

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement with logo and text: COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS... CONTAINS NO ALUM...

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XVII. THE COUNT'S NEXT MOVE.

"You need not have gone in," said the widow. "We had not finished talking, and there was her bag to carry. That is all," he returned, lying blithely and glibly.

"What was the subject of a conversation so engrossing that you could not finish it in the street?" cried Tom. "Miss Merrion may think me ruddy forgetful," said the other man, with a laugh, "if I have to admit that I have forgotten all except the statement that there was nothing the matter and no cause for anyone to be uneasy on her account. She had been away for private reasons, as well as a business engagement. Was there anything else, Miss Merrion?" he asked, looking across at Dessie.

"I am stopping here only to listen. I will not say a word," said the girl; and then added impetuously, "Tom, this is cruel."

"No, child, it is only necessary," he returned. Then to the Count he said, "Do I understand you to say that Miss Merrion is perfectly at liberty to say anything and everything that passed?"

"At liberty? How can she be otherwise? What right have I to impose restrictions? Your conduct is most extraordinary," and de Montalt drew himself up as in anger.

"Never mind my conduct. I can look after myself, thank you. You are fencing with my question. Do you now, in the presence of all of us, withdraw the prohibition to speak?"

"That question assumes that I have laid some sort of vow of perpetual silence upon her—an altogether ridiculous assumption."

"Yet a correct one," put in Tom sharply. "Nonsense. Miss Merrion is as much mistress of her own tongue as you are of yours."

"You mean by that, you will not take any of the steps you have threatened if she speaks freely to me?"

H.P. SAUCE advertisement with illustration of a woman and text: At Lunch Time Make a point of trying H.P. Sauce, you will be delighted with the new and delicious flavour—quite distinct from ordinary sauces.

"Let whatever you do can only add to the misery and wretchedness. But we must get over that and be friends."

"This is a very unpleasant incident, Dora. I object strongly to such treatment as this gentleman thinks good enough for me. Had it not been here in your house I should have resented it, and either have turned him out or left myself. It was not for this that I came to England," he continued with an air of offended dignity.

"Mr. Cheriton is no favorite of mine," said Mrs. Markham, quickly. She was afraid of the effect of de Montalt's anger. "If you wish it, I will never speak to him again."

"You must follow your own wishes, of course. Naturally, I will never exchange another word with him as long as I live. But there is more than that—the whole incident has distressed me. Who is this Miss Merrion that all her fancies and tempers and moods are to be made the cause of insults to me from her friends? I am not used to it. I hope I have some stronger purpose in life than to study the whims of an erratic young woman of this kind."

"She has been my friend," began Dora, quietly. "Yes, your friend; and therefore her friends must need think it necessary to come and brood and insult me, and set us two by the ears, and make this mischief. I will have none of it."

"I began it, and with but one more word I will finish my part of it. Will you, Mrs. Markham, put the question."

"No, child, it is only necessary," he returned. Then to the Count he said, "Do I understand you to say that Miss Merrion is perfectly at liberty to say anything and everything that passed?"

"At liberty? How can she be otherwise? What right have I to impose restrictions? Your conduct is most extraordinary," and de Montalt drew himself up as in anger.

WHY NOT TRY IT? When you need a laxative, why not try Abbey's Salt? It is pleasant to take—does not flake on top of the water—and effervesces slowly, without choking or blinding the user like seidlitz powders.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt advertisement with logo and text: Why don't you find out what it will do for you?

Will Make Hair Grow Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair. There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

THE DOG. My life is his—'e'en dearer than his own. My form, for him, is in this world alone; His sighs are governed by my sighs—My sadness mirrors in his eyes.

Of noble deeds do honour give unto thy wronged race. Though some deny thee 'e'en an abject resting place; But many live and struggle on with hope, and with the grace of heaven, Ta cheer the soul and brighten up the sad and careworn face.

Crow Watches Daring Robbery. Amazing Theft of Post Office Safe in London. Daring and coolness to a remarkable degree were exhibited by a gang of burglars who broke into a sub-post office at No. 209 Kingsland Road, N., and got away, undisturbed, with a safe containing bank notes, cash, postal order, and stamps to the value of £500.

The Need of Fathers. The crying want of the age is good fathers. Not fathers who will toil night and day in order to amass a competence for their children, but father who will give themselves to their growing sons. The only boy that is safe is the boy whose saved father makes of him a confident, a playmate and a friend.

DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP HER Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Indianapolis, Ind., May 5.—Frank P. Fox, of Indianapolis, a race driver, who is actively engaged in the sport and a member of the Pope-Hartford team nominated to drive in the 500-mile International Sweepstakes race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway next Memorial Day.

HEALTH RESTORED TO THIS FAMILY Wife's experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food led to husband's cure. "Since childhood I was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache," writes Mr. A. K. Van Wyck, Park Hill, Ont., "and as all the doctors' medicines and prescriptions failed to do me any permanent good, I had lost faith in all medicines. It was by accident that I came to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. For I had been recommended for Mrs. Van Wyck and did not see how good that she wished me to try it."

Stomach B... Much sickness starts with poor, impoverished blood, good, rich, red blood. For, after all, a man can't be healthy unless he has a good, rich, red blood. A remedy that makes active, makes rich, red out disease-producing blood of disease.

Household... To polish aluminum metal of borax, ammonia and apply with a soft cloth. A little soap or black on the hinge of a squeaky often remedy matters. When sewing machine come blunted rub them with stone, which repairs as good. Brown boots may be rubbed with the blacking with shoes with a raw potato mashing.

