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CANADIAN MADE

EWINGETTES COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XX.

Elsie muttered some reply, and raising his hat the doctor struck out in another direction.

As the agitated girl hurried through a narrow path-way that led to the house, Lord Somerton stepped from behind a cluster of trees, and started with well-stimulated surprise.

"Elsie!" he said, "doffing his hat, and bowing low, 'I had no idea that Elsie was not alone here, Miss Sterne. Pray, will you permit me to accompany you to the house?'"

"I do not suppose that my wishes will be of any consideration to your lordship, either one way or the other," Elsie replied sarcastically.

"Miss Sterne, you are cruel—you are unkind," he responded, and the girl felt that she preferred his threats to his pretended humility.

"I suppose that you have heard," he continued, "that I have been chosen, much against my will, to take the place of the poor rector in the affairs of the Blairwood Park estate, until Sir John returns to England? A duty which I shall most faithfully discharge, Miss Sterne."

He turned upon her his fierce black eyes, a mocking smile about his red lips, that shone like coral through his beard and mustache.

"You do not offer me any encouragement," he went on. "Can it be that you do not approve of the selection of such men as the family lawyer, the rector, and the doctor? These people are your friends, not mine. I would not have accepted for one moment had I not your interests at heart. I would not have accepted only that I can guard the mystery that hangs like a black cloud above the head of the girl I love!"

Only Those in Declining Years Realize What It Means

As people pass middle age, their strength and vitality usually begin to wane. They are easily tired. They notice that they are not as active as they were. They need something to tone up their system—something which will put new strength, life and vitality into them—a tonic. But such a tonic must contain no harsh ingredients. Old age was Mr. Snider's trouble. Read what he says:

"It is only those who are in the declining years of their life who can understand the many troubles which old people have to endure. The slightest over-exertion brings on weakness, which affects the whole system, resulting in indigestion, sleeplessness, depression, loss of strength and vitality. This was my trouble. I was suffering from old age. I needed something to renew my strength and vitality. I sold my drugstore about my trouble and he recommended Carnel. A short time after, I started taking it I felt better. I noticed my strength and vitality returning. I had more energy. I felt better than I had felt for twenty-five years. My appetite has returned. My friends all say how well I look. I have no hesitation in recommending Carnel to old people. I conscientiously believe that it will help them as it has helped me."—Mendel Snider, Hanover, Ont.

Carnel is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

His tones became impassioned, and his eyes luminous, yet there was a ring of triumph in every word—in every glance.

Elsie made a gesture of repugnance, her heart sick with fear.

"Leave me, for mercy's sake!" she gasped. "I am not well, and none but a coward would torment a defenceless girl!"

"Torment you! Oh, Elsie Sterne, say that you will try to think well of me—say this, and I will promise to let you have your own way in all things. Your word shall be law!"

He spoke appealingly, and seized one of her hands in a feverish grasp.

"Think well of you?" she shuddered. "I am afraid that I can never do that. The past cannot be blotted out, and I dislike you, Lord Somerton. To me you are like a noxious serpent. I do not forget your threat, and your boasts, and know only too well why you have ingratiated yourself with my friends here. But I warn you not to persecute me too far. My father will return home within a few months, and he will know how to deal with you!"

He flung her hand from him after gripping it until the marks of his fingers stood out in livid lines on her delicate wrist.

"Silly girl!" he hissed. "Bah! Your father will never come back. I believe that he is dead even now—killed by an accusing conscience—killed by the fear of a disgraceful end. You ignore me—you defy me! Well, so be it. I shall know how to act. Though I am consumed with love for you, I do not propose that you shall be mistress here, only as my wife. I shall discharge your favorite servants forthwith. No more private interviews with the young gamekeeper. Such conduct cannot be tolerated, and I may be induced to have that painter fellow arrested for burglary, at least. One moment! I have very little more to say, but I wish you to pay particular attention to it. I give you until tomorrow morning to decide whether you are to be friends or enemies. Anyway, the seed will be all the same. I shall make you Lady Somerton, and compel your allegiance, if nothing more. You may at once dismiss this romantic schoolgirl liking for Erascille. If you do not, his image will be ruthlessly torn from your heart by the discovery that he is the greatest scoundrel on earth! I have proof of it, and for this reason and the love I bear you, I am determined to be your master. Reflect, Miss Sterne, and remember that I alone hold the key to the solution of the mystery that is killing your father—if he is not already dead. One word from me, if he lives, would restore him to health, to reason, the enjoyment of the remaining years of his life. It rests with me to slay or to save him. His journey to India is merely a wild-goose chase. He has been lured thither by his enemies. The disappointment will surely end in his death, unless you consent to be Lady Somerton."

