

BYNOL Cod-Liver Oil and Malt Extract

'BYNOL' is a rich tonic food and restorative which gives new strength and energy. When suffering from loss of weight 'Bynol' builds up the body and increases its natural powers of resistance against disease. 'Bynol' restores vitality and brings good health.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, etc., throughout the B.W.I.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd. London.
H. S. HALLSALL, Special Representative for the B.W.I.
P.O. Box 57, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.



The Mystery of Rutledge Hall —OR— "The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"But even now," he went on, his heart throbbing more quickly as he caught the expression and partly guessed its meaning, "I do not understand why you undertook such a journey alone, and in such health. It was most imprudent and very wrong of Dolly to allow it."

"Dolly did not know," she answered. "I came away this morning early. How could I stay, she added, rising her streaming eyes to his face, "when I thought that you—"

"Even now I do not quite understand," he answered. "Did you want to warn me of my danger and induce me to run away—as Greville did?"

"I thought you would come," she whispered, faintly. "Stephen," I would have tried—I would have been so tender and—I would have tried so hard to make you happy."

"You would have tried, believing me a—"

"Do not say it—do not say it!" she cried, with sudden passion. "I cannot bear it, Stephen."

"It must be less terrible to hear it than to believe it," he answered, with a slight weariness in his voice and manner; "and, since you once believed it, I must even explain that night's proceedings to you, Sidney."

"Nay, I need no explanation," she said earnestly. "Stephen, I am not mad now."

"But in justice to myself, I must give you one," he replied calmly. "Even now it hurts me to tell you, Sidney, and, if I could, I would spare you the pain of hearing what I have to say, since I must to a great degree destroy your faith in Frank Greville. On the afternoon of the day fixed for the Hunt ball," he went on gravely, "I learned that he had induced the unhappy woman who was the cause of so much misery to promise to fly from her husband with him!"

"Ah!"

The little cry broke from Sidney's white lips sharply; and had her husband looked at her, he would have seen that her tears were dried now, scorched by the sudden burning flush which rose over cheek and brow.

"She was not happy at Rutledge. Her husband was not kind or patient, and she found the wealth for which she had sold herself insufficient for happiness. It is no excuse for her, I dare say; but perhaps she loved Frank, and she yielded to his entreat-



Good For a Host of Daily Ills

Over 17 million jars used yearly! Nearly every home has its jar of Vicks and uses it constantly for head colds, chest colds, cuts, burns, bruises, bites, catarrh, sprains and skin eruptions. It certainly is a family stand-by.

VICKS
VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

or glance, without a kindly touch of the hand or one word of forgiveness, and the housekeeper, coming hurriedly into the library, was surprised and startled by her calm, self-possessed young mistress bursting into an hysterical passion of tears and clinging to her like a heart-broken child.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The next morning Sidney awoke with that reluctance and unwillingness which one so often feels when the day that has dawned is certain to bring no good thing. She had slept heavily all through the night, partly from exhaustion perhaps; but her sleep had been dreamless and undisturbed.

Waking, she wondered at the strange heaviness which hung over her—for she was unused to such heavy slumber and the sense of suffering and distress was generally present with her through the weary wakeful night hours; and at first she was confused and bewildered; but, as soon as her wistful eyes had looked once or twice round her room and she had discovered that she was in her own dainty luxurious apartment, she remembered all the miserable vigil of the previous night, the dawn breaking over the wintry sea, the tedious waiting at the station, the hasty rush through the snow-covered country, the meeting with Stephen, and that look in his eyes as he had realized what her suspicions and fears were—that look which she would never forget; long as her life might be, it would never leave her memory.

All came back to her—not little by little, but in one vast overwhelling flood, which made her cover her eyes with her hands to shut out the light of day, wishing she could hide from it forever.

She dressed herself languidly and slowly; the excitement which had bedeviled her up on the previous day had left her now, but the long night's rest had refreshed and strengthened her. Mrs. James, bringing in a little silver tray with Sidney's morning cup of tea, was surprised to find her standing by the window, looking out at the snow-covered grounds. It was bitterly cold, but it was a clear uncloudy morning, and the frozen snow upon the boughs of the skelton trees glittered like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine.

