WHAT ABOUT YOUR INCOME?

The elements comprising the body are constantly wearing out and must be renewed daily, else the outgo of strength exceeds the income.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will help the tired business-man or woman keep pace with the wear and tear of life. *Scott's* nourishes the body, blood and nerves, and helps maintain an even balance of strength and energy. *Safe-guard your income of strength with Scott's.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-29

The Heir of Rosedene

OR,

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CARLIST UPRISING.

"Wait!" echoes Mrs. Edward. "You seem to forget that we must reach St. Sebastian to-night. We can't sleep on the road, or in one of those dreadful wine shops kept by robbers and all sorts of dreadful people! We must reach St. Sebastian to-night—and look at the horses! That horrible man—really, Edward, you might have the consideration, I think, to insist upon his throwing away that nasty cigarette——"

"Nonsense!" snarls Edward; "they all smoke. I've told you so fifty times to-day. He would only stare and laugh, and think we had gone mad if I were to ask him to leave off smoking; pray be patient!"

"Patient!" retorts Mrs. Edward, piteously and angrily. "Patient! sitting in a broken-down thing like a Brighton fly, in the middle of a dusty road, with the sun pouring down on one's face and turning one into a nigger. Who could be patient?"

Edward Nore jerks his head toward the other two ladies—silent, and certainly patient, if miserable—for answer.

"Yes, it is all very well for Edna," retorts Mrs. Edward, in a minor key. "It was all her doings that we were brought to this dreadful pass——"

"I am very sorry," says Edna, in her musical voice.

"I don't doubt that, my dear Edna. You couldn't be mortal and not feel something like remorse. To think that we were so comfortable at St. Jean! What on earth put it into your head to take this wild-goose chase I can't conceive. But there—there is no use going over that again; we are as much to blame as you are. We ought never to have started; we shouldn't if it hadn't been for Edward."

"That's right," growls Mr. More; "I was waiting for you to bring it back to me. You know that you were quite as willing to make the excursion as anyone, and backed Edna up. Why, I was tired of hearing you declare that you were bored to death, and that St. Jean was the most awful place in existence. You were quite willing to come into Spain——"

"Did I—now I appeal to you, my dear Mrs. Weston—could I possibly imagine that those horrid Carlists were on the road? Could I possibly know that?"

"Neither did either of the rest of us," retorts Edward. "They were miles away when we started, and we should have got clean out of their line of march if you hadn't stopped a whole day to buy lace shawls in Bilbao."

The dispute would have gone on for hours—for days—for weeks—perhaps, but that Capt. Morton was seen hurrying away from the wine shop, and the two combatants desisted from battle to turn upon him with eager inquiries.

"Well, what does he say? Can we go on?"

The captain, leaning on the carriage door, looks not at husband or wife but at the calm, pale face in the corner.

"He says that we cannot possibly go on, that the road is bad ,and that the troops have taken possession of the inns."

"Not go on!" cried Mrs. More, sinking back on the torn and blistered cushion, which emits a cloud of dust as she falls against it. "Not go on?"

"What, then?" asks Edna, quietly.

"He advises us to go back to Bilbao," replies the captain, quietly, and although he smiles as of old, there is a serious, not to say anxious, look about his eyes.

Edna leans back and shades her face from the sun and at the same time from the captain's dark eyes.

"Which are we to do?" she says, appealing to the sufferers as a body.

Mrs. More groans, Aunt Martha sighs, Mr. More bites his nails, the captain is the only one who responds.

"I think we had better follow his advice. It is awkward our missing the road—more awkward still that the Carlists should have made for this route; the road to St. Sebastian will be lined with troops in another hour or so; and even supposing that they would allow us to pass—which is doubtful—these quadrupeds of ours, which, for want of a suitable cognomen, I am fain to call horses, are already knocked up. Yes, if you have no very great objection. I think we had better get back to Bilbao."

"We all have the greatest possible objection," says Edna, respectfully; "but I suppose it is the best thing to do. How sorry I am; how guilty I feel! But for me," and she sighs, "you would all be safe and comfortable at St. Jean!"

"But for you we should have missed a very romantic adventure," responds the captain; and he mounts to the box, and gives the driver directions to turn back to the place from whence they have only that morning started. The driver—good, honest man—says: "Si, senor—where you please;" flicks his whip, and starts his slumbering specimens of equine architecture, and the clumsy vehicle rattles and rumbles on its dusty way.

From Park Lane to St. Jean de Luz, in the Pyrenees, and Bilbao, in Spain, are rapid transitions, but Edna's transitions have been both rapid and sudden; it would seem as though she had lately become possessed of a demon of unrest. Outwardly calm to indifference, as we have seen her, in the hot afternoon sun, on the glaring, dusty Spanish road, inwardly she is dissatisfied and restless.

