

**"Best Thing in the World For Delicate Girls"**

Mr. John Bennett, Boggy Creek, Man., writes: "My little girl had organic nervous trouble, could not sleep, had severe headaches and fainting spells. This went on for three years, and three doctors helped her very little. After reading of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food had done for others, I got some for her. She is now so well that she is like a different child. She is fourteen years old and looks the picture of health."



**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**  
60 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

GERALD S. DOYLE, Sole Agent.

**The Imprisoned Heiress**

**The Spectre of Edremont.**

CHAPTER IV.

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" demanded his lordship, impatiently. "Your manner was such as to declare you almost guilty."

Jessy breathed a sigh of relief at her lover's reply, and her emotion awakened a feeling of sympathy in Lord Ashcroft's breast.

"I know Gosman could not have done such a thing, my lord," said the forester's daughter, proudly, yet timidly; "he never did a wicked thing in his life."

Kepp recovered himself a little as the girl defended him, and lifted his head, but only to drop it lower upon his breast, and Jessy alone saw the grateful expression upon his face.

"Well, go whom did you lend the gun?" inquired the earl.

Kepp lowered his head still more, but made no reply.

Lord Ashcroft had become interested in the accused from seeing how Jessy clung to him, disbelieving the accusation, and he now said, kindly: "Will you not tell us the name of the man who borrowed your gun, Kepp? You are in no way to blame for having lent it to him, and you need not fear any violence at his hands."

"I—I cannot tell his name, my lord," faltered Kepp.

A low cry broke from Jessy's lips, and she caught her lover's arm, saying: "Don't you see they suspect you, dad? They think you wanted to kill his lordship. Tell them who you lent the gun to—tell them, Gosman."

"I can't!"

"Tell me, then—or you'll break my heart!" and poor Jessy's voice sounded pitifully.

"I can't."

Jessy gave a wild, incredulous look at her lover, and then sat down upon the step, covering her face with her apron, unmindful of the chill creeping to her very bones under that deadlier chill of suspicion aroused by her lover's words.

The under-forester, with downcast eyes and drooping form, flinching under the stern gaze of his accusers, might well have been thought guilty of an attempt at a terrible crime.

Lord Egremont addressed him in words that caused poor Jessy to writhe as under personal blows.

It certainly looked ominous for the under-forester at that moment, and he felt it.

The earl drew Lord Ashcroft aside

**"Carnol made us strong and healthy and gave us wonderful appetites,"**  
writes Miss Winifred Bartlett

What answer do you get when you ask most people who are ill what their trouble is? Isn't the answer almost invariably, weakness, run down condition, losing weight, despondent, sleeplessness, nervousness, lack of energy, tired, listless, headaches? Carnol has proved, by the thousands of testimonials we have, to be a wonderful remedy for all these conditions. Read what Miss Winifred Bartlett says about Carnol, and what it did for her and her family when they were run down.—"One month last winter all of us, except father, were laid up with flu. Father was working at a factory and told his chum about our being run down with flu. His chum said that in 1921 his family was laid up with the same thing, so he went to the druggist and the druggist told him to give them Carnol. He said it was good for people who had been ill and were still very weak. This man told my father that it was the very best strengthener and body-builder his family had ever tried."

as if all his limbs were benumbed or the life frozen within him, shook himself as if to arouse his faculties, picked up the gun that had caused so much woe, and plunged into the depths of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

During the ride homeward from the forester's cottage, Lady Egremont remarked, addressing her guest:

"You see, dear Lady Lorean, how anxious we all are for Xina's happiness. She is the light of our household, and every one at Egremont loves her. Lyle regards her as a sister, although he is not a relative of hers. He is my nephew, and has been a year at Egremont. He can tell you of Alexina's goodness, without laying himself open to the charge of undue partiality."

"It is not necessary to praise the Lady Alexina," responded Lyle Indor. "That would be like gilding refined gold and painting the lily."

Both Lord and Lady Egremont bestowed approving glances upon their nephew for this compliment to their ward.

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Lady Lorean, called upon to say something. "She has the dark beauty of the Egremonts. I remember her father. He was the finest-looking man I ever beheld. His daughter resembles him greatly. I pray that she may never experience anything of the doom of her race."

The remark was no sooner made than regretted.

Lady Egremont turned pale and trembled like a leaf, while her husband became livid with fear.

