

BOWEL POISON MAKES YOU SICK.

Your bowels may seem regular every day—but your dirty feet of bowels may be lined with poisonous waste which is being sucked into your blood, keeping you half sick, nervous, despondent and upset. Whether you have headache, colds, sour stomach, indigestion, or heart palpitation, it is

usually from bowel poison. Hurry! One or two Cascarets tonight will clean your bowels right. By morning all the constipation poison and sour bile will move out—thoroughly! Cascarets will not sicken you—they physic fully, but never gripe or inconvenience.



"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XV.
COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.
"What is to be done?" asked Lord Heron. "What can I do? I must do something. Can I go to London?"
Mr. Barrington shook his head. "I don't see what good you could do, my lord. You see, you do not know Miss Knighton."
"I never saw her," said Lord Heron. "Besides, Lord Montacute has gone to London, and he will leave no stone unturned, I am sure."
The two walked on in silence for a minute, then Lord Heron stopped. "There is one thing we can do," he said. "I will get the railway people to telegraph to the London papers an advertisement which will appear tomorrow morning. Come inside and I will draw it up."
They went into the inn and got writing materials, and Lord Heron made out the following advertisement:
Miss K. is entreated to communicate her present address to Mr. Barrington. She will understand that if she see it," said Lord Heron. "I will go down to the station and persuade them to wire it up to-night."
"I will go with you," said Mr. Barrington; "I cannot remain inactive."
The two went to the railway station, talking earnestly as they went. The station master demurred to sending the telegram for some time—it was after hours and irregular—but at last Lord Coverdale's title and his assurance that he would take the responsibility overcame the man's scruples, and the telegram was dispatched.
"What next?" said Lord Heron. "Come back to the inn with me; your horse wants a rest, and we will discuss this matter, and see if we can find something to do. It is terrible to

think of that poor girl wandering about alone in her misery!"
They went to the inn, and Lord Heron paced up and down, while the lawyer partook of some refreshment.
"This man's story may be false," he said. "From the very bottom of my heart I trust it may be!"
"I am sure of that, my lord."
"How can you find out? I would give all I possess—and it isn't much!—to be the one to go to her, poor girl, and tell her that she is still the mistress of Knighton, and her father's lawful daughter!"
Mr. Barrington thought a moment. "I can telegraph to a firm of English lawyers at Naples," he said. "They can search the registry there. Every marriage is registered at the central office, and if—Mr. Knighton and this Italian lady were married, there will be a record of it."
"And if there should not be—but the alternative is horrible! Barrington, if the issue should prove this story to be true, you know what must be done?"
Mr. Barrington waited.
"It is bad enough to come into an inheritance through a death; but to inherit in consequence of the degradation and ruin of a harmless, inoffensive, innocent girl!—Barrington, if this story should prove true, you will understand that I shall accept the estate on one condition only—that Miss Knighton takes half the income—for her life, at least!"
Mr. Barrington flushed.
"It is what I expected of you, my lord," he said, quietly; "but I am afraid that your generous intentions could not be carried out. From what I know of Miss Knighton, I am convinced that she would accept nothing—not a penny. The Knights have always been proud—"
Lord Heron quickened his pace.
"Something must be done!" he said. "But let us hope that everything will come right for her. I would rather remain the genteel pauper that I am, and continue my wandering, restless habits for the rest of my life, than become heir of the Revels at such a terrible cost to her."
Mr. Barrington rose and got his hat.

