

YOU'LL FIND! "SALADA" TEA

contains just that flavor which makes real tea so enjoyable.
BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED TEA.

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

CHAPTER XII.

"Because I happen to be poor and try to make terms for myself," Melville replied, penitently. "If you were killed on every side, Locksley, you would understand the purgatory of being a gentleman and poor. It is not my fault that I was landed in the lap of luxury, educated to believe that I was the heir to a title—the future Earl of Traumere—with a rent-roll of fifty thousand a year. It was not my fault that my uncle married in his dotage, and left me totally unprovided for. I shall have the title, but he has a child, to whom every penny of his wealth will go. Can you wonder, then, Locksley, that I am not ready to sell my very soul for the whiff of a title to live in decency—to keep me out of a debtor's prison? This struggle with misery takes all that is manly and honorable out of the best of us. I do not profess to be superlatively good, or my uncle might have done something for me, and I jumped at the chance of getting a little out of you."

"And exposing that which never need have been told," interpolated Locksley, moodily.

"Only part of it," insinuated Viscount Melville, with an imperceptible sneer, while a deadly pallor crept over his companion's face. "Only part of it, and even that need never have been told, but for your determination that Lady Clare should be your son's wife."

"I must protect my son."
"And I must protect Lady Clare," declared Melville. "But for the fear of losing the annuity by your death I would never have consented to it. I would never have consented to this marriage. Not that my interference would have altered matters," he added, bitterly, "for my cousin has loved your son for a long time."

"I quite understand why you are so solicitous concerning my health," sneered Locksley. "Until your papers are signed and witnessed, your position is perilous."
Melville turned away for a moment, to hide the workings of his features, then he replied:

"You have spoken truly. Your death to me now would mean ruin, until I appealed elsewhere."

Locksley glared at him with blood-shot eyes.

"Until I appealed, in the first place, to Edmund. If he would not listen to me, then I should have to throw myself upon the mercy of—I will not mention names—and risk being prosecuted for an attempt to defraud."

He glanced at his companion, and saw that his face had become swollen and fiery red. For a minute he fought with the air, then dropped with a thud to the floor, gasping:

"My medicine—red vial—dressing-table—bedroom."

There was already a red foam on his lips, and in an agony of dread Melville raised the old man into a reclining posture, tore upon his shirt and darted upstairs for the red vial. He had seen Mr. Locksley use it often, and wondered what mysterious compound it contained.

He was back in a few seconds, and forced several drops through the clinched teeth, the effect being almost instantaneous. The tightly clenched hands relaxed, the bursting, purple veins in the forehead grew less, and the surging in the throat ceased.

"Are you better, my friend?" asked Melville, at last.

Locksley nodded, and motioned his companion to assist him to a couch.

"That was a bad attack," he whispered, presently. "Your suggestions were so terrible, Melville—so very terrible. I should have died, but for my medicine. I usually keep it in the left-hand pocket of my vest. It relieves the awful pressure on the brain. Edmund told me never to forget to have it at hand. What should I have done if I had been alone?"

He shuddered, and Melville said, sorrowfully:

"It was my fault, Locksley."

"Arthur," continued the old man, "if you will fetch the papers I will sign them now, I see no reason why the matter should be longer delayed. Yes, I will sign them now."

A flash of triumph lighted up the features of the viscount, but he replied gently:

"Not if you do not trust me, old friend. Rather would I face the howling hordes that is ever on my track, a thousand times!"

"No—no! Take me to the library, and bring the papers that settle on you an annuity of five thousand a year; bring the papers and two witnesses; Sir George Moncrieff and my valet will do. And when the marriage is consummated, when I am dead, this living lie will be ended. My son will be safe."

He tottered across the room, adding:

"And, Melville, if I am again seized with one of those fits, remember my medicine. It should always be in the left-hand pocket of my vest."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Locksley's valet was within easy call and while a footman was sent in quest of Sir George Moncrieff, Melville went away for a document that he had personally drafted.

