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**The Mystery of Rutledge Hall**  
OR  
**"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"**

CHAPTER XXIV

It was the height of the season at Brighton, and Stephen Daunt had taken his house on the Parade for his young wife when she was sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to bear the journey. Dr. Arnold had ordered her entire change of air and scene, and Brighton had been fixed upon in preference to other resorts nearer home. Because it possessed so many amusements and societies, its chief drawback was its inaccessibility from Ashford, the trains being so inconvenient and so unaccommodating as to necessitate a day's journey or thereabouts. But when this was pointed out to Stephen as a disadvantage, he smiled bitterly and said it would not matter much—if Sidney liked Brighton, the personal inconvenience to himself would not signify.

"It will not do to send the child to a place entirely given over to invalids," said Mr. Daunt, on discussing the matter with his son. "It would do her more harm than good to be watching a succession of invalid-chairs and invalid-faces. She wants brightening up. Send Dolly with her to Brighton; Lady Agnes and her family are there, and your aunt is a kind motherly woman who will look after Sidney as if she were one of her own daughters."

So Lady Agnes Burton, Lady Eva's sister, was written to and she had chosen a house for Sidney; and some of the Easthope servants were sent to get it ready for their young mistress, and Lady Agnes was very busy and a little fussy, and her daughters were full of pleasant anticipations about their cousin's arrival.

Lady Agnes had not made such a brilliant match—peculiarly as her sister Lady Eva. Her husband was a baronet certainly; but his rent-roll was family was an unlimited one. There were Burtons of all ages and sizes, Sidney thought languidly once or twice, when she was first introduced to the family—a ceremony which threatened, as she said to herself, never to come to an end. They were young men—pleasant, agreeable young fellows—one quartered at Preston with his regiment, another home from college for the vacation. There were pretty grown-up daughters—two "outs," one coming "out," and one or two more in the school-room; and there were three chubby misses in the nurseries in the big house in Sussex Square, who were Sidney's great delight and whose chatter and comical loving ways contributed as much to her improvement as did Lady Agnes's motherly attention and cheerful kindness.

But the getting strong was a weary process, especially to one who brought so little heart to it as Sidney did, and a slow one. She was better, certainly; the fresh clear breezes were bringing a faint wild-rose tinge to her thin cheek and the strength was coming back to her feeble limbs, but not as quickly as it should have done.

She was a very obedient patient, and followed her father's instructions patiently and submissively. She drove out every day with Lady Agnes, or Dolly, or one or more of her pretty young cousins; she took tonics with equal regularity; she did not mope; there was always a merry party of young people round her sofa at afternoon tea—she was already able to enter into their pleasures, and even to share them, so far as her extreme delicacy would allow; but the progress she made was most unsatisfactory. Was it any wonder? If ever a poor aching human heart was breaking under the burden of a terrible secret, under a ceaseless, never-ending dread, Sidney Daunt's was. Ever present with her, haunting her in her drives, in her lonely hours, in her sleep, was the dread that Stephen's crime might be brought home to him. At the gay sociable afternoon kettledrums the same dread was there; the door never opened suddenly but that she started nervously; a telegram was never left at the door but that she was agitated at the verge of faintness; and, though she tried desperately to conceal her emotion from those around her, she could not quite do so, although they naturally attributed it to her delicate health.

To Dolly the visit to Brighton was a very pleasant one. She enjoyed the society of her cousins to the utmost, rode with the young men, walked and worked and professed with the girls, whose admiration for their dainty little cousin—whose dresses were so exquisite and whose allowance seemed unlimited—was most sincere and utterly devoid of envy; and, moreover, Sidney, who was too unselfish to consider her own winter before Dolly's had written a thirty-note to Lloyd Miller, asking him to come and stay with his pretty fiancée—an invitation which the young barrister was only too glad

to accept. His visits were flying ones—lasting from Saturday until Monday; and once or twice Stephen Daunt, still terribly anxious and unhappy about his wife's health, had come from Ashford for a similar space of time, alleging press of business as an excuse for not making a longer stay, when Dolly pressed it upon him, although his sister saw that he looked wistfully at the fair pale face of his wife, as if she wished she would second the entreaties. But Sidney never did, although the only few moments of comparative peace of mind she had were while Stephen was with her and she was sure that he was safe as yet.

Thus it chanced that one Saturday, as Lloyd Miller was hurrying along the platform at Victoria station to catch the afternoon express to Brighton, he came face to face with Stephen Daunt, bent on the same errand.

