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THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY

P. B. RENDELL, Acting Manager.
Pitts' Building, St. John's, Nfld.

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

—OR—
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XLIII.

March, which had come in with blustering and roaring winds, had gone out meekly as a lamb, and had given place to April with its varying face of smiles and tears. The pretty ornamental grounds round Easthorpe were donning their bright spring attire; Lambwood Park was showing all its glory of tender green and strong vigorous young life, the hedgerows were rich with the fairest flowers of the early spring—the primroses in their lavish luxuriance, the deep blue violets, so sweet and fragrant, the pure white snowdrop in its delicate loveliness. Spring had come; the fairest season of the year reigned over the earth.

The nine-days' wonder was over. The trial of Francis Greville the younger, which had been so eagerly looked forward to and so much talked of, had never taken place. The necessary formalities had been fulfilled, and he had come forth from the prison a free man, bearing an unstained name—for surely his suffering had removed the stain which his folly had cast upon it—able to look every man in the face, under no obligation of concealment. That he had suffered, and suffered greatly, was only too evident; his youth was gone, never to return. He was young in years still; yet he moved and spoke with the gravity of a man who had reached middle life, and there were many silver threads in his fair hair, and many a deep line graven on the once-smooth brow.

But, though he was free, and once more able to take his place among his fellow men, Frank's troubles were not yet over; there was still much suffering in store for him. The freedom which gave new life to his sister and seemed to bring her back from the very brink of the grave had stricken his father to the earth. The sudden revulsion of feeling, the overwhelming joy at the innocence of the son who had been the dearest thing in the world to him, and against whom he had been so bitterly incensed, had been more than

his strength, already tried to the uttermost by the stern self-repression he had exercised for so long, could bear. Thus it happened that April was well on its way before Frank Greville was able to see his friends and receive their congratulations; and the first he paid was to Stephen Daunt at Easthorpe.

He had driven over from Ashford; but he left the dog-cart at the gates for he wished to walk through the grounds where in the wintry night he and Sidney

"Had met and parted in bitter tears and woe," and his heart throbbled fast at the recollection of that interview and of all which had taken place since then. Spring was in his heart now as well as in the clear sweet air; but on that night there had reigned everywhere the chill and darkness of winter, and in his heart had been the blackness of despair.

Mrs. Daunt was out, the servants said, and Mr. Daunt had not yet returned from Ashford; but he would be in very shortly, if Mr. Greville would wait.

"Yes, I will wait," Frank said; and the man ushered him into the drawing-room, and went out, closing the door after him.

At first Frank thought the room was empty; but, as he glanced round it, remembering how he stood outside in the heavy falling rain and looked in at Sidney on a past well-remembered night, a lady rose from a seat near the window, where she had been painting, and came forward rather shyly—a tall girl with kind gray eyes and a mass of beautiful fair hair, who held out her hand with a charming welcoming smile.

"Mr. Greville," she said, in a low sweet voice, "I am so glad to see you. You do not know me; but I have heard so much of you that I feel I know you quite well. I am Agnes Burton—Stephen Daunt's cousin."

(To be continued.)

Lord Wharton's Niece
—AND—
The Heir to Regna Court

CHAPTER I.

A middle-aged lady, with a worn face and timid eyes, entered, and Claire with a faint smile, went forward to meet her, and took her hand and kissed her.

"So you have come, Mary!" she said in a low voice, with a perceptible tremor in it.

"Yes, Claire," said the elder woman, much agitated; "of course, I came directly. Why did you not send for me before?—though it was very good of you to send for me at all. Oh, my dear, how tall you have grown! And how—her voice dropped—"how beautiful!"

Claire blushed slightly, but only for a moment.

"I should scarcely have known you," went on Mrs. Lexton; "you have altered so."

"I was only a child when you saw me last, Mary," said Claire. "And a great deal has happened since then."

"Yes, yes!" nervously asserted Mrs. Lexton, with her timid eyes fixed upon the beautiful face as if she could not remove them. "I am so anxious to hear it all! You must have so much to tell me—"

"Yes," said Claire in a low, firm voice, which, for all its firmness, was like a note of music. "But you must come and take off your things. It is nearly dinner time, but you shall have your tea all the same; I will have it sent up to your room."

She rang the bell.

"Some tea to Mrs. Lexton's room," she said to the footman.

Mrs. Lexton watched her as if impressed by the girl's quiet dignity and air of command. "Come!" said Claire, and, drawing Mrs. Lexton's arm within hers, she led her to the room prepared for her.

