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Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Elsie consented to drink a cup of tea, and while Annette was engaged in admiring a few trinkets she had bought, she reviewed what had taken place in Lawyer Grant's office; she thought out the whole story, her heart filled with bitterness, but served with determination.

"Five minutes longer," announced Annette, presently. "Is there anything that I can get you, Miss Elsie—a book or a newspaper?"

She tripped away, believing in her light-hearted fashion that these were but passing clouds. How could any permanent harm come to the heiress of Blairwood. And her own happy future, was it not colour de rose?

At that moment a tall man, who had been staring through the window, unobserved, for some few minutes, walked into the waiting-room, and stood before Miss Sterne.

"He had no business there at all; the rules of the railway company forbade it."

"Are you Miss Elsie, Sterne," he asked, quietly.

The girl lifted her startled eyes to his face, and saw that it was the shabby stranger she had seen at the door of the Blairwood Arms.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"And yet, why should I ask?" the man continued. "I should know that you were Elsie Mervin's daughter even if I had never seen you before!"

He looked at her so strangely that the girl felt half afraid, but his words went a rush of hot blood tingling through every vein.

"What do you know of my mother?" she demanded. "I saw you in the Park—in Blairwood Park this morning, talking to Lord Somerton. Who are you?"

She spoke in an eager whisper, for the man could not have been disguised, even if he had desired to do so, the fact that he had been a soldier. His shoulders were well set back, and the poise of his head betrayed the training of his youth. It came like an inspiration, the thought that this was James Castlemon, the man who knew so much of Sir John's past life.

"In good time you will know all," he replied, ambiguously, but in tones trembling with emotion. "The likeness to your dead mother completely unmans me, child."

"You are Captain James Castlemon. You knew my darling mother?"

Elsie was facing him, but he was not permitted to reply, for Annette had returned, and an official was looking inquiringly at Castlemon.

"The train is in, madam," Annette

said, and the railway official cried: "Please take your seats!" following this with a string of names where the train would deposit passengers.

"You are returning to Blairwood, Miss Sterne?" Castlemon said. "Allow me to see you to your train. I am back in a day or two, and you shall hear from me. I am bent upon settling matters right so far as lies in my power."

Almost bewildered, Elsie followed his lead. He opened the door of a first-class compartment for her and Annette, saw that they were comfortably settled, and as the train moved away, raised his hat with the air of one who had seen better days.

Not until the rumbling of the train sounded from afar like the rumbling of distant thunder did he move, and in his eyes was the light of a bitter remorse.

"He was ever my evil genius!" he muttered. "Or is this but an idle and cowardly excuse for my own weakness? I do not think that I am wholly bad, and the devil only rises in my heart when I taste too much brandy. Every penny of the money taken from that rascal Grant must be refunded. This is why I have driven my Lord of Somerton into a corner. I will cash the cheque to-morrow, and—"

He smiled to himself, a smile that was almost happy. Then he left the railway station, and walked at a leisurely pace in the direction of the Strand, until he came to a quiet hotel in one of the many unimportant streets that branch from that bustling thoroughfare.

He appeared to be known to the door-porter, and nodded familiarly to the clerk, as he passed upstairs to his room.

Having closed the door behind him, he took a newspaper from an inner pocket of his coat, and immediately selected the following paragraph to read:

"There is a rumor in police circles that the infamous scoundrel, Captain James Castlemon, has had the temerity to venture back to England. It will be remembered by many that this man sold a whole company of British soldiers into the hands of one of India's native princes just before the outbreak of the Mutiny, by which hundreds of innocent women and children were brutally outraged and butchered. For a time there was a well-accredited belief that Castlemon had perished, but it now transpires that he has been hiding among the hill tribes, and even assumed the manners and customs of these savages. He is tall, broad-shouldered, from fifty to fifty-five years of age, decided military bearing, hair inclined to be sandy, and cropped close to his head; heavy sandy mustache, and stubby beard of the same color. Our foreign correspondent informs us that he was last seen wearing a shabby tweed suit, evidently of British importation."

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Mr. Castlemon read this through three or four times, and then stepped to a looking-glass and inspected his reflection.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "I wonder how the deuce this came about? I would not be surprised if I were arrested at any moment. I thought that I had thrown the bloodhounds off my track pretty effectually, but see that I was mistaken."

He sat down again, and thought the matter out, but his manner was not expressive of any particular alarm.

"A week hence," he said, at last, "and I can unmask and defy them all! The disguise was for the benefit of Sir John, whom, after all, I was afraid to meet."

He dined alone, and after dark bought a really-made suit of clothes at a tailor's shop in the Strand.

Attired in these, and his face composed by the use of a few drops of hair, he presented an appearance that was very much changed for the better. The only fault was the exposure of his weak mouth and chin.