He looked at Elsie fixedly, and there was something in his manner that compelled her to pause and listen.

"Don't torture me," she whispered. "I know that there is something terrible for me to hear. Do you not see that I am only a weak, helpless girl, while you are a man, strong and self-reliant? Tell me the nature of this secret—help my father, if it lies in your power."

He smiled, and again his passion shone in his eyes.

"Your promise, Miss Sterne! Great Heaven! no other man would take you, knowing what I know. I can deprive you of honor, fortune, all at a single blow, and yet I stoop to love you—to make you mine. To this end I would imperil my immortal soul. Nothing shall stand in my way! Elsie, is it yes or no? I will not press you for your reply now. Think it carefully over between now and tomorrow. Fear Colin Erascille from your heart, for he it is, and Noel Campbell, who have murdered Zeha for the knowledge she possessed, who committed the burglary at the rectory to steal your father's will, and have caused the death of the rector, and who would slay you before the world a pauper and a child of shame, and Sir John Sterne a murderer!"

He looked at her longingly, triumphantly, for a moment, then with a formal "good-bye," bowed, and left her.

"A child of shame! A pauper!" Elsie murmured, as she staggered toward the house. "Ah, the coward's

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CHAPTER XXI.

"Oh, my dear mistress," cried Annette, when Elsie reached her own rooms, "how ill you look! What can I do for you, please?"

"Nothing—nothing. I have heard bad news, Annette. Mr. Vallance's dead. Now put my things away, and I will lie down for a little while. I must not be ill at this terrible time. Oh, Annette, my troubles threaten to be greater than I can bear!"

She wept almost hysterically for a time, then dismissed her wondering and sorrowing maid, so that she could read the rector's last message, and think of the dreadful things that Lord Somerton had said to her.

This was his letter:

Dear Miss Sterne—I am dying, and hear that it will be impossible for me to see you. I deeply regret this, but it cannot be helped. I promised Sir John that I would not disclose to you the secret of the sealed packet until I had heard of his death; but, alas! it has been stolen, together with his will, and I have but a brief outline of its contents. However, I understand that he left a rough copy in his safe—the small steel safe behind the panel in his bedroom. I do not think that any one else is aware of this, and it is my duty to let you know. There may be nothing in the packet of much importance, but I advise you to secure it, and destroy it. The wretched confession can do no possible good. To me it seems clear that the transcript has been stolen by the man who calls himself Colin Erascille, but who is in reality your father's bitterest enemy. It is possible that he cares for you, and will keep its contents inviolate, and am praying to the merciful God that it may be so, though you can never trust this wolf in human form. In the meantime, believe that Lord Somerton is your friend, and Sir John's friend. God be with you, my dear child, and while you are bearing your cross, forever look to Him for help and support, and be sure that He will not desert you in your hour of trial. Your loving friend and pastor,

ARTHUR VALLANCE.

Elsie read this message carefully, and it seemed that she could hear the rector's solemn tones enunciate every word.

She dropped a few tears on the scrawl, and wished that her last meeting with Mr. Vallance had been of a pleasanter nature.

"Poor Mr. Vallance," she said, half-

Lord Rothermere and Beaverbrook Acquire Hulton Papers

LONDON—(Can. Press)—The disposal of the Hulton group of English daily and weekly newspapers to Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook—the latter, it is understood, acquiring the papers hitherto published by Hulton's in London, and Lord Rothermere taking the remaining publications issued in Manchester—is an event which, while of less general interest than the purchase of the Times by Lord Northcliffe some years back, is of even greater moment to workers in the newspaper field in the old Country. In thirty years or less the firm of Hulton has built up a business second only in size, so far as Great Britain is concerned, to the undertaking which the late Lord Northcliffe and his brother Lord Rothermere, brought into being. Edward Hulton, founder of the firm, was a Manchester man of humble origin. His early life was certainly not spent in a newspaper office, but, he evidently possessed the fair for recognizing what a considerable proportion of the teeming population of industrial workers in and around Manchester were especially glad to get in the way of news of the day. Horse-racing then, as now, was one of the chief interests of the masses—the interest, it is hardly necessary to say, being almost confined to a following of the "form" of horses and the odds quoted by the bookies. Edward Hulton the First, conceived the idea of ministering to the needs of this class of sportsman in and around his native city by producing an early morning sheet, devoted entirely to racing, football, and the like. The earlier issues, the story runs, was run off by the proprietor-editor himself, he was his own circulation manager, accountant and everything else. From the first the enterprise made money; the millworker of Manchester, it was asserted, would rather deny himself his breakfast than his early morning perusal of the Sporting Chronicle. The next venture was the Manchester Evening Chronicle, a paper designed to appeal to the general reader in the great English cotton district. Success likewise attended this venture, for there was an element of snap and brightness which, up to then, had been lacking in most of the papers of the north of England. Sometimes the fact is lost sight of that within a twenty mile radius of Manchester, there is a population almost equaling that of the seven millions of greater London. It is a good many years now since the brothers Harnsworth appreciated this fact, and began to publish the Daily Mail, and other papers, in Manchester and simultaneously with London. About the same time the Hulton firm started the Daily Despatch, rather on the same lines as the Mail in the North of England. Hulton the Elder was gathered to his fathers (leaving three quarters of a million sterling). Hulton the Younger continued to prosper. His firm produced the Daily Sketch, while in his picture at the



