



Yes—there is cause for joy!
Guest Ivory, lavish with creamy lather, a soap with no superior—for fair faces and shapely hands. Do see it!

Guest Ivory
As fine as soap can be



GERALD S. DOYLE, Sole Agent.

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

CHAPTER IX.

Finally Mrs. Rutledge's maid was summoned, in the vain hope that she might throw some light upon the flight of her mistress, an event which seemed wrapped in mystery; but the woman had but little to say about it. She had waited up for her mistress on the night of the ball; but she had fallen asleep in the bedroom her mistress occupied, and, sleeping heavily, had only awoke when the day had dawned. To her surprise, she saw that the bed had not been slept in, and, in some alarm, she hurried into her mistress's dressing-room, which adjoined it. There she saw a scene of confusion which increased her terror; the costly white dress her mistress had worn at the ball lay upon the floor, the wardrobe was thrown open and its contents were scattered about the room; while half way down the broad staircase she had found the gold-embroidered wrap which Mrs. Rutledge had worn on the previous night. But beyond this she could say nothing.

And beyond this there was nothing to learn, save that since that night nothing had been heard or seen, in spite of all inquiry and research, of Frank Greville or of Sibyl Rutledge. If he were innocent, he was not there to assert his innocence; if he were guilty, he was not there to take measures for his defense; and in the eyes of the men assembled there the thought of his flight with the murdered man's wife was even more horrible than the murder itself, for a shot is quickly fired in a passion or a fit of jealous rage, or even by accident—the deed itself might have been excused.

DOCTOR ADVISED AN OPERATION

Read Alberta Woman's Experience With Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 54, Provost, Alberta.

Pains in Left Side
Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I read this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicine to my friends and am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. ROSE, 550 Notre Dame St., Lachine, Quebec.

If the choice had been offered to Stephen Daunt to cut off his right hand, and so spare Sidney Arnold the terrible tidings which awaited her, or to retain that member and import the information to her, he would, in his then mood, not have hesitated for a moment. As he strode up and down the platform, his head bent forward on his breast, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he was wondering how he could break the terrible news to her, and how—ah, poor Sidney—how she would bear it!

The suffering which he himself endured at the thought of Sidney's suffering had awakened him to a knowledge of the fact that he had not by any means conquered his love for her. During his absence abroad after Sidney's engagement, he had struggled and fought desperately against it, and had returned home, as he thought, cured; and, perhaps, if Sidney had seemed happy in her engagement, he might have succeeded in stamping out his passionate love for her. But the wistful face, the sweet yearning eyes, the girl's evident unrest and unhappiness, had made him think more of her than ever; and thinking of the woman one is trying not to love, and pitying her from morning till night, is hardly the way to cure a hopeless passion.

He was thinking of her now very sadly, and to the exclusion of all consideration of the personal discomfort he was enduring. How would she bear this trouble? Would she be incredulous, and utterly refuse to believe what had happened? He himself had done so at first; it would only be natural that Sidney's mind should recoil with horror and refuse credence to such a crime. Ah, how terrible it would be to see the pain upon her face, the horror, the misery! How would she bear it? Could she live through such a trial? How—

"The train is coming, sir," said the porter, touching his cap respectfully; and Stephen started and stared at the man for a moment, as if he did not understand the meaning of his words; then, muttering a hasty word of thanks, he went forward to meet Sidney.

She was the only passenger who alighted at Ashford, and one or two of the railway officials glanced at her curiously as she stood for a moment on the platform, in her soft furs, the fair young face looking very pale as the light of the station-lamps fell upon it, although a faint color rose in it as Stephen met her.

"Why do you come to meet me?" she said, giving him her little gloved hand for a moment. "I telegraphed to Frank. Is he here?"

"I—I have not seen him," Stephen muttered. "Your father sent me to meet you, Sidney," he added, hastily. "Your train is very late."

"Yes," Sidney said, looking at him wistfully. "Is papa engaged?"

"Yes; will you come? The brougham is here."

He hurried her out of the station to the waiting carriage, folding her wraps carefully around her.

"Papa is not ill, Stephen?" she said, suddenly, looking up at his haggard face.

"No—oh, no! You must be very cold and very tired, Sidney."

"Yes, I am very cold." She was shivering under her seal-skin and furs, but not with cold only; and the fear upon her face struck him.

