

### "The Least Noise or Excitement Made Me Tremble," says Mrs. Beaulieu

Never before in the world's history have there been so many cases of nervous collapse, with "jumpy" nerves, accompanied by fits of depression, as since the Great War. This condition applies not only to men and women but to children. These run-down conditions affect every part of the human system, bringing indigestion, headaches, weakness, insomnia, anemia and finally, if not checked, that most insidious and dreaded disease, consumption. To protect the system, there is only one thing to do, and that is to build up the body with Carnation Milk. Carnation helped Mrs. Beaulieu, she says:

"I don't know how to express my gratitude to you for all that Carnation has done for me. I was terribly depressed. I had no appetite. The least exertion tired me. I couldn't sleep. The slightest noise or excitement made me tremble. My nerves were 'jumpy.' I was losing weight. Finally I consulted my doctor and he told me that I was completely run down and I needed a tonic. The best tonic for your case, said he, 'is Carnation.' I took Carnation for a month and I feel so well today that it is hard to realize that at one time I was in such poor health." Mrs. F. Beaulieu, Riviere du Loup.

Carnation is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

### Under False Colors

#### Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I commend your discretion, Kemp," the earl replied.

He made a movement signifying that the subject was done with, and the butler retired.

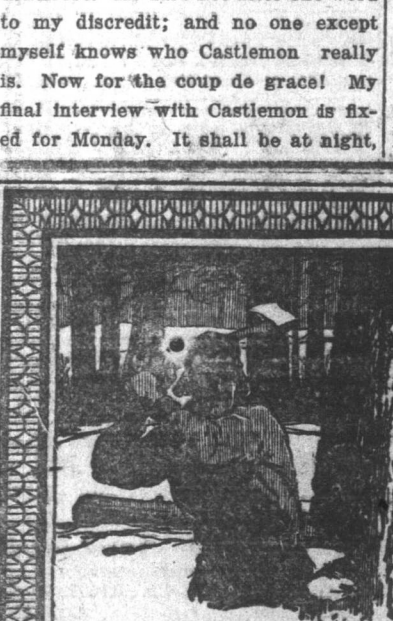
"Ah!" he murmured, "there is something behind this, my Lord of Somerton, and if I keep my eyes and ears open I may profit by it. Hm! now I can proceed to complete my revenge against Stretton, the fool, and Miss Annette Moffatt, the conceited little minx! Grandfatherly and head-headed, eh? He! he! She shall beg mercy of me on her knees!"

Meanwhile, the earl was revolving some scheme in his fertile mind.

"At last, I have run my lady to earth," he thought, "and perhaps, it is quite as well that she gave me the slip until James Castlemore is paid off!"

He laughed, and showed his gleaming white teeth.

"The Whitecliffe business is exploded, of course, by this time, and I have no doubt that the shock has made my future wife ill. That, together with the fact that the inevitable, has naturally upset her. As for our legal friend, Mr. Grant, in trying to outwit me, he has put his own head into the noose. He dare not utter one word to my discredit; and no one except myself knows who Castlemore really is. Now for the coup de grace! My final interview with Castlemore is fixed for Monday. It shall be at night.

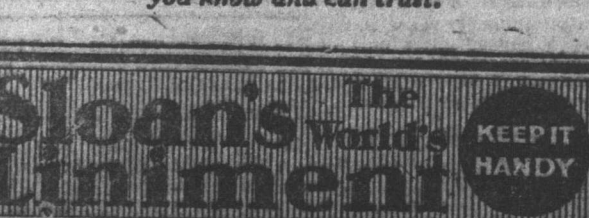


### The Aches and Pains of Muscular Strains

AFTER this job came the after-effects—soreness and stiffness of muscles, exposure results—rheumatic twinges, lumbago, sciatica.

And then—Sloan's Liniment, with its prompt, soothing pain-ache-conquering relief, its known ability to put you in shape for the day's work ahead. Sloan's Liniment is the ever-ready, ever-effective, standard remedy of its kind. It leaves no stained skin, no plaster of ointment residues. Penetrates quickly.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.



GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

in the long walk! What occurs there I cannot help."

He shrugged his shoulders, and whistled softly.

"I owe the fellow, Stretton, a grudge. He has caused me infinitely more trouble than was necessary. He has been a tale-bearer, and is an open foe, in his thick-headed, lumbering way. Pahaw! I have already punished him. He is disposed of! My plans are simple."

He stroled into the garden to think.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Careful as Elsie was in selecting the clothing she would require, she found herself hampered with three large boxes. But Annette had those taken to the station an hour before Lady Elsie and Lord Somerton had risen.

At last Annette announced that the carriage was waiting, and one minute later they were being assisted in by a footman, while Mr. Kemp looked on and gave orders.

"What train is the coachman to meet, madam?" he asked.

"No particular train has been decided upon, Kemp," Miss Sterne replied. "I will telegraph."

