



Fresh Colors in your own room—and what fun, with SUNSET!

IF you are proud of the room you call your own, what joy to decorate and arrange it as you like. What delight to plan a new color scheme—and with SUNSET how easy to carry it out.

Draperies, cushions, rugs, bedspreads, blossom forth in fresh colors as if by fairy magic. This is the charm of SUNSET—that it gives new beauty and character to things that were dull and uninteresting. This modern fast dye is so clean and easy to use, so sure of beautiful results, that you will find it real fun to dye with SUNSET.

SUNSET is the one fast dye you can use without staining your hands or spoiling utensils—the only fast dye that cleans as it dyes and reproduces uniformly certain results.

SUNSET IS UNIQUE. Just think. With SUNSET you can make any color, any shade you can dye any fabric—silk, wool, cotton, mixed goods—and be through with the whole dyeing operation in 10 minutes.

Try SUNSET—and see how easy it is to have your own room a harmony of lovely color.

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The most charming and original feature of the new color dyes. Write for our folder of "The Designer's Color and Directions for Tie-and-dyeing."
Nearly all good drug and department stores sell SUNSET. Look for the SUNSET dispenser case and ask to see Cole's Card. If you can't get SUNSET, write to the nearest branch office. Write to the Home Service Department, 1212 St. John's St., St. John's, N.F., for a free folder.

SUNSET SOAP DYES
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Dept. 68.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Sorry!" he said. "I'd like to dance all the time with you."

"Never mind," she said, then, with averted eyes, she added: "You will be able to dance with Irene, Royce."

"Oh, yes," he replied, fastening his sleeve-link. "We are not husband and wife, you know."

"No," she said in a low voice. "Royce!"

"Well?" he responded, looking up quickly, for there was a touch of anxiety in her tone.

"You will keep near me as much as you can to-night? That will not be a breach of etiquette, will it?"

"Of course I will," he replied. "I shall have to trot about a great deal, but I will be with you as much as I can, though it strikes me rather forcibly that you will not be lonely," and he looked significantly at her from tip to toe. "You had plenty of company at the meet the other day, you know, and I fancy it will be the same here."

Madge blushed faintly.

"If all the world were round me, and you were absent, I should feel lonely, Jack."

She called him Jack now and again in moments like the present, when her great love for him revealed itself.

A knock came to the door, and Irene's voice said:

"Are you ready, Madge, dear?"

Royce fled, and Madge opened the door.

"I am going down to the ball-room to see if everything is right," said Irene. Then she stopped and uttered

"The Least Noise or Excitement Made Me Tremble," says Mrs. Beaulieu

Never before in the world's history have there been so many cases of nervous collapse, with "jumpy" nerves, accompanied by fits of depression, as since the Great War. This condition applies not only to men and women but to children. These run-down conditions affect every part of the human system, bringing indigestion, headaches, weakness, insomnia, anemia and finally, if not checked, that most insidious and dreaded disease, consumption. To protect the system, there is only one thing to do, rest and build up the body with Carnot. Carnot helped Mrs. Beaulieu. She says:

"I don't know how to express my gratitude to you for all that Carnot has done for me. I was terribly depressed. I had no appetite. The least exertion tired me. I couldn't sleep. The slightest noise or excitement made me tremble. My nerves were 'jumpy.' I was losing weight. Finally I consulted my doctor and he told me that I was completely run down and I needed a tonic. The best tonic for your case," said he, "is Carnot. I took Carnot for a month and I feel so well today that it is hard to realize that six weeks ago I was in such poor health." Mrs. F. Beaulieu, Riviere du Loup, P. Q., Canada. Carnot is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

"Then you must stay away from it," said Madge, fervently. "If I were a man—" she stopped suddenly, for the countess had entered from a doorway behind them. She was dressed in her favorite gray satin, and wore the family diamonds and priceless family lace. She looked at the two girls critically.

"You have both very pretty dresses," she said. "Yours is well chosen, Irene—and yours, too, Madge," she added.

Madge colored with pleasure. "I am glad you like it, madame," she said.

Her modesty seemed to touch the countess.

"No one could help liking it," she said. "It suits you remarkably well. Come to me." Madge came forward, and the countess slightly altered the arrangement of the diamond wreath in her hair. "That is better," she said. "You wear your diamonds well, child."

Moved by a sudden impulse, Madge took her hand and kissed it.

A faint color rose to the countess's face.

"I am well paid for my compliment," she said, and moved away.

"Have I offended her?" said Madge. Irene shook her head, her eyes were moist.

"No, no; how sweetly you did it, dear! Why, a heart of stone could not have resisted it. I should have fang my arms around your neck, and crushed her lace, and perhaps annoyed her, but you did just the right thing."

Madge sighed with relief.

"For the first time," she said.

They spoke almost in whispers, for footmen in fine new livery were passing in and out. Irene drew Madge to one of the windows, moved the curtain aside, and showed her the drive. It was lined with brilliantly lighted lamps, and grooms stood in a cluster ready to receive the carriages.

"It's like a scene in 'The Arabian Nights,'" said Madge, dreamily.

A voice muttering just sounded like oaths made them start, and instinctively they looked at each other before they came out from the curtains which had concealed them.

"It was Seymour. He was pacing up and down with a letter in his hand, his face lined with care and trouble. He started slightly as he saw them; then his face cleared, and crushing the letter in his pocket, he came forward, bowing with exaggerated reverence.

"Venus and Helen of Troy," he said. "I salute you! You look as if you had both just floated down from Olympus. Irene, dear, I want you to give me the first dance."

