

Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes—
"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."
(Mr. J. W. Vinco, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")



DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Martha Hooper's face went whiter, if that was possible, and her lips trembled, and at last she came to the word:

"Dead!"

"Dead, eh?" he said. "Well, 'tho' the gods love die 'young,' 'tho' the Latin. So the kid's dead, is he? Well, he is off your hands, anyhow. You haven't got him to keep as well as yourself. And how are you living, eh? What made you choose this dead-and-alive spot?" He looked round. "It's a wonder you haven't been murdered in your bed, old woman!"

Martha Hooper shuddered. "Perhaps it would have been better," she murmured, almost to herself. "Eh?" he said. "What are you muttering at? Why don't you answer my question?"

"She moistened her lips. "I-I saved a little money, and—I do a little needle-work," she said, faintly.

He looked at her for a moment through his half-closed eyes—a look of savage amusement.

"My dear," he said, "you were always a poor hand at lying, and, if anything, you're worse now. There, I know all about it. You've got a friend among the nobs, Martha—a friend who put you in this snug little cottage and made you comfortable for the rest of your life."

She opened her lips as if to contradict him, but no word came, and, watching her with the same sinister smile, he went on:

"And very nice it is to have a friend—very nice. I wish I'd got one like it; and such a nob, too—a real countess!"

Martha Hooper sunk into the chair, her pale eyes fixed on his, as if waiting for some blow.

He laughed.

"You see, I know a little about it. But doesn't it strike you as curious, considering all things—I say, considering all things—that her ladyship should take you, Martha Hooper, in hand?"

She looked from right to left, like a driven animal seeking some outlet for escape from his persistency, then hung her head.

"I—I was an old servant," she faltered.

He laughed and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the clean floor.

"Stuff and humbug! The Countess of Landon doesn't pension off her old servants. Why should she you?"

"Surprised that I know who it is,

Martha Hooper started as he pronounced the title, and he nodded and sneered at her.

"What do you take me for? I've been here two days, my dear, and I've learned a great deal in that time. For instance, I've learned that the countess not only finds you in house, and grub, and fuel, my dear, but that she sneaks out at night to pay you visits."

Martha Hooper half rose, then sunk down again.

"Don't you deny it, because it isn't any use," he said, knowingly. "I followed her here last night."

"Last night?" she echoed faintly.

He nodded.

"Give me a light!"

She got up with some hesitancy, and lighted a screw of paper at the fire.

"Hold it," he said, and thrust his head forward, with his pipe in his lips.

She tried to obey, but the flame dabbled against his nose and burned it, and he snatched the paper from her trembling hand.

"Bah!" he growled. "You haven't the pluck of a mouse—no never had, Martha. There you sit shivering and shaking like an underdone jelly; and that's how you shiver and shake when she comes to see you, I suppose. You haven't an ounce of pluck or you'd get up and order me out. It's your cottage, you know. Why don't you do it?"

The wretched woman looked at him fearfully, and he laughed with keen enjoyment of her helplessness.

"I'll tell you why you don't, my dear," he said, puffing out the smoke defiantly, innocently. "Because you're afraid. You've got a bad conscience, madame, that's what it is. 'Conscience makes cowards of us all.' Hamlet, Shakespeare, you know. You've been up to some tricks, Martha. Come, give an account of yourself to your faithful husband! What have you been doing since you built with the kid, deserted the best husband that ever woman had?"

She leaned her head on her hand.

"When—when you struck me—"

"Which you deserved, my dear," he put in, blandly.

"—And—and I left you—I went to Australia. Then, when the child died—"

—she put her hand to her throat as if unable to speak for a moment—

"then I—I came back to England, and madame took pity on me and kept me out of charity."

He folded his arms on the table and fixed his eyes on her.

"Out of charity?" he said, with a sneer. "I never heard of such charity. Why, she ought to have hated you more than any woman on earth; and you know why."

Martha put her hand to her lip.

"—she does not hate me," she said, almost inaudibly. "—she pitied me."

"Pitied you, eh? Why, my dear?"

A woman will turn if trodden on too hard and too frequently. It seemed as if the timid, nervous woman was at last about to turn. She rose and looked down at him, her face white, her lips set firmly for once.

