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Condition.-When e cares of busiwhen the whole rts and there is try Parmalee's ev will regulate ged stomach and nd make you feel one need suffer d digestion when ive a pill can be

PES.

M CAKE. owl put one cupeam, one quarter one quarter tead mix. Drop in the mixture with very light, then rranulated sugar. one and sevenlour, and one leve! g-powder, and sift first mixture with one-half teaor lemon extract y smooth. Bake ns or in layers. e preferred, omit d to the flour oneh of cloves, cinnautmeg. MUFFINS.

of hot-cake batter ft-over cereal. Add an, one-third teaone-half teaspoon Bake in oiled mufinutes. If served hey are better than cipe to use up left-

USTARD. milk, few grains ons honey or corn alt. Beat the egg ther ingredients. in a pan of water

DCRUMB CAKES. chopped or ground t of spaked breaduantity of chopped per to taste. round cakes. in butter or other meat may be used. ould be covered so ill be applied. DDING.

of a pound of suet, ried figs, one large ggs, a quarter of eadcrumbs, a quarmilk, six teaspooneam the suet and e, finely chopped, milk over the breadolks of eggs well the mixtures, add f eggs beaten until a buttered nudding-or four house When 331166.

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# STOLEN JEWELS

ically; "your reasoning is excellent, Mr. Naball, but untrue." "Untrue?"

"I repeat untrue," she replied."With regard to the five hundred potads-I paid that into his credit." "You," said Ezra, while Naball stared at her thunderstruck, "a poor

"I'm not a poor girl," said Miss Rainsford, coolly. "On the contrary, I'm worth fifty thousand pounds left to me by a share-I did broker in Sandhurst. not tell Keith of my fortune as I wanted him to love me for myself. But as I knew he was poor, I placed to his credit the sum of five hundred pounds; so that settles your first proof, Mr. Naball."

'Well. it's certainly very curious," said Naball, after a pause. "I hardly know what to think-what about my second proof?"

"Oh! that's more difficult to prove," said Eugenie; "but I quite believe he did wander about. He's rather absentminded, I know."

"Your answer to my second proof is weak," replied Naball, sardonically. "And the third-"

"About the knife? Well." said Miss Rainsford, knitting her brows, "he had it at the club, you say, and slipped it into his overcoat pocket." "Exactly."

"Then he went to the Bon-Bon." "He did."

"And what happened to his overcoat there?" asked Eugenie. "I can teil you." replied Ezra. "He took it off, and in mistake Caprice

carried it downstairs with her fur mantle. "Oh, did she take it away with her?" asked Naball, quickly.

"No," said Ezra, quietly: "she found out she had it when she was putting on her mantle in the carriage, and called me back to return it. I took it upstairs again, and gave it to Keith. who put it on."

"And the knife was still in the pocket?" said Eugenie.

"I suppose so," replied Ezra, rather confused. "I didn't even know the knife was there."

"What do you think?" asked Miss Rainsford, turning to Naball. That astute young man wrinkled his

"I see what you are driving at." he said, rapidly. "You think that Caprice took the knife out of the pocket, saw the whole chance at a flash, and committed the crime."

"Not no!" cried Eugenie, horror struck. "I'm sure I don't believe she could be guilty of crime.'

"Humph! I don't know so much about that," said Naball, disbellev-"What nonsense." broke in Ezra. angrily: "she could not have done such

a thing-she had no motive." Naball did not reply to this remark. but rising from his seat, walked hurriedly up an down the room in a state of great excitement. He had been fully convinced of the guilt of Stewart, but the conversation of Eugenie had shaken his belief, and he began to puz-

zle over the new aspect of the case. "I wonder if Caprice ever had any dealings with Lazarus?" he said to himself, thinking of the diamond rob-

'Yes." broke in Eugenie, sharply, "she had—at least." in answer to Naball's questioning look, "when I was at the theatre on Saturday night a boy near me said he had seen her at Lazarus' place."

