

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. C. Foster* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXVII

It had needed very few minutes to convince Sidney of the falsehood of such an assertion, the fallacy of such a belief. The look on her husband's face as he realized her meaning had been sufficient to show her how mad she had been to credit the statement for a moment. How had she done so—she, his wife, who knew how noble and good he was, how incapable of baseness? Ah, how mad she had been, culpably mad and foolish!

No words of his had been needed; he had not attempted to deny the accusation, he made no assertion of innocence, he had uttered no reproach; but Sidney knew that he was as innocent as herself; the incredulous horror on his face, the exclamation which had broken from his lips as he saw what she meant, had been more than sufficient to clear him in her eyes.

Would he ever forgive her? Could an innocent man ever forgive such cruel, unfounded suspicions, such doubt of his honor and good faith? As Sidney crouched there, all the horror of it was before her; all the baseness of the crimes, she had attributed to her husband was before her eyes in blackest colors. She had believed that, guilty of murder, he had let another man suffer, that he had married her knowing himself to be a murderer, that he had deceived all those around him—she had thought this of her husband.

The fire danced up cheerily, the wind whistled round the house; but not a breath of its keen blast entered the carefully screened room where they sat silent and motionless, this husband and wife between whom such an iron wall had arisen, erecting a barrier which could never, Sidney thought in her agony, be overturned.

She was cold and ill and faint from the long day's journey, undertaken when her health was so unequal to it; she had tasted no food all day, and her limbs were strengthless and numb. Was she dying? she wondered vaguely, feeling the lassitude of extreme debility creeping over her. Was she dying? Would Stephen forgive her before she died?

He did not look at her, and her dim eyes, before whose vision the bright

fire was a dull, red, blurred mass, dared not glance at him, even if their falling sight could have distinguished clearly the grave, noble face, with its look of bitter pain. It seemed to her that she was drifting away somewhere into some strange, unknown world, whence she was recalled by her husband's voice speaking gravely, but so sadly, that she shivered as its tones fell upon her ear.

"Can you listen to me, Sidney?" he asked. "Yes," she answered, faintly. "You seem very ill. Is there anything that can be done for you?" he went on, in the same cold, grave tone. "I suppose the best thing would be to send you to bed; but I think we shall neither of us rest until we have had an explanation. Will you have some wine?"

"No—oh, no! I will drink this," she replied, raising herself by a strong effort, and raising the cup of tea to her lips with hands which were so unsteady and helpless that she spilled part of the contents.

Stephen glanced at her compassionately as she replaced the cup. Outraged as he was by her cruel suspicion, he could not but pity her—she looked so frail and frightened and helpless; her hair, imperfectly combed by her hands in the morning, had become loose, and was tumbling over her sea-skin coat in heavy disordered masses, which caught a gleam of gold from the dancing firelight as it played over them. Stephen's lip quivered under his heavy mustache as he saw the pitiful little attempt at calmness and self-possession that she made, but which was so utterly a failure.

"You are able to talk to me, Sidney?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, hastily. "Since when has this most horrible and unnatural suspicion existed in your mind?" he asked, abruptly.

"Since—the night of the ball at Lambwood," she replied, fearing to distress him yet more by her emotion, and struggling desperately for calmness.

He started a little, and glanced at her.

"Was it already in your mind when you came to me to excuse your attendance at the ball?"

"No—oh, no!"

"Later on then?" he said, musingly. "What aroused it, Sidney?"

She did not answer.

"I think, if I remember rightly, your reason for refusing to go to Lambwood was Miss Greville's illness," he continued, in the same musing way, as if he were trying to recall the events of that evening. "Was that your true reason?"

"No."

"I thought not. What was it then?"

She raised her dim eyes appealingly to his face, but there was no yielding in its sternness.

"What was it then, he repeated. "I wanted to stay," she faltered, "because—because—"

"Because what?" he asked sharply. "There has been enough faltering with the truth, Heaven knows! Let there be frankness between us now."

"Because Frank Greville was coming here that night to see his sister."

