

### 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 AND The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER XXVI  
Bessie broke a delicate roll in half, and pressed it on her companion; but it was rejected with loathing.

"I cannot eat; I can do nothing but dwell on the misery of going back to the villa as ignorant as we were when we started."

"Dear child, we have done our best. I do not think so. Now that it is too late, I can remember fifty questions we might have put to that woman. She must know something—she or her accomplices—or she might suggest something we could do; some one we might see. We did not hibe her highly enough. I am very much inclined to go back."

"It would be useless, Trixie."

"Yes," was the desponding reply, "and so is everything I attempt; useless—useless! and yet no one can suggest anything better. Must we, then, fold our hands and wait till time clears up the horrible mystery? How long will it be before this intolerable suspense breaks my heart, or drives me mad?"

"Dear Trixie, if you give way to this frantic grief, you will be seriously ill, and then if an opportunity of serving Sir Charles does arise, you will be powerless. I had something to propose—another visit to the little roadside tavern where he was last seen—but unless you try to be calm, you will not have strength for the journey."

"Give me five minutes to myself," she answered, raising herself, and pushing the hair back from her flushed face, "and then I will be ready to go there, or anywhere else you can suggest."

Bessie nodded, and, signing to her guide to lead the way, walked slowly on, leaving Trixie to follow. But she had scarcely gone a dozen paces, when a frantic cry, in which joy was surely audible as well as terror, reached her.

Trixie had darted into the little cavern behind the shrine, and was shrieking her name.

"Bessie—Bessie! He is here! I have found him! my love—my lost—my dying love. Oh! haste—haste to help me before it is too late."

It was indeed the inanimate form of Sir Charles Ormsby that she was bending over when her startled companions joined her, and assisted in

carrying him to the turf without. He was haggard with suffering; there was a gaun upon his forehead, as if received in a fall, and his right arm hung by his side swelled and useless; but there were no wounds upon him, no token of his having been engaged in a conflict.

It was some time before his pale lips moved, and then it was only to emit another of the moans that had reached Trixie's ears, and led her to enter the cavern; nor when he had opened his eyes, and smiled recognition of the pretty faces bending over him, could he answer her inquiries till the servant had dropped some wine into his mouth. After he had with much difficulty swallowed this the color began to return to his cheeks, and he recovered speech.

"You have saved my life, little Trixie," he faltered. "Had you not come as you did, I must have perished. I could not have held out much longer."

"How is it we find you here?" asked Bessie, for her friend was too much concerned to reply. "We have been searching for you far and wide, and were reluctantly coming to the conclusion that the marchese was answerable for your disappearance."

"I could not leave the neighborhood of the tower while you were captives there," he explained. "I knew that if your fathers discovered my flight, and took the alarm, they might instantly remove you. It was, therefore, necessary to hover near, that if this occurred I might follow you to your new prison. Of course, help arrived long ere this. Your presence here tells me that you are free."

"Yes; madam and the Lady Camilla are at the Villa Amalfi, much distressed at not being able to gain any tidings of you."

"They are very good," he said, faintly. "Tell them that nothing ails me but a few bruises received in a fall."

His eyes closed as he spoke, his voice sank into a murmur, and he would have lost his senses again if the watchful servant had not administered some more wine. He was dying of inanition, for it was presently elicited that he had fallen over a precipice the night after he had quitted the tower, and lain at the foot of it till dawn, then he mustered strength enough to attempt to make his way to the cave, but had not been able to get farther than the cave, into which he crept, lying there without food or help, till Trixie providentially discovered him.

A consultation was now held as to the best means of transporting him to the villa; and while the count's domestic hastened to the carriage awaiting their return at the foot of the mountain, and summoned the driver to his aid, Bessie ran to invoke the assistance of a woodman at work at some distance, and prevailed on him to chop some boughs for a litter.

Trixie, with Sir Charles Ormsby's head on her knees, remained to watch over him, and feed him with morsels of the roll dipped in wine. Ever and anon one of the tears she could not help shedding fell softly on his ghastly cheek, but when she raised her hand to wipe it off, his thin fingers detained and pressed it to his lips.

"I am miserably weak," he murmured—"almost too weak to be as thankful as I ought to be for your kindness. A sob was her only reply.

"While lying here," he went on, presently, "I have repeated many moans, and grieved bitterly over the manner of the death from which your coming has preserved me."

"Why should you have done this?" she asked.

"Because I should have died through a woman whose love I sinners in seeking. Heaven forgive her! I tried to

be resigned when I first heard that she had given herself to another. Why did she lure me to her, and keep me at her side till I hated myself for my weakness?"

"Do not think of this now," urged Trixie. "We shall carry you to the count's, where madam will nurse you so cleverly that you will soon regain your strength and happiness."

But he did not answer her. The exertion of talking in his weak state had been more than he could bear, and when Bessie returned, she found Trixie bewailing him as dead, so inanimate—so corpse-like did he appear.

