

Why your Back aches

If you are troubled with agonizing pains in the back—look to your kidneys. Pain in the back is one of the surest signs that these organs are becoming deranged. Unless they are set right, you will have still more serious trouble. Correct the disorder NOW and avoid future suffering.

For more than twenty years, Gino Pills have been the standard remedy for Kidney Trouble. They have relieved many thousands of people—they will relieve you. Order a box (50 cents) from your druggist to-day, and say goodbye for ever to your sufferings.

National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

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Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XV.

"Nothing can leave Blairwood except the title. Not one yard of the property is entailed. I have heard my father say so many times. Even in the absence of a will everything comes to me, if anything should happen to my dear father. Therefore, your theory is groundless," Elsie said, quietly. "As for your suspicions, Mr. Vallance, they are absurd! Now I will send my letter."

She stepped past him swiftly, and, without once looking behind, walked to the post office and dropped her letter into the box.

The rector was astonished by her outburst. He had scarcely seemed it possible in one whom he had hitherto considered so gentle and yielding. He had naturally expected quiet obedience, and instead, Miss Sterne was highly offended.

"Will you walk to the rectory with me?" he asked, almost deferentially. "I am sure that you have mistaken my attitude, Miss Sterne, and I am sorry that you should for one moment misunderstand me."

He had advanced to meet her, and she signified her assent by a haughty inclination of her head.

Not another word was spoken until they had reached the rectory, and then Mr. Vallance conducted her into his costly-furnished study.

"Be seated, Miss Sterne," the rector said, "and excuse the untidy appearance of the room."

But at that instant he was interrupted by a sharp rap on the door, and the entrance of Mrs. Groff, his housekeeper, a large, important woman of middle age, who intended to lead the rector to the altar in the near future. She was a native of Blairwood, and during the brief period of Mr. Vallance's curacy, when he had first been installed at Blairwood, he had been recommended to the care of Mrs. Groff, who "look in respectable lodgers." Mr. Groff was alive in those days, and earned a living by combining the offices of sexton and undertaker. A timid little man, his lot under the rule of his buxom wife was not a pleasant one, and it was a happy release when the grave claimed him for its own.

A few months prior to this event, Mr. Vallance had succeeded to the rectorship, but had not moved into the rectory, under the advice of Mrs. Groff. What could he do in that great, lonely house, with a parcel of servants? But when her husband had been comfortably buried a couple of weeks, she prevailed upon the young rector to assume his proper position, and she would undertake the management of his household affairs.

Mr. Vallance acquiesced, and for twenty years the lady had held sway. "I was going to say, Mr. Vallance," Mrs. Groff now announced, pushing her head in at the study door, "that the policeman's given me strong hor-

ders—very strong horders—not to touch nothin' in the study till he's photographed it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Groff," the rector replied. "I will not forget."

"And he's comin' back with a detective and a reporter, to hear 'what you've got to say. I think they're goin' to the Park first, Miss Elsie," she added, and Elsie could not resist a shudder. Was the rector's version of the horrible story to be printed in the papers?

Mrs. Groff withdrew, and after taking two turns across the floor, Mr. Vallance cleared his throat with a preparatory little cough.

"Miss Sterne," he said, sadly, "your manner has pained and surprised me this morning. I had no idea that you regarded me otherwise than as your adviser—you best friend, now that your father is away."

"I believe that your intentions are thoroughly good," replied Elsie, quietly, "but I am a child no longer, Mr. Vallance, and your cruel accusation regarding Mr. Erncliffe must be withdrawn. You must not utter that again. First there must be absolute proof, and I know that is impossible. Mr. Erncliffe came from my cousin."

"Your father's bitterest enemy," interposed the rector, severely, "and when I learned this I believed at once, and I believe now, that Mr. Erncliffe is the active agent in a plot to ruin you."

"Mr. Vallance, you mystify me," Elsie said. "How is it possible for Noel Campbell to ruin me? I am tired of these insinuations. I know that my father has some secret trouble, but Dr. Denver has assured me that it is a mere hallucination, probably caused by a touch of paralysis."