"Because I was your wife!" she said in a low voice of wrought-up indignation and loathing. "Because she knew what you were—a ruffian and a bully, a scoundrel and a coward. She knew—as I came to know—that under your fine clothes and play-acting airs, you were the vilest wretch that ever deceived and ill-treated a woman."

She stopped for lack of breath, and leaned sideways against the table, panting heavily.

Jake did not move, but sat puffing at his pipe and leaning up at her keenly.

"Bravo, old woman!" he said. "You've plucked up a bit of spirit at last."

"Yes," she breathed—"at last! You—you asked me why I did not turn you out of the house? I do—go!" She tried to point to the door, but her hand fell feebly. "You can get nothing by staying here. I am poor. The pityance she allows me out of the goodness of her heart she would not let me share with you, even if I would—and I won't!"

"She wouldn't, eh?" he said, as if considering deeply. "She'd stop your allowance, eh, Martha?—turn you out of the cottage?"

"Yes," she panted; "and I should deserve it if I harbored you, Jake Hooper!"

He sprang to his feet and limped toward her.

"I don't think she would," he said, with his head on one side, an evil smile on his lips. "No, I don't think so. Shall I tell you why, my dear?"

She looked at him fearfully and shrunk back.

"Shall I tell you?" he repeated, limping a step forward. He caught her by the arm, and dragged her to him and whispered huskily in her ear.

"She uttered a cry, a terrible cry, and dragging herself away from him, shrunk back against the wall, her hands pressed over her breast, her eyes dilating and fixed upon him."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jake seated himself on the table and aving his leg, eyed her with a malicious smile of triumph.

"It's—it's a lie!" came at last from the white lips.

He laughed, and pointed his pipe at her.

"No, it's the truth—the solemn, beautiful truth!" he retorted. "Why, I can see it in your face. It struck me like a flash of lightning just about ten minutes ago. What'll you turn me out of the house, will you?" He made a movement as if he were going to approach her. "She'll stop the allowance, will she?"

He laughed with a savage derision and exultation.

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the short, angry puffings at his pipe and the hard, painful breathings of a woman. Then, with an oath and a vicious kick at the chair, he exclaimed:

"And to think that I should have been roughing it all this time, living like a dog—yes, like a dog!—when I might have been rolling in money! It's enough to make a man knock his own head off. But I never guessed it, I'm clever, I know, but I never even guessed it. I was a fool! But—with fierce contempt—"not half such a fool as you, for you knew the little game, and yet you went on living in this poky hole, on ten or twelve shillings a week, I dare say, while she—"

Fah! Martha, you must be an idiot!" He looked round the room scornfully.

"A miserable bit of a cottage, a mere hovel on a confounded moor, a pig-sty of a place! Living on cold chops, while she is rolling in luxury up at that big place on the hill! Martha, you are a bigger fool than ever I took you for!"

He got up and limped to and fro in a state of suppressed excitement, then stopped in front of her.

"But I'll change all that, my dear! It's my turn now, and I mean to have a good time. No poky cottage for me, my dear; and something more than ten or twelve shillings a week. Lord! when I think of it!—he burst out laughing—"It makes me—"

(To be continued.)

TO RELIEVE PAIN AND BACKACHE

Women May Depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I had heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that when I realized I needed to take some thing to relieve my pains and backache, and to help build me up I began to take it. I had been in bed for four years and had lost a hundred pounds, but now I have had such good results that I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to every one." Mrs. J. J. Rogers, 2339 18th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Storming Earth's Highest Citadel

MOUNT EVEREST'S DESOLATE SUMMIT A CHALLENGE TO MAN'S ENDURANCE.

(By RAYMOND J. BROWN.)
Somewhere on the Tibetan plains a band of a dozen explorers is pushing forward on the first leg of a most tremendous adventure. They are preparing to storm the loftiest citadel Nature has reared on earth—Mount Everest, whose snow-capped peak rises 29,141 feet above the sea, dwarfing the surrounding mountains of the mighty Himalayas. Preparations for the actual ascent were completed early this year.