However, he revived a little afterwards with infinite pains and fatigue—he had been transported from the cave to the carriage, revived to endure agonies of pain from his injured arm, which rendered the motion of the vehicle almost intolerable. So slowly were they obliged to travel that the journey seemed as if it would never come to an end; and the joyful faces of those who hurried out to greet and congratulate the party sobered when Sir Charles was lifted out of the vehicle scarcely alive.

Surgeons were soon in attendance, his hurts examined, and hopes given of his recovery, if no feverish symptoms intervened. But all efforts to ward these off proved unsuccessful, for the mind was overwrought as well as the body. It was not till after a fierce and wasting struggle with delirium that he lay on his couch once more in his right mind, but so wanted, so sadly changed with suffering, that Lady Camilla, who ventured into his room once, and once only, fled from it again, horrified at the terrible alteration she beheld in him.

Madam Caspares, dry-eyed and outwardly calm, took no active part in the nursing of her nephew; but she was the guiding power to which every one at the villa deferred. It was she who saw that every direction of the surgeons was carefully carried out; who permitted no one to overtake him or her strength; kept the sick-room clear of intruders; cheered the faint-hearted; and when the worst was over, and Sir Charles could be safely left, apprised Lady Ormsby of her son's illness, and bade her come and nurse him back to health."

"I have done my part," she said to the Countess Amalfi. "The foolish fellow has nothing to do now but get well; and I must think of my proteges, who have been too long neglected. So I and my maidens will leave you to-morrow, my kind, hospitable entertainers. They are at this moment packing our trunks. We shall say our adieu to-night, and depart in the morning, so as to reach our first resting place before the heat of the day."

Every one was politely sorry for the baroness's decision but Lady Camilla, who felt that her absence would be a relief. On Trixie, however, the order to prepare for the journey came like a thunderclap. She did not know that her own fading health had had much to do with madam's sudden determination. Still, she never dreamed of expostulating; nay, after she heard that Sir Charles's mother would take the place of his other nurses, she seemed almost anxious to be gone; and if she shed more tears than she would have liked even Bessie to see, they had been carefully wiped away when, in the stillness of the twilight hour, she went into Sir Charles's room to bid him adieu.

(To be continued.)

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### YOURS FOR BETTER BREAD



### How Jonah Survived

WARM AND DRY IN MOUTH OF WHALE.

A theory to explain how Jonah survived after being in the belly of a whale for three days is advanced by Mr. E. J. Sewell in his Gunning Prize Essay, read to members of the Victoria Institute, in London. He says: "Jonah when thrown overboard was washed by the storm into the open mouth of a huge cetacean, one of the whalebone whales known to exist in the Mediterranean. These animals obtain food by swimming slowly on or near the surface with their jaws open. The screen of whalebone opens inwards and admits solid objects to the animal's mouth. The screen does not allow the egress of any solid matter but only of the water. The gullet is very small and does not allow any but very small objects to pass."

Jonah was therefore imprisoned in the animal's mouth. It could not swallow him, and his egress was rendered impossible by the whalebone screen. The whale is an air-breathing, warm-blooded animal and can only dive because of the reservoir of air in its gigantic mouth. When this air becomes unfit to breathe the animal must, and does, rise to the surface and get a fresh supply.

As long as the diving whale had its mouth full of air, Jonah had it also. During these periods he was in perfect darkness, but was warm and dry.—Daily Mail.

### Genecology as a Gold Mine

During the war people were too busy to worry about unclaimed fortunes or money in Chancery in which they might possibly have an interest. But now hardly a week passes without mention of some claim of the kind coming before the courts.

The courts, needless to say, demand definite proofs of descent before any such claim is even considered, and it is in obtaining or trying to obtain such proofs that the professional genealogist gets his living. You find him prowling about the country investigating parish registers, while Somerset House is also his hunting ground.

Pedigree-hunting demands a degree of patience which few possess, for it often happens that after months of methodical research, and just when success appears to be within sight, one link is found to be definitely missing and all the work is thereby rendered useless. Antiquaries of the sort for this sort of work is largely by result, the disappointments are proportionately bitter.

On the other hand, the profession has its rewards, and in this it resembles gold mining. Just as the miner may spend years delving in barren claims and then at last strike rich pay dirt, so the genealogist may suddenly get upon the track of some great sum of money which has been lying unclaimed for years and discover that he can put his finger upon the rightful heirs. In such a case his reward is certain.

The most successful man in the pedigree-hunting business is a Frenchman, who keeps a couple of tame genealogists to whom he pays a regular salary. He has other agents who forward to him particulars of the estates of all persons who die intestate, and he makes it his business to discover the rightful heirs. If he finds such heirs before they have become aware of their own luck he suggests to them a commission of twenty per cent. upon all he can recover for them—and very often gets it.

