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combined with its strengthening and sustaining properties makes it particularly valuable to those who are not strong. Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, etc., throughout the E.W.I. ALLEN & HANBURY'S LIMITED, LONDON. Special Representatives for the E.W.I. H. S. HALSALL, P.O. Box 57, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER
— OR —
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER V.

He passed through the belt of trees, and made his way to the summer-house. Dora was not there, but it wanted a quarter of an hour to the time appointed. So he waited, his heart bounding uncomfortably at the rustle of every leaf. His anxiety became acute, and he had just worked himself into that state of desperation which would have carried him into the enemy's camp like a furious tornado, when Miss Deene stood before him. She looked even more lovely now than he had thought her to be in his wildest delirium. "Miss Deene," he said, advancing, "I am here, you see." He took her hand, and it trembled in his firm grasp like a frightened bird. "How kind you are!" she replied. "No, I am not," he retorted. "No, I am not kind, Miss Deene; I am roughly selfish." She regarded him wonderingly, and she continued: "You don't believe what I say, but it is true, nevertheless. If some other person—Esther Marsh, for instance—had asked me to come from Broadstairs, and walk three miles over a rough road, under a hot sun, I am sure that I should have stayed away."

take a letter from me to Lord Morden." "You must not sit so far away from me, or I will not consent, and you must tell me if you think it will ever be possible for you to like me better than Mr. Marlowe." "That will not be difficult, for I hate Mr. Marlowe." "Do you hate me?" "No, I like you," was the simple and truthful reply. Miss Deene knew nothing about coquetry. "I could not help liking you when you have been so kind to me." "You are Lord Morden's daughter," said Locksley, "and perhaps it is presumptuous on my part to fall in love with you; but, oh, Dora, you are the sweetest little woman in Christendom, and I can tell by the light in your lovely eyes that you think I am a fine fellow." Miss Deene blushed and laughed, and Locksley took her hand again. "I am no laggard in love," he continued, "and I think that my credentials will pass muster. My father is a gentleman, and I am not poor. True, we have known each other only two days, but love is not to be measured by time and space, and as you prefer me to Mr. Marlowe, I want you to say so." "I prefer you to Mr. Marlowe." "And to any other fellow?" "Oh! Yes." "That settles it," Locksley whispered, joyously. "And some day, Dora, you shall be my wife. To seal the compact, I must have one little kiss. Then I shall consider you my own forever." Miss Deene was too bewildered—too confused by the rapidity of Locksley's wooing—to offer any resistance to the warm caress he gave her. And she felt strangely happy, too. Never before had she experienced such contentment, and she submitted with a sigh to this heaven that shielded her from her grandfather, from Esther's bitter tongue, and from Mr. Marlowe. "Now, Dora," began Locksley, with a business air, but with a foverlike pressure. "You wish to ask me some questions. If I cannot answer them now, I will not be long in procuring whatever information you may want." "Do you know Lord Morden—have you ever seen him?" "I do not know Lord Morden." "Is he aware that he has a child