"A boy," asked Ezra sharply, "what boy?" "I don't know." she replied: "a thin. pale-faced Jewish-looking boy, with a

shrill voice." "Isaiah," said Naball and Ezra with one voice, and then looked at one another, amazed at this new discovery. "By Jove!" said the cetective. "this

is becoming exciting. You are sure you heard the boy say that?" 'Yes, I'm sure quite sure," answered Eugenie firmly: "but I den't think

that could prove Caprice guilty. Much as I wish to serve Keith, I don't want to ruin her." Naball glanced at her keenly, then

turned to Ezra. "Send for the boy," he said sharply, "and we'll find out all about Caprice's visits to your father's place" "It mightn't have anything to do with the murder," said Ezra, ringing the bell for the messenger. "True" replied Naball, "but, on the



## For the **Informal Occasion**

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"So far so good," said Eugenie, iron- tother hand, it might have a good deal to do with the diamond robbery.' CHAPTER XXIII.

When the messenger had been despatched. Naball drew his seat up to the table, and began to make some notes, after which he turned to genie.

I was firmly convinced of Stewart's guilt," he said quietly: "but what you have told me throws a new light on the subject. I said you could not do that-I beg your pardon-you can."

Eugenie bowed her head in acknowledgement of the apology, and asked him a question in a hesitating manner "You don't think Caprice is guilty?" "I think nothing at present." he replied evasively; "not even that Stew-

art is innocent. When I see the boy I'll teil you what I think." They talked on together for a few minutes, and then there came a knock at the door. In reply to Ezra's permission to enter, the door opened, and isaiah appeared on the threshold holding some papers in his hand.

"Oh, you've come," said Ezra, as the boy shut the door after him. "Yes; did you want me?" demanded Isaiah, in a jerky manner, "'cos I

never knowed you did." "Didn't you meet a messenger?" asked Naball, turning his head round. Isaiah deposited the papers he carried on Ezra's desk, and shook his

"No. I never met any one, I didn't," he answered. "Mr. Ezra asked me to bring all letters that came to the old un, so as these came, I did," "That's right," said Lazarus, looking

through the letters. "By the-way, Isaiah, this gentleman wants to ask you a few questions."

"What, Mr. Naball?" said Isaiah, in alarm. "Oh, sir, I never had nothing to do with it." Nahall smiled.

"No! no! that's all right," he said, good-naturedly. "It would take a bigger man than a sprat like you to commit such a crime; but, tell me, do you know Caprice?"

Isaiah leered significantly. "I've seen her on the stage, that's "Never off?"

"Drivin' about the streets." "Anywhere else?" Isaiah glanced uneasily at Ezra, who

aughed. "Go on, Isaiah; it's all right." "Well, I've seen her at the old 'un's place."

"Oh, indeed!" said Naball, quickly. "Often?" "Yes\_lots of times\_at night-came bneiertns."

to do business, I s'pose." 'When did you see her last?' "Oh, not for a long time," replied Isaiah: "but do you remember the

week them diamonds were stolen. "Yes, yes," said Naball, eagerly. Isaiah nodded. "Well, she came to see the old 'un

then." Name of the Name o with difficulty, and asked Isaiah another question.

"I say-those bank-notes that were stolen-"I never stole 'em."

"No one said you did." retorted Naball, tartly; "but you wrote something on the back of ore of 'em." Isaiah turned scarlet, and shifted from one leg to the other.

"Well, you see," he murmured, apologetically. "Mr. Stewart wanted to know a good 'un to back for the Cup, so I

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was afraid of the old 'un hearing, and as there wasn't no paper, I wrote on the back of one of them. Back Flat-! Iron.

"In pencil?" "No, in ink. Mr. Stewart, he laughs and nods, then puts the notes in the cash box, and puts 'em in the safe." "That's all right," said Naball, dis-

missing him; "you can go." Isaiah put on his hat, put his hands in his pockets and departed, whistling a tune. When the door closed on him, Naball turned to his two companions with an exulting light in his eyes.

What do you think now. Mr. Naball?" asked Eugenie. "Think I think as I've done all along," he replied. "Caprice stole those jewels, herself and sold them to

old Lazarus." "But what's that got to do with the death of my father?" asked Ezra.

"Perhaps nothing-perhaps a lot," said the detective. "I don't know but that boy's evidence has given me a clue. Suppose-I'm only supposing. mind you-Caprice stole her own diamonds, with Villiers as an accomplice. Suppose she took them to old Lazarus and sold 'em. Suppose Villiers, thinking the old man had them in his safe goes to rob him, and commits the murder to do so. Suppose all that-l

should think there would be a very

pretty case against Villiers."

