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Under False Colors
OR
Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XLIV.
"I am glad to see you, Mr. Ladson," he said, pleasantly, "and I think that I have good news for you."
The earl was almost merry over their luncheon, and to an ordinary observer would have appeared to be the very personification of geniality and good nature.
"We will keep to this room, Ladson," he said, when the servant was clearing the table under the watchful eye of Kemp. "I like it because we have so fine a view of the Park, and for two persons the library is too somber and ponderous in which to discuss our friendly matters. Kemp, you may bring in the wine, and some of the best brands of cigars. Then leave us in privacy."
"Yes, my lord."
When they were alone, the earl took from his pocket-book a letter from the bishop of the diocese, approving the application of the Rev. Harold Lawson for the rectorship of Blairwood, subject to the consent of Sir John Sterne or his assigns.
"I have now only to write my name," smiled Lord Somerton, "and you may consider that already done. You are a lucky man, Ladson. There were forty-seven applicants, and the living is not only a fat one, but entails little real hard work, the poverty among the laboring portions being so small."
"I am indeed grateful, my lord. My dear wife's existence depends upon it, and my own honor, for if I am rejected my creditors will swoop upon me," said the clergyman.
"Then the rectorship is yours, Ladson!" my Lord said, with energy. "You wonder why I am so happy. To-morrow is to be my wedding day, and when the ceremony is over, I shall have pleasure in making you a handsome present—I shall have pleasure in handing you a check to satisfy your creditors, and also making you rector of Blairwood!"
"You really astonish me, my lord," the clergyman remarked.
"I spoke to you of this some days since, Ladson, but had then only a conditional promise from Miss Sterne. She had to prove that the man who has been making love to her under the name of Ernest Cliffe is in reality her tascally cousin, Noel Campbell, who has adopted this cowardly course for the purpose of blinding her while he has been taking away from her all that makes life worth living for. She went to London, at my suggestion, to prove this. She returned last night, kiazed and bewildered, but perfectly willing to marry me if I were content to take one who does not love me—one who is nameless and penniless."
"Nameless! Penniless!" exclaimed the clergyman.
"She is not Sir John's legitimate daughter," whispered the earl. "He

tricked her mother into a sham marriage. In addition to this, he is an outlaw, and may be dead. He made a will which is lost, and— But, I care for none of these things. I love Miss Sterne; and at ten o'clock to-morrow morning we will be made man and wife in the old church. There will be celebration, and I rely upon you to keep the matter quiet for Miss Sterne's sake. I have the license ready, and will bring Lady Helena, the butler, and my valet to witness the marriage. It is just possible that Lawyer Grant will be there also. Give me your hand, Ladson, and wish me joy."
His eyes glistened as the clergyman responded to his wishes.
"You will be made rector of Blairwood, your debts will be paid, and I shall be your lifelong friend. Say that we understand each other, Ladson."
"My lord, can anything be more plain?"
That afternoon the clergyman had a long consultation with Captain Castlemon, the result of which was a lengthy message by telegraph to Noel Campbell.
"I must not fail in my appointment," Castlemon said, "as it seems that this will be my last chance for squeezing money out of the earl. I am carrying out the principle of popularity attributed to Richard Turpin, of immortal memory, who robbed the wealthy so that he could help the poor!"
He made no secret of his meeting with the earl in the Long Walk, for more reasons than one. It was a dark and dismal way, and he did not see the cause for so much secrecy or so dark a spot for their assignation. Physically, he was a match for two men of the earl's build, but the landlord of the Blairwood Arms had warned him to beware of the "black little fox."
During the afternoon Stretton visited the tavern, and seemed inclined to drink more than was good for him. Everybody in Blairwood had heard of his discharge, and that he was vowing vengeance against the butler—the pompous Mr. Kemp.
He told his story to Landlord Bingley, and Bingley told it to Castlemon.
"Send the young fellow to me," said the captain, "and tell him that he has nothing to fear."
Stretton walked into Castlemon's private room, fierce and sullen. He had seen Castlemon talking to the detested earl, and doubted him in consequence.
"Shut the door and sit down," said Castlemon. "I have heard something of your trouble, Mr. Stretton, and if it is of any comfort to you, I can swear that Lord Somerton has no authority over you. The man is here under false pretences, in a measure, and if you will keep a stiff tongue in your head, and drink less beer, you shall be reinstated within a week!"
Stretton stared at him incredulously for a moment, then he dropped his face into his hands, and sobbed like a child.

