

Cooking-perfection is yours when you bring out the true flavour of every dish with **LEA & PERRINS'** **SAUCE**

A QUEEN UNCROWNED — OR — THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Yes," she said, with another strong shudder.

"Great heavens! And how were you saved from your awful fate, Jacquetta?"

"God lives!" she said, looking up reverently. "And the same power that once saved Daniel in the lion's den, saved Jacquetta from her living tomb."

"But how—how—Mr. De Vere did not know?"

"No; but what can it matter to you, lord earl?"

The old look of cold hauteur passed over her face and she turned away with a small, impatient motion.

"Oh, Jacquetta!" he reproachfully cried.

"Well, my lord."

"My lord! This from you? It was Alfred, once, Jacquetta."

"That time has passed, my Lord Earncliffe; and you had better forget it ever existed. It is not fraught with such pleasant reminiscences for either of us."

"Forget it? Never, while life remains! Oh, Jacquetta! you are free now; may I not hope—"

"Lord earl, you forget yourself!" she imperiously cried. "Hope for nothing from me! Jack De Vere is Jack De Vere still!"

"Thank Heaven for that! Look on this, Jacquetta, and see if you know it yet."

He drew out a locket set with diamonds, and opened it, disclosed a small piece of paper on which a few faint pencil marks still lingered. She took it; and up over her neck, face, and brow flushed a hot, crimson tide.

"My lord! my lord!" she cried, in a choking voice, "I have not deserved this! I was insane when that was written."

"Then, let me hope you are insane still, Oh, Jacquetta! my life! my love! my hope! do not retract what you once wrote here. Tell me you love me still!"

"Lord Earncliffe, do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you forget the secret of that lonely room in old Fontelle?"

"Then, you do not know? Oh, Jacquetta! he is dead!"

"Dead!" she cried with a start, turning first red and then ashen white. "Oh, Alfred! I never heard this."

"He has been dead nearly a year now. You are free—free as air, Jacquetta! My heart, my hand, my fortune—my very life, lies at your feet. Oh, Jacquetta! speak, and tell me I may live."

She looked at him with a strange glance and her cold look softened a little as she saw his eager, wild, passionate gaze.

"Then you have not forgotten Jacquetta yet, my lord?"

"Forgot you! Oh, Jacquetta! sleeping or waking, night or day, you have never for one instant been forgotten."

"You are blessed with a good memory, Lord Earncliffe; and yet there is one little circumstance you have refused to remember for a moment. Allow me to remind you; you are a

beloved earl, and I am—Lella, the actress!"

That drawing up of the small delicate figure—that proud lift of the head—that clear, bright flash of the dark eyes—that scornful curl of the shut upper lip—what a world of pride they betrayed!

"Neither you nor I care for that one straw—one whit! Wealth and rank are but a name, and mockery when put in competition with our love. You are not Lella, the actress, to me; you are Jacquetta—my Jacquetta—my liege lady—my darling—the one love of my life! Oh, Jacquetta!"

"Softly—softly, my dear lord. What a gale you do get into for a trifle!" (And the provoking smile of other days broke over her pretty face.)

"Let us talk this small matter over calmly, sensibly, and leave out all transports for the present. There are more heads to this indictment than one. I am Captain Nick Tempest's daughter!"

Disbrow was provoked by this off-hand way of doing business, and exclaimed, imperiously:

"What the deuce do I care! I don't want to marry Captain Nick Tempest! Oh, Jacquetta!"

"There you are at it again! How often have you said that during the last ten minutes? So you are willing to forget everything but—"

"But that I love you more than life, Jacquetta—Jacquetta! you are torturing me. Speak, and tell me—am I to live or die?"

"She looked in his eyes—in his flushed, eager, impassioned face, so bright and beautiful in its frevent pleading—and she read there the strong, undying love that was to bless her whole life. A soft, tender smile came to her lips, something like a tear to her eye, and, laying her small, white hand in his, she said, brightly:

"Live, my lord! Forever and ever Jacquetta is yours!"

It is impossible to accurately describe how Lord Earncliffe felt at that moment. It was one of those brief, blissful instants of unmitigated sunshine that shine on us so rarely—more's the pity—in this life; and two of the wanderers in this vale of tears were, for the time being, perfectly and completely happy.

But Lord Austrey! What words can paint the astonishment, amazement, not to say horror, of that young Briton at hearing and seeing all this! The whole English language would have been inadequate to the task of expressing his feelings. So, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he began whistling, with the most piercing emphasis, "God Save the King."

Jacquetta looked at him and laughed.

"You think us crazy—do you not, my lord?"

"Well, really," said Lord George politely. "I am not prepared to say exactly that you are; but my private conviction is, that some one of us three is an idiot. Which one it is, I am not at liberty to say."

"Come, George, my dear old fellow," exclaimed Disbrow, laying his hand on either shoulder, "wish me joy! I am the happiest fellow in the whole world!"

"Oh, are you? Well, of course, you ought to know best; but I'll be hanged if I can make head or tail of this whole matter!"

