

Titania's Palace

More than 100,000 people have visited Sir Neville Wilkinson's Titania Palace, which has been on exhibition in London. In 12 months it has earned nearly two thousand pounds for the charities which work for children.

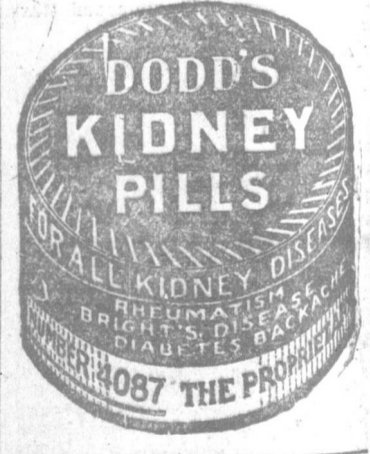
Titania's Palace is an elaborate and exquisite piece of miniature craftsmanship. It was designed by Sir Neville Wilkinson, Ulster King of Arms, and the making of it was for some years the chief occupation of the spare time of Sir Neville and Lady Beatrice Wilkinson, with a few contributions from a few other skilled craftsmen, amateur and professional.

The palace is a handsome and commodious mansion, replete with electric light, and every facility for convenience, from state apartments and a private chapel to a motor car, a perambulator, and a razor. It is built round a courtyard, so that the rooms can be seen from the outside.

The palace recently returned to London after a trial tour in the west country; it is to visit other parts of the United Kingdom, and will then go to the Dominions and America.

SPREADING THE NEWS.

I took a twelve-cent cent of sugar to Gaffer Dingbat, in his company where he has long been a house. "O it is house," quoth he, "you kindly act, performed with courtesy a task, assured you're a better stretched upon a bed, the neighbour with a can of dope and smile expressing cheerful hope, seems a servable guest." A hundred men I told that day how I had gone my kindly way, to Dinebat's couch of pain; "A can of costly soup I bore—It cost me two cents at the door," I'd carefully explain. I moved about from group to group and told about that can of soup, and of no good it wrought; I told how Gaffer Dingbat yipped with happiness the while he sipped his peaseoup I had bought. "Now, by Paul!" the parson said, "a blessing rests upon the head of him who helps the sick, if quietly the deed is done, but you are telling every one, informing every lick. The merit of your kindly deed is ruined by your boasting for credit and applause; do good by stealth and do not try to capture the public eye as Pruneyville's Santa Claus." I said, "I hold my conduct wise; my kindly deed I advertise, that others may imitate; and soon you see a whole blaméd troop go past; Gaffer Dingbat cans of soup, and custard pies, I wist."



Would Make Good Detective

ST. JOHN, N.B.—(Can. Press)—A young man, on entering a local theatre the other night, was given a most agreeable surprise. The young lady who was about to show him to his seat, apparently recognized his face, and asked him if a year or more ago he had lost a roll of film. The young man replied that he had, but had no idea where he lost it. Thereupon the usher informed him that a roll of film had been picked up in the theatre more than a year ago, and that after the management had kept it for some time, they had had it printed. On seeing the young man enter the theatre this time, the young lady had recognized his as one of the faces appearing in the prints.

The Snow Birds

NEW YORK.—(Can. Press)—Seventeen men and five women were recently seen in Courland Park, running barefoot in the snow. All were over fifty. It was the "Hot Dog Club," an organization devoted to health and maintenance in persons beyond middle age. They are also called "snow birds." Long hikes were tried, but there was no warming up in the work until the trainer in charge made them run in the snow, when there is, any, for a mile. He follows with a sled-load of shoes, stockings and Turkish towels.

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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER VI.

The secretary, a little man with a stark, haggard face—the face of a man overworked and underpaid—looked at his diary.

"To-morrow, my lord, at two o'clock, you have to open the new wing of the asylum for Decayed Collar Starchers at Walham Green."

"Hem—yes! I suppose I shall have to make a speech. Have you prepared the sketch Mr. Jowle?"

"Yes, my lord; here it is," said the secretary, taking a roll of papers from his pocket.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: A public man has many duties to fulfill, but I know of none which could afford greater pleasure than that which I have been called on to undertake to-day. To aid, in however small a degree, the efforts of so praiseworthy a body as the Clean Collar Starchers of England in their endeavor to establish a charity benefiting the poor and needy of their class—"

"Hem—yes! the usual thing, I suppose," said the earl, blandly, taking the sketch. "It's not too long, I hope?"

"No, my lord; half an hour," said the weary secretary. "After you leave the Collar Starchers you have to dine with the Indigent Umbrella Frame Makers Society. I have got your speech."

