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Under False Colors
OR
Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XL

There was very little further said for Webster was quivering with excitement, while Noel Campbell pondered over the extraordinary incidents that had been crowded into the past few weeks. Gloomy as his own future appeared to him, he could not help feeling that the clouds would soon roll away.

All at once there was a great bustle in the outer office, but as several other clerks had come in from their lunch, Mr. Grant—for he it was—did not dare to question his youthful factotum, lest his replies enlightened the other employees upon matters which in no wise concerned them.

He therefore pushed open the door, but with all his coolness staggered at sight of the policeman and Noel Campbell.

"Ah, how are you, Mr. Grant?" Webster said, ironically. "Don't be afraid; the officer hasn't come for you yet. Quite a surprise, eh? You did not expect me back for another fourteen years, did you? But I have been particularly well behaved, and believe that the judge who sentenced me had some lingering doubt concerning my guilt. At any rate, I have reason to know that he was appealed to during a rather serious illness which almost killed me, and recommended my being paroled."

"Mr. Grant was ghastly. He dropped into a chair, a sickly smile on his face, and said, with a great effort at being cool: "I am glad to see you, Webster, but I don't understand why these people are present. Mr. Campbell, I fancy, is a prisoner, and—"

"Mr. Campbell is here with me, sir," corrected Webster. "We understand your scheme for getting him put out of your way for a few days. No doubt you were a bit upset by the shaking he gave you, and it is wonderful how money will make doctors issue false declarations, and how it will buy up witnesses ready-made."

"The lawyer glared at his enemy. He

was utterly nonplused. Then an appealing light came into his eyes, and he whispered: "I am really ill, Webster. Why will you talk before these people?"

"This was the signal for the policeman and Mr. Barderau to withdraw. Webster had now recovered his nerve, and carefully closed both the outer and inner doors before he spoke again.

"I have no wish to detain you, sir," he went on, with mock politeness; "but for Mr. Campbell's information I must mention certain things that may be unpleasant for you to hear."

"No, no; it is not necessary," interrupted Grant, "at least, not now. Tell me what you want. I am at a loss to know how Mr. Campbell has got hold of you, and confess that it is a master-stroke. Make what terms you please, and I will reward you, Webster."

"I have already been well rewarded by you," was the sneering rejoinder. "I have suffered years of imprisonment for doing your dirty work; and when you had no further use for me, when I was an ever-present danger, you and Larkins fixed the theft of one of your client's bonds upon me—ah, so cleverly that I believed myself guilty, when your devilish web was about me. You believed that I should die in prison. I was never very strong, but you see that I am back again—for revenge!"

He laughed mockingly, while Grant's face assumed a look of awful despair.

"It is a pleasure to me to see you shiver in your boots, as you have made me shiver; but I am not so vindictive as you appear to imagine. I will explain to Mr. Campbell our relative positions—because I want to befriend Mr. Campbell. I am befriending him because a lady whom he is working for—against you befriend me when all hope was lost. I could not find you, and I was too weak to keep up the search. I meant to seek death in the river, and then I met Larkins, and here I am!

"Now, Mr. Grant, while I have been away I find that you have married a lady of vast fortune, and have removed to offices that are almost palatial. I do not object to the offices, but I do object to the marriage. What

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If you suffer from backache, rheumatism, lumbago, bladder weakness or any other symptom of bladder trouble, read this most astounding testimonial:—

"For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind. I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch or cane. I had given up hope, when a friend advised me to try Gin Pills. This I did, and within two months was a well man. This was four years ago, and I have had no return of my trouble since."

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It is remarkable recoveries such as this—one of thousands—that enables 25,000,000 Gin Pills to be sold every year. The people Gin Pills relieve are the greatest advertisers of Gin Pills.

If you are suffering from any form of kidney trouble, get Gin Pills and join the multitude of happy people who have been relieved of their sufferings by this specific remedy for kidney disorders. Gin Pills are 50¢ a box—at all druggists.



