

The golden brown of Kellogg's turns to rosy hues on kiddies' cheeks.

How children love it—with milk or cream, or topped with fruit.



A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Oh, no."

She was sitting gazing at the door, with a look so strained and unnatural that it startled them. Jacinto, too, was white, as if with apprehension, and shrank from the eyes of all. Moment after moment passed—a quarter of an hour went by, but still Mr. De Vere did not return.

"What can detain uncle!" exclaimed Frank. "They can't have done anything to him, can they? Suppose firing and see?"

No one objected, and, seizing the bell pull, he rang a peal that presently brought Reynolds into the room.

"Have those two old tramps gone?" asked Frank.

"No, Master Frank; they're both here yet."

"The dickens they are! Where's uncle?"

"In the morning parlor with Mother Hewlet."

"Oh, sister!" exclaimed the over-joyed Frank "there's a piece of news! Where's Captain Tempest?"

"In the hall, smoking."

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

"What's there's coolness for?" asked Frank, and gestured for Reynolds to go.

Jacquetta! Tell her she is to return with you immediately—immediately, mind! Lose not a moment going or coming. Go!"

Frank started to his feet, more in dismay than in obedience; but there was that in his uncle's face that repelled inquiry, and "extorted compliance."

"Just tell her I want her! You need not say who is here. It is as well to take her unprepared," he said, lowering his voice.

"That's so, Mr. De Vere!" exclaimed Captain Tempest, whose keen ears overheard him.

"Silence, sir!" said Mr. De Vere, fiercely. "Learn to hold your tongue when a gentleman speaks!" Then, turning to Frank, he said: "What are you waiting for, sir? be off; and, mind, don't let the grass grow under your feet!"

Frank, so violently astonished that he scarcely knew whether he was walking or dreaming, seized his cap, and darted out of the room. Captain Tempest arose, his face red with anger.

"Do you mean to say, sir," he began, turning savagely to Mr. De Vere, when a hand seized his arm, and he was forced back into his chair.

"Why will you be a fool," said Grizzle, angrily in Spanish; "sit down and wait! Your revenge is coming!"

A moment's silence fell on all. Captain Tempest scowled. Mr. De Vere walked to the window, and stood like a statue, and Disbrowe pulled out his watch, and looked at the hour.

"Time I was off," he said, starting up. "My dear uncle, can I see you a moment in private, before I go?"

"You must postpone your journey for to-day, Alfred!" said his uncle, imperiously. "There is a certain family affair to be discussed here, presently at which I require your presence. Your journey can wait, so sit down!"

"Then I will not intrude," he said; "I will go!"

"You will stay!" interposed Mr. De Vere, sternly. "Sit down, sir; perhaps we may find your presence necessary before we have done!"

The boy turned white, even to his lips.

"I beg, sir," he began, falteringly; but Mr. De Vere turned almost fiercely upon him.

"Sit down, sir! You shall do as I tell you. Perhaps we may make you give a better account of yourself before you go! Sit down!"

The lad recoiled, and fell back into a seat, like one fainting.

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

"Mount instantly, and be off for

MRS. B. H. HART SICK FOR YEARS

Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cornwall, Ont.—"I am now giving your medicine a fair trial and it surely is doing me good and I am going to keep on taking it. I used to feel so tired in the morning that I didn't want to get up, but that feeling is leaving me now. I also sleep better and feel more like working. For seven or eight years I have had

headaches, tired feelings, pains in my back and across my body. I read letters in the newspapers saying what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done others. My husband says I quit too soon, but I am not going to stop taking the Vegetable Compound until I am better and haven't an ache or a pain. Isn't that the right way? I have great faith in your medicines. They must be good when those who take them speak so highly of them. I am recommending them to my friends and I will gladly answer letters from women asking about them."

Mrs. B. H. HART, Box 1081, Cornwall, Ont.

Mrs. Hart is willing to answer letters from sick women asking about the Vegetable Compound.

All this time Augusta had cowered in her seat, shuddering, trembling, collapsed. Now she lifted her white face, and rising to her feet, she turned to Grizzle, and gasped rather than said:

"Have you—have you—broken your promise? Have you told—" her voice died away, and she shivered convulsively.

The old, evil smile came over Grizzle's face as she fixed her piercing eyes on the young girl's ghastly face, and quietly replied:

"No, Lady Augusta, I have not told! Your secret is safe, at least for the present; I do not care to blacken my lips just yet by telling it, nor scorch your father's ears by the hearing. Fear not for the present, you are safe."

She sank back, and dropped her white face in her white hands. Mr. De Vere, standing stern and motionless, if he heard, heeded not; and Jacinto, whose emotion was evidently one of intense terror—rather surprising in one who a short time before had fearlessly risked his life to save another—covered down on his seat, and did not dare to look up, while a streak of dark red at intervals flashed across his dark face. Disbrowe, astonished and troubled, yet with a heart thrilling at the thought that he was to see Jacquetta again, looked uneasily from face to face. Old Grizzle, with her gray cloak folded closely around her, sat with a grim, sinister smile glittering in her snake-like eyes, and wrinkling her thin lips.

