

"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes:

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXVII

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The sea-washed shores, the tall white cliffs, the clover meadows and green lanes, the woods, streams, and valleys had a nameless charm for her. She even went so far as to declare that she loved the gray mists and fogs, the cold winds and keen frost. The fair scenery and coloring of fertile Italy were nothing to her beside these beauties of her own home. Her poetical emotional nature was awakened, and there were times when Lady Fielden was afraid that the girl's intense feeling would endanger her health. But it did not. The brave, young heart was roused to its work.

Gertrude took one day to rest, and on the next Lord and Lady Fielden drove her to Scarsdale. It was touching to see the girl's face as she looked over the old house. Now and again faint gleams of memory came over her, and she would stand quite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and comforting her.

Mrs. Pickering the old housekeeper, wept for joy. "You are welcome, indeed, Miss Alvanmore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again."

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who had been there at the time of Sir Karl's disappearance were equally delighted to see their master's daughter. Gertrude would have taken up her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fielden would not hear of such a thing.

A faint rumor had spread through the country that Sir Karl's daughter, young as she was, had returned to the old home, because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's fate; that she refused to believe that he had voluntarily left his home and his wife, and that she was now staying under Lady Fielden's roof for the express purpose of making inquiries.

Every one pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years before, and his name was almost forgotten. They had lamented his downfall, they had sympathized with his wife, and sorrowed for her children, when they had consigned the matter to oblivion.

Gertrude spent day after day in the

can but try. Detectives have every facility for communicating with each other, and of obtaining information. Even should the man we employ do no more than make suggestions, they may lead to something."

So it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to Scotland Yard for one of the ablest men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sanguine mind it was a great deal to have made a start.

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place. When I think how soon we can so round it, to look for one man lost in it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told that, no matter where a person goes, he is sure to meet some one he knows. If that be true, surely to find the being one loves cannot be so very difficult a task."

"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let them discourage us," said Lord Fielden; "indeed, my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing, unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were so many enemies, and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that day ended.

It met in more solemn conclave four days afterward, and Mr. Shaw, the detective, was at the head of it—a keen, thoughtful man, with brilliant eyes—eyes that, Harry declared, appeared as though they could see through a stone wall. He was quiet and calm, but with the keen instinct of his profession so completely developed, that it was wonderful with what sagacity he followed the slightest clue, how he studied minute details, how he gave importance to events that had been considered trivial. He had successfully conducted some most intricate criminal cases. In short, he was a wonderful man, and it augured ill for some one when he said that he was "not satisfied."

He listened attentively while Lord Rhysworth gave him the particulars of the baronet's disappearance.

"I should say myself," Mr. Shaw remarked then, "that the reason my confrere failed was because he did not know the whole of the details. Details, in a case like this, are everything. I think, if he had known more, he would have done better. It should be with a detective officer as with a doctor—nothing should be kept from him."

"Nothing shall be kept from you," said Gertrude, promptly. "The Squire, my dear mother's father, who would have been an important witness, is dead. James Ashford, the groom, and Lord Rhysworth, who were the last to see my father, will tell you all that they know. I will show you the letters and my father's portrait," added Gertrude, whose hopes were strengthened as she saw the detective's interest increase. "Are you a good physiognomist?" she asked, as she paced the parlour before him.

Mr. Shaw looked at it long and thoughtfully. "It is the face of a good man," he answered, gravely.

"Now read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands, and he seemed to weigh every word, as he read them. Then he was silent for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady," he said slowly. "With the lady!" was re-echoed in different accents of wonder and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," he repeated. "Indeed I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all."

The interest of the listeners increased. (To be continued.)



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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

A GOOD TIME AT HER OWN PART.

A friend of mine was telling me what a jolly time he had had the day before at a house party. "There was a good crowd," he said, "and it's rather a decent place, and Mrs. Marks is my idea of a perfect hostess. I asked him to be more definite and tell me what qualifies a perfect hostess."

He is not at the age yet which does much analyzing and that stumped him a bit. And then he came out with a bit of characterization that I thought was better than any analysis.

The Ideal Hostess. "I tell you," he said, "Mrs. Marks is one of those people who have a good time at their own parties. Lots of them don't, you know. They're fussing around about this or that. But she just pitches in and has a good time and all the rest of us do, too."

How does that strike you for a picture of a perfect hostess? Rather sketchy, of course, and doubtless Mrs. Marks has other qualities which her young guest did not realize to his good time. But he surely named one quality which a great many hostesses don't have and which does mean a great deal more to the average guest's enjoyment than perfect table service or an immaculate

house or even an elaborate entertainment. So many hostesses don't have a good time at their own parties.

A Party Is a Chore. They don't expect to. They subconsciously regard a party as a chore to be done as well as possible, and that attitude tinges their whole manner. Or they are so anxious to put up the best possible front to make as good a showing as possible, to make the guests envious of the excellence of the food or the choiceness of the silver or the expensiveness of the bridge prizes that they forget to be friendly with their guests and to have a good time with them.

And the Best of Them Do, Too. My idea of ideal entertaining is the gathering together of people one really likes for the sake of the pleasure of their company, and then being one of that company and enjoying it. You give them the best you have, of course, in the way of food and drink, and you don't worry about it.

You have as your ideal that shall be a happy and a gracious hostess instead of an anxious hostess. Mary instead of a Martha. In short, you have a good time as an almost certain corollary to the rest of them do, too."

Beige and blue seem to be predominant colors in the new fall woolen materials.

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WARM WEATHER SOCKS.
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Light Striped with large collars, short sleeves . . . \$1.65
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Silk Hose, in Brown, White, Sand, Putty, Grey, Black. 78c. 85c. 90c. \$1.10, \$1.20
WASH DRESSES
Pretty two-tone Gingham Dresses . \$2.25
English Wash Dresses, made of strong Silk finish Jetty Shan. in pretty stripes . \$3.85
Silk Dresses: Crepe-de-Chene, Tricosham & Crepe Knit. \$9.50, 10.75, 11.75
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Knitted Silk Scarves Beautiful Colours \$2.35, \$2.75, \$4.50
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Even sash ends see smartness in black.
The normal waistline is creeping back very slowly.
One sees a surprising number of beltless models for fall.
The mode seems unusually fond of the pleated jabot frill.
A long tunic of plaid silk is worn over a skirt of plain silk.
Many of the new frocks have no side seams to their skirts.
A blouse and skirt of tied and dyed material makes a charming sports costume.

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