tempting promise

are left grow old.

A Request.

age shall not weary them, nor the

to the Mail-Box again just for a Could I get some flower seeds-

Canterbury Bells, Sweet William, Mignonette and Phlox, or if you haven't these send any others? I have never had any seeds so thought would try them.
Could that lady who has a Calla Lily in bloom tell me how to make mine bloom? It has leaves a foot long and is kept in the south window all the time, but it will not bloom Also what do you do for a Boston that is the stem of the fern grows, but no leaves grow on it.

Will you please forward this letter
to "Two Country Rose Buds"?

FAIRY OF LIGHTHOUSE CLIFF. P.S.—December Bride's idea a good one.—F. L. C.

I notice that there are several

THE STRANGER By JOHN GOODWIN

state and peerage without an heir, jealousy of him and my love for you had at one time been the leader of a I do not know. If I have sinned I wery gravely.

"You heard of that?" said Jeeps and at one time been the leader of a I do not know. If I have sinned I wery gravely.

"Heard of it! Folk talked the said of the s

Philip Mottisfont, a young barris-

ter-at-law. He takes her to a house-boat where he is one of a party, and as they pass down the river he shows ber the Tailbois setates. The near day Joan goes as a sightseer to the floor room in Lambeth, and looked Tailbois ancestral home. Slaney, who has secured a position in the household, spies upon her, and notifies his comrades in London the seemed now. It will also the the company days Joan had been installed at Charles stefe at the guide pour her and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and notifies his comrades in London the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stalled at Charles stefe at the guide pour her, and the stall stall stalled at Charles stefe at the guide p

which rescued Carey from a watery grave. A bearded stranger had d the captain to go to Mottis-

afterwards the bronze star to it, for gallantry in action."

Joan's eyes grew misty as she oked at these relics of her dead "Our case," continued Philip,

now absolutely complete. Applica-tion has been made, and on the arival of the American witnesses, exected in a few days, it will proceed orthwith. For we now have the statement of your late guardian, lanet Mackellar, that she left in trust for you, and it clinches the case even better than could have hoped. Fail-

wre is now impossible. Mr. Langley has it."

Langley, who throughout had been sitting silent at the desk by the winfow, came forward with a paper.

I "This is a copy," said Philip, taking it; "the original remains with the public trustee. He looked at Joan and hesitated. "I fear," he Joan and hesitated gently, "that this letter of Janet Mackellar's may cause you pain, and perhaps it would be better. Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She for you to remain in ignorance of Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She for you to remain in ignorance of Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She for you to remain in ignorance of Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She for you to remain in ignorance of Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She for you to remain in ignorance of Joan felt a pans of sorrow. She joan felt and stepped back. Said Emmile, grinning, "to welcome want to lose her friendship, yet do want to lose her fr

it a strange thrill, a sense of darkess and danger, crept over her through this message from the dead.

A Clear, Beautiful Skin

DR. CHASES DINTMENT

"SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS."

"Jim Carey," in reality William fravers Tallbois, son of Lord Talling from him forever.

"How far this was due to my jealousy of him and my love for you "You heard of that?" said Joan

callaghan, Bell, Vaille, Drummond forgiveness where alone forgiveness should be sought.

"I could not tell you all this while in possession of the fortune. This wish to keep the secret from you for mie. "Looks as if the police have dropped it—anyway, they're stumped. It is unknown to anyone save these much upon me. You have the right to know and to choose your way of brought to London by a Janet Mac-life and your name.

for your soul.

"JANET MACKELLAR." CHAPTER XXV. Emmie Looks Ahead

er the Tallbois estates. The next ay Joan goes as a sightseer to the allbois ancestral home. Slaney, ho has secured a position in the pusehold, spies upon her and noti-

happy there with red-headed little Emmie Clegs. Of Emmie she had seen nothing

The skipper nodded and made his to say that her uncle, the market gardener at Clevemead, was ill, and that she had leave from Puttock and

Foreign Legion. A full description and all identity marks—including a blue tattooed wyvern on the left arm, with motto, 'Semper Vigilans.' The record also shows that he was awarded the Croix de Guerre and twice afterwards the bronze star to it, for vance. There were no letters; no sign of her friend. But at that moment, as Joan stood by the broken table, reflecting, she heard a well-remembered step on the stair. The door opened and Emmie Clegg

appeared-dressed from head to foot in sombre, tight-fitting black, that heightened the effect of her freckled white skin and flaming red hair. She stopped in amazement on seeing Joan, who the next moment had her in her arms and kissed her fondly.

