

LOOSEN UP THAT COLD WITH MUSTEROLE

Have a jar of Musterole handy. The moment a cold starts use it freely. It is a clean white ointment with your fingers over the congested parts. You will immediately feel a warm tingle as it penetrates the pores, followed by a soothing itching sensation and quick relief.

Better than a mustard plaster



Sold and Recommended by A. W. Kennedy.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XI.

"It ain't a bad life," said Davy, filling his pipe and smoking in a meditative fashion. "There's plenty of work, it's true, but there's plenty of air, and a man's free."

"Free? Ah, yes!" murmured Royce.

"What sort of work is it, Davy?"

"All sorts," replied the old fellow.

"People outside think that a gypsy lies on his back all day, and goes out stealing fowls and such like at night; but that's a mistake. I don't say as it wouldn't be pleasant to lead that kind of life. But how long would it last? Not a month. For why? Directly a fowl was missed, a p'leeceman would drop on to the gypsies, because there they are, camped and stuck hard and fast on a common or in a lane. And the fowl 'ud be found, and there'd be trouble all round. No, I believe we Romans are as honest as outside folk."

"What's a Romany?" asked Royce, intensely interested.

"All folk as are real gypsies," replied Davy, puffing at his pipe. "And we ain't half as mean. No, we don't steal."

"How do you get your living—our living?" asked Royce.

"Well, in the summer, there's fairs," said Davy. "We always get the round of the fairs, and we make a great deal of money there, setting up Aunt Sallies, and cock-shies, and shooting-galleries. But most of the time we earn our living making and selling basket-work—nobody can make basket-work like a gypsy—and buying and selling horses; and there ain't nobody as good a judge of a horse as a gypsy. He's brought up among them from a child, you see, and he learns their points almost as soon as he can walk."

"I could be of some use in that way," said Royce, thoughtfully. "I've been accustomed to horses."

"So I saw, sir," said Davy. "I could tell that by the way you handled that colt. Well, our tribe has a reputation for horses, and we do a good deal of business with the farmers and gentry on the line."

"On the line?"

"On the line of march," explained Davy. "We buy and sell; and though it's the common idea that a gypsy can't tell the truth, especially in horse dealing, we've got the name for squareness, and we do a great trade."

"I see," said Royce. "Well, and how do you manage about the profits?"

"We share it," said Davy. "Share and share alike is our motto. We live in common, don't you understand?"

"This made Royce thoughtful. Was it possible he had hit upon the truest form of communism?"

"But suppose a dispute occurs?" he said.

"Then we take it to Madge, our queen," replied Davy, simply.

Royce sat up.

"Madge your queen?" he said.

Davy nodded.

"Yes; she's a Lee—one of the old Lees, and as much our queen as Victoria's the Queen of England."

Royce ruminated over this statement.

"But she works like the rest," he said.

"She do," assented Davy. "But she's no need to. It's because she likes to. Madge is our queen, and we're all sworn to obey her. But she's an easy kind of queen, and don't seem to take much upon herself. I've known some of the queens as was as masterful as Victoria could be. Order a camp on the march at a moment's notice, and sometimes just as everybody had got settled for the night."

"And they obeyed?"

"In course. What the queen says you've got to do, you do. There ain't any getting away from it. But Madge ain't like that. You would never guess as she was queen by the way she behaves. She just lets the camp do as it will. She won't take nothing on herself, and works like the rest at the basket business, and so on. And she's different to us somehow."

"How?" asked Royce, intensely interested.

"Well, she's got notions above the common, you see. Some years ago she took it into her head that she'd like to go to school. It was an extraordinary idea, but it wasn't for us to say no, and so she went; and she learned to read and write, and got to be a scholar. But it's made her different to the rest of us like. She don't seem quite the same. For instance—"

he puffed at his pipe as if he were ruminating over the proper phrase—"she's less like a gypsy and more like a lady."

"She is a lady," said Royce, involuntarily.

Davy stared at him.

"Waal, I desay; you ought to know sir. And she don't seem to take the interest a queen ought to take. For one, I'm sorry she ever went to school."

