

ASK FOR ALVINA
The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil
Specially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia
A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children
Prepared by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

"Flatterers"
OR
The Shadow of the Future.
CHAPTER XVII.
"SOME GRIEFS ARE MEDICINABLE!"

Each man felt awkward at the Dale, and both left by evening. The younger, still steeped in self-commiseration, vouchsafed a message to Sydney. The elder sought her out, and said goodbye full as paternally as if the darling scheme he had been cherishing were nigh fulfillment. "However matters turn out," he said, "if ever you want anything that I can give, don't be above asking it. You know where to find me."

He was thinking that some of pious-lanamous Mr. Rupert's intended wedding fund might be of service to the girl. Alas! before London was reached he had discovered that must go to another direction. For the son, wisely calculating that the flare of the day's conflagration would cast his private pecadilloes into shadow, made a clean breast of debts, I O U's included, as they trailed up, and clumsily shouldering the farewell sins of bachelorhood on the design just broken off, secured a promise of clearing up that emptied the major's reserve fund to the last note.

Before night closed around the Dale, Mrs. Alwyn had another interview with Sydney, and gave her the result of 'twelve hours' meditation on her conduct.

"You are doing me, your sister, and yourself a gross injury. What course you will take I am too frightfully upset to contemplate. But this I warn you, Sydney. The fortune I had secured when I married your father, then old enough to be my father"—pausing, that her daughter might recognize the unequal bargain—"I consider Leonora's. Don't deceive yourself into expectation of sharing it."

"I will not, mother."

"As for your home, if you consider you ought to diminish, by sharing it, your sister's provision and mine for a month or six weeks, do so. But you ought by then to find means of maintaining yourself. I have one thing to insist on. I will not have all this business, which I have labored for your sake and Leonora's to keep concealed, bruted now about the parish."

"I will speak of it to no one."

"It might ruin Leonora's prospects, as you have contrived to let it ruin your own. And another thing; I will not have the bearer of my name publicly place-hunting. You, who can do so much for your father, must do this much for your mother. Wherever you earn your living, drop the name of Alwyn. Don't disgrace me by open association with paid labor."

Sydney bent her head, her heart for a moment too full for speech. But as Mrs. Alwyn would have rustled off to her own room, she stayed her, a hand pleadingly upon her shoulder.

"Mother, I am but trying to do the best I can with what I have while it is mine." (Robert Vaughan's lesson, well learned—well learned!) "Some day you may take my willfulness less hardly. Do I kiss me?"

Even in her white heat of anger Mrs. Alwyn could not refuse; but she went forth, her handkerchief to her eyes, and took revenge on sentiment by wondrous to relate—snubbing Leonora!

That young lady, however, least ruffled of the household, reflected calmly, as she put her sapphire ring beside her other jewels, that it was an ill wind that blew no one any good. She had got a present, after a kind, and while people had been hanging about in consultation in door, she had enjoyed, when strolling about the lawn, a brief meeting with Mr. Edward Duvesne. He had betrayed some nervousness—suggestive sign! Had wished to see Mrs. Alwyn particularly—hoped he should fortunately find her disengaged some early day.

What meant—?

Leonora smiled serenely as, after gazing affectionately at her portrait, she wrapped the flattering semblance carefully up and laid it away. It was lucky, after all, she had not given it to poor, ridiculous Sydney. It would be ready now for some one else. "Oh, silly, silly Sydney!" she thought, with her last yawn, "she would soon have to be going somewhere, as mamma said, and where would that be?"

In the next room that question was in its first stage of solution.

Sydney, sleepless, had turned out the few contents of her traveling-bag, among them a scrap of paper that came upon her as a message, she would fain hope, of good. And before she lay down to rest a note was written, signed with her first initials only, to one Miss Hurst, far off in the western country.

FACE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES
Itched and Burned, Scarcely Slept. Cuticura Heals.
"Pimples affected my face. They were large and always festering, and they were scattered all over my face. They afterwards turned into scales and when they fell off they left big tracks until my face was disfigured. They itched and burned so that I scarcely slept at all. I had been bothered for nearly two months before I started using Cuticura, and after I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns, St. Basile, Que., June 6, 1918.
Use Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap for all toilet purposes.
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cheerfulness, in fact requiring little imagination to paint.

