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For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The most cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have headache, biliousness, colic, indigestion, sour stomach, and all the ailments that attend constipation. One or two Cascarets will empty your bowels completely in the morning and you will feel splendid. They work while you sleep. Cascarets never stir you up or grip like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

German Air Activity

The meetings of the recent International Air Conference held at The Hague were not public, but the correspondent of the Amsterdam Telegram was told by Herr Wrousky, the secretary of the German Luft Reederei, that the results were important. The German Luft Reederei was now supported by four powerful concerns, the A.E.G., the Hejag, the Zeppelin, and the Metallgesellschaft. After January 1, 1923, the Luft Reederei will be allowed to run services outside Germany, and after May 5 next Germany will be allowed to build aeroplanes again, except warplanes, but he expects that the limitations will be very few. On May 3 the line between Königsberg and Moscow will be opened with Russia machines supplied by the Soviet Government. Negotiations are now being carried on with France for participation in the line Paris-Berlin-Moscow next year. Next year a line between London and Czechoslovakia will probably be complete.

Do you want to tell the Fishermen, put your ad in THE FISHERMEN'S PAPER.

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THERE IS EVERY INDICATION TO A STRENGTHENING OF THE LUMBER MARKET. We Stock Every REQUISITE FOR THE CUTTING AND DRESSING OF LUMBER. CIRCULAR SAWS. RUBBER BELTING. LEATHER BELTING. BELT LACING. MILL FILES, ETC. W. Noseworthy, Ltd.

The Lure of Gold Or The Heart Of A Woman

CHAPTER V.

In Duranee Vile.

"Gran," he cried, "Gran, you've come back!"
"Hush, my laddie—not so loud!" replied Wynter—for it was he.
Reuben went close to the window, pulling himself up to the level by means of the bed.
"How did you know? You don't know how I wanted you!" he said fervently.
Wynter's eyes gleamed with anger as he looked up at the pale face of the young man.
"I'll news flies apace," he said. "Tell me, Reu, how came you to get into their hands? Did you shoot the hare?"
"Not I!" said Reuben proudly. "I was on my own business."
"Thank goodness, lad," said the old man. "But what's to be done now? Will you try and make your escape? I can pick the lock of that door, I believe."

"No, no Gran," said Reuben. "I'll not run away. I must go through with this to the bitter end, and keep my mouth shut. Don't ask me more. Will you love me, take a message for me—will you?"
"Ah, a woman—I knew it!" growled Wynter.
"But, Gran," pleaded Reuben. "If you will but do it, it will be a greater service than picking window locks. I shall be free in mind then, at least."
"Give it to me then, lad—I'll do my best, you know."
Reuben put his hand between the iron bars and squeezed the other's gratefully.
"It's for the Hall—to Topsy, the maid. Tell her to remember her promise, and on her honor to keep silence."
The elder man repeated the words, then, with another shake of the head, he dropped down beneath the standard of the trees, and once more Reuben was alone.



I'm So Tired

Fatigue is the result of poisons in the blood. So when the kidneys fail to purify the blood one of the first indications is unusual and persistent tired feelings and pains in the back.
Neglected kidney troubles lead to years of suffering from rheumatism or develop into such fatal ailments as Bright's disease.
The kidney action is promptly corrected by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—the best known regulator of kidneys, liver and bowels.
Mrs. John Ireland, R.R. No. 2, King, Ont., writes:
"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

At all dealers. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

CHAPTER VI.
At The Bell.
The master of Falcot Hall was Walter Fairfield, Viscount Cravenford. About thirty-five years of age, tall, handsome, and enormously wealthy, it is not wonderful that he possessed a considerable number of friends and enemies. The latter declared him to be vain, conceited, and extravagant; those on the other hand, who thought themselves his friends would only say that he was eccentric. Proud he certainly was—for he came of a great race—and liberal to excess. Perhaps his greatest fault was his love or change, for he was as variable in his fancies as the wind. One month he would be skimming the Solent in his yacht; the next, running a theatre or receive a pension for building—then cottages would come tumbling down, and costly new ones rise in their place; new wings would be added to Falcot Manor, or new stables in its rear. His father had died when he was at school; accordingly, he had been brought up by a dotting mother and encouraged to gratify his every whim; yet he was neither selfish nor profligate, and his word was as good as his bond; indeed, "Cavendish's honor" was a password in the mouths of so many of his companions.

