

**"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"**

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**  
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR  
At all Dealers.

"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

**Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.**

CHAPTER XXIII.

She stood before him, proud and unbending; the count's face fell as her words shamed the manhood within him.

"Lie is not a nice word," she continued, mockingly; "and for a Venetian noble to tremble before a woman and feel himself a convicted liar, is no enviable position. But I am preventing the count from explaining the miracle of his appearance."

"Don't take that tone with me, Inez," he replied, savagely, "remember you are in my power; one word from me, and you are hurled from your present height of grandeur to the lowest depths of infamy and disgrace."

"I do not fear you," she retorted; "but I intend you to fear me, as every man should fear the woman he has deceived. I am no coward, Count Rinaldo; you might slay or torture me, but you could never cause me so fear."

She looked so bright, so brave, so undaunted, that he felt she spoke the truth, and that one part of his scheme had already failed; for Count Rinaldo had intended to trade upon the wife's fears. He knew that she was enormously rich, and he had arranged in his mind that she should purchase his silence at a very high price. But he saw at once there was no hope of that; he might trade upon her love, but never upon her fear.

"Inez," he said, gently, "it is useless for us to quarrel; let us be friends; believe me, it will be better policy for us both."

"Friends!" she repeated, with a tone of scorn and contempt in her voice that half maddened him; "friends!—to say nothing of the difference that exists in our position, I, a descendant of the Monteleones, could never stand on a friendly or equal terms with a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

"By Heaven, Inez," he replied, "if you were a man, and dared to say such words, I would slay you."

"Being a woman, Count Rinaldo," she said, with a mocking laugh, "I dare repeat them; and I tell you again that you are a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

He made a hasty step toward her, his face livid with anger, and half raised his hand.

character," she said; "let me, to those charming titles, so descriptive of your nobility, add yet another."

"If you retain any sense or wisdom," he replied, "you will be silent, and not irritate me; we shall not perhaps be here alone much longer. You had better listen to reason. If you do not, the moment my Lord Lynne returns, I will ask him to restore to me my wife."

Even then she gave no sign of fear. "I have much to say to you, Inez," he continued, rapidly; "do not let us waste another moment in idle altercation. We have important interests at stake."

"You have, perhaps," she replied, carelessly; "I have none."

"You shall not irritate me again," he said; "and, after all, you are foolish. Are there many people, think you, who would credit the story you have to tell? Were you not very willing to be imposed upon, Inez? Did you receive the news of my supposed death very calmly?"

"No," she replied; "may Heaven pardon you my long agony of suspense and grief."

"Was it so?" he said; "then Luigi deceived me; he told me you were easily consoled."

"I may add that you were easily deceived," she retorted.

Again anger nearly overpowered him, but by a strong effort he controlled himself.

"Nothing can make wrong right, I know," he continued. "I am not here to defend my conduct, or excuse it; it was the desperate resort of a desperate man. I did love you—nay, spare me that contemptuous look—I did love you. Had you been rich, I would have been faithful. Hear me patiently, I pray you, and then say what you will."

"When I persuaded you to that secret marriage, I was already a ruined man. My impetuous love hurried me along blindly, you were so beautiful, and I loved you so, that I felt that at any price you must be mine."

"I have borrowed largely in Seville, on the prospect of my marriage with a wealthy heiress, Donna Maria Fabez. After I had seen you, I gave up all pursuit of her. But a few weeks after our marriage my life was hunted from me. Debt, prison, and ruin stared me in the face. I was lost and bewildered. Then Donna Maria smiled upon me again, and almost asked me to follow her to Madrid. You were the only obstacle between me and fortune. I determined to give you up. I offer no excuse for what I did. I repented of the hasty marriage, which had plunged us both into ruin, and I resolved upon letting you believe that I was dead. I thought you were young, and would soon forget me. I thought I should marry Donna Maria, and share her fortune. In that hope I was deceived. She used me as a blind, and then cast me off with scant courtesy."

A dark look here crossed the Italian's face, which was not pleasant to see.

"I am telling you the simple truth, Inez," he resumed. "When I found that all further pursuit was useless, I came back to Serrano. I longed to see you again. Luigi told me all about the finding of the letter and your anger. I did not know whether I had made up my mind to disclose my scheme to you or not. I longed to see you; your face haunted me."

"Spare me!" she cried. "You humiliate me too much when you presume to speak of what you call your love."

"You did not always think so," he replied; "but you must hear the truth. I remained near Serrano until one day I found that I was lingering near

a deserted ruin. It was from one of the old servants who lived with Madame Monteleone that I discovered all that had happened, and found that the wife I had deserted was the daughter of a rich English lord. She gave me a marvelous description of the splendours procured for La Signorina. Your new toilets and surroundings made a great impression upon old Nita. I saw and regretted at once, the blunder I had made. If I had been faithful and patient, I should have reaped a rich reward. I determined to find out your relatives, to follow you to England, and claim you as my wife."

An irrefragable shudder seized Inez at these words. She could not help it.

"I was many months," he continued, "before I could discover who was this English lord. At times I almost gave up the pursuit in despair. I found at last, by dint of patient inquiry, that your father was the wealthy Lord Lynne, of Lynnewolde. I was almost amused at the horrified expression on Luigi's face when I told him this. 'A nice mess you have made of your love affairs,' he said. 'I shall desert you. You must have been born under an unlucky star.' And I have never seen him from that time. I heard he had fallen in a duel; but I cannot say if it be correct."