To Sydney, Mr. Villiers' prompt desertion was a realistic comment on the course she had taken, such as might have purchased some women's repentance and possible recantation. But having put her hand to the plow, the last thing on earth to turn the girl back would have been personal suffering. Sharp and cruel as this was, tempting her to disbelief that love could ever re-enter her life, the keenest venom of the sting lay in the fact that she had been too willing to grasp the semblance of affection, too ready to read the ways of the woeer by the light of her own wishes! Or thus she thought, and every spark of dignity within her few ablaze at the affront she conceived herself to have courted by taking for pure gold what was but poorest dross. In the despair of mortification she planted her foot on every tender remembrance or emotion, and strove with all her might to count her love well lost. Chill was her outlook now, the sole ray of light among her many clouds the firm belief that, even as her father would have had her, she was doing well, come what might.

Beyond the house for days she would not stir. Mary Dacie would soon trace trouble in her bearing, and would scarcely be satisfied without searching into that whereon she had promised silence. A line to the Gate House (shown before sent to her mother's jealous eyes) bade them not wonder at her absence; and the long hours Sydney passed in setting her possessions in order, ready for what might come next.

Leonora, meanwhile, regarded her with a pitying amazement and slightly supercilious kindness that was far from soothing.

"To think," said this young lady to her stepister, whom she watched working, herself in a rocking-chair, enjoying the dolce far niente of a hot afternoon—"to think you should go, Sydney, and give up a respectable income, that would have kept you decently, and dressed you—oh, really remarkably well! I wouldn't have done it!"

This fetched a smile to Sydney's grave face.

"In my stead, Leonora, you might have acted the same!"

"Never!" emphatically. "Of course it's done, and can't be undone, but I'm sorry for you, Sydney. I wish you had not been so frightfully foolish. You will find it very disagreeable, after living here so nicely, to go down and be a sort of common person. I don't expect you have half thought of that."

"I don't expect I have."

"People who have money, you know, are treated very differently from those who have not, Sydney. You will find that out."

"I have found it out already."

"A—h!" prolonging the interjection. "Yes, so you have. And, do you know, you'll most assuredly be sorry some day you drove Rupert from you. Poor fellow!"

"We will not talk of that, Norah, please," said Sydney, terse only because a rebellious weakness threatened self-command; and gathering her work together, she silently went away.

"Angry with me for interfering, as usual," deplored Leonora to her mother; "though I spoke only for her good. But Sydney will never leave off being headstrong."

This ultimatum Mrs. Alwyn fully indorsed, and resigned herself to illness as its result. Appearing down-stairs only at dinner time, she spent the time defectively in the boudoir, word going forth to callers that neuralgia necessitated seclusion. To Sydney she accorded a mournful civility that implied, "You shall have nothing to complain of, however you have made me suffer!" And with scrupulous politeness when they met at the table she would offer her recalcitrant daughter a share of each viand, though the tone in which she would ask, "Do you wish for butter, Sydney?" would seem to say that it was her duty to discard all luxuries, butter included!

Mr. Russell's opinion of his niece arrived in due course. Mrs. Alwyn handed her brother's letter in its uncompromising frankness to Sydney. The writer made no attempt to mince matters. "For you see," he said to Major Villiers, who went down to Hampshire to talk the position over with his co-

trustee, "you can afford to side with her if you like. She's no relation of yours. But she is of mine. And I don't hesitate to call her a fool!"

Which sentiment he had expressed in his epistle, "though," as he wound up, "there is little use in my saying this, for we are well aware, and Sydney equally, no one can stop her if she persists in this insane folly. I only beg you to explain that she is not to count on legacies from me. Maria's relatives will have what I have got. Please to inform her that the sum to which she is entitled will be placed to her credit in the London and County by the 18th prox. The transfer from stock I can manage myself. The usual percentage I shall, of course, deduct."

Thus delivered himself Mr. Russell, the man-of-all trades, though gentleman of no profession, who, in his alacrity to turn an honest penny, did not disdain the picking from his young relative's misfortunes. And as if to prove herself true to the strain, Mrs. Alwyn observed querulously, as the letter was returned:

"You are not forgetting that you are indebted to me, Sydney? It would be curious honor which would lead you to repay strangers' debts you never incurred, and let your own mother lose what she unguardedly lent you? Of course, those twenty pounds are gone?"

"Not quite, mamma," came the answer, very low, bitterness and sadness having about an even tussle in the speaker's breast just then; "I have a little left, enough to—take me away; I will soon hand back the rest I owe you."

She went that same Wednesday, as the sun's heat was moderating, by field-paths to Hedyngham, there found a letter addressed merely to the post-office of the little town, and read it as she went back to St. Clair's by the same unrequented way.

The rector, strolling beyond his garden, saw her coming, preoccupied enough to have passed him in the gloaming, had he not greeted her with:

"Well met again! We are perplexed, Miss Sydney, as to what you have been doing with yourself of late. Halt now. I am wanting to hear your latest news."

