

**To Stop A Cold in One Day**

Take



**Bromo Quinine** tablets

The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets will fortify the system against influenza and other serious ills resulting from a cold.

The box bears this signature



Price 30c.

Made in Canada

**The Countess of Landon.**

CHAPTER VII.

"How quickly you do it," she said, at last, "and how regularly! How did you learn it?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I must have learned it when I was a child. I have made baskets ever since I can remember."

"It looks jolly work," he said, dreamily. "Is it hard work?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know; I suppose not. I suppose it comes natural after a time."

"And when you have made them, you sell them?" he said, stupidly.

She smiled faintly.

"Yes, we sell them."

"It sounds rather jolly," he said, "to sit here under the trees in the sunshine until you have made enough baskets, and then to saunter through the country just as you like all through the summer-time."

"And the winter?" she remarked, quietly.

"Ah, the winter," he said; "I forgot that. But even then you are free!" and he sighed unconsciously.

"Yes, we are free," she assented in a low voice.

"It's a glorious life!" he exclaimed, fervently. "I wish to Heaven I were a gypsy!"

She stayed her hands for a moment and glanced at him.

"You will not wish that when you are quite well," she said. "You will go away and smile at ever having wished such a foolish thing."



**The Aches and Pains of Muscular Strains**

AFTER this job come the after-effects—soreness and stiffness of muscles, exposure results—rheumatic twinges, lumbago, sciatica.

And then—Sloan's Liniment, with its prompt, soothing pain-and-ache-conquering relief, its known ability to put you in ship-shape for the day's work ahead.

Sloan's Liniment is the ever-ready, ever-effective, standard remedy of its kind. It leaves no stained skin, no plaster or ointment muckiness. Penetrates swiftly.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.

**Sloan's Liniment** KEEP IT HANDY

WEST END DRUG STORE.

He looked at her questioningly.

"But you are a gypsy, Madge, and you are happy."

"Happy?" she paused on the word a moment. "If I am, it is because I have known nothing better, because I am a born stroller and a vagabond, with no knowledge of any other life. I am a gypsy by birth and thought and speech."

"Not in speech, Madge," he said, with a kind of surprise. "You don't talk like a gypsy. I beg your pardon! Now, don't get offended again!" for the color had risen to her face. "I'm always saying something that sends you away for months—or is it days? What I meant was that you talked very well. What do you call it?—grammatically."

"I was at school for a little time," she said in a low voice.

"And you are clever and fond of reading," he said, quickly. "I've looked at your books, you know, and I've noticed that they are of the kind civilized—Oh, I beg your pardon—" he broke off.

She looked at him with a smile.

"It is quite right," she said. "I know I am not civilized. I am not offended."

"I am glad of that," he said, meekly. "What I meant was that I've seen the same kind of books about in houses and that it was rather odd to find them in a gypsy's van. At least," he added, "it would have been odd if I hadn't seen you."

She bent her head over her work to hide the expression of pleasure which his words had called into her eyes.

"I didn't know," she said. "I saved up my money and bought them at a second-hand book-stall in one of the towns. But"—she paused and colored—"I can't read them, not altogether. I mean that there are some words—the long ones—it's the spelling."

He laughed, but ceased instantly at the hurt look which came into her face.

"I was laughing because that used to be just my case," he made haste to explain. "Why, I can't even spell now; a boy in the Sixth Standard could take the shine out of me, so I can sympathize with you. Is that a book there, Madge?" he broke off to ask, nodding at a volume which lay on the ground half hidden by her brown skirt.

"Yes," she answered.

"Pitch it over," he said, as one boy speaks to another.

She took it up and handed it to him.

"Shakespeare," he said. "Well, he's not so bad. Fanny thing, but Shakespeare's supposed to be the best author we've got, and he uses the smallest words."

"Perhaps he didn't know better," she said, innocently.

Royce nodded.

"Very likely, never thought of that," he said. "I'm rather fond of Shakespeare, for an illiterate beggar—I mean that I'm illiterate, not Mr. Shakespeare. Ever read 'Romeo and Juliet,' Madge?"

She shook her head.

"I have read the first in this book

**Only Those in Declining Years Realize What It Means**

As people pass middle age, their strength and vitality usually begin to wane. They are easily tired. They notice that they are not as active as they were. They need something to tone up their system—something which will put new strength, life and vitality into them—a tonic. But such a tonic must contain no harsh ingredients. Old age was Mr. Snider's trouble. Read what he says:

"It is only those who are in the declining years of their life who can understand the many troubles which old people have to endure. The slightest over-exertion brings on weakness, which affects the whole system, resulting in indigestion, sleeplessness, depression, loss of strength and vitality. This was my trouble. I was suffering from old age. I needed something to renew my strength and vitality. I told my druggist about my troubles and he recommended Carnol. A short time after I started taking it I felt better. I noticed my strength and vitality returning. I had more energy. I felt better than I had felt for twenty-five years. My appetite has returned. My friends all say how well I look. I have no hesitation in recommending Carnol to old people. I conscientiously believe that it will help them as it has helped me." —Mendel Snider, Hanover, Ont.

Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

and part of the second. I only bought it at the fair the other day."

"The fair the other day! Seems ages ago," he said, confusedly. "Look here; I'll try and read some of it to you, and you'll see what a muf I am. You'll have to help me over the big fence-words, I mean."

"Help you?" She smiled.

"Well, we'll help each other," he said. "Lord, how delicious this brake smells! Oh, you want to be shut up for eight days to appreciate the open air! Now I'm going to read."

"Are you sure you are strong enough?" she said, looking at him anxiously. "Wait!"

She took up the lid of an unfinished basket, planted it against a tree-trunk, and threw her shawl over it.

"You can lean upon that; it will be easier," she said.

"So it will," he said. "Thanks. But I'd better come a little nearer, or you can't hear," and he set the arrangement against the tree close beside her.

"Now, here goes. But, Madge, you'll promise not to laugh. I'm the shyest fellow going."

She looked at him incredulously.

"You weren't shy the other day," she began.

"Oh, you mean when I wrestled with that chap?" he said. "Oh, that's different."

She had meant when he had caught hold of her and asked her to tell his fortune. But she did not correct him, and with the usual preliminary cough, he commenced.

It is needless to say that Royce read vilely. He had not the slightest idea of dramatic effect, and only the very faintest notion of punctuation. He read all the stage directions, and gave the names of each of the characters before the speeches, and—oh, shades of Eton!—he stumbled whenever he came to one of the few long words.

But you may mumble, you may stumble, you may make sing-song of the great master, and yet you will not destroy his marvelous charm, or render his magic all, and of no effect.

Madge listened at first, her fingers still playing the wicker; but presently her hands began to move less rapidly, and at last stopped altogether.

And yet, though every word stole into her heart, she was, alas! thinking of that reader as much as of the immortal play.

She would have been as content to sit there and listen to him if he had been reading the alphabet, for the great change which comes to every daughter of Eve, sooner or later, had come to Madge, the gypsy.

She scarcely understood that this had happened to her—scarcely knew how or why all her life had been altered since the hour—she knew the exact hour—when this young man had caught hold of her in Cumberleigh Fair.

From that moment—the moment when she had looked up into his face and heard his voice—a great, yes, a terrible change had come to her.

When his head had fallen upon her shoulder it was as if he had said in so many words:

"I am your lord and master. You are mine, my slave, body and soul."

With the instinctive resistance of a maiden heart, she had fought against the feeling; but it was invincible.

(To be continued.)

For the children every soap is beautiful, so pure, so soothing, the little ones simply delight to bathe in the white, foaming Ivory bubbles.

**Not Seeking Favors in Downing Street**

**JAMAICA REFUSES TO SEND GREETINGS TO THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.**

MONTREAL, Feb. 23.—A special cable from Kingston, Jamaica, to the Montreal Gazette, to-day says:

The Government to-day refused to support the resolution proposed by the elected side of the Legislative Council, greeting J. H. Thomas on his assumption of office as Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the ground that such a step would mean committing the Colonies to support a particular political party in England. Seven of the ten elected members present said they were not seeking favor in Downing Street, but they felt that greater attention would be paid to the change in government. The voting resulted in a tie, and the Governor gave his casting vote against the motion, but agreed to the request of the elected members to send a despatch to Mr. Thomas embodying a report of the debate.

**Just Folks.**

By EDGAR A. GUEST

**YOUTH.**

In days of old when youth was bold and sunny was the weather, Ere pride of class had come to pass and we were boys together, Then friendships grew 'neath skies of blue and life with joy was brimming, For every day was meant for play and every pool for swimming.

Then one for all we tossed the ball and one for all we plotted, The blue bird's nest with eager zest as one for all we spotted; Then life was filled with joys that thrilled and stones were meant for flinging, One common woe we lived to know—the morning school bell ringing.

Now sham nor pride could us divide, for riches had not stained us, We knew not then the ways of men, nor grief nor hurt had pained us; The poorest boy could share our joys, for youth is tuned to laughter; Our kindly earth was sweet with mirth, though care might follow after.

Now skies are blue as those we knew, but age has come to claim us, And year by year we stand in fear of voices called to blame us; Now place and pride old friends divide, for different roads we've taken; Youth's river bank with grass is rank and lonely and forsaken.

We may not run when shines the sun or steal away for pleasure, All that is past—life holds us fast to tread a drearier measure. Through hurt and ache, our way we make, our strength and vision dimming, We've lost that time of youth sublime, when pools were meant for swimming.

**Criminals and the Whipping Post**

The declaration of Mr. Justice Enright that in future he will sentence all desperadoes found guilty of robbery with violence against the person to be whipped, in addition to imprisonment, is thoroughly justified. The learned judge gave voice to this intention immediately after he had sentenced a bandit to three years in the penitentiary and to suffer twenty lashes for most brutally attacking and robbing a citizen on the streets. Robbery with violence always carries the possibility of murder under its black cloak and cannot be too severely dealt with.