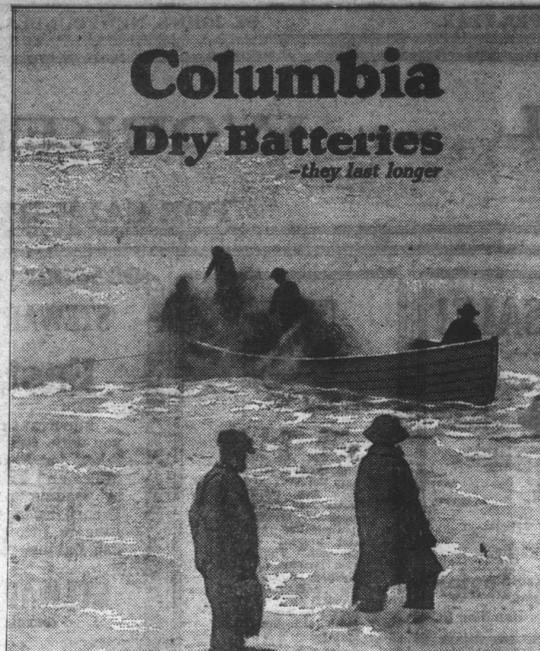
living? This is the question that perplexes me now that I know that he is not dead." "I cannot answer you, my darling, but I will find out all about Lord Morden," replied Locksley. "You will trust me, will you not? I will leave Broadstairs for London to-morrow, and I have a friend who will assist me in finding your truant father. Depend upon it, he does not know of your existence, but he shall soon learn of it from me, and I will bring him to you here." "Oh, it seems too good to be true," whispered Dora. "How little I dreamed of all this happiness one little week since! The world seemed cold and miserable, but now it is warm and beautiful. At times I was ready to yield to the enemy in my loneliness and weakness. Grandfather has been constantly urging me to marry Mr. Marlowe, and I have felt that their persuasion would soon change to horrible threats. Though I am a creature almost apart from the world, I have pinned for some time to love and to love me. Esther has called it nonsense and declared that such stuff was only printed in books to turn silly brains." Locksley's thoughts went involuntarily to Lory Clare's letter. "And I came," he replied, joyously. "I am your Prince Charming, and you are my beautiful princess! I am not in the habit of talking about myself, but it is a pleasure to talk to you, Dora. A few days since I was the most wretched fellow on God's earth. A row with my father over two or three matters, one of which was on the subject of marriage. The old people will interfere. The lady is the only daughter of Sir George Montcrieff; big, handsome, and a little bit gay. Not my style at all. We understand each other, but as for marriage between us, I would sooner be buried at once!" Dora laughed. "Then I saw you, and worshiped you in a twinkling. I never believed in love before. I know that I have never been complete until now, and am so happy that I am half afraid I shall wake up to find you a beautiful myth!" Then he told her of his quarrel with Richard Marlowe on the previous day and threatened to knock that gentleman down if he presumed to annoy her again. "You have only to give me permission," he concluded, "and I will face the enemy now. It has to be done some time."

"No, no! not yet! I am full of undefined fears. I don't know what might happen to me while you are away. I am dreadfully afraid of Esther and Mr. Marlowe." She clung to his arm, a look of terror in her eyes. "They threatened one day to force me to marry him at once; and if that were done, it would kill me!" Mr. Locksley looked grave; then he scribbled his London address on a leaf from his notebook, saying: "My poor little girl! If you get frightened at any time, come to me there—or telegraph. If you come, my father and Lady Clare will be glad to take care of you, for my sake. And then—I may have your father ready to greet you and love you."

At that moment there was the sound of a resonant bell, and Dora started up. "That is the teabell!" she exclaimed. "We always have tea at four o'clock Good-by, Mr. Locksley." "Don't call me Mr. Locksley, and confound the teabell! Must you really go?" (To be continued.)

Liqueur Made by Monks
It is a strange irony of fate that St. Benedict, whose "day" is March 21st, should have given his name to one of the most potent and seductive of beverages—benedictine—seeing that he himself was one of the most abstemious of men. His only drink was spring water, and he allowed himself no more than a small fixed quantity of food each day. These rules he also enforced upon his followers, but after his death the Order of Benedictines, which he founded, grew to be one of the wealthiest and most luxurious in the world. Their material prosperity, however, was due to their own untiring industry. The Benedictines worked hard at all sorts of manual labor, for one of the main principles of their founder was that each member must earn a living by the work of his own hands. Mostly they tilled the soil, and they were renowned throughout Europe for their knowledge of healing herbs and roots. It was while experimenting with these in this direction that one of the monks first discovered the secret of distilling benedictine.

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INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN BRITAIN
LONDON, Mar. 31. The March summary of British industry as viewed by the United States Chamber of Commerce in London, the serious industrial situation attracting attention on the Government's monetary policy of deflation, arouses misgivings in commercial circles. Acute depression exists in the coal trade, the railways and collieries are closing down throughout the country. The Chamber of Commerce reports it is possible to recall the time when the shipping trade and its kindred dependent industries had had such depressing conditions. The report states that the employment in Great Britain stands at 200, which is 125,000 more than a year. Ten industries, namely, making, glassware, rubber tires, carpets, gas mantles, hosiery, silk, automobiles, wireless, daily have requested protection for the safeguarding of industry.