"Yes, I am much better," Sidney said, forcing a smile to her pale lips as she turned from the window. "I am glad to be at home again," she added. The journey seemed formidable but I have survived it, you see, and I shall not undertake another yet awhile. Is Mr. Daunt at home?"

"Mr. Daunt has driven over to Ashford, ma'am," was the reply. "He wished me to say that he hoped to return early, and that you would rest this morning."

"I am quite rested," Sidney answered gently. "But I think I will be quiet this morning; and I will not receive any visitors to-day. Will you tell them so down-stairs?" she added, as she put down the empty cup. "I am going to the boudoir to write some letters, and do not wish to be disturbed." (To be continued.)

"A spill on the dining room linen may be quickly absorbed with white blotting paper."

"What is the name of the detective who was sent you from Scotland Yard?" asked Stephen abruptly, taking out his pocket-book.

"Hopgood," she replied reluctantly. "Thank you," Stephen said, writing it down.

"Stephen," she began breathlessly, "you are not— Oh, Stephen!"

"I am going to telegraph for Mr. Hopgood in the morning," he answered calmly. "Nay, there is no use, Sidney; the mystery shall be cleared up, if possible; the innocent shall no longer suffer."

"But such mysteries are not always cleared-up," she said, feebly. "Oh, Stephen, I am afraid!"

"Of what?" he asked half bitterly, half sadly. "Nay, you do not know, nor I. But this must be inquired into, and I will have it done. It is no woman's work, Sidney, however devoted she may be. And you will see how lynx-eyed I can be now that my own safety is in danger. But it is very late, and you are worn out. I will send Mrs. James to you, since Beattie is not here, and you must try to rest well to-night. Good-night."

So he left her, without another word

or glance, without a kindly touch of the hand or one word of forgiveness, and the housekeeper, coming hurriedly into the library, was surprised and startled by her calm, self-possessed young mistress bursting into an hysterical passion of tears and clinging to her like a heart-broken child.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The next morning Sidney awoke with that reluctance and unwillingness which one so often feels when the day that has dawned is certain to bring no good thing. She had slept heavily all through the night, partly from exhaustion perhaps; but her sleep had been dreamless and undisturbed.

Waking, she wondered at the strange heaviness which hung over her—for she was unused to such heavy slumber and the sense of suffering and distress was generally present with her through the weary wakeful night hours; and at first she was confused and bewildered; but, as soon as her wistful eyes had looked once or twice round her room and she had discovered that she was in her own dainty luxurious apartment, she remembered all the miserable vigil of the previous night, the dawn breaking over the wintry sea, the tedious waiting at the station, the hasty rush through the snow-covered country, the meeting with Stephen, and that look in his eyes as he had realized what her suspicions and fears were—that look which she would never forget; long as her life might be, it would never leave her memory.

All came back to her—not little by little, but in one vast overwhelling flood, which made her cover her eyes with her hands to shut out the light of day, wishing she could hide from it forever.

She dressed herself languidly and slowly; the excitement which had bedeviled her up on the previous day had left her now, but the long night's rest had refreshed and strengthened her. Mrs. James, bringing in a little silver tray with Sidney's morning cup of tea, was surprised to find her standing by the window, looking out at the snow-covered grounds. It was bitterly cold, but it was a clear uncloudy morning, and the frozen snow upon the boughs of the skelton trees glittered like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine.

"Yes, I am much better," Sidney said, forcing a smile to her pale lips as she turned from the window. "I am glad to be at home again," she added. The journey seemed formidable but I have survived it, you see, and I shall not undertake another yet awhile. Is Mr. Daunt at home?"

"Mr. Daunt has driven over to Ashford, ma'am," was the reply. "He wished me to say that he hoped to return early, and that you would rest this morning."

"I am quite rested," Sidney answered gently. "But I think I will be quiet this morning; and I will not receive any visitors to-day. Will you tell them so down-stairs?" she added, as she put down the empty cup. "I am going to the boudoir to write some letters, and do not wish to be disturbed." (To be continued.)

"A spill on the dining room linen may be quickly absorbed with white blotting paper."

"What is the name of the detective who was sent you from Scotland Yard?" asked Stephen abruptly, taking out his pocket-book.

"Hopgood," she replied reluctantly. "Thank you," Stephen said, writing it down.

"Stephen," she began breathlessly, "you are not— Oh, Stephen!"