"All in good time, my boy! Jacquetta, will you not come with us to-night? Augusta, and Orrie, and Mr. De Vere are here."

"I know—I saw them. No, not to-night, Alfred. I have given you my address; come, the whole of you, to-morrow. I am not quite calm enough to see them to-night. Oh, Alfred! if all seems like a dream to me yet!"

"Thank Heaven, it is a reality! But,

first, Jacquetta, will you not tell me how you were saved?"

"Simply enough. My father—Captain Nick Tempest—saved my life."

"Ha! How?"

"It appears he was at Green Creek when I was removed; and upon his return was furious to find what Mr. De Vere had done. At first, he was for going to Fontelle, and making a scene with Mr. De Vere; but Grizzle prevailed upon him to take a more prudent course, and substitute cunning for violence. He came to Fontelle that night, saw old Tribulation—poor Aubrey's nurse—and, through her means, obtained the key of the vault, entered, and found me—alive!"

"Heavens! what a situation for you!"

"I had scarcely time to realize my situation; for I had just awakened from my death-like sleep—my trance, or whatever you may call it; and Captain Tempest, who can be cool and self-possessed in a crisis, made no to-do about it, but carried me off, and got me on board the Fly-by-Night, where, by the aid of his surgeon, before morning Jacquetta was herself again!"

"How strange and terrible! I have often heard of such deadly sleeps before. Good heavens! if he had not come what a fate might have been yours!"

"We will not think of it. Heaven was merciful. Do you know, that all the time I lay there for dead, I heard and understood everything that passed? I knew you watched by my side all that long, sad night—I knew they were going to bury me; but I could not utter a word, nor make the faintest motion. Life was suspended, seemingly; yet, oh! how vividly it all comes back to me now! I suffered an age of agony in those few hours."

"My poor Jacquetta! my own darling! To think there should have been such a strange destiny keeping us apart in this way! Truly, this world is full of paper walls!"

"We have broken them down at last, Jacquetta and Alfred stand on equal terms now—do they not?" she said, with a smile.

(To be continued.)

**Clear Your Skin
With
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better**

High Tariff

BLAMED FOR UNEMPLOYMENT IN UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—(By Canadian Press)—The tariff continues to be one of the chief issues of the campaign, although it has not become the leading issue, as some leaders believed it would last spring. Just now, the Democratic managers are making much of the charge that the Republican claims as to the usefulness of the tariff are belied by the heavy unemployment in a number of highly protected industries.

The charge of unemployment in some of the highly protected industries cannot be disputed because it is borne out to an extent by the official figures of the New York Department of Labor. These figures show increased unemployment in the textile and silk mills in August as compared with July of this year or with August of last year. In wool manufacturers and cotton goods factories there is an increased showing of unemployment. The same is true of a number of other industries. While it does not necessarily follow that the situation in New York is the same as in the rest of the country, there is no question that unemployment in the United States at this time is extensive.

The low tariff and moderate tariff men say this proves the tariff does not accomplish for labor what the high tariff advocates allege. On the other hand, the protectionists insist that without high tariff the conditions would be much worse.

Undoubtedly the attitude of many of the farmers on tariff has prevented Mr. Davis from making the utmost of the tariff issue. They are committed to the high tariff on agricultural products in connection with the McNary-Haugen bill. This makes it delicate for Davis to spend a lot of time hitting on the tariff.

Make your Car 100% Skid-Proof with Weed Anti-Skid Chains. All sizes in stock. BOWRING BROS. LTD., Hardware Dept.—Oct 29, 61 eod

**Sectional Feelings
Played Upon by
Politicians**

WASHINGTON.—(By Can. Press)—One of the developments of the presidential campaign is the almost startling showing of sectional feeling that is being disclosed as the contest becomes intensified.

The feeling of the west that its interests are being overlooked and treated with something like contempt by the east is not only an important factor in this campaign but it is a factor which will be felt in legislation and in politics long after the campaign is over.

Broadly speaking, the agricultural population of the west and south is coming to the conclusion that the leaders who dominate the republican party and, to some extent, the democratic party, are out of touch and out of sympathy with the agricultural industry. This is one of the leading reasons for the strength of Senator La Follette, who is running on the third ticket. President Coolidge has to a large extent escaped the condemnation of the agricultural population. But he is getting more and more under fire. He is being more and more charged with leaning toward the east and away from the west. A recent speech of Senator Brookhart in which he declared the President belonged

**ELLIS & CO.,
Limited,
203 WATER STREET.**

**FRESH SUPPLIES
JUST RECEIVED**

English First Prize Cheddar Cheese.
English Wiltshire Loaf Cheese.
Cream Gouda Cheese.
New Gorgonzola Cheese.
Finest Shilton Cheese.
New Pimento Cheese in tins.
New Roquefort Cheese in tins.
Ingersoll Cream Cheese in packages.
Parmesan Grated Cheese in bottles.

**Fresh Smoked
Finnan Haddies.**

California Navel Oranges.
Porto Rico Oranges.
Macintosh Red Apples.
Roman Beauties Apples.
Grape Fruit.
Bartlett Pears.

