

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 imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J.C. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER

—OR—

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I have already thought it out, and I am now going to suggest what ought to have been done at first. See your wife—Miss Deene, I mean—early to-morrow morning, and bring her to the city. Explain that the first marriage hardly satisfies me—that, being a lawyer, I am particular even to fastidiousness. Then procure an ordinary license, and have the ceremony performed at Sydenham, where you have lived with your father for years. The only objection to this is that you must swear on oath that there is no legal impediment to your marriage. It is perfectly simple, and I am at a loss to see why you, usually so full of life and courage, are so easily dismayed."

"I cannot tell why it is myself, Fred. I seem to be enveloped by an impenetrable cloud. Your advice is good and sound, and I will be here with my darling to-morrow—I will be here early. I can never sufficiently thank you. In the meantime, my father is causing me the greatest uneasiness. One would imagine that he were guilty of some terrible crime, and hiding away beyond the reach of the avenging arm of the law. See what his valet left at my club."

He handed Fairfax the note that Peters had written, and the young barrister laughed aloud. "And you have seen Peters since?" he asked.

"Yes, I have seen him, and arranged to meet him on Waterloo Bridge at ten o'clock."

"How absurd!" observed Fairfax. "Do you think your father's mind is affected?"

"I should not be unhappy now, if I could bear my darling's troubles as well as my own," replied Locksley.

Edmund parted from Fairfax at the end of Wellington street in the Strand. They had dined at Gatti's and laid plans for the future.

"You will tell me everything to-morrow concerning your eccentric pater," the barrister had said. "In the meantime, old man, be of good cheer."

The big clock at Westminster boomed a quarter to ten, and Locksley made his way slowly toward Waterloo Bridge.

There were not many people about now, for it was too early for the rush homeward of the frequenters of theatres and music halls, and too late for the employees who spend their toilsome days in the great city and their nights on the Surrey side of the river.

thing which has troubled me lately. Good-night, officer!"

"Good-night, sir—good-night!" replied the policeman, continuing his beat. Then he added to himself: "It's just these swells who don't know what they are doing that go and do it. I'll keep my eye on him till he goes away."

His doubts were soon set at rest, however, by the appearance of a tall man, with whom the stranger went away toward the Surrey side of the river, and he sighed to think that he had lost a chance of promotion.

"I am here, master," said Peters, "and your father is overjoyed to know that you will soon be with him."

"Yes," replied Locksley, "I am almost prepared for anything now. Of course, Peters, my poor father's mind is deranged, and steps must be taken to have him properly cared for. His affairs, I suppose, are in the hands of Melville; but I am determined now to assert my rights."

The valet shook his head mournfully, but did not speak.

Having gained the Surrey side of the Thames, he turned into the New Cut, a locality famous for its silt and lawlessness. Many of the shops were open even at this late hour, and from the half-open doors of the brilliantly-illuminated saloons floated many a ribald song, mingled with the screeching of drunken women in search of recreant husbands.

At many of the corners were coffee-stalls on wheels, around which were gathered groups of ragged waiters, who sought the bright spots for warmth and a cheap supper.

From the New Cut proper, Peters turned into a narrow dark street, looked cautiously behind him, and then knocked at the door of a mean little house built of red brick originally, but now black with age and smoke.

"We are known here as Gooding and Wright, engravers," whispered the valet, while some one rumbled at the bolts of the door. "I am Gooding, and the master is Mr. Wright."

"Go on," laughed Edmund, with a contemptuous shrug, "and I will make it my business to break up the firm in short order—ridiculous nonsense that it is!"

The door opened, and a man inside acknowledged Peters with a gruff "Good-evening."

"A customer," explained Peters, and passed up a dark staircase, with Edmund at his heels.

All at once the passage was flooded with light by the sudden opening of a door at the top and a man stood before them.

"My son! my son!" he half-sobbed. "Nay, do not shrink from me; it is Norman Locksley—your erring father! I am not mad, Edmund—I have been mad for nearly twenty years, but I am sane at last!"

Peters had closed the door, and the young surgeon listened at first in complete bewilderment. He felt his father's pulse, he turned him into the full light that came from a duplex lamp on the table, and had to confess that there was a marvelous change for the better in his appearance.

"I expected to find you ill," he said, at last, "raving in some wild delirium. I confess that I am disappointed, father, and now I begin to fear you have some terrible disclosure to make."

"I have sinned," groaned the father. "My wickedness is beyond pardon. Neither Heaven nor man will ever condone the offense of which I have been guilty. Sit still, Edmund, and hear my story. Do not interrupt me—do not too readily condemn, or I shall break down. If I lose your sympathy—your love—I lose all."

Then he told his son the pitiful story from beginning to end, leaving only the name of Lord Morden a blank, and Edmund listened, his face buried in his hands, and no sound escaping him, until the last word had been spoken.