It was evident that the curse of Egremont weighed heavily on them both, and that his lordship had a secret terror of incurring the fate that had overtaken all the males of his race—the doom of a violent death.

Lady Lorean's unfortunate remark caused a feeling of gloom to overcome all who overheard it, and it had not subsided when they reached the dwelling. There the party separated, proceeding to their several apartments.

Lord Ashcroft had scarcely gained his own room, and seated himself before the sea-coal fire, when his sister entered.

Her brother arose as she came forward, politely placing the easy-chair for her use, and seated himself at a little distance, saying:

"What troubles you, Lorean? I noticed a shadow on your face during the latter part of our ride. Your assumed gaiety could not deceive me."

"I feared you would read my heart, as you have done, Lionel," returned the Lady Lorean, frankly. "My love for you has rendered me very sharp-sighted in regard to the Lady Alexina. To tell you the truth, brother, I am disappointed in her."

"Disappointed!" echoed his lordship. "Why, Lorean, do you not consider her beautiful?"

"I do not deny her beauty, but I think her manner too self-assured for so young a lady."

Lord Ashcroft smiled.

"My objection seems trivial, does it not?" said the Lady Lorean, smiling too. "But beauty is not all you require in your future wife, my dear Lionel."

"True, Lorean; but if the Lady Alexina will accept me as her husband, I shall have more than beauty in my wife. Did you not notice how generously she interceded for Gosman Kepp, and with what emotion she listened to poor Jessy Kay's pleadings?"

"I did," was the quite response. "Ah, Lionel, are you really so blind as your words indicate? The emotion of which you speak was a petty self-consciousness—a pride in feeling that the fate of that poor Kepp was in her hands."

"Lorean, you are unjust! You love for me has caused you to see imperfections in the Lady Alexina which do not really exist."

"She satisfies you, then, Lionel, fully and entirely?"

Lord Ashcroft hesitated, as if searching the depths of his own heart, then sighed and answered:

"She is not exactly as I pictured her. It would be strange if she were. But I believe her to be true-hearted, gentle, and intelligent, with a loving, trusting soul. If she have faults, which to me seems doubtful, she will conquer them when she learns to love. I shall endeavor to subdue mine."

(To be continued.)



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**Female Impersonators**

Went Big, Until Spot Light Showed Defects.

Buenos Aires. (United News).—Whether female impersonators should be suppressed or encouraged is troubling the municipal council here. The city fathers are in favor of suppression.

Edmond De Bries is a man who chooses to portray women on the stage and Edmond modestly claims to be infinitely more chic and alluring than any Argentine actress and further insists that his lady wardrobe, complete from step-ins to beaded bag, is more valuable and of greater distinction than the possession of any stage woman.

De Bries and his gorgeous lingerie and outer clothing have made a tremendous hit on the Buenos Aires stage. So great has been his success that dozens of plagiarists of his art are trying to take advantage of the public taste for men in women's garments.

The theatrical world is echoed to the soprano thunderings of two schools of female impersonators. De Bries insists that the municipal council is disgusted by "the inexpressible vulgarity and inane posturings of the minor female impersonators."

Plagiarists of De Bries contend that the public admires the lithesome grace of their performances and even though it be vulgar, to the elephantine antics and hoarse croakings of the "iron faced sergeant's guards" who threaten to break the boards in every vaudeville theatre in town when they come clumping in for the chorus numbers.

Even if the city council doesn't favor female impersonators it is predicted that the theatre spotlights will.

Revue shows are becoming increasingly popular here, and with the revenue came the custom of sending the girls onto the stage bare legged. Many female impersonators were acceptable to the public before bare legs became a stage fashion, but now when the unclad extremities are brightly illuminated, the deception is too apparent to be attractive.

**Fads and Fashions.**

Embroidery, or hamburger looks best when it is pressed on the wrong side over a pad.

Left over ham may be minced, mixed with mashed potatoes, and baked with milk.

Don't forget that fresh apple cider is good jellied and served with whipped cream.