"Heureux rencontre!" exclaimed the young barrister, gayly. "Going to Brighton, I hope, and going to stay a few days at least? You look as if some fresh sea-breeze would do you good."

"Yes, I am going to Brighton," Stephen said slowly; but he did not say that he meant to stay there even for a few days; and, when they were seated opposite to each other in the railway-compartment of which they were the sole occupants, Lloyd saw that he looked haggard and worn and weary, as if with days and nights of unrest.

"You don't look very 'fit,'" said Miller, in his kindly cordial tones. "A week or two at Brighton would do you no end of good."

"Would it?" questioned Stephen languidly. "I don't know. I want a more complete change, I think. As soon as Sidney is pretty well, I think I shall carry out my old intention of going abroad."

"It will be some time before Sidney will be strong enough for any long voyage," Lloyd said quietly, unfolding his newspaper.

"I am afraid it will," Stephen answered quietly. "But I should go alone, of course."

"Then things are as they were between you still?"

"Things are even worse," Stephen replied bitterly. "The hope you gave me was not a long-lived one, Lloyd. Let me tell you how soon it was destroyed."

Very attentively, and with much sympathy, the young barrister listened to his friend's story of his meeting with his wife at Lang station. He said nothing until Stephen had ended his short sad narrative, and even then he was silent for some minutes.

"Do I understand rightly that you offered to have an inquiry made into the Rutledge tragedy, and that Sidney refused?" he said quietly then.

"She shrunk from the suggestion with horror," Stephen answered.

"And yet she had been so eager and anxious for the inquiry at one time."

"Yes, my refusal to permit it made our married life what it is," Stephen answered wearily. "And yet I did it for the best, Heaven knows! She married, I believe, for no other purpose than to be free and have the means to prove his innocence, and it was no doubt a cruel disappointment to her, poor girl! I forbade her taking any steps in the matter, because I knew it would end only in misery for her."

(To be continued.)

# "SKIPPERS"

No fish more daintily delicious than "Skippers" ever came to table. The fish are plump and of delightful flavour, they have been selected with the greatest care, and they are packed in warranted First Grade Olive Oil.

"Skippers" are more than a delicacy, they are valuable food and weight for weight, are far more nourishing than butchers' meat. The genuine Olive Oil in which they are packed is in itself a splendid food for the little ones.

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218 & 220 Water Street, St. John's.

### Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

GRACE.

Let me not count my years in gold,  
Or place or pomp or power attained,  
Rather I'd have my story told  
In lasting friendships I have gained.

Some richer gift from life I'd take  
A neighbor's love, or gratitude  
Out of the years God grants, I'd make  
Something beyond the hunt for food.

I would live well, and yet I pray  
When comes the end, it be not said  
That I had made of every day  
Merely a British search for bread.

Within what must be my career  
I hope that other men may find  
More than a soviet struggle here,  
To beauty and to service blind.

To play the friend, to plant a rose,  
To rise above the commonplace,  
And leave some memory here which  
Shows  
That I had touched my life with grace.

A steel cart-wheel tire, was welded by one man, while the axe was used by the second.

**KILLED BY AXE.**

In the opinion of officers, who have been working on the case since last Monday, Charles Bernard was killed by a blow from the axe. The wound which caused his death was a large and gaping one at the top of his skull. The iron bar, found shortly after the discovery of the tragedy, was heavy enough to have caused the injuries which killed Mrs. Bernard, detectives maintain.

Perpetrators of the crime are believed to have entered the Bernard home with the intention of robbing the bank, and not of committing murder, police declare. Evidence to support this theory was discovered with the finding of the axe, which seems to have been thrown away hurriedly. There seemed to have been no attempt to hide the weapon. Detective Germain, who found it, says, "I believe that the man who used the axe carried it with him from the house and cast it from him as he ran towards the nearby railway tracks. The fact that he did not take more time to hide the axe is ample proof that he was extremely frightened, police believe."

If the original intention had been to kill the bank manager and his wife, it is thought some care would have been exercised to destroy evidence. Mrs. Bernard would have had time to raise an alarm while the culprit struggled with her husband, it was pointed out.

The two men intended to rob the bank, but were unable to locate the money. Therefore, it is believed they went upstairs to Bernard's living quarters with the intention of forcing him to reveal the hiding place. Unexpectedly he put up a struggle, and the attackers were forced to murder him to escape.