"And this is the secret upon which Melville has traded?" he said, the words grating through his set teeth.

"Father, you were sorely tempted, and you sinned deeply. It is now your duty to make all the reparation that lies in your power, and it is a relief to me to know that I have never touched one shilling of this money."

(To be continued.)

Add a little diced bacon and bread to the pan before scrambling eggs.

Scallops are delicious scrambled with eggs, and served hot on toast.



No tedious "silver polishing day" if you give your silver a little rub, now and then, with SILVO

The perfect liquid polish for silver and nickel. Just a soft cloth and a few drops of Silvo.

A trial tin will convince you.

Made by PECKITT & SONS, LTD., Hull, England.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

When the talk turns on religion I have no objection of my own.

Have my version of the Bible and the things I think alone.

And I've found them satisfying, found them comforting to me.

But I'll never lose my temper if you chance to disagree.

For religion, as I view it, is a pathway to the goal.

And is something to be settled between each man and his soul.

Now I'm not a Roman Catholic, but I wouldn't go so far as to throw away the friendship of the folks I know who are:

I've lived and neighbored with them and come to love them through and through;

I've respect and admiration for the kindly things they do.

And I've come to the conclusion, though the bigots think it odd, that it makes no difference to me, how a good man worships God.

I know Methodists and Baptists, Lutherans, Scientists and Jews, whose friendship is a treasure which I wouldn't want to lose.

And I honor and respect them and I wouldn't dare condemn the form of prayer and worship which is comforting to them.

So when bigots talk religion, I just settle back and see.

The helpful friends and loyal every church has given me.

Boals Rolls—for constipation. The Luscious Fruit Laxative—20c. at McMurdo's.—may 11/25

Well Known Freighter Gone

The steamer Mapledawn, owned by Canada Steamships, Ltd., and formerly a freighter between Montreal, Charlottetown and St. John's, Nfld., has been given a thorough examination as she lies stranded on the rocks near Cleveland, Ohio, and where she remained all winter. She was ashore November 30th last, but efforts to refloat the vessel were without avail and she had to be abandoned until the ice broke up in the late spring. The survey revealed the Mapledawn was damaged greater than was expected. The forefoot was knocked off while the stern post, stern tube, tail shaft, propeller and rudder were carried away. She has settled on the rocks and bottom set up. In command of Captain J. P. Dufour, the Mapledawn was frequently in St. John's. She was in the Great Lakes trade at the time of her going ashore.

Baby's Health

Depends principally upon his food which must be specially suited to his digestion and bodily needs.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., P.O. Box 57, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

When Smuggling Held Sway

LAWLESSNESS THAT APPEALED TO WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN.

Up to the early years of the last century wholesale smuggling was rife all along our eastern seaboard. There was a glamour about the smuggler's life that appealed to the "common people," and especially to the women.

According to Lord Teignmouth and Charles G. Harper, joint authors of "The Smugglers," however, all but a small minority of these law-breakers were cruel, brutal ruffians.

As was only to be expected, they wasted no means in their efforts against the preventive men, and was held any unlucky enough to fall alive into their hands.

Curiously enough the first smugglers in England smuggled goods out and not in. In medieval times the wool trade was our staple industry, and the export of the raw material was either entirely prohibited, or very heavily taxed.

Hence there came into being the "owlers" of Kent and Sussex—men engaged in the illicit export of wool. They got their curious name from their practice of imitating the howling of owls in order to signify their whereabouts by night to the crews of the boats waiting to carry away the bales of wool.

Later on, tea, silk and spirits began coming in, and continued to do so in ever increasing quantities, paid for sometimes in wool, sometimes in good English gold.

Not that the smugglers had it all their own way. In one year 54,000 lbs. of tea and 128,000 gallons of brandy were seized. Yet smuggling still paid.

One amuseur, who kept a public house near Falmouth, erected a battery of guns to defend his store of illicit goods, and when an armed revenue cutter exhibited what he considered a too inquisitive spirit, actually fired on her.

Her crew, however, landed in boats, attacked the house from the rear, and razed it to the ground.

Ultimately the old type of smuggler died out with the coming of the coast-guard and the telegraph. Cunning took the place of force, and many ingenious methods of defrauding the revenue were evolved. Our author tells us, for example, of the ruse adopted by the master of a small sailing ship trading between Newhaven and Dieppe.

He had long been suspected of smuggling, but the excise officers were unable to catch him. Time and again, whenever he returned from one of his trips, they searched his little vessel for contraband, but found none.

Then one day, one of them, gazing idly upwards, thought he detected something unusual in the appearance of the rigging.

He climbed up to investigate and found that a considerable portion of it was composed, not of good honest rope yarn, but of twist tobacco, tarred over.

