

## "My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes—



**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**

"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

## Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY DARLING—I am in great trouble and need your assistance. Mr. Vallance is dead, and Lord Somerton has been appointed joint guardian in his place. I am dreadfully annoyed about it, as my wishes were not consulted at all. His lordship now hints at terrible things, and threatens to hurl upon me and my dear father an avalanche of ruin unless I consent to marry him. I do not scruple to tell you these things, because I know that you are quite ignorant of the secrets of the great trouble that has come into my life. My enemies, and yours, never tire of calling you hard names, and I am determined to show them that I am not a helpless coward.

Oh, Colin, my dear love, come to me soon. I am but a silly girl, after all, though I feel brave while I am writing to you. Do you remember your promise that you would write to me every day? Why do you not do so, my darling? Are you also beset by troubles? But for the knowledge of your truth and goodness, and the possession of your love, I feel that I should have no strength to face my enemies. They threaten to treat me as a child—to dismiss my servants, and make me appear ridiculous in my own household. Oh, how despicably mean and contemptible has Lady Helena proved herself to be!

I shall wait in wretched suspense until I see you. Yours forever,  
ELISIE.

P. S.—Colin, my love, do you know that some one exactly like you haunts the Park? One of the gamekeepers declares that it must be you. What am I to make of it?

By the time it was written and taken to the post by Annette, the footman had returned with the carpenter, and Elsie ordered him to at once open the iron-clamped door of her father's bedroom, while Lady Helena fussed about with words of strong disapproval.

"It is sacrilege!" she said, "and I must beg of you to desist until Lord Somerton has been consulted. Remember dear Sir John's last commands, and think how angry he will be when he returns home to find his private papers upset."

"Open the door as quickly as possible, Macer," Miss Sterne said to the carpenter. "Lady Helena, will you kindly attend to affairs that concern yourself?"

Her face scarlet with anger and mortification, her ladyship hurried away to send a messenger with a telegram to Lord Somerton, who had ridden to Scarslake, a town a dozen miles away, to dine with friends.

The carpenter put bit and brace to work with his muscular hands and shoulders. He seemed to realize that he was helping Miss Sterne by getting through the job quickly, and the perspiration rolled from his brow in great beads when the last clamp dropped to the floor with a loud ring.

All this while Elsie had stood watching him, and when the door was thrown open she stepped into the dear, familiar room.

"There's nothing here, Miss Sterne, an' it ain't long since it's been tampered with. See! these marks where the dust's been moved! They're all fresh!"

"But how could any one get in here, Macer?" Elsie exclaimed, her heart throbbing fiercely. "Of what use are my father's papers to any one except himself?"

"That I can't say, but they be all took," Macer replied. "An' there he has a purpose, too. It might be that the same thieves broke in here through the window as broke into the parson's house."

He jumped to his feet, and saw that his surprise was partly correct, for the glass of one of the windows had been neatly cut away with a diamond, leaving an aperture large enough to admit a man's hand.

This much accomplished, the lock that held the sashes together had been forced.

With Annette's assistance, every drawer was carefully searched, and every scrap of paper examined. In the end Elsie was obliged to retire bitterly disappointed, and filled with fears. Who had stolen Sir John's papers? Who had so persistently striven to become master of the secret which was here alone? It was not strange that the damaged window had not been noticed from the outside, be-

cause it was partly hidden by the great branches of a grand old oak which Sir John highly prized.

Macer screwed up the door again, grumbling and growling the while.

"What be the use o' my ingenuity when the maister makes plans, an' leaves 'em 'yris' about? Nobody could open the panel without 'em!" Elsie retired to her room very much disappointed; but she resolved nevertheless to go to London and have an interview with Mr. Grant, the lawyer.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Elsie was downstairs at an early hour next morning, after a night of unrest and misery.

She wandered out into the freshness of morning and mechanically her steps took her in the direction of poor Zeba's cottage.

As she neared the spot where the little home had recently stood she paused suddenly, and her face blushed.

The tones of Lord Somerton reached her ears, and his voice was raised in anger. The man's very presence was as bad as a pestilence to her.

She crouched back and saw his lordship pacing slowly to and fro, accompanied by a tall, shabbily-dressed man, of whose face she could only see a side view.

