

Fruit Pie and Custard—Brown & Polson's custard; how perfectly delicious!

There is no substitute for the superb flavour of Brown & Polson's custard, the children's joy. As pure and wholesome as their famous Cornflour.

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Brown & Polson's Custard Powder

In 16 oz. and 8 oz. Tins

S. K. LUMSDEN, Agent for Newfoundland.

THE PANGS OF REMORSE

—OR—

A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"To the inn," he said, falling back into the satin cushions. "And quickly, please."

The coachman tightened his reins and was about to start when a man, a farm laborer by his dress, walked across the road with a true yokel lurch and stopped the horses.

The coachman swore at him, but the fellow, who seemed either half-seas over or stupid, lurched round and actually came between the two footmen and the carriage door.

The light from the entrance hall steamed full upon the face of the important visitor, and no doubt the yokel saw it, and acknowledged its dignity, for he sagged at his cap, and stroking a pair of thick, heavy whiskers, snarled out a countrified:

"Good-night, master."

"Good-night, my fine fellow," said the gentleman, good-humoredly, adding to the obsequious footmen as the carriage now started: "Going home frunk and happy."

But the yokel did not behave much like a drunken man—or, perhaps, it might be considered that he did; for directly he had got into the darkness he turned out of the side walk and ran along by the hedge in the direction which the brougham had taken, and by cutting across a field he reached the inn in time to see—while he himself was hidden from view by a deep shadow behind the porch—the gentleman from the hall alight and enter the inn.

Soon after the yokel entered the bar himself, and in true country fashion got into conversation with the little group of laborers there, and learned that the strange gentleman was also a liberal one; that he had stodd two bottles of wine, and that he had two private rooms set apart for his use—to wit, the best parlor and the best bedroom.

Having in a casual way ascertained the position of these two rooms, the yokel, who was a stranger to these parts himself, paid his reckoning and tramped out.

In the morning, my lord, his highness, the prince, or whatever else he was, paid his bill, gave the good woman

an of the house a sovereign into the bargain and asked for the best horse.

He was going to London, he said, but should return after a stay of a few hours only.

A good horse was obtained for him—not the best in the village, however, for that seemed to have been engaged by a bagman, who was going up to town, also.

The prince, marquis, or whatever else he might be, started at eight o'clock, and set off at a good pace Londonwards.

At a quarter past eight the bagman, a young fellow with an abundant crop of red hair and mutton-chop whiskers, with the additional advantage of a green shade over one eye, started also, likewise, on the London road.

At the first inn, five miles on the highway, the gentleman halted for his horse to drink, and five minutes after he had started the bagman arrived and halted, likewise.

And, strange to relate, at whatever inn, wayside brook or crossroad the gentleman paused or rested at, the bagman followed suit, also, five or ten minutes behind, like a shadow.

In this way substance and shadow rode into London city. In this way the shadow found himself—with the scanty whiskers, but with a good crop, sailor fashion and wrapped in a thick pea-jacket—putting up at the same hotel, and dining in a room whose door overlooked the door of that in which the gentleman was also dining. Indeed, he slept in a room exactly opposite the one in which the gentleman reclined his princely limbs, and seemed as unobtrusive a shadow as any prince, duke, marquis or lord could possibly desire.

CHAPTER XXII.

Leaving Sir Ralph and Lillian to seek the rest they so much needed, Clarence retired to his own room to rest, if his happiness would allow him, to think if it would not.

He did sleep a little, waking at intervals to touch the wall which separated him from the beautiful girl he loved and to murmur short snatches of thanksgiving and fervent blessings upon her.

He rose early in the morning, and, fearful of awaking them, trod on tiptoe past their doors and paced the street.

He considered them under his protection now—blessed change!—and he was puzzling his brains to evolve some scheme for their restoration to Riverhall and the punishment of the villainy that had so ill-used them.

When he returned, Lillian opened the sitting room door, and, with a blushing smile, beckoned him.

With an answering smile, he sprang forward and caught her hand to his lips.

Her eyes were sparkling with the eagerness of love and gratitude, and as she whispered "Come in," she touched his hand with a slight pressure.

