

**Nerves Restored
and Health Regained
in a Simple Way**

of a woman who is run-
ning. feeling up to the mark.
That old-time nervous or sleep-
less night affords to learn about the
results the newly discovered
food is giving to folks that

is wonderful power in this
food, and every weak, pal-
id can be quickly nourished
each that uses it as directed.
Each meal with a sip or two
of simply take two little
coated tablets, sold in all
stores under the name of "FER-

fect is noticeable at once.
The happier, brighter, more
That old-time feeling of
departs—you forget your
and no longer get irritable
over trifling annoyances.
is a reason for this change
reason consists of the fact
ozone contains blood-mak-
ing materials you can get in no other

one makes the blood tingle
with new vitality. This en-
ergetic of nourishment and
being supplied to every part
of the body.
The eyes brighten and
the radiate color and happi-
ness abundance of strength, a
good appetite, good digestion and
a sound sleep—all the result
of you quickly feel as if
new charms and pleasures.

A Sports Blouse.
The sports blouse
blazer striped silk.
Colors are popular.
Cuffs and collar.

Running Luncheon Set.
The running luncheon set
piece, plate doilies and tumb-
lers.

Calculate Interest.
Often recommended for cal-
culation for short periods is
as follows: To find the interest of
any sum for any number of
days simply multiply by the
rate of days and divide as follows:
Cent by 72; at 4 per cent,
by 18; at 8 per cent,
by 9.

English "Undies."
Lawn underwear.
Having Vogue in England.
Colors, rose points and Valen-
tiennes.
The favorite ways of trim-
ming.

God defend me from my
I can defend myself from my
Voltaire.

**VENOUR
VARNISHES**

ectors you can
spread easier,
134

TREAL

Don't Trust to Luck

When ordering Tea, but insist on getting the reliable

"SALADA"

The Tea That Never Disappoints
Black, Green or Mixed - Sealed Packets Only.

**PARTED
BY GOLD**

"Come," he said, "I don't understand you in the least. What are you driving at?"

"This Mr. Montague has turned out to be another man. Can you guess whom?"

"How the deuce should I?" retorted Jack, who, with some little reason, was getting angry.

"Well," said Mr. Shallop, "I wanted to break it gently; don't be impatient. Horatius Montague, of the Signet, is none other than Harry Pacewell."

Jack looked at him perfectly unconcerned.

"Well?" he said. Mr. Shallop stared.

"The missing brother," he said, "the heir to the Pacewell estates. Why, man, don't you realize the catastrophe? You are penniless and in debt, with all the mesne profits to pay this Mr. Montague, the rightful owner."

The cigar dropped from Jack's fingers and was burning a pretty hole in the Turkey rug, and Jack's face paled.

Mr. Shallop picked up the cigar and threw it in the fire. This action gave Jack time to recover.

"Thank you, he said quietly, and with leisurely composure selected another from the box and lit it.

Mr. Shallop, absorbed in admiration at the heroic composure of the man to whom he had delivered this generally crushing blow, remained silent.

Jack smoked in silence for a few moments, then said, in a low voice: "When did you find this out?"

"The missing brother," he said, "I went in obedience to your instructions to see Mr. Montague and reposit him at once. To make sure, I made inquiries and found that there was not the shadow of a doubt that this man you had befriended was the rightful owner of the estate you hold."

"Why has he not claimed it before?" asked Jack.

"Because he knew nothing of it. He has been living out of the world. Besides the difference of the name; had you been Mr. John Pacewell, instead of Hamilton, he would have traced it."

"How did you fail to find him when the search was made for him?" asked Jack.

"Because he was in Australia, and another man who had assumed his name had died and was buried there. He came back and took to this name of Montague and the theatrical profession, and so gave me the slip."

"And you say there is no doubt?"

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Shallop. "Because of course you must consider whether you will oppose the claim. There is no doubt, but it is still a question if he can make good his rights before a jury."