Since the afternoon on which Capt. Morton had played his little comedy, and deceived his rival—since that afternoon, Edna had been traveling almost night and day, stopping, it is true, here and there, for a day or a week, but traveling still as her intentions and impulses prompted, and never satisfied with any place at which she and the companions of her journeyings stopped. Whither does she wish to go—what is the destination of her desire? She could not have told if she had been asked. All she herself knows is that she cannot rest—that she must get on.

Arrived at St. Jean de Luz, after what Mrs. Edward piteously declared a wild scamper across Europe, they thought that they had reached a spot that might prove a resting place for a time at least. Edna seemed more contented, more inclined to stay in the soft, pretty watering place, than she had done at any other halting spot; but before the week had passed, the old, restless, impatient look came, by fits and starts, into the delicious dreaminess of her eyes; she grew pale—a sure sign of her weariness, as her fellow travelers knew; did not sleep at night, evidently wanted to go on. Then one morning her secret desire found voice.

"What would they say to taking a few days' trip across the frontier into Spain?"

One of them, Capt. Morton, late of the Carlist army, if he had been free to express his opinion, would have said decidedly, "No!" Of all places he cared least for his handsome face to be seen in, Spain was the one. But he only smiled, and murmured: "Yes, not at all a bad idea!" and waited for some one else to raise the objections. But no one seemed to have any to the trip. Mrs. More was anxious to buy a real Spanish lace mantilla, and so was silenced; Aunt Martha would have raised no objection to a journey to the moon, if Edna had wished to take it, and Edward—miserable, ill-tempered and beginning to doubt the feasibility of the captain's schemes, didn't care a rap where they went, if they weren't going back to England, which was the only place fit for an English gentleman to live in, etc., etc.

The captain did then murmur something about the war, and the chance of the Carlists coming across their path, but they all scorned the idea, and Edna—yes, Edna seemed to find in it another inducement to the trip. So they started, reached Bilbao, heard rumors that the Carlists were approaching, but Mrs. More insisted upon staying one day at least for a veil she had ordered, and when they started the next, their driver lost his way, owing to too much wine, and the horses broke down; reliable intelligence of the troops on the road, and the Carlists in the neighborhood, met them when they did at last get on the right route, and so it is brought about that they are starting to return to Bilbao.

It is not by any means a cheerful ride. Mrs. More, too exhausted, apparently, to wail aloud, wails half audibly under her veil, which is thick enough to make her intolerably hot, and yet not thick enough to save her complexion; Aunt Martha dozes peacefully in her corner; Edward More fidgets peevishly in his; Edna in hers, looks calmly out upon the dusty road, upon trailing vines, upon occasional wayside inns, upon the quaint rumbling of the carts that patient oxen drag slowly through the dust, upon everything that meets her eye, with the same absent, dreamy air, and is quite content to be silent and in silence. On the box the captain gnaws his mustache and frowns—nobody can see him, you see—moodily at the sweating and struggling horses, the driver smokes cigarette after cigarette with sweet and aggravating nonchalance, and the afternoon grows into evening, and before they reach Bilbao, the evening will have grown into night.

"Can we not get fresh horses?" inquires the captain, as they halt for a minute or two at an inn. "Fresh horses of any kind," and he shows good English gold, which abroad, in Spain, especially, is a magic talisman.

The landlord is bowed down with grief. Alas! he has not so much as four legs in his stable; the troops—always those rascals, the soldiery!—have taken—have requisitioned everything, even the mule for transport service.

"If English milord could wait until to-morrow—or the next day!" and this is the tale at every place along the road. All the horses have been taken by the government troops. "If milord could only wait!"

And it seems at least as if, ridiculous as it appears, they must wait; for when they get in sight of Bilbao, soldiers ride up to the carriage and demand passports.

Senor milords and miladies must stop outside the gates to-night. Ah, yes, it was unfortunate; but the commandant's orders must not be disobeyed. The carriage cannot be allowed to pass.

The officer of the patrol was very polite and courteous, and eloquently regretful, but he was immovable.

"Ask him what the devil he thinks the ladies are to do?" said Edward More, fuming and fretting. "Tell him we are English; confound his impudence! tell him that we are English, and that we demand admittance to the beastly little town."

"Is it necessary to inform him, in so many words, of our nationality?" said the captain, growing sarcastic; "and as for demanding——"

And he shrugged his shoulders as he proceeded to make one more effort. But the officer was firm; he had received his orders that no one excepting the military was to pass the barriers, and milords and miladies must, **per bacco!** lodge for the night at the inn, which, the officer declared, they would find comfortable and clean.

