

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA
MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the stomach and bowels, aids the assimilation of food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitation, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Hartman. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

—OR—
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Entering her boudoir a few minutes later, the sight of the pretty dainty room recalled to her so vividly the scene which had taken place there a few weeks previously that she was almost overpowered. It was the first time since that night that she had entered it, and she turned faint as the remembrance flashed across her mind. It seemed to her excited fancy that the room was suddenly peopled again as it had been then—that Frank, in his strange disguise, was standing by the fire, his sister lying back pale and trembling in her seat; she even fancied that she saw herself in her long velvet gown, clinging to the heavy portiere for support.

The impression was so vivid that she paused, trembling, and covering her eyes with her hands in absolute terror; then, as it passed away, she went forward slowly and sank down in a low chair by the fire. What a strange eventful time the last few weeks had been, she thought wearily, so full of trouble, of excitement and pain! One by one the days came before her, all clear and distinct, save those few when she had been so unconscious of all suffering and trouble in her fever and delirium—that day when she had tried to run away, when she had met Stephen at Ling Station, and he had frustrated her design, and the journey to Brighton, and the weary existence there, so full of dread, so restless, so full of ceaseless anxiety; that fateful evening when Lloyd Milner had read the extract from "Our Mutual Friend," and she saw the pain on Stephen's face as he listened, and heard the tone of his voice when he said that the love which could survive the knowledge of guilt must be "love indeed." Ah, would he remember that now, she wondered wistfully—would he let that plead for her? Would he forgive her for doubting him? If he knew that, even while she deemed him guilty, she loved him with all her heart?

Ah, how could she ever have doubted him? She must have been mad indeed to think even for one brief moment of time that he could be guilty of such a crime and of such dastardly cowardice! Could he ever forgive it? Oh, it was impossible. Nothing could excuse her doubts. She had sinned beyond forgiveness against the husband who had been so good to her. For

"Mr. Daunt has not yet returned," she said, trying to speak calmly.
"No, ma'am."
"Have the evening papers come?"
"No—yes, ma'am," the man said, stammering a little and looking rather confused.
"Bring them to me," Sidney ordered quietly, suppressing all signs of agitation; and the man disappeared rather more quickly than usual, as if he were relieved to be let off without questioning.
Sidney waited with outward quietness now, but with inward anxiety and trembling. Something had happened, she had no doubt any longer—no doubt—only certainty—something which concerned her so palpably that even the household knew of it, had read it perhaps in the evening papers. White as death and motionless as a statue, she waited until the footman returned, and with a slight gesture she motioned to him to put the newspapers on the table, giving no sign of impatience as she did so; but hardly had he left the room when she had sprung forward, snatched up the newspaper with trembling hands, and was searching its columns with eager piercing eyes quickened by anxiety and fear.
There was no need of much searching. The eager feverish eyes had gone down one page and had just begun to peruse another, when they caught sight of what they wanted to see, and a deadly faintness crept over her, her knees trembled, and she staggered as she stood. The wax-lights burning softly in the Dresden china sconces were suddenly multiplied indefinitely, the pretty painted ceiling was coming down upon her—was she going to faint, to fall down in a swoon, and let the household find her, and make their comments and guesses and explain the cause of it? No, no, a hundred times no—she would not faint—and she tottered across the room, holding on to the furniture as she passed, until she reached the window; and then, with trembling, almost helpless hands, she tore aside the curtains and nervously groped at the fastener until she opened the window, letting in a rush of keen, cold air; and then she fell, her arms thrown out upon the sill, her white face turned toward the winter night, half unconscious, yet with no cessation of the keenness of her suffering; her bodily weakness had no narcotic to dull the dread sharpness of her pain.