Jack was about to interrupt him with an ominous sparkle in his eyes.

but Mr. Shallop returning to his theme went on: "Therefore I say that what you have done is most lucky. Convince him—if you can—that you know nothing of his existence and consequent right and he will scarcely have the heart to sue a man for the mesne profits who had done him so much good, and who was anxious to serve him. It would be base ingratitude, and I don't think any of the Pacewells had that. Besides," he ran on, "there is another way of settling it—I mean the mesne profits, for they are considerable. You have had the estate some years, and it would be a tremendous sum to pay back all you have spent. The way I should recommend you to go about it is this: Go to the bank and put it to them that you can oppose his claim and keep him out of the estates for five, ten, or perhaps twenty years—forever, perhaps, as he has not the money to fight a long suit through—and offer, if he will forego his claim to the money you have had out of the estate, on the condition of a moderate income for yourself being deducted."

Jack jumped to his feet, white with indignation. "Confound your impudence!" he said. "I'll pitch you through the window! Do you take me for a scoundrel?"

He advanced so threateningly that little, gentlemanly Mr. Shallop took refuge behind the sofa.

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried, "Mr. Hamilton, be calm, Mr. Hamilton, I am advising you for your good, indeed I am."

Jack with a groan and a sigh sank into his chair again, and, staring at the fire, said:

"There, there, come back; I believe you are, although you are stupid to think I should play the dirty villain, had as it all is. Mercurial Heaven! I am without a penny in the world, and with a mountain of debt upon my shoulders."

Mr. Shallop was about to speak again, but Jack stopped him with impatient contempt.

"There, hold your tongue and go," he said. "You can do me no good, and will irritate me until I pitch you through the window. I know. Go, and make terms with the new man; I give you leave, go!"

Mr. Shallop, aware that there was a dead fall of at least thirty feet from the window, put on his gentlemanly hat, and shaking his gentlemanly head took his gentlemanly self off.

CHAPTER X.
Mr. Montague was in his dressing-room, and Mary was passing through the greenroom on the way to hers, when the manager met her, and indic-

ating a gentleman by his side with a roll of the accommodating hat, said: "Good evening, Miss Montague, do you know where Mr. Montague is? We have been looking for him everywhere."

Mary bowed to the gentleman, who was none other than Mr. Shallop, and who had bowed his head and saluted her with deprecating respect, and replied that her father had gone to his room.

"Ah!" said the manager; "well, if you will wait here a few minutes, Mr. Shallop, Mr. Montague will be passing through and you will catch him."

And having caught sight of some one or something requiring his attention the manager started off.

Mr. Shallop put up his gold eye-glasses, and looked after Mary and then turned around about.

"Bless me, bless me!" he murmured. "What a marvelous change this will be from the greenroom of the Signet to a Belgrave mansion! How will he take it, I wonder? This must be he."

And as Mr. Montague entered he made a bow and said:

"Mr. Montague, I presume?"

"Er—that is my name, sir," said Mr. Montague, in his nervous way. "Do you wish to see me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Shallop, "on important business."

Mr. Montague stood irresolute.

"Important business?" he echoed.

"Yes, most important," said Mr. Shallop, leisurely taking a pinch of snuff.

Mr. Montague glanced at the clock. "Er—my time," he said, "is not exactly my own, therefore—"

"Just so," said Mr. Shallop. "Allow me to ask you, have you gone by any other name?"

Mr. Montague turned pale.

"Any other name than your now use?"

"Well, sir, and if I have?" said Mr. Montague, nervously. "Er—"

"Exactly," said Mr. Shallop, respectfully. "I understand; such a name as Pacewell, for instance, Henry Pacewell, Pray do not alarm yourself, Mr. Montague; I am afraid, sir, I have broken the tidings too abruptly."

"But you have told me no tidings," breathed Mr. Montague, huskily and impatiently. "You have said nothing; my name is Pacewell, I admit. What then, sir?"

"Nothing but that which is to your advantage, sir," said Mr. Shallop. "My name is Shallop; I am an attorney, and I have been engaged by your father."

"Mr. Montague!" cried the callboy. Mr. Montague looked up at the clock with a groan and made a step to the door.

"One moment," said Mr. Shallop, going toward him; "I am an attorney, and I have been engaged by your father."

and, in fact, I came here to-night to tell you that—"

"Mr. Montague!" shouted the boy; "the stage is waiting."

And Mr. Montague, breaking away from Mr. Shallop, hurried off, leaving the long-winded attorney to murmur, as he raised his eyelids:

"Most extraordinary! Here's a man can't wait to hear that he's dropped into a fortune!"

Half an hour afterward, Mary, who was in her room, heard her father's voice raised in a half shriek.