The hotel clerk hardly knew him again, but only smiled. The little hotel was too slow to be even suspicious, even if there were any grounds for suspicion.

The next morning Castlemon purchased all the morning newspapers, and he saw a repetition of his description in three of them. These he promptly destroyed, and wandering down into the reading-room of the hotel, surreptitiously pocketed the objectionable pages of the papers laid on the table for the use of guests.

He now felt ordinarily safe under the circumstances, and, having breakfasted, proceeded to the Temple Bar branch of the London and Westminster Bank, where he cashed the Earl of Somerton's check.

He placed the Bank of England notes in his pocket-book, buttoned it up securely, and strolled toward Temple Gardens in a leisurely manner, for the fingers of the huge clock over the Low Courts only pointed to the hour of ten.

"The boy has my papers by this time. I have no doubt," he thought, as he passed the hallway that led to Noel Campbell's chambers.

"If I only dared, how I would like to see him."

For a little while he watched the well-dressed crowd of men that ever seemed on the go, and then, with a sigh, finally continued his way until he stood before the imposing offices of Mr. James Grant, wherein a dozen clerks were already busy at different desks and tables littered with legal papers.

He entered the office and asked for Mr. Grant. The managing clerk informed him that the principal had not yet arrived. What name?

"Ray," he replied—"John Ray. Tell him when he comes that I will be here again at noon."

The name was entered in a book by a small boy behind the door, and Castlemon was turning to leave when he almost ran into the arms of the lawyer.

At sight of his visitor Mr. Grant started, then a wicked smile wreathed itself about his lip.

"Ha! Is that you, Mr. Ray? Follow me into yonder office, please. I am glad that I was so fortunate as to meet you."

When they were alone, he turned to Castlemon, and said, sharply:

"You are running great risks by dawdling about London. I understand that you were at Blairwood yesterday? A man cannot serve two masters. Mr. Castlemon, and such flimsy tricks do not find favor with me. My resources for watching your movements are rather surprising, eh? However, I do not think that you can do much harm, and I strongly advise you to get out of England. You have served my purpose, and been paid for it. I am acting merely in the interests of my client, Mr. Noel Campbell; and do not wish his name to be in any way mixed up with yours."

"Oh, no, of course not," answered Castlemon. "You have advanced me something under a thousand pounds during the past year, and your security for this sum is a mortgage practically upon your client's word of honor—on his very life. I know not one word of the truth, or I would never have accepted the money. Don't rest too self-satisfied, Mr. Grant. I have no intention of leaving England at present, and warn you that your fancied security is a myth."

(To be continued.)

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Dodged Submarines

STORY OF TURBINA LIKE OLD ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

Former Fast Passenger Steamer Returns After Her Disappearance Five Years Ago—Had Various Experiences on Highways and Byways of the Sea.

Battered by hard service, and later by the unrestricted force of the elements, there came into Toronto harbor lately a ship which was once the fastest passenger vessel running out of that city. After more than five years of absence shrouded in mystery, the S.S. Turbina has returned. It literally bumped in through the Eastern Gap, conveyed by two sea-going tugs, crippled from two years of inactivity, and reduced by its war service to an ugly grey bulk, powerless and disheveled.

The five years of its absence have

dealt harshly with it. The once palatial saloon has for some years past served as a messroom for the crew. Between two lounges there stands an ugly kitchen range, and, in strange contrast, a bird has nested in another corner of the room. Directly opposite there hangs a certificate of registration which expired in 1918, and which is practically the sole evidence of her former glory.

Her top deck is utterly bare, and here and there the deck-boards are shattered. Only her two gaunt funnels, her masts and bridge work remain. Her promenade deck below is boarded up, and on the front open deck, where picnicers were once wont to make merry, there lies a mass of tangled tackle. Outwardly, too, she shows her scars of service. Her iron hull, once black, then grey, now is streaked with peeling paint, and only in dim, embossed outline is her name visible.

Early in the summer of 1918 the Turbina steamed out of the harbor and out of public knowledge. Between that fateful time and yesterday her whereabouts have been known to few. Rumour credited her with many episodes, both creditable and inglorious, and even, at times, suggested that she had come to an untimely end in some unnamed quarter of the globe.

When she warped out from her slip in 1918 for the last time she was bound on war service, though few knew it. She made her way through the St. Lawrence canal, and at Quebec, Capt. George Green, Chief Officer Anderson, and Chief Engineer Joseph Kennedy, were detailed by the Canadian Steamship Company to take charge of an Admiralty crew and pilot her across the submarine-infested Atlantic. From Quebec she went to North Sydney, where she was to have joined a 12-knot convoy leaving about the end of October. Unforeseen delays

in bunkering held her up, however, and she left the Atlantic seaboard five days after the departure of the convoy. Eight days later she was in Palmouth, having crossed the Atlantic alone.