"I will not stand any more of it," Lord Somerton said, "and it is like your infernal impudence to follow me down here, Castlemore."

"Needs must when the devil drives," was the sententious reply, and Elsie noticed that the tones were those of a gentleman. At that moment the speaker half-turned, and she saw that he had a bronzed, handsome face, though the chin was weak and the eyes shifty. Of whom did he remind her?

"Needs must when the devil drives!" repeated Somerton. "Confound it, sir, you have already anticipated nearly half of the sum agreed upon. See here!" he hissed, in the sibilant tones that Elsie knew so well—tones that seemed to chain her to the spot. "See here! How long is this kind of thing to go on? Do you know that you have no right in England at all? That you are a deserter, an outlaw! If you will agree to quit here at once I will give you five hundred pounds now and forward a check for the balance to anywhere abroad one week after my marriage with Miss Sterne."

Elsie reeled, and clutched at the branch of a tree for support.

"I don't know that I can agree," was the dogged reply; "indeed, I am sure that five hundred will not satisfy me now. I was a fool to consent to such terms when you came to me out there. He shrugged his shoulders and a laugh at the time, and, when you dived into my identity, pretty much cut up. I wondered who and what you were. However, as I am working against my own flesh and blood, I have ventured to England with one object in view, and that is to insist upon better terms."

He folded his arms, and looked at Somerton steadily in the eyes.

"You scoundrel!" ejaculated his lordship.

"Ho! ho! I like that," the man called Castlemore laughed. "Scoundrel, oh, from the lips of a creature like you? Well, you are privileged because you are rich and I am poor. However, I shall not accept one iota less than I have arranged in my own mind, and the sooner we come to terms the better. I have travelled thousands of miles for this interview, knowing well that writing to you was a mere waste of time and postage stamps. I could not find you at your club, or your town house, and it must occur to you that after running such risks I am not to be frightened off by sour looks. I guessed that you were billing and cooing down here at Blairwood, and stopped at the Blairwood Arms' last night, from whence I sent my note to you."

He paused, and Somerton said: "Pray, go on! Let me know exactly what you want."

"Well, considering that I am making off myself an alien and an outcast, partly to gratify your desires, I must insist upon five thousand pounds down, and an annuity, say of three thousand a year. This is the chance of my life, and I am tired of my precarious existence. You can well afford it independent of Sir John's Somerton cast upon him a glance of withering scorn.

(To be continued)

## Stories For all Moods

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH JESTS. By HARRY FURNISS, in John O'Leary's Weekly.

Perhaps there were not two men with surnames so similar and yet so different in every other way as that great man of business Sir Christopher Furness, afterwards Lord Furness, and myself. He had an eye for business, but not one for my name, but two for his only. When Mr. Furness was first returned to Parliament, plain Mr. Furness, neither a knight nor a millionaire, he asked to see me alone in one of the Lobbies of the House of Commons. He held a note in his hand, strangely and nervously so I knew at once it was not a bank-note.

"I sh—am very sorry—you are a stranger to me, I—a stranger to the House. This note from a stranger was handed to me by a strange official. I did not before I noticed the mistake. It is addressed to you."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, I assure you," I said.

"Oh, but it is—it must be of consequence, and so brief. I feel extremely awkward in having to acknowledge I read it—a pure accident, I assure you!"

He handed me the note and was running away, when I called him back. It read:—

"Meet me under the clock at 8—Lacy."

"I must introduce you to Lacy." "Oh, no! Not for worlds!"

But I did. "She" was Sir Henry Lacy, better known as Roby, M.P.

MAX O'RELL.

Max O'Rell, the famous French satirist, joked to the end. When he was lying on his death-bed, and after the doctors had informed him that there was no hope, he wrote: "I fear that I am doomed. The doctors give me a few months, but I believe I shall last longer. At any rate I shall try, for I'd rather wear a hat than a halo."

Max O'Rell, like all professional men, was occasionally imposed on with regard to hospitality, his hostess having invited him to an at home as a guest and then expected him to perform, in other words to "tell a few stories."

Once when this happened, he left the drawing-room hurriedly and went down to the hall, from whence he returned in a few seconds in a state of great excitement, and approaching his hostess whispered excitedly into her ear: "Madam, what kind of people have you here? The cheque you placed in my overcoat-pocket—my fee for to-night—has been stolen!"

