

Because it is Best
"SALADA"
 TEA
 has the largest sale of any packet
 tea in North America — Try it.

**The Countess
 of Landon.**

CHAPTER XVII.

"I have no wish to hurt your feelings, but I must speak plainly. You have uttered words which show me that my misguided son has confided in you. You are"—she paused a moment—"you are very pretty."

"Madame!" Irene murmured again; but the countess put her aside with a motion of the hand.

"Very pretty. But have you considered—have you counted the cost of your friendship with my son? Madge stood perfectly motionless, her head downcast, her shawl covering her now white face. "You are a gypsy, and he—I have told you—he is the son of an earl. I am the Countess of Landon. You can see for yourself that it is impossible that you should keep him here among a herd of gypsies and Madge raised her head.

"I did not keep him," she said in a strained voice. "I found him at death's door"—Irene uttered a low cry—"at death's door," repeated poor Madge. "He said that he was an outcast—it is his own word—and that his people had driven him out, and he joined us of his own accord. I did not keep him."

The countess sneered with haughty incredulity.

"Do you say he is not in love with you?" she said, grimly.

Madge's head drooped again.

"You see," said the countess, seizing her advantage, "I am quite right in appealing to you, for it is evident that you have the most influence over him, and I do appeal to you. From what I have seen of you I should say that you are more shrewd against than sinning. I do not blame you. But I say that it is within your power to make reparation. Give me back my son—let him come back to me, and all shall be forgiven and forgotten. Will you do this?"

Seymour had up to the present stood a silent observer of this strange scene, but now he deemed it time to interfere.

He came forward with a sadly benevolent face.

"My dear Mother, you are wasting time and words," he murmured. "It is likely that she will give him up? Why should she? If you had offered her ten or twenty pounds now—"

The countess waved him aside.

"Have you considered?" she said to Madge. "My son—my eldest son here again advises me to offer you money, but I will not do that. I prefer to appeal to your sense of honor. You are a woman—though a gypsy—and can understand all I have said to you. My son is a gentleman, and his connection with you is a scandal and a degradation. If you have the slightest feeling, sympathy for him—if you have any desire for his welfare, you must understand this, and acquiesce in what I say. I am willing to take him back, to forget his past follies, and re-estate him in the position he occupied before he met with you. In short, my good girl, it rests with you whether my son is restored to his proper position or remains an outcast and a vagabond for the remainder of his life."

Madge stood silent and motionless, her bosom rising and falling, her heart beating with throbs of agony. Then she flung the shawl from her face and confronted them in all her loveliness.

"Let me understand," she panted, "if I—supposing I can keep him—"

Seymour touched Irene's arm and sneered.

"Supposing that I can keep him—mind, I do not say that I can—but if I can, and I am willing to give him up, you will—you will take him back?"

The countess inclined her head with haughty assent.

"You have put it bluntly but exactly," she said. "We—I, his mother, and his family—will take him back. We will strive to forget this degradation into which he has sunk; but I do not wish to hurt your feelings."

"My feelings!" said poor Madge, with a smile bitter and sad. "Such as I have no feelings, madame, or should have none. It is only of—your son that we think. You will take him back, and never cast in his teeth the days he spent with the gypsies?"

"It shall be all as it had not been," said the countess, sternly, and yet graciously. "Come, my good girl, you have behaved very well considering your station, and"—the proud voice faltered—"I am very thankful to you. If you were an older woman you would understand a mother's feelings. But that you can not do. My son—my eldest son—has suggested that I should endeavor to make you some recompense." She put her hand in her pocket as she spoke and drew out her purse. "And, after all, I think that it is but fair. Will you take this money and spend it as you think fit?"

She held out a handful of sovereigns, and looked at Madge with haughty condescension.

Irene sprang forward.

"No, no, madame! not that!" she said, breathlessly.

"Nonsense!" said Seymour, with a chuckle. "Give it to her, madame. She'll take it and be thankful."

At the same moment there came the sound of a horse's hoofs, and through the opening in the glade a horseman rode full pet.

He pulled up within a couple of paces of Madge and sat bolt upright, staring at the group.

Then he flung himself from his horse, and strode to Madge, and took her hand.

"What is it, Madge?" he said. Then he saw his mother, and Seymour, and Irene, and he came a step forward.

"Mother, Irene!" he said.

The countess held out her arms.

"Royce—Royce, my son, come back to me!"

He took her hand and pressed it.

"You here, mother! and you, too, Irene! and you, Seymour! What has happened?"

"Royce, come back!" almost wailed the countess. "We have come in search of you, and we have found you. Come back!"

