



**Under False Colors**  
OR  
**Lord Somerton's Ally.**

CHAPTER XXXVIII.  
Noel, when once aroused, was a young man of rapid action. In times of extreme danger he became cool, and outwardly calm. In Lawyer Grant he knew that he had a cunning and merciless foe—an enemy whom it would be fatal to strike unless the blow utterly annihilated him.  
He would see Miss Cleveland. The interview was due to her, even if he profited nothing by it. He did not believe that her affection for himself went any deeper than the advantages which she expected to enjoy as his wife. She was handsome, accomplished, but, withal, a worldly young woman. It had long been her ambition to shine as one of the leaders of the beau monde, but so far her great wealth had not entitled her to a recognized place even on the outer fringe. As Miss Cleveland, it was remembered that she was the daughter of a man who had made his money in pork, or soap, or something of the kind. As the wife of Noel Campbell, the barrister, the artist, the future master of Blairwood, she would no longer mingle with the set of which she moved in the orbit of Fashion's splendid circle. Besides, Noel Campbell was good to look upon; he was young handsome, and, what is inexpressibly dear to most women, had escaped the follies that beset the way of many young men—he had no wild oats to spring up in the future.  
Noel was by no means insensible to the advantages that would accrue to Miss Cleveland by an alliance with himself. She had assisted him with her money, and he was very grateful to her for it, and it was this gratitude that had made him consent to marry her. He had never given any thought to love, because he believed that it existed only in his dreams. The manly sentiment that inflamed the minds of many who jumped into matrimony was repulsive to him. In how many instances had he read of the so-called romantic attachments of young couples in the newspapers. A brilliant marriage followed with portraits a few months later the same portraits led duty in divorce suits.  
Therefore, Campbell considered that in Miss Adeline Cleveland he would have a wife who was too clever and clear-headed to go wrong in any way. She was undeniably handsome, she was accomplished; she was wealthy, and regarded him as a very unique specimen of the genus man, which,

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When baby is constipated, has wind-rolle, feverish breath, coated-tongue, or diarrhoea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine California Fig Syrup promptly moves the bowels, cleans, soothes, and wastes right out. Never transpire or overheat. Babies love its delicious taste.  
Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation in syrup.

**Think these Points Over with Care**

They may apply to you. Beecham's Pills have been, for seventy years, used by thousands of people and are today considered very useful in safeguarding health. Beecham's Pills help to overcome disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, prevent biliousness, constipation, indigestion, sick-headache. They keep clear the complexion and help to purify the blood. Consider well and take.

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Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World

being of personal value to herself, she would value accordingly. Thus thinking, he left his chambers, with swift strides, and although his mind was well occupied, he did not forget that it was quite possible that Mr. Grant would have one of his spies about, with a policeman within call. At the present time it would suit the lawyer to have Campbell rendered temporarily inactive, for many reasons. The assault had clearly been committed as an assault of a most violent nature, in evidence of which there was not only Mr. Grant's disordered appearance, but the broken door.  
Noel slipped quickly through Fountain Court, and made his way to the Thames embankment, where he waited until an empty hansom passed. The driver pulled up in obedience to his signal, and he jumped into the cab, saying:  
"Arundel House, Hyde Park."  
Then he added to himself as the vehicle bowed away:  
"I shall get there before Grant, at all events, though I have no doubt that Adeline and her precious step-father have already compared notes!"  
His mind was in a continual whirl until the hansom rattled through the splendid drive toward the pretentious stone edifice known as Arundel House.  
Here dwelt Lawyer Grant, his wife, and stepdaughter, with a retinue of well-trained servants, most of whom had graduated in the houses of the nobility.  
Arundel House possessed the double advantage of town and country. It stood in its own grounds, of some half a dozen acres, but from the upper windows commanded an excellent view of the park; it was within easy access of the fashionable theaters, the Houses of Parliament, and other resorts of the wealthy and the gay. Though imposing in a way, the decorations of Arundel House appealed more to the admiration of Mr. Grant's butler, or grocer, than to people of artistic refinement.  
Mrs. Grant's departed first husband had purchased the mansion from the creditors of a gentleman of title, whose name figured in Debrett as far back as the twelfth century. With the house Mr. Cleveland purchased the portraits and the armor, no doubt intending to claim the ancestors at some future date, but unhappily the poor gentleman died of an apoplectic attack after indulging a little too freely off a juicy joint of one of his own porkers. He had only lived to see the new decorations completed!  
As the cab rattled up to the entrance, Noel Campbell thought that it was wonderful that he had not noticed its loud and vulgar appearance before.  
"Wait," was his brief order to the cabman, as he sprang out, and then added to the footman who came to the door, almost in the same breath: "Is Miss Cleveland within?"  
"Yes, sir," was the brisk response. Noel was well known and well liked by the servants.  
"Announce me," he said, stepping into a reception-room.  
The man obeyed, and returned in one minute with the information that Miss Cleveland was in her boudoir, and would be glad if Mr. Campbell would go to her.  
Noel was gratified to learn that he could see her where they were not likely to be interrupted, and signified his assent by motioning the footman to conduct him to Miss Cleveland.  
The instant the door had closed, she rose, half languidly, and laid aside the book she had been reading, while Campbell held out his right hand in formal greeting.  
Even now, while bent upon severing the ties which bound them, he could not resist admiring the statuesque but florid beauty of Adeline Cleveland.  
She had evidently dressed for an early dinner, and, conscious that the dress of amber silk she was wearing suited her voluptuous beauty to advantage, she had given her fiancée immediate audience. In the coils of her hair was a splendid carnation, and at her throat a costly necklace of pearls.  
Miss Cleveland's boudoir was a perfect power of beauty and rich coloring. She was as fond of lavish adornments as an eastern princess. Furniture of the most elegant design and exquisite finish, Indian carpets, Persian rugs, and hangings of delicate silk, ornamented with wreaths of spring flowers, and vases, representing the skill of the most cunning artificers. Angels in ivory as beautiful as the designs of Canova, and great