While a young man, he had spent some years in the study of the law, at the express command of the uncle who had disinherited him. He had pretended to work hard to please the uncle, and though he hated the law, the knowledge he had acquired had served him well in defeating persistent creditors. He knew just how far to go, and, among his friends, was accredited with the ability of being able to sail nearer to the wind than any fellow they knew. His knowledge had sharpened and polished the instincts of a man who must be a scoundrel, if only for the pleasure of knowing that he had done somebody a wrong.

Why his uncle had completely cast him off was a mooted question, but the few people who spoke authoritatively declared that the viscount had been systematically robbing the Earl of Traumere for years. When accused of it by the earl, he had blazed a pistol almost in his face. From that moment his uncle relentlessly cast him off, and none of the family would recognize him, except Sir George Moncrieff—a man almost as bad as Melville, but lacking his inventive and executive abilities.

The viscount had drafted the papers that meant ease and comfort for life to him, and not altogether satisfied with his own legal acumen, he had had them subjected to the amendments of a shrewd counselor in the law of equity, until he was satisfied that their validity could never be questioned.

Mr. Locksley had already approved them, and there was not a more satisfied man in all England than Viscount Melville, when he knew, beyond question, that the important signature would soon be in his possession.

"That last desperate shot was a lucky thought," he muttered. "And I may account myself in the track of fortune at last. If he had died! Great Heavens! Despite my threat, the game for me would have been lost!"

He returned to the library, where Sir George was awaiting him, and laid the precious papers before Mr. Locksley, running his forefingers along the bottom, where the place for the signatures had been traced with a lead pencil.

"When I have signed this," Locksley observed, "I desire Sir George Moncrieff and Peters, my valet, to witness it. I do not ask you to do so until you know the substance of what is herein contained. If you wish, you may read every word. To be brief, this instrument settles upon Viscount Arthur Melville the sum of five thousand pounds per annum, payable by my trustees, my heirs or their assigns after my death, in quarterly sums of one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds during the lifetime of Viscount Arthur Melville. This annuity is bequeathed by me to him as a grateful mark of my esteem for his many acts of disinterested kindness, and for his faithful friendship toward me and my son, for more than twenty years."

Peters looked a little surprised, and Sir George Moncrieff smiled behind his hand. He had known for months that his wily kinsman was playing some deep game.

Without another word, Locksley affixed his signature, with trembling fingers, and those of the witnesses were appended.

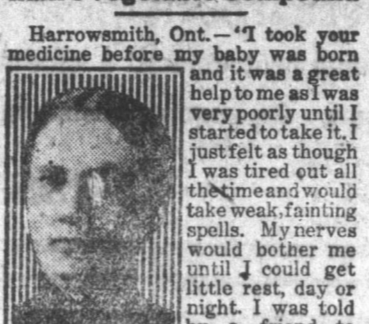
"Melville," Locksley whispered, aside, "I have no favor to ask of you. You send Edmund away, meaning well, I have no doubt; but I regret that he is not here. I shall not rest until he knows all."

(To be continued.)

TIRED OUT ALL THE TIME

Nerves Gave Little Rest

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Harroworth, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would take weak-fainting spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, day or night. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to publish this good medicine. I find that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to this Vegetable Compound if it will serve to help others."—MRS. HARVEY MILLIGAN, R. R. No. 2, Harroworth, Ontario.

In a recent canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 100,000 replies were received and 98 out of every 100 said they had been helped by its use. This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

NEW MODELS.



VALT MATCH

I bought my car in '17, some eight long years ago; then it was beautiful and green, and made a gorgeous show, and neighbors envied me, I mean, as I drove to and fro. Now my old boat is red with rust, it's been through winter sales, and summer rain and fog and dust, and sounds like kegs of nails; but still it has my nerve. New models come touring hills and dales. New models come out year by year, in shining paint arrays; they make my poor old wain look queer and ancient and decayed, when agents at my door appear, and stump me for a trade. But those bright boats, some twelve months hence, will join the has been class, and no one, with a lick of sense, will cheer them as they pass; new models are in evidence, and old cars cut no grass. I've seen so many fellows sign on rail against their fate because the motor cars they buy so soon are out of date; they're new in June and in July they for the junkmen wait. Oh, scores of men are driving boats equipped for years of wear, but later models get their goats and so they wall and swear, and folly of this sort denotes a head that needs repair. How happy is the thoughtful man who loves his rusty car, who points with pride to his sedan that hauls him near and far, who is not aching for a car that glitters like a star. New models keep my neighbors broke, they're always "trading in," while my old bus, in wreaths of smoke, is kicking up a din, and I take rubles in a poke and salt them in my bin.

