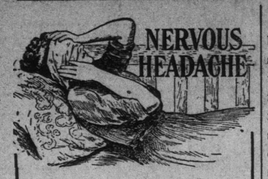

Nervous, sick headaches tell of exhausted nerves, and warn you of approaching prostration or paralysis. By enriching the blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the wasted nerve cells and thoroughly cures headaches, sleeplessness and other nervous disorders.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Mr. Reece has come to you with an extraordinary story, statement—and proposal, Sir Reginald," he said, glancing at Dexter Reece, who leant back in his chair, his eyes downcast, his hands clasped round his knee. His face was as grave as Mr. Lexham's, and he appeared perfectly self-possessed, as if he were not aware of the thinness and fragility of the ice on which he was skating. "It concerns the rbuy and the murder of Sir Mortimer. It is an astounding story —— But I think it would be better if I left Mr. Reece to tell it."

Dexter Reece looked up, and made a slight inclination of his head; in a quiet, business-like way he said:

"The story is not easily told; indeed, I am not at liberty—it is impossible for me to tell you the whole of it; for I have pledged myself to reserve certain portions. Briefly, Sir Reginald, on my first visit here, Mr. Lexham related the tragic incident surrounding the death of Sir Mortimer, the abduction of his child, and the theft of the ruby.

"The story made a great impression upon me, naturally enough. It seemed to me that there was not sufficient reason for regarding the crime as one to be classed with the many undiscovered ones. I mean, that I thought it was quite possible to track the criminal. I have no desire to pose as an amateur detective; indeed, I strove for some time to put the thing out of my mind; but I could not succeed in doing so."

"No one could forget such a story," said Mr. Lexham, in an undertone.

"At any rate, I could not do so," continued Dexter Reece, with a fine air of candour. "I may say that it hauted me to such an extent that I found I was neglecting my ordinary business. There was nothing for it but to devote myself, for a time, at any rate, to an attempt to solve the problem and mystery. I mentally reviewed the case, got all the information I could, here in England, and eventually went to Italy. And now," he said, in a low voice and very impressively, "I have to speak with care and a reticence which I sincerely deplore. Suffice it, that in Italy I came upon a clue. I followed it up, and I believe I have discovered the hiding-place of the Giant Ruby."

Sir Reginald started; he leant forward and gazed fixedly at the grave, self-possessed face.

"You have found the ruby!" he exclaimed.

"Pardon me," said Dexter Reece. "I did not intend to convey that. I meant that I believe I know where the gem is hidden. And now comes my difficulty—a very grave, a very serious one. The person from whom I gained this information is not the criminal, not the actual murderer and thief——"

"Who is he? Where is he?" demanded Sir Reginald.

Mr. Dexter Reece shook his head and raised his brow, as if deprecating the question.

"I do not know who he is; I have good reason to believe that he is dead."

"And the child—the child!" said Sir Reginald, with agitation.

"I cannot speak for certain; but I believe the child could be traced," said Dexter Reece. "I must confess that, though I am interested in her fate, my chief interest, absorption, is in the ruby. The information respecting its whereabouts I could only obtain in exchange for a pledge of secrecy and a promise of a large sum of money for my informant—of course, if his information should prove to be correct. In a word, I have solemnly pledged myself not to reveal his identity, and to pay him the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds."

"That's compounding a felony," said Mr. Lexham in a low voice. "I have explained this to Mr. Reece, Sir Reginald, though, of course, he did not need me to do so."

"Yes; it is compounding a felony, if you like," said Dexter Reece; "but I think if either of you had been in my place you would have acted as I have done. The sum is not a tenth part of the value of the gem—at least, so I gathered from Mr. Lexham. It is fully worth the amount demanded for it. But"—he waved his hand slightly—"that is a question for you to decide. If you decide that you will not avail yourself of the information, no more need be said. On the other hand, if you wish to regain the ruby, you must comply with the conditions. You, Sir Reginald, are, with Mr. Lexham, Sir Mortimer's trustee; if you will sign the undertaking to pay the sum demanded by the person who has entrusted the secret to me, I will, accompanied by you, go to the place where I am told the ruby is hidden, and test the value of the statement made to me."

The two men sat and stared at him. Sir Reginald was the first to speak.

"The whole story sounds improbable, far-fetched, like a sensational novel," he said bluntly.

