

Grand Alliance;

Love That Knew No Bounds;

CHAPTER XV.

"Only to think you should come unawares upon me like this now, my dear—my dear Miss Sydney!" he repeated—"when I've settled so often how I meant to get ready for you, if I knew you were going to give me a look. And now you've caught me just anyhow. With no nice little dinner, not even a bunch of flowers set out to show how glad I am to see you, and how proud—how proud! Oh"—rubbing his thin old hands softly in a very ecstasy of enjoyment—"the times I have dreamed of seeing you—sitting just as you did sit in your father's very own chair! But I never dared expect it. An old man like me, a tenant on leave—for I'm over my three-score-and-ten, Miss Sydney—oughtn't to expect anything too sure-

ly. But to have got just what I wished for so long seems too good to be true. It does indeed!"

And Mr. Cheene's joy imparting his powers of vision seriously, he had to retire, blinking, to the bow-window and examine the state of the weather before he found himself equal to coherent conversation. When he returned it struck him suddenly that something was amiss with his guest Sydney had entered flushed from her interview with Miss Ambler. The landlady—curious, as maiden ladies are and will be—had very pointedly requested her name to carry, and had stared in blank disapproval when it was quietly refused. "Only some one who wishes to see Mr. Cheene," John Alwyn's daughter had said, remembering, with a blush of the deepest shame, that to mention who she was in Stillcote-Upton might only awaken



She can end that Corn

End it in two days.

Blue-jay would stop the pain the moment she applied it. Then it would gently loosen the corn. In 48 hours, the whole corn would lift out, without any pain or soreness.

Blue-jay, each month, ends a million corns in that way. No hard corn can resist it. Since this invention it is utterly needless to suffer from a corn.

Yet thousands of people still pare corns, or use some old-time treatment. They simply coddle corns, and every little while they become unmanageable.

Try this scientific way. See how Blue-jay stops the pain. And see, in two days, how that corn forever disappears.

After that, so long as you live, you will never let corns bother you.

Blue-jay
For Corns
15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
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Makers of Physicians' Supplies

slumbering stories to her father's discredit. Now the painful color had faded away, and she sat, her dark eyes following him so pathetically, from a face so pale, that Jacob Cheene hurried to her, asking, "Was she ill? or had the lightning frightened her? The tempest had been sharp a little while."

"No, I'm not ill, Jacob," she answered, taking his hand in hers—it seemed a sort of haven. "And the tempest did not frighten me. I hardly noticed it. Something else has frightened me."

"And what, Miss Sydney?"

"Please pull your chair close, and sit down by me. For, Jacob," still keeping hold of him, and leaning leftwards on the firm oaken arm (just her father's old attitude through many a business hour), "I am going to ask you some questions. You will answer them, will you not?"

"If I can."

"And I know you can. Somehow—you can tell me how afterward—when my father left Guyswick had he just lost all his money?"

Jacob's nerves gave a great jump. Sydney could feel it through all her own frame.

"I am—afraid—he had."

"And—had he—lost other people's money, too?"

The question came on the old clerk as the unannounced application of a cold water douche. He would have given a quarter's income to be out of that witness-box. But Sydney's grave eyes waited on him for answer, and true answer he had to give.

"Y-e-s, Miss Sydney. He had. Or—trying to soften the harsh fact's rough edges—other people's money got lost—with his."

"With his. By his doing, then?"

"Yes"—parting from the bald truth about as willingly as a dog parts from a cherished bone—"but—

"Oh, hush—a moment!"

She leaned back, his hand still in hers, paler, if possible, than ever was her father's memory, that with such tenderness she had kept fresh so many years, now to be blackened—her birthright of honorable pride to be taken from her? Well might she ask breathing space before listening to detailed evidence of such misfortune! But it was only a few seconds she wavered.

"Now, Jacob," she said, rallying spright again, "you must tell me the whole, please. How did the money go?"

"It was in a mine—a copper mine. Miss Sydney, somewhere in the south of England. A thing," said the old clerk, wrinkling up his forehead in emphasis, "my master knew just as much about it—as—as a baby, or as I myself! It was a new concern just when he married. It seems he put a thousand pounds in them. Your uncle, Mrs. Alwyn's brother, helped to start it, I believe. No doubt he named

"Did he lose anything in it?"