"Emmie."
"Joan!" gasped Emmie. And then

through this message from the dead.

"My dearest little Joan:

"When this at last is placed in your hands, the little money I had to leave to you will be yours and I think you will then need it more than you do now. For I have a feeling that trouble will come upon you with the years. And I know that I am near my end. But I have a confession to make to you.

"Your name is not Ayre. That is mane I gave to you myself, for good reasons, when you were still too young to remember any other.

"You are the daughter of Helen Loyd and William Travers Tallbois, Englishman, who married your mother at Calcraft, South Georgia, in 1897. Your mother died and confined the start I was bound to secrecy about it, and that day when I left the office for good I only dared tell you."

"Yes, yes—I quite understand that bely understand that. But let's hear about it, Joan."

"She sat down and, breathless, listened to the whole story as Joan rather pale, stared in amaze.

"He was a decent old sort. May we did—I owe him everything."

"Mottisfont!" Emmie's tone was like the rasp of a file on metal. "He's true. Joan? For all I've heard of it is.—what I've seen in the papers."

"You would have been the very first to know. Emmie, if you'd been here," said Joan, flushing. "But at the start I was bound to secrecy about it, and that day when I left the office for good I only dared tell you."

"Yes, yes—I quite understand that bely last you to marry that happens, to be Lady Tallbois of swer'd be?"

"Yes, I'd give all I've kand to you am did.—I owe him everything."

"Mottisfont!" Emmie's like the rasp of a file on metal. "He's true. Joan? For all I've heard of it true. Joan? But I do now! I'd appears."

"You would have been the very first to know. Emmie, it you'd been here," said Joan, flushing. "But I do now! I'd appears."

"Yes, yes—I quite understand that he'll ask you to marry that happens, to be Lady Tallbois of swer'd be?"

Joan rather pale, stared in amaze. "You doe!" I'd say" Emmie's like the rasp of a file on metal. "He's don' it true. Jo

There are millions of tiny openings or pores in the skin and these must kept open and clean if the beauty

Because it cleanses these poses and

encourages the healthful action of the skin, Dr. Chase's Ointment is most

effective as a skin beautifier. Rough ness, redness, pimples and all sorts of skin blemishes disappear by its use, and the skin is left clear, smooth and

of the skin is to be maintained.

nothing else down there. There ain't and Slaney, who, sure that Carey was killed in the Argonne, plan to black-in mail his daughter after putting her against me and hate me. I should have died down now," continued Employsession of the fortune. This

in possession of the fortune. This girl is unknown to anyone save these men as the Tailbois heiress. She was born in the United States, but later brought to London by a Janet Mackellar when her mother died, and her father had deserted them. The band proposes to find this girl, now about 20 years old.

Joan Ayre, a typist, and her girl friend.

Emmie Clegg, go for a holiday on the Thames with At Blodmore and another young man, Joan falls in the water and is personed by Philip Mottistont, a young barrist of the Motter of the Motter of the Buttle Joan. The second by the se

"I don't know or care!" said Joan, stepping forward and seizing her by the hands. "What I want of you is his, Emmie: The day I come into my own, I want you to come and live with me for always, and be my

Emmie Clegs.

Of Emmie she had seen nothing whatever for hearly a fortnightnot, indeed, since the day following Joan's change of fortune. All she had had was a letter from Emmie to say that her uncle the market.

"I have something else here to Cope's to go down and nurse him. Since then not a word.

Since then not a word.