"It does," assented Dexter Reece quietly; "but what could be more sensational than the actual facts which are on record—the murder, the theft of the ruby, the abduction of the child, the whole mystery? It is possible that I have been deceived, been the victim of an hallucination; well, that can easily be discovered. However, I have made my statement; the rest remains with you two gentlemen. You will, of course, want to consider the matter. I fear I cannot give you much time in which to do so, for I am leaving England to-morrow. May I suggest that I withdraw for a little while, while you discuss the matter? I will go into the smoking-room; and you will no doubt send for me when you have arrived at a decision."

He left the room, and the two men regarded each other in silence for a full minute; then Mr. Lexham said:

"Singular thing! I never quite liked that man; there was always a kind of distrust of him at the back of my mind. Of course, he knows more than he had told us. Perhaps he knows where the child is! Sir Reginald, we are in a cleft stick. The man has got us tight enough. He knows where that ruby is. If we don't buy the secret of him—of course I don't believe a word of his cock-and-bull story of a second man—he will stick to the ruby, stick to the information which he has obtained, heaven knows how! We shall have to give him the money he asks. We must! And there is the child, too; we must find her, if we have to give another five-and-twenty thousand pounds to Mr. Dexter Reece—confound him!—for the clue."

Sir Reginald remained silent for a moment, his brows knit, his lips tightly set.

"This mystery has overshadowed my life, Lexham," he said—"that and the trouble with Ronald; it has overshadowed the whole place; we have lived in an atmosphere of murder, theft, sordid mystery. For God's sake let us give this man the money he demands!"

"But the law——" began Mr. Lexham, shaking his head.

Sir Reginald made an impatient, almost furious gesture.

"The law!" he exclaimed bitterly. "What has it done for us? It has been incapably blind all these years. Are we to regard it now—now that there is a chance of solving the mystery? I, myself, will pay the money; poor as I am, I will raise it somehow." He pointed to the writing-table. "Draw up a paper, a kind of agreement, something that will give us some hold, however loose a one, on this slippery knave."

With a groan, Mr. Lexham went to the table and wrote for a few minutes; then he handed the paper to Sir Reginald, and said:

"That is the best I can do. It pledges us to nothing until the ruby is in our hands."

Sir Reginald nodded.

"Fetch the man in!" he said sternly.

Mr. Lexham returned with Dexter Reece; the latter read the paper and bowed.

"I am quite satisfied," he said. "I think it only right that the matter should be treated quite formally. By the way," he added, as the other two men signed the agreement, "you will want a witness, will you not?"

Mr. Lexham bit his lips with annoyance at this lapse of his; and Sir Reginald said:

"Ask Mr. Vane."

Dexter Reece looked up sharply, but made no remark. Mr. Lexham left the room and came back presently with Harry Vane. He did not introduce him to Dexter Reece; Mr. Lexham would not have introduced a shoeblack to that gentleman.

"Would you be kind enough to witness the signing of this paper?" said Sir Reginald. "Pray read it. This gentleman has found the Giant Ruby; it involves a monetary transaction between us, as you see."

The three men signed. Vane, having written his name, was retiring as silently as he had come; but Sir Reginald stopped him.

"I will ask you to remain, Vane, if you will?" he said. "You may be of assistance to us."

"With pleasure, Sir Reginald," said Vane gravely. "I am at your service."

Sir Reginald turned on Dexter Reece.

"Now, sir, where is the ruby?" he demanded sternly.

"If I have been rightly informed," replied Dexter Reece, with perfect self-possession, "it is hidden in the mill on the moor."

Mr. Lexham uttered an exclamation.

"Great heavens!" he said, with agitation. "The man—the girl! We've all been blind!" He swung round on Dexter Reece. "We will go at once. You will take us there, please!"

Sir Reginald rang the bell.

"You will accompany us, Vane?"

Vane nodded gravely. "I am quite at your service, sir," he said.

In a short time a carriage was ready, and they set out. Vane had found time to return to the drawing-room and exchange a few whispered words with Evelyn, lest she should be alarmed by their leaving the house at that time of night.

In silence they drove to the moor; but stopped the carriage at some little distance from the mill. The night was somewhat cloudy, but the moon showed at intervals, and there was light enough for them to see their way. They came upon the mill rearing itself against the sky, and Sir Reginald, who was walking beside Vane and behind the other two, suddenly gripped Vane's arm.

"Was that something moving?" he whispered.

"I saw nothing," replied Vane, in a like whisper.

Dexter Reece and Mr. Lexham stopped at the door, and Reece lit the lantern they had brought with them, opened the door and entered; the others followed, and stood looking round them with a sense of mystery almost amounting to awe. Dexter Reece went straight for the cupboard, but he paused, as he opened the door.