"Not a penny. The shares went up quickly, and he sold out. When they were first rising your father bought more."

"Jacob, why did you not try to stop him?"

"Miss Sydney! Stop him! Why, there was not one of us in the office knew what he was doing. And if any had known, they'd never have questioned but what he was right. Least of all should I have doubted him—him who had ruled me always to my well-doing, as some day you must hear. You—you ought to. There wasn't a man's judgment more looked up to than his for miles about—and properly—in all things he had knowledge of. But—with a sad shake of the head—"mines weren't among them. They were beyond even him."

"Then, Jacob, how did the—crash come?"

"Well, from all we could find out, Miss Sydney, there was warning months before. It seems that his dividend—the interest on his shares—didn't come in as it should, and he went down to the place, just between Devon and Dorsetshire, to look into it all. I remember the journey, though I didn't know what it was for at the time."

"And he found nothing out?"

"No. There was a clever manager at the works, and my master was no match for him. He brought accounts forward to show how matters had come to a lock-up for a few months, but couldn't fall to right-side them-

BABIES SORES

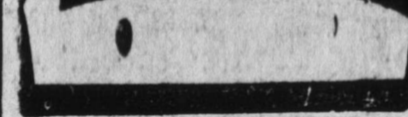


Every mother should realize that the skin of her baby is so tender that the secretions of the body often lead to rashes, eruptions, etc., all of which may be removed by Zam-Buk. Scores of restless, crying babies, upon examination, are found to be suffering from some form of skin irritation or "heat." Don't let the little one suffer when Zam-Buk will cure!

Mrs. L. Hood, of 425 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "I have proved the value of Zam-Buk when applied to children's sores. Some nasty sores broke out around my baby's mouth, and despite all the preparations used, they refused to heal. I took him to St. Boniface hospital and he remained there for two weeks. At the end of that time he was no better, and we again took him home. I was then advised to try Zam-Buk and obtained a supply. The effect of the first few applications was very gratifying, and I continued with the use of the balm. A little perseverance resulted in a complete cure."

Mrs. E. Cocker, of Yorkton, Sask., says: "My little baby girl had a bad running sore all over her little chin. A few applications of Zam-Buk healed the sore in such a perfect manner that no scar was left behind."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted. Zam-Buk is unusually pure—contains no animal fat, no mineral coloring matter, no stringent poisons. It is the ideal balm for baby.



Address all applications for samples and retail orders to T. McMURDO & Co., St. John's, Nfld.

selves before long. And, between lies and persuasion; he sent your father home pretty well satisfied that his money was safe enough; as it had never been. For Guyswick was making off with a fortune of ready cash just then."

"But of course he was deceived?"

"Through thick and thin, Miss Sydney. A fortnight before his summer interest was due he got word that creditors were down on the concern for debts for plant at different banks, and sums of all sorts, that should have been cleared off before a single share took a farthing's interest. If it had been managed right, people who understood it said it ought to have prospered; but it was just mismanaged, or managed unscrupulously the whole way through, and so it came to grief. But every one had such trust in your father, it didn't seem possible that he should be taken in, and all his fine property lost. It was days before people could bring themselves to believe it."

"But had he actually put all he had in this mine, then?"

"No, no, Miss Sydney, not on the face of it. But this all happened before the time of limited liability. And when the mine stopped, and the manager, who had saved himself feathers to fly with, was gone off, it turned out that there was scarcely a man among the shareholders with five hundred pounds, except your father, and well—he was by a long way the richest. So it was on him the blow fell heaviest. And it broke him up completely, and nearly killed him." (It was a miserable reminiscence. Poor

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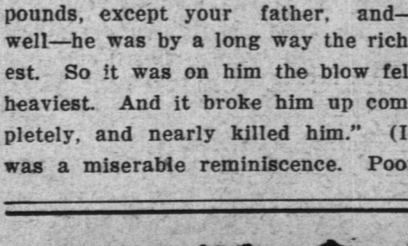
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Jacob reflected Sydney's trouble. "And he had none of his old strength, nor his old skill, left to fight life any more. And that's all, my dear."

"Not quite, Jacob." (It was plenty, and sad enough. Would that it had been all!) "How came others, here in Stillcote, to be ruined with—through him?"

