



During EPIDEMICS
Guard the throat—it is the favorite breeding place of disease germs. Formamint releases in the mouth a powerful yet harmless bactericide that destroys the germs in the throat before they can spread. Get a bottle from your druggist today and protect yourself from infection.

Formamint
GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS
To avoid infection, dissolve 1 Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XX.

The two hours had barely elapsed, and Royce was looking at his watch for the tenth time, and wondering whether he hadn't better go in search of her, when the door opened and she entered, standing with a burning blush on her face and downcast eyes.

Royce uttered an exclamation of amazement which merged into rapturous admiration as he gazed at her.

"Why—why, Madge, I didn't know you!" he exclaimed. "How—how on earth have you managed it so quickly? Let me look at you!"

He took her by the shoulders and turned her round twice, his eyes large with wonder. Then he caught her to him and kissed her with the loving approval which is so sweet and precious to every woman.

"This isn't my Madge!" he exclaimed, laughing and stroking her hair; "this is some grand London lady who has paid me the honor of a morning call; and—and it fits like—like a glove! Good heavens, Madge! Is it magic, or what?" and he held her at arm's length and looked her up and down with passionate admiration in his eyes. "And what an idiot I must be not to guess what you were after! But I never thought of it."

"You thought I should be content to go about with you in my old brown dress and red shawl?" said Madge in a low voice.

"Of course," he said. "They were beautiful in my eyes, and I'd got used to 'em. They were a part of you, you see."

Her eyes were raised to his with melting gratitude for an instant.

"But how did you manage it?" he demanded, laughing, as he pulled her down beside him and continued to examine the neat blue dress, the dainty shoes, the white collar and cuffs.

"What wonderful creatures women are! I should have thought you would have been too frightened to go into those crowded streets alone, much less into shops. Wonderful!"

"It was rather terrible," she said, softly, "and it was hard to fix upon the right shop; and then the people—I mean the men and women in the shops—stared so. I suppose—her lips quivered for an instant—"I suppose they saw that I was—a gypsy, Jack?"

He flushed.

"Nonsense! No one could mistake you for anything but what you are—a lady, Madge."

Every Spring Mrs. Manson Had Bronchial Trouble—How She Was Relieved

It is a very advanced case of anemia, nervousness, neurasthenia, chronic bronchitis or general feebleness that will not show marked improvement after taking six bottles of Carnal, according to directions. Read how Mrs. Manson was relieved of a yearly recurrence of bronchitis:

"Myself and friend, Miss E. Mc-Kerrill, 399 King St. East, Toronto, would like to let you know how very highly we think of Carnal. We are now taking our sixth bottle and the great benefit we have derived from it is wonderful. It certainly does everything the advertisements say and more. It is a genuine tonic and body builder. For my part it has worked off a bronchial trouble I am subject to every springtime. We feel it would interest you to know that you are also at perfect liberty to use this unsolicited testimonial if you should so wish. We both of us take pleasure in recommending Carnal to anyone whom we know is feeling below par."—Mrs. Laura M. Manson, 1447 Dufferin St., Toronto, 15-4.

Carnal is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

She shook her head gently and stifled a sigh.

"And you like it, Jack?"

"Like it! Like it! The word!" he said, promptly; "and, look here, Madge, though I don't know anything about women's dress, I know, somehow, that it's just the thing you ought to have bought. What's the other like?"

"You shall see it on to-morrow," she said. "Don't rumple the collar, sir; I haven't many of them."

"Not yet," he said; "but you will have presently. Why, I was just going to remark at breakfast this morning that we should have to buy some things. I haven't a dress suit."

"A dress suit? What is that?" she asked.

Royce laughed. His ignorance was charming to him—as yet! as yet!

"A swallow-tail coat and the rest, in black, just like the water here wears."

"I see," she said, thoughtfully.

"And you'll want some evening dresses—or one, at any rate."

"An evening dress?" Madge repeated in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Yes; the ladies change their dresses for dinner, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," she murmured, half audibly.

"They put on their war-paint, as it's usually called. Something light and pretty, but always rather gorgeous. 'Cut low in the neck.' I think that is the way to describe it."

"And—and I shall want dresses like that?" she said.

"Yes, a regular rig-out. But I shall always prefer the brown dress and the red shawl, Madge. What have you done with them? I hope you haven't made away with them?"

