregard of the law among all classes of people, including those who made the law; the creation of thousands of moonshiners among both country and city dwellers, as well as of an army of bootleggers; an amazing increase in the traffic in poisons and deadly concoctions and drugs, and an increased rate of insanity, blindness and crime among the users thereof; an increase in unemployment due to the loss of employment by workers in forty-five industries directly or indirectly connected with the manufacture of liquors, and an increase in taxes to city, state and national governments amounting to approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year. In view of these results of the extreme interpretation of the prohibition amendment contained in the Volstead act, as well as the enormous expense of the attempt to enforce that unenforceable legislation, the council concludes that "the act is an improper interpretation of the prohibition amendment; that it is a social and a moral failure, and that it is a dangerous breeder of discontent and of contempt for all law."

Labor for Light Wines and Beer. This protest is not directed against the Eighteenth Amendment itself, but the council contends that the Amendment "under the present drastic and unreasonable legislative interpretation has a destructive and deteriorating effect and influence in every direction." No violation of the Eighteenth Amendment is sought, the council continues, but it declares for a reasonable interpretation of the amendment in order that the law may be enforceable and enforced, and that the people of our country "may not suffer from an unjust and fanatical interpretation of the Constitution." The council urges, therefore, that all citizens, in every walk of life, demand from their representatives and senators in Washington immediate relief from the unwarranted restrictions contained in the Volstead act. It furthermore suggests to the citizenship of the country the wisdom and advisability of bearing in mind the attitude toward the issue presented of officeholders and aspirants to office in coming elections in order that there may be restored to the people the lawful use of wholesome beer and light wines, which, it contends, should be rightfully declared non-intoxicating beverages. Action of the kind suggested would afford an opportunity for testing public sentiment on the subject, but it may be remarked that it will not be enough for the people who desire the change to confine their attention to the legislators at Washington; they must follow a like course in respect to members of state legislatures.—Bradstreet's.

AT HOME. When evening, balmy time of peace, succeeds the busy day, I sometimes take my aunt and niece to see a moral play. More often, though, we stay at home, and, while the women sew, I read aloud a helpful poem or tale by E. P. Roe. The evening is a thing of charm, a boon to dames and men; and home we're snug and safe from harm, and go to rest at last. And in the streets, throughout the night, the rolsters proceed; they make the solemn hours a fright, the way they die and bleed. Red murder stalks along the slums, assassins slug and slay, and in the dawn the crowner comes, and loads men in a dray. The victims of the knife and gun might years of comfort know, if they at home would look for fun, and read the works of Roe. Back numbers like my niece and aunt will stay at home with me, but nearly all the young ones past some midnight larks to see. A goodly book beside the lamp is much too tame and stale; far better trot with tough and vamp, and wind up in a jail; it is a punishment, they think, to spend a night at home, and where the bright lights glare and blink on giddy feet they roam. But to the street that roars and cares the wise youth does not go; he seats himself in wicker chairs, and reads some books by Roe.

Would Drown the Old and the Children. Wholesale slaughter of children and aged and sick, so that Doukhobors of Western Canada may roam the country unhindered, as a vagrant class, in protest against extortionate taxation is contemplated by Peter Veregin, leader of the Doukhobors, according to the Winnipeg Free Press. According to M. M. Kottinoff, Man-

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