

"Now Feeling Fine and Able to do my own work"

Mr. Walter Gieves, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "I was in such a weakened, run-down condition that I could not take care of my household duties."



I was unable to sleep at night, and the doctor told me I was anemic. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and to-day I am feeling fine and able to do all my own work.

"My little girl had eczema, and different remedies took no effect whatever. We got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and that one box relieved her."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

The Imprisoned Heiress

—OR—

The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the morning subsequent to the secret meeting with the Lady Alexina at the foot of the garden, Lyle Indor's manner toward Lord Ashcroft seemed marked with unusual self-deprecation and with increased respect and courtesy. To one who possessed the key to this change it would have appeared that Indor was suffering from self-reproach for his treachery, if treachery it might be called, to his lordship, in having dared to speak of love to Lord Ashcroft's betrothed wife.

Indor greeted the heiress as usual, but without the slightest token of self-consciousness; her face flushed at his approach, and, for a moment, a bright, glad look beamed from her dark eyes.

The blush and look was not unnoticed. Lord Ashcroft was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to observe it, and so also was the Lady Lorean, who brooded continually over the two attempts that had been made upon her brother's life, and Lord Egremont's attention was momentarily diverted in another direction.

It was Lady Egremont who noticed the embarrassment of her husband's ward, and her ladyship was too well versed in human nature to misinterpret it.

From that moment she watched her nephew and the heiress with a vigilance that never for an instant relaxed.

After breakfast the family and the guests gathered in the warm, glowing morning room, and the polite hostess started a conversation which soon became general. Her nephew was detained at her side to hold skeins of Berlin wool, for her ladyship was an indefatigable worker on canvas and wools, and by her skilful management Lady Alexina and Lord Ashcroft occupied together a small sofa, that had been drawn up upon one side of the fire. Lord Egremont devoted himself to the Lady Lorean, thus completing the little circle.

The topics which formed the staple of the conversation had at first a wide range, but it gradually narrowed until Gosman Kepp and Donald Kay came under discussion, in connection with the two mysterious attempts upon Lord Ashcroft's life.

"Your lordship was not disturbed in any way last evening, I hope?" said Lord Egremont, interrogatively.

"Thank you, no," responded Lord Ashcroft. "I was upon my guard last night, and should not have objected to an encounter with my mysterious enemy."

"Your lordship then places great dependence upon the pistol I lent you?" observed Lyle Indor.

"Not upon that," replied Lord Ashcroft, with an involuntary smile. "In truth, Mr. Indor, I regard the pistol you so kindly lent me as a very pretty and costly affair, but I should not wish to rely upon it in a case of serious emergency. Lord Egremont was so kind as to bring, last evening, a large revolver, ready for use, and with that I can hold six men at bay."

"Lord Egremont was thoughtful," said Indor, bestowing some attention upon the gay threads crossing his slender white fingers. "I hope you will not have occasion to use this formidable weapon."

"I hope I shall not," returned Lord Ashcroft, gravely, "and I believe that I shall not. I think I have disarmed my secret enemy, whether his name be Kepp or Kay, and I have no fears for the future."

"It's all very mysterious," said Lady Egremont, pausing in the act of winding, and holding the scarlet ball of wool in her hand. "I am almost superstitious enough to believe these repeated assaults to be the work of demons or kelpies. I am Scotch, you know, and I have heard stories of such things that it would never do to tell at night. Even now, in the bright morning, it almost frightens me to remember them," and, as if to verify her words, she glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

"Lady Egremont is somewhat superstitious," remarked her husband, in a tone that showed that he was not free from the same infirmity.

"Who would not be in my place?" inquired her ladyship. "I was brought up to believe in such things. My father was a favored courtier, and a brilliant man of the world, yet he was strongly inclined with a belief in the supernatural. His father had the gift of second-sight, and foretold so many remarkable things which afterward came to pass that his descendants cannot disbelieve in his endowment. And my experience at Egremont has not been such as to dissipate the effects of my early teachings," she added.

"On the contrary, I should think they had been such as to keep them alive, and to give them tenfold power," remarked Lord Ashcroft.

"I remember a story my grandfather was fond of telling," said Lady Egremont, reflectively, "and he believed it implicitly. The late assaults upon your lordship have brought it back vividly to my mind. He was a very old man, and I was but a child, yet I can never forget the thrill of horror I experienced at every recital of the tale. Would you like to hear it?"

A general assent was given, and her

ladyship released Indor from his duty as skein-holder, tossed the ball of wool into her dainty white satin work-basket, and entered upon her narration.