Fresh Extra Eggs.

Honey Dew Melons.
Emperor Red Grapes.
Almeria Green Grapes.
Bartlett Pears.
Cranberries.
Dessert Apples.
Palermo Lemons.
Smyrna Fresh Figs.

**New Crystalized
Fruits,
Rose & Violet Leaves**

**Just Folks.
By EDGAR GUEST.
A CITY STREET.**

A city street
Where hurrying feet
Move ever up and down;
Where day by day
Men seek the way
To fortune and renown.

And some the bound
For higher ground,
And some for bleak despair,
And some for fame,
And some for shame,
And some an hour of prayer.

And some are strong
That move along,
And some are pale and weak;
And some are stout
With care and want,
And some are snug and sleek.

When these are gone
More will come on
To tread the self-same way
And they will be
Like you and me
Who walk the street to-day.

They, too, will strive
To keep alive.
They, too, will rise and fall
And God above
Will shed his love
And mercy on them all.

So view the throng
Which moves along
To pleasure or to trade;
From those you meet
Upon the street
In time are angels made.

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS BIG VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY NOW

Now is the time to get "Big Value" for your money. Come into our Store and you will go out with big bundles of our splendid goods for little money. Don't come in alone. Bring in the whole family and rig them out from the tips of baby's tiny toes to the crowns of Grandma's and Grandpa's heads. When you buy and try our good goods, you will make our store your store.

Ladies' Overshoes.
A few odd sizes.
Per Pair, 49c.

English Melton Cloth.
40 inches wide, in Grey, Fawn and Brown. Regular 95c. goods.
Per yard, 69c.

Pound Blanket Ends.
Assorted colors, pieces 1 yard and under.
Per Pound, 75c.

Boys' Overshoes.
Size 4½ and 5 only.
Per Pair, \$1.19

Men's Overshoes.
Size 8 only.
Per Pair, \$1.49

**White Gold-Filled
Wrist Watches.**
White gold-filled, case engraved, 10½ ligne tonneau shape, 6 jewel, Swiss movement; silk ribbon with engraved buckle, adjustable to any wrist; each in leatherette box.
Each \$9.98



**BUY YOUR
Sport and Felt Hats
AT MURPHY'S
You Will Save Money**

For Winter Hats of Velvet or Felt that were marked to sell at \$5.00 to \$15.00. Sport or street Hats. Hats for dress, in Black, Colors or combinations.

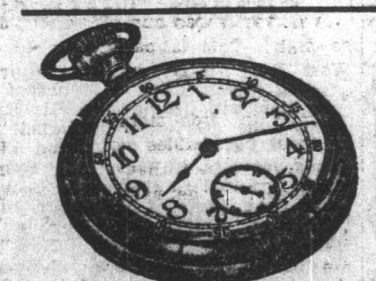
Each - \$2.98 and \$3.98



**Men's Winter
Overcoats**

Never did we have such values to offer. New lot, just in, made of heavy Grey English Cloth, lined throughout, belt all around, tucked back, adjustable to any size. Really worth \$18.00. Our Price,

Each \$12.98



Watches.
Open face, nickel plated, stem wind and set, good reliable time-keeper.

Each \$1.98

**Cotton and Wool
Navy Serge.**
50" wide.
Per Yard 49c., 98c. & \$1.29
Oct 24, f.s

Men's Linen Collars.
In all styles and sizes.
Each 10c.

**PHIL MURPHY
317 Water Street**

**Store open every night and
Holidays**

**Cuticura
Talcum
Powder.**
One of the best powders made. You'll find this talcum powder refreshing.
Per Tin, 39c.

Cuticura Soap.
Medical Toilet Soap that has won great favor in thousands of homes. It is an antiseptic soap, especially recommended for skin eruptions.
Per Cake, 35c.

Boys' Sweaters.
We have just in a beautiful line of Boys' Sweaters, in Blue, Fawn and Brown. These are made of pure Canadian wool and will give good wear; all sizes.
Each, \$1.19 to \$1.98

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

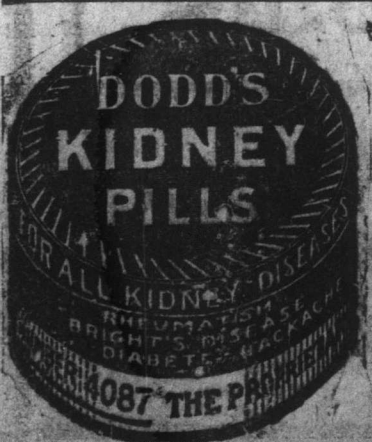
Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25

Men's Winter Caps.
Heavy, All Wool Caps, in Light and Dark shades—to match any Overcoat, heavily lined; some with ear lap; sizes 6½ to 7½.
Each, \$1.49 to \$2.25



**Round the World
on 50 Pounds**

One can see more of the world on £50 than many people do on four or five times that amount. My informant is Mr. John Henderson, who has

IVORY SOAP
is the most
Economical Soap