"I'll go back now, my lord," he said; "they may have heard some tidings of her. You will remain here?"
"Certainly," said Lord Heron; "and keep the yacht in the harbor. Of course, if she returns, you will not let her know that I have heard the story; poor girl!—there is no need that any one should know it but you and I and Lord Montacute. This man Ricardo must be paid to keep silence."
Mr. Barrington took the proffered hand and shook it warmly.
"Forgive me, my lord," he said, more warmly than Lord Heron had ever heard him speak before; "forgive me if I feel compelled to say that you have acted most nobly. Whatever may be the issue of this sad business, you have behaved most generously and thoughtfully. I will communicate anything I hear at once."
"Do, do!" said Lord Heron; "suspense is what I hate! And remember, whatever happens, it is Miss Knighton's interests that you must consider, not mine."
"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Barrington. "It is a pity—he passed—it is a pity that you do not know her; you would feel fully justified in considering her! She is"—he paused, visibly affected—"as good as she is beautiful!"
Lord Heron looked rather surprised.
Mr. Barrington waited.
"I never saw her," continued Lord Heron; "but I have heard of her, and I sympathize with her from the bottom of my heart."
He accompanied Mr. Barrington downstairs and helped him into the dogcart, and as he drove away the lawyer, tired and weary, looked back and saw Lord Heron standing looking at the sea with a grave and earnest thoughtfulness.
Mr. Barrington found the Revels in a state of excitement. No tidings of Iris had come to hand during his absence, but another event had occurred which increased the complication.
The butler met him in the hall with the news that Felice had gone!
"Gone!" said Mr. Barrington. "Why—and where?"
"She left a message for you, sir," said the butler. "She said she could not stay here when her mistress had left, and if any one could find Miss Iris, she could. She was driven to catch the mail train, sir. We tried to stop her, sir, but it was no use; no one knows what a determined woman Miss Felice was but those who lived with her. Wild horses couldn't have stopped her! Oh, sir, do you think she'll be able to find Miss Iris?" and the honest fellow's eyes grew moist.
"Nonsense!" said Mr. Barrington. "Miss Iris has probably gone to visit some friends, and we shall hear of her in the morning. Let everybody go to bed, please."
Tired as he was, the old lawyer could not sleep, and the butler, coming to his room soon after eight, found him up and dressing.
"A telegram, sir!" he said, and waited anxiously to see if Mr. Barrington would give him any information.
Mr. Barrington tore open the envelope. The message was from Lord Clarence.
"Have not succeeded. Can find no trace," it ran.
The day passed slowly. In the course of the morning Mr. Barrington was summoned to the police court to attend the examination of the signor.
The court was crowded, for the arrest had caused great excitement, and vague rumors of some mystery at the Revels, with which the man was said to be closely connected, had spread as rapidly as such rumors do.
White and haggard, the accused was brought into the dock. He looked round with a quick, furtive glance of his black, beady eyes, and as they fell upon Mr. Barrington, a faint, sinister smile curved his lip.
Mr. Barrington listened and watched, outwardly calm, but in breathless anxiety. Would the man proclaim the story of Iris' birth to the world?
As the charge was being read over, a tall figure entered the court, and the crowd turned and regarded it curiously.
It was Lord Coverdale. He was dressed in a suit of dark serge, and wore a band of crape upon his arm. He made his way to Mr. Barrington's side and shook hands with him, but said nothing, and the two stood in silence. His entrance had not been unnoticed by Signor Ricardo, but the pale face, with its black mustache, and cruel, cunning eyes, made no sign of recognition.
Witnesses were called to prove the arrest, and the police authorities asked for a committal.
The magistrate in the chair conferred for a moment with his brother justices.
"Have you anything to say in your defense?" he asked the prisoner.
Ricardo looked at Mr. Barrington and Lord Coverdale, then, with a contemptuous smile but with a significance which seemed to strike ominously upon the hearers, he said: "Nothing—at present."
"You are committed for trial on the charge," said the magistrate.
Ricardo bowed with mock respect, and the policemen hurried him from the dock.
Lord Coverdale and Mr. Barrington waited until the crowd had dispersed, then walked out side by side.
"No news? I see it in your face," said Lord Coverdale.
(To be continued)