"It was the beginning of this year before I could raise money to follow you to England. I went direct to Lynnewolde, and there I heard the story of your marriage. You were then on your wedding-tour. I need not say I took the precaution of adopting a disguise before visiting your home. I was rather overwhelmed by its splendor; I had not anticipated such magnificence. I heard of the large fortune left you by your father, and I resolved to have my proper share of it. Hearing you were in London, I followed you. I had letters of introduction from several Venetian nobles, and these procured me an entrance into the highest and best circles. I saw you at the Duchess of Rutwell's ball, and resolved to make myself known to you. You are more beautiful a thousand times, Inez, than the simple girl I saw and learned to love at Serrano."

"Have you finished?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," he replied. "I have more to say; but I await your pleasure."

"I have nothing to say, Count Rinaldo," she said, proudly. "If I could find words in which to express my utter contempt for your character, and my loathing for yourself, I would use them. But I know of none; therefore I am silent."

(To be continued.)

**Household Notes.**

Cucumbers are nice cut into thin strips without paring, chilled in ice water and fried in deep fat.

Summer squash is quite delicious when pared, sliced, dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and fried as eggplant is done.

Orange sauce is delicious on raisin-diced tart apples, celery and coconuts, marinated with French dressing and dotted with tart jelly.

Very young carrots make a nice pickle. Boil until tender in salted water, then scrub, trim and boil in cider vinegar, using one pint of vinegar to two quarts of carrots. Add a little sugar and pickling spice tied in cheesecloth.

Before using canned foods, allow them to stand half an hour after being turned from can. This is done to freshen or reoxygenize them.

A delicious fruit salad is made with diced tart apples, celery and coconuts, marinated with French dressing and dotted with tart jelly.

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Spare Ribs . . . 16c. lb.  
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Beef, Choice Family, 15c. lb.  
Bacon, Good Grade, 40c. lb.

Local Potatoes.  
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Small Onions . . 6c. lb.  
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Green Peas.

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Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.



**WHAT BAD TEETH LEAD TO.**

Do you know that many serious diseases come from diseased conditions of your teeth. It is a fact now well known to medical science.

**DR. A. B. LEHR, Dentist**  
329 Water Street.  
Specialist in Extracting and Plate Work.

**Liner Newsboys.**

"PAPER, SIR!" CALL TO GREET OCEAN TRAVELLERS.

So far Australia has been backward in the matter of wireless news broadcasting. But Amalgamated Wireless (Australia), Ltd., has now made a move, and will go ahead until travellers at sea will awake to the cherry call of "Paper, sir!"

Then passengers will be able to read the very latest news in bed each morning.

A high power broadcasting station will, it is believed, be erected at a suitable point on the coast in preference to a site in one of the principal cities.

Arrangements will be made with newspapers and news agencies, says Rouger, to supply the power station with the latest news from all parts of the world up till midnight. A selection will then be made and immediately broadcasted.

Both overseas and inter-state steamship companies will be invited to subscribe to the scheme, and only those vessels whose owners are subscribers will be permitted to publish the broadcasted news.

**NO COMFORT.**

There is sorrow on the sea, there is trouble on the shore; but it doesn't comfort me to put up a bitter roar. Better face the hour of grief "with a heart for any f. a. t. e.," saying, "Tribulation's brief, joy will come at half past eight."

Better say, when trouble's loose, "It will do no good to whine, and affliction will vanquish at ten minutes after nine." I don't hold with Sunny Jims who contend there is no we; brine will flow from human glands while we linger here below; care and trouble will exhaust, life will seem like twenty cents; there will sometimes be a frost for the merriest of gents. But the gloom will pass away, and the sun will shine again; nothing punk is here to stay, grief will slide at half past ten. When I see a wee ahead, I don't cry. "You don't exult! You are there, a thing of dread, but you'll wink out soon. I wish! And the prospects, when you're gone, will be fairer than before; you will vanish with the dawn, you'll be squelched by half past four." And a trouble pulls its freight it defied by dauntless hicks; it shows up a speedy gait, hitting on all four or six.

**Says Japan's Need of Land May Bring Disastrous War.**

LONDON.—(A.P.)—Unless some of the Western nations are awakened to their mistaken attitude toward the eastern nations, the struggle between East and West will involve the whole of humanity in the most disastrous war the world has ever seen.

These frank words were spoken by Professor Hshinuma, a Japanese, at a recent dinner in London of the Japanese Society. The limited area of Japan, the professor explained, was a cause of great anxiety to her statesmen. With only sixteen per cent of her territory available for agriculture, and a population of 360 to the square mile, Japan looked with longing eyes to North and South America, Canada, Siberia and Australia, where there is so much land available for development. She wants to send her surplus population to these empty acres.

**Hints for the Housewife.**

**THE EVER USEFUL BRICK.**

Just a brick! But it can be used in many ways for the housewife.

Sew it up in a piece of black or brown velvet and use it as a door-step. Cover it with crumpe and put it under the flower-pot on your polished window ledge.

When you are short of hot-water bottles, a hot brick wrapped in flannel is a good substitute.

Use a brick—just a plain, ordinary uncovered brick—for a stand for your iron, and it will keep the heat in instead of letting it all out as perforated iron stands do.

**Do This Now.** Keep every little bit of cotton and wollen material—gamel, cloth, fan-lette, print, etc.—sort them and tie them into bundles by a tape round the middle. Use them as mops.

**Cheap Floor Polish.** Take five ounces of beeswax and a half-pint of turpentine and melt in a jar to make a soft paste.

Roll over a small gas jet or oil stove six ounces of common resin in half-pint of turpentine for ten minutes. Mix this with two tablespoons of linseed oil and the paste previously made and heat with a wooden spoon. When this is cold it should be a thick liquid, not a paste. If too stiff warm it and add more turpentine.



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Does not tire the feet, retains its fine shapeliness to the very last and gives the maximum of coolness, hot weather comfort and all-weather service.

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