"The outline, you mean, Mr. Jowle?"

"Certainly—the outline merely, my lord," Mr. Jowle corrected himself, with a discreet cough; and he read the opening of a finished and complete speech.

"Thanks. Yes? And then?"

"Your lordship has to take the chair at a meeting of the Lost Cats' Society."

"I don't speak there, I think?"

"Yes, my lord. Here is the—ahem—outline. I have drawn a picture of the working-man sitting beside his fire-place, with the kettle and the cat singing together."

"Very good," said the earl—"very appropriate, indeed. I will—or—fill it in. Anything else, Mr. Jowle?"

"The meeting of the Society for the Investigation of Apparitions. But that's to-night, my lord—at midnight."

The earl shook his head.

"I am afraid I must forego the pleasure of attending the Apparition Society's meeting, Mr. Jowle. Be kind enough to write an excuse. You can say that I am suffering from a severe cold."

"Yes, my lord," said the patient secretary; and he rapidly wrote the required note. "That is all, my lord."

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he said; then as he rose he looked up timidly at the great philanthropist, and clearing his throat, said: "I am sorry to trouble your lordship, but my quarter's salary was due a week ago, and—I've a sick wife and four children, my lord—if you would kindly—"

The Earl of Landon raised his brows.

"Really, Mr. Jowle, this—er—request is—er—most unusual and—er—serious; if I may say so, a want of taste and delicacy on your part. I am afraid you must have grown extravagant. Your salary of sixty pounds a year should be ample to keep you, and enable you to put money by. Thrift, thrift, Mr. Jowle, is the first duty of a man with a family, and you should always—always, remember—have money in hand. I was not aware your salary was due. Mention it to-morrow, please. It is too late to-night to get a check cashed, or I would give you one. Good-night, Mr. Jowle, good-night."

The unfortunate secretary gathered his papers together and trudged off to his sick wife and four children, and the Earl of Landon, taking up his "outlines"—they were all complete and finished speeches—commenced to get them off by heart.

He worked very hard at his lesson—as hard as an actor who had so many "lengths" of his part to commit to memory—for a couple of hours, pacing up and down the luxurious room; but toward the end of that time my lord grew restless.

His fair face grew into wrinkles of impatience, his two light-blue eyes became watery, and his thin white hands lost their placidity and twined together; and as the exquisitely carved clock on the mantel-shelf struck eleven, he started and tugged at his long fair hair.

Then, as the last stroke sounded, he dropped on the table the manuscript of one speech which the secretary had composed, and ascended the broad, thickly carpeted stairs to his dressing-room.

His valet was busy—he had been reading a novel a moment before—brushing his master's clothes; but Lord Landon dismissed him.

"I shall not want you to-night, Perkins," he said. "Pray do not stir up."

Mr. Perkins bowed and disappeared, and the earl sank into a chair as if he were bent upon meditating on the various works of charity for which he was engaged on the morrow; but presently he got up, and stealing on tip-toe to the door, listened intently.

Then, as if assured that all was quiet, he went to his wardrobe, unlocked a drawer at the bottom with a little key, and took out a box.

From this box he lifted a wig of gray hair. It was an elaborate and skillful example of the perruquer's art. At the bottom of the box were some sticks of grease paint—the pigment used by actors—and by the aid of these and the wig the Earl of Landon disguised himself so completely that it may safely be said that his own mother would not have known him. He exchanged the sober dress-coat for a rakish covert-coat, and turning the collar up, he stole out of the room and down the stairs of his own house like a thief.

A hansom was crawling along, and he hailed it and got in.

"Drive me to Regent Circus," he said.

The cabman whipped up the tired horse and reached the circus, and the Earl of Landon got out, paid his fare, and, after glancing to right and left cautiously, walked quickly down a side street.

He stopped outside an ordinary tobacco-shop. Its door was closed, and its shutters were up; but he knocked with his knuckles at the door, and a tall, soldierly-looking man opened it.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"All right; it's me, Scotty," said the earl; and the man opened the door just enough for the earl to enter.

The shop was in appearance just like the other thousand and one tobacco-shops in London; but the earl, lifting the counter-flap, passed behind the counter, into a long passage, and traversing this, reached a long room fairly filled with men and women. The men were, most of them, in evening-dress, the women elaborately attired; and they were gathered in groups round green tables, upon which stood cards and money, bottles of wine and glasses.

"In a word, it was one of London's 'silver bells,' filled with gamblers, male and female.

The Earl of Landon, nodding to one and another, as if they were old

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acquaintances, made his way to a table, and sitting down, joined in the game.

