



The Little Doctor always ready—always on hand to relieve kidney and bladder troubles, and help nature purify the blood.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XI.
READING THE WILL.

Mr. Burdon turned round in his chair and took his leg upon his knee. "I ought to begin, as they do on the stage, I think," he said, "with 'It was twenty years ago'—for it is quite like a romance; but I shall confine myself to a very meager outline of the matter, and your aunt"—and he smiled toward Mrs. Weston—"will furnish all the details from her own knowledge. It is just this, then: Your uncle, John Weston, my dear young lady, was an extremely wealthy man; he was also a very eccentric one, as the uncommon and extraordinary nature of this deed sufficiently proves. Some portion of this wealth he inherited, but the greater part of it he amassed during many years of hard toil. He was a merchant, a mine owner, a ship owner, and what is called a financier; he was, in fact, what is called a merchant prince—a man of extraordinary talent and acuteness, a man universally respected, and a man of vast—yes, vast influence. I don't suppose any man of his day had a greater number of friends, or more powerful ones. Nothing was too great for the scope of his mind, nothing too intricate for his extraordinarily acute business intellect. Persons of all grades, high and low, trusted him to an extent which nowadays seems incredible. It is not too much to say that for many years of his life he held the fortunes of a score of families in his hands, for he was a banker as well as a merchant, and traded with other people's capital as well as his own. You see, my dear young lady, that I have been tempted into a panegyric of your uncle; well, he was worthy of a higher tribute than any humble man like myself can pay. But to proceed—at a certain period of his career—when things were generally black and unpromising—when we had wars and rumors of wars, a great decline of trade, there came a general panic. Houses failed, fortunes were lost, everybody suspected everybody else, and John Weston even did not escape the general distrust and want of confidence. Nearly all the people who had hitherto reposed with the most absolute faith upon his honor and ability, suddenly grew cautious and distrustful, and—I am putting it into unbusiness-like and simple words—

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This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry, cheaply prepared, and saves about 75c.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually more than the ordinary cough on chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes Pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good. Four 2 1/2 ounces of Pinec (50 cents worth) in a 10-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or sugar syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make 10 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup. And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly breaks the inflamed membrane that lines the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soothes your cough entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma. Pinec is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membrane. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinec" with directions and don't accept anything else. Unwarranted to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinec Co., Toronto, Ont.

came upon him and demanded their money. Had they come one at a time, and gave him time, he could have met them with an easy mind and a full cash box, but unfortunately they came all at once—just as if your uncle had kept all their money in a strong box and could give it to them at any moment they wanted it—and he was unprepared. What happened, or what would have happened on any ordinary or anything but a most extraordinary case? The great, influential millionaire would have been ruined. It was a dreadful time! I remember it—I remember it!"

And Mr. Burdon rose under the excitement of the reminiscences, and walked to the fireplace, though there was no fire. "I think I can see your uncle as he stood in his office—just as it might be here—tall and thin. He was very much like your father, Miss Weston—pale, but as cool and composed as—as—I am!" and Mr. Burdon rather inconsistently wiped the perspiration from his brow. "There was a crowd outside—a crowd of people clamoring for their money, and threatening to pull the house down; ah, and worse, if he didn't give it to them. The clerks were standing behind their desks white and trembling, expecting the great doors to give way every moment and let the gasping, anxious crowd in, to wreck the place. And there stood your uncle, as calm and composed as Napoleon himself might have been. I think I see him now!"

And Edna, listening with pale face and intent eyes, fancied that she also could see him. "He had sent for me," continued Mr. Burdon, wiping his eyes mechanically, "but, of course, I could do nothing. 'Richard,' he said, 'you hear the crowd. Those are the voices of men and women who have trusted me with their money—some of them have confided their all to me. Up to this time I have dealt honestly with them, as they would testify if they were not frightened out of their senses of justice. If they would give me time I could pay them back—deposit and interest, to the uttermost farthing. They will not do so. I have sent for all the available money—I have realized all it is possible to do. I shall wait one hour longer, and then I shall declare the bank broken, and blow out my brains.'"