"And I am not," said Royce.

As he expressed this opinion, the flap of the tent was lifted and a face appeared. It was Uncle Jake's. He looked from Royce to Davy curiously, and with a heavy smile.

"Oh, we start at day-break, Davy," he said. "All right, Mr. Jack?"

"Quite right, thanks," said Royce.

Uncle Jake nodded twice, and let the flap fall again; and Royce said to Davy:

"That was Uncle Jake?"

The old man inclined his head.

"I suppose he is one of the leaders of the tribe—a thorough-bred gypsy?"

Old Davy shook his head.

"He's one of the leaders," he replied.

"'cos he's sharp and clever; but he ain't a thorough-bred gypsy. He's like yourself."

"Like myself?" said Royce, puzzled.

"Yes, Uncle Jake was an outsider. He joined us a matter of—"

He put his hand to his head. "I forget how long. Many years ago. He ain't a gypsy at all. He was a gentleman, I believe."

Royce looked rather incredulous.

"A gentleman as had got into trouble," went on old Davy. "I don't know what it was, none of us don't. Oh, no, he ain't a gypsy; but he's wonderful smart when he don't drink."

"And when is that?" asked Royce.

Davy shook his head.

"That's Uncle Jake's falling," he said, gravely. "If it weren't for that he'd be a great man. I reckon that was his ruin. We gypsies, as is real gypsies, don't drink; you'll notice that, young sir. An' we don't steal, because we can't; and our women-folk are a darn sight better than most of them as looks down upon them. You'll notice that. And now, if we've got to strike camp at day-break, we'd better get to sleep," and he dropped down among the straw.

Royce followed his example and slept like a top.

He was awakened by the men's voices and the neighing of horses, and rolled out to find that Davy was already beginning to take down the tent.

"What about a wash?" said Royce.

"There's the river," said Davy; and taking the hint, Royce went down and had a swim; then he came back and lent a hand at breaking up the camp.

He had slept more soundly on the fresh straw than he had ever slept in a feather-bed, and felt like a giant refreshed; and when he joined the group round the camp-fire he felt as hungry as a hunter.

He looked round, nodding to one and another, but though he saw Mother

Katie bending over the huge caldron, and Davy and Uncle Jake, he did not see Madge. He missed her, and he wanted to ask her why she had refused to join in the pledge last night. He eat a hearty breakfast—the coffee which Katie had made specially for him he divided among the children—and immediately afterward joined the others in the preparation for the march.

"You'd better see after them young horses, Mr. Jack," said Uncle Jake; "that is, if you're quite up to it, you know."

"I'm up to anything," said Royce; and he got the horses together with the help of Davy (between whom and himself there had already sprung up a mutual liking), and jumping on the back of one of them, he led the rest in a compact and masterly manner, which caused some of the gypsies to eye him with curious approbation. He had not gone through the rough-riding school for nothing. They halted at mid-day for dinner. Royce found himself in possession of an extremely satisfactory appetite; but he missed Madge again. Was it possible that she was avoiding him? He could not go and look for her, for he was fully taken up with his horses; but in the evening, when they pulled up for the night's rest, which every living thing in the camp had earned, and he had tethered his charges, he went round to the van in which he had spent so many long hours that it seemed like home to him.

She was standing at the door, holding a mite of a child, almost as red as an Indian, by the hand; and, though her face flushed as she bent down to calm the little one, who was startled at his approach, she did not turn and go in.

"Why, Madge," he said, cheerfully, and raising his cloth cap, "where have you been all day? I was afraid you were ill at last."

"I am quite well," she said. "Be quiet, Tony; it is all right."

"Is Tony afraid of me?" he said, sitting on the steps and drawing the child toward him. "You needn't be, Tony. I don't bite—not always. Let me see what I can find for it. Haven't got any lollipops, unfortunately, but perhaps you'd enjoy a lead-pencil;" and he gave it a piece he found in his pocket. "Children of this tender age eat coal, don't they, Madge? So I shouldn't think it would hurt it."