Irene stood silent, her eyes fixed on Madge's downcast face.

"Come back?" he echoed, blankly.

"Yes," said the countess. "All shall be forgotten—forgiven. You can go

back to the army, Royce. We were wrong; we misjudged you. You shall be reinstated. Everything shall be as it was before—before you left us. Come back, Royce! It is not only I, but Irene here, who asks you. Listen to me, Royce—your mother!"

He looked from one to the other, his face growing whiter and whiter, his nostrils dilating.

"What?" he said.

"It is true," said the countess, clinging to his arm. "We have been unjust to you—all but Irene here. She has never lost faith in you. Come back to us, Royce!"

He stood looking from one to the other with a dazed expression, then he opened his lips.

"Too late, mother!" he said.

"Too late!" echoed the countess. "It is never too late. You have but to leave this place—these people."

"It is my place; they are my people," he said, rigidly.

Seymour sneered.

"Poor Royce!" he said. "You hear, mother? You hear, Irene?"

"Your people!" repeated the countess. "That is nonsense, Royce. Come back with us, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven!"

Royce drew back and linked Madge's arm in his.

"If I come back, mother," he said, firmly, "she must come with me."

The countess started.

"She—this gypsy girl!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Royce in a low voice, "Madge must come with me, because she is my wife!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Madge must come with me, because she is my wife!"

The words so quietly, resolutely spoken produced an effect beyond the power of description.

The countess looked at him for a moment as if she had not heard him, then her proud face grew set and rigid, and her lips formed the words: "Your wife—your wife!" in the tone one uses when one speaks of death.

A faint cry rose from Irene's lips, and she staggered slightly and put out her hand against the trunk of the tree near her, as if dazed; then the blood rushed to her face as the hot fire of shame coursed through all her veins. His wife! Royce's wife! and she, Irene, had come after a man who was already married!

The crimson left her face slowly—left it as white as marble—and she stood almost as rigid as the countess.

Seymour uttered a cry, too, but it was a cry of victory and triumph, and as he looked from one to the other, a smile of malignant satisfaction glanced in his pale eyes and crossed his thin lips.

And Madge? If she had not loved Royce, she would have loved him then, as he stood upright as a dart, his head thrown back, his handsome face full of that dignity which is a brave man's glorious crown. Slowly she drew nearer to him until her head touched his shoulder, her bosom heaving, her downcast eyes glowing with passionate love, admiration and devotion.

He put his arm round her and pressed her to him, supporting her. His eyes were fixed on the countess, but he could see Irene as she stood, where she half leaned against the tree. Of Seymour he took no notice whatever.

The countess was the first to speak.

"Your wife?" she said, and her words sounded like those spoken in a dream.

"Are you—mad?"

Royce shook his head.

"No, mother," he said; "I am not mad. She is my wife. We were married to-day—this morning."

The countess shuddered and put her hand to her heart.

"Oh, God! I am punished—I am punished!" broke inaudibly from her trembling lips.

"My poor Royce!" began Seymour in a half-contemptuous, half-pitying tone; but Royce turned his eyes upon him, and there was something in the glance that silenced Seymour instantly.

Royce, with his gaze still upon the countess, said:

"I am sorry you have come here, mother. It will be better for you to go—all of you—and at once."

"Yes," said Seymour, with a sneer; "he is right. We are sadly de trop here, madame; and he took a step forward and offered his arm.

The countess disregarded the movement.

(To be continued.)

Check germs at their port of entry.

Crowds fill the air with germs. The city's dust, by irritating the throat, causes them to develop. This is the beginning of sore throats. Protect your throat with Formamint. All druggists.

Formamint
 GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS
 To avoid infection, dissolve a Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

At all Drug Store, Sixty Cents.

Utmost Efficiency Secured to France by New War Plans

PARIS, April 2 (A.P.)—"National mobilization" is the official title of a bill which the French government has just submitted to parliament for adoption and which includes a detailed plan for the "general organization of the nation in time of war."

Sponsored by President Millerand, Premier Poincare and ministers Maunoury, De Lasteyrie, Maginot, Raiberti, Le Trocquer and Sarraut, the bill is for the purpose of "studying at once a formula of national organization susceptible to be applied without delay, or preliminary trial in the event of war breaking out."

"The bill," says the press, "is the result of the very outset found the provisions, generally admitted as effective before 1914, to be deficient," the bill begins. "It became necessary later on to improvise, under pressure of circumstances, a completely new organization, the realization of which was both slow and difficult."