Falcot Hall, where the ball was to be held, was one of the most beautiful mansions in the country. Lord Cravenford had, from time to time, improved and brought every part to perfection; yet in such a manner as to destroy nor disturb its time-honored appearance. A magnificent avenue of trees lined the carriage drive to the entrance. The hall, which was of paneled oak, bore the tattered badges and banners of his bygone ancestors. From this hall rose a broad oaken staircase, leading to a gallery, adorned with choice tapestries and pictures, and giving access to the main apartments. Beyond the great hall-room where the conservations, with cool corners amid tropical palms and ferns—many of them brought from foreign lands by Lord Cravenford himself.
To-night the ballroom was brilliantly lighted and filled with the soft, sweet sound of music; and to Olive the great room seemed to be thronged with dancers when she entered with Sir Edwin and made her way to the hostess.

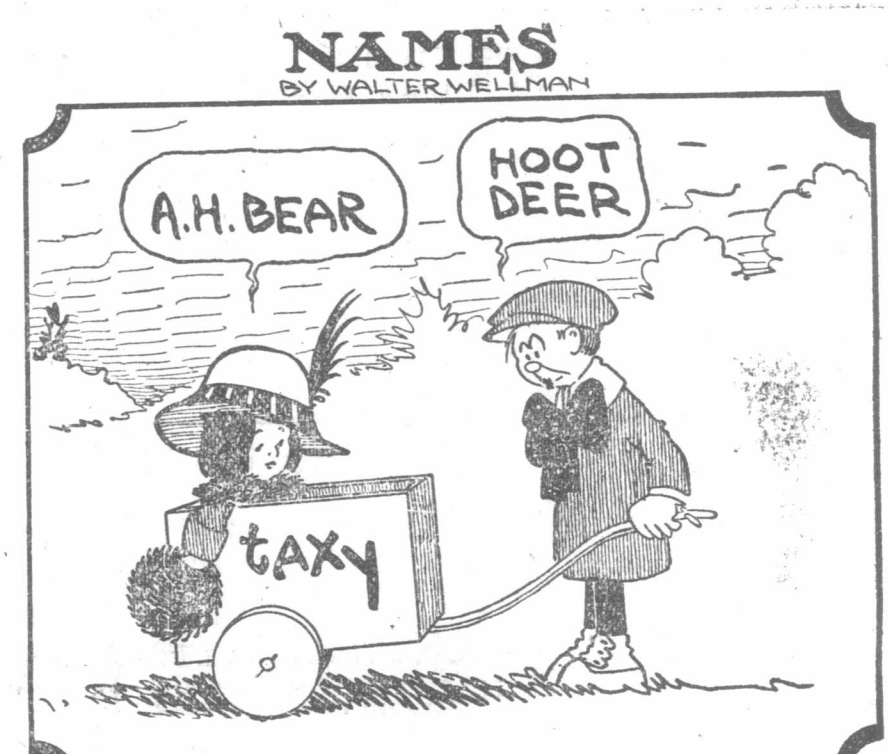
MOTHER! YOUR CHILD'S BOWELS NEED "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Lady Cravenford—the mother of the erratic present holder of the title—looked with quite approval on the beautiful girl, as she took her hand, while she murmured an apology to Sir Edwin for the short notice given in the invitation.
"For which you must blame me," said a musical voice behind them, as Lord Cravenford came up. "It was abominably short notice," he continued, as he bowed over Olive's hand, "but I am thinking of starting for the Mediterranean soon, and I wanted to see my friends once more."
Lady Cravenford sighed as she turned to Sir Edwin, for her son had only returned from the East the week before.
"May I have the next dance?" Lord Cravenford asked Olive, as he gazed at her admiringly.
Olive smiled and handed him her program.
"I'd like to engage you for every dance," he said daringly, as he scribbled his name.
"You would regret it afterward," said Olive, taking his proffered arm.
Every eye followed them as they took their place in the dance—for indeed they made a handsome pair—and it was not wonderful that, after a glance at Olive's glowing face, the match-making mothers sighed in despair. Lady Cravenford watched them affectionately, then whispered to Sir Edwin:
"She is perfect!"
"And as good as she is beautiful," he returned, his face alight with loving pride.
"I wish I had such a daughter," said his old friend.
"You have a son," he said, "a splendid son."
"Ah, yes," the mother said quickly. "I could echo your words, Sir Edwin—he is as good as gold."
Sir Edwin nodded.
"Yes, indeed," he said. "If only we could find him here among us!"
"Who knows?" said Lady Cravenford musingly, as her eyes rested on Olive, who had passed them in the whirl of the dance. "The iron meets enemies, Sir Edwin, and then there is no more unrest; every heart has its own loadstone."
She turned to welcome a guest, and Sir Edwin mingled with the throng, to hear on all sides fresh praise of Olive's beauty. Before an hour had passed, he knew that she was the belle of the room. Lord Cravenford had succeeded in securing one more wait, and then, compelled by his duties as host, had torn himself away. Quickly and smoothly went the evening, but at last it was approaching supper time. Lord Cravenford took Olive down to supper. But they were scarcely seated when the butler approached him with a telegram, and, with many apologies to Olive, he was obliged to leave her, in order to send a message in reply. When he returned to the supper room, he found that Morgan Verner occupied the seat he had vacated, and was just about to take Olive back to the ballroom.
Verner had stepped in, with quite