Madge shook her head, but he could not win a smile, and in his impulsive way, he said:

"Anything the matter, Madge? Offended you again? I thought you'd be rather glad to see me and hear how ridiculously well I am, after all the fuss I've made."

(To be continued.)

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Used by the Romans. Though shorthand plays such a wonderful part in our lives, most people know nothing, or practically nothing, of its fascinating story. How many are aware, for instance, that the ancient Romans employed it with success, or that many poisons had produced various systems long before Sir Isaac Pitman came upon the scene with his more practicable method?

The system of shorthand used by the ancients probably consisted of contractions of words. The first real shorthand known to this country made its appearance in 1558, when Timothy Bright brought his invention before the public. This system enjoyed considerable popularity, and it is said that some of Shakespeare's plays were transcribed from it.

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SPOTLESS NEWSPAPERS. There are men so highly moral that they gnash their teeth as a y. "Certain we have a quarrel with the journals of to-day; they are frightful things to study, they are vicious, they are vain, for they chronicle the bloody and the sinful and profane. Is there murder in an alley murder noxious and unclean? You will see reporters rally by the dozen to the scene. Does a hoodlum cut some capers while inspired by bottled drink? There'll be screechheads in the papers, and a splash of crimson ink! Are there scandals and divorces? They'll be printed, never fear; fellows run their evil courses, and they'll get three columns clear. They will chronicle, my masters, all that savors of disgrace, but a conference of pastors doesn't get an inch of space. They are diligent collectors of the ribald and the vile, but no solace of our readers isn't worth the paper's while. But the papers, oh, the papers, they are wiser than they look; they're the builders and the shapers of our destinies, gadzook! And they advertise the sinner who has set the town aghast, that he may not be a winner when the roundup comes at last. For our lovely, growing village it will be an evil day, when the men of crime and pilage go unmarked upon their way. We'll have reached disaster's border when the papers cease to tell in the cause of law and order, sparing spoilsman and their spoil.

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Russia Thanks Britain

"DO NOT RELY ON THE GOVERNMENT."

RIGA, Feb. 13.—The Latvian Telegraph Agency reports that the Third Internationale has published an appeal to the workers of England and of the world asking the proletariat not to rely upon the English Socialist Government, "which promises nothing good for the workers."

The Communist Party does not believe in Socialism until the proletariat have deprived the capitalists of their property by a revolutionary rising.

The Third Internationale suggests that the workers everywhere should distribute proclamations among their fellow-workers with such slogans as "Radical aid for the unemployed"; "Nationalise the mines and railroads"; "Complete independence for Ireland, India, and Egypt"; "Disarmament"; "Credits to Russia"; and "Cancellation of the Versailles Treaty."

The Baltic papers have published this characteristic effusion under the headlines: "The Bolsheviks' grateful acknowledgment of England's recognition."

The Other Voice.

The effective contrast to this was provided to-day when the Moscow newspapers of February 9 arrived in Riga.

In both the Izvestia and the Pravda Communist writers announce that England is the best friend Russia has. They recall that England signed the trade agreement with the Bolsheviks on the first day of the Kronstadt revolution, three years ago, when the Soviet Government faced its most critical moment. To-day, they say, England's de jure recognition came immediately after Lenin's death, when there was a serious split in the Communist Party, and international Communism again faced a critical moment.

MOTHER!

Baby's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



When baby is constipated, has wind-colic, feverish breath, coated-tongue, or diarrhoea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Babies love its delicious taste. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Writing Like Lightning!

An Invention Which Has Revolutionized Commerce.

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BOILER SAUCER DOUBLE BEER PIE DRY WASH MILK. at a. Har Phone mar13.31. British. Dominion. erme. House. Ordur. ed. NAVY EST. Great Britain 1924-25 as given to-day by the Ministry, Viscount £5,580,000, 000 as compared with the present year. DOMINION. The statement of the First Lord which he gave estimates for a system of navy meet with approval of its own. The principle and to assist in the going Dominion. ADVERSE VO. The MacDonell's setback. K. Clynes. House for sun. clock adjust. the army esha. vote of 243. however, does. defeat. PROCL. The solemn.

You Can Get Strong and Well Just as Did by Using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. At