"Yes; but Keith's knife?" said En-"Ah, now you have me," answered Naball, puzzled. "I don't know, unless Villiers managed to get it while Stewart was fighting with him on that months' treatment guaranteed. Price night, and covered it in blood in order \$1; smaller size, 50c.; sample size, throw suspicion on him."

# itching, Burning and hritated Lost Sleep.

"My face broke out in pimples that ould heal up and then break out again. It was very core and red, and all the time itching and burning, and I irritated my face by acratching. I lost a lot of eleep.

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"All your ideas are theoretical," said Ezra drily. "Perhaps Caprice never stole her own jewels, or sold them to

my father." "Yes she did, I'll swear," retorted Naball decisively. "Why wouldn't she prosecute? why did I find Villiers with one of the jewels? You bet, she stole them for some freak, and I daresay Villiers committed the murder to get them back."

"I don't think my father would have kept such valuable jewels as that about he premises." "No; he'd put 'em in the bank."

"No, he wouldn't retorted Ezra; "he sent all his jewels to Amsterdam. And here," holding up a letter, "is an en- train, "but I'll lay any money that velope with the Dutch postmark." "By Jove!" ejaculated Naball, under

his breath, "what a queer thing if it should turn out to be those diamonds of Caprice's. Open the letter." "Suppose it does turn out to be the

diamonds." said Ezra, slowly tearing the envelope. "Well"-Naball drew a long breath -"it will be the beginning of the end." "I hope it will end in Keith's being

released," said Eugenie, looking at Ezra with intense anxiety. That gentleman took out the letter and giancing at it for a moment, gave vent to an ejaculation of disgust. "What's the matter?" asked Eugenie

and Naball together.

"The letter is in cypher," said Lazarus, tossing it over to the detective "I don't think we'll be able to read

"Oh, we'll have a try," said Naball quickly spreading out the letter. "Let's have a look at it." The letter was as follows:-"Dsidanmo seaf utnes teh ssteon

sgennid it ises teher hduenrd "What the deuce does it mean?"

ryiks sgeniil gto teher tdhnoaus

asked Naball, in a puzzled tone. "It's a cypher, evidently, of which my father alone possesses the key, said Ezra. "I'll have a look among his papers, and if I find it, it will soon make sense of this jumble of

"It's like a Chinese puzzle," observed Naball, glancing at it. "I never could find out these things." "Let me look," said Eugenie, taking "I used to be rather guod

the letter, at puzzles." 'We'll find this one out," said Naball, significantly "and you'll, do some good for Stewart."

"You think it is about Caprice's diamonds?" she asked. "I think it is about Caprice's diamonds',' he replied. "I think the words have been writ-

ten backwards," said Ezra, looking over her shoulder. Eugenie shook her head. "I don't think so," she replied, scanning the letter closely. "If so, the

word 'it' would have been written "Try a word of three letters, if it will place-" there's one," suggested Naball, "and you can see how the letters are

placed." "Here's one spelt 'g-t-o.' What word can be made out of that."

"Got," said Ezra, eager!y. "Well if so, in the cypher it reads, the first letter 'g,' the last letter 't.' and the middle letter at the end."

"What do you think of that?" asked Naball, bluntly. "That the sender of this has taken the first and last letters of a word. and written them in rotation. "I don't understand, ' said Naball in

puzzled tone. "I think I do." said Harente, quick-"Let us take another werd, and instead of guessing it, try my idea. Here is a word, 'teher.' Now, Mr. Naball, take a sheet of paper and

write down what I say." Naball got some paper and a pencil. "Now," said Eugenie, "the word 'te-The first letter is' t.' new the second letter, which, I think, is the end one of the proper word, is "-

place that at the end.'

Naball wrote "t-e."

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"The third letter of the orgher, and the second of the proper word in h-put that next the T; and the lieuth letter of the cypher, and third of 'he proper word is 'e'—place that at the end also."

Naball added two letters as instructed, "t,h-e,e." "Now," said Eugenie, "there's only

one letter left, which must naturally be in the middle." Naball finished his writing thus: -h-r-e-e.

"That is three," he said, with a cry of triumph. "By Jove! Miss Rainsford, you are clever; let's make certain, by trying another letter." "Take 's-s-t-e-o-n,' " suggested Ezra.