She seemed to shrink a little.

"Oh, ask Madge!" she said. He smiled at them eagerly.

"Madge will, perhaps," spare me one. I know it is too much to ask, but I want you to give me the first dance."

"Very well," she said, her coldness contrasting markedly with his affectionate ardor.

He took the ball programme and wrote his name, not only for the first, but for two others. Irene seemed about to remonstrate, but she said

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nothing, and he wrote his name for one on Madge's card.

"I dare not ask for more," he said; "for every man in the room will want to dance with the Lady of the Poppies."

His compliments always made Madge feel as if she wanted to get out of sound of his voice, and she turned away from him with intense gravity.

"Hark!" said Irene. "There are the first carriages."

The countess went and took her place beside the door ready to receive her guests, the famous London band filed into the gallery and began to tune up their instruments, the rattle and roll of the heavy chariots, in which county people delight to make their state visits, were heard more distinctly in the drive, joined to the voices of the grooms calling to one another, the richly appointed footman moved to and fro, ushering in the guests whose names were huddled on from the stately steward, who stood at the foot of the magnificent staircase, to his fellow, standing like a statue at the top.

(to be continued.)

Have you a Suit or Overcoat's maker? We make a speciality of making up customers own goods at prices that are absolutely the lowest for first class work. FARRELL THE TAILOR, 510 Water St.—nov17

THE MILLENIUM.

If we'd all promptly pay a y debts, the merchant D. A. B. V. might, happily, say "I'll cut the price of onion sets, of prunes and succotash and hay; my patrons have a e n passing slow in paying for the goods they bought; but now they pay up what they owe, and prices will be badly shot." If we'd all promptly pay our debts, a lot of trouble his we'd eschew; unwise the voter who forgets to pay his bills when they are due. Man's credit is a precious thing that should be kept without a stain; if flakes of rust upon it cling, the owner is not safe or sane. To every man there comes a day when he goes to purchase hay, how feels he, if merchants laugh? "You did not keep your credit bright, when you had hogches, rick on rick," the merchants say to that poor wight, "and now you cannot buy on tick. A hundred delegates like you ran up accounts and never paid, dodged all their bills and thereby threw their wrenches in the mills of trade." We careful boys who pay our bills upon the balmy first of May, pay also for the Jacks and Jills who buy and buy and do not pay.

The merchant princes charge enough to cover all the dead bills due, and so high prices are the staff-and will be till the journey's through. I buy my pups and other pets, the robber prices make me weep; if all men would but pay their debts, I'd buy my duckshunds twice as cheap.

Queen Alexandra Gives up Reading

CONDITION CAUSED BY NERVOUS AFFLICTION NOT REGARDED SERIOUS.

LONDON, May 2.—(Special Cable)—Eye trouble has forced the Dowager Queen Alexandra, mother of King George, to give up reading, according to the Daily Graphic to-day, quoting "a high authority."

The journal makes refutation of recent alarming reports as to her Majesty's health. It states that she may be described as "very fragile," but her condition is not alarming and she has lately displayed much of her former vivacity with regard to the possibility of the King's winning his first Derby next month.

The Graphic adds that the present affliction is largely a nervous ailment and that her medical and other attendants "will be greatly pleased when next Tuesday is passed, since it marks the fourteenth anniversary of the death of King Edward—always a very sad day with her Majesty."

SHOPKEEPERS

The surest way to annoy a customer is to ask her to buy some other Soap, when she wants Sunlight Soap.

When a woman asks for Sunlight Soap, it shows that she is an intelligent woman, who wants value for her money.

When you ask such a woman to buy some other soap, it shows that you consider she doesn't know what she wants.

When you tell a sensible woman that some other soap is as good as Sunlight, she knows you are not telling the whole truth.

Naturally when she knows you are trying to fool her, she has a poor opinion of your judgment and veracity.

You cannot fool any woman regarding Sunlight Soap. Every woman knows Sunlight Soap to be purest and best.

This is why selling Sunlight Soap is the easiest thing any shopkeeper has to do. Every wise shopkeeper knows this.

Every now and then shopkeepers are asked to buy soap,—said to be as good as Sunlight Soap.

Eventually such soap has to be sold at a loss, and the loss is always made by the shopkeeper. The soap agent gets his money, the shopkeeper is the goat.

When next you are asked to buy such a soap, ask the agent,—"Will it sell as well as Sunlight Soap?"

Soap which won't sell as well as Sunlight Soap isn't as good as Sunlight, it won't pay for its keep.

Don't let any slick soap agent load you up with soap which will stick to your shelves and lose money on you.

STICK TO SUNLIGHT AND YOU WON'T BE STUCK. Have you tried Small Sunlight Soap? A case contains 200 handy cakes. Small Sunlight retails for 5 cents per cake.

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Beaver Board is better than plaster for walls and ceilings, because Beaver Board cannot crack, nor fall.

About seven dollars worth of Beaver Board will cover the ceiling of your dining room or parlor.

Beaver Board is better than pitch pine or v jointed boards, because Beaver Board shows no seams.

When your ceilings are done with Beaver Board, no dust can come down on your furniture.

Beaver Board is water-proofed and sized, ready for the application of paint or calcimine.

To get genuine Beaver Board, look for the board with the Red Beaver Brand on the border.

Beaver Board may be had 48 inches wide and in lengths of 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 feet. Beaver Board costs only 5 cents per square foot.

Beaver Board is best for bungalows and best for bath rooms. Beaver Board is cheap enough for your kitchen and artistic enough for your parlor.

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