"Thus the government has thought it to be its duty to study immediately the situation which would be created in case of a new conflict. In 1914 it was expected that the war would be purely a military one, and that the decision would be reached in a very short time. In consequence, salvation appeared only in the intensification of the production of military weapons of great power and the ammunition necessary to them. The renewal and maintenance of the life of the nation was looked upon as a secondary matter."

This proved to be a capital error. The bill goes on, and during 31 months the belligerents were called upon to draw extensively from all the latent resources of the nation's energy.

A central organization under a unity of command, is the essential and fundamental base of the new plan for national defence.

The duties of this organization will be, in times of peace, "continued and methodical experiments with the most modern types of material; the grouping together of all the indispensable stocks necessary to equip and arm the military forces ready to be sent in line at the beginning of hostilities, and permitting them to operate under conditions unforeseen and arranged for until such time as national industry can furnish the supplementary material."

The bill provides for the immediate mobilization of all activities destined "to assure the production on a huge scale of all armaments, ammunition and material of all nature necessary to the armed forces." This includes the immediate adaptation "to a state of war" of all methods of communication and transportation, postal, telegraphic, telephonic and wireless, and railroads, shipping, automobiles and airplanes.

Article I reads: "In times of war all Frenchmen and French colonialists, as well as all legally constituted groups under French rule, are obliged to participate in the defence of the country and the maintenance and upkeep of its material and moral life."

Article II: "The measures destined to assure the transfer of the organization of defence in peace time to that of war, are provided for under the

Alberta's Coal Output

EDMONTON, Alta., March 31—More than two million tons of Alberta coal were sold to Canadian points outside of the province and to the United States during 1923, according to figures given in the annual report of the provincial mines branch.

The total production of coal for the year is shown at 6,866,923 tons, of this amount 1,382,798 was disposed of for consumption in Alberta, 1,937,733 for other provinces and 83,557 tons in the United States. To the railway companies 3,110,121 tons were sold.

The total of last year's coal production in the province exceeded that of 1922 by \$49,491, and according to Dominion statistics based on figures up to 1922, Alberta mines have produced 69,840,510 tons of coal since 1886, which is estimated at a commercial value of \$121,715,815.

ASPIRIN

Beware of Imitations!

BAYER

Demand

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds Headache
 Toothache Lumbago
 Neuritis Rheumatism
 Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven direction. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monacoceticacidster of Salicylicacid.

While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Electricity May be Adopted in Slaughter House

Lynn, Mass. (Canadian Press)—Nero, a St. Bernard dog, homeless and sick, paid the death penalty recently in the electric cage at the Animal Rescue Home on Neptune Street. Nero was executed because he had no guardian, and, running at large, had become a menace to the public.

The dog was led to the execution chamber after the hair around the neck had been cut close and a steel collar connected with electric wires put around his body. His feet were doused in water and he stood on a steel plate, making a circuit for 1,500 volts of electricity.

That death was instantaneous was proved when the cage was opened twelve seconds after the current had been turned off. The dog was found lifeless on the bottom of the cage, his eyes open.

Experts who saw the execution said that a similar machine, but larger and with a heavier voltage, could be successfully operated in slaughter houses and undoubtedly would be tried in Chicago and Kansas City.

The execution cage is the invention of Huntington Smith of Boston and

A Simple Home Remedy

You will need it every day for the countless little hurts that come up. For burns, cuts, scalds, sunburn, windburn; also for chapped hands and skin. Pure, soothing and healing. Take it internally for coughs, colds and sore throats. It is tasteless and odorless and gives great relief.

Vaseline
 Petroleum Jelly

Trade Mark
 (Send for a copy of our free booklet "Inquire Within")
 CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY (CONSOLIDATED)
 27 STATE STREET, NEW YORK.

All "Vaseline" Products can be obtained in Drug and General Stores throughout Newfoundland.

HAND-WRITING Competition!

OPEN TO ALL CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 6 TO 15 YEARS.

Write in ink on a piece of plain white paper, the following sentence 12 times:

Milkmaid Milk is the Best Milk Made

Write your name, age and address in the upper right hand corner of the paper, and address same, together with one MILKMAID Label, to "Milkmaid Competition," 204 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, P. O. Box 697.

You may send in as many sheets as you like, but each sheet must be accompanied with a MILKMAID Label.

For the best hand-writing received of the above sentence, the following CASH PRIZES will be paid:

For children 10 years and under:	Children over 10 yrs. and up to 15 yrs
First Prize \$10.00	First Prize \$10.00
Second " 5.00	Second " 5.00
Third " 2.50	Third " 2.50
Fourth " 1.50	Fourth " 1.50
Fifth " 1.00	Fifth " 1.00

THERE WILL ALSO BE HUNDREDS OF CONSOLATION PRIZES.