Joan, in fact, had returned in the bone of finding fresh news of have. Besides, I'm rich myself. I've have. Besides, I'm rich myself. I've shave. Besides, I'm rich myself. I'm had a surprise, same as you. I'm down in Uncle Ben's will for £500."
"Emmie! But that's splendid. I'm

"Five hundred Jimmy o' Goblins," Emmie put a handkerchief to her eyes and brushed away a small tear. was fond o' the old chap; always been very good to me. But there it is. After I've worn this black awhile, me an' Ted is goin' to a young lady not long ago, and last week saw her walking down the street. I did not recognize her until the meantime.

Joan kissed her warmly.

Janet Mackellar's may cause you jain, and perhaps it would be better for you to remain in ignorance of its contents. There is no real necessity, Miss Joan, for you to read it if you prefer not."

Joan felt a pany of sorrow. She remembered too well the kindly simple old man who had been her host and Emmie's on that wonderful you prefer not."

Who's runnin' you?"

"Why, Mr. Philip Mottisfont. Didn't you know?"

"Him!" Emmie's voice rose sharp-wead.

Nilburn's

mead.

"Emmie! What can I say? I am so sorry—"
"Can't be helped. All got to go the same way," said Emmie shaking her head. "Don't let's talk about it. He was a decent old sort. May we all be as fit to go as he was."

"Him!" Emmie's voice rose sharp-lay and her face became grim. "What, has he got that job? Shoved himself in, did-he?"
"He is my counsel. Emmie. It was it who chose him. He has been splendid—I owe him everything."
"Mottisfont!" Emmie's tone was like the rasp of a file on metal. "He's

She sat down and, breathers, in 1897. Your mother died and confided you to my care. I have tried to justify that trust and I loved you as I have never loved any other living creature. You were the brightest leave no make, for he dared not use it, and reven openly claimed you as his daughter. He knew where you were and he agreed with the course I had chosen. He came sometimes to see things?" said the girl quietly. "I am he agreed with the course I had chosen. He came sometimes to see things?" said the girl quietly. "That's it. True enough. "Just Joan. That's all."
"The enough. "To dare to say those things to differ any think me hard because than you'll ever know. An' don't think me hard because than you'll ever know. An' don't think That's my animal direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited. Toronto, "No!" He's waitin' to be sure you're the emonth of the you even now. I was drive nothin. Now I've a title an' a million are not straight. May they never spoil you, Joan. Don't think me hard because than you'll ever know. An' don't think it me hard because than you'll ever know. An' don't think I'm ont glad for you, litt'e "No!" He's waitin' to be sure you're to the condition of the dead. I knew but a little with the work far better than enver than the work far better than enver than the the work far better than env

know I shall not tell you even now. I will only say that it was evil and wicked.

"I confess that I hated William Joan. I'm as glad as it's my nature to be. I'd give one o' my hands you. I dreaded his influence on your to see you happy." She stared at stared at her friend, who blazing eyes.

blazing eyes.
"I s'pose," said Emmie in an altered "I s'pose," said Emmie in an altered voice. "I've done for myself—with you. You won't forgive me. But. remember, if ever you want a friend come to me. I can right you."

Suddenly she threw an arm round Joan's neck, pressed a fierce kiss on her forehead, and flung out of the footsteps were heard rapidly retreating down the staircase.

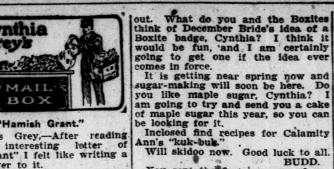
Joan sank into a chair, and sat for some time, trembling and staring before her.

"It is true!" she muttered. "It is true!" she muttered. "It is true!"

"It is true!" she muttered. "It is

true!"
She leaned upon the table and covered her face with her hands.
"True or not, I know one thing.
"I am the richest woman in London. But if Philip does not ask me—I am poorer than ever was Joan Ayre, the typist."

(To Be Continued.)
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To "Hamish Grant." Dear Miss Grey,—After reading the most interesting letter of "Hamish Grant" I felt like writing a

sort of answer to it.

I do not believe he is the "old man"
he makes out he is, so may not remember some of the happenings that his letter brought to my mind of a

hospitality.

"Oh." said Emmie dryly. "Lady Dunluce, eh? An' what's the next move, Joan?"

The husband of one of my child-hospitality.

The husband of one of my child-hospitality.