"It is only for one night," he added; "the Carlists may not arrive, the gates will be open to-morrow, and all will be well; but to pass you in to-night, Santa Maria! it is not possible!"

Night was rapidly descending; what was to be done?

Up to this moment Mrs. More had positively refused to leave the carriage; she declared she would not do so even now until the officer had sent in their cards and passports to the commandant and procured a pass for them.

"I am afraid it is of very little use," said the captain, who was not at all at his ease. "I think it would be better to take refuge in the inn for the night. He assures me that the Carlists are not likely to attack the town."

Mrs. More groaned, and squeezed herself into the remotest corner.

(To be Continued.)

And the Worst is Yet to Come—

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for five times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Wholesale indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:
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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Instant Relief From Eczema

You can stop that awful itch from eczema and other skin troubles in two seconds.

Seems too good to be true—but it is true, and we vouch for it.

Just a few drops of the simple, cooling wash, the **D. D. D. Prescription** for eczema, a new remedy that is attracting widespread attention and the itch stops instantly. The first bottle will prove it.

Eczema, Bad Leg, Ring-worm, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Psoriasis, Open Sores and Itching Rashes and other skin troubles are caused by myriads of germs at work in the skin. Unless these germs are promptly destroyed they rapidly multiply, gnawing their way deep into the sensitive tissue. This is what causes that awful itch, and what seemed a mere rash may grow and develop into a loathsome and torturing skin disease with its years and years of misery.

Don't take any chances! Destroy the germs at the beginning of the trouble with that soothing and cleansing wash, the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema.

If you have skin trouble of any kind, get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.

Dried Fish.

Although the development of the trade in dried fish has been retarded by a notable lack of demand, and further declines are reported in codfish of certain grades, and hake, there is a prevailing opinion in the trade that the market has reached its lowest level, and a reaction is imminent. With Lent close at hand, it may be expected that there will be an improvement in the movement of dried fish, and it is notable that some of the weak spots in the West Indies are now recovering from the recent slumps in prices. The condition of the soft cured codfish market in Newfoundland, although continuing weak, gives promise of betterment as affairs approach adjustment in Europe markets and the demand opens. As most factors in the New York market are possessed of supplies which were purchased at high prices, there is a reluctance to sell at low prices in many quarters. Those who have been underselling the market have apparently taken a different view of the situation, since the next few weeks promise better business. Porto Rico codfish, while of variable quality, is quoted at low prices still, but some of the more resourceful merchants are selling their fish in other and better markets. The situation in Nova Scotia is unchanged, and while there is a willingness to sell, holders of dried fish do not show any evidence of reducing prices. An improvement in the general situation is looked for as a natural reverse to the depression of the past several months.—N. Y. Fishing Gazette.

Children Hate Oil Calomel and Pills.

"California Syrup of Figs" best for tender stomach, liver, bowels—tastes delicious.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Published by Authority.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Rev. J. D. Savin, P.P., Messrs. John Dunphy, Denis O'Reilly, James McGrath (Argentia), James J. Davis, Patrick Hunt (Marquise), James Murphy (Ship's Harbor), John Davis (Fox Hr.), James McCarthy, John Reddy (Red Island), to be the Roman Catholic Board of Education for the District of Argentia; Mr. W. A. McKay, to be a member of the Presbyterian Board of Education for the District of Harbor Grace, in place of Mr. Norman Munn, deceased.

Dept. of Col. Secretary,
March 4th, 1919.

Spring Openings.

It may seem a bit early, but the Buying Season has started somewhat earlier of late years, and this year, we understand, we are going to have an Early Spring. We have opened the following goods during the past few days:

LADIES' SHOWER & COVERT COATS
in the Newest and Smartest Trench Styles.

These are priced from **$12.00 each upwards.** Those that we were advertising a week ago are practically all sold. Styles plus value was what did it.

Children's and Misses' SHOWER and COVERT COATS.

We have only received a few of these, as well as a few Ladies' and Misses' Mackintoshes.

We have received fairly large assortments of
Ladies' Costume Skirts
in Navys, Blacks and Tweeds.
Ladies' Moire Underskirts
in Black and Coloured.
Ladies' Blouses in Blacks, Whites & Col'd.
Ladies' and Misses' Straw Hats.
Millinery Flowers and Ornaments.
Black Veilings in Plain & Fancy Makes.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DRESS
is a Good Corset.
The Best Corset is the "W. B." CORSET.
We have just received a further shipment of these famous and popular Corsets.

HENRY BLAIR

GOSSAGE'S SOAPS.

All Kinds. All Sizes.

Gossage's Soaps for years have always given satisfaction to dealer and user, and will continue to do so in the future.

Take Nothing But GOSSAGE'S.

