

Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk

contains all the nutritious elements necessary to make baby thoroughly healthy. It is the one absolutely safe food to use when Mother's milk fails. Ask your doctor.

Send for free Baby Books The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL



Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER X.

"I admit that this is selfish, but though I may appear to be all that is perfect in your dear eyes, my mother considers me a disappointment!"

He tried to laugh, but in some way Elsie felt chilled, and she was careful not to refer to Colin's mother again. She could not be a good woman if she were dissatisfied with Colin!

They returned to the house together, after arranging for a later meeting in the park.

Lady Helena met them in the hall, her face expressive of surprise and disapproval.

"Mr. Ernscliffe," she said, coldly, "it is very indiscreet upon your part to say the least of it, to keep Miss Sterne an hour past luncheon time. You are almost an absolute stranger to us, and I should not even have remembered your name had not Lord Somerton reminded me of it."

"I am much obliged to Lord Somerton, your ladyship," replied Colin, calmly; "but I do not think that my name in any way affects his lordship. I came here upon business—business which had to be dealt with promptly."

"Then we will discuss it in a business way," tartly retorted Lady Helena, who had received her cue from Lord Somerton, "and in a place where business is usually discussed, not in the hearing of the servants."

"I am delighted to say that the matter is already settled," Ernscliffe responded, gravely. "It is a purely family matter, and I represent Sir John Sterne's nephew, Noel Campbell. I am sorry to disappoint you, Lady Helena."

"And," added Elsie, an angry flush mounting to her brow. "Mr. Colin Ernscliffe is, our guest, Lady Helena, by my invitation."

Her ladyship weakened, and from that hour did not dare to openly assert herself, though she snarled bitterly under the rule of so youthful a mistress as Elsie Sterne, and by degrees her shallow nature grew spiteful and revengeful.

However, she had the good grace to apologise to the artist and strive to make herself agreeable.

After lunch Ernscliffe sent his card to Lord Somerton's apartments, pebbling on the back these words: "I await your pleasure in the west drawing-room."

H.P. Sauce

Start the day well by using H.P. at breakfast—the sauce that is as good with bacon as with everything else.

Of all Stores.

CHAPTER XI. LORD SOMERTON LEAVES BLAIRWOOD.

It was nearly an hour before Lord Somerton appeared, but he did not notice the flight of time until he glanced at his watch.

His lordship entered the room, a monocle in his left eye, through which he glanced superciliously at Colin Ernscliffe.

There was no word of greeting between them as the artist wheeled round and faced Somerton.

"I am here, my lord," he said, his changeable features expressing the repugnance he felt. "Now for the satisfaction you desire."

"My good fellow," proceeded Somerton, "if we were in France or Spain, I might challenge you to meet me at twenty paces, but here"—he shrugged his shoulders—"the thing is impossible; besides, I have no intention of adding to your reputation. It would be a fine thing for you to be associated with a duel with a peer of the realm. I have no wish to injure your prospects, and therefore am willing that the matter end here—with an apology from you. I have weighed things carefully over in my own mind, and as I am not dependent on my bread upon cheap notoriety, I do not see the policy of advertising myself."

Ernscliffe could scarcely resist the impulse to spring at Lord Somerton and make him swallow his words.

"My lord," he said, in tones of suppressed anger, "I would thrash you again, and soundly this time, if your miserable body were not so wizened and small. It is you who make it difficult for an adjustment of the differences between us. I have only to say that you are a contemptible liar, a blackdog and a libertine! You have not the shadow of a claim upon Miss Sterne, you have no right in this house, you are an uninvited and unwelcome guest; and until you are gone I shall remain to protect Sir John Sterne's daughter."

The forced smile upon Lord Somerton's face changed to one of wolfish ferocity, but he spoke calmly:

"I shall not quarrel with you, but warn you that you had better not make me your enemy! I am not disposed to argue with you, either upon the question of my right here or my claim upon Miss Sterne. I shall not remain to create a sensation; I refuse to gratify you in this; but I shall return again, with my claim established beyond the shadow of a doubt."

He bowed mockingly and left the room.

About four o'clock Ernscliffe left the house and bent his steps in the direction of the park. He had promised to meet Elsie in the artificial glade at half-past four to say good-bye.

As he turned into one of the ornamental paths that skirted the central lawn, he observed a carriage in the drive, with a footman standing at the heads of the horses, while Lord Somerton's valet was pacing to and fro.

"He is keeping his promise, evidently," Colin thought, grimly.

Another minute and his lordship strolled toward the carriage, accompanied by Lady Helena Freeman, who was giving utterance to the usual remarks when guests are unexpectedly called away. Then the footman sprang to his seat beside the coachman, and the crunching of gravel in the drive told Ernscliffe that the hateful Somerton was indeed gone.

Colin found Elsie waiting for him in the rustic seat under the wide-spreading branches of the maple tree. There was a sweet, shy look in her eyes, half confident, half expectant.

For a few moments he stood and admired the lovely picture she made, and it was photographed into his soul forever! She was attired in walking-costume, her dress a delicate heliotrope in color, a bunch of the same flowers at her throat, and upon her shimmering hair was faintly set a coquettish crimoline hat, trimmed with silk in sympathy with the general coloring and the tips of ostrich feathers.

"Elsie," exclaimed Ernscliffe, "How lovely you are! How I should like to paint your picture, darling, just as you appear in my eyes now!"

He strained her to him for an instant, then dropped beside her in the seat, his eyes hungrily resting upon her sweet face.

"Now that you are dressed," he observed, "do you think that you dare walk with me a little way in the direction of the railway station, Elsie?"

Corns



Just Say Blue-jay

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist

"But you are not going yet, Colin?" she answered, her eyes becoming clouded. "I intended showing you the church," she added, with a pretty blush, "and asking you to hear me play the organ for a little while. This is a privilege which the restor grants me, and I am a passionate lover of music."

"It will be perfect bliss to me, Elsie," the artist replied, "but will not the gossips talk? They will want to know who I am."

"If I am satisfied it does not matter. I am proud of my handsome lover."

Even then she noticed that he hesitated, but forgot the incident until some weeks later.

"I have good news," proceeded Ernscliffe. "My differences with Lord Somerton are ended, and he has left Blairwood."

"Left Blairwood! I am so glad!" Elsie clasped her hands with pleasure, adding:

"And I hope that I shall never see his evil face again!"

For a while there was silence, Elsie content to nestle closely to him, while he watched the lengthening shadows on the grass, as the sun sank slowly in a cloud of fire.

"Elsie," he whispered at last, "would it not be beautiful if we two could forget every incident of the past and live for each other only in the golden future? This sylvan glade our home, the sky our canopy, the singing of birds and the mystic sighing of the winds our music, with love for an eternal feast! Oh, that the past with its warning finger could be forever blotted out!"

"Colin, how strangely you talk! There are some periods in my life that I would never wish to forget," the girl replied. "Have your early years been so full of hardships?"

"Yes," he said, shortly, "full of hardships and bitterness."

"My poor darling! But now you have me, and we will be all to each other. Oh, Colin, I am afraid, now that this great joy has come into my life, that I may not prove worthy of one so good and clever as you."

"Don't—don't! You torture me!"

"But come," she went on brightly, "there is a lovely walk through the park, through fields of clover, and then over the hill in the rear of the church. Let us go that way. We shall have to go very near to Zeba's cottage, and I wish to pay her a visit on the way."

"Zeba? Who is she?" questioned Ernscliffe.

"Have I not told you? Zeba is my old nurse. She is an Indian, and refuses to live in civilisation. You have been near to her cottage once, but you will be disgusted if she permits you to see the interior. Come, it is not very far from where we now are."

(To be continued.)

The world of fashion has not tired of plaits.

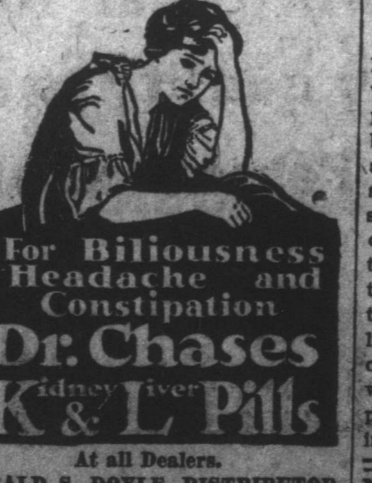
The new long sleeve is featured for afternoon as well as tailored costumes.

For afternoon wear is the loose-fitting hat of velvet with a drooping plume.

Black caracul trims a wrap of black velour, embroidered in mahogany wool.

For Biliousness Headache and Constipation Dr. Chases K & L Pills

At all Dealers. GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.



A Nightingale Lane Fete

EX-PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND ON THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

(South Western Star, Oct. 7.)

A garden fete was held in the grounds of the Xavierian College, Nightingale-lane, Clapham Common, on Friday and Saturday last. The fete was organised by the Old Xavierian Club, and the attendance on both days was very satisfactory. Members of the committee had spared no effort to ensure the success of the gathering and the result was a bewildering variety of attractions suited to all tastes and purses. There were cocoanut shies, a shooting range, hoop-la-spinning-jenny, toto, roulette, spinning ball crown and anchor, under and over seven, darts and rings, electric strength tester, palmistry, the Sheikh's tomb, hidden treasure, wireless, etc. Two concerts were given daily and were well patronised.

The artists included, Miss Minnie White, Miss Helena May White, Miss Teresa Tanti, Messrs. A. J. Hoyle, A. Symes, H. W. Skinner, L. Colan, W. R. Davies, Mr. W. J. Scott and Partner; Miss Esme D. Moore, Miss Marie Ladelle (from the Royal Albert Hall) and Miss I. Shanley with her Troupe, "The Juvenile Eight." A band was in attendance each day.

On Saturday the fete was opened by Lord Morris, ex-Premier of Newfoundland, who, having been introduced by the Very Rev. Brother Cyril, said he was very much indebted for the kind remarks that had been made about him. "I am afraid," said Lord Morris humorously, "I don't bear quite such a good character in my own country. On one occasion a very enthusiastic friend of mine who was present at one of my meetings said, 'This is a very wonderful crowd you have here to-night.' Yes," said another, "but it would be nothing to the crowd that would be here if they were hanging him." (Laughter.) They knew the objects for which the fete was organized and in his opinion there was no way that he knew of more likely to give satisfactory and certain results.

A sound Catholic education was a prime necessity so that when boys and girls go into the world and come up against all kinds of controversial questions they may be able to uphold the church. He did not know any other work they could enter upon that would give such satisfactory results. They were putting money into a bank whose doors would never close and making an investment on which they would always get a dividend. The reason they believed, as Catholics in the infidelity of the church was that they could not help themselves—they had to teach and believe that was true. Holding that belief then it resolved itself into an economic question as to whether they were doing their part and contributing as much as they ought for the upkeep of their churches. If they were not, it was high time they realized their duty, and acted up to it. Catholics were morally responsible in this matter. They could not expect to have churches and clergy and schools and teachers if they did not contribute to the sinews of war. (Applause.)

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Lord Morris for his attendance.

Inroads on Men's Occupations by Women

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 11.—(By Canadian Press.)—The last decade shows marked inroads by women on the trades and professions formerly restricted to men, in the United States in particular, and in a smaller degree in Canada. The Washington Bureau of Statistics has issued for the first time since 1910 a survey of the work being done by the eight and a half million women employed in the States. Increased numbers of women have enrolled in many and varied walks of life, from farmers, including dairymen and the "farm stalling" to operators, officials and managers of mines; mechanical, electrical and civil engineers; architects, designers and draftsmen; and engravers, chauffeurs and dentists. The greatest increase in women workers is in clerical positions and transportation. In 1922 there was approximately 210,000 street transportation. The skilled building trades are as yet untouched by the women, and are the last stronghold of the men, the survey states.

To Revolutionize Fishing Industry

NAGASAKI, Oct. 13th (Canadian Press)—Fishing in Japanese waters will soon become a most modern proposition if plans reported to have been made by the Aviation Bureau are carried out. According to the scheme, airplanes will be used in spotting shoals of fish at sea, while carrier-pigeons will relay messages to the fishing agents ashore as to the location of the fish. The authorities are said to anticipate trebling the annual catch of herring and other fish abounding in Japanese waters, and the outcome of the proposed venture will be watched with interest.

Snowier clothes—Easier wash-days with this new, purest laundry soap

You can have snowy, beautifully clean clothes every wash-day—with less work, and less injury to delicate fabrics. We've perfected the purest possible laundry soap. It contains none of the harmful "filler" which rots cloth, shortens the life of pretty things. And it cleans so quickly! Stubbornest dirt is taken out with the least possible rubbing. Rinses cleanly, too. No suds residue left to yellow the "wash."

Another thing: it saves your hands from unnecessary roughening and reddening, which is so unsightly. Then in addition to these big wash-day helps, it is actually very economical. Being just pure soap, the big bar lasts for a surprising length of time. Get some today. Have it and use it next time you wash. Your dealer has it in stock for you right now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

MOTHER HUBBARD PURE LAUNDRY SOAP

MOTHER HUBBARD PURE SOAP
WON'T HURT THE HANDS

Don't permit anyone to cheat you with an imitation

If you want genuine Beaver Board, see that the board you get is branded—

BEAVER BOARD

Genuine Beaver Board can be bought for \$50.00 per thousand square feet

Beaver Board is guaranteed to last as long as your home

LOOK FOR THE RED BEAVER BORDER

- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is the only wall board made of virgin spruce fibre, through and through. The long, tough, unbroken new fibres of spruce give to Beaver Wall Board its greatest toughness and durability.
- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is a natural insulator. Due to the use of the long, virgin fibres of spruce, it is filled with millions of microscopic dead air pockets, one of the best non-conductors of heat and cold obtainable.
- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is of 26-layer construction. Another reason for its great durability. Twenty-six layers of virgin spruce fibre are pressed into one perfect panel, giving the maximum strength and resistance against warping and buckling.
- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is kiln dried and seasoned before leaving the factory.
- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is rendered practically impervious to moisture and climatic changes by our patented SEALITE process of sizing.
- GENUINE Beaver Wall Board is especially calendered and primed to produce our art mat surface. This, plus the perfect sizing which makes priming unnecessary, gives unlimited decorative possibilities. Either side may be used.

Ask us for a sample of BEAVER BOARD, you'll get it free

Colin Campbell, Limited

Water St., St. John's East