'Byno' Hypophosphites

A General Tonic

An excellent tonic which quickly restores strength and energy to the system when run down, or suffering from the after effects of illness. It stimulates the digestion and enables those who suffer from loss of appetite to enjoy their meals thoroughly and derive full benefit from them. When feeling weak or easily becoming tired after slight exertion, 'Byno' Hypophosphites is invaluable.

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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

— OR —

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXII.

She lay back on the cushions of her arm-chair, languid and weak, feeling only that it was pleasant to be able to rest after the long weary day, that it was pleasant to be in warm rooms instead of out in the cold and snow. She had lost for the present the sense of misery, the keen intolerable pain which had not left her for a moment during the past twenty-four hours. She had forgotten in her intense weariness the danger which menaced her husband and the crime of which he had been accused. It seemed as if there had come to her a cessation in the battle of life, when she could rest for awhile and gather up strength again for the next encounter.

She was so exhausted that her consciousness of outward things was but vague, her memory of what had passed during the day but a blurred and indistinct recollection; but there still hovered about her a faint consciousness of some danger which threatened her husband, and from which she wished to save him if it were possible.

Presently Dolly came in softly, in her tasteful evening dress, carrying some hot soup, of which Sidney took a little, not to disappoint her pretty attendant; and then, as the dressing bell rang, she drew the bright golden head down to hers and kissed the blushing face with a long lingering kiss.

"I am very glad, Dolly," she whispered. "I hope you will be very happy, dear," and Dolly returned the kiss warmly, but in silence; she could not trust herself to speak, looking at the lovely, wistful, miserable eyes, which met hers, at the tremulous pale lips which had tried to force a smile as they wished her all happiness.

When Dolly had gone down to dinner, her sister-in-law let herself fall back in her chair again, with a little shuddering cry of pain at the thought of the terrible cloud which overhung the girl's young life, the cloud that might burst at any moment and overwhelm her.

"But he will be true to her, even if it should come!" she murmured to herself, pressing her hands to her forehead, as if to crush out some painful thought. "He loves her; and what would not love overook? Nothing, since—ah, great Heaven—since I love him still!"

Yes; there lay the keenest, sharpest pang of Sidney's great sorrow. Through it all, and in spite of all, she knew that her love for her husband was as deep and true and steadfast as it had ever been, that the horrible accusation made against him, the crime of which even she herself sometimes believed him guilty, had wrought no change in her love for him; she loved him with all her heart and soul and strength, loved him as if he had been noble and true and honorable as he seemed to be.

In spite of her impetuous assertion of his innocence to Frank Greville when she had overheard his accusation, her own doubt of Stephen's guilt had been but a short-lived one. She had struggled against her want of loyalty to her husband desperately but ineffectually; she had not been able to overcome the gnawing anxiety, the wistful, torturing fear and dread. A hundred trifles, hitherto unnoticed, unheeded, had risen up before her in the long solitary night-watch, and had been magnified by her doubting, aching heart into proofs of guilt. She did not judge him, she did not condemn him in her heart; she could only pity him with a passionately tender pity—she could only pity and despair.

For she was despairing. Through all the sorrow of the past she had had hope to sustain her, the hope of one day winning the love she had once deemed hers; now she felt that she had lost everything, that her life held nothing but misery and wretchedness and dread, that he could be nothing to her in the future, this man who could deceive her so cruelly, who could walk among his fellow-men a free man, when, for the crime he had committed, another was suffering exile and poverty. And yet she loved him! Irrespectively of what he had done or of what he was she loved him!

As her strength in some degree returned, the sharpness of her anguish returned with it, and the quiet rooms seemed peopled with phantoms created by her own vivid imagination. Vision after vision of what might be came before her in her solitude; the detective's keen dark eyes followed her, hunting her. She pictured Stephen suspected of the murder, accused, tried, condemned; she saw herself, his wife, one of the witnesses against him; she met his eyes fixed upon her with dread and horror and reproach. She saw his father broken down and broken-hearted by his son's shame; Lady Eva dying under it of a breaking heart, even as Chrissie was dying of her brother's shame and misery; she saw Dolly shrinking from her, and crying out that she had brought them all to misery and shame. Ah, if she could only die and end her misery thus! It would be soo good to be troubled no more, to be no longer lonely and wretched, to lose forever the horrible pain at her heart!

The fever which consumed her gave her strength; she rose and began to pace up and down the pretty room, slowly at first, then with hasty uneven footsteps, and, as she did so, a desperate resolve seized her. Since life was so bitter, would not death be sweet? And it was so easy to die to those who had the strength of mind to die!