**MRS. B. H. HART SICK FOR YEARS**

Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cornwall, Ont.—"I am now giving your medicine a fair trial and it surely is doing me good and I am going to keep on taking it. I used to feel so tired in the morning that I didn't want to get up, but that feeling is leaving me now and I feel more like working. For seven or eight years I have had headaches, tired feelings, pains in my back and across my body. I read letters in the newspapers saying what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done others. My husband says I quit too soon, but I am not going to stop taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine until I am better and haven't an ache or a pain. Isn't that the right way? I have great faith in your medicines. They must be good when those who take them speak so highly of them. I am recommending them to my friends and I will gladly answer letters from women asking about them." Mrs. B. H. Hart, Box 1081, Cornwall, Ont.

Mrs. Hart is willing to answer letters from sick women asking about the Vegetable Compound.

**Here's a Dealer Who Knew How**

There was an old geezer and he had a little more spunk. He started up a business on a dollar eighty cents. The dollar for stock, and the eighty for an ad. Brought him three lovely dollars in a day, by dad!

Well, he bought more goods and a little more spunk. And he played that system with a smile on his face. The customers flocked to his two-by-four. And soon he had to hustle for a regular store.

Up on the square where the people pass He gobbled up a corner that was all plate glass. He fixed up the windows with the best that he had. And told them all about it in a half-page ad.

He soon had 'em coming and he never, never quit. And he wouldn't cut down on his ads one bit. And he's kept things humping in the town ever since. And everybody calls him the Merchant Prince.

Some say it's luck but that's all bunk— Why he was doing business when times were punk. People have to purchase and the geezer was wise— For he knew the way to get 'em was to advertise.—EX.

**The Choice of Most Women**

Pearline washing powder is selected by many women who know what a real good washing powder is. Pearline costs only ten cents a package and saves dollars in toll and labor. Years ago Pearline was the favourite—it is still the favourite with all its numerous users. Your grocer knows that Pearline is considered the best of all washing powders and this is why he will recommend it every time you ask his opinion. For cleaning pots, pans, kettles, etc., there is nothing like Pearline. For all washing or scrubbing a little Pearline added to the water makes the work much easier. Every woman should use Pearline. Ask your grocer for Pearline.—oct14,11

**B. C. Rose Nurseries**

CHILLIWACK, B.C.—It would appear to be sending coals to Newcastle, but the first shipment of the fall season from the British Columbia nurseries at Sardis was 1,000 rose bushes for Portland, Ore. Another order recently placed at the same nurseries was from Lady Byng, for shipment to England, of apple trees. On a recent visit to this province, Lady Byng was so much interested in the quality and varieties of apples grown here that were not grown in England, and showed her desire to try out B.C. trees in her home across the seas by placing this order.

**Salt Pork Slices With Apple.**

(By an Old Maid.)

A meal of salt pork sliced, served steaming hot with apples, is simple, rustic fare for which I have a great liking.

I either fry or bake my country dinner to suit my own convenience. If the frying-pan is called into requisition I cook the meat first, then keep it hot till I have finished. If when this is lifted out, overmuch grease remains I pour a little off before I put in the fruit.

The apples need to be pared, cored, and sliced quite across "thick as a crown piece." Green acid fruit not only cooks very quickly, but is quite the nicest with the pork; sweet apples lack tang, and do not fulfil their mission to perfection. Sometimes, if any cold boiled potatoes remain, I slice these and fry too. Both are turned and made brown.

They are laid around the pork on the dish and parsley leaves are there to trim it. All country people eat heartily of this. They know a good thing when they meet it, and display their wisdom in a sensible, practical manner.

**MacDonald's Son Heads Winners.**

Retiring British Premier's Boy, With Oxford Team, Scores in Debate.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—(A.P.)—Malcolm J. MacDonald, son of the British Premier, last night led an Oxford University team to victory over a Chicago University trio in a debate on prohibition.

The debate on the question: "Resolved, that this house opposes the principle of prohibition," was decided by the English system of convicting the audience.

Before the debate began, 637 of the auditors registered a preference for prohibition, 340 against and 121 neutral. The visitors who took the affirmative side, succeeded by their arguments in bringing the number of those in favor of prohibition to 432, while opposed increased to 463, the remainder being neutral.

Others on the Oxford team with MacDonald were J. D. Woodruff and

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Fine quality Worsted Suits---Neat, dark patterns.

These Suits were made to retail at \$20.00

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**\$12.75**

**Men's Bannockburn Tweed Suits**

Made of Heavy, All Wool Bannockburn Tweed, renowned for its good, hard wearing qualities. They come in Mixed Brown and Grey Shades, well tailored and good finish.

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