Some time ago, in a parish in Arrisshire, a beadle was examined, and dismissed for gross ignorance in spiritual matters, as well as for not walking according to the light which he should have had. Some time after he applied for restoration of privileges, on the plea that he had learned and amended.

"Well, John," said the minister, "I will ask you a few plain questions. What is baptism?"

"Dead, sir," replied John, "I cannot well tell you what baptism is, new-folk, new laws—but in my time it was tounce to the beadle and sixpence to the preacher."

In days gone by, when I lectured here, there, and everywhere, night after night, I sometimes was afraid I might repeat myself. So on one occasion when arriving in a Midland town, I called at the Town Hall to see if the platform arrangements were satisfactory for the evening, and I asked

the guardian of the hall what I had given the last time I spoke there. His information was to the point.

"Five shillings, sir."

SCOTTISH TRIFLE.

How many jokes turn upon the supposed meanness of the Scot? Personally I have invariably found Scotsmen to be the reverse. They may at times be ultra careful, perhaps now and then over-shylockian, when demanding their due. For instance, the sequel to a card-playing journey from Aberdeen to London, at which the Englishman had lost every thing to the Scot, and approaching London, he began to empty his pockets.

Englishman: "Let me see, I owe you four pounds nineteen shillings and one penny. There are the four pounds and here is nineteen shillings, feeling in all his pockets. 'Ah, I have not got a copper!'"

Scotsman continues to hold out his hand.

Englishman: "Sorry—I cannot find a penny."

Scotsman still holds out his hand. Englishman again: "Not a brass farthing, I assure you. I've searched all my pockets."

"Ah, then," replied Scotty, leaning forward. "Then I think I'll just take your morning paper."

THE SCOTSMAN IN SEARCH OF A LIGHT.

Which reminds me of the Scotsman travelling, and after filling his pipe says to a "Can you oblige me with a match?"

"Sorry, I do not carry them."

He appeals to B, who replies, "Just used my last one." Sandy turns to C, who shakes his head. D is snoring in a corner of the carriage. D feels in all his pockets and searches his handbag in vain.

A long pause. Sandy looks wistfully round at all the occupants of the carriage, and then, taking a box of matches out of his pocket, says, "Well, gentlemen, I just must use one of my ain."

"My friends, it is all very blue-flooded. To talk of your blue-flooded line; but living and red is the blood that is shed for Honour, and Woman, and Wine!" I was running my eyes over the above lines at a second-hand bookstall the other day, and brought to mind the sequel of the ancient joke concerning the Scotsman and the step-god.

EXPENSIVE.

Mack, who had just returned from

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the animal and lighted. The flames shot out and forced the animal to move his front foreleg, and under its hoof was discovered a sixpence!

SCIENTISTS START ON LONG VOYAGE TO ANTARCTIC.

New London. (A.P.)—While Capt. George Pinlay Simmons has been scouring the country for a staff and crew to take the schooner Blossom to the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, the ship itself has been prepared for one of the longest cruises ever undertaken by a vessel her size.

The expedition to the Antarctic islands which starts from New London this week for the Cleveland Museum of Natural History is said to be one of the largest ever undertaken for purely scientific purposes.

Every one of the 16 men aboard ship, except the three ship's officers, is trained in some line that will aid in the collecting of animal and bird specimens and in taking notes on the geology, plant life, sometimes human life, and climatic conditions in the regions that will be visited.

The Blossom will visit the least known portions of the world on her two-year cruise. Explorers have gone over the Pacific islands and other tropical regions with fair thoroughness. Even the polar regions have been visited in recent years by men who have taken accurate observations of the lands through which they travelled.

The South Atlantic Islands, however, have been visited only by seal and sea elephant hunters, who brought back romantic stories of scientific value.

At the helm of the ship will be John de Lomha, a Cape Verde Portuguese, who has sailed the seven seas for 32 years under one master, Capt. John Cleveland, of New Bedford, said to be the "last of the old sealing captains."

De Lomha is reputed to know "every rock in the Atlantic," and has made several voyages to the islands which he will now visit for the purpose of aiding in a search for knowledge of the world we live in.