Shows New Wonders of Ultra-Violet Light

Professor R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, recently demonstrated the strange effects of invisible light before an audience in Baltimore, Md. Eyes, teeth, fingernails, and shirt buttons of the audience glowed with a pale, phosphorescent light after electric lights had been extinguished and a powerful mercury arc light, rich in invisible ultra-violet rays, but visible only as a faint purple, was directed toward the assemblage.

This phosphorescent of various substances under the ultra-violet rays has already found application on the stage, Doctor Wood said; for by dressing the actors in costumes of material readily affected, they seem to glow. Scenery so treated also has been employed.

Doctor Wood revealed that ultra-violet rays were used secretly during the war for invisible signaling at night. The rays were directed in the same manner as ordinary light in a searchlight, but could be detected only through the use of special detecting apparatus.

Ultra-violet rays are like those of ordinary light, Doctor Wood explained, except that the waves of which they consist are shorter than those of violet light, the shortest that we can see. Red light is the longest of the visible rays, and beyond them are the infra-red, also invisible, but with very different properties from the ultra-violet. They do not have the power of inducing phosphorescence, but they do have the peculiar property of passing through mist and water vapor, a property used to advantage last summer in making photographs of Mars.

Why suffer, try Boals Rolls for constipation. Price 20c. at McMurdo's.—may 11/25

Very novel at bedtime is the fruit orange.



When Bakeday Comes Depend on Carnation

Uncertainties ruin many a milk dish through absolutely no fault of your own.

You want whole milk—you have only the skimmed milk left after you took the cream from the top; you should have two cups—you just have a cup and a half. Milk you thought fresh is just on the turn.

Why take those risks? Insure with Carnation Milk.

Carnation is just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Nothing is added. Some of the natural water is taken away—all the food value left in.

Get it from your grocer. Tall (16 oz.) cans or by the case of 48 cans.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The Label is Red and White

Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE LIGHT HAired GARAGE MAN.

"There are two men at that garage, and one is just as nice as he can be, and does all sorts of little things for me without charging a cent."

"The other's a perfect Shylock."

"What do you suppose makes them so different?" I asked.

"Oh, that light haired one probably has a more generous disposition," she answered. "I think that dark haired man is horrid."

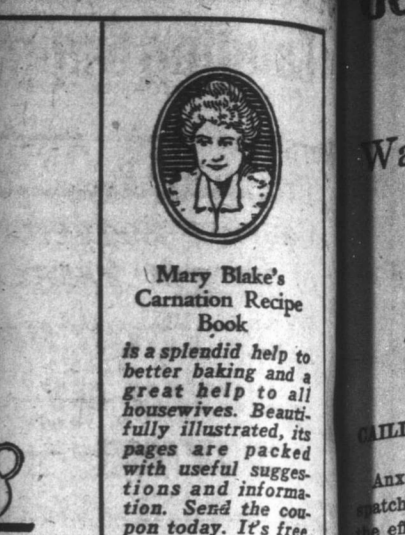
A Generous Bank Cashier!

I wonder if she would call a bank cashier, who generally spent the money he had filched from the bank a man with a generous disposition.

The dark haired man, as I happened to know, is the owner of the garage. He is married and has two children.

After Baby Arrives Many Mothers Weak, Nervous

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps To Bring Back Normal Health



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is a splendid help to better baking and a great help to all housewives. Beautifully illustrated, its pages are packed with useful suggestions and information. Send the coupon today. It's free. If you like, try these recipes:

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Noted Violinist Dead

A SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY

San Francisco, Calif. Mrs. Mischa Elman, noted violinist, Miss Helen Frances Katten, noted city girl, were married here yesterday at the home of the city's elite, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Katten.

engagement was announced two months ago, when the violinist had found his "ideal girl."

No distance too great, no time too late—West End Talk.

German Lan... Warship Prop... Cattle of F... tives denb... LILLAUX PA... Anxiety cau... matches from... effect that... out to prov... her war det... corrections issu... Paris. Callau... blaster, it is u... ply French r... operation part... ter-Allied det...bursements of...ment's advance...tion of devastat...been appreci... BRITAIN'S PE... Supported by...ates and enou...y succeeded to...proposal to ha...lines exclude...which it was b...ific in arm...plies to subm...and of this...ision was tre...and Air Com...ference on t...ditions. LILIES ATT... French, Briti...erment hav...formal elec...ly elected G...Field Marshal...erman Preside...that his me...INAUGURATION...Field Marshal...nugrated as...day. Except...rest from the...nugration was...chedule, the...rn in to off...resident, Paul...house. HERO OF...General Charle...of Verdun. GERMANS AID...report to the...man submar...tives, telegr...stuffs, on the...of which the...ing the Fran...