"I am going to telegraph for Mr. Hopgood in the morning," he answered calmly. "Nay, there is no use, Sidney; the mystery shall be cleared up, if possible; the innocent shall no longer suffer."

"But such mysteries are not always cleared-up," she said, feebly. "Oh, Stephen, I am afraid!"

"Of what?" he asked half bitterly, half sadly. "Nay, you do not know, nor I. But this must be inquired into, and I will have it done. It is no woman's work, Sidney, however devoted she may be. And you will see how lynx-eyed I can be now that my own safety is in danger. But it is very late, and you are worn out. I will send Mrs. James to you, since Beattie is not here, and you must try to rest well to-night. Good-night."

So he left her, without another word



—for delicious smoothness in soups, sauces and creamed dishes; for the zesty flavor it imparts to baked puddings; for rich gravies, tempting dressings, tasty desserts—in fact "wherever the recipe calls for milk."

St. Charles is just pure, rich country milk in handy form, nothing added, nothing taken away except most of the natural water content, the absence of which accounts for its creamy richness. Order several cans from your grocer. Four sizes.

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK
USE IT WHEREVER THE RECIPE CALLS FOR MILK

SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

THE CHILDREN GROWN UPS LIKE.

My niece wants to know if grown up people always like the people who live next door, and all the other people they know.

My niece is 13 and you might think that a very foolish question for a girl of 13. Hasn't she seen enough of the world even at 13 to know better than that?

"Lucy and I were going to have a party and Lucy's mother said: 'Now that's all nonsense, I don't like this idea of your talking dislikes to nice little girls. I don't see anything the matter with Bee. I want you to invite her to the party. She'll feel very badly if you don't.'"

She Never Played With Her.

"And really, Aunt Ruth," says my niece resentfully, "she doesn't know anything about Bee, whether she's nice or not, she never played with her. Besides, I don't see why we've got to like her if we don't. Do grown ups always like people just because they live across the way?"

"Let the grown ups answer. And let them put that question to themselves when they are tempted to try and ram some other child down their children's throats. For I think that is a common grown up temptation. Maybe they particularly enjoy the society of some friends and think therefore their children should like the friend's children. Suppose that were reversed and they had to play around with their children's playmates parents?"

Or maybe they conceive a grown up admiration for some child and are always saying: "I should think you'd like to play with Janet. She's such a

nice little girl." "I don't see why you never bring home Ted Bartlett, he's such a fine, manly looking boy. Why don't you bring him once in awhile instead of that rough little Dicky?"

How Soon They Forget.

It is something generally understood by children but promptly forgotten by grown ups that the child an elder thinks children ought to like is seldom the child that other children do like.

The little girl that elders are drawn to is generally a sweet little girl with pretty manners and curls. She may have none of that pep that children love in each other. She is probably affected, then which defect I think nothing more alienates childhood. She may be conceited, two faced, stupid, abnormally selfish. None of these things elders, in their constant contact with her, sense, but children, even when they would be entirely unable to voice their feelings in explanation—and this is their handicap in such a situation—do sense them and do recoil from them with instinctive resentment.

But The Boys Know.

The manly little boy whom the grown ups admire may be a maddening little pig. How should they, judging by a cast of features and a manner of greeting, know what lies under the surface? But the other boys know.

Of course parents must exercise a certain amount of supervision over their children's circle of friends. But it is one thing to rule out undesirable and another to try to impose their own likes and dislikes, their own sense of the fitting and socially desirable and convenient on children who after all are individuals with an individual right to antipathies and affinities in friendship.

Advertise, Advertise! If your business isn't good enough to advertise, why not advertise it for sale?—Frank R. Otis, in *Forbes Magazine* (N.Y.).

For biscuits of a light even texture use "Perfect" Baking Powder.—Oct. 13, 1916, 24

MAVIS
de Vivaudou
FACE POWDER

Use Mavis Face Powder and you will be fascinated with the result. It adds charm to the most perfect complexion.

Also Mavis Rouge
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris New York

Boost your competitors. Perhaps some day you'll become customers. Talk to folks in your advertising; not at them. Advertise, not only your store, but every local association and interest that is worth while.

Keep a mailing list and keep mailing to your mailing list. Keep your mailing list—will soon keep you.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR GUEST.