KEY PROPOSES SETTLEMENT
MOUL QUESTION.
LONDON, Mar. 31. The Daily Mail has reason to believe that Turkey has made a proposal for the settlement of her difficulties with Great Britain, mainly with a view to the Mosul boundary settlement. The suggestion, the Mail says, is that the town of Mosul, a part of Mosul Province, should be given to the south. In return, Turkey is to guarantee indefinitely her line to the south of Mosul.

ING FERDINAND IMPROVING
BUCHAREST, March 31. The medical bulletins indicate the condition of King Ferdinand has been giving concern to his physicians. He has somewhat improved. King recently was operated for intestinal trouble.

Y GERMAN SOLDIERS BROWN
DETMOND, Germany, Mar. 31. Members of the German Reichstag were drowned in the River this morning when a bridge constructed by pioneers in cooperation with Reichswehr manoeuvres collapsed. The victims were part

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SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

BEWARE THE LOCKED DOOR.
I wrote the other day of a mother who was passing through that painful period in life when her children suddenly and without apparent cause change from inquisition adorers to exacting critics. The time when they say, "you don't understand," whenever parents differ with them, and consider any restraints their parents try to impose as "mid-victorian." The time when they consider her old-fashioned and, instead of enjoying her companionship as they once did, try to get away from her. I expressed my sympathy with the mother and my regret that this stage seems to be something that almost every child must pass through.

The Dangerous Years.
And in response to this article I had a letter from a Letter Friend who says she wants to present the other side of that situation—the mother who makes the years from 14 to 18 or 20 a painful ordeal to her children because she does not have the tact to deal with this particular period. "At this stage," she writes, "children are emerging from the chrysalis of childhood and becoming independent personalities and the mother who doesn't realize this is pretty sure to get into trouble. "I know a mother who is terribly unhappy because her son who used to be so close to her has shut his heart against her and seems to think her love for home is an intrusion. She thinks that's terrible and I am sorry for her, but her love really has been somewhat of an intrusion. She was a neighbor of mine and I used to see her with him and I was really sorry for him.

But It Wasn't Funny To Him.
"She was always telling stories about when he was a little boy in his presence, and you know how a boy of 18 hates that. And she used to smile in a superior way whenever he expressed an opinion about politics or anything like that. I suppose it was funny to her that her baby should be talking politics, but it wasn't funny to him and he didn't want it to seem funny to other people. And when he would tell a story or make statements she would often ask him where he got that and was he sure of it. . . . And worst of all she would tease him about his love affairs. Most mothers wouldn't have dared to do that but he had always adored her so that she thought she could presume on his devotion that way. And now she can't get anywhere near him; he won't tell her anything and he shuts up like a clam when she's around. She is heart broken. She says she can't understand it when they've always been so much to each other. I hope he will get over it and I think he will, but I can't feel that it's his fault that he is passing through this period.

Respect Their Dignity.
"And I think there are a lot of mothers that really are intrusive without of course meaning to be. "From 14 to 20 is a difficult time between parents and children. The thing children want the most then is to be let alone. Of course they can't be completely, but the more they can the better. And another thing they want is to have their dignity respected. I can remember times when mine wasn't and how I resented it. . . . Please tell parents, particularly mothers, that they are partly to blame when children get too far away from

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Spends 100th Birthday Singing Irish Lullaby
NAGANEE, Mich., March 31. Excellent health, although he has been blind for the last twelve years, Richard Grant, native of County Carlow, Ireland, celebrated his hundredth birthday. Five generations are reposed under the roof of his house. He has sung Irish lullabies for great-grandchildren and four grandchildren. He was married nine years ago and was the father of twenty-two children, only five of whom are living.

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