Kemp raised his forefinger to his forehead respectfully, and retired, not without casting at Annette a glance that made her blood run cold.

The carriage rolled away, and Elsie breathed a sigh of relief. She dreaded giving evasive replies, lest her hesitation and confusion arouse the suspicion of her enemies.

"At the station the coachman was dismissed, and Annette made herself busy in looking after the luggage, and seeing that the proper labels were affixed. Then she brought two first-class tickets, and returned to her mistress, with the information that the train was just signaled.

There was very few people about, and Miss Sterne was congratulating herself upon leaving Blairwood almost unnoticed, when she heard her name spoken, and turned to face Mr. Lawson, the new tutor.

"Good-morning, Miss Sterne," he said, doffing his hat. "Quite an early light to London."

His eyes rested momentarily on the trunk labeled for the metropolis, and Elsie's sudden start, and rush of color to her face, did not escape him.

"I walked down here to get a morning paper," he went on. "As the book-stall people are always an hour in advance of our village agent. Ah, the train is leaving Thorley, and will be here in ten minutes. Miss Sterne, I wish to say a few words to you."

Without answering, Elsie signified her assent by stepping toward the clergyman, and strolling beyond the inquisitive ears of a grinning old porter.

"You are going away for a few days?" queried Mr. Lawson.

"Yes," Elsie replied, "though it is not known at the Park. The earl and Lady Helena believe that it is purely

a business journey, and that I shall be home again this afternoon."

"Miss Sterne," the tutor was looking at her fixedly. "Miss Sterne, you will perhaps pardon me if I ask why you are taking this step. I am your friend, and though very much mystified at present concerning affairs at the Park, I believe that there is an ugly conspiracy somewhere. You are going away to escape Lord Somerton; but if you will confide in me wholly and truly, I do not think that you have anything to fear, unless you are now following the advice of people whom you can trust."

"I am, indeed," Elsie said, gratefully.

"Then I will not interfere," the clergyman replied. "But, if you should need assistance, if you should need advice, you can rely upon me, little child."

He spoke almost tenderly.

"It is possible that I may not be accepted here, but a letter will find me, addressed in the care of the postmaster. I cannot fall in with the views of the Earl of Somerton, for money, badly placed as I am financially. In a few words, Miss Sterne," he went on, rapidly, "I will tell you how I am situated. After many years abroad I accepted a poor living in a Yorkshire village. For three years I have worked unceasingly, just managing to keep body and soul together. In a moment of desperation I went in to a speculation with two others—honorable, but disastrous to all concerned. None of us were business men, and both of my partners have failed, leaving me to bear the brunt of the battle. The liabilities are two thousand pounds, and my creditors are waiting under the belief that a clergyman can always find people to pay his debts; they are even willing to let the repayment cover two or three years. To be called a bankrupt is a horrible thing to me! To see my name in the newspapers, a defaulter, who has abused the confidence of his fellowmen, is worse than any other agony. I am a public character, and the papers would make so much of it; I am a servant of God, and the finger of scorn would be pointed at me, while the scowls of God's enemies would ring in my ears. And then my wife is sick, has been sick for years. When I applied for this living, and saw chances of success, it seemed that the relief was surely sent from Heaven in answer to my prayers! The pure air would restore my wife to health, and from the comfortable income my creditors could soon be satisfied. All this, Miss Sterne, I fear that I must relinquish, because I cannot fall in with the wishes of Lord Somerton. His power in the matter outweighs all else in the absence of Sir John. I cannot fall in with his wishes; his proposals are insulting, and he has made them, knowing how unhappy I am situated. He was resolved to force you into a marriage with him. He even told me that you had consented to a quiet wedding next week."

Elsie started back with a cry of horror.

(To be continued.)

### To Stop A Cold In One Day

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BROMO QUININE Tablets begin immediately to counteract the activity of Cold, Grip and Influenza germs and bring to a sudden stop the dangerous work of these dreaded disease germs in the human body.

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The box bears this signature

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### Mechanical Marvel

BRIER BRAINS SOLVE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

(News of the World Special.) Ever since oil-driven vessels have quartered the open seas ship owners and harbour authorities have been faced with a problem which at one time seemed to be almost impossible of solution. It inevitably happens that in oil-burning ships a large quantity of fuel runs to waste and finds its way into ballast tanks and the bilges. Now, at stated periods, tanks and bilges have to be pumped out, and when with an oil-burner this was done in harbours or docks, the waters became foul with oil, which floated in great multicolored pools on its surface. Not only were docks rendered unsightly, but there was grave danger of fire, and bird and fish life suffered serious losses. Then along came the authorities with an Act of Parliament which imposed heavy penalties upon a shipowner for pumping oil into a dock, harbour or waterway, and compelled oil-burning ships to pump their bilges and ballast tanks into the sea outside the three-mile limit. This in itself is an expensive and somewhat dangerous proceeding, and not at all effective, for wind and tide brings the floating oil back to the shore, and, consequently, we have not only polluted docks and harbours, but foul bathing places. Many a pretty young miss has shed tears when returning to dress after a dip in the briny sea has discovered that her brand new pink silk bathing dress has been utterly spoiled by the oil floating on the water. Southampton and the Solent suffered considerably from the fouling of the waters; so did Liverpool, Cardiff, Bristol, Port of London, Hull and other great ports, but it was left to the Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, General the Right Hon. J. M. S. Seely, and the M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, Lieut.-Commander Sir Warden Chilcott, to take the initiative, which has resulted in the invention and perfection of the "Rocket Oil Separator."

