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## LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER — OR — THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Deene made an effort to rise, and Locksley at once sprang to his side.

"You must get up to move," he said, sternly, at the same time motioning Miss Deene to leave the room. "You have met with a serious accident, and have a broken leg."

"Yes, yes," was the bitter reply. "This is all a conspiracy—a conspiracy of Fate. Where is the surgeon? and why do you remain here? Did I not command you to leave my house?"

"I am your doctor," replied the young man, soothingly, "and will go away to-morrow if you wish it, and I can safely relinquish you to the care of your family man."

"Yes, the sooner the better. I have no doubt that you consider me ungrateful, but it is all through you that this has occurred. Of course you are not to blame; you could not help being cast in my way—in the way of my home—of my ewe lamb. You came against my will, and I hate

strangers. I will tell you why before you leave me in the morning. I will tell you so that you may never dream of coming here again."

He closed his eyes, but opened them again presently, and said:

"You are sure that the limb is broken? I feel no pain, only a strange numbness. My head is the worst."

"I have set the bones," replied Locksley, "and as the fracture is a bad one, the limb is incased in plaster of Paris. You will feel no inconvenience for some hours. Now rest. I shall not leave you until we can procure a nurse. Your regular doctor will send one to-morrow."

The old seaman slept quietly until daybreak, while Locksley dozed by the fire, and dreamed of Dora Deene. When his patient stirred he was immediately by his side, and relieved to find that there were no symptoms of fever.

"You are still here," observed Captain Deene. "My leg pricks abominably now, but I know what that means

I am an old navy man, sir, and have had broken bones before. I should be better satisfied if you rested yourself before you went away. Ring that bell in the corner, please. It communicates with my housekeeper. Esther will look after me while you refresh yourself."

Locksley offered no opposition, for he had to acknowledge to himself that he was completely used up. His hands and shoulders were so stiff that it was painful even to move them, and a distressing cold filled his head and ears with strange noises.

"Thank you," he said, "I will have a bath, and lie down for an hour or two. You are all right now; you know the worse, and that is two or three weeks on your back."

Esther appeared within fifteen minutes, and having listened to Locksley's orders in surly silence, conducted him to a spare room. He did not trouble to undress, but, casting himself on a sofa, was soon sleeping the sleep of the weary.

It was ten o'clock when he opened his eyes, and bright bars of sunlight lay on the floor, while the happy voices of birds in the trees without filled the air with music.

Locksley sprang up, and his first thought was for his patient. Then he remembered that the old seaman was in an excellent condition. There was no fever, and his complete recovery was only a matter of time.

He looked from the latticed window at the brightness and freshness of the sweet September morning, and his thoughts turned to Dora Deene. He opened the casement and a flood of soft mellow air, touched with the brine of the sea, played over his face and refreshed his senses.

"I almost regret that Captain Deene has so excellent a constitution," thought Edmund Locksley, "for I have now no earthly excuse for remaining here, if his regular man turns up, which of course he will do. He also hints that I must never come again, and has something to tell me which will convince me that my society here is a nuisance. Ahem!"

Locksley could not resist a snigger. "I am afraid that I shall come again," he went on, half aloud, "un-

less—unless sweet little Dora already belongs to another."

The thought was not a pleasant one and he frowned.

"No, no! It is impossible! She is so young, and has doubtless been guarded by the ogre named Esther, in obedience to the whims of the grandfather, lest some one should spirit her away. How beautiful she is!" he murmured, softly. "And my adamant heart was melted by a single glance! What a wondrous power is love! A touch of the hand, a whispered word, a look, and a man's fate is forever sealed! I have tried to love Lady Clare Montreiff, and had begun to think that the passion a man should feel for his wife was but a fanciful dream. At last the scales have dropped from my eyes, and only at the eleventh hour. In a few months I might have married Lady Clare, and if I had met Dora Deene after that—great heaven! what should I have done!"

The thought was a terrible one, and he covered his eyes with his hands, adding:

"I do not wonder that men sin under such circumstances."

While he was musing in this way, Miss Deene fitted through the garden, a vision of beauty in her pale blue dress, the sunlight in her shining brown hair, and on her fresh, sweet face.

Locksley had thought her beautiful before, but now he vowed that she was angelic, and from that moment he lived in another world. The songs of the birds had a different—holier—meaning; the wind from the sea sang of heaven as it rustled through the trees, and he never forgot the peculiar and exhilarating fragrance of the salt of old ocean, mingled with the scent of the trees and the flowers.

He watched her for a few moments, his soul in his eyes. There must have been some subtle power, some magnetic influence in his glances, or why did she turn her face upward for one brief instant? Was she thinking of him, or did the intensity of his gaze compel an answering look?

Locksley called "Good-morning," and Miss Deene, passing out of the garden gate, nodded and blushed; then she latched the gate and was gone.

"Pretty Dora is bound for the beach, I'll wager," thought Locksley. Until now the young man had forgotten his untidy appearance, and his reflection in the glass caused him to recoil. He hastily sought the dressing-room, and, after a bath, he was a little improved, outwardly.