"Frank Greville coming here—to my house!" Stephen exclaimed haughtily. "Yes."

"It was his first visit, I presume?"

"No."

"He had been here before! When? For the love of Heaven, Sidney, tell me the truth now!"

"He came one night. You remember Lloyd said that—"

Stephen looked at her keenly. "The man and woman whose meeting he saw in my grounds were you and Greville?" he said slowly.

"Yes."

"You met by appointment?"

"Yes. He came disguised. I saw him for a minute earlier in the day, and said I would meet him there."

"Well?" her husband said, as she paused.

"Stephen, he—he was starving!"

A hoarse exclamation broke from Stephen's mouth—an exclamation of pain and distress.

"You helped him?"

"Yes. Not that night—the next day—the day you were hurt. I drove to Lymouth to meet him."

"And did he tell you that he was innocent and—I'm guilty?"

"No—oh, no! It was afterward."

"Afterward?"

"Yes—the night he came to see Christie?"

"He told you, then?"

"He did not tell me; I overheard it."

"And did he urge you to have an inquiry made into—"

"No, no," she cried eagerly; "he wished me not—he begged me not to do so; but it was too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes," she answered faintly. "Against my wishes?"

"There was a woman's silence; then she said pitiously—"

"Stephen, I could not help it. He knew nothing of it—he would go away—he said—go abroad; but he was so wretched, and Christie was dying, and—ah, I thought my heart would break with misery!"

"Go on," he said hoarsely, turning his face from her.

"When he left me that night—the first night—I determined to try to prove his innocence. Ah, do not smile like that—he is innocent."

"Yes—since I am guilty," he said bitterly.

"No, no, no!" she cried out, wildly. "Oh, Stephen, forgive me!"

"Tell me first what I have to forgive," he replied, coldly. "You determined to prove his innocence?"

"Yes; I wrote to Scotland Yard," she went on, struggling with the fast-moving tears, fearing they would only increase his displeasure. "To Scotland Yard? Well?"

"A detective came here," she faltered, "to see me."

"To see you?" he asked, turning to her in surprise.

"Yes."

"When was that? How is it that I heard nothing of it?"

"You were ill," she said, feebly. "I understand. My wife took advantage of my illness to continue her deception."

The pale face-sunk until it almost rested upon her knees; the sobs were coming quickly now, in spite of all her efforts; but there was no compassion in Stephen's voice when he next addressed her.

(To be continued.)

NERVES AND FAINTING SPELLS

Sent Woman to Bed. Great Change After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girls were born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pain. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation, but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills. So I was advised by my husband to try it. I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 37 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people. I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what it has done for me."

Mrs. ROBERT G. MACKINNON, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound report 88 out of 100 realized beneficial results.



"Will Morning Never Come?"

"If I could only sleep I believe my nerves would soon be all right, but night after night I lie awake and think about everything under the sun."

"What chances is there of getting better so long as this goes on?"

"None. Nerve force is being exhausted nearly twenty-four hours of every day, and there is no rest, and sleep in which to replenish the waste."

"One thing sure I cannot stand it much longer, for I know that every week—yes, every day—finds me more restless and nervous, and less able to stand the strain of the day's work."

"I suppose the doctor could give me something to make me sleep, but I don't want that. I am weak enough now. I want something to build up strength rather than to tear down the tissues of the body."

"I believe I will try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have often heard of it, but never thought I would need to use it. I was always so strong and healthy."

"This nervous trouble is a peculiar ailment. No one would believe what I suffer from sleeplessness and nervousness. I do not look like an invalid, but I certainly am one."

"One thing sure I shall not spend another sleepless night before I begin using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I expect it will take a little time to get my nerves right, but I shall get half a dozen boxes and give it a try out. Something seems to tell me that I shall not be disappointed."

You are protected against imitations by the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, which are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 60c a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

GERALD S. DOYLE, See Agent for Newfoundland.