As they went along the corridor, the elder woman looked about her, and down at the great hall, not with vulgar curiosity, but with a kind of wonder on her refined face.

Claire noticed it, and smiled faintly, and Mrs. Lexton murmured, apologetically:

"I am not used to such grandeur, dear."

"You will very soon get used to it, Mary," said Claire. "Sit down in that easy-chair, and let me take your bonnet off for you. How tired you must be after your long journey! You are looking just the same, Mary; just the same kind, lovable face, just as I have pictured it many and many a time. Heaven knows how often I have longed for a sight of your face; and how often I have longed to write and tell you of that longing."

"He would not let you write, dear?" said Mrs. Lexton, in an awed whisper. Claire turned her eyes away.

"He would not let me write to any one, nor see any one of my old friends," said Claire. "The first day I came here, years ago, Lord Wharton told me of his wish in the matter. It was his express command that I should hold no communication whatever with those I left."

"I know—I understand, dear!" said Mrs. Lexton. "How sad it must have been for you! Have you been very unhappy here?"

Claire looked out of the window thoughtfully.

"Not very unhappy," she said; "scarcely unhappy at all. Sometimes it has been very lonely—for Lord Wharton would be no one; no one came here—"

"And you have been shut up in this great house alone, with an old man?"

"Yes," said Claire.

A maid in mourning, with spotless collar and cuffs of white linen, brought in the tea. Claire poured out a cup.

The elder woman was so absorbed in her curiosity, so full of wonder at the calmness, the exquisite repose, of the solitary young girl, that she held the cup in her hand, and seemed to forget tea, though every nerve was aching for it.

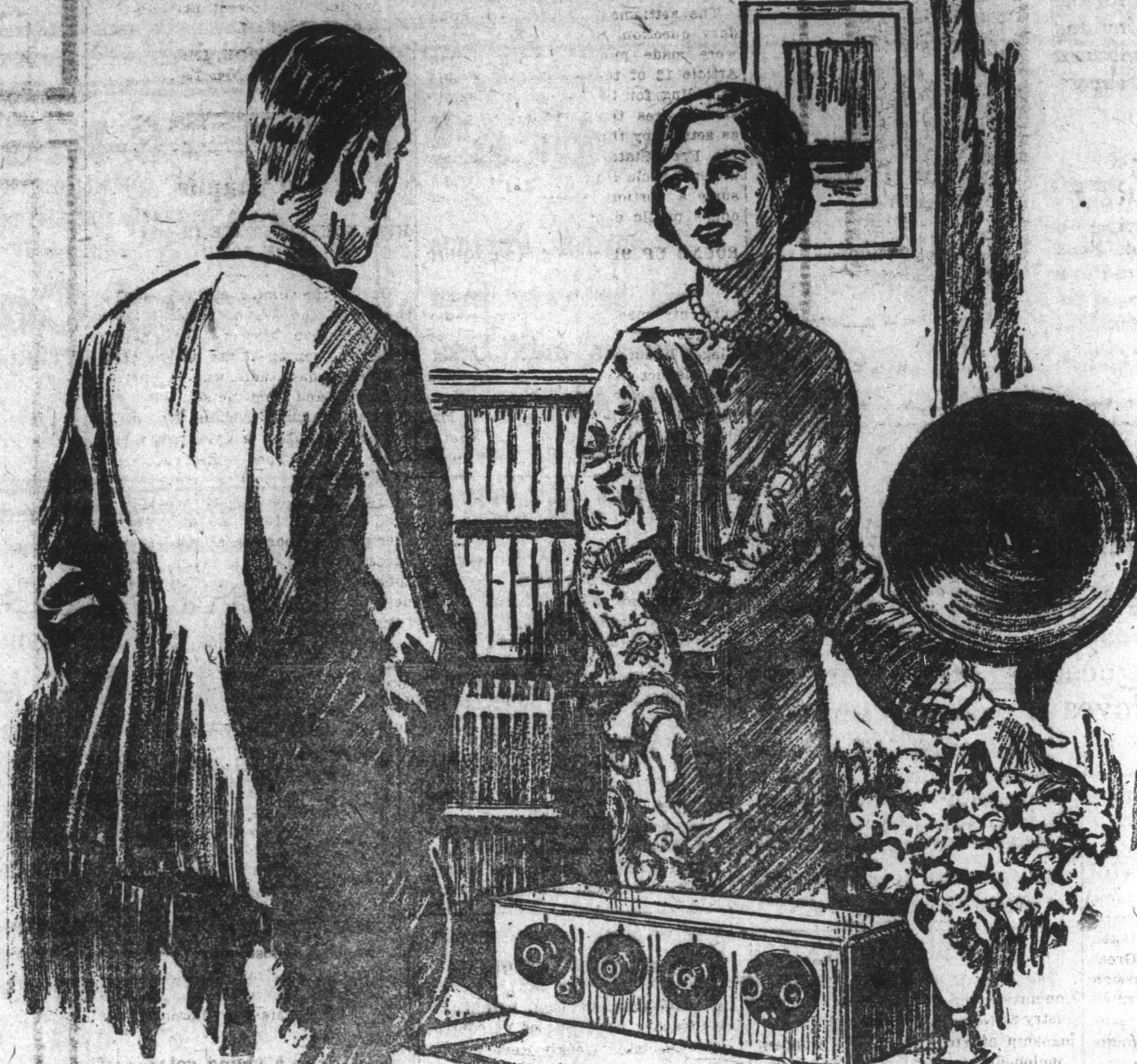
"Tell me everything, Claire, dear!" she said. "It is all so strange, seems so wonderful, that I can scarcely realize it."