"Dr. Denver was not in Sir John's confidence," the rector replied, solemnly. "Then followed the loss of your papers, Miss Sterne," he went on, "your sealed packet and the will. Not a thing belonging to me was stolen. This unfortunate will was only witnessed by Markham and myself. Sir John would not permit the lawyers to know anything about it. He trusted me above all men. Do you now recognise the fine hand of Noel Campbell? No, no, it is not possible, and would to God I could tell you all! Poor Zeba was murdered because it was supposed that she had documents secreted in her cottage which would help to incriminate Sir John!"

Elsie began to be sorely puzzled, and again an atmosphere of doubt and misery seemed to be enveloping her. "Mr. Vallance," she said, at length, "do you not think that it is the quintessence of unkindness to be continually alluding to some dreadful mystery that threatens to engulf me in trouble? I am sure that my father never desired it. You should either have told me the truth or said nothing. This is the very refinement of cruelty."

"Your own actions have caused it, your willfulness. I am not in possession of the whole truth. The proof has gone with the stolen papers; but I must think what is best to be done. I am perfectly unarmaged. I ought never to have undertaken this burden. My actions will depend entirely upon fu-

ture developments; but one thing I will promise, Miss Sterne—the name of Erncliffe shall be suppressed if possible—for your sake. You must, however, appear at the inquest, and testify that you had ordered improvements to Zeba's cottage, which she strongly opposed, and the verdict may be that she caused her own death by firing the place in a fit of insanity—though I do not for one moment believe it!"

He paced the floor, his face ashen, his whole form trembling.

"I am thankful for your promise," Elsie said, "and I am sorry that I have vexed you, Mr. Vallance."

He waved his hand, continuing: "And after the inquest, I feel that it will be my duty to tell you all that I know, Miss Sterne."

CHAPTER XVII.

The inquest was held in the best parlor of the village tavern, and after due consideration, the verdict found was that Zeba had committed suicide while in a state of unaccounted mind.

The excitement of the past few days quite upset Mr. Vallance, and he was unable to hold the promised interview with Elsie. He had resolved to tell her as much as he dared of her history—of the crime Sir John had committed in his youth, but at the last moment he had weakened, and became really ill.

Elsie heard of his indisposition with mingled feelings. Since his efforts to shield her, she had realized something of the man's sterling qualities. He was perhaps justified in being suspicious of the actions of Colin Erncliffe. His very anxiety concerning herself aggravated these suspicions. She had long known that the rector was not a man of profound learning, that his judgment could not be valued only in the simplest way. His reading, his pursuits, his subjections to the petty follies of the female element of his congregation, all pointed to this.

But what was this dread secret? Why did he make so much of it? Anything were better than these dark hints—anything better than this suspense.

In some way, Elsie feared that it carried disgrace with it, perhaps criminality. Was it so dreadful that there was fear of its passing her from Colin? This was the most terrible thought of all. She did not doubt him, she could never do that; but it would be impossible to link anything that dared not be told in the light of day—anything that the whole world should not hear with his splendid fame.

On the third morning after the inquest she received a reply from her lover. It had been a long time coming, so long that she had grown nervous and hollow-eyed. His promises to write often still rang in her ears, and he had allowed four whole days to elapse between his departure from Blairwood and his first letter to her.

But when it came she did it away, her heart throbbing tumultuously. She could not bear to break the seal while other eyes were upon her.

"You have scarcely eaten anything this morning, my dear," remarked Lady Helena. "In a little while we shall begin to look for Sir John's promised cablegram. How tiresome everybody is lately. Really, I cannot attend to all the nonsense that people write asking question about that wretched fire, and why it is that Sir John has taken this freak into his head."

"You have only two letters, Lady Helena," observed Elsie, absently.

"True, my dear, and one of those is from Lord Somerton. The dear man is coming to Blairwood Park—"

"By whose invitation, Lady Helena?" Elsie demanded angrily.

"My dear, this is the first intimation I have had of his visit. Her ladyship replied, nervously. "I am sure that it will be wise to be civil to Lord Somerton. He pays you the high compliment of admiring you, and it is quite possible that he may be coming merely upon business connected with the estate. He and Sir John had many private consultations."

There was something so significant in the latter part of Lady Helena's speech that a momentary tremor of fear passed through Elsie's heart.

She made no reply, but, excusing herself, rose from the breakfast-table and retired to the privacy of her own rooms, to read Colin's letter.