A SAD CASE.
I'm sorry for my banker. If his dreadful plight I'd known, I never should have called on him to ask him for a loan; He greeted me most kindly and I thought my chances good When I asked him for assistance, but he sighed: "I wish I could!"

His pleasant face turned solemn and his eyes filled up with tears. His voice seemed strangely plaintive as it fell upon my ears; He started in to tell me of the many loans he'd made, And he sobbed upon my shoulder: "They will never be repaid."

"My boy," he slowly whispered, and I shuddered at his groans, "I've done nothing all this morning but deny requests for loans." Then his tears upon the carpet fell like raindrops on a lake, And I begged him to excuse me, for I thought his heart would break.

"I'm a man in need," I told him, "but I'm tender-hearted, too, And it hurts me to consider that I've brought such grief to you. Dry those tears and cease that sobbing. As a friend I wish to rank. Should I raise that money elsewhere I will lend it to your bank."

The Straight Line to Business Success

"There is no longer any need to guess about the things that lead straight to business success," declares James H. Rand, Jr., president of the Rand Kardex Company, in an article in *Forbes Magazine* (N.Y.).

"Achievement has been reduced to a science as exact as chemistry. There are certain definite fundamental laws—some of them are written and some of them have not yet been written. But they are here for the man who will speed his progress and insure his profits. Every millionaire has employed these laws to gain his success. Every failure has disregarded one or more of them. They are the milestones that mark the path of personal progress."

"These essential elements," says Mr. Rand, "vision and creative imagination, the productive use of time, sound selection and management of men, ample financing, intelligent control through records, and proper handling of materials—will be found, in every successful business. They form the foundation upon which any permanent or outstanding achievement is based. It does not necessarily follow that every enterprise that satisfies them must therefore succeed—in a large way; but the business that neglects any of them is severely handicapped if not doomed to mediocrity."

James H. Rand, Jr. started the American Kardex Company ten years ago on a loan of \$10,000. At the end of the first year the loan was called—and paid in full! This year, only a decade after he started, he absorbed his nearest competitor, and he has recently purchased the Library Bureau. Although under 40, he is head of a \$25,000,000 industry. Mr. Rand is one of the most progressive, most dynamic young men in the business world. He is a recognized expert on business control through facts. Not only can he tell how to do it; he can also do it himself.

THE BACKSLIDER.
Men look with scorn on Dingus Dorn, so often he goes to work and joins the kirk, pursuant to my guiding; the psalm and hymn he sings with vim, he prays with much emotion; the stranger's eyes with some surprise his ardor of devotion. "But oh, dogast, it will not last," remarks the clerk who knows him; "he'll be white hell's sidestep, quills, the tempter cannot throw him. A month or two he will pursue a righteous course and moral, then he will fall and spoil it all, with piety he'll quarrel. He will return where bright lights burn and paint the village scarlet; he has no spine, no feelings fine, he is a worthless varlet. A man, you know, who is a crow, can also be a pigeon; his coarseness raw work, it hurts the kirk, it's hard on true religion." "But still he tries to reach the skies," I say, "he makes endeavor to leave the path of sin and wrath, though he can't stick forever. To walk aright this wistful wight sets down his longest pledges; men smile and twirl, and say he'll quit, and so he bet he'll hedge. If you who sneer would roundly cheer, and say that Dorn's a winner, he'd keep his vows, no more carouse, no more he held a sinner. When man forsakes the fens and brags where virtue's trodden under; good when should stand and grasp his hand, and boost his game like thunder."

Christmas and New Year Cards

Our Special Packets and Boxes of the Season's Best Cards.

The Brilliant Package of 12 Cards 10c.
The Wembley Package of 12 Cards 15c.
The Marie Package of 12 Cards 20c.
The Earl Haig Package of 12 Cards 25c.
The Princess Mary Package of 12 Cards 30c.
The Empress Package of 12 Cards 35c.
The Emperor Package of 12 Cards 40c.

Every Good Wish Box of 6 Cards and Envelopes 25c.
Fortunes Wheel Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes 40c.
Whishes Sincere Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes 45c.
Empire Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes 50c.
The Betsy Box of 6 Cards and Envelopes 60c.
Golden Memories Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes 70c.
Gems of Art Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes 85c.
Christmas Chimes Box of Cards and Envelopes 90c.
The Princess Mary Package of 12 Cards \$1.10
Flowerette Box of 12 Cards and Envelopes \$1.40
A very fine selection of Single Cards from .15c. to 60c. each
Singly Boxed Cards from 15c. to 60c. each
Fancy, Blocked and Book, from5c. to \$1.20 each
IF BY MAIL ADD 8c. PER PACKET OR BOX.
EARLY ORDERING MEANS SATISFACTION.