The Judges for this Competition will be:
 Mr. S. T. Harrington, M.A., Headmaster Methodist College.
 Rev. Bro. Ryan, Principal St. Bonaventure's College.
 Mr. R. R. Wood, B.A., Headmaster Bishop Feild College
 and the Agent for the Nestle & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.

Closing date of the Competition will be announced in local newspapers.
THE JUDGES' DECISION WILL BE FINAL.

Prof. Wm. L. Puster, formerly of the department of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Shellac! Shellac!

DON'T USE SUBSTITUTES.

Ask your dealer for
"MATCHLESS"
 A PURE SHELLAC in ORANGE & WHITE.

WANTING TO SELL.

I owned a little vacant lot, wherein built little shacks; upon some future day I thought I'd build a shack or two, and there my trusty lyre I'd swat until the air was blue. And every day or two I'd come to me and say, "Ode, hehkins, I'd like to buy your little stretch of clay, for I would build a warehouse high, in which to store some hay." And when contractors came around and begged to buy that land; they wished to build a village pound, a church or peanut stand; I never saw a plot of ground that was in such demand. And men who dealt in real estate were ever on my trail; they wanted it, they couldn't wait, that plot of ground to nail, they chased me to my garden gate, and banished rolls of kale. At last I suffered a reverse that left me busted flat; there were no kopecks in my purse that once was large and fat; the building schemes I used to nurse were gone, and that was that. I said, "I'll sell that vacant lot, and get some needed kale; the bidding surely will be hot when it's announced for sale, and to the auction there will trot all dwellers in this vale." But when at last I wished to sell, no voter wished to buy; the auctioneer, he rang his bell, and not a soul came nigh; oh, what philosopher can tell the world the reason why?

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cash fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO., LTD.—Apr 4, 1924.

Insure with the Good, Old, Reliable "QUEEN"

Which has stood "the test" for the last 80 years, particularly in the Big Fires of 1846 and 1892.

Losses settled promptly and without the least hitch. Largest number of policy holders in Newfoundland.

GEO. H. HALLEY, LIMITED, Agents.
 P.O. Box 782. Phone 658.
 ADRAM BUILDING. 145 WATER STREET.

Furness Line Sailings

SAILINGS FROM ST. JOHN'S, NFD. TO LIVERPOOL:

S.S. DIGBY April 1st	S.S. SACHEM July 1st
S.S. SACHEM April 22nd	S.S. DIGBY Aug 1st
S.S. DIGBY May 11th	S.S. SACHEM Aug 15th
S.S. SACHEM May 31st	S.S. DIGBY Sept. 1st
S.S. DIGBY June 24th	S.S. SACHEM Sept. 15th

Bookings now being made for these sailings.

Furness, Withy & Co., Limited
 Water Street East

Mother and Her Baby Are Relieved of Eczema

Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Salt Burn, Sask., writes:

"Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me—before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
 GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Watch your Skin!

It's up to you to look your best

Young girls, old girls, plain girls, pretty girls—don't we all know those days before the mirror when, with a sigh, we turn away and say,

"Gosh—I do look plain!"

On those days when our skin looks bad and won't get right—our noses won't powder—our eyes are dull! We all know them. But wise women watch their skin and at the first sign of something take the best remedy—a dose of

Beecham's Pills

They purify the blood, clear the skin, make you happy, bright and attractive. Sold Everywhere in Canada.

Filet of flounder is nice served with curry sauce.

Eviction

Experts' report—Solve—solini—dered

MACDONALD M...

The MacDonald defeated in the day by a vote of Rent Evictions

GOVERNMENT

The Government of 21 to 212 to Chamberlain, Dr. Birmingham to its second ment will not vote. Prem make a further lect to-morrow.

PRINCE TO

The official at the Prince from Southampton Arundel South Africa. He will spend Cape provinces, the Orange Natal, Swaziland, unaltered, sail Cape Town on

NECESSITATES

CA A general election has been brought out of a bye-election, Transvaal, Blat candidate, action, the Govern substantial me

SOUTH AFRICA DIS

Premier Smuts' Zouze of Assemb of the defeat of tude by a Nation that Parliam dissolved in a

ASKS PRINCE CAPE T

It was official that the Govern African Union Prince of Wales sections are projected visit of interferred with.

LEAVE IT T

Considerable arrangements for tour in South Africa the South Africa

Se

EVE

Ma

apr 21