

**"There Were Many Things Which I Could Not Eat"**

Mrs. H. Robert Wells, English Harbour, Trinity Bay, Nfld., writes:



"I was troubled with nervous dyspepsia—so much so that there were a great many things I could not eat at all on account of the distressed feeling afterwards. I used many different remedies, but they did me little good. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills, and was surprised at the relief this combined treatment gave me in such a short time."

**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

**The Countess of Landon.**

CHAPTER XIII.

He was in the middle of a long account of his "work" in London, when Irene saw the French windows of a small room which the countess called her own thrust slowly open, and her ladyship step out on to the terrace.

"The moon has beguiled even madame," said Seymour, lightly. Irene went up to her, and was surprised to see that she wore a fur cloak with a hood, which she had drawn over her head.

"Do you feel cold, dear?" she said. It was only now and again that she exchanged the "madame" for the more lovable term.

The countess looked at her with her usual impassive calm.

"I am going for a stroll in the gardens," she said. "It is getting late; you ought to be in bed, Irene."

"Must I? Well, good-night," she said, dutifully, and kissing her, went into the house.

The countess stood leaning against the stone balcony for a few minutes watching Seymour; then, when he had entered the house, she went down the steps and walked rapidly along the path to the lodge.

Like a good housewife, she had a key to every room in the house and gates of the grounds, and she unlocked the lodge gates without disturbing the lodge-keeper, and leaving the avenue on the left, made straight for George Common.

No one seeing her, as she walked swiftly over the short sward would have judged her ladyship to be more than middle aged, so firm and rapid was her step, and in a quarter of an hour she had reached the cottage.

Martha Hooper came to the door in answer to her knock, and at sight of the countess turned pale and pressed her hand to her heart.

"You, my lady!" she faltered.

The countess passed her and entered the neat little parlor, and stood with her hand resting on the small round table.

Martha Hooper followed her, trembling visibly.

"Is—Is anything the matter, my lady?" she asked.

The countess pointed to a chair. "Sit down," she said; and Martha Hooper sunk into the chair with instant obedience.

"Nothing is the matter, but I have heard of my son, the earl's visit, and your illness."

"Oh, my lady!" faltered Martha Hooper, humbly and penitently, "I couldn't help it! He came so suddenly, without a word of warning, and—"

"You allowed your feelings to get the better of you," said the countess, sternly. "You were very foolish, and your folly might have caused me serious embarrassment; and you promised me that you would not give way to such weakness."

"Yes, yes, my lady; I did promise," faltered the woman. "But it came so sudden-like, and I'm—I'm not strong."

"You must be weak indeed if you were sight of him so unnerved you," said the countess, coldly. "You knew that you must see him some day, sooner or later."

"Yes, my lady," assented Martha Hooper, humbly.

"Well, then? Why can not you be like me—strong and ready for anything that may happen?" said the countess.

"Like you!" The woman drew a long sigh. "Ah, my lady, there's few like you! I'm weak and shaken, I'll own; but it sh'n't occur again. It was the sight of him, riding up quite sudden that overcame me. It shall not occur again."

"No, it must not. The earl"—she laid a significant stress upon the title—"will be down here for some time, and you may meet him often. He is a fool!—no one can describe the contempt with which he uttered the word—but he noticed your emotion at seeing him this morning. You will be careful for the future?"

"Yes, indeed—indeed, I will, my lady," responded Martha Hooper. "I will never give way again! And your ladyship has come all this way at night and alone!"

"It was necessary to warn you," said the countess. "My secret—our secret—hangs by a thread; a word, a look of yours or mine, may cut it and bring down ruin. You understand that?"

"I quite understand, my lady," murmured Mrs. Hooper; "and I will be careful—indeed, I will!"

There was silence for a moment, then she crept nearer to the tall, statuesque figure.

"Forgive me, my lady, but—but—" "Well?" demanded the countess, looking coldly down at her.

Martha Hooper seemed cowed by the cold, proud eyes, but struggled on. "Miss Irene, that came with him today—" "What of her?"

Mrs. Hooper put her trembling hands up to her tremulous lips. "She's such a beautiful, sweet young thing, my lady!" she faltered.

"Well?" "No one could see without loving her and wishing her well. My lady, you won't—you won't!"

She stopped, as if too frightened by the sound of her own voice to go on. "I will not what?" asked the countess, looking straight before her.