"Need we talk of it, Miss Sydney? It's all over and done with now."

"We must, please. Who were they?"

"People who had given him—lent him their money."

"Lent! Did he not want it?"

"No; but you see his name stood for as good as gold afterwards. So people put their earnings or their savings in his hands, just as soon as they have put them—ay, in the Funds. So first one and then another brought him a hundred or two, just taking his simple note of hand for it; and all that—went with the rest."

"Even Lewis's—even my poor old nurse's! Oh, Jacob, no wonder he nearly died of it!"—loosing her hand to hide her tear-laden eyes. "Tell me who, besides Taffy, lost their savings?"

"Miss Sydney, it's no good—"

"It is. Tell me."

"Well," very reluctantly, "there was Miss Ambler—her you saw downstairs."

"Was her's much?"

"The most of any. About six hundred. She had the shop below for years. Luckily, she had bought this house, and had just retired, thinking that thirty pounds a year and a lodger or two would keep her comfortably."

"And then she had to begin again. Poor thing! Who else was there?"

"Oh, you don't even know their names, Miss Sydney. Trades-people, mostly, who'd known your father all their lives. There was the office-keeper, old Susan Coombes."

"Wait a moment, please. Can you lend me a pencil? Yes, Susan Coombes; how much was hers?"

He told her; and seeing that, having heard part, she must hear all, he told one by one the humble creditors a long list of names, representing many a lowly tragedy of, alas, her father's making.

"And—well—went away, with money secured to us, and never left anything for these unlucky folks?" she asked, prying at that depth of disgrace.

(To be Continued.)

THE GREATER QUESTION.

At this season of the year for Farmers with up-to-date ideas is, what are the best means to use to get the best returns from the land.

Fertilizers can be used liberally if large returns are looked for. There are several good chemical fertilizers which may be recommended, but Sulphate of Ammonia has been proved to give the best returns, and is the most valuable and economical source of Nitrogen for agricultural purposes.

For vegetables, grass, and all leafy crops, about one and a half cwt. per acre is the best quantity to use, and this should be applied when the plant is making its growth, as well as before sowing the seed.

If a liquid manure is preferred, a ¼ oz. of Sulphate to one gallon of water should be used, and applied once a week for a month. This quantity should not be exceeded.

It is a good plan to reduce the Sulphate to a fine powder, and mix with four or more times its own bulk, for the purpose of diluting the manure, which is very powerful.

For potatoes the following mixture is strongly recommended:—
40 lbs. Superphosphate.
10 lbs. Fine bone meal.
10 lbs. Carbonate of Magnesia.
15 lbs. Sulphate of Potash.
21 lbs. SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.

1 cwt. Apply at the rate of 10 to 11 lbs. to 48 square yards.

The use of Carbonate of Magnesia, in conjunction with Sulphate of Ammonia, is of great importance in potato culture.

For turnips use the following:—
56 lbs. Superphosphate.
13 lbs. Fine bone meal.
20 lbs. Sulphate of Potash.
20 lbs. Sulphate of Ammonia.

1 cwt. Apply at the rate of 10 to 11 lbs. to square yards.

Sulphate of Ammonia of excellent quality is now made by the St. John's Gas Light Company, and may be obtained on very reasonable terms.

Full particulars may be obtained at the Gas Works, or at the Board of Trade Building, for special booklet on the use of Sulphate, it will be found of great value in securing the heaviest crops.

NOTICE.

Four weeks after the date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for a grant of letters patent for new and useful improved apparatus for the aerating and gasification of liquids to be granted to Thomas Kemply Irwin, of London Wall Buildings, London, Engineer.

St. John's, April 14, 1914.

HERBERT KNIGHT, Solicitor for Applicant.



In Memoriam.

From the midst of the Northern floe.
In the noon of a northern day,
The wireless flashed the message of death
To the city miles away.

And a hull came o'er their city
And the people with bated breath
Questioned the flash of the wireless
Whether it spoke of death?

Away, far out on the northern floe
Labor the men of our Isle,
And they fight with the grim Borean
blasts,
With their cheerful native smile.

But the storm king broke forth in his
fury,
And the sun hounds in the sky
Showed them the paths of destruction
And they knew they were to die.