Before opening it she kissed the handwriting that was already so dear to her, kissed it many times, and murmured:

(To be continued)

The Chronicles of Pip

(By Harold Sutton, in Saturday Night.)

"Yes—With the Accent on the 'No.' "Suppose," said Pip, "that I were to tell you I was shortly going to make a lot of money. What would you say?"

Ignatius and Don John looked blankly at each other, and then gravely nodded their heads, as if the same thought had occurred to both. "I wouldn't say anything," said Don John, anxiously. "I'd simply call the nearest doctor!"

"Well, it's true, nevertheless," said Pip, firmly, "and this," he continued, pulling a manuscript out of the drawer and flourishing it aloft "is going to do it!"

"What is it?" queried Ignatius and Don John in one breath. "It is the manuscript of a song which I have just composed, entitled, 'Yes! We Have No Spinach To-day!'"

"There was a dead silence. Finally Don John said with an effort, 'let me look at it.' Pip, not pleased at the reception his announcement had got, handed the manuscript over, and there was another silence while Don John perused it. Pip watched his face anxiously for any signs of approval or disapproval, but the immobility of Don John's countenance would have done credit to the Sphinx.

"Pip," he said at last, heavily, "who ever told you that you could write a popular song?"

"Why not?" demanded Pip, nettled. "Look at the people who write popular songs! Anybody could do it. It doesn't require any special brains."

"Obviously not," observed Don John, dryly. "But this song which you allege to have composed is simply atrocious."

"Atrocious is hardly the word," said Ignatius Bim, who had been looking the manuscript over. "The makers of the English language could have had no idea that such a thing as this would ever be perpetrated, for they have left us no word adequate enough to describe it."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Pip pugnaciously.

"Well, in the first place," pointed out Don John, "it cannot be accused of being 'highly original.' " "I suppose," said Pip with the suspicion of a sneer, "that you'll be saying next it's an imitation of 'Yes! We Have No Bananas To-day!'"

"Some such thought was in my mind," confessed Don John.

"Well, that's just where you are all off," retorted Pip. "That other song is about bananas. This song is about spinach. If you can see any connection between bananas and spinach you'd better go and have your head examined."

"All you have done," went on Don John, unheeding, "is to take the banana song and substitute spinach for bananas, with, as I see it, very disastrous results."

"There's no use arguing," said Pip, heatedly. "You're jealous, that's all! You're mad because you didn't think of it, first!"

"Is it your intention, notwithstanding, to send this song of yours to the music publishers?" asked Don John. "It is," retorted Pip, "and it's going to make such a hit that the writers of that banana thing won't be able to look a banana in the face without turning sick."

"I see," said Don John, sorrowfully. "Then I must prevent you from making a fool of yourself, even at the sacrifice of my own reputation, for common-sense. Ignatius, bring me that large envelope in the left-hand drawer of my desk." Ignatius did as he was bid.

"Perhaps this," continued Don John, opening the envelope, "will make you change your mind."

"What is it?" asked Pip.

"It is the manuscript of a song that I composed a while ago," said

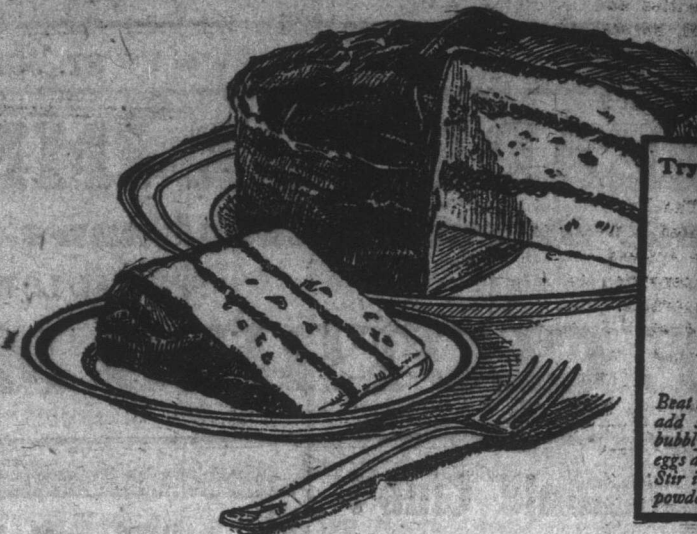
MOTHER OF TWIN BOYS

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieved Her of Inflammation and Great Weakness

West St. John, N. B.—"I was in a general run-down condition following the birth of my twin boys. I had a great deal of inflammation, with pain and weakness. Finally my doctor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He said that your medicine would be the only thing to build me up. I am sure he is right, for I am feeling much better and am gaining in weight, having gone down to ninety-three pounds. I was in bed for over a month, but am up again now. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to my friends and give you permission to use my letter."—Mrs. ELMER A. KITCHEN, 22 Rodney St., West St. John, N. B.