By and by the bitter winter blast restored her to fuller consciousness; a long shudder shook her from head to foot; she strove to rise, but her strength was insufficient, and she sunk back weak and helpless against the window-sill.
How long she remained there she never knew; she was only conscious of intense suffering, of almost intolerable anguish, until the door opened and her husband came into the room.
For a minute he did not see her, lying as she was half concealed by the curtains; but, when he caught sight of her, an exclamation of pity broke from him, and he hurried across the room to her side, bending over her with a pitying compassionate look in his dark sorrowful eyes.
Partly raising herself from the ground, Sidney grasped his arm with her trembling hands.
"Is it true?" she gasped, in a faint hollow voice. "Is it true?"
"Yes," he answered gravely and sadly, "it is true. Greville is taken."
I see no chance for him, sir, but one, and that is such an unlikely one that cannot look for it with the least hope."
"And that is?"
"That the real culprit, if he or she is in existence, comes forward and makes a confession."
"No other chance?" Stephen Daunt asked, in a tone of intense pain. "Then it is hopeless. Where are we to find the real culprit?"
"Where, indeed?" said Mr. Hoggood, dryly, with a keen glance at the grave, handsome, worn face opposite to him, the face of the man whom in his heart he had believed guilty of the murder of Squire Rutledge until he had seen him, when his suspicions had been dispersed, as snow before the sun, at sight of the noble, frank face. For the detective, in common with many another student of humanity, had come to have faith in the old-couplet which says:
"I trust that countenance cannot lie, Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

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de Vivaudou
TALCUM POWDER

Use Mavis Talcum Powder freely after your bath—it gives a luxurious sense of perfect comfort. Its sweet perfume adds to the effect.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris New York

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

TO DONALD BOSS.

(On receiving a picture of this famous golf architect studying a six-foot putt.)

Brave Donald, in your suit of brown,
I see you studying your putt
And well I know you'll run it down:
It is a splendid picture, but
For all the woes you've worked for me,
Deep in a bunker you should be.
I smile to see your kindly eye,
'Tis good to see your figure fair,
Six feet away, I'll say you lie,
And know your second put you there;
They took your picture on the green—
A put had made a merrier scene.
I should have laughed to see you caught,
Your biblic lighted slouched in hand,
Standing where I so oft have fought,
To battle with the stubborn sand;
It would have pleased me more to see
Your ball where mine so oft must be.
Yet, Donald, if perchance the day
Shall come to me when I can brag,
That I, like you, have learned to play
My second shots up to the flag;
If I reach any green in two,
I'll have my picture made for you.

Denmark's Trade

MONTREAL, Que., Nov. 24. (C.P.)—The following statement on economic conditions in Denmark during September, 1925, is furnished by the Danish Consul-General for Canada:—
Following the sharp and sudden rise in the value of the Danish Krone during August and September, the rate of exchange has during October been rather steady and appears to have settled round 26. The Danish trade balance is continually good, the "lower" prices both on the markets of the world and in the Danish market being evident through the decline in the total value of imports as well as of exports.
Exports of agriculture products from Denmark during the month of September was slightly smaller than during August, and prices obtained were considerably lower than during August.
During September the weekly export from Denmark of agricultural products averaged as follows:—Butter, 2,283 tons; Eggs, 1,560,600 dozen; Bacon and live hogs, 3,287 tons (increase over August), and live cattle and meat, 658 tons.

Listen in—on a Radiola

TURN the knobs of your Radiola and listen to the fascinating music broadcast by powerful radio stations. The cares of the day just seem to fall from your shoulders as each note comes in with clear round fullness.

Radiolas are the radio receivers produced by the Radio Corporation of America. They are the result of years of scientific research and development. They are built of the highest quality materials by skilled craftsmen.

The authorized representative of the Radio Corporation of America will gladly demonstrate the many models of Radiolas for you. Or write to him for an interesting booklet about them.

Radio Corporation of America
Distributors in Newfoundland:
Ayre & Sons, Ltd., St. John's, Newfoundland
Wh. Mess. Co., Ltd., Head of Trade Buildings, St. John's, Newfoundland

Radiola

AN RCA PRODUCT

"Steve" Donoghue

LIBEL SEQUEL TO PAPPYRUS-ZEV MATCH

A settlement was announced in an action for damages for libel arising out of Steve Donoghue's riding of Pappyrus in the race with Zev in America. The action was brought by the jockey against the New York Herald Company, and another.
Mr. H. M. Given, for Mr. Donoghue, explained that the issue of the New York Herald of February 16 last contained a suggestion that Donoghue did not do his best when riding Pappyrus against Zev.
The company had now apologized, paid a substantial sum to Mr. Donoghue by way of damages, and a sufficient sum to cover his costs.
Mr. Wilfred Lewis, for the defense, said that his clients desired to let the whole world know that they did not intend to cast any reflection on the jockey.
Mr. Justice Avory said that the result would no doubt be as satisfactory to Mr. Donoghue as if the case had been tried by a jury and a verdict returned in his favour.

