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Dear Madam:
Although Snider's is served at the famous hotels, it costs no more than ordinary catsup.



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THE PANGS OF REMORSE

— OR —

A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"And it is now half-past ten," he said, looking hard at her vacant eyes. "Half-past ten," she repeated. "In half an hour you will force me to this! Can it be possible? How can such villainy be consummated undetected, unrestrained?"

He smiled.

"The very audacity, as you call it—I call it courage—of the thing it is safeguard. Come, Leonora, one time you would have leaped with delight at the thought of such a fate. Am I grown so distasteful?"

She shuddered and walked to the door.

"At eleven," he said, with emphasis, as he held it open for her, "and while you are dressing I will tell the servants."

He rang the bell.

"Your mistress desires me to request your attendance, all of you, here in this room, at eleven o'clock," he said to the man.

The man bowed and hurried down to the servants' hall, whence there immediately arose a buzz of expectation, for by this time the rumor had reached the hall and the visitor and his order confirmed it.

For half an hour the arch plotter paced the room, the special license in his hand, the darkening frown of a determined, evil purpose on his face. As the clock struck eleven the servants filed into the room and stood silent and embarrassed, looking at each other and the tall, dark figure standing on the hearth.

He looked at his watch, and as the rattle of carriage wheels broke the silence and caused the footman to hurry out to the hall, said:

"You all know why you are here? Your mistress is going to be married, and wishes you all to witness the ceremony. That is the clergyman—and who is this?" he asked, as the bent form of Jack Drutt tramped slowly into the room close behind the curate of Cheriton.

"That is Jack Drutt, the lodge-keeper," said the house-keeper. Melchior nodded, and old Jack tramped across the room and took up his position beside the French window.

The curate, a young man, overcome with bashfulness in the magnificence of the Hall, and the sudden honor that had fallen upon him, shook hands with Melchior, and wiped the nervous perspiration from his face as the former explained in glib sentences the singularly short notice he had given.

"Lady Melville is too unwell to undergo a public ceremony and I have matters of immense importance awaiting my attention in the East. I am compelled to start to-day, hence the short notice, which I hope has not inconvenienced you."

"Oh, no," stammered the young cleric, overwhelmed by the graciousness of this magnificent bridegroom. "Not at all—only too happy to do anything—that is to—er—be of any service to Lady Melville."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mel-

chior, with another smile. "Ah, here is her ladyship," and as the curate bowed, blushed and trembled he went forward and took the thin, white hand and led her to the table.

"Have you the license?" said the curate, slipping on his surplice.

"Yes, yes," said Melchior. "It is here," and while the weak eyes of the curate scanned it, his own gray, impatient ones glittered as if they could kill him.

"Quite correct," said the poor young fellow. "Stand this side, Lady Melville. Dear me, how ill—er—you look! Don't you think, sir, her ladyship had better wait a little—"

Ill indeed! Ill unto death, one would have said judging by the livid lips, strained, vacant eyes and pallid face.

But pushing aside the servants who drew near at this question, Melchior replied, with suppressed passion: "You will kill her ladyship, indeed, sir, if you linger," and the alarmed curate opened his book in a flutter of consternation.

A dead silence fell as he commenced, but before a sentence was completed a sudden noise, like the flinging open of the lodge gates, made all start, and the next moment the bursting open of the room door brought the curate up short.

The woman, wound up to this pitch of excitement, screamed as the door gave way with a crash, for, unseen by all, Melchior had managed to lock it, and Melchior himself dropped Lady Melville's hand and turned quickly.

With the rapidity of a flash of lightning his alert mind took in the situation, and quick as an arrow from the bow with a fearful oath he sprang like a leopard to the French window.

The group fell aside as if a thunder-bolt was clearing its way through them, but a figure that had been, quietly watching at the back stepped in the way and clutching Melchior by the throat literally flung him back into the center of the room.

He fell with a dull thud, but in a moment sprang to his feet again, when a dozen hands seized his arms and there he stood brought to bay at last.

CHAPTER XXV.

As the door gave way three persons entered—Sir Ralph, Lillian and Claude Ainsley.

The women folk shrieked, the men uttered ejaculations, Jack Drutt, who had seized Melchior, loosened his grasp to stare in amazement, and in the intense surprise and shock of the moment all forgot the unhappy woman for whom but a moment ago they had all eyes and ears, and let her sink into a chair and hide herself in the confused group, disregarded.