mans, Englishmen, Americans, Canadians and others who cling to an illusion that paper marks bought several years ago at bargain prices will eventually be restored to their face value. To accomplish this the German government would need all the negotiable wealth of the world, and more, for in a single day the German government was able to print more "money" than mankind has mined gold in all history.

Various estimates have been put on the German marks now held in America. The figure may be one quadrillion, or it may be many times that, but not even the most astute bankers have been able to do more than hazard a guess as to the amount. In terms of dollars a conservative estimate as to the cost of these marks was \$350,000,000, and some estimates have gone up to the billion-dollar mark.

On the basis of \$250,000,000 paid for 1,000,000,000,000,000 German paper marks the American loss has been practically one-quarter of a billion dollars, for at the prevailing price set by the German government the value of one quadrillion marks is only \$250.

When the paper mark had lost all value in foreign dealings, and was stricken off the lists of banks, it was superseded by the German reichsmark, or gold mark. The holders of the old German paper marks it was explained recently, still have the privilege of turning in one trillion of the inflated marks for one of the new reichsmarks, this privilege to expire on June 5.

The passing of the paper mark, it was said, would end the biggest currency debacle that a country has ever experienced. Not even the Russian ruble figured in so sensational a toboggan.

Woman Paralyzed

30 YEARS PRAYS AT JERSEY CITY CHURCH, RISES CURED.

Both Arms Afflicted, She Kneels at Altar, Now Uses Them Again.

Paralyzed in both arms for thirty years, Mrs. Peter Smith, No. 53 Highland Avenue, Jersey City, to-day is "Cured," after visiting the Novena of St. Joseph at St. Aedan's Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City.

A few days ago Mrs. Smith attended a special service at the church and was cured of the disease in her left arm. Overjoyed, she predicted her

This ought to be a good year for Potatoes and other Vegetables. They say: "we shall have great growing weather." Growing crops want plenty of food. Fertilizers feed your crops—provided that you use the right kind of Fertilizers.

Farmers' Favourite Fertilizers

The kind we are selling are guaranteed, well balanced, finely divided, plant foods, containing the essential fertilizing elements in available form.

- Special Potato Fertilizer in 125 lb. Bags.
- Turnip & Cabbage Fertilizer in 125 lb. Bags.
- Extra Quality Bonemeal in 125 lb. Bags.
- Refined Nitrate of Soda in 125 lb. Bags.

NOTICE! Fertilizer, properly used, should increase your crops at least 40 per cent. Where you get 10 barrels of potatoes without fertilizer, you should get 14 to 16 barrels with fertilizer. For every dollar spent on fertilizer you should get back two or four dollars profit, through increased crop yield.

Get your ground ready (when it is dry) as soon as you can. Plow it deep and harrow it well. If yours is a small garden, dig it to a depth of twelve inches, then rake it thoroughly.

A few days before you put in your seed, spread Fertilizer over the surface and rake it in. For potatoes, put Fertilizer in the bottom of drills and mix it with the earth.

A 125 pound bag of Fertilizer will do a quarter of an acre if you are using it with stable manure. Double this quantity if you are not using stable manure.

USE FARMERS FAVOURITE FERTILIZERS FOR BEST RESULTS.

Colin Campbell, Ltd.

(Cut out this advertisement and hang it up in your barn).

