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When it is very important that the food should be light yet nourishing nothing better can be offered than a cup of

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(PREDIGESTED)

which is in itself a complete food, containing all the necessary body building elements yet very easily digested. It has an appetizing and delicious flavour and is suitable to the young and old alike. Easily made by the addition of boiling water only.

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**THE PANGS OF REMORSE**  
— 02 —  
**A COMPLICATED TANGLE.**

CHAPTER XIII.

Clarence put his hand to his head and turned aside with a groan.

What had he lost? What cruel fate had kept this cup of bliss from his sight and led him, blindfolded, through the mazes of blunderland?

"Oh, well, well!" he cried; "you bring me joy and cut me to the heart at the same moment. Miss Lillian loved me! Sir Ralph—"

"In course. Don't I tell you so, sir?" retorted the man, naturally exasperated at the incredulity of his listener. "By taken, didn't she give Squire Besant the go-by and lay then at death's door for weeks, crying on your name day and night—"

"No more, for mercy's sake! man, no more, you will kill me!" interrupted the agitated man. "I have been at the gates of Paradise and turned away! Oh, Heaven, to know that it is too late!"

"Too late! What for, sir?" said Will. "Get you to England and the Hall, if you haven't been there since then, and see if they don't jump at you—squire and all—like a ripe plum."

"Ah!" breathed Clifford, daring to hope; but the next moment dashed to the depths of despair. "No, no, it cannot be; she is married, long, long ago."

"Married? Who to?" asked Will Stamblers, clutching the ropes and holding Clarence Clifford by the arm to save him from rolling against the bulwarks, to which danger he seemed perfectly indifferent and unconscious.

"Mr. Besant," groaned Clarence.

"Not she, sir. Begging the squire's pardon, she hated him. No, sir, mark my word, as sure as you're standing there—which you won't be directly if you don't keep tight hold, sir—Miss Lillian—bless her heart!—is waiting and sighing for you. Get you to Rivershall as fast as horses' legs will carry you—and—Ay, ay, sir, come!"

And obeying a summons from the captain, he lurched off, leaving Clarence Clifford hot with joy and hope.

one moment, the next cold with doubt and despair.

Between these conditions he vacillated for the rest of the passage, thinking every moment an hour, groaning at the idea of the distance between Dover and Rivershall, longing for wings to fly like an eagle to the place where his heart rested.

With this excitement burning in his bosom, he dragged Will Stamblers ashore, almost forced a bottle of rum down his throat, quite forced a handful of gold upon him—and then engaged post horses with relays at all the stages to take him to Rivershall and, as he prayed momentarily, to free Lillian.

Journeying thus, his blood at fever heat, his eyes sparkling and restless as diamonds, his hands never still a second, and the prayer always on his lips that he might not be too late, he neared Cheriton.

As the panting horses—four white and good ones—climbed up the hill, smoking and steaming, the sun burst through the clouds and shone right royally for the first time for three days.

Clarence Clifford uttered a cry of joy and took it as a good omen.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, aloud; "I shall see you, hold you in my arms, call you mine yet."

Now came the first straggling, little cottages. A man, a laborer, passed and stopped to gaze at the flying post chaise, then another, then a man and a woman, and—how singular—all that had passed were in mourning, a hand of crepe round the men's caps, the women in black dresses and shawls. Then, at the entrance of the village, three cottages were closed.

A shutter was up at the inn, and a funeral was passing down the street with a half dozen laboring men following sadly.

The postillon dashed by the inn. He had received his instructions to drive to the Hall, and two or three groups collected to look after the chaise. But

there was no shouting, no boys running after it, no excitement, and but very little curiosity.

Clarence Clifford, with his restless hands drumming at his side, was struck by it; but the Hall was in sight and his eyes were glued on its huge chimneys.

At the moment the leaders swept round the corner of the avenue the church bell commenced to toll, something dark and black moved from out the gates, and Clarence Clifford, startled by a warning cry, leaped out as the leaders pulled up within a few yards of a collision with a hearse.

He fixed his eyes upon the long cortege of hearse, mourning carriages and line of walking-mourners, as if he were made or dreaming; then, amidst the buzz of hushed confusion, his voice clove the air as if it had been a knife: "Who—who is dead?"

The door of one of the mourning coaches opened and a thin figure got out and hurried to the traveller's side. It was Mr. Packer.

"Mr. Clifford," he exclaimed. "You have arrived most opportunely. Another hour and it would have been too late. When did you hear—"

But a something in the young man's face startled, then terrified him.

The eyes never moved from the hearse, the lips were growing blue.

"Who is dead?" came huskily from them. "Will no one tell me?"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Packer, turning to a small group that had collected from the mourning coaches. "Gentlemen, this poor, young gentleman is Mr. Clifford. Dr. Morecroft, he has not heard?"

The doctor pushed past and caught the hand clinched at the side. It was cold as ice.

"My poor, young friend," he said, "it is a terrible blow; it has been for all of us; but bear up like a man. Be calm. They have come to a better land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"Who lies there?" the blue lips formed.

"Tell him, tell him," whispered Dr. Morecroft; "the strain will be too great."

"Mr. Clifford—bear up—we are taking to their last resting places the bodies of our dear friends, Sir Ralph and Lillian Melville!"