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have you done with my sister, Belle?" "Curse you!" said Grant, savagely. "You know that she is dead—that she has been dead many a long year. Besides, she was never my wife!"

"Liar!" hissed Webster. "If you try to blacken her name, after causing her ruin, I will show you no mercy! She has only been dead six short months. I have the proofs here!"

He tapped his pocket fiercely. "I have her marriage certificate here—hers and yours. Deny it again, you craven! Your wife, whom you deserted—the woman who cared for you until you proved yourself to be lower than a beast, has been dead only six months, and you married Mrs. Cleveland four years since. She is no wife at all, and you are guilty of bigamy! Ah! see how he writhes!"

Noel turned away half in pity, half in contempt. "Hush! hush!" the lawyer groaned. "For Heaven's sake, what do you want? I am forced to believe you; but I swear that I did not know it. I am ruined—ruined!"

"My terms are simple," went on Webster. "I want money; a ticket-of-leave man cannot obtain employment. You can well afford to give me ten thousand pounds out of your ill-gotten wealth. I wish to start in some business—a seaside hotel would suit me; and the secret will rest between me and Mr. Campbell, if you also consent to withdraw all claims upon him."

"Not the money that is justly due," interrupted Noel. "I only must insist upon time, but every farthing shall be paid."

"I jump at the offer," Grant said. "Anything to keep this awful secret from the world—from my wife."

"No wife at all," corrected Webster, maliciously. "And when it is all over, you had better get married again! No, sir, you will please exonerate Mr. Campbell from all the cruel schemes you have against him. That is the first step. To-morrow I shall be here for the money that is due to me as salvage to my injured feelings and ruined prospects. I will now wish you good-day."

He bowed to Noel, and abruptly left the room.

"Now, sir," Campbell said, sternly, "I am ready to accompany you to the Mansion House to have your infamous charge against me withdrawn; but I will promise to keep this secret only upon the condition that you immediately inform Mrs. Grant of some flaw in your marriage, and have it rectified by going through the ceremony again."

"I am helpless," replied the lawyer, resignedly. "I will do just what you think is best. My cursed ambition has been my ruin. I shall never be safe from that man. I am not sure that his sister—that Belle is dead, even now."

He rose from his seat, and in the space of half-an-hour seemed to have aged years. His face was lined and drawn, and his steps feeble.

Accompanied by Mr. Barderau and the policeman, they drove to the Mansion House, but it took some hours to get the charge preferred against Noel Campbell dismissed.

Mr. Grant was subjected to some severe remarks from the presiding magistrate, and his witness, who had sworn to the written statements in the warrant narrowly escaped arrest. When it was over, Mr. Barderau was closeted alone for a short time with the unhappy lawyer, and afterward laid a receipt before Noel for the full amount of his claim on the face of the writ.

"I gave him my check," he said, "and you can repay me at your leisure. I owe you this good turn. You saved me twice the amount yesterday. Now let the wretched man pass out of your life."

"Thank you," replied Noel, warmly. "I never expected this. Now I can work with a clear conscience."

The kindly act had been done so quietly, so unassumingly, that a project would have been entirely out of place. There are some men who know how to grant favors graciously. There are others who grant them with so much ostentation that it is degrading to be the recipient.

Does Your Child Show These Symptoms?

Often, perfectly healthy children will, for no apparent reason, suddenly lose their appetite, become tired and listless, pale, and take no interest in games or sports. Often the child has a dry cough. If neglected too long, these symptoms may develop into anemia or consumption. When a child shows signs of becoming run down, its system should immediately be built up with a tonic. Dorothy Oliver developed symptoms similar to those described above, and in the following letter Mrs. Oliver tells how the child was restored to health.