"Forgive me, my lady; but I watched them while they were here and as they rode away, and I saw him look at her—I saw him look at her! Oh, my lady, you wouldn't let that happen! Such a sweet, innocent girl as she is!"

and, as if carried away by her emotion, she fell on her knees and timorously clutched at the skirt of the countess's gray satin dress.

Her ladyship's proud face flushed for a moment, then it resumed its usual pallor, and her lips grew close and hard, as still looking before her, and in utter disregard of the kneeling woman, she said in cold and measured accents:

"What has that to do with you? Things must take their course. I am helpless—helpless! I know what you mean, but"—she caught her breath—"but I can not prevent it. I am bound hand and foot."

"But, my lady, she is so beautiful, so innocent, so good!"

The countess's lips twitched, and she calmly released her gown from the woman's grasp.

"I can not help it. The thing has gone too far now; it must take its

course. It is too late to go back! Do you hear, Martha. It is too late!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Women adore strength when it is allied to courage, and men respect it. From the hour Royce had forced the knife from Steve, the gypsy looked up to him, not only as their superior in social rank, but as their superior in pluck; for though there were not many cowards in the camp, few would have cared to tackle the young gypsy, especially when he was in one of his savage moods.

They learned, too, that their new comrade could not only fight, but work. As he regained his old strength he showed that in the matter of lifting heavy weights and enduring fatigue he could beat most of them; and presently, whenever there was a particularly tough piece of work on hand, the men came to him, quite as a matter of course, to ask his advice and assistance.

In the matter of horses, too, Royce was particularly useful. He had a natural eye for the good points, and a trained hand in treating the Englishman's favorite animal. If a colt proved unusually stubborn it was at once, and as a matter of course, turned over to "Mr." Jack, for most of the men and all the women insisted upon giving him a hand to his name.

If Royce had cared to do so, he could easily have become the chief and leader of the tribe; but he had no desire for the position, and only gave his advice when it was asked, and, unlike most advice, was always followed. The men not only respected, but—excepting Steve—liked him; and the women—well, they watched him from under their long lashes with a secret admiration which Royce, who was really a modest young man, never even suspected.

He ought to have been unhappy—a gentleman, an outcast from his home and people, consorting with a band of wandering gypsies—but he was not. As he had said to Madge, the life suited him. The work was congenial, for one thing. By mutual consent the horse-dealing was left to him, and he did it to the general satisfaction. His way quite at variance with the usual system, seemed to work. When he went to buy a horse of a farmer, he looked at it, tried it, thought a moment, and said: "I will give you so much." The farmer, of course, always wanted more; but Royce would smile and shake his head. "That's all I shall give," he would say; "take five minutes to think it over."

Then he would smoke his pipe and look at the horse thoughtfully, and if the farmer said "No," would wish him good-bye and ride off.

As a rule he got the horse. He adopted the same plan in selling. "My price is so and so," he would say, "it's worth it, and I don't mean taking a penny less. I'll give you five minutes to think it over."

And as a rule he sold the horse. It was a novelty in horse-dealing, but he made a kind of reputation by it; and somehow the farmers liked doing business with him.

"There's one thing about that young Gypsy Jack," they said. "You won't waste your time with him, and that's something."

Old Davy watched Royce's progress with unconcealed satisfaction.

"It was a lucky day for us when Mr. Jack joined us," he said to Uncle Jake one evening when Royce rode into camp with half a dozen horses he had bought well, and a canvas bag of money for horses he had sold equally well. "There ain't one of us as good at the game as him. He makes more money in a week than I could make in a month—and such a youngster at it, too!"

Uncle Jake looked at Royce over his glass of whiskey, and puffed at his pipe with a curious smile in his sleepy eyes.

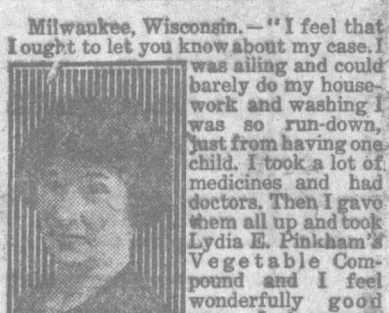
"Oh, he'll do," he said. "But he expressed no approbation of Royce, and always hinted that he might have done better."

The work suited Royce for one thing, and the life in the open air for another. The summer was gliding into autumn, but the weather was still warm, and the leaves, though they were changing color gradually, clung lightly to the branches. It was glorious to roll out of the tent, and after a swim in the river or a wash in the brook, to sit round the camp-fire and eat the simple breakfast, which was better than a feast in a king's palace.

