

Doctor prescribed Carnol and Miss Mosher is now as well as she ever was.

If you could read the many testimonials which have been pouring in from people everywhere telling us of the marvelous results from using Carnol, you would be convinced that Carnol is a wonderful remedy. What Carnol did for Miss Mosher, reads almost like a miracle. She says:—"In the winter of 1921 I contracted a severe cold and my cough was so bad that my friends thought I would not live. One day while I was visiting a friend, a physician was in the house upstairs. He heard me cough and came down to see who it was. He told me that if I did not start doctoring that cough at once, serious results would follow. He gave me a prescription for Carnol. The next day I was taken down with a

severe attack of measles, and I was in such a weakened condition my people almost despaired of my life. But I followed the doctor's advice and began taking Carnol, with the result that I improved so much in a short time that on meeting the doctor he did not recognize me. I received so much benefit from Carnol that I feel all I could say would not do it justice. I can safely recommend Carnol to anyone in a weakened condition as one of the best tonics on the market today. Carnol was recommended to me by Dr. Veniot, of Bathurst, N.B., and I purchased it from J. H. Moore, druggist, of Campbellton, N. B.—Miss Helen Mosher, Campbellton, N. B. 12-24

The Heir to Beecham Park

CHAPTER X.

"I am going to propose something," Vane said, slowly, as she drew his hand through her arm. "Let me speak to Aunt Constance. Believe me I shall do it far better than you. You would probably be hurt at what she says, and then you would both be angry. Now, if I speak, Stuart, I, being an impartial person, shall be more calm and collected. I will plead your cause well, and—don't think me vain—I think I shall succeed as I wish." Vane drew a quick breath. Stuart did not see the transitory gleam of triumph that flashed from her eyes. "I am your friend; you will trust me," she added, gently.

"Trust you? Yes, Vane; but it seems cowardly, unmanly, not to plead for myself."

"Do you want to win your mother's consent? Yes, of course you do? Then be assured, Stuart, that in my hands you will be more certain of it than if you act for yourself. See—here is your servant! Take my advice, rest and be happy, and all will go well."

"Vane," began Stuart; but she stopped him.

"Do as I ask you," she pleaded; and with a smile of grateful thanks, Stuart retired to his room.

"All will go well—yes," mused Vane as she turned back to the colonnade. "I see the end clearly now. I must enlist Aunt Constance on my side, and the rest will follow in due course. Margery Daw, your chance of reigning at Crosbie Castle grows smaller and smaller."

She mounted the stairs to her room, stopping on the way to exchange a few words and embraces with her mother, who was overjoyed to see her darling child so well and happy.

Vane made a careful, simple toilet; she exchanged her long pink gown for a dainty white cambric, chose a large white hat and gloves of a light tan shade, and after bidding her maid place them in readiness, descended to the hall just as her aunt arrived.

Mrs. Crosbie was dismissing her groom with the ponies when Vane interrupted.

"Forgive me, auntie, dear," she said, lightly, "but may I have the carriage this afternoon? I have an errand to perform in the village."

Mrs. Crosbie looked surprised for an instant; then she said, affably: "Certainly, my dear. At what time shall I bring it round?"

"About five o'clock. Many thanks, Aunt Constance," she added, prettily, as Mrs. Crosbie gave the desired order.

Luncheon progressed slowly and rather silently. Lady Charteris chatted away to the squire, and Mrs. Crosbie dilated in her proud, cold way upon mission work. Sir Douglas ate and spoke little, while Vane discussed the delicacies in silence.

Several times in the course of the meal she was struck by the strange expression on Sir Douglas Gerant's face; there was a glow of animation, a look of eagerness that surprised her, and she decided mentally that he was pondering some great problem, when she saw his brows darken and his jaw set with determination. She herself had many momentous thoughts troubling her; but her manner was placidly serene. She was awaiting her opportunity to speak alone with Mrs. Crosbie, and though to effect her purpose immediately after luncheon. In this, however, she was foiled; her aunt was claimed by the household of domestic affairs, and it was past four o'clock before she was liberated.

At last Vane saw her chance. She had seated herself in the colonnade, which was a favorite lounge for the whole house in summer-time, and from here she could see all who came and went. To outward appearance she was absorbed in her book; but in reality she was keenly alive to everything passing around, listening for the first tones of her aunt's voice, and wondering during the moments of her watch that was causing the struggle in Sir Douglas Gerant's breast as he walked to and fro beneath the shade of the trees in the distance.

Vane did not look up as she saw her aunt approach; but she gave Mrs. Crosbie a smile when she addressed her.

"So I hear, Vane, that you have been nursing Stuart, and with good results. I have just met Andrew, and he tells me his master has slept nearly all the afternoon; he will soon recover now, I hope."

"I hope so, indeed," said Vane, softly.

She pushed forward a chair as she spoke; then, as her aunt sank into it, she said, quietly:

"Aunt Constance, I want to speak to you. I said before luncheon that I had an errand to perform in the village, but I did not say what that errand was. I will tell you now."

"Do you think I look curious, Vane?" laughed Mrs. Crosbie, her handsome features wearing an air of satisfaction and pleasure as her gaze rested on her niece.

