

## "I Avoided an Operation Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mrs. James Wells, Udon, Ont., writes—



**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

## Under False Colors

OR  
**Lord Somerton's Ally.**

### CHAPTER XXII.

He winced a little, and looked at her pityingly.

"The blow has to be dealt," he said. "It will come sooner or later; then, Miss Sterne, find a little forgiveness, even a little pity, in your heart for me. Even if you were an outcast—a beggar girl—a veritable pariah—I must always worship you—and lay my coronet at your feet! I will not detain you longer. Do not lose heart; and no matter how great your distress, no matter how deep you have fallen into this abyss of despair, remember that I am waiting to help you, that I alone can help you, because I love you!"

He turned upon his heel, with a melodramatic action, and passed swiftly out of the room.

At first his demeanor was the result of a careful study; my lord was an admirable actor, but in the end his passion overcame him, and every word came direct from his heart and brain. He loved Elsie Sterne with a slavish love. He had already devoted his money and the artifices of a subtle brain for many months with one object in view—the object of making her his wife. A year earlier the task had seemed hopeless; but my Lord of Somerton never tired.

A careless word, a hint, a shrug of the shoulders, and he had sent an emissary to India to learn why Sir John remitted money to a certain James Castlemon with unfailing regularity.

Mr. Castlemon was found, but he was already in treaty with other people—he was already in treaty with Sir John's sister and nephew, Noel Campbell. My lord was not discouraged; he was wealthy. He offered Mr. Castlemon a heavy price for his secret; he would outbid Sir John, and Sir John's sister, and be the master of the situation. He would weave his web carefully, and the peerless Elsie should be his by right of conquest in the field of cunning.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The man whom Lord Somerton had called Mr. Castlemon walked slowly back to the village, his eyes cast down, his hands into the pockets of his trousers. He was evidently in deep

## WOMEN FROM FORTY TO FIFTY

Will Be Interested in Mrs. Thompson's Recovery by Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winnipeg, Man.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me good in every way. I was very weak and run-down and had certain troubles that women of my age are likely to have. I did not like to go to the doctor so I took the Vegetable Compound and am still taking it right along. I recommend it to my friends and to any one I know who is not feeling well."

When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Coughing, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women."

brings none, you know what to expect. Respectfully yours,  
JAMES CASTLEMON.

He sealed and addressed it to Lord Somerton, Blairwood Park, marking one corner with these words:

Delivered by hand, Messenger waits. When he gave the letter to Landlady Bingley, that worthy glanced at the same in surprise, and his face paled and flushed by turns.

He sent his boy away with it, and turning to Mr. Castlemon, stammered: "Pardon me, sir, but if you are upon familiar terms with a gentleman like his lordship, you may be able to do me a good turn without hurting yourself."

"If I can help you I will," was the quick response. "I have done little good in this world so far. In what way does Lord Somerton hold you in his power?"

"Oh, it is not that, sir. I never even spoke to his lordship; but I thought that your influence might reach the butler, Mr. Kemp. I owe him eighty pounds, and some interest, and he threatens to sell me out. He wants the money to lend to Stretton, the gamekeeper, and won't wait a day. I borrowed it under a bill of sale, to buy a billiard-table and other fittings, but found that it was nearly my ruin. He registered the bill of sale, and not a shilling's worth of credit could I get after."

"And you want him to give you time?" asked Castlemon.

"That's it, sir. I've a wife and six children to support and for that eighty pounds my home and business would be cleaned out."

"I understand. Now you rest easy, Bingley, and I will lend you the money. I am thankful to be able to do a little good. Mr. Kemp called to see you this morning, I believe?"

"God bless you, sir, he did. I wouldn't have to appeal to a stranger if Sir John was at home."

"Um!" went on Castlemon. "I noticed the gentlemanly butler, and am pleased to be quits with him."

"He's a villain, sir," said Bingley, "and means Stretton no good. Anybody but Stretton can see it."

As Mr. Castlemon knew nothing of Stretton, the conversation did not interest him, and he went into the doorway to await the return of the land-

lord's boy.

Mr. Bingley provided him with a chair, a newspaper a week old, and some tobacco.

The paper was not of much interest to him; but he filled his pipe with the soothing weed and puffed away vigorously, while he carelessly eyed the few people who appeared in the straggling village street.

An hour passed, and he was growing impatient. Still there was no proof that Lord Somerton was evading him. The boy was probably waiting for his lordship. His instructions had been very clear upon that point, and driven hard home by the promise of half a sovereign.

Suddenly a carriage swept around a bend in the street, and Landlord Bingley hurried to the door, attracted by the rush of horses' feet. Every tradesman in the place appeared to be actuated by the same impulse, for there was a fluttering of white aprons in every shop doorway.

(To be continued.)

If the oysters for stuffing a turkey are large, cut them in two. Use one pint of oysters to three cups of bread crumbs.