There are many women who find their household duties almost unbearable owing to some weakness or derangement. The trouble may be slight, yet cause such annoying symptoms as dragging pains, weakness and a run-down feeling. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for such conditions. It has in many cases relieved these symptoms by removing the cause of them. Mrs. Kitchener's experience is but one of many.

"You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Test-Book upon the 'Ailments of Women.' You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Oshkosh, Ontario."



Mrs. Brown says Libby's Milk makes her "quick cake" rich

AS fine and rich a cake as you would care to taste—made quickly! Among the many delightful things that Mrs. W. N. Brown of Danville, Va., makes, this cake is a great favorite with her family and friends.

The thing about it that appeals especially is that it is so quick and easy to make and yet has all the richness of a more elaborate cake.

Mrs. Brown gets this special richness in just one way—by using Libby's Milk instead of ordinary milk. For Libby's is very rich in butter fat—there are 7½ teaspoons in every 16 oz. can!

"The milk that good cooks use"

Like Mrs. Brown, good cooks everywhere are using this milk. So many of them, in fact, that in certain localities nearly everyone calls it "the milk that good cooks use."

It isn't ordinary canned milk, of

course, nor is it milk from ordinary cows.

There are, as you know, certain sections of this country which are famous for their dairy products, pasture lands where grass grows thick and green in watered valleys and wooded hills give grateful shade.

Cows naturally produce their richest milk where nature and man combine to help them, as in these favored sections.

And you know, too, that certain kinds of cows give richer milk than others. By placing our condensaries in the heart of these favored sections we get, for Libby's Milk, the finest milk in the land, milk from selected herds.

We add nothing to it; we simply evaporate more than half the moisture from it, making it double rich. Then we seal it in air-tight cans and

sterilize it so you can get it fresh and pure no matter where you live.

Richer milk means richer cooking.

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer today. Try it in soups and sauces, in cakes, breadstuffs and desserts—in anything you've been making with other milk. See what new richness, what delightful flavor it gives to all your cooking. Like thousands of other women, you'll make Libby's your regular cooking milk when once you have seen what a difference it makes.

Write for free recipe folder

Many exceptionally fine recipes have been sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Some of them have been printed in a convenient folder, a copy of which we'll be glad to send you free. Write today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

254 Dufferin Street, St. John, N. B.

Libby's MILK The milk that good cooks use

Household Notes.

Older sharpest is excellent with the game course.

"Roast rabbit" is excellent with chestnut dressing.

Serve individual apple pies sliced, cheese and coffee.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to the butter, sauce for beefs.

Hot or "cold" stew is an excellent side-dish with fried or baked fish.

Isle of Bitter Memories

Corfu, prominent in the news as a result of Signor Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece, is living up to its reputation in being once more the scene of conflict. Probably no island in the world has had a more chequered history.

One of the loveliest of all the Greek isles, it has changed hands more than a score of times, and has had as many different owners.

Known originally as Coreysra, it was the site of the first naval battle fought in the annals of Greece, the engagement taking place nearly seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. Since then it has figured in innumerable Near Eastern crises—an island

of bitter memories.

It was the scene of the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when the Ottoman fleet was defeated by the Christian fleet.

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Apples! Apples!!

Latest advices on this Fruit from our representatives in the Annapolis Valley state that "Gravenstein" Apples are practically exhausted for the season and no further lots of this popular grade are available for shipment.

We have therefore instructed our shippers to send along a carload (250 Bbls.) of "Kings" and "Blenheims" by next week's steamer, and are booking orders at lowest prices for this shipment to arrive ex. Rosalind from Halifax on Thursday next.

"Kings" and "Blenheims" are great keepers and we hope to have your order.

F. McNamara, PHONE 393, QUEEN STREET

Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema



Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Salt Burn, Sask., writes:

"Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me—before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

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