self-possession, before Olive had known that he was near her, and it was with a start that she heard his smooth voice saying:
"I hope I have not taken some one else's seat, Miss Seymour—but I do so want to sit here. Is Sir Edwin with you?"
"Yes," said Olive. "There he sits, with the Countess of Cranmore."
"We are so late," continued Morgan. "I was afraid we should not get here at all."
He waited, as if to be asked the cause, but Olive was not sufficiently interested and had turned to speak to Mr. Normanby, who was seated at a table near.
Presently Morgan commenced again:
"Do you still take a morning gallop, Miss Seymour?"
Olive's dislike to answering ques-

tions was well known to her small circle of friends; and Mr. Morgan, had he but been aware of it, could not have chosen a more effectual way of increasing her faint dislike of him.
"Sometimes I ride—sometimes I walk—but I do nothing by rule," she said coldly.
Morgan, however, was persistent in his attempts to gain her attention, and at last he succeeded. With a tact with which few of his friends would have credited him, he praised her father's farming, and thus won Olive's ear. Encouraged by his success, he grew more confident; and they proceeded to the ballroom after supper, he ventured to whisper in an undertone:
"Miss Seymour, I am very anxious to beg your forgiveness."
(To be continued)



Tommie has started in the Taxi business. He shouldn't be so inquisitive as to ask the names of his fair passengers, but nevertheless he does it. He tells her his name, and thinks she should tell hers. All you have to do is to arrange the letters differently, and you will have the names of the boy and girl. What are they?
Answer to yesterday's puzzle:
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Began As a Pit Boy

The death has occurred at Newcastle of Mr. Richard Thornton a pioneer of the modern music hall, who began life as a pit boy, and after acquiring a small fortune at South Shields in the early eighties, he joined the late Sir Edward Moss in establishing the first of the Empire Theatres at Newcastle. He remained a director of the company until his death. Mr. Thornton was 83 years of age.

Doed A Sweater And Skirt With Diamond Dyes

Business men who want profitable results advertise in THE ADVOCATE.

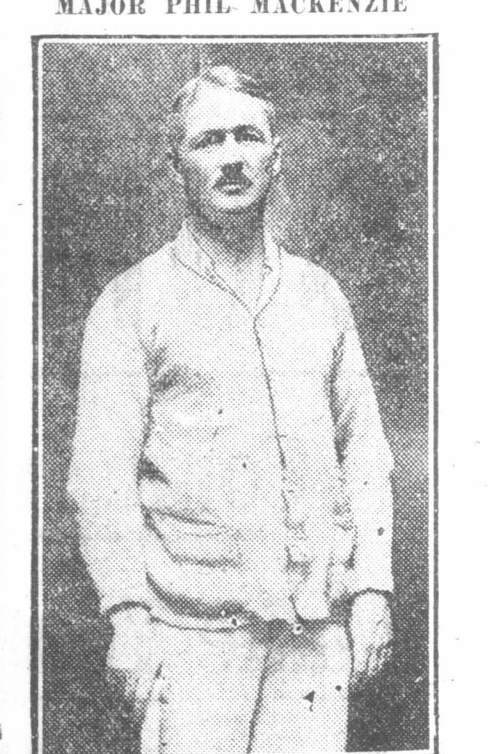
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Business men who want profitable results advertise in THE ADVOCATE.

Major Phil Mackenzie



Montrealer on Canadian International Hockey Team.
A man advertised for a chauffeur. Applicants were being questioned as to qualifications, efficiency, and whether married or single. Finally, turning to a negro, the prospective employer said: "How about you, George; are you married?"
Quickly the negro replied: "Now-sir boss, now-sir. Ah makes mah own living."

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By C. M. PAYNE