As the head of the ship's staff is E. H. Gray, sailing master, who carries a certificate as master of sail and second mate of steam in any ocean and for any tonnage, Capt. Simmons will command both the navigating and scientific personnel of the vessel. Members of the crew are all college-trained men, who will, in between

their duties of holding sail and scrubbing decks, carry out their additional duties of surveyor, ship clerk or whatever additional capacity they were selected to fill.

The Blossom is a three-masted, built originally for the coastwise cargo. The expedition will spend the coming Antarctic summer in the South Atlantic, then cruise along the West African coast visiting the islands of that region, and then make for the Indian Ocean. She will re-stock twice at Cape Town, possibly a third time on the return voyage, and at each stop will ship home the specimens already collected.

Flavor tomato soup with a little onion, thyme and bay-leaf, jelly in individual molds and serve on crisp lettuce.

When stuffing the Thanksgiving turkey, add a teaspoonful of rubber powder and do not pack in too tightly.

Grass rugs should be thoroughly swept, scrubbed with soapuds, rinsed and sunned before they are dyed.

BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. McMahon Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chatham, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a run-down condition after the birth of my baby-boy. I had terrible pains and backache, and was tired and weak, not fit to do my work and care for my three little children. One day I received your little book and read it, and gave up taking the medicine I had and began taking the Vegetable Compound. I feel much better now and am not ashamed to tell what it has done for me. I recommend it to any woman I think feels as I do."

Mrs. J. R. McMahon, 158 Harvey St., Chatham, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has for nearly fifty years been restoring sickly women to health and strength. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful periods, irregularities, tired, worn-out feeling and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. McMahon's. These women know, and are willing to tell others, what it did for them; therefore, it is surely worth your trial.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Coburn, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book, "Use of the Female System."



Here!  
"The milk that good cooks use"

7 1/2  
teaspoons of butter fat in every can

YOU can get it now—milk that will give your cooking greater richness and flavor. Libby's Milk—cow's milk made double rich!

Good cooks everywhere are using it. So many of them, in fact, that it is now generally known as "the milk that good cooks use."

7 1/2 teaspoons of butter fat in every can

The reason for its popularity is simply this: there are 7 1/2 teaspoons of pure butter fat in every 16 oz. can of Libby's Milk! And it is butter fat you know that makes butter and cream such great enrichers of food.

You wonder, perhaps, how Libby's Milk can contain so large a percentage of this enriching substance.

As you know, there are certain sections of this country which are famous for their dairy products, where fine pasture lands encompass

wooded hills and fresh streams that flow through grassy valleys. Cows naturally produce their finest milk where nature and man combine to help them.

And you know, too, that certain kinds of cows give richer milk than others.

Libby gets milk only from selected herds in these favored sections.

Then we make it double rich by evaporating more than half the moisture from it. Nothing is added to it; none of its food values taken away. Libby's Milk is just the finest cow's milk in the land, made double rich, then carefully sealed and sterilized in air-tight cans so you can get it fresh and pure no matter where you live.

Greater richness, finer flavor

Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer today. See what new richness, what delightful flavor it gives to your soups and sauces, your cakes, breads, puddings and de-

scribes to anything you make with it. Dab a few drops on the top of the next loaf of biscuits you bake—just before you put them into the oven. Note what a tempting brown the crusts take, and how tender they are.

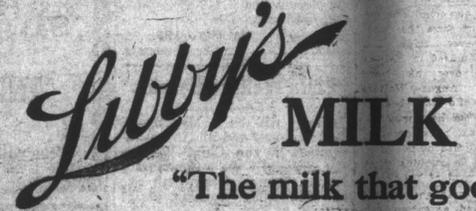
You'll actually find new joy in cooking when you use Libby's Milk and heard what your family and guests will say.

It's here in the stores now—Libby's "the milk that good cooks use." Try it.

Write for free recipe folder

We have had printed in a convenient folder some exceptionally good recipes sent us by good cooks that use Libby's Milk. You'll find them a fine introduction to the pleasure and economy of using Libby's Milk. Write for a copy today—extra ones for your friends, if you wish. Sent free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
125 Duesworth Street, St. John's, N.F.



**X**

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Say "Bayer" and Insist!

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Unless you see the name of "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
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(To be continued)

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**Windsor Table Salt**

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THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED