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Whenever a meal in a hurry is wanted, when someone feels tired or chilled, whenever a hot drink is required—give Bovril.

**Always have BOVRIL in the House**

**Lord Cecil's Dilemma**  
—OR—  
**The Picnic**  
—in—  
**Woodall Forest**

CHAPTER XXXV.

"The earl is not well," Lady Marcia said, angrily. "He has told me his trouble. Leave the room, sir."

"I refuse," replied Collins. "I refuse to take notice of anything you may say, Lady Marcia. My business is with my lord," he sneered. "I do not propose to let him conspire against me with Lord Cecil. I can be revenged upon both. I can forego the ambition of a lifetime for vengeance pure and simple. If my lord is madman enough to fly in my face he shall be arrested to-day."

The earl looked up, and Lady Marcia never forgot the expression on his white face. He spoke quietly, saying: "Come with me, and you shall have your reply."

He strode toward the door, and Collins followed at his heels, a leer of triumph on his face; but when they were in the hall my lord flew at his throat with the ferocity of a tiger. He seemed to have the strength of ten men, and shook the steward until he

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Galantines Pheasant.  
Galantines Turkey.  
Galantines Chicken and Tongue.  
Galantines Turkey and Tongue.  
Galantines Veal and Ham.  
Lamb and Green Peas.  
Veal Cutlets.  
Veal and Green Peas.  
Steak and Kidney Pudding.  
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Montserrat Limetta.  
Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice.  
Rose's Lime Juice Cordial.  
Rose's Lime Juice.  
Lemon Squash.  
Welch's Grape Juice.  
Schweppes Ginger Beer.  
Schweppes Dry Ginger Ale.  
Schweppes Sweet Ginger Ale.  
Schweppes Lemonade.  
Schweppes Soda.

was black in the face, and his lips flecked with foam.

"That is my reply!" hissed the earl, dashing him senseless to the floor.

He would have killed the steward had not the servants held him back; he was delirious, and knew not what he was doing.

His valet was sent for, and he was put to bed, raving wildly of things that none understood. The local doctor was sent for, and a telegram sent to the family physician, Sir William Jennings, the most famous doctor of his day.

Finally my lord was pronounced sick unto death. It would be next to a miracle if he recovered. His delirium was succeeded by complete prostration and he lay like one was dead. The physician declared that it would be a mercy if he passed away in this state, for he was beyond suffering. If he lived, the stupor of the brain would pass into madness—the outcome of which would probably mean a violent death. It was clear that my lord had met with a terrible shock—a shock that had caused paralysis of the nerves and it was strange that the heart had not failed at the same time.

The story of his strange condition was kept as quiet as possible, and those who anxiously inquired about his welfare was Lord Cecil Stanhope.

He was frank with Lady Gladys, and she found his sympathy of good service.

"Let us meet on friendly terms," he said; "if you care to renew the old friendship toward one who will turn out to be a nobody. The blow has been a terrible one for me, and upon no account will I remain here when the exposure comes. It is hard to think that that man is my father—and, bad as I am, I despise him."

His brows lowered and a ferocious expression was half-stifled on his lips.

"When he threatens me he mistakes his man," he continued, "and I wish the earl had choked him to death!"

Recovering himself, he apologized humbly, to Gladys.

"I have been a brute to you, but it was because I cared for you a good deal. No matter, that is all over, and I am telling everybody that there never was any engagement between us. The meddlesome newspaper men will soon take it up. Now I am going to devote myself to helping you, if you will let me. I shan't be here very long."

Gladys listened in troubled silence. It was easy to forget and forgive now, he looked so sad, so cast down, and so penitent. She remembered the old days when he had been her boyish slave—when he had called her his little sweetheart without rebuke. That was before he had contracted evil habits, and evil companions; when he had a breezy, innocent laugh, and a thoughtless, good-humored face.

"Must you go away?" she asked.

"Must I? Well, rather! I am not so senseless a clod as some people seem to think! That man has threatened me, but if he does not keep a civil tongue in his head, I fancy I shall get the drop on him! He sent for me, and intimated that the earl's illness would not effect the arrangements being carried out. On the other hand, it would facilitate matters, and he desired an immediate marriage. He commanded me to see you to this end; he was certain that you dared offer no opposition. When I declined, he became mad. I told him that if he dared approach you in your trouble I'd knock him into the middle of next week. He's had a sample of my temper!"

Lord Cecil gnawed his mustache; and an evil look crossed his face.

Lady Marcia came in, looking tired

and worn. It was four days since the earl's attack, and he had neither moved nor spoken yet. The physician's new hypothesis was that the shock had caused the bursting of a small artery, and deposited a clot of blood on the brain. Until the pressure could be removed, my lord would remain insensible. He had known total insensibility to last for periods varying from two to six weeks in cases of this kind.

Lady Marcia's belief that Edgar Emden still lived was stronger than ever. She and Lady Gladys had gone into the whole of the terrible story, and with Lord Cecil's assistance, advertisements were sent to newspapers in all parts of the world.

During this troublous time Lady Elwood and Captain Frederick had gone to their own place in Somersetshire, and that day Gladys had received from him a letter, couched in the tenderest terms:

Dear Lady Gladys—It is rumored that your engagement to Lord Cecil Stanhope has never really existed, and I have read in to-day's Post that there is an official announcement to that effect. Pardon me for writing to you in your present affliction, but you know how much I care for you—and I jump, like a drowning man, at the first straw, I only want one word of hope. I trust that your father will soon recover, and if I can help you in any way, you have only to command me.

Yours very sincerely,  
Frederick Elwood.

So the news was spreading, and Gladys wondered if Sir Charles Hastings would hear of it. There was a little thrill of gladness in her heart—it was so sweet to know that she never now need even bear the name of another.

"Your friendship is precious to me," she wrote to Captain Frederick, "but I am pained to learn that you still cherish a passion which cannot be otherwise than hopeless. I shall never marry, but I am deeply sensible of the honor you have done me. I may want all my friends soon, and, when in need, I shall not forget you."

And now she discussed with Lady Marcia the question of freeing Sir Charles and his mother from the cloud that hung about them—that had darkened their lives for so many years. It was a terrible thing for any woman to be in doubt whether or not her husband had been guilty of the murder of her brother—it was a terrible thing for a son to question his father's innocence of so awful a crime.

"We can at least bring peace to their minds," said Gladys, her pansy eyes burning with the joy of penning a few lines that would give pleasure to her lover. "And they may know that the truth will soon be given to the world."

So Gladys wrote to Sir Charles, with Lady Marcia's concurrence. It was right that the mystery should be a wronged man no longer. This is the letter she sent to her lover, and the pages were blotted with tears:

My Dear Love—You will be surprised to see my handwriting, and still more surprised by what I have to write to you. There are changes here that have almost appalled me. I cannot go into long details—my heart is so covered with bitterness, and it seems strange that our lives should be so closely interwoven with all that is sorrowful. My father lies ill, insensible to everything about him, crushed by the secret burden of an accident by which your uncle, Edgar Emden, lost his life, or vanished, for some reason of his own. Your father was innocent. Mine was guilty. Mention no word to any one but your mother, and if you will come to me you shall hear all. I tell you this with shame and horror; and if my father recovers it will only be to stand his trial for murder.

My engagement to Lord Cecil is broken, and I am free to think of you forever. I shall never be trammelled by another man's name, and I rejoice that I am not forced to lead what would be at best a double-life. I think of you every day. I dream of you by night, and as long as life lasts.

Your own,  
Gladys.

How anxiously she waited for a reply, but none came. A week drifted by—two weeks, and Christmas was at hand, the most sorrowful Christmas she had ever known.

(To be continued)

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Pneumonia and Colds exhaust in the shortest period of their course more of the nerve tissues of the body than weeks of hard work.

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THE NEW REMEDY FOR  
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**CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF**  
½ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful pepper, 1 pound of chipped beef. Melt butter, add flour, stirring constantly until thoroughly blended; add the liquid, salt and pepper. Let boil until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add beef and continue cooking until beef is heated through. Turn on to a hot platter and garnish with toast points. This recipe will serve four people.

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"From Contented Cows"  
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Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.

**Fat a Disease.**  
**HOW TO CURE IT.**  
Barely one in five persons over forty years old weigh what they should. Next time you weigh yourself have a look at the scale on the machine, and see if you "go" your correct weight. The chances are you will see a little on the heavy side!

Now, a certain amount of fat is useful—indeed necessary. The fat beneath our skin acts as a sort of elastic padding to save us from shocks and jars. It also maintains the body heat.

It is a store of energy, and people who are too thin cannot stand prolonged strains as well as those who are plump.

But fat in excess is bad, and the trouble is that so many people who, in their youth, were very athletic, find themselves running to fat as soon as they are too old to keep up strong exercise.

They then get short of breath, they suffer from palpitation of the heart, and the increased weight of the body tells on the legs, producing pains which are often—but wrongly—called rheumatic.

Fat is a disease which can be cured, but the curing requires self-denial and much exercise of will. Drugs are perfectly useless. Diet is everything in such cases.

The foods the fat person must give up are sugary and starchy. Thick soups, sardines, salmon, and other oily fish, rice, macaroni, sago, peas, beans, potatoes, sweets of all sorts, pastry and beer, spirits and cocoa—

all these must be absolutely abandoned.

There is, however, no need to give up butter, for butter gives energy, not fat. Lean meat, poultry, game, white fish, green vegetables, gluten bread or digestive biscuits, and tea without milk. These form the diet for reducing fat.

Exercise is essential. Walking, at first, then, as the fat diminishes, rowing and riding.

Turkish baths are useful, but they do not suit everyone. An excellent substitute is the electric light bath, which not only reduces fat, but has great curative value.

**Worth Knowing.**  
In scraping new potatoes it is a good plan to lightly grease the fingers before beginning. This will keep them from getting discoloured.

Never fill a kettle in the morning with the first water that comes from the tap for this has been in the lead or iron pipe all night, and is likely to be unwholesome.

Wipe furniture with a leather wrung out of cold water, to which a little vinegar has been added before using furniture polish; it will then shine readily.

**Household Notes.**  
Serve purees of spinach with thin crisp slices of fried bread.

Pour fresh apple juice or sweet cider over a ham before baking it. A dainty relish is cold Brussels sprouts served in French dressing.

Stains left from fly paper can be removed by a rag dipped in coal oil.

Eggs are delicious baked with creamed fish and finely chopped peppers.

Chopped white cabbage may be used instead of celery in tuna fish salad.

An excellent way in which to increase flesh is to take cream after meals.

If the stove is painted with aluminum paint, it will not need repainting for a year.

If boiled frosting becomes too thick to spread, add a few drops of lemon juice.

When using sour milk and soda use a pinch of baking powder to every pint of flour.

Equal parts of cooked carrots and string beans are good served in a rich cream sauce.

The two-piece mattress will last longer if the parts are regularly turned about.

Tomatoes may be filled with slightly melted aspic jelly and chilled before serving.

Finely chopped walnut meats are delicious in squash croquettes. Serve with cream sauce.

Steamed blueberry pudding is also served hot with blueberries stewed with a little sugar.

To cut thin silk lay between two pieces of tissue paper and cut with very sharp scissors.

A few chopped nut meats and a slice of onion give a savory flavor to lima bean timbales.

Vegetable goulash can be canned now and used as desired for a vegetable or in soups or stews.

Bake sausage cakes on slices of apple, and serve on buttered toast circles with white sauce.

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**Basis of Reache**

Strike Will Germans a Tragedy

**SYDNEY STRIKE**

After a conference which closed this morning, the basis of settlement between the British Federation and the United Mine Workers of America was agreed upon. The Executive Committee of the organization has agreed to accept a new schedule of wages. The schedule is as follows: From August 15th, the rate of the miners' pay, retroactive to August 1st, 1922, with a minimum of \$1.80. The Executive Committee for recognition is as follows: The rate shall be \$1.80. This is an increase of 17.5 per cent, the same to be paid in similar increments. The rate to be paid to the (C) Contract. The rate of workers in the coal mines is to be retroactively extended to December 1st, 1921. It is understood that Robert Baxter and McLaughlin of the recommendation to accept the new schedule is said to be undertaken to recognize the rank and file workers. The next day the new schedule was ratified by the miners of Nova Scotia. The immediate strike is removed. The strike for the strike made to-day at a place Bay, before it reached.

**GERMANS EXPULSION**

Expulsion from Austria of five hundred German citizens and children.

**MUTT AND JEFF**

THE DOG SAYS HIS SEVERAL BETWEEN THE SARDINES OF JEFF HUNTER GIVE THE COMMUNITY MUTT JEFF