Dicks & Co., Ltd.
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS.

nov17,6,ed

PERFECT
(FORMERLY BARBONS)
BAKING POWDER
MANUFACTURED BY
ST. JOHN'S, N.B.

SAVE THE COUPON
ONE IN EVERY TIN.
Exchanged for valuable Premiums.
The Quality warrants the name "Perfect."
A trial will convince you.
A. E. HICKMAN CO., LTD.
DISTRIBUTORS.
Oct. 13, 1916, 24

The New Chrysler Six, with Startling New Results.

Startling new results are attained in the new Chrysler Six—results made possible by the kind of engineering and manufacturing genius which never rests satisfied.

Walter P. Chrysler and his staff of brilliant engineers, with the fine Chrysler manufacturing facilities, had every excuse—every reason, some might say—to rest on the laurels their cars have won. Inevitably, the great tide of public approval would have carried the Chrysler Six to still more conspicuous success.

But Mr. Chrysler, his producing organization and his engineers have never relaxed for a moment their labors to emphasize and enhance its wonderful performance qualities.

The most surprising thing about the greater Chrysler Six is not its new lower price—remarkable though that achievement is.

Its most impressive feature is the amazing ability which succeeded in improving the quality and the performance of a car that everywhere had met with overwhelming public acclaim—and which MARKED A REVOLUTIONARY ADVANCE OVER ALL PREVIOUS PRACTICE AND RESULTS.

In this new Chrysler Six, the power is increased approximately 10 per cent. The 70-mile speed is more easily and quickly attained. The breath-taking get-away and acceleration are still swifter. In smoothness, this new Chrysler actually exceeds the former super-smoothness introduced by Chrysler.

The beauty originated by Chrysler—and which still belongs to Chrysler alone—is re-expressed in refined and attractive body lines and new body colors, with Chrysler-designed closed bodies built by Fisher.

Marshall's Garage,
WATER STREET WEST.
nov13,6,tt

"WHIZ" ANTI FREEZE.

Positively guaranteed to prevent circulating system of automobiles from freezing when used according to directions. Contains no calcium chloride or other injurious chemicals and cannot damage any part of an automobile. Put up in one gallon tins.

T. A. MACNAB & CO.,
Selling Agents.
nov5,tt

ROYAL-KENDALL COAL SAVER.

Wise folks look ahead to winter now; this is the time to buy and install this new coal and labor saving device. Dozens here have tried it the last two winters and saved at least one-fourth their coal, and a third of furnace labor. And prices this year are cheaper than last year.

H. & M. BISHOP.
nov3,ed,tt

CHARITY

Firms and individuals to their organization here.

Members of relief without cant from the S.

Immediate of all cases of life.

For further Miss Jean Clay 2079). Office p.m. to 5:30 p.m. nov17,tt

General Mother by

land, Asked decided—in of France Will Observ Late Queen

ERIGNS TO ATNEY AL. LONDON

least three dista ns from foreign co and the funeral of Dandra, on Friday, and Bhopal, India's onness, will also be queen of eight of Norway and De ned their intention the queens of Spain already here.

AND ASKED TO FO TRY.

PARIS reign Minister Brant provisionally accept Domergue's other cabinet. M. Brant could give a definite rident in the course of

BRAND'S DECISION PARIS

Brand has respon relative to the form until to-morrow.

ADVANCES TO EXT APPROVED BY BER OF DEPT PARIS

Chamber of Deputi on voted the Bill auti ase of the Bank (F as to the Government 00 francs. The role e the National Bice and ting.

VICTED FOR MURD HOURS

MONTREAL, S shortest munde, tr the Court of Kin District of Mont-real, here one-day, when p. Montreal, the sen on February 14, ne s of Donald Cameron shot when Mario w

CHRIS

REALLY A new Range w Bake and cook a Christmas

TWO OF Mode Hi

SEE THE

John

172-14 D Phone 496

nov17,tt