Naball wrote the letters as follows: s - s 0- n

Then he wrote them in line, down first column and up the second, which made the word "stones. "Glad we've got it right, after all," he said, relightedly, and then the whole three of them went to work on the same system, with the result that

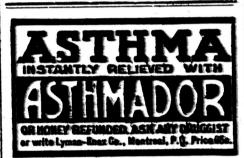
the letter read thus: "Diamonds safe, unset the stones, risky selling, got three thousand, sending it less three hundred, ben-

"Ah", said Naball, when he read this, "wasn't I right?" "So I think," said Ezra, sadly; "my father evidently bought the jewels from her, and sent them to Amsterdam to be sold." "Still," said Engenie, impatiently.

"this does not clear up the mystery of the murder." "You don't think Caprice did it?" said Ezra. "No," replied the detective; "but Vil-

liers might have done it in order to recover the jewels. But I tell you there's only one thing to be done, we will go down and see Caprice.' This was agreed to, and without losing a moment they started. "I may be wrong, as I was before

said Naball, when they were in the



Villiers had seen Caprice since the murder. "You don't think she's an accom-

plice?" cried Eugenie.
"I think nothing," retorted Naball; "till I see Caprice." Chapter XXIV. The trio soon arrived at Kitty's

house, and Ezra was just about to ring the front-door beil, when suddenly Naball touched his arm to stop "Hist!" he said in a quick whisper;

"listen." A woman's voice, talking in a high key, and then the deep tones of a deep excavation, for immense quantiman's voice, like the grov of an an-

gry beast. What did I tell you?" whispered Naball again. "Villiers and Caprice, both in the drawing-room; wait a moment, count twenty, and then ring the bell." He stepped round the corner of the

perch, stepped stealthily on to the verandah, and then stole softly towards one of the French windows in order to listen. He was correct in his surmise: the two speakers were Kitty Marchurst and Randolph Villiers "You'd better give me what I ask,

growled Villier in a threatening tone. or I'll go straight and tell how you were at Lazarus' on the night of the murder." "Perhaps you'll tell I killed him?"

said Caprice, with a sneer. "Perhaps I will," retorted Villiers; "there's no knowing." "There's this much knowing." said Kitty deliberately, "that I won't give you a single penny. If I am called on

to explain my movements, I can't do so; but it will be the worse for you, At this moment the bell rang and Caprice stated in alarm. "Hush," she cried, advancing to-

wards Villiers; "come to me again. must not be seen talking with you here. Go away-not by the door," she said, with an angry stamp of her foot as Villiers went towards the door; "by the window-no one will see you." Villiers moved towards the French window, opened it, and was just about

to step out when Naball stepped for ward. "I'm afraid some one will," he said serenely, pushing Villiers back into room, and closing the window. "Naball!" cried Kitty and Villiers

in a breath. "Exactly," replied that gentleman taking a chair. "I've come to have talk with you both." "How dare you force your way into

my house?" cried Kitty, angrily, while Villiers stood looking sullenly at the detective. "It's about the diamond robbery."

went on Naball, as if he never heard "Leave the house," she cried, stamp-

ing her foot. "And about the murder," he finished off, looking from one to the other. Kitty glanced at Villiers, who looked at her with a scowl, and sank into a report that used postage stamps have chair. Just as he did so, the drawingroom door opened, and Eugenie entered, followed by Ezra Lazarus.

"I don't understand the meaning of all this," said Caprice, with a sneer; "but you seem to have a good idea of dramatic effect." "Perhaps so," said Naball, lazily.

Kitty shrugged her shoulders and

turned to Eugenie. "Perhaps you can explain all this, Miss Rainsford?" she said, coolly. "Yes," answered Eugenie, slowly; it's about Mr. Stewart. You know he has been arrested for this murder?" "Know," repeated Kitty, impatiently, "of course I know. I'm sure I ought to -morn, noon and night I've heard of nothing else. I don't know how it will

affect the piece. I'm sure." "Never mind the piece," said Ezra, a trifle sternly. "I don't mind that, as long as I save my friend." (To be continued)

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Thought He Was "Setting 'Em Up."