Snatching a shawl from the dresser's hand, she ran into the greenroom and saw her father leaning against the table, his hand pressed against his side and his face pale and working.

Mr. Shallop had had hold of his arm, and was crying out for some water, which an imp had started off to procure.

At sight of Mary the old man raised his head, flushed a deep red and put on a shaking hand to his forehead.

"Mary, come to me, come to me!" she flew to him, and drew him toward her, but with a sudden start he looked up, raised his head, and with a smile of self-satisfied pride said, with a slight wave of his hand:

"Mary, my dear, this is a gentleman, Mr. Shallop, an—er—attorney. Mr. Shallop, my daughter, Miss Montague."

The gentleman bowed to the ground. Mary stared, and looking at her father's proud, satisfied face, thought his senses had deserted him under some sudden shock, and looked from one to the other with frightened distress.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Montague," said Mr. Shallop, twiddling his glasses; "it is only a sudden faintness brought on by some unexpected news."

"Unexpected news, my dear," murmured Mr. Montague, looking round with a proud, bland air upon the small crowd coming in at the door.

"Unexpected news. Er—er—don't you think, Mr. Shallop, it would be as well to—er—to tell our friends?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Shallop, eager to gratify the poor old man's sudden pride.

"Yes, certainly. Ah, here comes the manager," he added, as that gentleman pushed his way through the throng, all anxiety as to the state of his health, remembering that there were still two more acts of the "Pirate's Gorge," unplayed.

"What's the matter?" Not Mr. Montague? "able to play, I hope?"

"Not ill," said Mr. Shallop, twisting his eyes and taking upon himself to answer. "Not ill, I am thankful to say, but unable to play. Indeed, Mr.—I haven't the pleasure of your name—the gentleman ought never to have played at all. All a whim, an idle fancy! Whim, my dear sir, which I hope is now gratified, I may say, satisfied."

What's all this?" asked the manager, astounded. "A whim, Mr. Montague?"

"Not Montague, but Pacewell, Henry Pacewell, Esq.," said Mr. Shallop; "surprised, no doubt, yet, ahem! Yet not the first time you have heard of an incognito perhaps. This gentleman, Mr. Montague, that is Pacewell, has been playing a theatrical, quite a whim; always found of the stage from a boy."

Now important business necessitates that he should return to the rank and society from which he has, ahem! strayed. Therefore, Mr. Manager, Mr. Montague, that is Pacewell, is unable to fulfill his engagements, and he will be compelled to leave the theatre immediately. Is not that correct, sir?"

he concluded, turning with a great show of respect to the erect and haughtily smiling pirate.

"Quite correct," said the weak old man, avoiding his daughter's eyes which sought his inquiry with even doubtfully. "Quite correct, and now, Mary, my dear, change those things."

She shuddered as he glanced at her white muslin dress, and in that downward glance caught sight of his own and shuddered again. "And—er—will change your dress, taking her on his arm to the door."

"But," said the manager, distracted at this double blow, "who is to play your parts? What is to become of me, I shall have the house about my ears."

Mr. Shallop, who had been clearing a passage through the buzzing, chatting and thoroughly bewildered crowd for his two ciliacs, stepped back and whispered in the manager's ear:

"Give hundred pounds as a forfeit will pay you for that, eh?"

And with a quiet smile followed the father and daughter from the room.

In ten minutes, while the crowd of actors and supernumeraries were hanging about and the manager was presenting himself before the audience and informing them that Mr. Montague was taken suddenly ill and that Miss Montague begged to be allowed to attend upon him, the two, father and daughter, had changed their clothes and now stood in the lobby waiting until Mr. Shallop's brougham came up.

Very pale the old man looked—very

WOMAN'S NERVES
MADE STRONG
By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SUTZER, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. SUTZER's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

South Sea "Frightfulness."
In Polynesia spears are pointed and elaborately edged with the teeth of sharks. Such a weapon makes a frightful wound, tearing the flesh to tatters. Another instrument of frightfulness in the South sea archipelagoes is a dagger similarly equipped with shark's teeth.

Russian Sturgeon Fisheries.
Sturgeon of various species are especially abundant in Russia, where the sturgeon fisheries are of great value. The fish is eaten when fresh, but is chiefly used in the preserved form, either smoked or salted. More than 10,000 fish are sometimes caught at a single fishing station during the upstream migration, which lasts for a fortnight. The eggs are removed in quantity from the ovaries and separately prepared as "caviare."