"My little girl Dorothy, seven years of age, was much run down, suffering from loss of appetite. She was tired and nervous. She was losing flesh and becoming thin. This had been going on for over three years. I had tried several remedies without effect. Finally I got a bottle of Carnol and almost immediately I noticed an improvement. She gained 100 per cent. in strength and flesh. Today she is again the rosy-cheeked child she used to be. She is now full of life, health and vitality. I therefore can conscientiously recommend Carnol as a builder and appetizer."—Mrs. O. S. Oliver, 648 Beverly St., Winnipeg.

Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A GUEST

"THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST"

The last shall be first," so the Good Book tells, and I know that it is true. And this is the tale of a cunning mind which gave me a laugh or two. There were twelve of us bound for a little town, and we sat in the smoker's gloom.

And discussed our chances there and then, of getting a hotel room; But one man, old in the travelling game, said casually to us: "I've made this town a hundred times, and they'll meet you with a but."

The bus was there when the train pulled in, and we made a rush for it. We scrambled, luggage and weary men, for a chance in the rig to sit. But the wise old travelling man got up in an indolent sort of way.

And took his time to walk the stretch from the platform to the driver. He stood at the steps with his hat in hand and helped old women in. And he pried their baggage at their feet with a most delightful grin.

I never dreamed he could be so deep or could play so sharp a trick. I never dreamed that a grin or two made a barricade so thick. But I noticed at last when we started off this courtly man and kind hadn't left a seat for himself inside, but was hanging on behind.

I was sorry for him in my childlike way, but I cried for him no more. For he gave one leap for the clerk in side when we reached the hotel door.

We were blocked in the bus by cases large, by bundles and baskets, too. A fat old lady barred the way, as fat old ladies do. But at last we got to the clerk inside, and he said with a look of gloom: "I'm sorry, gent, but the first chap is taken out our only room!"

Then it dawned on us how we'd all been tricked, and that kindly man we cursed.

For we'd learned that the last man on the bus to the hotel clerk comes first.

BOOTLEG WEALTH.

The bootlegger's harvested millions, according to stories I hear, by selling to thirsty civilians his poisonous whiskey and beer. The bootlegger's dilemma are drinking, his face in aglow with a grin, while busily he goes a-banking the proceeds of death dealing gin. The bootlegger's heart should be merry if happiness dwelt in the sea, but things are so beastly contrary the bootlegger often is said. His money will buy a new motor, an opulent, swaggering wain; alas, it won't purchase the voter whose friendship he's yearning to gain. His yacht may be skimming the waters, the niftiest thing on the sea, but portals are closed to his daughter.



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Follows line of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. On resting rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

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Fashions and Fads.
Wide bands of white fox are used on a cape of black velvet worn over a simple gown of black.
Slunk fur trims an evening gown of hyacinth blue velvet lined with blue and silver-shot silk.
The long Russian blouse can be used in so many charming ways to form distinctive costumes.
A charming tailored frock of green alpaca has a collar and cuffs of green and white singham.
A richly beaded or embroidered blouse is generally worn with the dressy three-piece costume.
A girde of bright blue crepe and green ribbons effective on a simple dinner gown of black flat crepe.
Huge smart collars of racoon fur are used on three-quarter length sports coats of tweed and plaid.

Very little trimming is required when one's frock is fashioned of one of the rich materials so popular.
Chinese influence is seen in some of the brilliantly beaded blouses worn with dark-colored street costumes.
Three of the most fashionable materials this season are moire silk, chiffon velvet and metal brocade.
To make her cloth or velvet frock quite correct and warm for street wear, miffady dons a short fur jacket.
Bone buttons are used on a frock of gray crepe with vertically tucked ruffles, and a red leather belt.
An afternoon gown of black velvet is brightened by touches of green crepe and ermine on the sleeves and skirt.
Over a straight-slip of flesh-colored satin to wear a wide-skirted frock of white tulle, with a silver embroidered bodice and hem border of skunk.
Horizontal tucking and cording is used on the black velvet jacket of a suit trimmed with elephant-dyed squirrel.

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