A young Topeka army officer, now in France, was seized while in Paris with a desire to send his sister a present, and finally decided on a waist says the Kansas City Star. He entered a fashionable shop and selected a waist, but not knowing the size his sister required, singled out a pretty Parisian clerk who looked about his sister's size and asked her to try the waist on. When she returned the fit was pronounced perfect, and the young officer nodded approvingly and paid the cashier. As he turned back to claim the article, the clerk flew into his arms and kissed him again and again, exclaiming, "Thank you, thank you." All the other clerks in the store then caught the igea that the handsome young American was "seting them up" generally to girls who wanted new waists, and begged him to buy for them also. The officer finally excused a retreat in some manner or other, but the sister in Topeka has not yet received any present.

### Peat an Antiseptic.

Peat is so antiseptic and absorbent hat it is used as a dressing for wounds and is an excellent substitute for medicated cotton. This fact was recognized many years ago in Europe, where sphagnum peat is now extensively used in preparing surgical dressings. According to Professor Soper, who has made a detailed study of the peat deposits in the Northern United States. there are many square miles of sphagnum bog in the northern countries of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan that would supply material suitable for antiseptic applications. It will not be necessary to incur the expense of ties of sphagnum can be taken from the upper parts of the deposits. Spagnum neat is also abundant in Maine. and some is found in New York and Pennsylvania.

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ville, Ont.

Used Stamps Valueless. The Red Cross wishes to make it known, as widely as possible, that the any value through the extraction of the dyes contained in them is absolutely false. The false report has already resulted in the receipt by the post office department of many stamps collected by misguided patriots who sought thus to do something to help win the war.-The Cutlook.

Growing Dishrags. It has been discovered that the thick, spongy gourd of the luffa plant, which grows easily and requires but little attention makes the best kind of dishcloths and bath sponges. An Ohlo woman is making a good living raising them. She sold over 1,000 to one garage company alone for use in the wasting of automobiles. Cut into strips the luffa court makes a bind of lace widely used by milliners, and it is also attmirably casped to the making of flower baskets.

Cynicus—A married man shouldn't talk in his sleep. Henpecke Goof That's the only chance a married man has to talk.

This spring marks the ele niversary of an important of Cork to New York of the first vessel to cross the Atlantic ly under its own steam. All the a number of brass paper was made from the metal work of was wrecked in Ballycotton b the 412-ton Sirius on its maiden was later transferred to the Presi which went down with all on boar Thus both the Sirius and her

met with a tragic end. The Sirius made the voyage Cork in 19 days; reaching New York only a few hours before the Great Western, another eteamship what sailed from Bristol. The made the best time, crossing the ocean in 15 days. The Sirius had a passenger list of seven on its init voyage, the youngest of whom was Vincent E. Ransome, then four years old, who was reported living a few years ago in Wiltshire, Engis where he was long the rector of a parish church.

parish church.

The Sirius was a schooner-rises ship and was 178 feet over all, with a beam of 25 feet, and a depth of 18

# Interesting News For Working Men

AN ARTICLE WELL WORTH YOUR WHILE TO READ.

This is a nerve-racking age not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain. If nerves are in order, a man is strong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves means weakness, worry leeplessness and a general decay of

bodily rength. Most men are careless of their health. They trust to luck and that kind of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, or when they sleep poorly or lose appetite. Ferrozone quickly brightens up the

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## Worth Knowing.

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is to soak them overnight in cold water. This is said to be an improvement on the usual method of throwing them into boiling water. Cups and dishes which have become brown by constant baking in the oven may be brightened and made to look

A new method of blanching almonda

like new by rubbing them with a flannel dipped in whiting. All tin or zinc receptacles are subject to rust if not properly cared for from the time they are new. To insure long life to such containers, clean and dry them thoroughly and give the surface inside and outside a coat of redlead paint. When this is dry, cover it with a coat of flat enamel. If this treatment is given pails or pans once a year they will never rust and their

blanket on the floor in some empty room, spread the curtains on the blanened nerves, barrish depression and ket, stretching them carefully, and lack of energy, clear the complexion they will keep their place without any fastening until dried.

After washing lace curtains lay a

wearing value will be tripled.

## I have come to the conclusion that

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more than half the disease which embitters life is due to avoidable errors in diet . . . and that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life, accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits of eating than from the habits al use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know that evil to be, Sir Hears Thompson, M. D.

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