As it turned out later, the lack of a convoy was not so serious a matter as it seemed to the crew at the time. The date of her arrival at Palmouth was Nov. 10, 1918, one day before the cessation of hostilities, and for days before there had been little submarine activity. The fact was unknown to those on board, however, and she pursued the zig-zagging tactics which had been made necessary earlier in the war as soon as she entered the submarine area. Four hours before her arrival, the convoy, which had left five days earlier, had just arrived. The Turbina had averaged 17 knots an hour.

At Palmouth the Turbina known to thousands of Ontario people ceased to be and there came into existence the dull drab Turbina of wartime. From that port she steamed round to Liverpool, and then entered the cross-channel service, carrying troops back from France. For many months she plied between Dover, Folkestone and Boulogne, or between La Havre and Southampton. Sometimes Canadian troops were carried back to England by her, and many times there were those among her complement who recognized her beneath her war trim.

The time came when the Admiralty no longer needed the boat and she was headed back to Canada. That was in the fall of 1920. She came back to Canada a mere shell of her former self and, because there was no immediate use for her, she was laid up in the obscurity of Sorel, Quebec. For two years she lay exposed to the elements. About September 20 she was roused from her long rest and tugged down to Quebec. There Capt. Cornett of the Canada Steamship Lines took charge of her and piloted her, with the pair of tugs, to Ogdensburg, N.Y. After a few days in drydock, where her bottom was cleaned and ledged, she entered on the last stage of her journey for Toronto.

A crew of men is already on board removing the traces of her hard service. Next spring the old Turbina will have been recreated, and once more she will enter the Toronto-Hamilton passenger service.

The Turbina was built in 1904 on the Clyde and was brought to Canada in the same year to enter the service of the Turbina Steamship Company, operating between Toronto and Ham-

ilton. A merger of two rival companies brought her under the registry of the Canada Steamship Company, and she has now come back to the register of the C.S.L. She is 200 feet in length, with a beam of 33 feet, and is capable of a speed of 23 miles per hour. Twin turbine engines, four her power equipment, and, incidentally, gave her her name—Turbina Globe.

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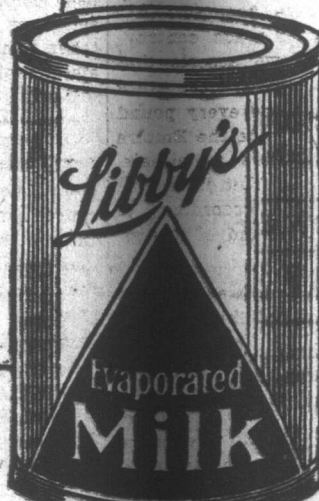
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From Miss M. Morris, Lynchburg, Va., comes this fine recipe for

Sally Lunn

Boil one large white potato and mash it fine in one cup of the boiling water. Dissolve one yeast cake and two tablespoons sugar in cup of warm water; add to potato. Beat one egg well and add it too. Then mix in 1/2 cup Libby's Milk diluted with 1/4 cup water, and one teaspoon salt. Sift in enough flour to make mixture so stiff you can just drop it from a spoon; add one cup melted lard or butter; beat well and set to rise. When it has doubled itself, beat again and put in molds to rise, then bake like mold cake.

7 1/2 teaspoons of butter
(at in every 16 oz. can)

Libby's Milk, Miss Morris says, greatly improves her Sally Lunn

A milk so rich that a single 16 ounce can of it contains 7 1/2 teaspoons of pure butter fat.

When Miss M. Morris of Lynchburg, Virginia, heard that fact about Libby's Milk she knew at once that it would give greater richness, finer flavor to this and that dish which she regularly cooked.

Even her specialty, Sally Lunn—it should improve that!

Now Miss Morris, like thousands of other good cooks, is using Libby's Milk in more and more of her recipes, for her Sally Lunn, she told us, was greatly improved—was noticeably richer—had finer, softer texture. She sent us her recipe; it's given above.

Why Libby's Milk is richer Libby's Milk is so rich in butter fat because, first, it comes from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—those favored localities where nature has made of shady hills and green, well watered meadows ideal pasture lands, and where men specialize in raising cows that give exceptionally rich milk.

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Make your cooking richer with this richer milk. Order a can of Libby's Milk from

your grocer today. Try it in one of your favorite dishes—in a soup for instance, a sauce, gravy or dessert. Notice what wholly new richness it gives. And what fine flavor.

Once you have used this richer milk, have seen for yourself how economical it is, you will want it for all your cooking. And think what a convenience it will be—to have always on your pantry shelf a supply of this fine, pure milk!

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Libby's MILK

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