"My family is an old one," she began, "and of the oldest and most respected in all Scotland. The family estates were very numerous, but from time immemorial our home has been at the north, some miles distant from the sea, in a lovely glen called Glenharold. It is a charming spot, sheltered from the winter's cold and summer's heat, and our ancestral mansion presents a grand appearance in its setting of meadows and groves. As it is now, so it was two hundred years ago, in the days when women were drowned on suspicion of being witches, and when the possession of a black cat was amply sufficient to condemn a woman as having dealings with the Father of Evil."

"That was the case in Scotland more than elsewhere," said Egremont.

"True, and the fear of witches was very strong at Glenharold," resumed his lady. "The story told me by my grandfather was about the Lady Rose Harold, the youngest of a large family. She was the only daughter, and was worshipped by her parents and brothers, from the tall, manly heir to the delicate, sickly youngest son. There was another who loved her too—a young Scotch lord, who bore with her merry caprices and hung upon her smiles as though they made up the sum of his daily happiness."

"The old story of love," answered Lyle Indor.

"Yes, Lyle, the old story, but it was destined not to have a happy ending," said his aunt. "The bride's trousseau was magnificent, being sent from France, and her laces and jewels were the admiration of all favored observers. There were necklaces, bracelets, brooches, and rings from the parents and each one of the brothers, and a set of magnificent diamonds from the happy lover. All these were laid out upon tables in the state chamber and exhibited to friends of the family, who came up from Edinburgh and London to be present at the bridal. The ceremony was to be preceded by a fortnight's festivities, for the Harolds would not give away their only daughter as peasants do, and another fortnight's gayeties were to succeed the marriage. At the very beginning of the first fortnight's festivities the Lady Rose, on entering the jewel-chamber with a friend, encountered at the threshold an old, ill favored woman, with long, unkempt locks hanging over her shoulders, a meager dress, and a visage that was full of cunning and evil-mindedness. Upon one of her fingers, nearly hidden under her apron, sparkled the choicest gem of the collection, and around her shiny throat was clasped the diamond necklace which was intended to be worn at the bridal."

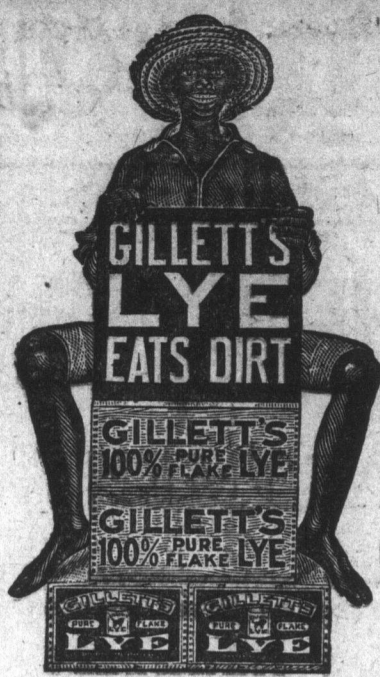
As Lady Egremont paused, Alexina expressed her astonishment at the impudence of the old woman and her wonder as to the course adopted by Lady Rose.

"It was plainly evident," continued the narrator, "that the old woman had stolen the jewels, and was endeavoring to make off with her booty. The Lady Rose, therefore, screamed for assistance, and before the echoes of her voice had died away a score of servants had rushed to the door of the jewel-room, and her parents, brothers and guests had thronged into the chamber. So quickly was all this accomplished that the detected thief had not time to remove the gems, and there she stood with the evidence of her guilt upon her.

"They took the jewels from her and inquired who she was. The servants knew, and a dozen excited voices gave the explanation demanded. She was Old Elspie, a woman who dwelt in a hut by herself, with only a large black cat for a friend and companion. She had the reputation of being a witch, and had been repeatedly threatened with a witch's death. She was believed to have poisoned a farmer's herd of cattle, and had done much evil to her neighbors, who had feared to punish her lest they should thereby bring upon themselves some terrible fate. Her reputation was well known to the Harolds, and the father of the Lady Rose commanded that she should be taken to the jail. He was a magistrate, and his command was law.

(To be continued.)

Insertions of coral beads are effective on a brook of lavender Georgette beaded in gold and silver.



Trouble Brews Again in Mines of Cape Breton

UNSETTLED CONDITIONS BECAUSE OF LABOR STRIFE.