"One moment," he said. "You will permit me to make the first examination." Without waiting for their assent, he knelt down, removed some of the lumber, scooped up a portion of the dirt which formed the floor, then uttered a cry of affected satisfaction. They crowded at the back of him, and, looking over his shoulder, saw, lying at the bottom of a hole, a small box. Dexter Reece took it up, opened it, and there shot from it a gleam of red light.

"The ruby!" cried Mr. Lexham; and his cry was echoed by Sir Reginald. Vane uttered no sound, but closed round the others and gazed at the stone.

Mr. Lexham extended his hand; but Dexter Reece drew his back.

"Forgive me," he said; "but I must ask you to allow the ruby to remain in my possession until I receive the paper. It is a part of my pledge."

"He is right," said Mr. Lexham. "Let us get back."

They were moving towards the door, when suddenly they heard a strange sound. They all stopped and stared around them. The mill was working; the great sails were revolving, as if they had been set in motion by some magic, occult power. Vane snatched the lantern from Dexter Reece's hand and held it aloft; then, with a warning shout, he cried:

"Look! Above there!"

They looked, and saw a hideous face grinning down at them from the trap-door above. They were so startled, that for a moment they stood motionless and speechless. Then Mr. Lexham gasped, as if inspired with sudden conviction:

"The man! The murderer!"

As if in response, a laugh, a shrill hoarse laugh, came down to them; the head disappeared; but they could hear the laugh coming from a higher point of the mill. Vane sprang to the ladder, followed by Sir Reginald; they gained the upper floor; the laugh, the horrible laugh of the insane, came from a still higher point. Vane raised the lantern, and saw a dim figure climbing amongst the machinery in the head of the mill; and Vane, giving the lantern to Sir Reginald, sprang after the fugitive.

For a moment or two there was an intense silence, broken only by the sound of that awful laugh, the creaking of the sails. Vane was close upon the man, when suddenly he thrust a door open. Vane saw the sails as they swept past the open door, saw the man spring out, catch one of the sails, and disappear.

"Look out below there!" Vane cried. "Outside! He's coming down by the sails."

He almost flung himself to the first floor and down the ladder, and was in time to see something drop from the sail, and fall with a sickening thud on the ground at the feet of the horrified group gathered there.

(To be Continued.)

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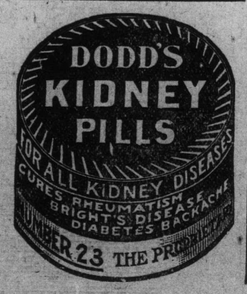
German Aviation Lieutenant Deserts.

Paris, Dec. 31.—A German aviator lieutenant, accompanied by his mechanic, deserted with an aeroplane, says the Calais correspondent of the Excelsior. They flew over the Dutch border, being greeted by volleys from the frontier guards, and landed at the village of Aardenburg. They have been interned at Flushing.



List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Jan. 3rd, 1916.

A
Adams, Mrs. James, Gower St.
Adams, James, care Smith & Co.
Allen, Mrs., Queen St.
Andrews, R. H.

B
Baker, Mrs. Joseph, care J. J. Mullaly
Barrons, James, care General Post Office
Blackmore, Mr., Water St.
Baird, Wm., Nagle's Hill
Brennan, Mrs. Edward, Water St. West
Bellman Miss Ella, care General Delivery
Biddilcome, S., Allandale Road
Brinton, D., late s.s. Bruce
Byrne, Miss A., card, Duckworth St.
Bennett, Mrs. Michael, New Gower Street
Bishop, Sarah, Rennie's Mill Road
Brien, Mrs. Maud, Flower Hill
Bright, Mrs. J.
Brine, Miss M. C.
Brown, Miss Ellie, Victoria St.
Boyle, Frank, care General Delivery
Brown, G.
Brown, James G.
Butler, R. T.
Brushett, Miss M., care General Delivery
Bungay, Capt. Arthur
Burke, Miss Elizabeth, R.N.
Budgell, Annie
Burke, Miss Mary E., care General Delivery
Butler, Mrs. R. J., Bond St.
Burton, Robert

C
Carbery, Miss Mollie, Bell St.
Carson, Miss Ada, care General Post Office
Carberry, Miss Mary
Coleman, Mrs. James, Barter's or Carter's Hill
Crocker, George, Monroe St.
Crook, Miss Annie
Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Cole, Miss Mabel, Gower St.
Congdon, Mrs. S. J.
Churley, Absalom
Curran, Minnie, Duckworth St.