The expedition is under the auspices of the Mount Everest Committee of London, England, and is the third attempt to scale the mountain. All its members are veteran climbers. One of them, George Leigh Mallory, took part in both the previous assaults on this desolate spire of the earth. Another, Capt. Geoffrey Bruce, brother of Brig-Gen. C. G. Bruce, commander of the expedition, shares with Capt. George I. Finch the distinction of having ascended in the last attempt in 1922 to a height of 27,442 feet. This is the greatest altitude ever reached by man, except in an airplane.

As a result of the two previous expeditions—a reconnaissance in 1921 and the actual attempt to reach the summit in 1922—every aid that science and ingenuity can contribute has been summoned to insure the success of the present venture and to guard against accident.

The approaches to the mountain and the paths to be traversed by the expedition in its climb have been mapped and charted. Supply camps have been located at points most advantageous to the climber. The equipment includes everything that will contribute to comfort and safety and conservation of strength during the tortuous ascent.

Oxygen, for example, is to be carried to the climbers in tanks to compensate for the deficiency of this life-giving gas in the rarefied air enveloping the upper portions of the mountain. The members of the expedition know that they can climb to within about two miles of the top with relatively little difficulty. They are reasonably certain, after the spectacular feat of Captains Bruce and Finch two years ago, that the most hardy of them can ascend a mile and a half farther. But the last half-mile—can they conquer that? Nobody knows.

Nature controls the situation through the physical capacities with which she has invested man. Can a man at a height greater than 27,000 feet, develop the energy to walk or drag himself higher?

In scaling a precipitous mountain-side, covered with ice and snow, possibly under the necessity of cutting a foothold for himself with every step he takes, a man uses up a tremendous amount of energy. He literally is burning up the tissues of his body. A feat that can be made up only by the oxygen he breathes. The atmosphere near the summit of Everest, containing less than half as much oxygen as the atmosphere at sea level, cannot supply the loss. Consequently, the normal functioning of the body is interfered with seriously.

The principal factor, then, in the assault on the heights of Mount Everest is the physical ability of the members of the expedition. Natural obstacles of course are there in plenty. The sheer slopes of a mountain more than five miles high would present almost overwhelming difficulties to the climber even if the atmospheric conditions did not deprive their peculiar hazards, as in this case.

Snowfields and land slides cause the topography to undergo extraordinary changes. One tremendous snowfall in the last expedition took the lives of several native guides. Fierce gales of almost unbelievable velocity sweep about the upper portions of the mountain, where the snow is dry and soft as sand. But the greatest difficulties of all are those that arise from the natural requirements of the human body.

Take the matter of food alone. The climbers are limited in the kind of food they can take, not so much because of the difficulties of transportation as because of the difficulty of cooking it. The boiling-point of water drops one degree for each 500 feet the water is carried above sea level. At sea level the boiling-point is 212° F. At 15,000 feet it is only 184 degrees, and near the summit of Mount Everest it drops to approximately 168 degrees.

So it is that vegetables and other foods that the members of the expedition are accustomed to eating boiled cannot be boiled when at an altitude above 8000 feet. The water will boil away without becoming hot enough to cook the vegetables. This makes it necessary for the members of the expedition to eat food to which they are unaccustomed, a factor that is bound to exert an effect on their physical powers.

The low boiling-point of water at high altitudes also makes it impossible for the climbers to foster their fattening strength by the stimulating effect of hot drinks.

Then there is a condition called "mountain sickness" to which even the most experienced climbers are subject. None escapes it. It is said, once an altitude of 20,000 feet or so has been attained. This malady undoubtedly is related closely to the breathing of rarefied air and the consequent reception of too little oxygen. Its symptoms are extreme lassitude, weakness, mental fog, depressed spirits, and physical exhaustion after even the slightest efforts. Though the climber is constantly weak, tired, and sleepy, he cannot sleep except brokenly.

The terrible cold—between 20 degrees and 30 degrees below zero is the average temperature near the summit of Everest—adds the climber's waiting strength. His hands and feet are likely to be frostbitten. And yet, anomalous though it may seem, the rays of the sun are beating down on him with terrific ferocity. He is perpetually in danger of collapsing from sunstroke. From the great expanse of glistening snow the rays of the sun are reflected into the climber's eyes. He wears smoked glasses, his cheeks and forehead are smeared with lamp-black; yet there is always the danger of snow blindness.

