

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—
"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends. They are a wonderful medicine."
(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Maddolena's Story

The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER IX.

"Lady Camilla is the cousin of my sister's husband, and we were friends before her marriage," Charlie explained, carefully. "How in it that your sex are always ready to disseminate a scurrilous tale? Can no one escape these calumnies?"

"No one; unless they occupy themselves as I do in charitable works," answered the baroness, profoundly. "Has Lady Camilla no children? Then let me send her a couple of young Filanderers I have volunteered to educate. In drawing out the dormant abilities of these interesting savages, she would find employment both for her head and heart."

The idea of the refined indolent Camilla playing the preceptress to a couple of newly-caught natives, was so ludicrous, that Charlie could not resist laughing, and the good-humored baroness laughed with him.

"Ah!—my nephew, you think I am an eccentric old woman; but what if I am, so that my impulses take the right direction? I am better employed in pushing on some good work than in frittering away my hours, paying for receiving visits; and—I am happy. Now tell me where you are going. To England—Ormsby Park?"

"To England, certainly; as usual, I shall be guided by the whim of the moment," he confessed, feeling a little shame in knowing that it was so. But the baroness was off on one of her hobbles, and did not stop to lecture him because he had none.

"Yes; you will go to the Park. Cell! what waste of land in these large parks that their proprietors rarely enter! What thousand pities that you should dwell alone in a house of such vast capabilities! There must be at least fifty rooms in it. What a splendid convalescent institution it would make, or how well situated for a lunatic asylum! Do not forget this, my nephew, and if you should be seized with a desire to do good to your fellowman, remember that the opportunity lies ready to your hand."

"I shall go mad myself if I stay here much longer," muttered the baronet, to whom the notion of converting his paternal mansion to such uses was anything but a pleasant one.

"Then I cannot be of any service to you," he asked aloud. "Do you propose making any stay at Paris?"

"Certainly not; my destination is Rome. One of my maidens has some talent for sketching, and I intend that she shall improve it; the other can

learn Italian the while. Then I have half a dozen princess among the embryo painters and sculptors studying there, and it is high time that I went to see what use they have made of the money I have advanced to them, and how they are progressing. Besides, I am tired of wandering, and mean to settle down for a while. You will come and visit me when I have made myself a home!"

"If I return to the Continent, certainly!"

"Cannot you return on purpose?" she asked, as sharply as if it were only a journey of a few miles she was proposing. "I am the aunt of your mother, and my life is drawing to a close, though, thank Heaven, I am still healthy and vigorous. You have no occupation to keep you away; why, then, should you be so reluctant to please an aged woman who loves your mother, and, for her sake, her son?"

There was so much genuine good-feeling mingling with her imperious mode of urging her wishes, that Charlie Ormsby yielded to it, and promised that he would be with her by, if not before, the carnival, with which promise she was satisfied, and let him depart.

Meanwhile, the baroness' companions had begun to feel surprised at her long absence, and when it drew near the hour she had fixed for dinner, they sent one of her maids—she always kept two, the younger and least experienced being permitted to assist at the toilets of the mesdemoiselles—to ascertain the reason.

Not at all displeased to have this opportunity of a little chat with some of the civil garçons below, the girl tripped away; returning presently with the news that her mistress was conversing with a gentleman whose name was Ormsby.

"Sir Charles Ormsby here?" exclaimed one of her attendants—the ordinarily calm, composed Bessie Mor-daunt—starting from her seat in such evident agitation, that the girl stared at her, and asked if she were ill.

Oddly enough, these same tidings had not been without their effect on Beatrice Mayne, her companion, although her emotion was only permitted to testify itself in the nervous twisting and untwisting of the small golden chain worn around her white throat, until the rapid motion of her fingers snapped it.

"Sir Charles Ormsby is the baroness' nephew," said Beatrice, fixing her eyes on her companion's perturbed features. "Is there anything strange in their meeting at such a public place as a hotel?"

"I did not say that it was strange," answered Bessie, coloring beneath her friend's scrutiny. "In fact, I scarcely know what I did say. Will this gentleman dine with the baroness? Shall we have to meet him?"

"Certainly not. If he does honor us

with his society, we shall be politely advised that, as we are fatigued, we had better remain in our room. Are you so eager to see him that you would be disappointed at this?"

"Yes—so," was the confused reply. "Why do you question me so? You are not generally given to be so inquisitive!"

"Nor you," retorted Trixie, with a little heat, "to getting up small objections about a person I was not aware that you knew, and who certainly cannot be anything to you."

Bessie raised her head, and seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and merely answered:

"I did not mean to make a suggestion, and, as you very truly say, Sir Charles Ormsby is not anything to me. Let us talk of something else. Shall we read till madam joins us?"

But ere her companion could reply, the hysterical tears that had been forcing their way burst forth, and it was some minutes before the agitation of the surprised spectators enabled her to conquer her agitation.