D
Devine, L., care Pope's Factory
Dwyer, Mrs. John, Holdsworth St.
Driscoll, Ellias, Coronation St.
Dickie, J. S.
Doyle, Miss C.
Dodd, Mrs. Lilian, care General Delivery
Donnelly, Mary C.
Druken, Wm., Convent Lane
Duke, Miss Annie, New Gower St.
Dunphy, A. M.
Dullanty, Thos., card, Forset Road

E
Earls, Mrs. A., Casey St.
Evans, Herbert, care Gen'l Delivery
Emberley, Mrs. James, Gower St.
Eddie, Herbert, card, New Gower St.
Elliott, Miss Agnes J., Springdale St.
Elliott, Mrs. R.
Eddie, Miss Mary, New Gower St.

F
Fraser, D. G.
Fahie, Mrs. Susie
Fifield, Frederick, Water St.
Fisher (Slg), Guglielmo
Foley, Charles, King's Bridge Road
Fox, Stanley, Mullock St.
Foley, Robert, Lime St.
Forward, R. M.
Francis, Miss May, Wood's Factory

G
Gatheral, Mrs., South Side
Gates, John, care Capt. Anstey
Garland, Miss Ellen, Duckworth St.
Garland, Minnie, Carter's Hill
Green, Oliphant, late Musgrave Hr.
Gibbons, Miss E.
Gooby, Mrs. W. G., South Side Battery
Godley, W. F., York St.
Goss, Francis, care Gen'l Delivery

H
Hayward, F., Bell St.
Halley, James, Gower St.
Hayse, Mis Magdalen, Rennie's Mill Road
Hall, Stanley
Hanmans, Fred
Hackett, Mrs. John, Casey St.
Halfyard, Hannah, Nagle's Hill
Hewitt, S., Allandale Road
Hemeon, Miss Ethie, Victoria Hotel
Hillier, Mrs., care Post Office
Hines, Mrs. Richard
Hillyard Bros.
Hollihan, John, Pilot's Hill
House, Mr., care Mary House
Hodder, John
Hodges, Mrs. A. P., care Post Office
Howley, Mrs., retd.
Hookey, Master H., New Gower St.
Hogan, John
Hurley, Miss Wavcy, Gower St.

J
Jewer, R.
Jeffery, Chas.
Jackson, George, New Gower St.
Jordan, Thomas

K
Keal, Miss L., Parade St.
Keane, M. J.
Kielley, Miss Mary, Gower St.
Kehoe, Miss Stella
King, Silas, New Gower St.
Kielly, Mary T., Gower St.
King, Mrs. Bertha

L
Lacey, Alick
Lock, Mrs. Mary, Lime St.
Legge, Miss Mary M., card, Lime St.
Lineham, Miss E., Barron St.
Loughlin, Albert, Cabot St.

M
Martin, John, Blacksmith
Martin, Miss Bella
Major, Miss May, Brien St.
Mahar, Miss, Brazil's Square
Martin, Thos., Forest Road
Mason, Miss May Ellen, King's Bridge
Mason, Willie G.
Muner, Mrs. A. S.
Mercer, A., care General Post Office
Miller, Miss Stella
Mitchell, Arthur, Mullock St.
Miller, John
Moore, Miss Mary, Lime St.
Moulton, A., Cochrane House
Moore, Miss Violet, care General Post Office
Moore, Ignatius, Lime St.
Moores, George, Signal Hill Road
Morgan, G. H., late Channel
Moore, Albert, College Square
Moore, G. B.
Mootry, Albert, South Side
Moores, J.
Murphy, Mrs. Ellen
Murphy, Edward, Cabot St.
Murphy, George

Mc
McIntosh, Mr. & Mrs., Pleasant St.
McDonald, Elizabeth, Hamilton Ave.
McDonald, Mrs. Nellie, care General Post Office

N
Noonan, Miss Amelia
Nixon, W. M., Casey St.
Nell, Bart, care General Delivery
Nodwell, Wm., Moore St.
Noseworthy, Cabman, Pennywell Rd.
Noseworth, Miss Minnie, LeMarchant Road
Noseworthy, Andrew, care General Post Office
Noseworthy, Wm., Brennan St.
Noseworthy, Mrs. Albert, Franklin Avenue
Norman, Miss Annie, Queen's Road
Nugent, Miss Sadie, Water St.

O
O'Brien, Miss A. G., Water St.
O'Reilly, Edward, Waldegrave St.
Osbourne, Aubery, care G. P. O.

P
Patterson, E. H.
Parsons, Miss M., card, Maxse St.
Parsons, H.
Patterson, Joe
Pretty, Charles
Penny, Miss Aggie, Freshwater Road
Pretty, Miss Jemima
Penny, Charles
Percy, Miss Bertha, Barnes' Road
Pike, Mrs. Eliza
Phillips, John, Lime St.
Porter, Mrs. Lavinia, card
Philpot, Miss Sophie
Phillips, Miss Maggie, Carter's Hill
Poole, Ambrose
Power, Alice
Powell, Mrs., Tremont Hotel
Power, Tom, Monkstown Road
Power, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Power, Miss T., late Patrick's Cove
Power, Mr. C., Cooper, Water St.
Parsons, Heber, care Gen. Post Office

Q
Quinlan, Miss Mollie, Duckworth St.
Quisick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road

R
Ryan, E. J., Water St.
Ryan, Mrs. Ellen, Lime St.
Reynolds, J.
Reynolds, May
Reid, Miss Bell
Reid, Edmund, care A. H. Murray
Ridley, A. H.
Ricketts (Pte.), F. J., care General Post Office
Rogers, Mrs. Joshua, Spencer St.
Roberts, Miss Mollie, Allandale Rd.
Rogers, W. J., Cuddihy St.

S
Spracklin, Mrs. Ernest, Knight St.
Sparks, Miss Sarah F., 24 —— St.
Sparks, Mrs. Reuben, Georgestown
Sparkes, George, care G. P. O.
Steeds, Benjamin, care Bowering
Spencer, Mrs. J., Moore St.
Sweeney, Miss J., Barnes' Road
Shea, Miss Bride, Military Road
Smith, Wm. S.
Simmons, R.
Simpson, W. R.
Soaper, Wm.
Snow, Arthur N., Notre Dame St.
Sullivan, T. J., card, Cookstown Rd.
Sutton, Miss Margaret, Balsam Place
Squires, Violet, care Mrs. Peters, Forest Road
Squires, Miss Alice, Summer St.
Squires, Wm., card

T
Taylor, Robert H., care Chafe, New Gower St.
Taylor, Noah
Taylor, Emily, Water St. East
Trencher, Mrs. Hayward, New Gower Street
Tressent, Miss
Thomas, Mrs. A., Fergus Place
Tongas, Lerry
Tucker, John, late James Bay
Tucker, Peter

V
Vivian, E., late s.s. Cabot

W
Watson, Henry, New Gower St.
Walsh, T. J., Nagle's Hill
Walsh, Miss Mary, card, Nagle's Hill
Whalen, Gert., Pleasant St.
Warren, John, South Side
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Wheeler, Miss Elsie, care G. P. O.
Whelan, Richard, Colonial St.
Williams, Miss Carrie, Forest Road
White, C., Sebastian St.
Wilcox, Miss L., card, Theatre Hill
White, Miss Jessie, Water St.
Winsor, May
White, Miss Effie, care Mrs. Brown

Y
Youden, Mrs. A., Casey St.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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No. 161. Juvenile ber, medium size.

Every Boy requ and Puck. Any one iums listed can be obt the number of Coupon Premium Dept. of th

Imperial Newfou

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

ADDITIONAL FACTORIES.

LONDON, Jan. 5.

The Minister of Munitions, David Lloyd George, announced yesterday that 396 additional establishments had been enrolled under the control of the Ministry since Jan. 1st. This makes a total of 2,422 controlled establishments.

COMPULSORY MILITARY SERVICE BILL INTRODUCED.

LONDON, Jan. 5.

The Bill providing for compulsory military service, was introduced in the House of Commons to-day by Premier Asquith. The largest assemblage of Ministers since the war began faced the Premier. Many members had obtained leave to return from the front so that they might be able to vote on the compulsion bill. The Earl of Derby, who conducted the recruiting campaign, was in the peers' gallery.

THE ISSUE OF CAMPAIGN DEPENDS UPON LABOR.

LONDON, Jan. 5.

(Delayed.)—The House of Commons to-day passed a bill designed to facilitate the output of munitions. The bill is in the form of an amendment to the Munitions Act. In appealing for the passage of the measure, David Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, said: "I hope the Commons will not render more difficult the task of the turning out of munitions, a task more serious than I dare tell. Everything depends upon it, the length of the war depends upon whether we turn out munitions in sufficient quantities to bring the campaign to an end this year. That does not depend upon the soldiers, who have done their task heroically; it depends entirely upon—I say it in all solemnity—the workmen of this

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