(To be continued.)

**WOMAN'S HEALTH RESTORED**

She Claims Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did It After Everything Else Failed



Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—"I feel that I ought to let you know about my case. I was ailing and could barely do my house-work and washing. I was so run-down just from having one child. I took a lot of medicines and had doctors. Then I gave them all up and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel wonderfully good now. I do everything that comes along, and we all take your medicine as a tonic when we don't feel just so. I am thankful for what the Vegetable Compound has done for my health and for my family."—Mrs. MARY SAEBECK, 944 28th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Letters like these testify to the value of the Vegetable Compound. These women speak from the fullness of their hearts. They describe as correctly as they can their conditions. First, those symptoms that affected them most conspicuously; and later the disappearance of those symptoms. They are sincere expressions of gratitude. For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so praised by women.

**Larvæ That Live in Petroleum.**

Mineral oil is as fatal to most insects as it is to the political prospects of the average American statesman. But the larvae of the California petroleum fly lives in it, and thrives when removed from it. The adult fly, however, resembles other insects and is poisoned by the very element in which it has passed its earlier life. Says a writer in the Standard Oil Bulletin (San Francisco):

"Crude petroleum, which generally is death to insect life coming in contact with it, is the habitat of the petroleum fly during its larval stage—as a maggot it swims about in the petroleum pools of California—feeding whatever it may devour; and nature has provided that it may devour dead organic matter found therein. That is, it is composed of bodies of grasshoppers, beetles, and

broozes or bad judgment have played a tragic trick—for all pools containing the larvae have been noted also to contain dead insect life.

"Through the presence of these maggots in the oil, S. F. Peckham in the Tenth Census Reports, sought to prove the animal origin of petroleum. Dr. L. O. Howard thinks that the larva's food is such as previously noted, entirely foreign to the oil, thereby indicating nothing as to its origin.

"The petroleum larva breathes by protected spiracles elevated above the oil, and the adult—that is, the fly—is easily killed by petroleum, according to D. L. Crawford, of Stanford University. From a paper prepared by him, appearing in The Pomona College Journal of Entomology, the following excerpts are made:

"The swimming (of the larvae), if it may be called such, is very slow and resembles closely the movements of any maggots in liquefied carrion or decaying fruit. The larva usually remains and moves about near or on the surface of the oil, although frequently it goes entirely under the surface for a considerable length of time.

"In fact, the specimens which were sent to me by Professor Esterly came in a small bottle half-full of petroleum and were more than twenty-four hours in transit before they were opened in the laboratory here. Many of them were at the bottom of the bottle and still alive and active when transferred to a shallow dish of petroleum.

"In watching the habits of the larvae it was noted that when one, in swimming about in the dish, came to the edge of the oil it immediately turned back toward the center of the dish. Some were found, however, to leave the oil and crawl off across the table.

"These soon became clean, without oil clinging to them, and a little later seemed to be drying up. A few hours after their emergence from the oil they became almost motionless, apparently very weak, and more or less shriveled and dried. Death followed in twelve to eighteen hours. The cause of death is probably twofold, an opportunity of getting food when removed from the oil, and the drying of the body tissue when not protected by the petroleum.

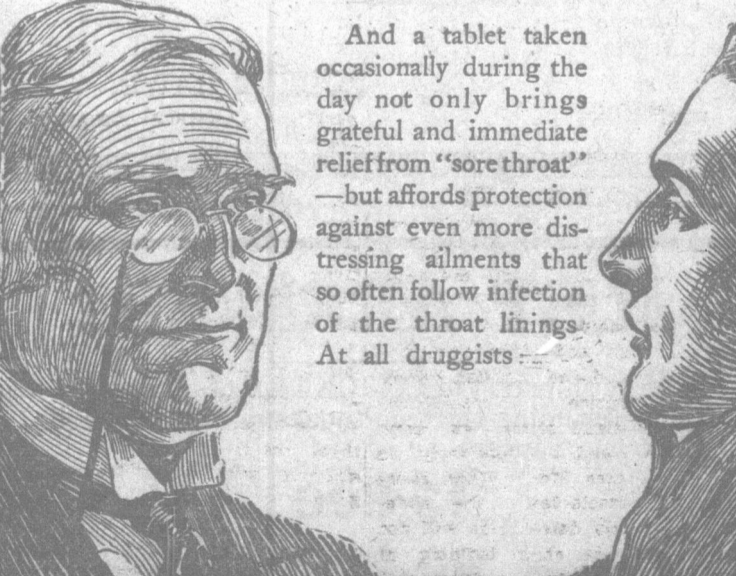
"I do not know how many days or weeks the larva lives, but when it attains the length of seven to ten mil-

**Don't Say— "Just a Sore Throat"**

IN a few days, you know, "just a sore throat" may be something much more serious. For science has proved that the throat is not only the first spot reached by infectious germs, but also forms the ideal soil for them to multiply on.