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alone, "he is gone—he is gone! All my friends are going. But why will people misjudge my darling Colin? What has he done to merit the evil things that are said of him? Trust Lord Somerton? Never! I hated him once, now I tremble at the very sound of his voice. I feel that he is my master—that he has the cunning and subtlety of Satan! He has hinted at infamy—at murder! Now I will read my unhappy father's confession, and know the worst. I am mistress here, and none shall interfere with my actions! I will write to Colin and tell him everything. I know that he is strong and brave; I know that he is my hope in this time of need. I will see Mr. Grant, the lawyer, and my Lord of Somerton shall see that he has no timid and helpless girl to deal with!"

She rang the footman's bell, and commended the lackey who answered it to fetch the village carpenter, who had secured Sir John's bedroom door with screws and clamps, to take them away again.

"Bring him back with you, Platt," she added.

The footman flushed and hesitated.

"Yes, miss; but Lady Helena—"

He stopped in confusion.

"What of Lady Helena?" demanded Elsie, sharply.

"Well, miss, she has given us general orders to report first to her, all—"

"That will do!" Elsie haughtily interposed. "Obey my orders, Platt, without question, and remember that Lady Helena is merely a servant here, similar to yourself, and subject to instant dismissal if she neglects her duties. Go, if you please, and do not waste one moment."

The footman departed, feeling anything but comfortable, and Elsie sat down to write to Colin Erascille, her heart burning with indignation.

(To be continued)

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like the Daily Mirror of the Harmsworth family. As already pointed out in the North of England; it was now then the turn of the Hultons to enter the London field. They acquired the Evening Standard, at a time when its proprietor, the Morning Standard, (for which the great statesman Salisbury wrote in his early days and which once held an influence almost held an influence almost equal to the Times) was withering to decay. Hulton very soon galvanized the Evening Standard into new life, and in other directions showed the Harmsworths that they had a competitor to be reckoned with in the London area. Sir Edward Hulton, son of the founder and present head of the firm, like his father before him, has the reputation of being a keen man of business, a fair employer to those who suit him, but ruthless with those who do not. During the war his papers supported Lloyd George, and he was en-

dowed with a baronetcy before that statesman went out of office.

FOR SALE—A Six-Cylinder Buick Motor Car in good running order; a bargain if applied for at once; apply 178 Gower Street, Oct 22, 1923.

Autumnal Ecstasy

If my soul were a flower It would fade.

If my soul were a leaf It would fall.

If my soul were a splendor of painted skies It would melt into night.

But because it contains the flower, the leaf, the sky My soul is greater than these, And in it abide, Unfading, unfalling, unmelting.

And there is an ampler soul, to which mine Is a flower that not only fades not But grows eternally.

A leaf that not only falls not But spreads to wider joy.

A sky that not only melts not But flames to deeper glory.

A Brilliant Meteoric Display

The R.M.S.P. state that the commander of their s.s. Orbita, on her last homeward run from New York, reports having observed a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy, the official

latitude 46° 15' N., longitude 35° 45' W., at 5.55 a.m. G.M.T., a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy was observed travelling at great speed from the direction of the constellation of Perseus through Cassiopeia and vanishing in the vicinity of the Great Bear. The meteor appeared to burst in the region of Cassiopeia, illuminating the heavens from horizon to horizon. Such was the vividness of the flash that the observer was temporarily blinded, being unable to see for about five minutes. The meteor appeared to be about four times the size of Sirius and for a period of about 20 minutes, after its passage, a brilliantly luminous, vaporous gas remained in the sky, marking the meteor's trail."

Lake Lost Through Irrigation

Washington.—The extent to which reclamation policies are remarking the map of the west is shown by the announcement that Tule Lake, measur-

HEALTH

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"KING OF PAIN"

Increase in Indian Population

Washington, Oct. 25.—(By Canadian Press)—The Indian population of the United States, according to the latest tabulation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, is 344,303, an increase during the last year of 11,144. Oklahoma continues to lead among the states, with a total of 119,230. Arizona being second with 43,915. Delaware reported two Indian inhabitants and West Virginia seven.

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Oct 25, 1923

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