Story of Tragedy on Liner Melita

RELATED IN ENGLISH COURT ROOM

SOUTHAMPTON, November 5.—The hearing of the charges against Thomas Towers, former first officer of the Canadian Pacific liner Melita, of murdering the Melita's commander, Captain A. H. Clews, on October 21, and the charges of attempting to murder David K. Gilmour, and John Holliday, officers of the Melita, on the same date, was resumed at Southampton to-day.

Very little public interest in the case was shown, though possibly the absence of a crowd at the police court was due to a deterring rain.

Eight magistrates were on the bench at the hearing, including one woman. The court clerk intimated that the police court proceedings in connection with the charges against Towers probably would be concluded to-morrow.

Towers, who was in neat uniform, stepped briskly to the prisoner's dock and listened to the reading of the charges against him without showing the slightest emotion. He was allowed to be seated.

Went to Opera.

The Crown Prosecutor A. J. Rogers, stated that on the night of October 20, Towers and Captain Berry, the ship's doctor, went to an opera in Antwerp. But Towers seemed uneasy and left before the performance was finished. Berry did not see Towers again until after the tragedy.

Towers boarded the Melita at 1.55 in the morning, the Crown Prosecutor said, and asked the quartermaster and others on the ship whether Captain Clews was aboard or not. He instructed the third officer McLellan, to go ashore and arrange for a supply of fresh water for the ship.

The Crown Prosecutor suggested that almost immediately after McLellan had gone ashore the prisoner shot down Captain Clews. Subsequently it seemed that Towers had gone to Holliday's room on the ship.

Holliday might be sufficiently recovered from his wound to give evidence to-morrow, the crown lawyer said, but it was very doubtful whether Gilmour would be called at any stage of the court proceedings.

Continuing his statement to the court the Crown prosecutor said Towers went to Holliday's room at 2.30 in the morning. He got matches there and then went to Gilmour's room, which was on the same deck. He asked Gilmour about ship listing.

Gilmour replied that if Towers had been aboard the vessel, where he ought to have been, he would know all about it.

Had Feeling.

Seemingly, Rogers continued, the feeling between the two men at that time was not of the best.

Holliday, a few moments after seeing Towers, heard a shot and hearing Gilmour shouting "Murder," Holliday went into Gilmour's room and saw Gilmour lying on his bunk bleeding from a wound at his mouth. Holliday asked Towers what he had done.

Towers said "Stand back or you will be hit."

Holliday grabbed Towers, the Prosecution stated. Towers had a pistol in his hand and two more shots were fired. Holliday was shot in the lungs. Second Engineer Kennedy went to the rescue.

He knocked Towers down and disarmed him. Towers then was put in charge of Master at Arms Elliott, who asked Towers what was the matter. Towers replied: "I shot Gilmour."

"I Shot the Captain" After being cautioned, the prosecu-

tion proceeded, Towers turned to Holliday and asked: "How's the old man top?"

Elliott asked Towers what he meant and the prisoner replied: "I shot the captain."

This was the first that any of the crew had heard of the shooting of Captain Clews, the prosecution said. Members of the crew thereupon went to the Captain's cabin and saw Captain Clews lying on his bunk dead.

Towers later remarked to Elliott, according to the Crown Prosecutor: "There—have been made up against me for twelve months. I intended to shoot the Captain, Gilmour, Allen, McLennan, the purser and then myself, but my revolver failed me."

Miners Tell Royal Commission OF WAGES PAID AND WORK CONDITIONS.

GREAT DIFFERENCE IN PAY RECEIVED BY DATAL AND CONTRACT MEN.

Four more witnesses, making a total of twenty four heard since the coal commission began its sittings here on Wednesday last, were heard at the courthouse this morning regarding living and working conditions in the colliery districts of the southern Cape Breton field. The men, all working miners, are drawn from practically every colliery in the area, and it is felt that with such general testimony covering every mine and mining town in the district, the commission cannot but acquire a very good knowledge of the problems affecting the average miner. It is understood that next week the U. M. W. executive will call witnesses from the collieries of the northern area. The commission still adheres to its policy prohibiting press reports of the evidence other than its official statement. The following was issued to the Post this morning: "The witnesses examined this morning up to the noon recess were Patrick Gallacher, John Gillis, Bill Read and Charles Dunham.