SYDNEY—The Besco blooming mill reopened for two weeks on November 17, to replace wire and nail stocks which have been getting low of late. The blast furnace was banked on Monday. There are now 1,425 men employed daily in and about the plant. Although every effort has been made to divide available employment equally among the 2,800 employees of the plant, there are quite a number who could not be provided for, and as a result of the long-continued depressions many families are reported in very hard circumstances. While other Besco departments have fallen away sharply, employment continues brisk at the company's Cape Breton collieries, and a number of new general and local output records have been made.

It is believed here that business will not show much improvement until well into the New Year, possibly not before March 1.

Wage Cut Proposed.

That the Corporation will propose a 20 per cent. wage cut when the present contract expires, January 15, 1925, is the expectation of a majority of the Nova Scotia miners at the present time. Street rumor places the cut as high as 30 per cent., but this is obviously incorrect.

Uncertainty over the mine labor situation is believed to be largely responsible for the present stagnant condition of Nova Scotia industry generally, and it is felt that no decided improvement is likely to be experienced until a new contract has been fought out and signed. Whether this will involve the customary annual strike remains to be seen. The U.M.W. election settled nothing, not even itself, as a further ballot will have to be taken to elect the vice-president and international board member.

Trouble Is Brewing.

Certain of the men's leaders are talking queerly and it is anticipated in some quarters that the disorderly scenes of 1922 and 1923 may be repeated. For instance, when a representative of The Financial Post asked a U.M.W. leader high in the councils of the Union, whether they could rely on John L. Lewis for financial assistance in event of a strike, he said this:

"We're not going to ask Lewis for support. We'll just rely on ourselves as we did before."

Another man said: "We'll make it a short, sharp strike," and he intimated that the pumpmen and engineers would be withdrawn as was done before.

In view of the dismal failure of these tactics in 1923 and 1924, it is hard to see what they are driving at, unless they want to wreck the U.M.W. entirely and stampede the whole membership into the O.B.U., where a considerable number have already taken refuge.

However, President John W. MacLeod, has not yet spoken his mind, and he may show unexpected strength both in holding his own men in check



Cuticura Heals Pimples

On rising and retiring gently smear the pimples with Cuticura Ointment on end of the finger. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue bathing for some minutes, using the Soap freely.

and in the wage negotiations with BESCO, which are likely to be under way in a few days' time.

A deputation was scheduled to go to Ottawa this week from Nova Scotia to urge on the government that some steps be taken to revive the coal industry of that province. At present the duty on bituminous coal is 53 cents per ton, and on slack coal 14 cents. It is claimed that slack is purchased and mixed with the large size bituminous coal, thus reducing the duty on the product to at least 25 cents, and this, it is said, is not sufficient to retain the Eastern Canadian market for the Nova Scotia coal.

The deputation asks that the duty on slack coal be scaled up to near the duty on the larger size bituminous. Nova Scotia coal production has been greatly reduced through strikes and loss to the St. Lawrence market, and the mines are working on one-third time.—Financial Post.

Submarine Ashore

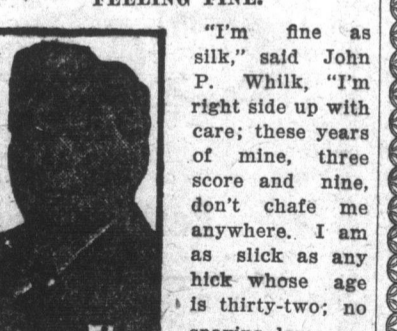
K 22 REFLOATED AFTER TEN HOURS ON ROCKS.

For the second time in her career the British submarine K 22 met with misfortune. Leaving Portland Harbor in the early morning, accompanied by Submarine K 2, a mine-sweeping flotilla, and three hydroplane boats of the P class, in clear weather, to take part in exercises in the Channel, she crashed bows on into the rocks outside the northeastern entrance. Engines were reversed, but the submarine remained wedged, nor could small tugs from Portland Harbour move her. She had 58 officers and crew on board, in the command of Lieutenant-Commander R. A. Taylor, and the Weymouth lifeboat stood by for four hours. She was lightened by having her oil pumped out, and at high tide the new light cruiser Frobisher, flagship of the First Light Cruiser Squadron, passed across a steel hawser and pulled her off. The K 22 then proceeded to harbor under her own steam. An Admiralty report stated she had suffered little damage. The K 22 was formerly the K 13 which in 1918 was accidentally sunk in the Clyde in shallow water. Forty-two of the crew of 73 were saved, and the vessel was raised some time later. Three K boats were lost in the war, two of them being rammed by mistake for German submarines. These were the K 1, the K 4, and the K 17. The K type carry two 4-inch guns, one Lewis gun, have eight 18-inch torpedo tubes, burn oil fuel, and are capable of 24 knots on the surface.