The husband of one of my child-hospitality.

think I have asked enough for a dozen visits so must close. I will

ours is "Burn Brae" (after my husband's mother), but our purple heather is the lilac. How I would like to see his bunch of heather in many more. I hope some one can many more. I hope some one can
My letter is growing so fast that I help you out with your plants. I have

My letter is growing so Tast that I had better cut it off short, but not until I vote with both hands for the C. G. pin.

I had a suspicion myself that "Hamish Grant" was not as old as he made out, Violet L. I'll wager his daughter Kathleen is still but a vourgeter. Just thinking about it, stand why youngster. Just thinking about it, Hamish, the Mail-Box itself isn't so very old yet, and neither does Cynthia call herself an old woman, so your little bit of fun is discover

I hope "Hamish" will see your let ter. Violet L., and send us his address, but, at any rate. I am sure the Boxites have all enjoyed your reminiscences, and perhaps some will be able to respond to them. Question.

too, an' we've got our eye on a shop, she had passed, but in the meantime We shall make good, all right. I'm she spoke to me and I realized that goin' to be very happy with my I had unintentionally snubbed her.
Ted. He's a man!" Sunday morning she passed me on the street, and, no doubt thinking me "You'll both be happy, deal. The best news yet. Emmie. I claim to be your bridesmaid:"

"We'll be pleased, my Ted an me."

Said Emmie. Interview of the street, and, no doubt thinking me a cad, did not speak as I raised my be your bridesmaid:"

Miss Grey, is what am I going to do, as she is a real nice girl and I do not speak as the same of the street, and, no doubt thinking me acad, did not speak as I raised my best many to be a sew that a sum of the street, and, no doubt thinking me acad, did not speak as I raised my best me and the street, and, no doubt thinking me acad, did not speak as I raised my best news yet. Emmie. I claim to be a cad, did not speak as I raised my best news yet. Emmie. I claim to be your bridesmaid:"

"We'll be pleased, my Ted an me." an' me," as she is a real nice girl and I do not welcome want to lose her friendship, yet do

Laxa-Liver Pills The Great **Liver Regulators**

The duty of the liver is to prepare and secrete bile and serve as a filter to the blood, cleansing it of all impurities and poisons.

Therefore, when the liver is fa-active and failing to secrete bile in sufficient quantity constipation and other liver troubles soon follow.

TROUBLE IS OVER

Toronto Citizen Suffered So From Stomach He Feared the Worst; Tanlac Brings Complete Relief.

"Tanlac put me on my feet three years ago, and I have been in the pink of condition ever since," states John J. Mathews, 12 Ashby Place, Toronto, Ont., well-known wheels-

man on the steamer Toronto.

"I had stomach trouble so bad that at times I simply had to use hot appliances in an effort to subdue the pain. Gas almost choked me after eating, and I dreaded this so much I frequently made a complete trip. I frequently made a complete trip on the steamer—two days—without

don. But if Philip does not ask me Ayre, the typist."

(To Be Continued.)

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CONFISCATES BUTTER.

Special to The Advertiser,
Brantford, March 11.—Sixteen pounds of short-weight butter were seized on the local market Saturday morning by the market inspector. The butter will be distributed to the poor of the city.

on the steamer—two days—without food. I could never rest, and felt so bad I could hardly stick to my wheel. In fact, I was so near 'all in' I thought I was going to have to give up completely.

"It was a great day for me when I went to the drug store and got Tanlac, for the medicine proved a god-send to me. I haven't had a sick day since I finished the treatment, but have been feeling as fine as I ever did in my life."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35,000,000 bottles sold.—Advi.



HOOTY AND MRS. HOOTY ARE
LEFT TO THEMSELVES.
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
Though we don't like to, we must own
Some folks are better left alone.

lose interest in things when they do not turn out just as expected. The friends of Blacky the Crow had been You sent the first message of approval concerning the Boxite badge, Budd. Since you hold out such a concerning the maple sugar, I shall be asking every-one I see if the sap is running yet. Thanks ever so much for the recipes, and we are looking forward to your next letter. The Mail-Box has received a re-

Mrs. Blacky silently stole back near no desire for neighbors. Mrs. Hooty Baby Owls."