And Captain Tempest, looting back in his chair, elevated his legs on another, clapping a wedge of the Virginia weed in his mouth, stuck his hands in his coat pockets, and looked the very picture of nonchalance and high-bred self-possession.

And hours passed!

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN DAYS.

The grand old times of which we read, in tales by Scott and I am a s. when knight went forth on a prancing steed to play his doughty games! The grand old times when kings and queens, bejeweled, heaved their sighs, because they had no window screens to thwart the "dimpling" eyes. King Henry, with his cloth of gold, and velvet rugs outspread, and smoky splendours manifold, with rushlight, went to bed. His palace had a grievous stink, dogs fed on every floor; it had no stove, no kitchen sink, no mailbox by the door. The knight might own a stock of bones, and yet, what could he buy? No radio, no telephones, root beer or whiskers dye. The knight was clad in armor bright that gave a marvellous gleam; but when he would disrobe at night, it was another thing. He had to call a serving wench when reaching his hotel, and she, with as and monkey wrench would ease him from his shell. When I am reading those old tales, with all their brave array of stately dames and fighting males, I sometimes sigh and say: "I would that I with knights might prance, in my large pewter hat! The world is short of its romance—it's dull and tame and flat!" But when I think of hotted pants and shirts of soldered tin, I boost with rapture, to my aunts, the age we're living in.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

WALT MARCH.

Important Discovery at Jerusalem

A discovery, which may prove of far-reaching importance, has been made near the entrance to the Garden Tomb, outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem.

Some loose stones were being removed from the ground in front of the entrance of the Tomb in the process of tidying up the garden, when one of them attracted the attention of Miss Hussey, who is in charge of the tomb, owing to the fact that it had markings upon it.

She had it removed, partially cleaned it, and reported the find to the Government Department of Antiquities.

A few days after its discovery it was viewed by Professor Brandenburg, who was commissioned by the Berlin Society of Palestinian Research to investigate the rock tombs of Palestine a year ago, and whose reputation as an authority on rock architecture in the Mediterranean is admittedly high.

He immediately, and without hesitation, identified it as "a shrine of the goddess Cybele or Aphrodite (Venus), with the column and tree of Adonis or Attys beside it," declaring that such shrines were found in temples of Venus. A more careful cleansing of the stone further enhanced his first impression for it clearly revealed the fruit on the tree.

The importance of this discovery, writes the Rev. C. C. Dobson, if the identification is correct, as seems probable, lies not so much in itself as in its association with the Garden Tomb. This Tomb is regarded by many as perhaps the very Tomb of the Resurrection.

It is a well-known fact of history that in A.D. 135, when, on the suppression of the revolt of the self-styled Messiah, Barchocheba, the second and more complete Roman destruction of Jerusalem took place, the Emperor Hadrian built a new Roman city, named Aelia Capitolina, on the ruins, and among other things, erected a Temple of Venus over the Tomb of the Resurrection, with the purpose of completely desecrating it. It is evident, therefore, that in seeking to identify the Tomb of the Resurrection we may expect to find traces of this temple.

Outside the Garden Tomb are the distinct traces of a large building which once stood there, as may easily be seen in any photograph of the entrance of the Tomb. On either side of the door are the springs of two arches cut into the rock, and above the door are three columbaria, or recesses, usually found in heathen temples. A stone pavement and a column also exist. Those who view this Tomb as the possible scene of the Resurrection have always regarded these traces as those of the Temple of Venus erected by Hadrian, but it is felt that further proofs of identification were needed.

If the identification of this stone as a shrine of Venus be finally established, it will naturally provide very strong additional evidence for this conclusion. It would, of course, follow that the definite identification of the remains of a Temple of Venus over a large Jewish tomb of the period, which otherwise bears out all descriptions of the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, must naturally carry with it a strong presumption that that tomb may indeed be no other than that of the Resurrection itself. This stone may thus be found to be another and important link in the chain of identification.

Not Equal to His Task

Dr. A. C. Benson, in one of his pleasant gossip books, cites as perhaps the most pathetic of recorded death-bed utterances that of a certain Bishop, whose last words were, "I have held a great position, and have not been equal to it."

Whether bobbed or long—here's a way to make your hair lie fashionably smooth

THE newest bobs—whether shingled or straight-cut—lie smooth to the head. The smartest arrangements for long hair are almost secure in their smoothness.

Women are finding in Stacomb just the thing to achieve these smart, new fashions in dressing their hair.

Just a touch of this delicate cream stroked on with the palms of the hands—and the most unruly hair is tamed.

At all Drug and Department Stores.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent