

**"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"**

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**

"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

**An Indispensable Favorite**

**Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"And nothing I could say would induce you to alter your determination, eh, Isabelle, my dear?" the earl asks, with a chuckle and a crafty smile at her.

"No, nothing," Isabelle replies, coldly. "The only word you could say to induce me to stay I know you will never speak. I have been your friend, confidant, adviser, helper—what not; but the moment you ceased to have need of me you would put me aside or suffer it to be done. I prefer putting myself aside to suffering you or your second wife to do it."

"You—you are making mighty sure you're having a second wife, and a new countess, and all the rest of it!" the earl says, wringing a little on his chair and with a sneaking pretense of being displeased.

Isabelle looks at him with all the scorn she feels for him in her bright eyes.

"Not half so sure as she is making of it and waiting for it," she retorts, with a contemptuous smile, "though I am sure enough. Why, I have her wedding present all ready for her! I'll show it to you. It is charmingly pretty, I think. I hope you and she will think the same."

She takes a tiny morocco case out of her pocket and shows him, nestling in the dark velvet, a beautiful diamond and sapphire ring.

"It's not quite new," Miss Glover says, brightly, while Lord Pentreath with his ugly, dry puckered lip held up by his teeth and his face an unwholesome purple red, stares at her and the ring, alternately. "But it is a lovely ring. You have seen it before, I'm sure, and I have no doubt that dear Joyce will be very glad to have it in her own possession again. It has been a useful little ornament in its time," Miss Glover adds, with an air of calm contemplation of the jewel.

"It has betrothed Joyce Murray to licensed and unlicensed lovers. I got out of the possession of the last one, and now he is begging earnestly for me to give it back again to him. Poor Dallas Glynn—this ring has cost him dear! It may cost others dearer before we see the last of it," Miss Glover says, with a sigh, to which his lordship responds with certain very ugly muttered words. "What are you saying?" his tormentor asks, in a very shocked tone. "Lord Pentreath, I did not think you could use such language! I was just going to hand you the letter for fun"—in a very fluted tone. "It came yesterday morning to me, Poor unlucky wretch! I suppose Joyce insists on having the ring returned, lest it damage her fiancée; and his jealous wife is vowing vengeance because he can't explain certain things satisfactorily; and poor Dallas is telling lies through thick and thin to save himself! Listen to what a fright he's in!" Miss Glover says, easily. "Whatever sum the ring has cost you," she reads, "I will pay you again willingly, and as much more as you think fit to ask of me." Poor Dallas—he'd give a thousand pounds for it, I verily believe, and Joyce would give two thousand and more! I might make a lot of money out of this dangerous little bauble," he laughs. "I might establish a system of 'bribe' on the future—I mean on Miss Murray—if I were unscrupulous enough to do so. Poor thing! Her prudence did not equal

her ambition when she gave that ring to a married lover. Oh, very well, Lord Pentreath—in a shocked voice—"If you cannot control your temper, I had better go away!"

For, in a sudden spasm of rage, his lordship has dashed both ring and letter off the table on to the floor.

Isabelle stoops and picks them up composedly, and is silently leaving the room.

"Stop!" he growls, in a very ungentlemanly manner. "Let me see that letter!"

He reads it from beginning to end silently and slowly, and gives it back without a word.

(To be continued.)

**Under False Colors**

OR

**Lord Somerton's Ally.**

CHAPTER I.

"Not for the child's sake?" hazarded the clergyman. "She will some day become a woman—and—and—" "I will say this much," the baronet interrupted, the saber scar on his cheek growing fiery red; "I will say this much, Mr. Vallance, that the child is my daughter, and if she lives will inherit my wealth. Now, sir, I will brook no further word upon this subject. You are a young man, and if you wish to gain the respect of your people, you must cease to pander to that portion which makes gossip the salt of life. Be firm, but respectful, and never lack the courage to stand by your own convictions. You were wrong to come to me at all."

"Thank you, Sir John," the young clergyman replied, blushing; "I shall never forget those words, but it will

be a hard fight. "And I will ever stand by you," the baronet promised.

