

ASK FOR ALVINA

The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil Especially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia

A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XV.

Of arches formed by the green willow trees beside it, of dark, cold, shadowy nooks, of laughing hillsides which glowed in the sun, of green fields, of white swans that sailed down it, of reeds and sedges through which the wind made music, of pretty rustic bridges that spanned it, of lovers that whispered sweet words on its banks—all of these the river seemed to murmur.

The ground of the mansion extended to the very banks of the river. There was a picturesque old boat-house, haunted, so rumor said, by the spirit of a jealous, unhappy lady who had drowned herself in the stream, and whose dead body had drifted into the cool, silent shadows of the boat-house, where it was found the next day.

The Brent woods were as beautiful as a dream—a fair, green kingdom, inhabited by the most musical of birds, by shy rabbits, by saucy squirrels, by a thousand living things known only to ardent students of Nature. There were avenues like great cathedral aisles, full of gleaming lights, half green, half gold; lovely shady "clearings," where the flowers grew so that they formed a carpet—butter-cups and daisies, meadow-sweet and celandine, wild hyacinths and blue-bells, flowers enough to send a poet or artist into raptures. Hidden in the woods, too, were numerous little brooks, tributaries of the river Brent.

As the mansion stood on the slope of a great green hill, its appearance was very striking. From the background there seemed to arise a forest of green; on either side stretched smiling woodlands, and in front the beautiful terraces and grounds sloped down to the brimming river.

The general had invited several guests to Brentwood, and the party promised to be a very pleasant one.

"At some future day you will be sole mistress of this beautiful place, Leah," said the duchess, as they were

walking one morning on the great terrace.

"I suppose so," she replied; "but I never like to think of the time, I wish that my uncle could live as long as if not longer than, I shall." She seemed anxious not to continue the conversation, for soon afterward she clasped her hands in delight. "O, duchess!" she said, "what quantities of my favorite passion-flower! And what colors—purple, scarlet, and blue! What rich clusters! I must gather some; they are like the faces of old friends smiling at me."

"You have brought passion-flowers into fashion," the duchess said smiling; "I never saw you without them. Why do you like them better than any other flower, Leah?"

"I do not know. I think it is because they are mystical flowers; they are full of mystery and passion and sorrow."

"You ought to like red roses best," said the duchess; "they suit you."

"No," returned Leah; "give me scarlet passion-flowers; they seem to me choicest of all."

"I suppose," laughed the duchess, "that when the ideal 'he' comes it will be discovered that his favorite flower is the passion-flower?"

"I should not be surprised," replied Leah, gently.

"That will be one of the signs by which you will know him," said the duchess, mockingly; but afterward the words came back to her, and she marvelled at them.

What the duchess had said was true—Leah had brought the passion-flower into fashion. It was her favorite. If in a fashionable crowd one saw the gleam of scarlet passion-flowers, it was certain that beautiful Leah Hatton was there. This fancy of hers was well known when Millar, the great artist, painted her portrait—that year the loveliest picture on the walls of the Royal Academy. He carried out the poetic idea, he painted her, in all the pride of her girlish beauty, in a dress of superb black velvet, with scarlet passion-flowers in her dark hair, on her white breast, and shining like flame in her shapely hand. The picture created quite as great a sensation as the original had. People crowded to see it. The artist had named it "The Passion-flower," and those who saw it felt that there was some strange affinity between the beautiful face, with its dark eyes and wild-rose bloom, its ripe, scarlet lips, its dawn of passion, and the passion-flower. The critics all raved of it, society journals praised it, and it brought the mystical flower into fashion; and during the third season Miss Hatton spent in London she was known as the "Passion-flower."

"I have had an adventure this morning," said Sir Arthur, as they sat down to luncheon. "I find that the young master of Glen is expected home during the week. I lost my way in the woods, and came out quite close to the mansion; I have been all over it."

"Where and what is Glen?" asked the duchess.

And Sir Arthur smiled as he said: "I ought to be a poet to answer you; it is almost impossible to do so in prose. Glen is simply one of the most lovely spots I know in England."