"No," she said, softly. "I have kept them. I will keep them to remind me—she put her arm round his neck—"of the days when you loved me, though I was only a common gypsy girl."

"No more of that, dearest," he said. "You are Mrs. Royce Landon now. But, look here, I'll tell you what we will do. We will go to the theatre to-night, Madge. You'll see a real play then, and the women in the boxes and stalls in their evening dresses. That will be better than my poor attempts at description. And now let us go out and buy some more things. I want to show you the streets, and—oh, all sorts of things! There's such a lot you ought to see that I don't know where to begin first. But never mind; we'll take it as it comes."

When she came down in her outdoor things there was more exclamation and admiration over the pretty jacket she had bought, and once again Royce told her that he should not have known her.

They went out, and Royce began his part of cicerone. To Madge the great city seemed, as it seems to all who see it for the first time, too marvellous to be real. Royce took her to the biggest streets, and St. Paul's Cathedral, and the National Gallery, and Madge became breathless under the magic spell.

She was so absorbed and wrapped in delight that she did not notice the attention they were attracting. Men and women—especially the former—turned and looked after the couple; and it was not only their good looks—for there are always one or two handsome men and women in London—not only Madge's beauty, with its delicious freshness, but a something in her manner, which drew the notice of all who passed.

Most women, alas! have not a good walk. Civilization has taught us many things, among them the mincing gait which fashionable women have fallen into. Madge's walk, though as graceful as that of an Athenian woman of old, was unconventional. She moved with the freedom and ease one sees in the Egyptian girls, as they come and go from the wells with their pitchers on their heads; and her lithe, supple form, notwithstanding its fashionable dress and jacket, seemed to move to music.

In the middle of the day Royce took her to a well-known restaurant for lunch, and Madge, though outwardly calm and self-possessed, was inwardly almost too excited to eat the dainty things which the well-trained and attentive waiter brought them.

Then the theatre!

Royce had bought her a neat opera-coat and taken a small box, judging, rightly, that she would be more at her ease there than in the publicity of the stalls. Madge held her breath as they entered, and she looked round the magnificent house, filled from pit to gallery, and stood in the front of

The Choice of Femininity.



Three Flowers Talcum is made from purest selected and tested ingredients. It is impalpably fine and smooth, of just the right "weight" and is exquisitely perfumed. No talc is more refined than **THREE FLOWERS.**

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the box, forgetful of herself with admiration but the wonderful sight; and Royce looked at her with admiration and delight in her delight. But presently opera-glasses were levelled at her, and he saw people whispering together and glancing at the box. He drew the curtains partially so as to hide her, but with a proud smile on his face. In all the vast theatre there was not a more lovely woman than his wife.

The music by the great orchestra entranced Madge; but the play—ah! who shall describe its effect upon her? It was only an ordinary melodrama; but the principal actor was the most famous in London, or the world; and to Madge it was all real. Her lovely face went pale and red by turns, her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, and Royce could feel the hand he held tremble and start at the exciting portions of the old and hackneyed play.

He scarcely looked at the stage. Her face, her delight, her emotion, fascinated, thrilled him with an indescribable joy. It was as if he had captured some exquisitely beautiful wild creature, and had taught it to love him, and him only.

She sunk back at the end of each act and looked at Royce like one awakening from a dream.

"You are happy, Madge?" he whispered.

"Happy?" A smile broke slowly over her face and crept into her dark eyes.

Soon after the drop fell on the third act, a knock came at the door of the box.

Madge started.

"It is only the attendant with ices," said Royce, with a smile, and he opened the door. But, instead of the box-keeper, a gentleman in evening dress, with his crush hat under his arm, stood in the doorway.

"By Jove! I thought it was you," he said. "How do you do, Landon?"

Royce looked slightly embarrassed for a second, then he shook hands.

"Yes, it is I, Rochester," he said, his frank manner coping back after that one second. "Come in. How did you spot me?"

"I'm in the second row of the stalls," said the gentleman.

Madge looked up at him. He was young, handsome, and distinguished-looking, and, though there was not a trace of foppishness about him, he was extremely well dressed.

He looked at Madge and seemed to wait, and Royce, after the faintest hesitation, said:

(To be continued.)