To-day the best customer of the professional genealogist is the wealthy Englishman who desires to trace his English ancestry. The same paid for securing a satisfactory family tree, and perhaps a coat of arms into the bargain, are very large.

A few years ago a wealthy Vermont-er was used by an English woman for a sum of £2,500, due for work done

### More Business in Government

The business man who rails at the way things are going in Washington or his state capital and then doesn't vote at election time is entitled to no sympathy, in the opinion of H. E. Loomis, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

"Here we are with universal suffrage," says Mr. Loomis in Forbes Magazine (N.Y.), "and the people, who because of education, initiative, energy, and enterprise have brought themselves to positions where they have the most to lose through incompetent government, are sitting back and letting many of those without any of their attainments make laws which all must obey."

"The answer, in my opinion, may lie in some form of extra taxation for those who do not vote when they have the opportunity. We pay taxes of one sort and another to make the operation of government possible—why not tax brains also? Under such a plan the man or woman who did not give the nation his or her time and thought on election day that it might have the best officials, would be required to pay the money for his failure. Voting is easy in this country, it entails no particular hardships, but, if necessary, I think it should be made a even easier. I believe the time has come, too, when the Government should demand the right to the interest of its citizens—as manifested by their votes—as well as to taxes over their incomes, etc."

"The professional politicians, of course, would oppose anything of this sort. It would be a serious gesture toward their prestige. This is an additional recommendation to people who think."

### War on Crop Pests

DEADLY PARASITE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

An exchange of insects between countries is an important development of economic entomology which promises good results in the constant war against the pests of crops.

The insects in question are parasites on various forms of pests, and in some cases are being bred for the purpose of exchange.

The Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture points out that from a small quantity of material obtained from France last spring some thousands of cocoons of a chalcid fly have been raised at the Government Pathological Laboratory at Harpenden, Hertford. This fly is a deadly parasite of the American blight, or woolly aphid, a pest of fruit-trees everywhere in Great Britain.

The cocoons will be sent out to certain centres in the country for general distribution as required. It is believed that this fly will prove deadly to other kinds of aphides (green fly) also.

Ladybirds, indigenous in Britain, are extremely beneficial in the war on aphides, but it is regarded as practically impossible to increase their numbers, or those of any other insect, whose position in the insect world is stabilized. "Hence," it is stated, "the reliance on new introductions."

### Just Folks.

BY EDGAR A GUEST

A WINTER DAY  
White is the garden with snow,  
And the place where the tulips will grow  
In the spring is as barren and bare  
As a heart that is torn by despair.

There's a moan in the breeze and a sigh  
On the lips of the trees, and the sky  
Lies over the rose bed as bleak  
As the pallor of grief on a cheek.

Yet I stand at the pane in my room  
And see where the roses shall bloom,  
And I turn to a patch 'neath the snow  
Where some day the tulips shall grow.

I have faith in the blue of the sky  
When the long days of winter go by,  
I have faith in the bud and the leaf,  
How then for my winter of grief?

The tulips shall blossom, the rose  
Once more shall lift its petals unclose—  
In this longing for happiness vain,  
Shall I never more claim it again?

### LOOSEN UP THAT COLD WITH MUSTEROLE

Have a jar of Musterole handy. The moment a cold starts use it freely. Just apply this clean white ointment with your fingers over the congested parts. You will immediately feel a warm tingle as it penetrates the pores, followed by a soothing cooling sensation and quick relief.

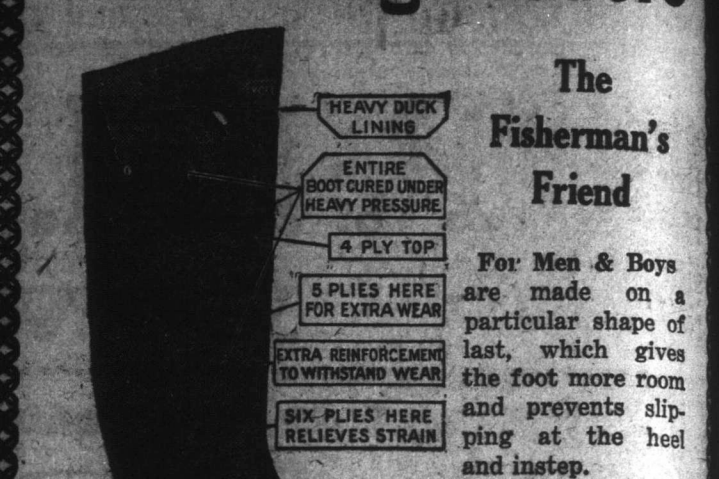
Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients of well-known medicinal value, it will not blister. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole not only for colds but in cases of bronchitis, sore throat, diphtheria, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, and congested pneumonia. There is nothing just like Musterole for the relief of any of the above ailments. If your druggist hasn't got it insist that he get it.

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