For a moment or so Melchior's head

dropped upon his breast and his brows knitted into great cords with the effort his acute brain was making to take in all the points of the situation.

At the expiration of those few moments he raised his head and turned his great, black eyes with a piercing glance all round the room.

The faces and forms he saw might well have made the strongest and most daring villain quail.

They seemed only to inspire him with fresh audacity and scorn, and as with a sudden movement of the steady muscles he disengaged himself from the hands of the servants he folded his arms across his chest and in a low, contemptuous, mocking voice, said to Sir Ralph, who, with Lillian on his arm, stood the foremost of the group: "So, Sir Ralph Melville, you intend honoring our quiet nuptials with your stately presence. Ghost, or no ghost, living or dead, you are welcome. You, too, my pretty young lady, I wish you joy of your restored animation and renewed health. Mr. Ainsley, too, if my eyes do not deceive me—uninvited guests all, but no doubt welcome, eh, Lady Melville?"

All eyes followed his finger as he pointed it with suppressed, passionate hate and derision at the shrinking figure and vacant, horrified eyes of his victim.

With an unmeaning cry, she seemed about to fall from the chair, but Claude Ainsley pointed to the helpless and alarmed curate to support her, which he did, staring round with astonished face at the whole group.

All this had taken not a moment in passing, and amid the confused buzzing that now arose of "Is it really Sir Ralph? What does it all mean?" Melchior spoke again:

"Come," he said, nodding at Claude Ainsley with a smile of malicious daring. "The plot is thickening. And you, I suppose, Mr. Ainsley, are the spokesman as well as the tool of the party? For I doubt not there is to be an oratorical display in the accusation, and that this highly dramatic scene has been properly rehearsed."

"Silence!" said Claude Ainsley's stern voice. "Silence! Outside that door are two detectives. One such other sentence and I hand you over to them without a word."

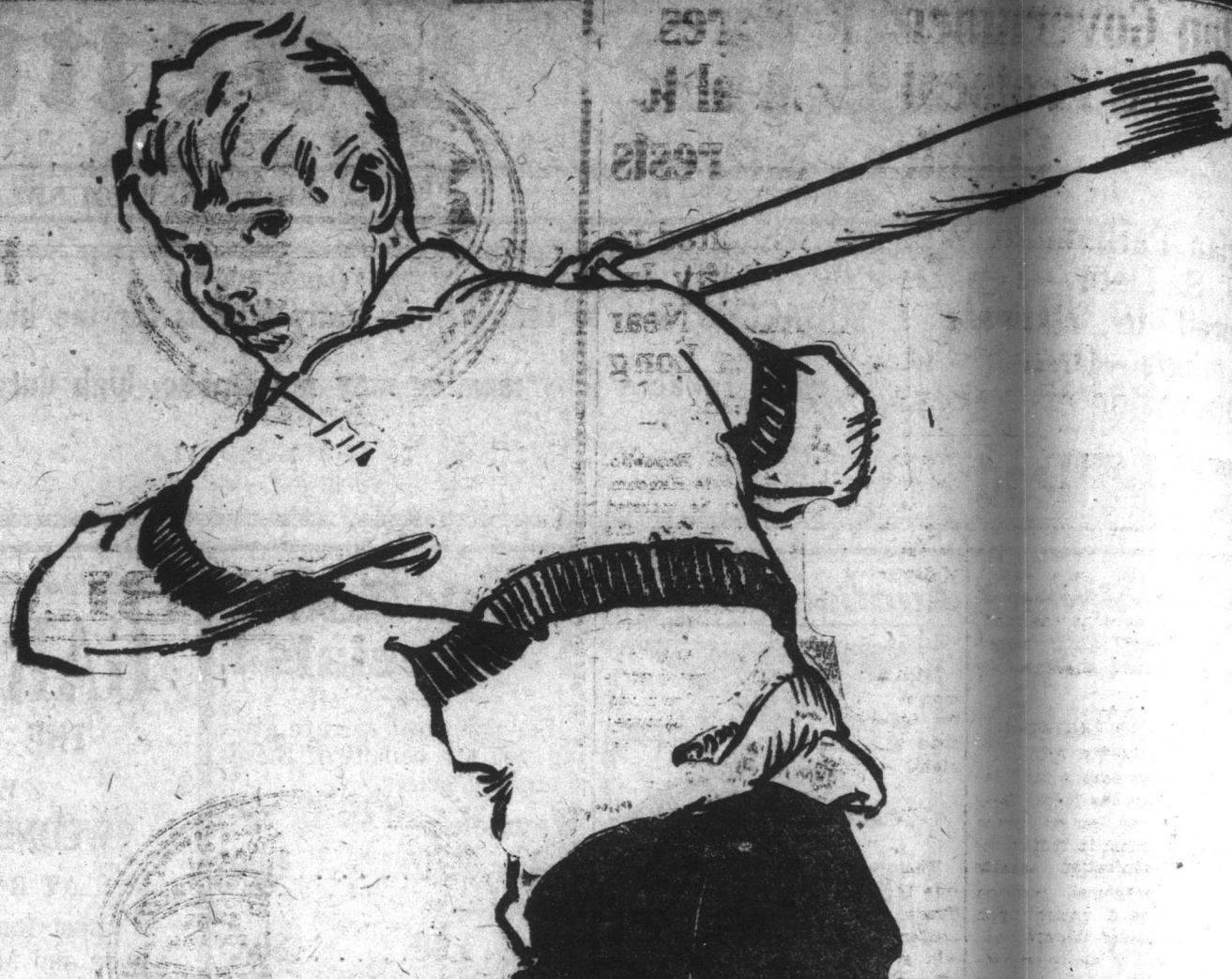
Melchior glanced at the door with a scornful smile.