There was no cause for it, she persisted in declaring—no cause beyond the fatigue of the passage from Folkestone; and then averted her face that she might not see the incredulous looks with which Trixie Mayne heard the assertion.

However, she was not to be permitted to escape thus, for, getting rid of the attendants on some pretext, Trixie came and leaned over the sofa on which they had laid her, and respectfully looked down into her half-closed eyes.

"Bessie," she said, very softly, "I think we have loved each other ever since our acceptance of the baroness' protection brought us together, and yet you have your secrets from me."

"And you—have you none?" asked Bessie, putting herself on the defensive. "What more do I know of you than madam has told me—that, like myself, you are English and motherless?"

"That is neither here nor there," cried Trixie, impatiently. "We were not speaking of my birth and parentage, but of you—your little friend, I have been very loving to you, Bessie, because, under your quiet manner, I thought you had some great trouble, and I have known what it is to be very sad myself. I know now that this secret is in some way connected with Sir Charles Ormsby—deny it if you can."

"I will not deny nor confess anything," cried Bessie, raising herself and speaking excitedly, "because you have no right to try and make me betray myself."

Trixie drew back, saying: "No, I have no right; but she did not remove her eyes from the face of her agitated companion. "I have no right, perhaps; but—"

"But you will tell madam what you think you have discovered, and—Ah! Trixie, be merciful, for my secret is not my own! Do not lead her to question me, for I could not bear it!"

Again she was weeping and sobbing as only such ordinarily calm people do weep when greatly moved; and her companion gazed to the window, where she stood biting her lip, red lip, and clutching at her throat, as if some choking sensation there was becoming intolerable.

Then, without another word to the troubled girl, she went out of the room, carrying with her a shawl that lay on one of the chairs, and with this wrapped around her, stepped as far as the gallery overlooking the hall where the baroness and Sir Charles stood talking.

She had scarcely taken up a position from which she could watch them without being seen herself, when they separated, the baroness coming slowly up the wide stairs, and Charlie returning across the hall to the room where his friends awaited him.

It was Trixie's duty to have joined her patroness or immediately retired to the apartment she had just left; but she did neither. Leaning over the light railing, she gazed down at the young man until he caught a glimpse of her flowing skirts, and looked up.

(To be continued.)

Household Notes.

Melted currant jelly is delicious served with banana fritters.
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Preserved kamquats make a delicious sauce for ice cream.
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She Can't be Told Yet

Father of Youthful Commander of Ill-fated Dixmude Bars Crowds of Curious Persons from Communitating with Widow, who, not knowing of Tragedy, Plans for Domestic Jer.

Toulon, France, Dec. 23.—(British United Press).—A grim old Frenchman, hiding a breaking heart, stood at the stoop of a little house here to-day and gazed an expectant young mother from a horde of curious people who would see the wife of the man who commanded the dirigible Dixmude on her last fateful voyage into uncharted skies.

As all France waited anxiously for further news of the great airship, missing since a week ago to-day, the father of its youthful commander, Capt. Du Plexis De Grenada, stood guard at the doorway of the captain's house to see that his wife should not know of her husband's death until after the expected child is born.

"You cannot pass," he said, shortly, to all who came.

Shock Would Kill Her. In the hubbub, the young wife, serenely awaiting the birth of another soldier of France, knitted tiny clothes and planned the joy her child would bring her hero husband.

"She can't be told yet," the old man outside said, refusing to shed a single tear when the news was brought to him that the body of his son had been given up by the sea off the coast of Sicily. "The shock would kill her; she must not know; we must wait."

The father himself, once a soldier, told of the experiences of his boy in whom he had lived over again the military glory of France. "He brought the Dixmude home from Germany," the old man said.

"We were all very proud. We were all very proud of him. But I knew he never trusted the ship. He saw her fault from the first."

Another Son in France. "Last year his wife fell sick. He lived for her and the children, and he made a vow that if the good God brought her safe back to health he would go afoot to the Shrine at Lourdes. And he did. When she recovered, he walked six hundred miles in twelve days to give thanks to the Saint. This fight was to have been his last on the Dixmude. He was to have been promoted and assigned to more important work."

The old man looked up at the sky—a great vaulted space of blue that had taken his son from him—and shook his head sadly. "She must not know yet," he said. "There must be another son for France."

The Common Enemy

London Daily Mail: The evident duty of the moderate men in the two constitutional parties is to get to

PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

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gather and remember that the war-stand for nationalism with all its evils. Mr. Anglin Chamberlain, who gave on October 13, 1922, has been justified by events: "The real issue is not between Liberals and Conservatives. It is not between the old Liberal policy and the old Conservative policy. It is between those who stand for individual freedom and those who stand for nationalism with all its evils. The old political issues are dead. The danger to the State remains, but it is one which English common sense and coolness can avert given moderation and foresight."

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