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.—oct14,1924

FEELING FINE.



"I'm fine as silk," said John P. Whilk, "I'm right side up with care; these years of mine, three score and nine, don't chafe me anywhere. I am as slick as any hick whose age is thirty-two; no spavins lame my sprightly frame, my legs are good as new. You'll note my step is full of pep, I'm sound in thigh and bone, and I will scrap with any chap whose age is half my own. It's not by chance that I can crane and gambol through the town; it is because I've followed laws that health sharps handed down; I have eschewed all kinds of food that I would like to eat; I have cut out the tempting kraut, and pies and cakes and meat. The things we like, so help me, Mike, are death in thin disguise; if we'd be strong, surviving long, we have to sidestep pies. We have to starve when others carve the turkey stuffed with bread; we have to hike along the pike when we would be in bed. I have no fun, says everyone who hears me tell my tale; but 't'other gent is weak and bent, and I am strong and hale. While others shake and groan and ache, I'm free from all distress; I'll live, my dears, for thirty years, unless I miss my guess." Alas, that day a little dray climbed over John P.'s shape; we follow him to church aisles dim, our hats bedecked with crepe.

"Salting Sunday"

Because it marked the beginning of the great autumn slaughter of live stock, the flesh of which, preserved

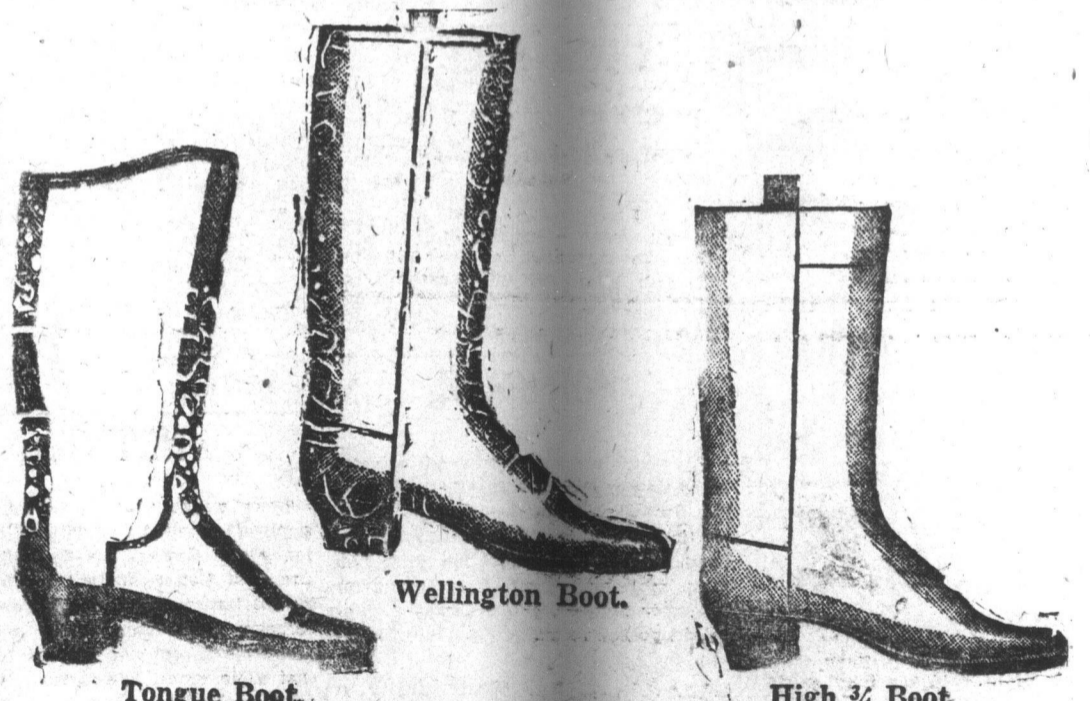
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in brine tubs, constituted the principal sustenance for all classes during the winter months, the third Sunday in November was known to our ancestors as "Salting Sunday."

In those days the saltings along the Essex coast were valuable properties, for salt being then obtained by evaporation only, the deposit from the tidal waters year after year, amounted to no small quantity.

Year after year to the saltings came the farmers in their big lumbering wagons bent on exchanging their surplus live stock for the necessary preservative at the then current rate of one sheep for two bushels of salt.

We can understand from this how the spilling of salt came to be regarded with superstitious feelings, and to be deemed unlucky.

Another old saying: "have a rod in pickle for you," also originated

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