## How Do You Feel When You Wake Up In The Morning?

Once you open your eyes, are you wide awake? Do you feel thoroughly refreshed? Are you full of life and energy? Are you glowing with health and is it a joy to be alive? If you experience these feelings you are in perfect health. But—do you wake up feeling tired? Does it take you some time to get thoroughly awake? Is it an effort to get out of bed? Do you feel depressed, weak, listless? This is the way Mrs. Lytle felt and this is the way she was cured.

Having had a very strenuous time for some months in my work, I found myself weak and easily overcome with any extra exertion. As soon as I placed my head on the pillow at night my brain began to race and jump from one thing to another. It would be hours before I could get to sleep and when I did sleep it was only fitful. I would get up next morning more tired than when I laid down. It was an effort to dress. I had to forcibly force myself to do the household work. At that I had to stop and rest every little while. Carol was recommended to me. I found it had to be a tonic for me. Its building and tonic qualities were daily noticeable. I have every confidence in Carol as a splendid strengthening tonic for women. I strongly recommend Carol to every woman who is feeling as I felt. Mrs. R. J. Lytle, 235 16th Avenue N. W., Calgary.

Carol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

## "Greyfriars Bobby"

THE TALE OF A DOG'S FIDELITY.

Many years ago there lived in the Lawmarket, Edinburgh, a working man named John Gray. He was a quiet, lonely man, but in his little shaggy haired Scotch terrier—"Bobby"—he had a faithful friend and constant companion.

After a time, John Gray died, and was buried in Greyfriars Churchyard. Bobby was chief mourner at the funeral, following his master's body to the grave, where he remained, and was found there next day by the gravedigger. As his orders were "No dogs to be admitted," the sexton tried to drive "Bobby" away, but in vain. The little dog would not leave the spot where his master lay, and looked up at the sexton so wistfully, whining and shivering with cold, grief and hunger, that the man took pity on the little creature. He brought him food, which "Bobby" eagerly took, and from that day the dog kept vigil there for fourteen years, only leaving for a short time during the day to get something to eat.

Soon the people in the neighborhood began to notice "Bobby," and

took a great interest in him. Indeed, they vied with one another in showing him kindness. A restaurant keeper in the vicinity, for instance, gave "Bobby" his dinner for years, and it is said the dog knew the hour and go for it. When he heard the sound of the Castle gun at one o'clock, that was his "dinner gong."

The children who lived in Greenmaker Row, whose windows looked

on to Greyfriars Churchyard, loved to watch for "Bobby," and used to run to the window in the morning to see if he was still there; and, on cold winter nights, sleepy bairns cried in vain for "Bobby" to come in beside them to get warm.

"Bobby" would not leave his cold bed for the coldest frost. The flame of love burning in his heart kept him warm, though the "homeless wind" whistled round him, and the rain beat on his little body. Neither wind, nor rain, nor the sea-fogs that enveloped the "cold grey town" in mist, nor the snow that robed it in mantle of ermine could force "Bobby" from the spot.

Love triumphed over all discomforts and hardships. Through all the long years "Bobby's" devotion never wavered, till, like the brave little sentinel that he was, he was found dead at his post, utterly worn out with his long vigil.

He was buried near his master in Greyfriars Churchyard, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts (that ardent lover of animals) erected to his memory a fountain of granite, with the figure of "Bobby," cast in bronze, sitting on the top of the column—the little shag-

gy-haired dog with the soft, loving eyes and heart of gold.

The story of "Bobby's" life seems to throw a radiance over the scene, lighting up the dull thoroughfare with the glow of his loving spirit.

There is no Coal to carry up stairs, and no ashes to be cleared away. They are ideal for use in daintily appointed rooms. There is no smoke or dust. They also ventilate the room. Enquiries solicited.

Gas Fires make no work.

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You will need a pair of good Boots or Shoes some day--make **Barratt's English Footwear** your choice.



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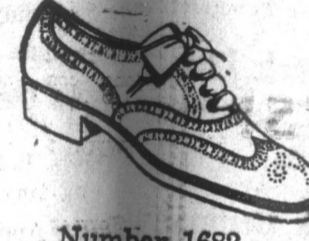
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## Health and Comfort in the Home.

Many a chill can be avoided by the wise use of heating with ever-ready gas stoves. An inexpensive gas fire can easily be installed in any ordinary coal grate, and provide the necessary warmth at any time.

Gas Fires make no work. There is no Coal to carry up stairs, and no ashes to be cleared away. They are ideal for use in daintily appointed rooms. There is no smoke or dust. They also ventilate the room. Enquiries solicited.

ST. JOHN'S  
GAS LIGHT COMPANY  
PHONE 81.

To 1 cupful of halved raw cranberries add 1 cupful of pineapple cubes, half cupful of sugar, half cupful of pineapple juice. Mix, allow to stand for about one hour, and serve as the first course.

## WOMEN! DYE ANY GARMENT OR DRAPERY

Waists Kimonos Draperies  
Skirts Dresses Gingham  
Coats Sweaters Stockings

## Diamond Dyes

Each 15 cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint any old, worn faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Drug stores sell all colors.

Ladies' Low Shoes only \$1.98 at SMALLWOOD'S.—opt13.3t