They shook hands, and from that day were the firmest of friends, but never again was the mother of Sir John's child referred to between them.

The baby flourished, and gave promise of being a lovely woman. Until she was twelve years of age she had a governess at home. Then she went away with the faithful ayah, and no one at Blairwood saw her for six long years. She was being educated in France, in Italy, and Germany, so report said, and Sir John closed the Park indefinitely, and started upon a voyage round the world.

At last there was life again within the old walls of Blairwood Park, and an army of servants were at work preparing for the reception of its master and young mistress.

They came, and their pathway was strewn with flowers. Ornamental devices were everywhere displayed; colored bunting fluttered from every cottage's window, and a mighty cheer went up when Sir John's carriage whirled through the dusty village toward Blairwood Park. Sir John was there, and beside him the loveliest girl in all Christendom. It seemed to the anxious throng about the park gates that an angel face was smiling upon them from the window of the carriage.

When the flashing vehicle stopped before the entrance hall and the girl was handed down by her father, the servants held their breath in surprise.

They saw an ethereal, girlish figure of exquisite grace and beauty. They saw a happy face, misty-blue eyes like pansies bathed in dew, and heard a voice as sweet as the music of fairy bells!

Was this Miss Elsie? Was this Sir John's daughter? Yes, they recognized her immediately, but who could have foretold that the awkward child would blossom into this rapturous dream of promising womanhood?

It was two years since Sir John Sterne had brought his daughter back to Blairwood, and she had won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition, by her beauty, and by her rare accomplishments.

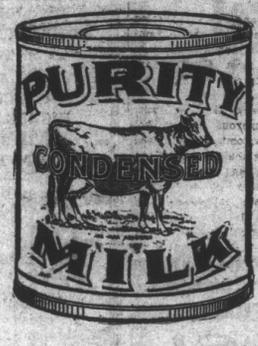
The baronet was in his private apartment, assailed by an illness which had long been an enigma to the family physician. Of late these attacks had become periodical, and Sir John's naturally fine constitution had weakened until he was but a shadow of his former self.

(To be continued.)

**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

A distinctive, rich flavor is added to all desserts made with Purity Brand. Try it to vary the monotony of such dishes. Purity Brand is just pure milk and sugar. Ideal for Coffee and Cocoa.

Keep a Supply in the Pantry



**"The Noon Hour."**

**TECHNICAL LANGUAGE.**  
"How do you feel?" asked the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress. "Oh, sew, sew, but I seem worse to-day and have stitches in my side." "The doctor hemmed and told her she would mend soon."

**SELECT YOUR COLOR.**  
A little girl timidly asked the drug clerk for a package of pink dye. "What do you want it for?" responded the clerk. "Woolen or cotton goods." "Neither," said the child. "It's for my stomach. The doctor said she'd have to diet, and she wants it a pretty color."

**SOME PROVIDER.**  
"Is your husband much of a provider, Missy?" "His jes' ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine to git some new furniture providin' he git de money; he gwine to get de money providin' he go to work; he go to work providin' de job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days."

**HOW THE DISASTER OCCURRED.**  
A gentleman in Cincinnati employs two negroes to work on his rather extensive gardens, which he personally oversees.

One morning Sam did not appear. "Where is Sam, George," he asked. "In de hospital, sah." "In the hospital? Why, how in the world did that happen?" "Well, Sam, he been a-tellin' me ev'ry mo'nin' foh ten years he gwine Heck his wife 'cause o' her naggin'." "Well, yestiddy she done ovehheah him."

**INVENTORY.**  
Banker—"How much liquid assets have you?" Customer (cautiously)—"About a case and a half."—Manufacturer's Bulletin.

**GAME TO THE LAST.**  
An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said: "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country!"—Automobilist.

**EVIDENCE PRESENTED.**  
"Moses had indigestion, like you have, mother," announced small Elmor at the Sunday dinner-table. "Why, what makes you think so?" "Because our Sunday-school teacher said, 'God gave Moses two tablets.'"—Everybody.