"I am going to see Margery Daw," Vane said, slowly, letting her eyes wander across the sunlit lawn, but not before she saw a look of surprise down on her aunt's face.

"See Margery Daw!" repeated Mrs. Crosbie. "Why, Vane?"

"Because Stuart has asked me to go."

"Stuart!" breathed his mother, half rising from her chair. "What do you mean, Vane?"

"I mean, aunt, that Stuart loves Margery Daw, and says he will make her his wife."

"Stuart!" breathed his mother, half rising from her chair. "What do you mean, Vane?"

For a time there was no reply from Mrs. Crosbie, and Vane, turning, saw a heavy frown on her handsome face. "You are jesting, of course, Vane?" she said, at last.

"Indeed, Aunt Constance, I am not," returned Mrs. Charteris, quietly. "My news surprises you?"

"Surprise!" repeated Mrs. Crosbie. "I fail to understand you at all." Vane rose and knelt beside her aunt. "Auntie, dear," she said, gently. "You must not be hard on poor Stuart. Recollect, he has eyes, and this girl is beautiful. I have seen her, and love her."

"Has he asked you to plead for him?" interrupted Mrs. Crosbie, coldly.

"No, he told me his secret this morning, urged by I know not what," and Vane let her eyes wander away again. "Perhaps," she went on, after a brief pause, "some idea of the warm interest I must ever have in him prompted him; but that I cannot tell. He spoke openly to me, and asked me to be his friend as I was his."

A sneer curled Mrs. Crosbie's lip. "He evidently thought you was strength," she remarked, dryly.

"Aunt Constance, I will not hear your anger against Stuart," Vane said, quickly. "I—I am his friend, and— Her head dropped and her cheeks flushed. Then she went on, hurriedly: "It is not his fault—that I am sure you must blame Margery Daw, if you blame any one."

"Does he expect me to receive her?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, quietly.

"I think so. But listen to me, Aunt Constance, I have not crossed Stuart. I have not refused his request, for I feared, in his weak state, to vex him; but he has left everything in my hands, and I will— She stopped, and their eyes met.

"What?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, almost sharply.

"Save him from this if I can." The words were uttered very quietly, and Mrs. Crosbie drew a quick breath of relief.

"Vane," she said, "forgive me; I was wrong to doubt you, even for a moment."

"I know what it is," Vane went on, hurriedly—"a glamour, a romance. Stuart has been alone—he has been bewitched. But I know, too, what a bitter awakening it would be when the glamour was gone, the veil of poetry and romance torn down; and, for his sake, I will do it. Aunt Constance do not think me bold—do not think me unwomanly. I cannot help myself; I would do anything for Stuart—for—for I—love him!"

Vane sank back and buried her face in her hands. Mrs. Crosbie put her arms around her niece and drew her to her shoulder.

"Unwomanly, Vane?" she said, gently. "I hope you. This is as it should be."

"Ah, you will keep my secret, Aunt Constance? He must not know—I would not let him know for untold gold. If we succeeded in satisfying this girl's ambition or avarice—money generally heals such wounds as hers—we must remember he will be troubled perhaps for a time. I would not let him think my heart hungered for him, my pride would suffer—it would kill me."

"He shall not know, I promise," Mrs. Crosbie responded, stroking Vane's soft hair. "But what shall we do—how break this off? It has taken me at a disadvantage; the very thought seems so monstrous, I cannot yet believe it."

"I want you to humor Stuart," Vane said. "Let him think that you may consent eventually; be proud and cold, but not unkind. The blow must come from her."

"How?" inquired Mrs. Crosbie, for once roused from her calm demeanor. "She must be convinced of the uselessness of her scheme. I am going to her now, sent as Stuart's messenger. I think I shall pave the way, at any rate."

Mrs. Crosbie clasped her niece's hand for an instant, and then turned aside.

"It is very bitter to me, Vane, to have to stoop to deceit; but it is a deep wound to my pride, that Stuart, my son, should so far forget his dignity as to think of such a girl for his wife. You are prompted by the best and noblest feelings, Vane; but I cannot bring myself to submit to this degradation even for a minute. Stuart must know the truth—must know how I judge him in his."

Vane rose hurriedly from her seat. (To be continued.)

Eclipse Most Spectacular Sight Ever Witnessed

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—Watched by millions the sun went into total eclipse behind the dull, slate-colored disc of the moon, and its flaming corona in the eerie blackness of the morning's sky lurched part of the country with a thrill not to be repeated for 200 years.

Wild shadow bands raced across the earth as an almost complete darkness fell over a stretch of country from Duluth, Minn., to Montauk Pt., N.Y.

It was near night in the territory, through a stretch between 85 and 120 miles wide, over which the moon's shadow raced eastward at the moment when the eclipse became complete.

The greatest mobilization of scientists in the history of heavenly phenomena trained telescopes and cameras on the eclipse from thirteen observatories while millions of lay observers passing of the moon across the sun. They were rewarded with a sight unequalled in splendor by anything in the skies.