(To be continued.)

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It's a rocky road you're treading. o' improvement there's no sign, and you often feel like shedding quantities of scalding brine. You are torn by thorn and bramble and your shoes are full of stones, and you cannot sing or gambol for the aching of your bones. You are stone-hearted, you are graveled, and you've lost your grip on hope; but a million men have traveled up the long and weary slope. Yes, a million men have started up the high road to success, and the weak and timid-hearted slumped beneath the first distress. They invoked the name of Peter and sat down to sigh and weep, while they watched the brave ones tester up the long and craggy slope. Note the great and rich attorney who wears diamonds in his beard; long and bitter was his journey, threatening the way appeared. And the tall and stately banker struggled to his high estate, since privations, rank and ranker; drove him from his parents' gate. Not to greatness did the poet lightly and serenely stroll, and he has the scars to show it. Oh his body and his soul. Nearly all the great ones spending golden years on heights of fame, traveled up the path you're wending, heavy laden, tired and lame. But they had their faith to sweeten every hour of stress and dole; knowing not when they were beaten, they kept on and reached the goal.

World's Lead Shortage Imminent
Possibility of a world shortage of lead is given in recent statistics published by the Southwestern Mining News Service. According to these figures the world production in 1915 was 1,467,861 tons as compared with 1,317,893 tons in 1923. "The announcement reads in part: "Reliable figures of consumption for 1924 in the United States are not yet available, but it is interesting to note that figures were set at 767,000 tons, or approximately 60,000 tons more than all the lead produced in 1924 by smelters and refineries in this country, both from foreign and domestic ores. The story is the same from all parts of the world—no new mines in sight and production going on at top speed. More than that, there does not seem to be any reasonable possibility of the discovery of new districts of potentiality in the future. Meanwhile consumption is moving ahead with leaps and bounds. Three Western States—Missouri, Idaho and Utah, in the order named—produce 73 per cent. of all domestic output. Missouri's total being 32.4 per cent, Idaho's 21 per cent. and Utah's 20 per cent. "In Arizona, the copper Queen has been a steady producer of lead for many years, its Southwest Division having held a record of 1,000,000 lb. a month over a considerable period of time. The Shattuck production of lead ores now far exceeds its copper, and the flotation mill at Lowell is working very satisfactorily. The Hilltop mine in the Paradise section, is making regular shipments to Roddo on the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad; and the Contention Mill, near Fairbanks, operating on the old Grand Central tailings dump, is putting through approximately 150 tons a day. "Inasmuch as the consumption of lead in batteries alone reached 170,000 tons last year—twice as much as the entire production of the United States in 1880—and as the consumption in several other lines has increased with the same rapidity, it would appear that the world faces an imminent shortage of lead."—Engineering and Mining Journal.