To Sidney, in her desperate misery, such a thought as this came easily enough, and without causing any horror. She was so miserable that anything which would end her misery could not but be pleasant in her eyes, and her mental vision was too confused to see the dread sin she was so calmly proposing to commit. She was sorely tempted, poor soul, sorely beset on every side; and she almost yielded—almost, not quite. As she took from the little medicine-chest the bottle whose contents would so soon have ended her sad life, the horror of what she was about to do came over her. She put the bottle back in its place, and locked the little chest; then she crept back, trembling and faint, to her chair, and sunk into it, covering her white face with her trembling hands, and so sat shivering and cowering as the evening wore on.

And thus Mason found her when she came to see if her mistress needed anything before retiring for the night—a pale woman, with wild bright eyes and burning hands and parched-dry lips, who looked at the servant vacantly, muttering incoherent words—words without sense or meaning, words which sent Mason flying down-stairs for Miss Daunt and her master, who, hurrying up to the pretty dainty rooms, found Sidney there without sense or knowledge, muttering still with her fevered lips, yet becoming strangely silent as she saw Stephen, and pressing her little hands to her lips, as if to keep a seal upon them.

Those were dreary days which followed, while the young mistress of Easthorpe lay on her bed, with the shadow of the Angel of Death hovering over her—days of quenchless thirst, of burning fever, of throbbing pulses, and wide, bright, fever-stricken eyes—days when the little burning hands caused their restless movements when the white lids never closed over the burning aching eyes—days of doubt, of fear, seldom of hope.

How near Sidney drew in those days to the brink of the grave she had longed to rest in, how nearly the overshadowing wings had infolded her, those around her hardly knew, except her father.

Stephen, indeed, in his grief, was almost despairing; but still he hoped through it all. She was so young, so beloved, Heaven would be merciful and spare her to them; and Heaven was merciful, for, slowly but surely she came back from the brink of the grave and from the arms of Death, and lay upon her pillows weak and feeble as an infant child, but conscious of their care and kindness, and grateful for both as she won her way slowly back to life once more.

Back to life, but hardly as yet to health. All present danger was over, the doctors said; but here was still especial need for care. It was but natural that she should be weak and languid after so severe an illness; but the weakness and languor lasted longer than should have been the case; the patient, for all her youth and sound constitution, seemed to have no wish to rouse herself from the lethargy into which she had fallen; there was a terrible lack of vitality, Dr. Arnold said sadly. If they could induce her to rouse herself, to take some interest in passing events! But all seemed unavailing, all their efforts and tenderness and care, until something came which roused her into terrible fear and dread again, something which drove from her all her weakness and languor, and made her strong once more to do and dare.

(To be continued).

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takes the greatest care to protect and nourish her skin and not to give the fatal wrinkles a chance to form. After cleansing her face she rubs in with an upward and outward motion a generous amount of Three Flowers skin and Tissue Cream. The pure oils it contains are quickly absorbed by the tissues. The lady whose skin is inclined to be dry finds in this splendid cosmetic the means to replace the natural oil her skin lacks, while the woman whose skin is inclined to be too oily finds that a thorough cleansing with Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream opens the overloaded pores and helps them throw off the excessive oils. Thus does this beautiful cream benefit every woman's skin.—oct22,th,m,tf

Secrets of the Snores

This summer has witnessed one of the greatest exploits of mountaineering ever recorded—the conquest of Mount Logan, the highest peak in Canada, which rises to a height of over 19,000 feet.

The Canadian Alpine Club expedition, which triumphed over all obstacles and reached the summit of Mount Logan, originally consisted of eight members, but two of them had to abandon the attempt because of frost-bite and general exhaustion before attaining their goal.

Almost incredible hardships were suffered by the conquerors of Mount Logan, who spent forty-four days entirely on ice in getting to the summit and back again. Each man of the party had to pack about seventy pounds over two hundred miles of ridge and glacier. Dangerous storms were encountered, especially on the return journey, and only the most heroic efforts averted loss of life.

On the last lap of the ascent, when the party reached what they believed to be the highest point of the mountain, they found yet another peak towering above them. To attain this they had to descend a thousand feet into a valley between the two peaks before again beginning to climb.

This final peak was heart-breaking work, as the party had to make progress up a steep snow and ice slope, terminating in a knife area that led to the summit. The temperature when they gained the top was four degrees below zero.

Making Good Blood

If your child is "looking pale," take it as a danger sign. The child may degenerate into a permanent state of ill-health.

But Virol is rich in vitamins and precious food substances that promote growth and development. Given regularly now, it will save the cost and anxiety of "patching up her health" in future years.

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Virol actually increases the red cells of the blood, it builds bone, nerve and muscle tissues, bringing roses to the cheeks and a splendid glow of health to the whole body.

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Musical Trees

In Barbadoes there is a whistling tree. It has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and all its pods have a split edge. The wind passing through the pods causes them to emit the sounds that have given the tree its name.

There is a long valley packed with these trees and when the trade winds blow across the island a continuous deep-toned whistle comes from the valley, the effect being extremely weird.

In the Sudan there is a species of acacia also known locally as the whistling tree.