Dr. S. L. Bouthroby, astronomer in charge of the observatory of Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y., reported that conditions for observing the phenomenon were perfect.

"The sun's corona, flaming around the edge of the moon at the moment of totality, was beautiful," Professor Caroline Furness of Vassar said. "Long streamers shot out, assuming unusual shapes such as have not been observed hitherto."

"We saw but few 'prominences,' the jutting knobs on the moon's edge observed in previous eclipses."

"All the observations were most satisfactory."

This report was the first flashed along the wires which connected the great observatories of the east, after Professor Harlow Shapley, astronomer at the United States Weather Bureau at Buffalo, had notified his colleagues that weather conditions had been unfavorable there.

"I doubt if our pictures will be much of a contribution," Prof. Shapley said, "although cloud and lightning effects here were wonderful."

At Ithaca, N.Y., Dr. Bouthroby, looking through the great telescope of Cornell Observatory, said the programme of this great two ringed circuit of the skies was performed in excellent manner.

"There was a drop in temperature of five degrees," Dr. Bouthroby said. "The mysterious shadow bands were noticeable both before and after the eclipse. The time of totality was a few seconds late."

"The corona was wonderful, and we had a perfectly clear image of the entire eclipse."

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Feb. 3, 4, 5.

scientists in the East. Professor E. W. Brown, of Yale University, reported that "results were very satisfactory. It is too early yet, however, to make a full report." Professor E. G. Frie, of the Scientific-American Observation Post at East Hampton, L.I., said: "Conditions perfect. All observations made as planned. Apparently full success. Obtained clear photographs of the corona."

Dr. Frederick Slocum, in charge of the observations at Wesleyan University, where an imposing gathering of scientists participated in the study of the eclipse, messaged: "Everything apparently satisfactory."

Standing out to sea, off Nantucket Lightship, the Navy dirigible Los Angeles, at a height of 8,000 feet, furnished scientists with their easternmost observatory.

Atop the giant airship, photographs were taken and records made of the progress of the moon across the face of the sun.

So much for the scientists. In the path of the eclipse, millions to whom it means nothing in a scientific way, got a thrill of a lifetime as they watched the flaming phenomenon.

Out in the farm country, dogs howled dismally as darkness descended. Fowl went back to roost, and horses and cattle in pastures showed terror, cowering about.

On Park Row and in City Hall Park tower Manhattan, hundreds of hard-billed news hunters and "tough guys" of all descriptions thronged the open spaces to view the eclipse. Their manner was decidedly skeptical. Bets were exchanged as to whether the event would occur as scheduled. As darkness thickened, loud talk, forced laughing and hoarse curses cloaked the feeling of vague apprehension that crept over the crowd. Suddenly, like the fall of a curtain, gloom swept down the canyons of lower New York. At the same instant, the distant noises with which the hard-billed gentry had sought to hide their embarrassment at the heavenly miracle, ceased. The toughest guys in the world were stopped for once. Scores of seamen, unshaven, weather-beaten faces were turned up to the murky sky in awe and wonder. Then a murmur ran through the crowd, a low-voiced mutter, like

people whispering in church. Suddenly one voice rang over the others, its accents almost indignant, somewhat aggrieved:

"For the love of eripes, Jack! Look at them stars over the Tribune building. Ain't that the damndest thing you ever saw in yer life?"

In the eastern part of the country, many scientists were carried aloft in airplanes to view and photograph the eclipse. Twenty planes went up from Mitchell Field, one with a special camera weighing 120 pounds, six feet in length, with which pictures were taken at heights between 10,000 and 15,000 feet.

From these aerial photographs, astronomers hope to obtain information not available in the denser atmosphere closer to earth.

After the moon had passed completely from before the face of the sun, a journey that required some two hours, reports began to come from all parts of the east. Harvard University, where the eclipse was 99 per cent. total, reported excellent observations.

Scientists found their forecasts of the eclipse had been carried out almost to the letter, the period of totality being only a few seconds behind schedule.

The strange shadow bands raced across the earth from left to right as the eclipse approached. Left as the eclipse approached, right as the sun appeared completely dark.

Prof. Chant is packing to attend the eclipse in France. He is never to hopeful. The observations on magnetism, intensity of radio reception, temperature and atmospheric pressure will be carried out. There is still a hope that the contact of the partial eclipse will be timed.

The calculations could not be made more than ten seconds according to R. Meldrum Stewart.

Which Is Which? BABY'S FACE AT 3 TO DEPEND PARENTAGE.

Two babies who recently came to light of day in a hospital at St. Louis were taken from their mothers' nurse to be given a bath.

They looked exactly alike, and the nurse suddenly realized that she could not remember which was which. The difficulty would, easily have been overcome had she returned one baby to each mother; but neither one of them died in its birth, neither the nurse nor the mother could tell who was the owner of the living baby and who was the owner of the dead one.

An appeal had to be made to the higher authorities of the hospital who, confronted with a problem of this kind, decided that the child was brought up in the hospital and is three, when it is thought that the appearance will decide to which of the two women, who hope it really belongs.

Queen Maud leads a narrow life. Queen Maud Sardinia is the world.—Jan. 24.

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