Thrilling Race in Northland

REVILLION EMPLOYEES TAKE A WOUNDED YOUTH 750 MILES FOR AID—THREE WEEKS' DASH.

A two weeks race with death thru' the North Country is described by J. Berthe, an employee of Revillion Freres, who recently brought a young Scotchman, who had shattered his arm, from a fur station to hospital at Cochrane. At Rupert's House the assistant trader was a Scotch youth of 22 years who came to the North last year, he said to-day.

About a month ago while lifting a gun from the toboggan the assistant shot himself in the left arm, severely shattering the bone. First aid was rendered by friends at the post but when Mr. Berthe arrived here, four days after the accident, the young man's arm had swollen like a huge sausage and it was evident that if his life was to be saved he must be taken to a hospital as quickly as possible.

Fur-traders in the North must of necessity know something of surgery and Mr. Berthe began at once by removing between twenty and thirty splinters which had lodged in the flesh and which, if left, could cause gangrene. More than these he could not discover, but he was certain they were present and all hands set to work to have the patient rushed to hospital as speedily as possible. A special box was made on a sled, narrow so as not to extend over the toboggan trail and the wounded youth was placed in it and did not move from it for two weeks.

Fourteen dogs were used to haul the sled and every precaution was taken to make the journey as comfortable as possible. But in spite of the care taken, the sled, which was wider than the trail, banged against the trees at the portages, wrenching the sufferer's arm. By day the injured man suffered little—his arm was numb; but at night the pain grew intense and neither he nor those who cared for him could sleep. The gear of gangrene poisoning which would quickly spread from the left shoulder to the heart urged the party forward, and the only extra time taken was to dress the wound, a most difficult operation since it must be done in the cold like box.

100 Miles in Five Days.

Rain made travelling difficult at first, but weather conditions were favorable after the party reached Moose Factory, and they made the trip of 160 miles from there to the railway line in the record time of five days.

It was exactly three weeks after the accident took place that the injured youth was placed in the hands of the doctor, who pronounced the wound in first class condition, and who proceeded to set the bone. Mr. Berthe, and those who made the trip with him, took the first opportunity to get much-needed sleep.

This adventure brought to an end a journey of 750 miles, most of which the fur trader accomplished on foot. He set out from Cape Dufferin, far up on Hudson Bay—Montreal Star.



Exposures Such As This— with their resultant aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, stiff muscles—are neutralized by a prompt application of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment keeps you fit as a fiddle for the daily duties of farming. Good for live stock, too. Keeps them in good shape and increases their value. Corrects lameness, soreness and bruises. Kills Pain.

Applied without rubbing, it penetrates to the ache, pain, soreness, bringing quick, comforting relief. The large size bottle means strict economy—six times as much as the small size.



WEST END DRUG STORE.

Missing Woman and Death Notice

STRANGE MYSTERY COMES TO LIGHT IN DUMBARTONSHIRE.

MACLAREN—At Roseath, Dumbartonshire, on February 25th, Bunt, wife of W. F. E. de B. MacLaren. No flowers, by special request.

Behind this announcement, which appeared in the Weekly Scotoman, lies what is at present an inscrutable mystery.

Not only it is uncertain whether Mrs. MacLaren is really dead, but the notice of her death was not sent to the newspaper by her husband or family, nor are they aware by whom it was forwarded.

Mrs. MacLaren, who belongs to a family well known on the Gareloch, arrived at Roseath (about 25 miles from Glasgow), and booked a room at the Ferry Inn, telling the management that she would be staying until her husband arrived.

She went to bed early, leaving instructions that she was not to be called before breakfast at 9 o'clock in the morning.

As she had not made an appearance at 10 o'clock, a maid was sent to her room to call her. There was no reply to knocking on the door, and when the room was entered it was found to be empty.

A search party was at once organized, and the police were informed. A strange feature of the affair is that Mrs. MacLaren's mother-in-law lives at Armadale, a house situated on the Gareloch not far from Roseath. Mrs. MacLaren did not, however, call upon her mother-in-law, but spent the afternoon and evening of the day of her arrival walking about the district.

When Mrs. MacLaren's room at the inn was entered, her luggage was found apparently intact. It was new, and attached to it was the label of a London hotel. Her purse, containing a considerable sum of money, and one or two articles of clothing were also discovered.

The Gareloch is a beautiful sheet of water situated in the midst of romantic scenery to the north of the Firth of Clyde.