Throat protection, therefore, means germ destruction and is a duty that you owe your health. It is easily achieved by the regular use of Formamint—the germ-killing throat tablet.

Formamint (which is endorsed by over 5,000 American physicians) is the scientific way of disinfecting the mouth and the throat. Handy to have with you—pleasing in taste—it frees an efficient germicide that mixes with the saliva and so reaches where gargles cannot go.



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YOUR favorite cup of tea will be greatly improved when served with Carnation Milk. Use it diluted—one part Carnation, three parts water. Then you will always keep Carnation handy for "tea-time".

Carnation is just pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Not only safe but convenient and economical. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer. Write for a free copy of Carnation Recipe Book.

**How to use Carnation Milk in Tea and Coffee**

**In Tea:** To retain the full, fine flavour of the tea, dilute Carnation Milk with three parts water.

**In Coffee:** To give your cup of coffee an appetizing flavor with a golden brown color, use Carnation undiluted as it comes from the container. A teaspoonful is enough—use more if desired.

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Ajax, Ontario



**Carnation Milk**  
From Contented Cows

imeters it crawls out of the oil to pupate.

"Probably pupation takes place in the oily soil surrounding the pool. About two weeks' time is required between pupation and the emergence of the adult.

"The adult fly is small and black and conspicuous. It always remains near the petroleum pools, flying about and over them when disturbed, and soon alighting again on the margin or on some projecting stone or stick within the pool. In this respect it is not at all different from the other flies of this family, which seem to frequent the larval habitat closely."

THE MORNING AFTER.



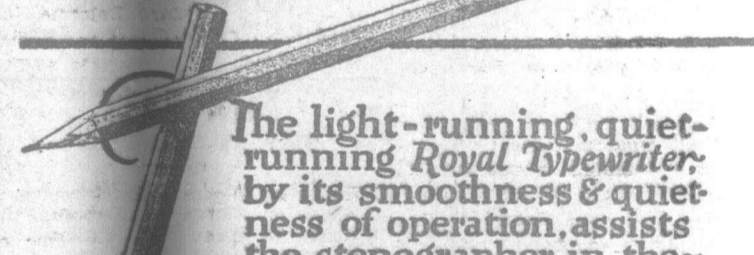
WALT MASON

I met a scow-law yesternight, hard by the county jail; he like an inn was all alight, he had a consumed much ale. "I am the well known Sunny Jim," he cried, he cups between; he had me dance and sing with him, and gambol on the green. But I was loaded to the guards with water, cool and clear; like many highly moral bards I balk at bootleg beer. When full of water one's not prone to whoop around and sing; the scowlaw had to yip alone, and dance the Highland Fling. The scowlaw voiced his discontent; "By James," he said to me, "I have no use for any gent who will not dance with me. Our lives are brief and haste away, our days are quickly sped, so let's be happy while we may, and paint the village red." I met the scowlaw in the dawn, hard by the boosegow door, and all his jubilation was gone, and he was sick and sore. His head was aching to and fro, his breath was striped with pink; he suffered all the grief men know who hit illicit drink. I said to him, "I seek the spring, to drink a sparkling horn; oh, come with me and dance and sing, upon this gaudy morn." "Now get you gone," the scowlaw cried, "don't stay to rub it in, nor taunt a man whose works are dyed with biters made of tin." The scowlaw's pleasures, always brief, no sane man can engorge; the morning finds him steeped in grief, and writhing in remorse.

mar15, eod, 11

The eyes of the World are on the Chevrolet—watch Chevrolet lead. mar15, 101, eod.

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With the decline in the favor of the set of matching scarf, hat and cloche the off-the-face hat has become popular. An applied design of grapes in gun-metal kid is used on a turban of may be worn in many ways with the gray satchel. The handkerchief of brilliant silk is tailored with the

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