New Price List on request.

GEORGE M. BARR.

Fishermen, Buy Your Engine Now.

Lathrop Marine Engines
for immediate delivery.

Prices will be higher in the spring. We have a full lines of
STATIONARY ENGINES.
SAW MILL MACHINERY.
COOPERAGE MACHINERY.
HEAD ROUNDERS, ETC., ETC.

A. H. MURRAY & CO.,
eod,tf Limited.

LUCKY ACCIDENTS.

General Grant used to contend that it was because his mother happened on one occasion to be short of butter that he eventually became President. It was while procuring the butter that the lad heard read a letter concerning a possible vacancy at West Point. He applied, obtained the vacancy, and from that time never looked back.

A simple incident observed in a little country tavern resulted in no less a measure than the introduction of the penny post. The observer of the incident happened to be Rowland Hill.

Only a missing marriage certificate prevented the hod-carrier of Hugh Miller establishing his claim to the Earldom of Crawford, just as the absence of a comma in a Bill which passed through Congress on one occasion cost the American Government a million dollars!

l Barons' Pr

Demands German Me Marine.

AL PROFITS.

LONDON, March 4.
dence to-day before the quiring into the British A. L. Dickenson, Finan- to the Coal Controller, profits of the owners months up to September ed £39,000,000, equal to ton on the output of ns, the value of which at was 23s. 10d. This was th an average profit of for the same period in s ended in 1913, on an ,000,000 tons equal to 1s. alue of which at the pit 9d.

TER BIG GAME.

BERLIN, March 3.
Spartacan leaders de- beration of all political d the establishment of ary tribunal to try the of the war, the Hohen- d Marshal Hindenburg, endorff, Admiral Tirpitz ors to the revolution, bert, Chancellor Scheide- stav Noske, the Minister The immeidate conclu- with Russia and the es- of diplomatic relations ssian Soviet republic are anded. A strike at this prove catastrophic in its would be inimical to the sion of peace and the covery of Germany.

EVIK OFFENSIVE.

ARCHANGEL, March 3.
viki continue to push e against the Allied and ops on the front 160 of Archangel, according eceived at headquarters rning. The Allies have village of Vevsiev-

UT STIPULATION.

PENHAGEN, March 4.
ch has demanded the livery of the German et without regard to the food supplies, according from Weimar where National Assembly is in

AKES NO CHANCES.

SHINGTON, March 4.
djourned at noon to-day of a Republican filibuster that killed a long list measures. Just before nt President Wilson au- notice to the Republi- ir attempt to force an ra session had failed, nshaken in his deter- to call the New Con- s work at the Peace as done.

O COUNTER STRIKES.

BERLIN, March 3.
hundred business and en and officers in the dherents of the old or- eeting and decided to te steps for organizing rike of all the non- es as a counter measure. d in the debate at the t the Government offi- such a strike would as- ctively in the struggle Red Terror," and that d it necessary to show at the people supported the national assem strikes outside Berli the Essen district sh ers' strike has been but that it has not large proportions. manding the shorter by a half hour. Allernburg Coal Dis Germany have voted to-day. This is beli beginning of the end ing strike in the Hu

AMALGAMATION

OTT

Without a dissen stockholders of the at a meeting this a endorsed the merge Ottawa with the Ban While the meeting in its finding, it wa these present that t Ottawa should not the banks are amal

WHY NEGOTIA

WAR

The failure of the tiations between t Ukrainians in Galic here to the great co ternal situation in one party or no lead trol the situation, that no one is in a tiate with finality. the Ukraine of Chin from Moscow is said the situation.

REACHING A

The peace confer on Belgian affairs day reached a decis solution of the que vision of the treaty finally brought peac land and Belgium. the commission on be submitted later council.

PERSHING

WASHIN

A cablegram from shing, made public Dept., charges that criticism against the embarkation camp grew out of trial by Major Alfred W. of the New York The message said newspaper attacks began about the tim returned to the U having been repri in grade, and fined enlisted man. It Bidrsall threatened that he would get s

BERLINERS MU

The transporta Greater Berlin ca shortly at eight o' the surface cars an evated trains Passengers in auto were not more fo travellers on the crowds in all the held up conveyan occupants to get o

REPUBLICAN

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With but a few session of the sixty

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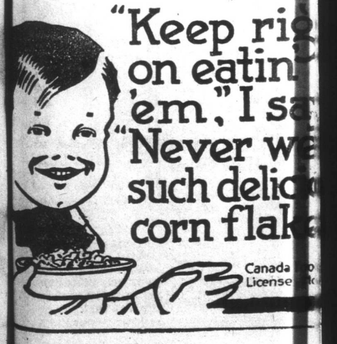

"Keep ri
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