At first he was cool and cautious, but as the game proceeded—it was baccarat—his face grew flushed and his thin lips tremulous—the voice to which the audiences at Exeter Hall had listened with such edification grew thick and husky, and his hands, as they dealt the cards, shook like an aspen leaf.

He played all through the night and the small hours of the morning, drinking the hideous champagne and smoking the more hideous cigars—played with that intense absorption of which only the born gambler is capable. Some men are cured with a love of drink, some with a love for the cards and the dice, Seymour, Earl of Landon, was afflicted in the latter way. Where he had got his passion from one can not tell. His father, the general, had never played anything but whist, and never for more than shilling points; but the taint in Seymour's blood had come down, slowly but surely, from some gambling ancestor, travelling like a root underground to spring up like a upas-tree.

Now, he might have played at his club openly, and like other men addicted to the vice; but then he could not have been chairman of the Decayed Collar Starchers' Society, etc., etc.; and Lord Landon was weak and vain as well as vicious. He loved the cards and the dice as a horse loves corn, but he also loved to stand before an audience gassing with admiration, and was never happy unless he could see his name in the newspapers, and hear himself spoken of as "our noble and kind-hearted chairman."

He wanted to serve the gods of respectability and Mammon at the same time, and the "silver bell" in the side street off Regent Street enabled him to do so. Scarcely a night passed but he stole out of his house like a thief and indulged his craving for the excitement of the gambling-table.

To-night the cards had gone against him with a steady persistence which almost drove him mad. He loved to win for winning's sake generally, but to-night he was particularly anxious that a fortune should smile on him, for he had a run of bad luck lately, and money was getting scarce. Your born gambler can never leave off, let the luck be as bad as it may, while there is a penny in his pocket; and Seymour sat at the table until his last bank-note had gone.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER!

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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE TWO TRAVELLERS

AN old man met an ardent youth along the road one day. His beard was flowing in the wind, his hair was silver gray. His back was bent with heavy time, his hands were wrinkled brown. He was departing while the boy was coming into town.

They met as travelers often do, inward and outward bound. And so the young man questioned him to tell what he had found. "I've never seen this place before, you know its every turn. How shall I prosper in the town? What shall I have to learn?"

"Boy," said the old man slowly then. "Time was I came as you. Unto the city walls of life, and naught of it I knew. I wondered just what kind of men they were who straggled there. And would they make a place for me and were my prospects fair?"

"Now I am bound away from it, for I am old and gray, and yet I wish that I were young and going there to-day. If you are entering the town strong in the wish to do some useful service for mankind, they'll make a place for you."

"The city teems with countless men, yet more and more they cry. For youth that willfully will work, for youth that will not lie. For youth with honest strength to give, for youth with courage rare, if these you're taking into town, then you will prosper there."

"Go in and win, and have no fear. With honor as your guide. You'll find whatever cares you face, good friends are at your side. And though you hear the thoughtless jibe, do not be led astray. You shall command the town's respect when you are old and gray."

Britain's First Aim

LONDON.—(Can. Press)—What will probably be the largest assembly of British war vessels away from home waters since the Great War will be seen when the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, of the British Royal Navy, join at Pollensa Bay, Majorca, on March 10th, for combined exercises. From the 11th until the 15th all available vessels under the command of Admirals Sir John M. de Robeck and Sir Osmond Brock will be off this island. A contributing factor to the size of the gathering is the fact that no ships are now on detached duty in Turkey. According to present arrangements, all six ships of the Fourth Battle Squadron, five of the Third Light Cruiser Squadron, (the Comus being absent) and 16 vessels of the Third and Fourth Destroyer Flotillas (the Woolsey and Woolston being away) and will accompany Admiral Brock to Pollensa. On the conclusion of the exercises, while the bulk of the Atlantic fleet returns to Gibraltar, the First Submarine Fleet to accompany the Mediterranean Fleet to Malta.

For the Aged SCOTT'S EMULSION
The food that sustains

Canadian Newspaper

OTTAWA, Ont.—(Can. Press)—Canada supplies over 80 per cent. of the newspaper paper imported annually into the United States and over two-thirds of the total consumption of newspaper by that country is either of Canadian manufacture or is made of pulpwood or wood-pulp imported from Canada, according to figures from the census of the pulp and paper industry for 1921 and 1922, just completed by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The United States is Canada's best customer for paper and paper products, taking \$6.9 per cent. of the total value of the exports. Newspaper paper has formed about 80 per cent. of the total paper production in Canada since 1917. Paper boards take up about 8 per cent. of the production and wrapping paper about 6 per cent. The total value of paper imports into Canada in 1922 was about one-ninth that of exports, leaving a trade balance of \$65,530,799.