"Mr. Gallacher, miner, of New Waterford, and working in No. 24 colliery, testified that there was too great a difference in the wages of datal and contract men. He has worked at the face, but owing to an accident left that occupation. He rented his house from a pumpman in the employ of the company, and formerly rented a house from a man who worked in the machine shop.

"John Gillis, handpick miner, in No. 2 colliery, and living at New Aberdeen, described the work of men in his occupation, and conditions under which they worked. He stated that he was able to get only three shifts last week, and that his wages would be about \$17.00. He had worked thirty-two years in the mine, and states that the causes of the strife and discord were the empty envelope and nothing to eat.

Living Costs Up.

"The witness testified that it was easier to live in 1908 than now, and that until 1919 things were generally peaceful in the mine. Interrogated as to whether or not the miners' representatives might be partly to blame, the witness stated, that "it takes two to make a fight."

"Bill Read, coal cutter, of New Aberdeen, stated that the miner was educated as to what he should get, and that in recent years he realized he should be paid for the work that he did. He testified that wages depended upon the amount of coal produced by the miners, and the market for the coal. The witness stated that twenty-five years ago he had a horse in the mine, but now had to push boxes. He also testified that the pits get harder to work as they become older, and it was possible for a pit to get hard to work without anyone being at fault. The discontent was caused because the men had to work too hard for an existence, due to the present high cost of living, but witness stated he would not want to go back to the conditions of twenty-five years ago.

U. M. W. Aids Men.

"Charles Dunham, cutter, shooter and loader, of Sterling, working at No. 3 colliery, who was employed fifteen years, stated that the wage reduction each year was the cause of the recurring friction and strife between the miners and the company. Mr. Dunham gave figures relative to the prices of commodities and testified to the increase in the cost of living. He stated that wages were better when he came back from the war than before.

"The organization which he said was the U. M. W. had been in full swing and seemed to have helped the miner. After the cut of 37 1/2 per cent in 1921, there was continual discontent. Asked as to whether the standard of living had been better of late, he stated he could not believe as to circumstances in his own home, which he stated had not been improved.

Keep a salt shaker filled with powdered silver polish near the sink. The spoons, which have been badly stained, can be cleaned when they are washed.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS



DUNCAN An Allenbury's Baby

A Triumph

DUNCAN the winner of first prize of £100 in baby competition in which were over 52,000 entries reared on the

Allenbury's FOODS FOR INFANTS

These are specially made for Infant Feeding and long experience has proved that they give the results in all countries and climates.

Write for a free copy of the Allenbury's Book on Infant Feeding and Management.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd. Special Representatives for N.W. H. S. HALSALL, P.O. Box 67, BRIDGETOWN, Barbados.

Seeing Through Steel

The new method of making metal of unprecedented thickness invented by Dr. Karl Mueller of Physical Technical Institute of Berlin, seems likely to prove of considerable industrial as well as scientific importance (says a writer in Science).

He has succeeded in producing sheets of steel so thin that they are transparent as the clearest of atoms will pass through them without impediment.

Alpha rays from radium, completely blocked by a sheet of paper, are perceptibly weakened in passing through such metal sheets. It is calculated from the specific gravity of the metal that these sheets are more than thirty layers of atomic thickness.

Thickened sautéed mushrooms, breadcrumbs make a good stuffing for boiled green pepper cases. Bake, serve hot, with tomato sauce.

5.25 p.m. the Queen

members of the "Death of a Daughter" the Closing Socialists 200 Missing Steamer For

QUEEN MOTHER REST AT 6.25

Dowager Queen of King Edward VII, the present King's mother, died at St. James' Palace, London, on Monday morning, passing to rest in the presence of the Queen, the King, and members of the royal household.

The Queen's death was a heart attack. She had been ill since Dec. 31, and was in the hospital at Sandringham, Norfolk, when she died at 6.25 p.m. on Monday.

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