bunches of the choicest flowers that filled the air with a delicious incense. "My dear Noel," she said, pleasantly, then paused with a half-reflective glance, for the class of his hand was by no means so lovelike as she could have wished, even though they had never indulged in the demonstrations which people in love with each other are supposed to find so full of ecstatic joy. Possibly this was not the fault of Adeline Cleveland. "My dear Noel," she said, "what is the matter with you? Here I have not seen you for nearly a week, and now, sir knight of the woeful countenance, you burst suddenly upon me, and do not offer me so much as a kiss!"  
Never till this moment had Campbell properly estimated the awkwardness of the task before him. The tact and diplomacy of Miss Cleveland were wonderful. She had known intuitively for some time that the prize was drifting away from her. She had seen his arrival home on the previous evening, and though his neglect had stung her to the quick she betrayed her knowledge by no look or word to Mrs. Campbell. Even now she was dressed to meet Noel; her keen powers of penetration having divined that he would seek her, for the substance of his conversation with Mr. Grant had been telephoned through the lawyer's private wire.  
"Miss Cleveland—Adeline," Noel began.  
"My dear boy," she interrupted, impulsively, "you have been ill—you are ill now. I am sure of it, and I have been selfishly blaming you."  
She paused, and he fancied that tears were glittering in her eyes. Did she really care for him, after all? There was a sharp pain at his heart. Had he acted the part of a despicable villain?  
"I had dressed for an early dinner," she went on. "Lord Enderby is coming, and had arranged to escort me and mamma to the Lyceum; but I will not go, Noel; I could not enjoy myself seeing that you are unwell. The music, the glitter, and the insane sniping of his effete lordship would be maddening."  
She laid her hands upon his shoulders and looked up into his face with misty eyes. Her setting was superb.  
"I will come again—to-morrow," Noel said. "Do not let me spoil your enjoyment, Adeline. I cannot stay to dinner; I am not dressed; besides," he added, wildly, "it is impossible now—after what has passed! I have quarreled violently with Mr. Grant. We are sworn enemies. I have no business in this house at all!"  
Miss Cleveland gave a little cry of dismay, and opened her splendid black eyes in seeming wonderment. Then she said, proudly:  
(To be continued.)

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**Just Folks.**  
By EDGAR A GUEST

**THE FIRST STEP**  
Last night she hurried out to say: "The baby took a step to-day!" A step along! Those little feet! Walked out two waiting hands to greet; Walked boldly out, and left the chair Which little hands had slung to there. A very glorious hint to make Of many steps she soon will take.  
At eve they hurried out to say: "The baby took a step to-day!" What mattered letters, friendly calls, And all the care which daily falls, The news by phone, the gossip heard? One thing important had occurred. One big deed swept all else away: The baby took a step to-day!  
The baby took a step. Ah, me! The first of millions that she'll see! Those little feet will walk and climb And run along the road of Time; They've started out, and where they'll go 'Tis not permitted us to know. Out of arms she turns away— The baby took a step to-day!  
Dear Lord, now hear me as I pray: Our baby took a step to-day! Great that her little feet shall find No cruel pathways, or unkind, Be Thou her guide through life, that she May walk in safe security. Let light and beauty light her way— Our baby took a step to-day!