(To be continued)

The Greatest Runner of Them All.
(Acadian Recorder.)

When Pheidippides ran from Marathon Athens to carry the news of the victory over the Persians, he fell dead after delivering the message, and his twenty-four mile run has ever since been considered the high water mark of human speed and endurance. Many a man has run this distance since and probably made as good time as the brave Greek. But all running records were broken by a man whose name few persons ever heard, a Sioux by the suggestive nomenclature of Rain-in-the-Face. He was a sub-Chief under Sitting Bull when General Custer was carrying on his campaign against the recalcitrant Indians of the Northwest. Rain-in-the-Face had been imprisoned by order of General Custer, and swore that he would have his revenge, which he had some years later in the Battle of the Little Big Horn where it is believed he shot Custer and carried away the ghastly trophy of the hero's heart. It was some years before this event that Rain-in-the-Face was imprisoned by Custer's order and made his escape by the aid of friends. From early childhood he had been trained in all forms of hardihood by his father, particularly in long distance running, which made a marathon a mere pastime to him. His capture and escape were in mid-winter, and since free, he put on his snowshoes, threw a blanket around him and started on his three hundred mile run to the Canadian border, dropping the only food, a piece of dried meat, which he had been given to sustain him on the way. Without food, with a temperature of forty below zero and the wind blowing thirty miles an hour, he started his flight. In three days and three nights, by almost continuous running, he reached Woody Mountain, Canada, where he was cared for by his friends. During the time he never once slept, for he was afraid of freezing to death, and the only food he ate was bits of fir or spruce tips, tender willows and other forms of browse, which he had to eat as he ran; and it must be remembered that a snow storm was raging all the time. The terrible journey ended at last in the encampment of his friends on the Canadian side of the border. Within one week he was able to renew his activities once more. His deed was something which makes the run of Pheidippides a bit of child's play. It was not only the distance which makes the deed of the Indian so remarkable, but the conditions under which it was performed; the deep snow under foot, the falling snow and the gale overhead, the heavy snowshoes, the utter absence of food and the terrible temperature, all combined to make the deed almost of a superhuman nature. The wonderful story is told by Colonel G. O. Shields in a recent volume on the Indians of the Northwest, the author having known the Chief before the Custer disaster. A brief resume of the Colonel's story appears in a recent issue of the "Literary Digest."

Richard's Linctus Relieves Neuralgia

GAS AND BOOZE.
The man who drives a motor car must be alert and wide awake or his risky harvest—wound and scar, and every kind of pain and ache. Whatever faculties are his he should keep busy on the job, for reckless drivers round him whiz, a never ceasing, deadly mob. Most drivers now are sober lads, because they can't be otherwise; the Old Red Juice that cheered our dads a man can't purchase if he tries. Oh, men are sober when they tread upon the gas, and let her go, and yet the daily list of dead, by autos slain, fills me with woe. If men could get a slug of booze at every hamlet on the way, the poor old customer would lose the little sleep he gets to-day. I would not dare to drive my car along the busy public street, if every village had a bar where speeding maniacs might meet. Refreshed by taking forty drops, in maudlin haste they'd journey thence, and kill a brace of traffic cops, and knock my tumbler through a fence. There's peril now in every mile, there's death wherever crossroads are, and trembling, I forget to smile, when I am riding in my car. How would it be if jangled jays went crashing through the helpless crowds? Oh, death would govern all the ways, and there would be a boom in shrouds. We'd be forever in a sweat lest we be killed by drunken hicks; I'm glad that booze is hard to get, for booze and gasoline won't mix.

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A PRACTICAL SEAMLESS APRON.

Pattern 3658 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 3/4 yards of 36 inch material. Figured percale, gingham, linen, drill, jean, cretonne, lawn, satcen and alpaca may be used for this style.

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The Greatest Runner of Them All.
(Acadian Recorder.)

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Richard's Linctus Relieves Neuralgia

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Samson De Valera of the Dail Eireann would not claim the right of extending to the Dominion status.

DE VALERA DE DUBLIN
There ought to be no doubt in the mind of Mr. De Valera here, that we obey this nation of men. It is said we are a nation of Dominion Home Rulers. Ireland is of the statement of the statement. Where is Ireland? Ireland is in the pieces of Ireland. The Dominion status should be extended to the Dominion to succeed, and the Dominion should be extended to the Dominion. We are to be in, whether we like it or not, claiming the right of extending to the Dominion. We cannot be a question because there has been a question.

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