"More beautiful than Brentwood, uncle?" asked Leah.

"Quite different, Leah. Glen was once the dower-house of a queen; three hundred years ago it came into possession of the Carltons, and has been theirs ever since. It is simply perfect. Your eyes are almost dazzled by the gleam of sunlight in the waters of the many fountains, and by the bright colors of the flowers. The surroundings, too, are most picturesque."

"I should like to see it," said the duchess.

"So, should I," added Leah.

"Fair ladies," cried Sir Arthur, "you shall see it whenever you will. The house itself looks so cheerful, no one would ever think that it had once been the scene of a tragedy."

"Was it?" asked the duchess. "Tell it to us."

"I am a new-comer," said the general, "and naturally enough, I know but little about it. But one of the gardeners at Glen spoke of the story this morning. I asked him how long the house had been closed, and he said fifteen years. Of course, I asked him how that was, and he said that Lady Carlton could never bear to enter it again, and that after the accident, she had taken her son, Sir Basil, to Italy, where she spent the remainder of her life, but that he, now that his mother was dead, was coming back to live here."

"What was the accident?" asked the duchess.

"A very horrible one. Lady Carlton was left a widow when she was very young. She had but two children—a girl and a boy; the daughter, Leah, was seven years older than the son. She was a very winning girl, the very joy of Lady Carlton's heart. She fell in love—I forget who the lover was—and everything was arranged for the wedding. She was then eighteen, and the young brother only eleven. On the night before the wedding Lady Carlton gave a grand ball, and Glen was filled with a gay crowd of guests; they danced until the very walls seemed to rock. The old man told me that the bride was like some lovely laughing fairy. Just as the ball was closing, and when the happiness and gaiety were greatest, a terrible cry was heard. It came from the supper-room, the grand old banquetting-hall where kings and queens had feasted. The guests rushed out, only to witness a most horrible scene. The beautiful bride, with terrible cries, was seen flying across the hall, her bright gossamer robes all aflame. Her light, fluttering ball-dress had caught fire, and, the draught of air fanning the flames, they met over her head and enveloped her. For a moment every one was paralyzed; and then one of the guests, a gentleman, caught up a thick rug and rolled it round her. He was burned terribly, but he extinguished the flames. It was too late. When the hapless lover hastened to the hall, he saw the girl lying in her agony on the ground, her golden hair burned, her face distorted, her pretty dress of white lace and the white water-lilies all hanging in scorched shreds around her. She spoke a few words to him, and then they carried her upstairs to die."

"What a terrible story!" said the duchess.

"When Lady Carlton recovered from the shock," added Sir Arthur, "she went abroad, and took her son with her. She died at Naples last year, and the master, Sir Basil, is coming home."

"It will be a great trial to him to return to the scene of such a catastrophe," said the kindly duchess. "You must ask him here as often as you can."

"The house is so cheerful, so bright and beautiful, you would never think that a tragedy had happened there."

"There is a tragedy associated with most houses, but the world does not know it," said the duchess.

"I pray heaven," said the general, "that there will never be one in this."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a lovely day in the first week of August. The laughing summer had taken full possession of the land; the yellow wheat and the glowing fruit had been kissed to ripeness by the warm sun. The sky was blue, without a cloud, and the fruitful earth fair to view. The river flowed calmly between the green banks, rustling through the reeds and sedges, stirring the great leaves of the lilies, rippling over the drooping boughs.

It was drawing near noon. Some of the men had sought the coolness of the billiard-room; some of the ladies had retired to the shade of the great cedar-tree, with books and work. Leah had gone to her favorite spot, the terrace, where the passion-flowers grew in such profusion. She had taken them under her special protection and visited them every day. She little knew what a beautiful picture she made while standing there. Her exquisite face, with its dainty color and sweet lips, was bent thoughtfully over the flowers. She wore a long trailing dress of pale amber. Her graceful line of her figure was seen to the greatest advantage; an artist who could have painted her as she stood there in the shade of the veranda, with the glorious coloring of sunlight and flowers about her, would have immortalized herself. She smiled as she gathered some of the passion-flowers, remembering the name given to her.