Police declare this is the most probable theory, and it is from this angle that they are working to solve the mystery.—Montreal Star.

**IF YOU WANT GRUEL, CLOTHING, FUEL, VOTE FOR JULIA.**—Nov. 9.

#### Near East Causes Britain Worry

PERSIAN AND SYRIAN INCIDENTS OCCUPY MINDS AT DOWNING STREET.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—The situation in the Near East is causing the gravest anxiety. The Government was fully prepared for a change in Persia caused by the dethronement of the Shah, which is regarded in foreign office circles as purely an internal matter which is not causing any worry. However, those who know Persia well say that the Shah's removal is tangible evidence of the progress of the Soviet in the Near and Middle East, although Riza Khan is reported to be more of a Monarchist than a Republican.

Nevertheless, the Soviet Government has been very friendly towards Riza Khan, and counting on their support he has been able to establish his influence. The British are waiting to see what he will do now, but they credit him with establishing some form of internal order and of reorganizing the army which will make him less dependent on Soviet support than he is at present.

The situation in Syria is causing far more anxiety in Downing Street. The French are known to be in a most precarious position, being surrounded by hostile tribes, and may at any moment be in such a predicament that it will be difficult for them to maintain their position in Syria. Yet so strong is the French determination to maintain their friendship with Turkey, and to uphold its prestige in the Near East that it is exceedingly unlikely that the French Government will adopt the suggestion put forward in Paris that they clear out of Syria.

The British are counting on France's moderation to secure some amelioration of the situation, but it is doubted if France will be able now to find a solution without a good deal of further bloodshed, that may even set wide areas afire.

### PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency Sir William Allard, Knight Commander of the Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander in-Chief in and over the Colony of Newfoundland.

Whereas it is desirable that provision should be afforded for the celebration of the birth of our most mighty God for the mercies He has been pleased to bestow upon this Colony during the past year, and to His Majesty our National Birthday;

And Whereas Sunday, the Fifteenth day of November next, would be an appropriate occasion for the celebration of the said Birthday;

I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, order and direct that Sunday, the Fifteenth day of November, next, shall be observed, throughout the Colony, as a Day of Thanksgiving, aforesaid.

And I do further order and direct that Wednesday, the Eleventh day of November, next, being Armistice Day, shall be set apart and observed throughout the Colony, as a Day of Rejoicing and a Public Bank Holiday, of which all persons concerned are hereby required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the Government House, St. John's, the 22nd day of September, A.D. 1925.

J. R. BENNETT,  
Colonial Secretary.

sept 25, 29, oct 14, 24, 27, nov 4, 10

#### Dept. of Public Works PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Department has found necessary to effect a change in the matter of paydays. In future pay-days will be observed as follows:—

Mechanics, Labourers and other workmen will be paid on Saturday of each week. Bills or accounts for services rendered or goods supplied will be paid fortnightly, on the FIRST AND THIRD SATURDAY of each month, excepting petty bills for vegetables, firewood and forage, etc., purchase from residents of outlying settlements which will be paid every SATURDAY.

All bills or accounts properly certified and on hand in the Department for approval and audit of the preceding TUESDAY will be available for collection on the following SATURDAY.

The above also refers to allocations in connection with Road and Special Grants.

In the event of any SATURDAY being a whole holiday, bills must be in the Department of the preceding MONDAY and payment will be available on FRIDAY.

All those concerned will please govern themselves accordingly.

C. E. RUSSELL,  
Minister of Public Works.

Dept. of Public Works.  
November 7th, 1925.

#### NOTICE.

In the matter of the Insolvent Estate of Adam G. Barnes, Carpenter and Contractor, George St., St. John's.

All persons claiming to be creditors of or who have any claim or demand upon or affecting the estate of Adam G. Barnes, Carpenter and Contractor, George Street, St. John's, are required to send particulars of their claims in writing, duly attested to Leonard Rodman, c/o Horwood Lumber Co., St. John's, trustee of the said estate, on or before the 18th day of November, 1925, after which date said trustee will proceed to distribute the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which he then shall have notice.

St. John's, Oct. 13th, 1925.

LEONARD REDDIE,  
Trustee.

oct 13, 15, 17, nov 11

#### Dyeing, Dry Cleaning.

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**J. J. DOOLEY,**  
Corner LeMarchant Road,  
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nov. 10, 1925

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