She looked round the expensively furnished room as if it would help her.

Claire sat on the bed, and leaned her arm on the broad brass rail.

(To be continued.)

ATWATER KENT RADIO



She fought radio for three years
—now she wouldn't part with her Atwater Kent

This is the statement of a doctor's wife from a little town in Oklahoma:

"I fought radio for three years. Wouldn't let my husband get a set. Told him it was noisy and a nuisance. Then one evening we heard an Atwater Kent at a friend's house. We bought one like it next day—and oh, what a pleasure it is! It's increasing our interest in life 100 per cent and it is making the word *home* mean more than it ever did before!"

Are you denying yourself the pleasure that might be yours merely because you do not know how fine a really good radio is? If so, hear an Atwater Kent at a nearby store today or have a demonstration in your home.

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WJAR, Providence	WGOC, Minneapolis
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Model 21 Compact—Price \$175.00
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It's clean, easy work, polishing your stove, when you use

ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH

Gets into every corner and quickly gives dense, black lustre.

Safe to use—guaranteed to contain no gasoline. Ask your dealer for Zebo.

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A sample tin of Zebo may be obtained from T. MacNab & Sons, St. John's, or at leading grocery and hardware stores.

Bobbed Hair Wins Approval of Bishop

Cardinal Dubois, however, finds Fault With Daring Frenks and Flimsy Heels.

Paris, Nov. 21.—The Archbishop of Paris has publicly declared that he sees no objection to bobbed or shingled hair, and young women of France are halting his words as yet another feminine victory.

Monsieur Dubois, cardinal arch-

bishop of Paris, told the United Press that "the virtue of a woman never depended upon the length of her hair."

"Religion is no enemy of fashion," the prelate added. "Fashion is the most widespread form of art, and God is the friend of true artists. I loved the fashion of bygone days and the decorous charm of harmoniously flowing tresses still appeals to me. But we must recognize that we have got past flowing tresses. To-day is the day of bold-cut, low-necked gowns of too flimsy material,

of delicate stockings and too insubstantial footwear.

"Then there is this mania which some young women have of making themselves masculine. A woman loses much in wishing to resemble a man, all these excesses are to be blamed—that is certain—but excess in the opposite direction is, just as blameworthy. Please God, no archbishop of Paris ever will forbid the women of Paris to follow the fashion with tact, moderation and intelligence. They have so much intelligence, or rather good taste general-

ly, that they are capable of wearing and making me admit it—even somewhat short skirts."

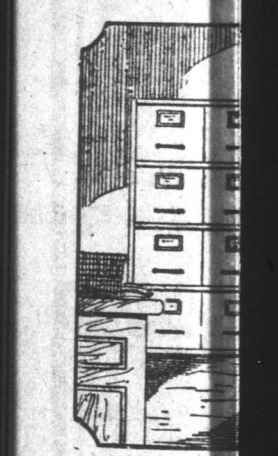
This authorization, if not consecration, of short hair and skirts, with its marked absence of disapproval, has been hailed in Paris as another feminine victory and as having been meant to dispel the belief that the ecclesiastical authorities were opposed to these latest expressions of woman's will.

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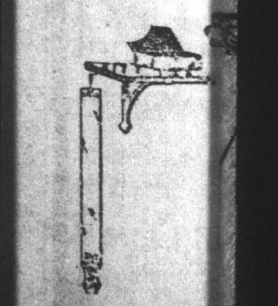
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