"Sidney, why did you come home?" he said, almost passionately.

"How could I keep away?" she asked, with some reproach in her unsteady tones, adding almost fretfully. "I wonder why Frank did not come? He might have guessed I— It was not kind. Have you seen him, Stephen?"

"No, not to-day," Stephen answered, as calmly as he could; then, as a thought struck him, he turned to her eagerly. "You have had no letter from him? He has not written to you, Sidney?"

"No," she said, with a nervous little laugh. "He is not very attentive, is he? He comes neither to see me off when I go nor to meet me when I return. Stephen," she added, breaking off, and turning to him with a piteous entreaty, "what terrible thing has happened? Is it true that—"

"I will tell you nothing until we reach home," he said, gently. "Patience for a little while, dear child."

Sidney snuk back upon the cushions and did not speak again until the brougham stopped, and Bessie's kindly, anxious face appeared as the hall door of the Gray House was thrown open, letting a stream of bright red light flood the pavement and the stone steps.

Bessie received Sidney in silence, hurrying her into her own pretty morning-room, where a wood fire was blazing cheerfully and lamp and candle light made everything look bright.

"A cup of tea will do you good, my dearie," the old servant said, gently, and then hurried out of the room, disengaging herself from Sidney's little clinging hands, which sought to detain her, and turning away her face to escape meeting the girl's pitiful entreating eyes, so full of questions that Sidney could not put into words.

When Stephen Daunt came in a few minutes later, Sidney was standing by the table, still wearing her furs, her face pale as death, save for a burning spot on either cheek which made her pallor still more apparent. She had removed her hat and gloves, and Stephen saw that her fingers were trembling and unsteady as they moved among the daily tea-things which stood ready on the table.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER X.

"The train is very late, Morton."

"Yes, sir; but that is not to be wondered at. A few hours more of such snow would block the lines altogether."

The afternoon train from Lindhurst was fully an hour late; but as the station-master told Stephen Daunt, with a sympathetic glance at the young man's worn haggard face, it was not to be wondered at. All day long the snow had been falling heavily, and it was snowing still, and the wind whistling through the station brought many a heavy flake with it to the platform on which Stephen Daunt had been pacing restlessly for an hour or more, waiting impatiently for, yet dreading the arrival of the train which was to bring Sidney Arnold back to the terrible trouble which awaited her at Ashford.

Ten minutes before the late train had started with its load of passengers and luggage and the evening mails, the station had relapsed into stillness and solitude, and only a couple of porters stood waiting about for the late train to make its tardy appearance, while Stephen Daunt, in his long rough ulster, a tall gloomy-looking figure, paced restlessly up and down the platform, with a look of pain almost amounting to anguish on his face.

Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

You do not require sugar in Coffee or Cocoa when you use Purity. It is rich, pure milk with sugar added.

An Impostor Arrested in the Holy City

A POLISH SOLDIER OF FORTUNE POSING AS A MONSIGNOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ROME, Sept. 9.—An audacious attempt to pay a Holy Year visit to Rome has proved the undoing of a Polish soldier of fortune, John Tarnowski, who for twenty years has been an ecclesiastical impostor in the cities of Europe.

Tarnowski was arrested when he aroused the suspicions of the priest of a Polish Church, to whom he posed as a Monsignor. In 1914 he posed successfully in Italy as the Bishop of Warsaw, later being expelled from the country.

Although by profession a cook, the false prelate is dignified, has perfect manners, a thorough knowledge of the Church history and ritual and speaks half a dozen languages.

He completely fooled Florentine ecclesiastics, by whom he was received with great respect and whose guest he was until he was shown up accidentally.

His strange record shows a career of successful impostures, covering a period of two decades, in Polish, German, French, Austrian and Italian cities, in which he reaped the usual

The Cost "per cup" is what counts!

There are 300 cups in a pound of

Red Label "SALADA" TEA

and every one will be richly flavoured because the leaf is FRESH and free from all dust and stems.

Look for the RED LABEL
Your grocer has it



SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE CAMARADERIE OF THE ROAD.

"She loved the rush of the on-coming and brings us that greater and delightful freedom in companionships along the route of our travels."

Funny, isn't it, how at home we need the stimulus of a common cause like the war, or an accident, or a fire to excite us out of our conventional apathy, while abroad, that intangible something called the camaraderie of the road loosens our tongues and sets us to making the pleasant discovery that our neighbor is an affable fellow with whom to spend an hour in friendly chatter.