Headac... the great majority a better than Ayer's P... Headac... the great majority a better than Ayer's P... Headac... the great majority a better than Ayer's P...

Held Out Against Odds.

Inspector Fitzgerald and his Men Heroes to Every Northern Man Who Found the Dog's Give Their Opinion.

Toronto, May 16.—The Dawson City correspondent of the Mail and Empire in a letter telling of the trip of Corporal Dempster and his three companions who found the bodies of the ill-fated mounted police party led by Inspector Fitzgerald, and comprising Constables Kinney, Carter and Taylor, declares that the common opinion at Dawson is that the Fitzgerald party was lost because of not having an acquaintance with the country and not making a native guide, and it persisted in the return trip for want of proper equipment for hunting small game.

"It now develops," says the writer, "that the Fitzgerald party not only was shy of supplies on starting, but had hopes to make speed by travelling light, and even took no shotgun. "With such a gun they might have killed sufficient ptarmigan daily. The party consumed fifteen dogs. Some of the dogs of course went to the other dogs. At the camp thirty-five miles from MacPherson, on the return, were found two dog harnesses. Were the men well enough at that point they should have been able to make the finish with the meat of two dogs, but they may have been reduced and famished, and probably poisoned from eating dog's liver. Something in their diary, found far back, said the man had become nauseated, and it was supposed to have been dog's liver which was the cause."

Although the temperature was low and the trail unbroken, the cold and snow probably bothered the men little compared to want of food. The desperate fight to the finish shows the men held out against odds that makes them heroes to every northerner. The Dempster party carried three guns, one of which was a shot gun and had all the birds desired.

One young man, however, who knew that the show was also a post office, thought the proceedings somewhat strange in view of the late hour, and he ran to Ware Street, some 200 yards distant, where there was a policeman on point duty. In the meantime the safe had been placed in the trap and the shop door pulled to. The burglars then drove across the road to Hows Street, which is just opposite, and then down Whiston St., where they were lost sight of. At this point the police arrived.

The safe, which weighed 2 cwt., contained five £10 Bank of England notes, K-48-50211 to 15, two £5 notes, postal orders to the value of £200, stamps worth £73, and rather more than £100 worth of gold, silver and copper coins.

The safe was found on Monday afternoon in an unused stable in Helver Terrace, Leyton, E. The back of the safe was torn off, and £73 worth of postage stamps and £100 in notes and cash missing. All the postal orders and the office stamp had been left untouched.—London Mail, April 28th.

FOR OUT DOOR WORK IN WET WEATHER. NOTHING EQUALS TOWER'S WATERPROOF CLOTHING TO KEEP YOU DRY. Made for hard service and guaranteed waterproof. Best Dealers Everywhere. TOWER CANADIAN OILED CLOTHING CO., LTD. Toronto, Canada.

The Plumber Who Took the Plum.

"You're wanted," said the small boy. "Who wants me?" demanded the plumber. "Number one hundred and thirty-seven—the house you've just come from."

"Do they think I can work all hours of the day?" retorted the plumber. "You'd better come," persisted the small boy stoutly, "or I'll be too late. Ma's got hysterics, and pa's gone nearly mad, and—"

"Look here, sonny!" asked the plumber. "What's up?" "Well, I think you've connected the wrong pipes, or something," replied the boy. "Anyhow, the chamberlain in the parlor is spraying like a fountain, and the bath-room taps on fire."

A nutpick kept on the kitchen table is a most convenient article for removing the paper cover from the milk bottles.

"Had Colds in the Head for Years."

CURED BY DR. BOVEL'S MENTHOL INHALER. Dr. Bovel's Menthol Inhaler gives instant relief in cases of inflammation of the mucous lining of the nose, throat, eye or membranes—in less than a minute after the first application the air passages are freed, and the breathing becomes natural and easy—the most acute attacks of cold in the head are cured in a few hours—cures incipient catarrh in a few days—and will permanently cure most chronic cases in from one to three months—it always cures in a few hours—cures incipient catarrh—relieves the throat and in an incredibly short while absorbs and drives up all discharge.

St. Polycarpe Jet, Q.28. Dear Sir:— I had been suffering from severe colds in the head for years, had tried all kinds of remedies, but could not get relief. Your menthol inhaler was recommended to me, and after using it freely for a short time I found great relief and now am perfectly cured.

I will recommend it to my friends, as I am convinced it will not fail to cure whoever will use it. Your truly, ALICE CLEMENT.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers at 25c. each. If your Dealer cannot supply you send 25c. (in stamps) to our direct BOVEL MANFG. COY. St. John's, Nfld., or Montreal, Can.

SH... Needs just... and the BIG... "Good"

The E...



sort of a cute trick square deal." Such are some of the thoughts, makes about in the course of the someone had spoken happened to be the first nephew on both sides and who, at Christmas, was only five months nine toys, five picture rattlesnakes from relatives. The mother who really pried both the baby.

"I don't think it's fortunate. I think it's Im sensible. Because what I learned from my her. "Because too many to child," she answered. "I think this crowding with toys and teaching positively wicked. You baby's brain isn't its after he is a year old, of all that growing but simulate without our with playthings or rattles or forcing more way of tricks upon it. "Perhaps you've heard baby my Gretchen is thinks it's remarkably trouble she is and says tunate.

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Get rid of your Liver Laziness, Dr. Pierce's Golden... the great... Investigator and You can't afford to composition as a substitute ery," which is a medicine a complete list of ingredie- tie-wrappers, some being Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pe...

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