Why Men Crack When on the Highway to Success

"Sleeplessness," Doctor Kennedy tells us, "is one of the commonest signs of nervousness. Another is physical unrest. You are showing signs of nervousness when you cannot keep from twitching your eyebrows, shrugging your shoulders, swinging one foot when your legs are crossed; or when you cannot sit at a desk or table without continually tapping with the fingers."

THE warning symptoms, as outlined above, are well worth careful study because with this knowledge you can detect the indications of falling nervous energy while yet there is time to prevent serious results.

Your digestive system has failed to supply proper nourishment to the nervous system.

On this account outside help is necessary, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, before you can get back your strength and vigor.

You will not be using this restorative treatment long before you are sleeping, and resting better, appetite and digestion will improve and you find yourself well on the way to health and happiness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

60 cts. a box all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., LTD. TORONTO.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Old German Mark to Vanish June 5

New York.—The German paper mark will go the way of the old Imperial German Empire on June 5, when nothing will be left of it but a memory. At one time rated with the American dollar and the pound sterling, it now has a nominal value of four trillion marks for one dollar, and after June 5 even that will be taken from it.

In the meantime trillions of the marks are being hoarded by Germans, Englishmen, Americans, Canadians and others who cling to an illusion that paper marks bought several years ago at bargain prices will eventually be restored to their face value.

To accomplish this the German government would need all the negotiable wealth of the world, and more, for in a single day the German government was able to print more "money" than mankind has mined gold in all history.

Various estimates have been put on the German marks now held in America. The figure may be one quadrillion, or it may be many times that, but not even the most astute bankers have been able to do more than hazard a guess as to the amount. In terms of dollars a conservative estimate as to the cost of these marks was \$350,000,000, and some estimates have gone up to the billion-dollar mark.

On the basis of \$250,000,000 paid for 1,000,000,000,000,000 German paper marks the American loss has been practically one-quarter of a billion dollars, for at the prevailing price set by the German government the value of one quadrillion marks is only \$250.

When the paper mark had lost all value in foreign dealings, and was stricken off the lists of banks, it was superseded by the German reichsmark, or gold mark. The holders of the old German paper marks it was explained recently, still have the privilege of turning in one trillion of the inflated marks for one of the new reichsmarks, this privilege to expire on June 5.

The passing of the paper mark, it was said, would end the biggest currency debacle that a country has ever experienced. Not even the Russian ruble figured in so sensational a toboggan.

Woman Paralyzed

30 YEARS PRAYS AT JERSEY CITY CHURCH, RISES CURED.

Both Arms Afflicted, She Kneels at Altar, Now Uses Them Again.

Paralyzed in both arms for thirty years, Mrs. Peter Smith, No. 53 Highland Avenue, Jersey City, to-day is "Cured," after visiting the Novena of St. Joseph at St. Aedan's Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City.

A few days ago Mrs. Smith attended a special service at the church and was cured of the disease in her left arm. Overjoyed, she predicted her

DODGE BROTHERS SPECIAL TOURING CAR

A family vehicle in the best sense of the word.

Economical to own, easy to drive, comfortable to ride in and smartly equipped with many attractive special features.

The Royal Garage, Agents,

LESTER & ELTON, Proprietors,
CARNELL STREET ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

feb 19, th, s, ff

above her head for the first time thirty years to prove the power had disappeared.

Mrs. Smith's faith in prayer for her life eight years ago when she given up for dead while suffering the crisis of a serious illness.

Many other cures are reported. A boy of thirteen recovered after one eye.

RICHARD HUDNUT THREE FLOWERS COMPACT With Puff and Mirror

Meets the requirements of those wishing an individual box of Rouge Powder. Supplied in all Popular Shades.

NE
1,000
The ven
Dresses
dines, V
Lustres
Muslins
NE
In gaud
Fawn, T
\$1.15
Spliced
Tan, Gr
from \$1
Painlev
Cal
Miners'
Wolvi
Painte
tors M
PAINLEVE UNDER
A C
Paul Painlev
agreed to form a
to the Herriot M
WAITING
HALIFAX
Following this
Premier E. H. A
labour to bring
of the wage dispu