In a little while Esther visited him, with the information that breakfast was ready, and he descended to the dining-room to find the table laid for one.

During the meal he questioned her briefly concerning the condition of Captain Deene, only receiving cold and curt replies.

The captain was progressing as well as could be expected—that is, there had been no change since the young surgeon had left him a few hours earlier. Their own doctor had not yet come. What time did Mr. Locksley think of going away?

"Not until I have seen the medical man from Deal," Locksley replied, coolly. "I will return to my patient if he is ready to receive me."

"I will inquire," grunted the housekeeper, "but I don't see that he wants you any more."

To her chagrin, however, the old seaman desired the presence of Mr. Locksley, and had even regretted that he had been so inhospitable toward one who had been so devoted to him, and who was, at any rate, a gentleman.

The young surgeon greeted him pleasantly, and in return was well complimented by Captain Deene upon his skill as a bone-setter.

"As I told you before, this is not the first time I have had broken bones, and I never suffered so little pain, sir."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Locksley.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," proceeded Captain Deene. "Before you leave the fire—that's the name of my house—I should like to know just who and what you are, and at the same time explain my peculiar attitude toward you. It is possible that we shall never meet again, and after what you have done for me I do not desire that we shall part bad friends."

"We shall not do that," responded Locksley, warmly.

(To be continued.)

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### Trosky's Successor Was Great Butcher

LIFE-STORY OF FRUNZE SHOWS RECORD OF BRUTALITY.

Now that Frunze has by official Decree been appointed Trosky's successor, it is not without interest, writes the London Morning Post's Russian Correspondent, to record some of the details of that person's career.

Frunze, a Moldavian or Romanian by descent, was born in one of the small towns of Turkestan in 1885. His father was a stretcher-bearer in the Army Medical Corps of the Imperial forces, and his mother a peasant girl from Voronezh. He was at one of the Government higher secondary schools in the town of Veroy. On his matriculation in 1904 as a student of the Petrograd Polytechnical Institute Frunze immediately joined the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social-Democratic party and took an active part in the organization of revolutionary and subversive propaganda among his fellow-students and the industrial workers of Petrograd.

In 1905 Frunze was entrusted by the Bolsheviks with the organization of a big strike, and later took part in the Bolshevik Congress at Stockholm, presided over by Lenin. Between 1904 and 1907 Frunze was arrested several times, and was finally sentenced to six years' penal servitude. Having served his term, he settled down in Siberia, was re-arrested in 1915 for defeatist propaganda, escaped from prison, and under an assumed name succeeded in penetrating into the war zone on the Russian Western front. In February, 1917, FRUNZE was at the head of a big revolutionary military organization with headquarters in Minsk and with ramifications in the 10th and 3rd Army Corps. Under the Kerensky regime Frunze continued his deadly work.

Seizing the Opportunity.

When Lenin successfully carried out his coup d'etat in October, 1917, Frunze was president of the Soviet in one of the industrial districts near Moscow, from whence he marched to the aid of the Bolsheviks in the Russian capital at the head of 2,000 armed workers and helped Lenin to butcher the young cadets who were putting up a last stand around the Kremlin.

In 1919 Frunze was appointed Commander-in-Chief of four Bolshevik Army Corps fighting Admiral Koltchak on the Turkestan front, and was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for "revolutionary bravery." Later he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Turkestan front, and subsequently Commander-in-Chief of the Red forces in Bokhara, and Chief

### The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save 25¢ and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Finex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Finex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, get your Finex for "2½ ounces of Finex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

### Atlantic Airship

Flight in Europe this Year With 5 Tons of Mails.

The United States airship Los Angeles, formerly the Zeppelin Z.R.3, which was delivered to America last October by air, is to make a flight to Europe and back this summer, with special mails. This will be the fourth Atlantic airship flight.

On her voyage from New York to London she is expected first to follow a northerly course to Newfoundland; then bear south to the Azores, and the return she will fly by the more southerly route of the Azores and Bermuda.

It is calculated that the Los Angeles will be able to carry five or six tons of mails and finish the journey in less than 70 hours.

In July 1919 the British airship, R-34 crossed from East Island, Norfolk, Scotland, to Long Island, New York, in 108 hours, and returned from New York to Pulham, Norfolk, a few days later in 75 hours.

Last October the Los Angeles flew from Friedrichshafen to the Lakehurst air station, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, in 80 hours 45 minutes. Daily Mail, Feb. 24.

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**CUSTARD SAUCE**  
1½ cups water, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 3 egg yolks, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Heat Carnation Milk and water. Beat egg yolks, add sugar and salt, add hot liquid stirring constantly. Cook until mixture thickens. Cool, add vanilla. Serves six people.

**RICE PUDDING**  
1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup raisins, 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Beat egg, add other ingredients, bake in moderate oven. Served with whipped Carnation Milk. This serves six people.

This coupon entitles you to one copy of Mary Blake's Cook Book which contains over 100 carefully tested recipes. Cut out this coupon and mail to Carnation Milk Products Company, Ltd., Aylmer, Ont.