Clarence entered and Sir Ralph rose from the armchair.

His face had altered in the night, also, and liberty had lifted the shadow from a countenance that was now firm and resolute again.

He held out his hand and clasped Clarence's with a grateful emphasis, and with an eager look he said:

"Well, Mr. Clifford, have you hit up on a resolution?"

"First, let us give Mr. Clifford some breakfast," interposed Lillian, with a faint blush. And Sir Ralph, smiling apologetically, said:

"Forgive me. I feel so well this morning that I am impatient to unravel the mystery. Breakfast by all means; but before even that, my thanks."

And he looked gratefully at Clarence, who said, earnestly: "No thanks yet, Sir Ralph, until I am sure that I am not in some way the cause of your suffering."

Sir Ralph looked gravely astonished.

"You!" he said. "How? But, there let us have some breakfast."

Clarence rose, but Lillian, looking hurt, appealed to her father with a glance. And Sir Ralph said, with some emotion:

"We are your guests, Mr. Clifford, not you ours."

Clarence bowed silently and with secret joy watched Lillian pour out the coffee, rejoicing in her beauty, her bright eyes, and, more than all, the reflection which they gave rise to—that he who loved her had restored her to life.

Perhaps Sir Ralph saw what was passing in his mind, for he looked keenly at him, and then sought the fire and sighed.

Breakfast over, Sir Ralph set down his cup and looked anxious again.

Lillian took a chair beside her father and Clarence, leaning one arm upon the table, knitted his brows as was his fashion and prepared to go over the whole train of circumstances and trace them to their cause.

First Sir Ralph insisted upon telling the story of Dr. Bromwell's appearance and his own and Lillian's illness, then all that followed—indeed, repeating Lillian's story almost word for word.

Clarence listened, noting down each important point and following it to its sequence; then, at Sir Ralph's request, he related his own adventures.

Sir Ralph stared with astonishment. "But—but," he said, at last, "why persecute me? I can understand their motive for putting Lillian and me away; of course it was to secure Rivershall, but you? In what way are you connected with the plot? You had no estate to be plotted away."

"I am struggling to the light, but as yet I can see a faint glimmer only. One thing is certain, that to the accountant to whom you owe your suffering I also may trace my supposed fortune and imprisonment. One thing more is also certain, that the woman, Kate Lucas, was the tool. Lillian—Miss Melville's witness of the strange occurrence in the shrubbery was something more than a suspicion. That man in the moonlight was the contriver of this diabolical plot, and he was Dr. Bromwell."

"But," said Sir Ralph, passing his hand across his forehead, "supposing you are right, where is the man's motive? Who is he?"

There was a pause. Sir Ralph's eyes were fixed upon Clarence's, Lillian's were bent upon the ground.

(To be continued.)

HERBERT
An "Allenburys" Baby
Sketched from a photograph

Baby's Health

Depends principally upon his food which must be specially suited to his digestion and bodily needs

'Allenburys' FOODS FOR INFANTS

are specially manufactured for Infant Feeding and long experience has proved that they give the best results in all countries and climates.

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The Label is Red and White

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Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory

"I'd like to live my shoes to-day," answered Daddy Longlegs in reply to the dwarf shoemaker's question in the last story. You remember, I hope, Little Readers, that the long-legged insect was being measured for four pairs of shoes for his eight long legs.

"Goodness me, you're in a hurry," sighed the dwarf. "Couldn't do it. No, sir. But I can send them to you by the end of the week. Will that be in time?"

"Yes, if you can mend the sole in one of my shoes now," answered Daddy Longlegs. "I'm afraid a stone might hurt my little pinkie. Shall I take it off, not my little toe, but my shoe," he added, with a grin.

"Well, by the time the little shoemaker had mended the shoe, Billy Breeze had calmed down to such an extent that it was safe for the old long-legged insect to venture out again. As I explained in the last story, it was mighty hard work for him to stand up when the wind blew. It just bowled him over even though he did have eight legs to stand on.

Just then the little rabbit heard the horn on Uncle Lucky's car.