One cry went up to heaven and rang in the hearts of all who heard it, never to be forgotten, and Clarence Clifford fell at the very feet of the pawing, impatient horses.

CHAPTER XV.

The reader will be spared an extended description of Clarence Clifford's soul's anguish. Such emotion as that which tore his heart in twain and drove him to the verge of insanity is indescribable, and he who would attempt to pen it must fail lamentably.

Time, tide and death wait for no man.

The funeral cortege passed on and left Clarence Clifford in the hands of the postillions and a small gathering of villagers, who, halting betwixt two opinions as to whether more interest could be got out of the agony of one living person than the burial of two dead ones, had decided in favor of the former, and stood gaping round him.

At last some one, the only Solomon in the crowd, suggested that it might be well to convey him to the inn, and in silence the post chaise was turned and the hire of it conveyed to the Rivershall Arms.

Here they prepared a room for him and literally looked him up in it, for it was evident that he could not be trusted to his own devices, and every soul in the village having arranged to be at the funeral, there was no one left to take charge of him.

So there he remained in a darkened room, alone, with that indescribable agony at his heart, and the tolling of the bell in his ears.

Presently the bell ceased, the suppressed hum came back to the village, and the Arms inhabited again.

The room in which they had put was directly over the common or public room. They had not chosen the best room for him, because it offered more advantages for self-destruction in the shape of bell pulls, fatirons and a constable's staff.

This second-best apartment was a very poor affair, with great slits in the floor, through which came the heat and smoke of the room below, and occasionally the conversation of the occupants.

(To be continued.)

Oh, boy!  
What a flavor surprise! Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast! They're crisp! They crunch! They thrill! The Kellogg flavor starts the day with a smile!

Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes from now on. Delicious with fresh or preserved fruit. Always ready. No cooking. Breakfast right on the dot. At all grocers. Served in all restaurants and hotels.

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Compare the flavor of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with any ready-to-eat cereal and you'll appreciate why Kellogg's outsells all others.

Oven-fresh ALWAYS  
Kellogg's waflite wrapper preserves the flavor and keeps the flakes crisp-tender. An advantage Kellogg features!



Richard Roe.

Off I had heard of Richard Roe, and when I crossed the vale, I said, "I'll spend an hour or so with Richard in the jail. I'll try to find the reason why he's off behind the bars, while out of doors his neighbors fly in shining motor cars." I found this Richard in his cell, all free from griefs and fears, and he was fat and looking well, and shed no idle tears. He had no feeling of disgrace, and he remarked to me, "The hoosegow is a pleasant place. I care not to be free. In summer this old jail is cool, while tollers out of doors leave sweat behind them in a pool, as they pursue their chores. In winter this old jail is warm and cozy as can be, and there's no howling arctic storm can get its hooks in me. They bring me food three times a day, good, honest, smoking hash, and for this grub I do not pay in labor or in cash. What more can any man desire than I receive in jail? Why should I labor and perspire for paitry rolls of kale?" "There's such a thing as self respect," I muttered, through my veil; "it's born in men, but soon is wrecked by sojourn in a jail. I hoped to find you in a mood to harken to my rede, but since

**A Master Crook Story**

"On Thin Ice," the attraction at the Majestic Theatre to-night, is a fast-moving, thrilling expose of San Francisco's underworld, and offers clean diversion for movie-goers who appreciate a well-told mystery story with a kick for the finish.

Edith Roberts and Tom Moore acquire new laurels in this newest Warner picture, which starts off with a rush and finishes with a bang. Miss Roberts' charming youth and unaffectedness makes the heroine of the picture a lovable little maid who becomes involved in a nefarious plot through no fault of her own.

The photoplay is a novel combination of fun, thrills and mystery, as Rose Lore, a poor, friendless girl, suddenly finds herself in possession of a satchel full of bank bonds. She returns the bag to the bank, but is arrested and charged with the theft. A band of gangsters soon ingratitude themselves in her favor, and with unscrupulous chicanery, one of the criminals declares himself her long-lost brother. Every day makes the situation more and more complicated. One gangster begins to love Rose, the other wants her for himself, and the girl discovers she has lost her heart to a third, while mystery still shrouds the whereabouts of the loot.

The balance of the cast, which includes William Russell, Theodore Von Eltz, Wilfred North and Gertrude Robinson, does splendid work, while the direction, lighting and mounting of "On Thin Ice," is a credit to Director Mal St. Clair.

"On Thin Ice" will also be shown to-morrow afternoon and night. Admission twenty cents.

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(Graduate of Philadelphia College, Garretson Hospital of Surgery, and Philadelphia General Hospital.)  
Feb. 1, 1917

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**Dodge Brothers Set New Record**

Deliveries and Production Best Previous Week in History

Dodge Brothers have been setting new high records for several months, as compared with similar periods for previous years. The record of the week ending July 11 is the best in the company's history. With retail deliveries aggregating more than 7,000, an average of more than 1,800 each production day, best previous week was surpassed several hundred cars. New records exceeded the corresponding week of 1924 by 1,000, or approximately 19.7 per cent.

Although Dodge Brothers Cars are now being built at the rate of 1,100 a day, both deliveries and orders are some 200 a day in excess of production.

"Had dealers' stocks permitted, number of deliveries for the week would have been even greater," said John A. Nichol, Jr., Vice-President in Charge of Sales. "It is a spur, but a steady, healthy production."

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