**GOING UP.**  
Pat Murphy was on the spot when the explosion occurred and not a trace of him was found. In breaking the news to his wife, the foreman said quietly:

"Mrs. Murphy, ma'am, I'm sorry, but poor Pat is gone." "Gone," she said, "For good?" "Well, ma'am," said the foreman, "in that direction."

Ostrich feathers in pale green, violet and yellow are used at one side of the girde of a green-and-silver lamee frock.

**High Heels for Japan**

One may expect at any time now a report from its Consular agents in Japan that there is a great demand for corn and blister cures. It is not beyond probability that a hurry call may be sent forth for the specialising chiropodist.

The high-heeled tortoise has taken possession of the feminine population of Japan, and the sorri means but one consequence—that is cramped feet and corns. Up to now the cruel corn has been unknown to this land of the chrysanthemum. But with the new vogue which has gripped the more or less Anglified women of Japan, Tokio, Yokohama, and Nagasaki there's an epidemic of corns coming as sure as the Mikado's sword is nightly sheathed.

The high-heeled tortoise is a curious looking object. It has a heel which is an inch and a half tall, and the alleged shoe has the appearance of an interrogation point. The Japanese women, who are breaking away from old customs to such degree that a Japanese woman no longer is a thing to stare at when she appears in European costume, have taken to the tortoise with incredible readiness.

It's like the French heel. Why? No one has ever explained the excuse for the French heel, but the custom persists.

If he is wrong about this he will probably find it out sooner or later.

After an ambulance had taken them to the hospital, I learned that the quarrel had started in an argument about the price of coffee!

One of the trouble hunters had a broken wrist, and the other a big gash on his head. And neither had established the price of coffee.

**2 MORE WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY**

Of Those Who Have Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—"I had a bad pain in my left side and I could not lift anything heavy without having a backache. I tried different things. Then I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and began taking it as the directions said. I feel very good now and can do all my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all my friends, and you can see my testimonial letters."—Mrs. HARRIS WARRON, 870 Garden St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Gained in Every Way**  
Buffalo, N. Y.—"I had some female troubles that just run my health down so that I lost my appetite and felt miserable all the time. I could not lift anything heavy, and a little extra work some days would put me in bed. A friend had told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I gained in every way, could eat better and felt stronger. I had found nothing before this that did me much good."—Mrs. J. GAGAN, 231 Wells Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

**AFTER EVERY MEAL**

**WRIGLEY'S**

Sealed for You  
Wrigley's is made of pure chiclet and other ingredients of highest quality obtainable.

But it is no use to make WRIGLEY'S 100% in quality and then reach you in poor condition.

So we put it in the wax-wrapped package and SEALED IT TIGHT to keep it good—for you.

Aids digestion—keeps teeth white—helps appetite.

Wrigley's Doublemint is peppermint flavor in double strength.

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We are showing a choice selection, fresh from the Fashion Centres of the world, QUITE THE LATEST MODELS  
**\$12.50 to \$45.00**

**BEAUTIFUL MILLINERY**  
Extremely moderate in price; a big variety of Shapes and Colorings. FASHION'S VERY NEWEST IDEAS.

**Ladies' Hose**  
TWO SPECIALS.  
Plain All Wool Cashmere. In shades of Fawn, Grey, Navy, Brown.  
**75 cts. pair**

Wide and Fancy Ribbed All Wool Cashmere Hose. Assorted shades of Fawn, Brown, Grey, etc. Regular \$1.20 value for  
**95 cts. pair**

**Dress Serges**  
All Wool Navy Serges, at **90c., \$1.10, 1.20, 1.80, 2.25, 2.50 yard**  
Heavy Cheviot Serge in Navy only; 56 inches wide.  
**\$1.50 yard**  
Ladies' Wool Tweed Suitings  
In Fawn and Blue mixture. Suitable for either Costumes or Coats, 56 inches wide.  
**\$1.60 yard**

**STEER BROS.**

**NEW SHIPMENT METALS,**

**Sheets and Bars**  
Sheet Copper Tinn'd., Sheet Zinc, Sheet Brass, Sheet Lead, Sheathing, Black and Galvzd. Sheets, Octagon Steel, Cold Rolled Steel Shafting, Sq. Key Steel, Tobin Bronze, etc.

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