"Excuse me, sir, for being so weak," he said, "but it seemed that every chance in life was gone. It's not the loss of my place altogether, but I'm in a tangle with the butler over money matters."
"The butler again," smiled Castlemon.
"Yes, sir. I was about to be married to Miss Sterne's maid, and she always warned me against Kemp, but I was too thick-headed to listen to her. I wanted to set up a pretty home, and borrowed the money of Kemp. I shouldn't have thought of sign some papers that I didn't understand. Then the earl discharged me, and now I'm threatened with jail unless I pay up the full amount borrowed."
"A trick," suggested Castlemon.
"That's it, sir—a trick to be revenged upon me for taking his girl, as he called my sweetheart, away from him. I'm going to meet him to-night in the Long Walk, to try and arrange things, and if he won't listen to reason, I'll half kill him! I've murdered in my heart lately!"
The sullen look came into his eyes again, and he struck the table fiercely.
"Nonsense!" said Castlemon. "You've been drinking lately to drown your troubles. Only cowards do that. I've done it myself for years," he added, cheerfully, "to deaden a guilty conscience. The Long Walk to-night, eh? That's extraordinary, Stretton, and if you don't mind, I will go with you; I am good at cases of arbitration."
"You mean to help me?" demanded the young gamekeeper, almost wildly.
"Yes, meet me at eight where the ayah's cottage stood."
Captain Castlemon dined at six, and then enjoyed his pipe and grog until a little after seven.
At last he put on his hat and a light overcoat, for the evenings were growing chilly.
He walked in a leisurely manner toward the Park by way of the rectory, being careful to see that he was not being watched.
Although considerably in advance of the time he had named to Stretton, he had not settled himself in a waiting attitude under the shadow of a great oak more than a few moments when the young gamekeeper shot up beside him as noiselessly as a red Indian.
"It's all right, sir," he whispered. "I've been here since six. Just about dusk the earl strolled through the Long Walk, and I saw him look into the well behind the stables. I ordered it to be built over some weeks since, and he wouldn't permit it."
When the clock over the stables struck the half-hour after eight, they stole quietly into the Long Walk, and Castlemon sat down to smoke on the trunk of a fallen tree, while the young gamekeeper carefully concealed himself under a pile of brushwood not twenty paces away.
All was now deathly still except for the occasional fluttering of the wings of some bird of the night. Nine o'clock struck, and Castlemon lighted a fresh cigar. While yet the light was flaming at the end of it a terrific blow from some blunt weapon crashed through his hat and buried him senseless to the earth.
He made no sound; the attack had been too sudden, the blow too heavy. Two sinewy hands seized him by the collar of his coat, and he was dragged with savage speed through the Long Walk. On, on till the well was reached, and his body went crashing down into the black depths!
There was a dull splash, and a dark figure glided away like a phantom.
All this had occurred in such an inconceivable short time that Stretton was bewildered. He heard the blow struck and the fall of Castlemon's body; but he had no idea of the real facts of the case. He fancied that the captain had stumbled against something. Then there was a strange rushing sound down the walk, and the stories of the dead and gone proprietors of the Sternes, who were supposed to perambulate the Long Walk on stated occasions, came uppermost in his mind.
He was about to speak Castlemon's name when the hollow splash in the well reached his ears, and he scrambled to his feet, his heart chilled with horror.
He turned into the walk, and a figure flitted past him; he clutched at it, but it was gone.
(To be continued.)

"I Had General Debility," Writes Mrs. Pelletier.
General Debility or a run-down condition of the system may be due to overwork, going out too soon after an illness, worry, neglecting to take proper care of one's health, sleeplessness, etc. Its symptoms are weakness, lack of energy. The person so afflicted is easily fatigued, nervous, depressed. Headaches, nervous dyspepsia are other symptoms of nervous debility. Building up the system with Carnol is the way Mrs. Pelletier was benefited. Her letter follows:
"I had general debility. I was all run down. I haven't any appetite and could only digest liquids. I was nervous. I couldn't sleep. I was losing weight. The least exertion tired me. I consulted my doctor. He said I had general debility. He told me to take several bottles of Carnol because I needed building up. When I told Mr. H. H. Page, the druggist, my trouble he said he knew of no finer tonic. He said he always recommended it when a good, reliable tonic was needed. After taking three bottles I got relief, but I am still taking it. My appetite has come back. I can sleep. I have more energy and have already gained ten pounds. I am well satisfied with Carnol and always recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. M. Pelletier, Riviere du Loup.
Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