An evening gown of rose velvet has the skirt slightly lifted in the back and is trimmed with bands of strass.

Chopped celery, apples and cottage cheese make a delicious salad. Garnish with strips of green pepper.

German Officer the Brain

BEHIND ABD EL KRIM'S RESISTANCE IN MOROCCO.

Riffian Chief of Artillery is a Former Serbian Colonel.

TANGIER, Nov. 2.—The brain behind Abd El Krim's resistance, a French intelligence officer declares, is a German named Von Klems, formerly a captain in the Prussian Guards, who before the war, owing to a scandal joined the French Foreign Legion, and in 1921 deserted to the Riffians and is now serving in Abd-El Krim's army.

Ten German deserters who entered the Tangier zone recently were placed under arrest. They complain bitterly of Von Klem's harshness and brutality, declaring that he shot the faint-hearted without the slightest compunction. He is known through the Riff as Radji Ala.

The same deserters say that the Riffian chief of artillery is a former Serbian colonel. Quiet prevails along the front.

MANY ARE CALLED.

WALT MASON

In the farmhouse there's a maiden who is tired of humdrum chores; she is worn and heavy laden working in and out of doors. She is dreaming, as she labors, of a movie queen's career; some day she'll surprise the neighbours, jolt the nations far and near. There's a damsel sweetly dreaming in the Gold Brick dry goods store, with the crowds around her streaming—but she won't be there much more; by her dreams she is uplifted, in that sordid, busy scene, for she knows she's strangely gifted as a movie actorine. In the laundry there's a lady who is keen for wealth and fame; little dimpled, doll-like Sadie, she will try the movie game; other girls have proven winners—Mary Pickford and that crew; and she joins the other spinners of sweet dreams that don't come true. Sober warnings cannot daunt them, and to Hollywood they go, thinking managers will want them, offering large chunks of dough. But the managers are hidden and are mighty hard to find, and the girls who came unbidden find their lives a weary grind. They are gifted, but the city throngs with lovely gifted maids, and they travel, more's the pity, in the unemployed parades. Where two damsels get their chances, forty damsels wait in vain, while the day of wrath advances, day of poverty and pain; soon they've emptied all their purses and can pay no hashhouse bills; then with chaste but earnest curses they go back to farms and mills.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

Soviet Legal Lights and Authorities

GIVE A FINE EXAMPLE OF RED TAPE.

Moscow.—A striking case in which an attempt to carry out all the legal regulations literally resulted in an enormous waste of time and energy recently occurred in a village near Moscow.

One of the poor peasants of the village went into the forest and broke off a decayed branch of firewood. Unfortunately for the peasant a forester caught him in the act of breaking off the branch. Although the forester recognized that the branch was quite useless, he felt that the law against taking wood from the forest must be upheld, so he haled the peasant with the branch to the village soviet. Here several other peasants were called away from their work to serve as witnesses and to assist in preparing a long report on the case, to be submitted to the court.

Then a forestry expert was called in to appraise the value of the broken branch. He pronounced it worthless, and set a nominal value of 1 kopeck (half a cent). Then the case came to court. By this time protests could already be heard against devoting so much time and attention to the case of the broken branch; but the head of the court insisted that "revolutionary legality" must be preserved, and that they must go through with the case to the bitter end.

Ultimately the court fined the peasant 3 kopecks, three times the value of the broken branch. But the affair did not end at this point. Somehow the case came to the attention of a higher official, who decided that the peasant should not have been prosecuted at all. Because he was a poor peasant without a horse, and because he had a son in the army, he should have enjoyed special privileges in gathering wood. On these grounds the official ruled that the fine should be cancelled.

But it is no simple matter to get a fine cancelled in Russia, even though the amount involved may be only 3 kopecks. The higher official's decision meant filing new papers and applications, and at last accounts the peasant was still writhing in the legal meshes which he had unwittingly wound about himself when he took what seemed to be a promising piece of firewood.—Christian Science Monitor.

Is Your Back The Weak Point

Then get your kidneys right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Very few people are in perfect health. There is a weak spot somewhere. When you get tired or your system gets a little run down you feel the effects at your weak spot.

If your weak spot is your back, then you may suspect that your kidneys are not in perfect order. The back aches or is weak and sore; you may have headaches; there will be dryness of the skin, pains in the limbs and disorders of the bladder.

The quickest way to regulate the kidneys is by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are bound to be effective because they arouse the action of the kidneys, liver and bowels and thereby ensure the elimination of poisons from the system.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sole Agent for Nfld.

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Sleeves are so interesting this season; some have gathered elbows and long tight cuffs.

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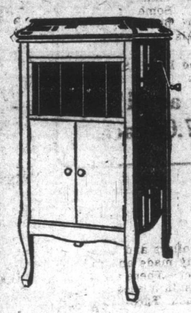

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