A low cry of pity and horror escaped Edna's lips. Mr. Burdon made a gesture of sympathy, and hastened on. "He looked at his watch as he spoke, and laid a pistol on the table before him, and then he sat down and waited, while the crowd got noisier and angrier. They were calling for him now, and threatening—well, well, half an hour passed, and I was about to call for assistance—for I was young to such scenes, and quite unable to cope single-handed with such a calm, desperate man—when the door opened, and a tall, handsome-looking man came in. It was your uncle's old schoolfellow and best friend—Sir Charles More."

Edna looked up quickly at the certainly not noble-looking face of Mr. More in the room, and wondered breathlessly what was coming. "I see him now," said Mr. Burdon, "straight as a dart, handsome as—as—all—almost as a woman, with gold on hair and bright blue eyes, that were laughing—actually laughing, though the roar of the crowd was in his ears—a black bag was in one hand, and his hat in the other; he tossed the hat on one side and hurried across the room. 'Hello, Jack!' he said. 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Why, anybody would think you were giving sovereigns away by the crowd of hungry fools outside. You didn't expect me! No! I'm just in time—landed at Southampton last night, and ran up to town posthaste.' All this, my dear young lady, in a breath. Your uncle could not get a word in, but at last he managed to stammer out—it was the first time his voice lost its firmness:

"'Charles, the panic has touched me and I'm ruined!'" "Sir Charles laughed outright; with a flushed face and a flashing eye: 'Ruined! Not you, Jack, while you're a friend left! Ruined! that word will never be tacked on to John Weston's name. Here, Mr. Burdon, turning to me, 'have the goodness to call in some of the white-chokered clerks in the office—never could make out why you make the poor devils wear white chokers, as if they were persons, Jack!'—and tell 'em to count this out and give it to the hungry dogs out-

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in San Clair and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. BENZON, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Bizon that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, leucorrhoea, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

side, and by the time that's gone the people from the Bank of England will have sent some more for 'em, and he took the bag and turned out a heap of Bank of England notes and rouleaus of gold."

Edna's face flushed, and her little hand tightened upon her aunt's. "Your uncle gave a gasp as if he had been shot, then sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. All his pluck went out of him in a moment, and he sobbed like a child."

And Mr. Burdon took out his large silk handkerchief, and blew his nose two or three times with a most suspicious vehemence, as the tears rolled slowly down Edna's cheek. "He was as good as his word, Miss Edna; the cashiers paid out the money as fast as they could, and before it had gone a second lot came in, and a third after that; there was more than enough for the idiots, when they found the bank was saved, paid the money back into it as fast as they drew it out, and instead of howling and cursing, clustered round the house cheering and hurrahing to such an extent, that your uncle had to go out and show himself, dragging Sir Charles by the hand, and calling to the people to look on the man who had saved their money and his honor."

Mr. Burdon drew a long breath, wiped his forehead, and looked round with an apologetic smile. "I've allowed myself to be tempted into a long story," he said; "but I trust you will admit the temptation was strong. I won't do it again. Of course after this your uncle and Sir Charles became greater friends than ever. Your uncle was not a man to forget such a service, and was not at all satisfied with simply paying back to Sir Charles the money he had lent. He did more than that, he solemnly vowed that all his money should go to Sir Charles or his descendants. But this Sir Charles would not hear of it. Your uncle had a younger brother to whom he was deeply attached, that younger brother had a daughter, a sweet-faced little girl—pardon me, Miss Weston—that little girl was yourself. Sir Charles very properly would not consent that he or his should gain by your loss, and your uncle, who was a determined man, was compelled to give up his generous intention in part. Only in part, for here comes the pith and substance of this remarkable deed."

Mr. Burdon tapped the parchment impressively. "Determined not to be wholly balked, your uncle hit upon a scheme by which he hoped to provide for you and

WHAT ABOUT YOUR INCOME?

"The elements comprising the body are constantly wearing out and must be renewed daily, else the outgo of strength exceeds the income."
SCOTT'S EMULSION
will help the tired business-man or woman keep pace with the wear and tear of life. Scott's Emulsion nourishes the body, blood and nerves, and helps maintain an even balance of strength and energy. Safe-guard your income of strength with Scott's. Scott & Bower, Toronto, Ont.

enrich Sir Charles' descendant; that descendant was a nephew, a favorite of both Sir Charles and your uncle—a young man strikingly like Sir Charles in appearance—and—here Mr. Burdon paused, and looked across at Edward More's face, which had assumed an angry scowl—"well, resembled him in the matter of a generous, careless, reckless disposition. This nephew is now Sir Cyril More."