Queen's College Concert

will prove a real treat for lovers of good music and singing, while those who enjoy wit and humour will laugh as they have never laughed before. —Nov. 21.51

VARIED READING.

WALT MATON

When I wish for heavy learning, to inform my hollow dome, you may see me slowly turning pages of some heavy tome. Oft I read like a mighty scholar who set down the pregnant facts; oft I blow in seven dollars for the Einstein brand of tracts. When I want no information I peruse the other kind; thus I get a balanced ration that improves my rusty mind. There are novels full of learning; these I neither wish nor need, when the evening lamp is burning and I sit me down to read. There are novels full of preaching, packed with lessons most sublime, but this sort I'm not beseeching when I'd have a pleasant time. I will seek the village parson when some precepts I desire; give me stories of disaster, action like a house afire. Give me tales of stirring knight, full of gunfire and of plot; fiction gained from high-brow action often turns out Tommyrot. People see me read romances which are full of bones and gore, and they say, "As age advances he should read some other lore. For it is a grievous blunder to abide in Ingensocks, reading tales of blood and thunder, passing up the thoughtful books." But they do not know how often I peruse the heavy works, when my brain begins to soften, and my conscience goes by jerks. To the sages for instruction every now and then I run, and absorb, as though by suction, noble truths that weigh a ton. But I wish no information from the novels I peruse; farnam that furnish relaxation are the ones I gladly choose.

RICHARD HUDNUT

THREE FLOWERS COMPACT

With Pen and Mirror
Meets the requirements of those wishing an individual box of Rouge or Powder. Supplied in all Popular Shades.



Good Coffee

Deserves Carnation

If the kind of coffee you drink at breakfast makes a difference, then "cream" your coffee with Carnation Milk. The full-flavored richness of your morning cup will quickly appeal to you. Carnation is just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. From your grocer—with the groceries—order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans.

GRIDDLE CAKES
1 egg, 1 cup water, 14 cup Carnation Milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk. 5 cup water, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk. Mix together the flour, salt, water and milk. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls on greased, hot griddle. Brown on one side. Turn and brown on other side. This serves six people.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The Label is Red and White

Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited,
Aylmer, Ontario.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY IS OPENED.

No two people in the world are exactly alike. Every character represents a blend of many qualities blended in different proportions. You can fill a ponderous dictionary with the different combinations that can be made out of the 26 letters. You can fill a world out of the different combinations that can be made out of the characteristics common to human beings. Nevertheless, though no two people are exactly alike, a great many people do seem to fall into certain definite groups, with certain characteristics strongly stressed. If I should describe some of the people I know, you might think I was writing about some of your friends because they are the same type.

All of which is prelude to the announcement of the opening of a portrait gallery. Now and then I'm going to put up a sketch of a type for you and see if you recognize it.

Do You Recognize This Type?

Today's is the sketch of The Dominant—Kindly, Self-righteous Type. Do you know her?

She has a very high opinion of herself—and for the most part deserves it.

She is overflowing with the desire to help and does all sorts of things for those she loves.

She is very fond of gratitude, and a clever unscrupulous person who will hand out the gratitude can get a great deal out of her.

Unfortunately she has a correspondingly low opinion of most other people.

When She Is Selfish.

She is generous in everything except acknowledgment of anyone else's ability in her line.

She is usually a marvellous house-keeper.

The people who like her, like her very much and the people who dislike her dislike her accordingly.

She is exceedingly unselfish with most things but not with love. She is greedy for her share and more than her share of that.

She can never bear to admit that she's wrong, a common human quality, of course, but more pronounced in her.

She is very fond of her own way of doing things and very keen to make other people do things the same way. If you want to please her let her show you how to do something.

A Chance To Look Down.

You sometimes think she takes pleasure in having other people selfish because, if given a chance to be

Royal Bitters

with cream from grass bitter

Royal Bitters

to Supreme

French President Town in Middle

AND GIVES UP THE

PARIS
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CIALISTS' BLOCK

EFFORTS.

PARIS
Foreign Minister Briand
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going to the Elysée
to the President.
"My intention was
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to-day refused to
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CH GARRISON AT
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Pianos

THE WILLIAMS
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