(To be continued.)

Sauce flavored with orange or pineapple juice should be served with guinea.

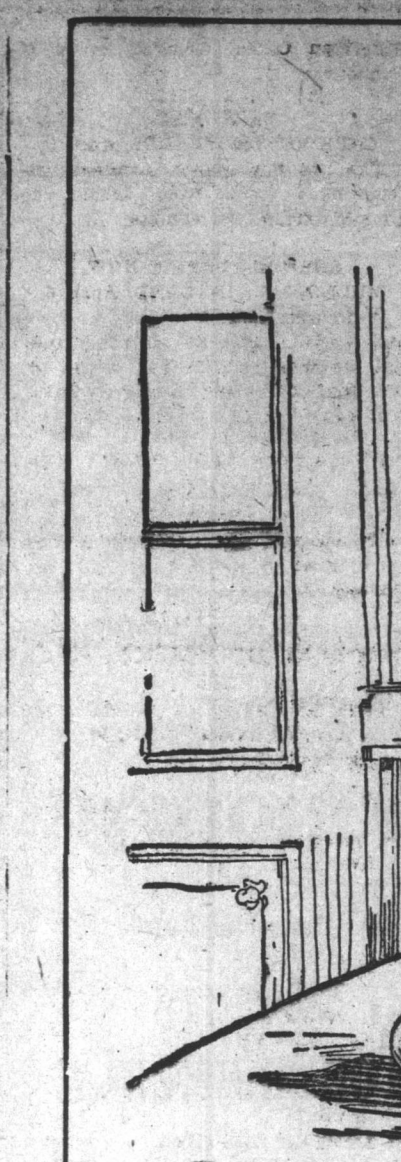
Bonbons of fondant colored red and flavored with cinnamon are attractive.

Plain dark gingham should be starched in very blue starch.

Do not suffer another day with itching, swelling, or burning of the PILES. No surgical operation required.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c a box all druggists, or Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

PILES



The Milk Your Baby Drinks

BABY'S milk must be safe milk—and above all else, Carnation Milk is safe milk. Produced in the heart of Canada's finest dairy sections, delivered fresh and pure to our condenseries, immediately evaporated, SEALED in bright, new containers and STERILIZED—what milk could be safer for your baby?

Carnation convenience is another advantage—you can keep a month's supply of it ahead. The Carnation Cook Book tells fully how safety, purity, and uniform quality are obtained in Carnation Milk.

Your doctor will be glad to prescribe Carnation Milk and tell you to what strength you should dilute it.

You'll value the Carnation book of 100 tested recipes. Write for a copy. Try this recipe.

BOILED SOFT CUSTARD.

2 eggs, 1 1/3 cups water, 2/3 cup Carnation Milk, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla. Beat egg yolks slightly, add sugar and salt, then add milk diluted with the water. Cook in double boiler and stir until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on spoon. Chill and flavor. Serve in sherbet glasses and place the stiffly beaten whites on top. This recipe serves six people.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED, 110 JOHN STREET NORTH, AYLMER, ONTARIO

Carnation Milk
"From Contented Cows"



Milk

The label is red and white
Made in Canada by
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED, AYLMER, ONT.
Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.



Appetite Good, Gained 20 lbs. Could Not Feel Better

From a nervous wreck this man was restored to health, strength and happiness.

He tells his own story in this letter.

Mr. Ralph A. Roberts, Loverna, Sask., writes:

"In 1917 I had lost all appetite, failed 25 pounds in weight, became very nervous and shaky and in fact given up all hope of recovery. For some time I had suffered from constipation, which kept getting worse, until I was fast becoming a total wreck. Doctors and their drugs were sending me to my grave at the age of 39."

"Then I read about people being restored by Dr. Chase's Medicines and after three months' use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills I found that my bowels were restored to normal movement each day and the constipation was no more. I had a good appetite, had gained 20 pounds and could not feel better. I shall always be grateful for these benefits."

At All Dealers. Distributor: GERALD S. DOYLE.

How Our Ancestors Told the Time.