Edna started, and a sudden flush suffused her face; it was gone in a moment, but both men had noticed it, and Edward More fell to 'bitting his nails suspiciously."

To Edna the name had brought back, with a painful vividness, that afternoon in the arbor, when she had sat with the man whom she would never see more, and listened to Mr. Howley Jones' idle boasting.

How the name had impressed her then, awaking a strange kind of indefinite memory; she remembered how she had asked him about this Sir Cyril, and now she was to hear that this same man was in some way linked with her past, and possibly with her future.

The flush passed away, and she listened more intently, if that were possible, than before.

"Sir Cyril, at the time of your uncle's death, was a promising lad some few years older than you. He was often at More Park, and though he has no doubt forgotten your uncle and all connected with him, used as a boy to be very fond of him. I have seen your uncle nursing him on one knee, while you, my dear Miss Weston, were on the other."

Edna, eyes dropped, and a little thrill, whether of pain or pleasure she could not say, ran through her. For the first time the lawyer seemed long-winded. Why did he not go on? What was he leading up to?

"Your uncle then hit upon a scheme which should conduce to the good of both families. He left a certain sum of money to your father, another set sum to your aunt"—and he bowed to Mrs. Weston—"and the remainder of his fortune he placed in the hands of trustees to take care of, and increase by the accumulation of interest, until you should have reached the age of twenty. You are twenty to-day, if I am not mistaken?"

Edna drew a sigh that almost seemed one of relief; Aunt Martha, pale and agitated, murmured the words, "Fortune—princely!" and nervously clasped and unclasped her hands.

Edward More got up from his chair and took two or three impatient turns across the room, then sank, with something between a groan and a snort, into his seat again.

"That immense fortune—every penny of it—will belong to either you or Cyril More, or perhaps to both of you. It will belong to both of you, in equal shares, on one condition."

"On one condition," repeated Mr. Burdon, emphasizing the words by tapping the deed with his forefinger after each; "and that is, that you become man and wife."

Edna stared with startled eyes for a moment, then went deadly pale. "Man and wife!" she murmured, her head drooping, until her face was hidden.

Fashion Plates.

A CHARMING DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL



2692—This attractive model is easy to develop. It has new and attractive features and will lend itself nicely to any of the materials now in vogue. One could use serge in blue or brown with braid trimming, or velvet combined with silk. Corduroy, mixtures, plaid or check cutting would also be suitable. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 5 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD COMFORTABLE APRON MODEL



2333—This style is nice for percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, drill or khaki. The apron is in one piece, with added straps that cross over the back and are buttoned at the waistline. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Form for requesting a pattern, including fields for Name, Address, and City.

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with and without belts. These come in some rich and warm colours, some being in two-tone effects, and when you see them you will say they are "dreams". The shades are: Rose, Cardinal, Navy, Saxe, Emerald, Nile, Orange, Corn, Grey, Mauve, Coralette, etc.

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expression of the First... Conquered Territory... (From L. C. MURPHY... With the B. 25... 1918... Christmas of 1918 has... subject loss of what... spirit really means... world. In Germany... there is a nation pecc... and a power defeated... and a people learning... but notwithstanding... the Christmas Eve... market the tops of... shipped for sale; fairy... decorations were dis... where footstuffs wer... figure, and crow... near the few stor... could be procured... the evening, in the... the little fir-trees... and there was r... jolly hands and... the place wh... and I were billed... Professor of lan... known college, br... into see his family... into to the childre... English. "Thank... not know what war... near fell sadly here... and freedom—so app... catastrophe, and... since from growing... but all the men in... enjoy an special... associates, tobacco... and arrangements... to organize games, a... also enjoy football... Divisional Concert P... excellent entertainme... day, and the Regim... Drum Band played ou... 1919 with a flour... the streets of the v... village where we are

J. Pershing,

York, Jan. 24.—The... who, a copy of the... has just been rec... commander-in-chief... expeditionary fo... "General Sir John... G.C.B." On July 1... George awarded the... of the Order of the... Pershing, and in... George, during a visit... giving of the dec... the giving of the Gra... the Order of the Bath... automatically makes... recipient and gives... to prefix "Sir" to his... was an honorary... was said at the time that... commander would no... either "Sir," as he w... subject.

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Powder, Holbrook's,
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