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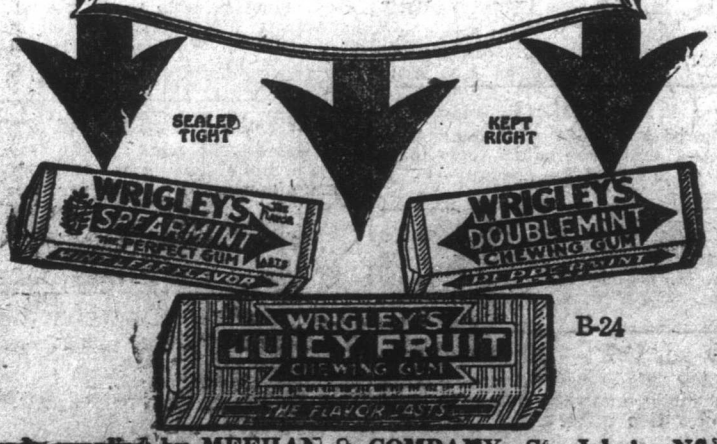
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Slim Woman's Strength.

TEN MEN UNABLE TO LIFT HER FROM THE GROUND.
A puzzling performance has been given at the Victoria Palace, London, by Miss Mary Richardson, who can resist the strength of ten men. She is slight and fair, and weighs no more than seven stone. Men in the audience were invited to come up on the stage. The lady first held a chair shoulder high between the palms of her hands. Five or six men then took hold of the chair, and by main force tried to drag it down, but without avail. The hands of another man were interposed, between those of the lady and the chair, and he declared that he felt no pressure whatever on his hands. A man placed his hands under her arms and lifted her off the ground as if she were a feather. But when he essayed to repeat this, no physical force that he could exert would move her an inch. Nor could the united efforts of nine or ten other men lift her off the ground. Again, seven or eight men placed their hands on top of a pole about five feet high, while superimposed on the hands was a stout gentleman. The lady then climbed beneath this human edifice and gripping the pole walked across the stage with it and the burden on top. Unfortunately the pole broke, and the large gentleman descended more rapidly than he got up, but not till she had demonstrated her strength.

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North Pole.

When an Arctic explorer has the pole star exactly overhead, he is still eighty miles from the North Pole because the Pole Star—or Polaris, as it is known to astronomers—is not the North Celestial Star, to which the geographical North Pole corresponds, but nearly three times the apparent breadth of the full moon from it. The fact is that the Pole Star merely happens to be the nearest bright star to the North Celestial Pole. This latter point is an imaginary one in the heavens, marking the spot towards which the earth's axis is directed. Owing to causes which need not be entered into here, this imaginary point is moving in a great circle in the sky, a circle so vast that about 26,000 years is taken to complete it. A few thousand years ago, it was a long way from the present Pole Star, and in those days the star was quite an ordinary one, differing in no way from hosts of others we see around us on any fine night. In another few thousand years to come our present highly-important Pole Star will have again sunk into obscurity through having been left in the lurch by the steadily-moving North Celestial Pole. The brilliant blue-and-white Vega will be the most magnificent Pole Star of the future. It will be about 12,000 years, however, before its turn comes.

Only One Ground for Divorce Say Anglicans.
Efforts to have the Church of England oppose divorce of married persons "on any grounds" were defeated at the General Synod at Hamilton, when both the Upper and the Lower Houses ruled that adultery was a sufficient cause. Both Houses, however, strongly opposed the enactment of any further legislation that would facilitate the granting of divorces, and their members likewise reaffirmed Canon V, which forbids any Anglican clergyman to re-marry a divorced person, so long as the other party to the annulled contract is alive.

Chantilly founcings, allover and silk nets are shown a lot this fall.

One's suit coat may be fitted at the waist and flare below the hips. The ripple coat or flared-hip effects are very popular this season.

A dinner dress of silk marquisette is trimmed with crystal beads.

Dresses of heavy, knitted fabric are trimmed with colored braid. Immense bright-colored garter cuffs are seen on a smart gown.

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