About the time when the Act referred to was being passed through the House of Lords, Col. Netterville Barron, a scientist and the organizer and commandant of the hospital camp near Blackpool, brought to Sir Warden's notice a separator invented by Mr. H. M. Alexander, A.M.I.C.E. This apparatus effectively separated oil from water in a novel manner, the design being in such compact form as to permit of its being carried on all oil-burning vessels without the appreciable loss of cargo space. Experiments with the "Rocket Oil Separator," as it has been called, resulted in complete success, and General Seely and Sir Warden Chilcott formed an influential syndicate to develop the patent. The other day a party of shipping experts, together with representatives of the Board of Trade and of various dock and harbour boards, journeyed to Birkenhead to witness a demonstration of the invention. With speed and in comfort the party were taken from Euston to Birkenhead and back by the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway in 10½ hours, and had nearly two hours in which to see this marvel of mechanics at work. The separator on view is capable of dealing with 100 tons of mixture per hour, and did its job most efficiently. Black blige "mixture" with somewhere about 5 per cent. of oil flowed from a tank into the separator and emerged from two effluents, one pouring out clear water, and the other oil fit to be returned to the bunkers. The water flowed into the Mersey and left practically no trace of its passage, and the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board a mighty particular body, have expressed the opinion that if the water from the separator was a thousand times worse than it is could still be pumped into the river. One could scarcely credit the transformation from filthy bilge to clean water and heavy oil. The largest separator costs about £500 to install in a ship and will pay for itself in a few months for it recovers the oil which is now wasted and contaminates our waterways and shores, and will save the ship owner no end of money and moreover, if it is entirely British, and if the old Blue Ensign wags a bit more freely in the breeze it is quite entitled to, for sons of the Mistress of the Seas have discovered something which will keep the ocean clean.

The Tonic and Laxative Effect of Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets is very beneficial to the system at all times.

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## Serves Every Need For Milk or Cream

CARNATION Milk is convenient because you can get it from your grocer—any time of the day—store it on your pantry shelves—keep a week's or a month's supply ahead if you want to—open a can when you need it.

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This means economy too! There's no waste. Carnation Milk stays sweet in the can indefinitely and for several days when opened. It is simply "whole" fresh cows' milk from which about 60% of the natural water content has been removed by evaporation, then sealed in the can and sterilized. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer.

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One pint oysters, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, pepper, ¼ table-spoonful salt, 2 table-spoonful butter. Clean and drain oysters. Add butter and seasonings to the scalded milk mixed with the water. Bring to the boiling point, add oysters and serve. This recipe serves six people.

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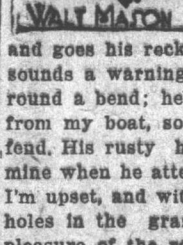
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### HOGGING THE ROAD.



The road hog does not care a hoot for rights of other men; along the pike we see him soot and then come back again. He does not heed the wholesome rules that other men obey; he thinks they were compiled by fools, and goes his reckless way. He never sounds a warning note when going round a bend; he tears the fenders from my boat, so they'll no longer fend. His rusty hub-caps lock with mine when he attempts to pass, and I'm upset, and with my spine I punch holes in the grass. He spoils the pleasure of the road each day for countless wights; the blessings on his head bestowed should spoil his sleep o' nights. But every time I see him whiz at sixty miles or so, a sweet consoling thought there is to lighten all my woes. Some day he'll meet another hog as down the road he skims; the coroner will catalogue his broken ribs and limbs. Some day he'll meet another swine as he pelt to and fro, and smiling, we will form in line, and say, "We told you so." When hog meets hog, results are rich, and the Morician grins; we drag the dead ones from the ditch and say that Justice wins.



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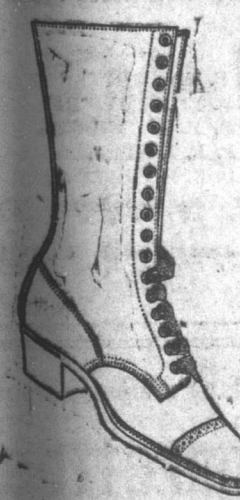
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