Part of the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" is laid here. In most parts the water reaches a considerable depth, and dragging operations would appear to be difficult, if not impossible, for this reason.

Bournemouth Case.

Mrs. W. F. E. de B. MacLaren is the same woman as was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Bournemouth last September for a series of thefts from shops, says the Daily Mail.

During the hearing of the case reference was made to previous convictions including one at the Hants Assizes in 1907, when she was sentenced for stealing jewellery. She stayed in Bournemouth last year and the year before, and on her last visit letters she received were addressed to Mrs. De Bois MacLaren, the name given in the Scottish death notice. She was also known as "Bunt," a name which also appeared in the death notice, among her friends at Bournemouth.

At Roseath, Dumbartonshire, from where Mrs. MacLaren disappeared, the belief is becoming strengthened that she has been drowned in the Gareloch, and that it was she who sent to the paper the advertisement announcing her death.

Process of Roasting Gives Kick to Coffee

German and Swiss scientists who have been investigating the effect of coffee, tea and cocoa on the human system have reached the conclusion that coffee and cocoa are stimulating chiefly because of the chemical changes brought about by roasting. Experiments were made upon both men and dogs to discover the effects of the three drinks which are commonly used throughout the world. These showed that tea was less exhilarating than coffee and cocoa.

Coffee from which the caffeine had been extracted also was tested, and men who had used this beverage without knowing the change made in it underwent the same stimulation enjoyed by those drinking ordinary coffee. They did not, however, have the increase in blood pressure which came to those who drank coffee from which the caffeine had not been extracted.

It was the conclusion of the investigators that the roasting of coffee and

STAFFORD'S Sarsaparilla Blood Purifier

FOR THE CURE OF

Skin Diseases, Anemia, Lack of Blood, Paleness, Impure Blood, Lack of Ambition and Vigor, Debility, Weakness, Tired Feeling, Boils, Pimples, etc.

THERE is no Remedy of more universal application than a genuine true-and-tried Blood Purifier and Blood Builder. A medicinal preparation that will truly purify, revitalize and renew the blood, restores hope and pleasure, ambition and happiness, vigor and vitality. It is of inestimable value not only as a strengthener of the system, fortifying it against invasion of disease, but also as a cure for Chronic Diseases which depend upon an impoverished condition of the blood. Diseases of this nature are usually caused by impurities in the blood deposited through the inactivity of the Liver and Kidneys.

These secretions if not removed from the circulation, gradually form poisons which deteriorate the condition of the blood, and allow other diseases to obtain a more ready entrance to the system. In the effort of nature to throw off these impurities, frequently pimples, boils, carbuncles, etc., appear, and it is wise to respond promptly to the Warning of Nature.

THIS SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation scientifically prepared from the best and purest remedies and purifying and rebuilding of the blood. It should be taken every spring, as at this season the blood is more apt to become impure and impoverished. Keep your blood in perfect condition and you will be prepared to fight life's battles with greater success.

One Bottle of this Blood Purifier is all that you will need to take to produce results.

TRY A BOTTLE.

PRICE 50c. POSTAGE 20c. EXTRA.

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CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.

Pains in the Back Disappear when Kidneys are Regulated with Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills

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LADIES' Ready to Wear HATS Beautiful Designs and Smartest Styles at LOWEST PRICES.

We have always had the happy reputation of giving Our Customers High Class MILLINERY at Low Prices

This Season we are giving the same High Grade Millinery, but we have priced them even much lower than usual.

See this first shipment of ours early, as we know it will go quickly.

HENRY BLAIR.

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The Spirit of Spring is splendidly reflected in the exceptional attractiveness, superior quality and unmatchable colorings in our line of SPRING AND SUMMER FABRICS. THE AMERICAN TAILOR **W. P. SHORTALL,** 600 Water Street St. John's, Nfld. P.O.B. 445. PHONE 477. mar25, fu. th. s

cocoa change them in such a manner that when used in drinks they cause a sacration of acidity in the stomach which has a refreshing effect and increase the power for mental effort.

Black brand is used in trimming a sports coat of black and white woolen fabric.

Heavy gold embroidery is used on a tailored evening cloak of mousseline.

The flannel sports suit is made consist of a platted jacket and colored skirt.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR ACHES.