**Immunity From Diphtheria Seen**

TORONTO HEALTH MINISTER ADVOCATES USE OF SCHICK TEST.  
TORONTO, Nov. 23.—(Canadian Press)—"By the intelligent application of the knowledge we now possess the human race shortly can be made immune to the disease of diphtheria, and it need no longer be retained on the list of communicable diseases," says a statement just issued by Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, Minister of Health for the city of Toronto.  
By the application of what is known as the Schick test, the statement says, it is now possible to determine what number of children in a group are susceptible to diphtheria, and by the use of toxin-antitoxin they can be made immune and will not contract the disease, no matter how much they may be exposed to it.  
Dr. Hastings asks for the co-operation of parents or guardians with the medical profession and the Department of Public Health in safeguarding the lives of the children through application of the test. The Ontario Government, he states, will supply the preparation for the Schick test, and also the toxin-antitoxin for developing immunity, free of charge.

**Happier, Healthier Women**

by thousands are known to exist in this country because they have been relieved from pain and suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Science in surgery and electricity have advanced greatly during the past fifty years, but treatment of disease by old-fashioned root and herb medicines has never been improved upon. The leader of them all is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which after fifty years of success is to-day recognized as the standard remedy for female ills and sold everywhere for that purpose. Replies to a questionnaire recently sent out to 50,000 women by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., of Cohasset, Ont., proved that it benefits 98 out of every 100 women who try it. Here is this a marvelous record—for any medicine to hold!

**PLAYTIME.**

The people all are playing; I see their antics pass, and wonder who is paying for the oil and gas. A million autos-journeys before my punk a body; the plumber and attorney are burning up the road; the jurist, the jointist and the Jay, the ever-present tourist, they all are out of play. They throng the highways sunny, and camp when day expires, and who puts up the money to pay for all the street? I toll through all the daytime, if gas at eve is burned; I can't afford a playtime until the price is earned. I give my lyre a lacing that makes it groan in pain, that I may buy a casing or sparkplug for my wain. I make the language quiver while forcing it to rhyme, that I may drive my fives and have a bully time. And while I toll my neighbors while past my peer's shoulder; if they have any labors, they let the same go hang. They're singing Yankee Doodle, in coach and limousine, and who puts up the boodle to buy the gasoline? They're chugging in the gloaming, they're chugging in the dawn; the hills are valise they're coming; they're camping on the highway, they tear the road asunder in search of further thrills, and now and then I wonder who settles all the bills.

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Leather School Bags. Long shoulder straps. Each 85c. to \$1.25

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**READ THIS PAGE!**

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- Infants' Wool Sacques.** In white, medium weight, soft finish, tape at neck. Each \$1.25
- Table Oil Cloth.** Good quality, 45 inches wide, all shades, including White. Per Yard 39c.
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- Children's Fleece Lined Snuggles.** Elastic at waist, buttoned side and leg, shades: Navy, White and Grey. Per Pair \$1.49
- Spanish Hair Combs.** Each 49c.
- Child's Stripe Flette Sleeping Suits.** Buttoned back, drop seat. Each 75c. to 98c.



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- Men's Winter Caps.** Lined throughout, with ear lap. Each \$1.69 to \$2.25
- Cap and Scarf Sets.** Caps are close fitting kind, long scarf with fringed ends. Each \$1.49 to \$2.98
- Men's Wool Underwear.** Good weight, good quality. Per Garment \$1.49  
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- Bandeau Brassieres.** Taped edge and shoulder strap. Each 25c. to 49c.
- Quilt Cotton.** Floral designs, in large pieces. Per Pound 49c.
- Children's Wool Caps.** Each 39c.
- Cushion Tops.** Each \$1.10 to \$1.49
- Men's Brushed Wool Mufflers.** Pure wool, novelty contrasting. Vertical stripe, knotted fringe. Each 98c. to \$1.98
- Men's Wool Gloves.** Bound wrists. Per Pair 98c. to \$1.25
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**PHIL MURPHY**  
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**Household Notes.**  
If you are having a large family party of Christmas day, serve the ice or ice cream in individual paper cups, tied with bright red ribbons.  
A large paper bag placed in the wastepaper basket, with the mouth open at the top, serves as a kind of lining to the basket and makes for tidiness.  
When making up your list for Christmas shopping, to simplify matters, place opposite the name of each member of the family the size worn in knee gloves, etc.  
each end of an oblong or oval picture frame, and placing under the glass a piece of bright chrome, you can make an attractive toy.  
If your wax becomes rubbed, lay a wet cloth on a hot iron, place over this the fattened part of the velvet, beat gently with a clothes brush and allow to dry on a smooth surface.  
A "clove-apple" gives a delicious fragrance to the linen room. Stud an apple with whole cloves, entirely covering outside surface, and place in a covered box for a few days to steep.

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Quickly clears a Snuffy Cold

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