The Joy Of Being Away.

It may be only in the cordial welcoming of some friendly inn keeper; it may be in the pathos of a sad faced woman hurrying to a sick bed for a last farewell, who shares our section in the train; it may be in the tales of distant lands beyond the rising sun as told by some comrade of the road on the deck of a steamer ploughing its way through strange seas, but in these contacts with our fellow travelers, in this "camaraderie of the road," lies half the joy of "being away," and the lure of the open road.

I quote from memory a passage from a book long since forgotten all but the last few words, "the camaraderie of the road." Alluring phrase! It conjures up memories of that freemasonry of strange places and things that everyone has experienced. It is in the friendly feeling that prompts you to a greeting to the family in the car with a license plate of a distant date as they pass on the road; that draws you into animated conversation with a stranger at the rail of the steamer over the sight of the flying fishes in some Southern Sea; the pleasant talk with fellow travelers as you view the beauties of sea and mountain from the rear of the observation car; the kindly office of some comrade of the road when disaster overtakes you.

But Not For the Next Street Stranger.

Why do we have a freer greeting for these strangers whose lives touch ours only for a short time than for the neighbor in the next block who waits with us for the car at the corner, or brushes past us in the neighborhood grocery, and whom we never speak to because we have never been formally introduced? We wave to the airman as he swoops low in his flight over our hilltop, so low that we can see his friendly smile as he waves back, and yet we'd never think of bowing to him on the street!

The camaraderie of the road! What an alluring thing it is! That surge of gregarious feeling that shakes us out

CONFEDERATION LIFE. — August 13, 1905

Defense Guns Prove Deadly

Targets only five feet wide and 19 feet long, towed behind airplanes traveling 70 miles an hour at a height of 6000 feet, were comparatively easy marks for the United States Coast Artillery anti-aircraft guns in a recent test.

The recorded percentage of the hits scored was 5.6, which meant one hit for each 18 shots fired. That is about six times as many hits as were claimed for the firing at the end of the World War, say government officials.

Use **PURE GOLD** for Desserts

Jellies in sixteen flavors—Chocolate, Tapioca, Custard and Arrowroot Puddings. All to make healthy children.

A home-made cake iced with Pure Gold Icing—A home-made pudding with tasty sauce flavored with Pure Gold Extracts For the Grown-Ups.

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Stafford's Prescription A.

(for Indigestion)

you will get wonderful relief from its use, and in almost every case cured. We do not recommend PRESCRIPTION A as a "Cure-all" but for ordinary Indigestion and Stomach Troubles we don't think there is a better preparation on sale in the country.

We have been manufacturing this PRESCRIPTION A the past 15 years, and during that time we have sold thousands of bottles; we have received hundreds of testimonials, and it is still going as strong as ever.

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AN UNWELCOME DELEGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 16.—The United States Immigration Commission has issued orders that the British Parliament, at least should be allowed to enter the country as a delegation from British Home Affairs. It has been reported that British members have announced their intention to accompany the delegation. The British action is based upon the principle of reciprocity, and the United States action is based upon the principle of reciprocity. The British action is based upon the principle of reciprocity, and the United States action is based upon the principle of reciprocity.

FRENCH CAPTURE
RABAT, French Morocco, Sept. 16.—French troops captured the town of Rabat, the capital of Morocco, after a hard fight. The town was held by the strongest positions.

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE
PARIS, Sept. 16.—The capture of El Bida, a town in French Morocco, in the French campaign against the rebels, is reported here as the result of a successful attack since the war. The capture is said to be of great value.

BAD WEATHER STOPS OFFENSIVE
MADRID, Sept. 16.—The military, naval and air forces against the Riffians in Spanish Morocco were suspended owing to the bad weather which kept the planes from flying and chased the naval vessels.

CRITICAL SITUATION IN CANTON
CANTON, China, Sept. 16.—The situation caused by the foreign strike is extremely critical. Whampoa cadets look for the city late yesterday afternoon. Fighting throughout the night in Canton and Hanoi is of any time.

BORAH OPPOSES ENTRY TO FRANCE
WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—Coinciding with the departure of the United States delegation to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, at a conference in France more than a week ago, Borah today in a speech in the Senate laid down the light that should not be