"Honk, honk, honkerly honk." Went the dear old rabbit's horn. "Here he comes!" cawed Professor Crow from a field of waving corn.

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried the bunny boy. "Now we can both ride home," and hopping out of the little hut, he waited for the Luckymobile to come into view.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed nice Uncle Lucky a few minutes later, "here's my little nephew. Goodness gracious meobars. Here's Daddy Longlegs, too. What are you doing so far from home?"

"Please take us back to the dear Old Bramble Patch and we'll explain," begged the little bunny.

"Hop in," laughed the kind old gentleman rabbit. Then with a smile he said to the little dwarf shoemaker, "make me a pair of nice, soft slippers," and giving the horn a squeeze to warn a little squirrel to jump out of the way, he turned Luckymobile toward home. "Are you comfortable?" he asked, turning to look at Daddy

Carrot Street," and turning on the power, dear Uncle Lucky sped up the



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"Stop! stop! stop! You're going too fast."

"Come to a halt, I say. I'm a motor speed picket. Let me hand you a ticket."

"I hope you have money to pay."

"Dear, Oh dear," sighed dear Uncle Lucky, "I had no idea I was going so fast." And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.



Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THE WASTED ROSE.

That rose I sought to keep myself, soon withered on my little shelf.

Shut from the service of the world in death its petals quickly curled.

And now too late I sit and sigh for loveliness which hurried by.

My selfish rose has blown away, and none remembers it to-day.

Yet had I given it to a friend, or let a child above it bend,

Said to my neighbor: "Come and take My fairest rose for old time's sake,"

Sent it with love to light the gloom Or some frail sufferer's shaded room.

Or given it to a maid to wear With radiance in her raven hair,

That rose had lived in memory dear And been recalled through many a year.

Once more I've learned at bitter cost That which I kept myself is lost.

Only those joys remembered stay Which I have had and given away.

It's a very strong flavoring extract and takes very little to flavor a freezer of ice cream—Shirritz's Vanilla now obtainable in pint bottles from GERALD S. DOYLE, Phone 511, July 29, 1925.

With the short skirts, the knee-length coat gives a three-quarter effect.

Isn't it nice!

As dainty as it is new! Just see how it fits delicate feminine fingers!

Soap? Yes—Ivory.

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The following are our specials:

- Packer's Tar Soap (in metal box) 40c.
- The Box (3 cakes) \$1.00
- Cuticura Soap 25c.
- The Box (3 cakes) \$1.00
- Woodbury's Facial Soap 25c.
- The Box (3 cakes) 65c.
- Erasmic Carbolic and Glycerine (in tin box) 25c.
- Erasmic Carnor Balls 15c.
- Per dozen \$1.25
- Erasmic Gasket 15c.
- Per dozen \$1.25
- Pears Unscented Glycerine 25c.
- The Box (3 cakes) 65c.
- Erasmic Cold Tar 15c.
- The Box (3 cakes) 65c.

If you don't want to buy Don't! But look.

Water Street East, St. John's, N.F.

Dodge Brothers

Set New Records

Deliveries and Production Exceeded Best Previous Week in History

Dodge Brothers have been setting new high records continuously for several months, as compared with similar periods for previous years. The record of the week ending August 11 is the best in the company's history. With retail deliveries aggregating more than 7,000, an average of 250 per day, the production of 1,800 each, production day, the best previous week was surpassed several hundred cars. New retail orders exceeded the corresponding week of 1924 by 1,000, or approximately 19.7 per cent.

Although Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are now being built at the rate of 1,100 a day, both deliveries and orders are some 200 a day in excess of production.

"Had dealers' stocks permitted, a number of deliveries for the week would have been even greater," said John A. Nichol, Jr., Vice-President in Charge of Sales. "It is an spur, but a steady, healthful climb."

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The new Chrysler latest achievement tries a name with meaning to the er.

Thanks to the wonderful Six, the name stands for results in motor cars. Because the new Four like results unequalled four-cylinder cars. It bears the same quality and engineering as the Six.

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Put him inside him with a stylish Bow. Our latest and again.

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On the dark frock may be edged with a