Primitive man did not worry much about the time. He rose when daylight woke him, and went to bed at dark. For the rest he was content to know that the sun's highest point meant that the middle of the day had come, and that when it was sinking towards the horizon it was time for him to seek his cave.

Later he watched the moving shadow of his spear standing upright in the soil. From this shadow he conceived the idea of the oldest of all clocks, the sundial. But it had one serious disadvantage; it marked only the sunny hours, taking no account of those that passed by night.

NATURE HELPS INVENTORS.

His next idea was the water-clock, which has been in use among the peoples of the East for more than four thousand years. This consisted of a vessel filled with water upon whose surface was a float provided with a long peg. A hole in the bottom of the vessel allowed the water to escape gradually, lowering the peg as its level sank. The peg was marked off into divisions, each of which showed the distance fallen in one hour. A glance at the height of the peg above the rim of the vessel showed the exact time by day or night.

Next came the hour-glass, one form of which is still used to measure the three and a half minutes needed for boiling an egg. This was followed by the hour-candle, a "dip" divided into rings, each of which represented an hour's burning.

World's Radium.

Six Ounces or £4,000,000 Worth Produced in Twenty-Six Years.

Where has all the radium gone that has been produced since the discovery of radio-activity in 1897? This point was raised by Sir Ernest Rutherford, director of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge University, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, W., when he stated that in all some 160 grams (nearly six ounces) of radium had

been produced, the value being in the neighborhood of £4,000,000. Large quantities were used during the war, and the bulk of it is undoubtedly in use in various hospitals all over the world. The scientists and men investigating radium and its power to effect the destruction of the atom and the transmutation of metals have only five or six grams in their joint possession, and this only through the generosity of the various radium producers.

The great bulk of radium to-day, said Sir Ernest, was produced from the mineral carnotite; 5,000 tons of this ore had to be hand-picked and sorted down to 500 tons, and this amount was treated to produce one gram of radium (about 15 1/2 grains).

If the amount of ore used in extraction were represented by the distance between London and Edinburgh (400 miles), the quantity of radium produced from it would be represented by four inches!

Monsters of the Air.

BIRDS THAT COULD LIFT MEN. Recent scientific discoveries in various parts of the world go to prove that in these long gone by there were birds big enough to lift a man into the air without difficulty! It is well known that an eagle with

a five-foot spread of wings can lift a lamb weighing ten pounds, and that a bird can generally lift one half more than its own weight. Many of the enormous birds of ancient times weighed many hundreds of pounds, and some of them had a spread of wings which would cover a present-day tramcar.

Parrots Seven Feet High. There once lived in the Rocky Mountains of America a race of parrots seven feet high! One nearly complete skeleton of this remarkable species has been preserved, and fragments of others have recently been dug up. Three parrots are supposed to have trodden the earth about 3,000,000 years ago.

Another amazing creature was a running bird of prey of the heron family. It had a head larger than that of a horse, with a huge sharp beak, and was 8 ft. high. Like the parrot, it could not fly to any height, as its wings were not large enough to support it.

In the island of Madagascar there used to be an enormous bird called the aepyornis. This creature was 10 ft. high and laid eggs 13 in. long and 8 ft. in circumference! It is supposed to have become extinct only little more than a century ago.

Although the aepyornis must have been a sufficiently awe-inspiring sight, the "giant moa" of New Zealand, which stood 14 ft. high and weighed at least half a ton, must have been even more so.

When some nation of oppressed foreigners is in danger of persecution meetings are held in Trafalgar Square, London, to protest against the oppression. Do such things ever happen as a protest against tobacco prices in which, truth to tell, the average Englishman is far more interested than in the sufferings of any other nation, however oppressed? Never. He cares too much. He thinks that it would be bad form. Somebody might twist him on his fondness for tobacco. It is a shrewdness of this kind that has given us our not wholly deserved reputation for national hypocrisy. Yet the price of tobacco remains, and the Briton is a heavy smoker. He is silent. But, like the parrot, he is a "devil in a suit."—London Daily Express.

Kidney Trouble

Is Usually Due to Constipation. When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

The Worm Will Turn.

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Nujol

For Constipation

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