And where the storm king reigns
supreme
They honoured their native land
And gave their all on the stormy floe
Those heroes in heart and hand.

Empires have honoured their bravest
sons
By recording their names and fame,
And round the rock bound coast of
Newfoundland
Dwellefth those sons again.

From Halifax to Vancouver.

WOMEN ARE PRAISING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Nova Scotia Mother Tells How They Cured Her Aches and Pains, and Made Her a Well Woman Again.

Ecum, Secum Bridge, Halifax Co., N.S., April 20. (Special). — From Vancouver to Halifax come daily reports of the splendid work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada, and this little

place can show a splendid cure of its own. Mrs. Orastus Pace, the mother of a large family, was a sufferer from those aches and pains only women know. To-day she is a strong, healthy woman. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it.

"I had a pain in my left side and down through my hips," Mrs. Pace states. "I had headache all the time. My heart was weak, and at times a pain around it added to my fears. Some days I was hardly able to walk. I read of a number of cures of cases like mine by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and sent for three boxes. To-day I am a well woman, and can do as much work as ever I could."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Pace because her troubles came from diseased kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased kidneys, and as ninety per cent. of women's troubles come from kidney trouble, Dodd's Kidney Pills have come to be known as suffering woman's best friend.

Here and There.

PORTIA SAILS.—The s.s. Portia sails for Western ports at 10 a.m. to-morrow.

WEATHER.—A strong S.E. wind, with snow and rain, prevails up the country to-day. The temperature along the line of railway ranges from 28 to 35 above.

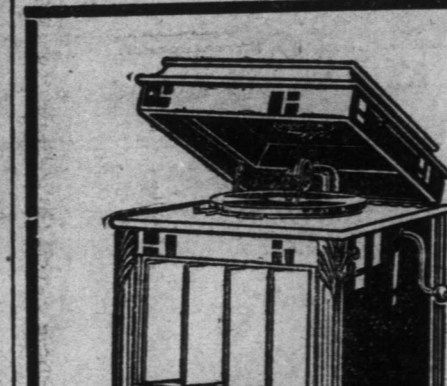
MAKING ANOTHER TRIP.—The s.s. Talisman, which was chartered by the Red Cross Company, following the loss of the City of Sydney, left New York at noon to-day for Halifax and this port, bringing a large cargo, equivalent to 17,000 packages.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.—The regular meeting of Terra Nova Council, No. 1452, will be held to-night (Tuesday) at 8.30 o'clock. W. H. TOBIN, Recorder.—apr21,11

REIDS BOATS.—The Bruce arrived at Port aux Basques at 8.05 a.m. to-day; the Ethie sailed from Placentia for the Westward at 2.15 a.m. to-day; the Gloucester left Hermitage at 11.55 a.m. yesterday, going west; the Lintroue arrived at North Sydney at 1.40 a.m. to-day, making the trip from Port aux Basques in 8 hours.

ADMINISTRATOR DONATES A GOLD MEDAL.—During last night's exhibition at the Prince's Rink, Lt.-Col. Conroy announced that the Administrator, Sir William Horwood, had offered a gold medal for competition, exclusively between C.C.C. members. This intimation, needless to say, was hailed with extreme delight by the members who greatly appreciate His Excellency's gift.

The S. S. Adventure, Capt. Couch, sails at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning for Philadelphia, where she will be dry docked and refitted and refitted, that decision having been come to by the owners, Messrs. A. J. Harvey & Co. The injury done to the exterior portion of the ship below the water line will be attended and she will receive a thorough overhauling. After coming off the stocks the Adventure will load anthracite coal for this port.



The 'Leader' Graftonola!

The "Leader" is a veritable triumph of the "Columbia" Company's. It is a beautiful instrument and possesses all the charm of the Graftonola at its very best.

It has full, rich, mellow tones that can be subdued at will, so as to make it suitable for a small room, or again can be made to produce a magnificent volume of sound that just as easily fills a large hall. The

"Leader"—which well merits its name—forms a handsome addition to any drawing-room. Come and hear some grand opera records on it.

Price: \$100.

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Comfort, Style, Quality,



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have arrived, including novelty & staple shades, direct from the London market. All personally selected. No two alike. Call and convince yourself.

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