Count Your Pulse.
A new-born baby's pulse should beat from 130 to 140 times per minute; a year-old child's 115 to 130; a four-year-old's 90 to 100; an adult's from 70 to 75, and an aged person's from 60 to 75.—Woman's World.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW
The Toronto Fat Stock Show for the year 1915 will be held at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto, on Thursday and Friday, December 11th and 12th. The Union Stock Yards will spare neither time nor expense to make this 1915 exhibit the very best they have ever had.

A good-looking lass is quite beside herself when she confronts a good looking glass.

Complete Message
In the falling and pining of women who are "run-down" as he that will not look at her, back ache, dragging down

Teas were not far from her eyelids, and they would have dropped upon her cheek had not a sudden accident frightened them away.

Just as the brougham rattled up, Anderson, the actor, came hurrying from the stage, and, all dressed as he was in his tinsel and spangled, stood breathless before them.

"You won't say good-bye!" he gasped. "You are going to roll the riches in wealth, going to be grand people, and you won't say good-bye, you're too proud! Well, I'll return good for evil, I will. I'll just say a word in your ear, Mr. Montague, or Mr. Pacewell."

"Say what you have to say right here, my good man," said Mr. Montague, with a condescending wave of the hand.

"Oh, very well, I don't mind," said Anderson. "It's only a word of warning: Don't you be took in, don't you fall into the trap that some one has set for you; don't you be made a fool of, Montague. There's some one been playing the fine generous gentleman lately—you know who I mean—mind he don't make you pay for it. Oh, of course, he hadn't any motive in view, of course not! He didn't want to carney around the man he'd robbed, of course not! He didn't want to make it all right for himself and get something into the bargain; oh, no, of course not! Equally of course, he didn't lay himself out to marry a certain person and so stick to the cash he'd kept so long out of the right pockets. Oh, no, Mr. Hamilton's a swell and can't do any of this sort of thing! But ask that gentleman if he don't think as I do; my brother's a clerk of his and knows the whole affair, and he says, as I says, that the whole thing's a plant, and that your swell laid himself out to carney you and get your daughter."

Mr. Shallop, who had stood confounded by the man's knowledge, until he explained how he got it, here stepped in, hurried him back, and led, almost pushing in their turn the father and daughter into the carriage.

As they drove off Anderson ran to look after them, grinding his teeth and muttering, with a malicious laugh:

"Well, Mr. Swell, I think I've cooked your hash: if I've lost her you won't get her, and that's some comfort."

Mary, who had listened to every word, felt faint and ill, though she disbelieved the vile accusation, but on the face of the old man, as she saw it by the fitting gas lamps, there rested a look of angry suspicion.

Mr. Shallop remained silent; and so they drove home to tell Pattie of the good news, while poor Jack sat with his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire, and trying, vainly, to realize the situation, contrive some means to pay his debts.

(To be continued.)

No Case Is Too Old
None Too Severe

Mrs. Riches Proves Once Again That
Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure.

She Suffered for Seventeen Years
from Kidney Trouble and Now a
Well Woman Says, "Dodd's Kidney
Pills Cured Me."

St. Denis Riviere, Richelieu, Quebec, May 26.—(Special)—One of the most remarkable cures in the long record made by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mrs. A. H. Riches, well known and highly respected here. For seventeen years Mrs. Riches was suffering from kidney disease in its worst forms. To-day she is a well woman. And she says with an earnestness born of conviction, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

"I suffered for seventeen long years, Mrs. Riches goes on to say. From backache, headache and sleeplessness my troubles grew to rheumatism and diabetes. I tried the doctor and other medicines, but I got no lasting good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took 12 boxes of them in all. They cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a kidney remedy. But no case of kidney trouble is too severe or too long standing to resist them. If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills, ask your neighbors about them.

Chapeau Chic.
Strong colors and navy.
Natural ostrich for fall.
Tinsel effects toward winter.
Burnt and glycerined ostrich now.
And flowers, flowers, flowers—all kinds.
Just at present the French are combining black with brown.

Hattery.
Ribbon shapes.
Rough straw braids.
Embroidered taffetas.
Straw veiled with Chantilly.
Chapeau of yellow organdie.
Hats of Valenciennes edged with fur.