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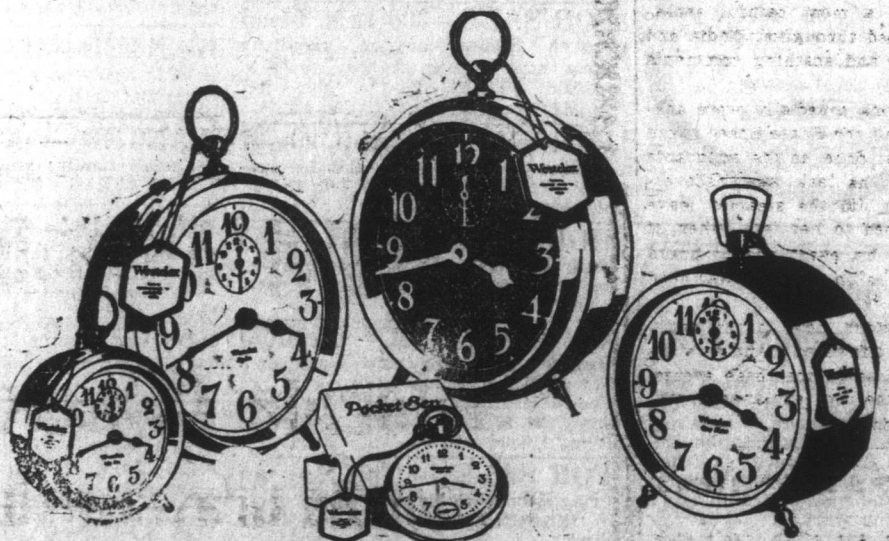
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The Traffic in Arms

The implications of "the traffic in arms" should be brought home to the public in this country by the case of Cheng Sai Chai, the Chinese cook of the British steamer, who at Westport was fined \$478.48, six months' imprisonment (in default) "for knowingly harbouring and concealing" revolvers, Mauser pistols, and ammunition to that value on his ship—not to mention smuggling opium, for which he got another six months without opium. Ching had stowed these precious wares in a tank for conveyance to his native land, where a ready and active market doubtless awaited them. A noteworthy feature in the case was that the packages of war were put on board the ship at Hamburg. Hitherto the only known exporters of munitions to China have been French and American. Now the Germans are completing in the nefarious trade, and before eyes in China are the results that come of it. When shall we know the outcome of all the talk recently devoted to this subject at Geneva?—Truth.

If cooked cranial has a crust formed over the top, put it in a bowl, cover with hot water, set in a warm oven for a while, and pour off the water carefully.

Indian Government Peace Fr

Belgian Parliament U. S. Debt—jured in Ex-Amiens.—Eri Discussion on

CABINET IN SESSION LONDON, Au The British Cabinet held its session at the Prime Minister's residence in Downing Street today. Ministers devoted two hours to consideration of various problems, during which the last cabinet meeting was held for the long time.

INDIA OBJECTS TO NOT GEN. A communication section of Nations to-day, the government declared the protocol will be initiated. The communication section of India's geographical position mark her, as a state which the League, under the similarity would fail to apply sanctions against the states in the East.

BELGIAN DEBTS TO WASHINGTON Negotiations between the United States' Government and Belgium debt commission, suspended, temporarily, until the visitors to receive in Brussels as to the

TO CONSULT BELGIAN MENT. BRUSSELS, The cabinet has been in an urgent session to discuss the United States' Government has resolved not to take action without consulting

BESCO COAL MINES PRODUCING GLACE BAY Over 3,000 miners were at mine of the British Coalfield in Cape Breton, where that another thousand working by Saturday afternoon yesterday produced

I.O.O.F. AT CORNER ST. JOHN, At the Grand Lodge of the I.O.O.F., the charter for the Edward Lodge, No. 7, was approved.

A FAMILY TRAGEDY BOSTON, George H. Curtis, West's wife, Mary, are dead, and three children are being treated at the City Hospital for the head. The doctor who escaped, told the brother shot the other in a fit of depression and suicide.

RAILWAY HORROR PAIR Ten persons were killed and injured, when the train left the rails near Amherst.

KEMAL DIVORCED LONDON News reached Europe yesterday that Mustapha