Nature, in a way, has supplied a compensation for the lack of oxygen in the atmosphere by causing the red corpuscles to multiply in the blood. These red corpuscles are the carriers of oxygen, and as they increase in number, of course, the oxygen supply of the body increases correspondingly. However, no man ever has been able to stay in extremely high altitudes sufficiently long to determine whether the multiplication of red corpuscles can progress to a stage that would make him immune to the debilitating effects of insufficient oxygen.

Physical suffering is the principal impediment to remaining near the peak. Besides this, conditions in the Himalayas are such that weather suitable for mountain climbing is not likely to last more than three or four days at a stretch.

Toward the end of the last climb, Bruce and Finch were progressing only 500 feet an hour. At that rate a little more than five hours would have been sufficient to enable them to negotiate the 1700 feet that stretched between their last stopping place and the top. Yet they were unable to make it. Physical man apparently had reached his limit.

But now Bruce and a dozen others are making another desperate attempt. Science has solved their difficulties as far as present-day knowledge can. The climb has been planned as carefully as a military campaign. Compressed oxygen in small, light tanks has been supplied to serve them in the thin air near the mountain top. Their food supply has been selected scientifically to furnish strength and energy when they have reached the limit of their courage and stamina.

Will they succeed? They will if they can conquer Nature. Not Nature as represented by the towering majesty of Mt. Everest, Titan of the earth's peaks, but Nature as exemplified in the indomitable spirit of man—Popular Science.

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WINARD'S LINIMENT FOR COUGHS

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OPEN TO ALL CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 6 TO 15 YEARS.

Write in ink on a piece of plain white paper, the following sentence 12 times:

Milkmaid Milk is the Best Milk Made

Write your name, age and address in the upper right hand corner of the paper, and address same, together with one MILKMAID Label, to "Milkmaid Competition," 204 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, P. O. Box 697.

You may send in as many sheets as you like, but each sheet must be accompanied with a MILKMAID Label.

For the best hand-writing received of the above sentence, the following CASH PRIZES will be paid:

For children 10 years and under:	Children over 10 yrs. and up to 15 yrs.
First Prize \$10.00	First Prize \$10.00
Second " 5.00	Second " 5.00
Third " 2.50	Third " 2.50
Fourth " 1.50	Fourth " 1.50
Fifth " 1.00	Fifth " 1.00

THERE WILL ALSO BE HUNDREDS OF CONSOLATION PRIZES. The Judges for this Competition will be:

Mr. S. T. Harrington, M.A., Headmaster Methodist College
Rev. Bro. Ryan, Principal St. Bonaventure's College.
Mr. R. R. Wood, B.A., Headmaster Bishop Field College
and the Agent for the Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.

Closing date of the Competition will be announced in local newspapers. THE JUDGES' DECISION WILL BE FINAL.

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Crack in the Sphinx's Neck

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt. (A.P.)—A deep crack has appeared in the neck of the Sphinx according to the Egyptian Antiquities Service. Steps are being taken to repair the fissure before irreparable damage is done to this most priceless of Egyptian relics.

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The Earliest Pen

Among the discoveries at Edfu, a great treasure in the shape of the oldest known pen. Says the Baghdad correspondent.

Professor Langdon, the director of the Wedd-Blundell and Field Museum, the Archaeological Expedition, who is delighted at finding this bone pen for writing cuneiform, says that scholars had vainly tried to reconstruct the instrument. This represents a triumph of simplicity. It is a pen six inches long, with a triangular cross-section and pared ends. After little practice Professor Langdon is able to make cuneiform. Professor Langdon considers that the pen was identified as the site of the city of Edfu.

"Edfu" was the capital of a dynasty which ruled over a great part of Egypt after that of Ur from about 2450 B.C. to about 2300 B.C.

The heavy winter puddings are suitable for spring desserts. Layered cakes or simple fruits or custards are more tempting.

"Face Disfigured From Eczema"

Writes the Nurse who finally cured D.D.D. "The disease had taken her appearance away. Her nose and lips had become disfigured. Since the use of D. D. D. her eyes were growing better and her face had assumed its natural expression."

Cases can be sent you from your own vicinity. Write for particulars or secure a bottle of D. D. D. today. Why suffer today? A cure is at hand. If you don't get relief on the first bottle, we will refund without question. \$1.50 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Today.

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