QUESTIONS.
I say to Dave Dickens, who works for me now. "Go, water the chickens and curry the cow!" With questions and queries, all useless and vain, my spirit he wears a n d drives me insane. "Oh, where shall I lead them, those blue-blooded hens, to water and feed them—down there by the fens? I'll curry, besthrow 'em, the cow's furrowed hide, but where shall I do it— in barn or outside? And where are the brushes, and where is the comb?" So inquiry gushes from Dave's sore dome. I long for a fellow who says "Yes" or "Nay," when he hears me below. "Go, harvest the hay;" when to him I mutter, "Get busy, you chump, and wrap up the butter and varnish the pump." I say to this Dickens, "Go, bring me a drink; the bile in me thickens. I feel 't' blink." He ought to act chipper, instead he looks up, and asks if a dipper will do, or a cup. He goes on to chatter, "What drink do you wish? Some tea in a platter, or milk in a dish? The oil of the castor is fit for a king; pray tell me, kind master, what drink shall I bring?" Oh, why are men springing conundrums all day, when life is still winging so swiftly away?

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How Capital Levy Talk is Injuring Britain
The British Labor Party have sealed down to considerable degree their demands for a capital levy. A few weeks ago they were prepared to take everything in and out of sight, but have since modified their demands to a point where fortunes of five thousand and over six the Laborites plan to take five per cent, and from that up to sixty per cent, on fortunes exceeding a million pounds. It is estimated that the capital levy will under this arrangement be confined to a quarter million fortunes, though just how this capital levy is going to be turned into cash for the use of the British Government is not clear. For instance, who is to buy the securities that would necessarily be thrown upon the market when the rich capitalist is stripped of his wealth? It would be very much a case of all sellers and no buyers.

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Mrs. H. McClure, Newwood, Ont., writes:
"After my baby was born, I was terribly weak and run down, with pains across my back. I had heard so much of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that I decided to try it. Three boxes proved enough to make me quite strong and well again. I also used Dr. Chase's Ointment for a rash which broke out on the baby, and the rash disappeared completely in a short time."
DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

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However, it is hard to believe that any combination of political circumstances would place the Labor Party in a position where it could force through such a measure, for surely the Liberals and Conservatives are factious other than those dominated by the Labor and Socialist movement would combine against any such proposal, no matter how they might differ on other questions. But much harm has already been done. Capital is as shy as a girl in her teens, and one does not necessarily leave one's funds about at the mercy of brigands, political or otherwise. The consequence is that a good deal of Britain's invested wealth has already been turned into cash and withdrawn from the country and has gone overseas, a great deal to the United States, some to Canada and to other parts of the Empire. This, of course, will all tend to make Britain's recovery from

the strains of economic depression all the more difficult.
If British Laborites had set out deliberately to make their own path difficult, and increase the length of

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the bread lines in place of shortening them, they could not have done better than they have in the present instance. The urge of the moment is more work and not less, and industry will certainly not be aided by withdrawing capital from business, even if the capital levy was applied to the payment of war debts, as is planned. The Labor Party apparently falls to realize that invested capital pays not only the owners of these funds, but wages as well, and without capital there can be no jobs and no wages.—Saturday Night.

The cost of Ivory soap is exceedingly low compared with its excellent quality. No soap at any price can be more pure than Ivory. This delightful soap washes well, is very soothing to the skin and lasts longer than most toilet soaps.

Fads and Fashions.
The brimless hat, with square or rounded crown, is amazingly popular. In knitted scarfs of silk or soft wool, the newest thing is the monogram.
Full turned-back puffs are used at the wrists of decidedly interesting sleeves.
Touches of bright blue crepe give dash to a gown of dull black crepe de chine.
A coat of beige wool material is lined and trimmed with brown and red plaid.
Silver embroidery is used on a deeply bloused gown of white crepe marocain.
Fine red silk cord laces up the tight sleeves of a street frock of navy blue serge.

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