Wonderful Remedy
Establishes Regularity,
Cures Constipation

As you value life itself, never use medicine that racks the system. Costiveness is bad enough, but violent cathartics are the limit. When the bowels are constipated and you have stomach trouble and headache, try Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are so mild you can scarcely feel their action, yet so effective that the entire secretory apparatus is stimulated to healthy action.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills move the bowels gently. They tone the liver and kidneys. They renew the blood. Digestion is assisted. Headaches disappear. Stomach rumblings cease. Bilious turns are prevented. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are more than a bowel medicine, for they act as a system cleaner and general tonic. For those who feel dull, heavy, and morose, for those who suffer frequently from colds, biliousness, and stomach disorders, there is no better medicine.

Be sure nothing in using Dr. Hamilton's Pills because they are guaranteed to cure. Made according to the formula of one of the greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are bound to give your system just the aid it requires. Sold by all dealers, 25c per box.

It is a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—menstruation, restoration, tonic, soothing cordial and healing nerves, purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

You can procure a trial pkg. by sending 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLSOUTH, Ont.—"A few years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. I would have pains in my head and would suffer with backache. I was sitting for about two years. Had doctors but did not seem to get cured of the ailment. At last I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It built me up and I felt better in every way than I had for two years previously."—Mrs. L. H. HARRIS.

USES OF POPCORN.
TASTY CANDIES.
All kinds of tasty candies may be made from the popcorn. A chocolate popcorn is made by making a syrup of a pint of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, two ounces of chocolate and a cupful of water. When the syrup is thick enough to harden in water, pour it over four quarts of the freshly popped corn and stir until the corn is well coated.

Sugared popcorn may be prepared by following these directions, given by the Government: Make a syrup of a pint of sugar and a half a pint of water, when the syrup strings from the spoon, pour it over six quarts of freshly popped corn and stir well.

CRYSTALLIZED POPCORN.
Crystallized popcorn is not difficult to prepare. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and a heaping tablespoonful of pulverized sugar in a kettle. When the mixture threads add three quarts of popcorn, stir briskly until all the corn is evenly coated, and then take from the fire and stir until it is cooler and each grain is crystallized with sugar.

CREAMED POPCORN.
Creamed popcorn is another tasty sweet. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a gill of water. Boil without stirring until a drop put into lead water becomes brittle. Remove from the fire and set in an outer pan of boiling water. Drop into the syrup enough crisp popcorn to make it thick. After stirring for half a minute, take out the corn by large spoonfuls and put it on greased paper. As it hardens, roll a spoonful into a ball, then roll this over and over in freshly popped, sugared corn until the white kernels adhere to the sticky ball.

CRISP POPCORN.
Crisp popcorn is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of water and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the water and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER.
Popcorn with butter is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH SYRUP.
Popcorn with syrup is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of syrup and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the syrup and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH MOLASSES.
Popcorn with molasses is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of molasses and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the molasses and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH SUGAR.
Popcorn with sugar is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of sugar and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the sugar and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH HONEY.
Popcorn with honey is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of honey and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the honey and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND SUGAR.
Popcorn with butter and sugar is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter and a quart of sugar and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter and sugar and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND MOLASSES.
Popcorn with butter and molasses is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter and a quart of molasses and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter and molasses and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
Popcorn with butter, sugar and molasses is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter, a quart of sugar and a quart of molasses and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter, sugar and molasses and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND SUGAR AND HONEY.
Popcorn with butter, sugar and honey is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter, a quart of sugar and a quart of honey and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter, sugar and honey and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND SUGAR AND HONEY AND MOLASSES.
Popcorn with butter, sugar, honey and molasses is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter, a quart of sugar, a quart of honey and a quart of molasses and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter, sugar, honey and molasses and stir until the corn is dry.

POPCORN WITH BUTTER AND SUGAR AND HONEY AND MOLASSES AND SYRUP.
Popcorn with butter, sugar, honey, molasses and syrup is made by popping a quart of popcorn in a large kettle. When the popping ceases, add a quart of butter, a quart of sugar, a quart of honey, a quart of molasses and a quart of syrup and stir until the corn is well coated. Then drain off the butter, sugar, honey, molasses and syrup and stir until the corn is dry.

POPC