-Blacky the Crow It is surprising how quickly people friends of Blacky the Crow had been very brave with their, tongues when he and Mrs. Blacky told them how their nest had been taken by Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty. They had boasted of all the things, the dreadful things, they would do to Hooty and Mrs. Hooty. The next morning before breakfast, they had gone with Blacky and Mrs. Blacky to do the things they had boasted they would do.

quest from a reader for the words of the poem by Laurence Binyon, from which the following lines are taken: But after they had had a good look at Hooty and Mrs. Hooty, and one overbold young Crow had lost some feathers and nearly lost his leg by venturing too near Hooty, they sud-denly lost all interest, nor could Blacky and Mrs. Blacky arouse that years condemn, At the going down of the sun in the interest again. Had it been that those Owls were any of Hooty's smaller relatives those Crows would have made their lives miserable. But the Can any of the Boxites supply sight of Hooty's great fierce eyes hooked bill and terrible claws was Dear Cynthia,-May I come back more than the stoutest-hearted them could stand.



Those Owls are welcome to that old nest. I should think they would have some pride not be satisfied with an old nest built by someone else. They haven't any pride. No, sir; they haven't any pride."

So all the Crows went away from that part of the Green Forest and that part of the Green Forest,

Hooty were living there and so every them could stand.
ooty and Mrs. Hooty were left
It is true that Blacky and they are not at all social. They have

JUST TRY THIS

their nest a few times. But they took the greatest care that Hooty shouldn't know it.

"It's an old nest," said Mrs. Blacky after their last visit. "I wouldn't have used it again, anyway. I've discovered a much better place for a nest. Those Owls are welcome to that old the state of the sta Thousands of overfat people have become slim by following the advice of doctors who recommend Marmola Prescription Tablets, those harmless little fat reducers that simplify the dose of the famous Marmola Prescription. If too fat, don't wait—go now to your druggist and for one dollar, which is the price the world over, procure a case of these tablets. If preferable you can secure them direct by sending price to the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ava., Detroit, Mich. They reduce steadily and easily without tiresome exercise or starvation diet and leave no unpleasant effect.—Advt.

sat on the eggs all day, and Hooty sat on the eggs all day, and Hooty sat near by keeping guard. At least that is what he was supposed to be doing. As a matter of fact he was dozing most of the time.

But when the Black Shadows came

creeping through the Green Forest Hooty becomes very wide awake. It was then that he started out huntof him was in the hearts of all the little people of the Green Forest and sometimes far beyond it. It was then that his terrible voice made them shiver and shake.

But the fear was as nothing to what it would be a little later when Hooty's hungry babies would be crying for food. That would be the time when all the little people would seek their safest hiding places after dark, and would keep even further away from that part of the Green away from that part of the Green Forest. Hooty and Mrs. Hooty would have it quite to themselves.
(Copyright, 1923, by W. T. Burgess.)
The next story: "Warm Coats for





For Coffee and Tea

TOUR family or your guests will call your coffee or tea "the best I ever tasted" if you cream it with Carnation Milk. This creamy milk adds a new flavor and richness at less cost than cream. For Carnation is fresh, pure, whole milk with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation till it is like cream, and then made safe by sterilization. For ordinary milk uses you simply add a little more than an equal part of water to take the place of that removed. For use in tea, add three parts water to one part Carnation. What milk could be more convenient and economical. Order from your grocer several tall (16-oz.) cans or a case

CARNATION COCOA

4 teaspoonfuls cocoa, 6 teaspoonfuls sugar, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ½ teaspoonful salt. Mix cocoa and sugar in a cup. Have water boiling. Heat cocoa pot by allowing hot water to stand in it for a few minutes. Heat Carnation Milk by standing cup of Carnation Milk in basin of hot water for five minutes or more. Pour a little boiling water into cup of cocoa and sugar to dissolve them. Pour into cocoa pot, add remainder of water, boiling hot, then the hot Carnation Milk and salt. Serve at once. Makes four cups.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., LIMITED, 345 JOHN STREET NORTH, AYLMER, ONT





The label to red and white

AYLMER, ONT,