In the Good Old Days

MONTREAL.—(Can. Press)—In old books on Montreal you may read of the Great Earthquake of 1662, which is said to have lasted for over six months. It all that has been recorded, the superstitious folk of the period must have trembled for their sins, for besides the earthquake they were visited with signs and wonders. For forty days men on chargers rushed through the air, wars were waged and a multitude was armed "in helmets and naked swords." Another historian relates: "Earth and Heaven spake to us many times this year. Last autumn we saw serpents which flew through the air bearing wings of fire." Phenomenal happenings. One wonders if the Northern Lights, unearthly in their beauty and an eternal enigma to man, hold the key to this riddle of our ancestors.

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Milk at its Best

SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

TREES AND MEN AND WOMEN.

We went walking the other day in a grove of trees, on which there were hundreds of dead branches.

The reason for this was that the trees on which too close together. At the top where the upper branches were unshaded and uncrowded, they were fully alive. But down below the crowding, too close together had killed some branches on most of those trees, and had killed a few of the smaller trees altogether.

I wonder if you will think of the same analogies that I did.

Of course the analogy to the crowded tenement districts is immediately and poignantly obvious.

But that is not the only comparison I thought of. Perhaps because I had recently had a letter from a woman who unconsciously described another kind of crowding.

Unconscious Crowding.

She said that she and her husband had been married five years. They had always done everything together as she was unusually athletic, and they had no children. They were great tramps, they played tennis, they swam together and both being fond of bridge they played cards a good deal in the evening. But last summer, she went on to say, he had taken up golf. She had been away at the time with her mother who was ill and so he got a head start, but when she came back she expected to take it up and play with him. But from something in his manner she felt that he didn't really want her to take it up. Nothing that had ever happened to her made her feel so bad. They had always done

everything together and now he no longer wanted to. Did I think it was the beginning of some deep change in him. Was there something she ought to do about it?

Overcome This Dependence.

I wrote her that I thought there was something she ought to do about it. She ought to find some pleasure of her own in which she did not require his companionship.

Plainly those two had been living too close together and plainly the man unconsciously felt the bad effect of the crowding.

I think there are a great many couples who unconsciously crowd each other.

The woman's form of crowding is generally too great a dependence on the man for her pleasures, a resentment of the pleasures that he enjoys away from her, a jealousy of his men friends, sometimes even an unwillingness to let him be alone with his thoughts or his book without trying to crowd into his mind and find out what is going on there.

How Men Crowd.

The man's form of crowding is more apt to take the form of an unconscious effort to shape all the woman's opinions and reactions to life to his own. It is the masculine nature to try to crowd out opposition to his own opinions and wishes. But so it is that "each man kills the thing he loves," for whether they know it or not, most men love spirit in women.

Don't let yourself crowd. Fight the instinct, if you have it. For the truly close and beautiful unions are those in which the unity is of the spirit, and in which the crowding is carefully avoided.

Household Notes.

Season baked lima beans with a little salt pork, dried carrots, and green pepper.

If a pudding is to be baked, the batter should be a little more moist than for steaming.

Mashed potato stuffing is excellent seasoned with a little onion juice and powdered sage.

Tomato sauce seasoned with onion, green pepper and cheese is delicious on asparagus.

Mayonnaise for fruit salad is improved by heating into it some stiffly whipped cream.

Instead of using a crust on a deep dish chicken pie, cover it with tiny baking powder biscuits.

Sliced oranges, grapefruit, canned cherries and strips of green pepper make an attractive salad.

Cream cheese balls that are to garnish a fruit salad are nice rolled in chopped walnut meats.

Thinly sliced Bermuda onions and oranges are delicious served on lettuce with French dressing.

Chopped raisins, candied cherries and walnut meats make chocolate drop cookies unusually tempting.

Try steaming rice, then browning it in butter, and serving with tomato sauce seasoned with cheese.

Place slices of tomato on crisp lettuce and cover with finely minced green pepper, grated cheese and onion.

Rice popovers are delicious when served hot with maple syrup, or as dessert with preserved fruit.

If there are any tender, left-over asparagus tips, add them to eggs, when you are scrambling them.

A tablespoonful of crushed caraway seeds may be used in sugar cookies instead of flavor extract.

Add some finely shredded cabbage to tomato jelly when it begins to stiffen. Garnish with sliced hard-cooked egg.

Serve waffles with a small pitcher of melted butter and one of maple syrup, or a dish of cinnamon and sugar.

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