Experience of various cities where crimes have been rampant since the war has abundantly proven that the crime wave has waned in intensity when the lash has been used. Come what will, there must be respect for law and order; the very foundations of society rest upon this. It is manifestly just that those who brutally injure law-abiding citizens should suffer bodily punishment themselves.—Star.

**Chew This One Over**

A little to the east of the Auditorium at the Babson Institute in Walsley Hills, Mass., appears the following thought, blazed in letters of bronze upon an aged boulder:

Bite off more than you can chew, and chew it.

Try to do more than you can, and do it.

Hit off your wagon to a star, Keep your seat, and there you are.



**Corns**

Don't Pare Them!

Cutting a corn is always dangerous. Blue-jay ends corns. Kills the pain instantly, then the corn loosens and comes out. No risk, no constant trouble. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.

**Blue-jay**

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**Ladies' STYLE SHOES of Quality**



Ladies' Lace Street Shoes—In shades of Black and Tan, medium heels. Special, \$2.99

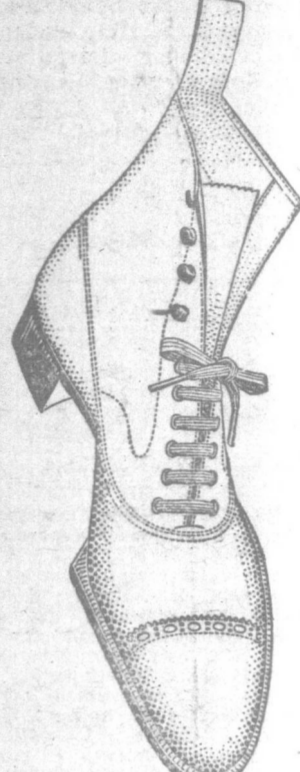
LADIES' STRAP SHOES.

Ladies' Brown 1 and 2 Strap Shoes—Rubber heels (wonderful values) \$2.50, 3.00, 3.25

Ladies' Black Kid Shoes—Novelty x strap; medium heels; all sizes. Only . . . \$3.00

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**HERE They Are! Real Boot Bargains**



Men's Black Calf Boots—Blucher style; all sizes, rubber heels. Special . . . \$4.50

Men's Tan Calf Boots—Blucher style, solid leather soles and heels, for . . . \$4.50

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YOUNG MEN'S STYLISH MODELS.

Men's Tan Pointed Toe Boots—With fancy perforations, rubber heels at \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50 up \$3.00 the pair.

**HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR COUPLED WITH MODERATE PRICES.**

**For Infants**

Infants' Lace Boots—Shades of Black and Brown, good quality. \$1.10 the pair.

Infants' Boots—"Turn sole" button and lace, Black and Brown; sizes 3 to 6, \$1.40, \$1.50.

**Children's Shoes**



**For School Children**

Child's Black Kid Boots—Heavy soles and heels; sizes 6 to 10 . . . \$2.75

Misses' Kid Boots, 11 to 12 \$3.00.

Child's Box Calf Boots, 6 to 10 . . . \$2.75

Misses' Box Calf Boots, 11 to 2 . . . \$2.90

SKUFFER BOOTS—Made in Nature's own shape, to fit growing feet, fitted with strap and buckle. 6 to 8, \$2.90; 8½ to 11, \$3.40; 11½ to 2, \$3.90 the pair; (rubbers to fit).

These are just a few suggestions from our many lines.

**PARKER & MONROE, Ltd., The Shoe Men**

195 Water Street East. 361-363 Water Street West.

**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**A MOTHER'S REGRET.**

Last week it was my sad duty to visit a dear friend who had just lost her 14-year-old daughter. We talked of the girl and of her sweetness, and her mother said to me so sorrowfully: "Oh, the times I let slip by when I could have been with her, interests! I think of the night only a week ago when she said to me: 'Must you go out to-night, Mother? I wish you were going to be home and didn't have to go to that old committee meeting. We would sit and embroider together and talk.' If only I had realized how soon she would be gone from me forever, how much more I would have stayed with her."

**What a Pity!**

What a pity that we so seldom savor the sweetness of being needed until the voice that calls so often is gone. But that is one of the tragedies of life, that we seldom realize our happiness to the uttermost until after the happy days are past.

It is as one of the characters in the novel, Stella Dallas, says:

"I didn't enjoy the symphony concerts and the visits to the art galleries with father so much at the time, but afterwards when I would hear a strain of music, or see one of the great paintings, I knew how much it had all meant to me."

**A Wonderful Time.**

"We parents with children still at home," says Dorothy Canfield Fisher, "are passing through the richest part of our earthly pilgrimage. We touch life at more points, we are the medium through which pass more electrifying currents of hope and interest, and effort, and forward-looking, we are privileged to love and protect and enjoy more intimately than ever before or after. We may become very wise and hard-working members of society after the children are grown up, we may be leaders in club work or politics. . . . But never again can we live so fully and deeply as now. Never again will we be so near the limpid transparency of innocence or touch so closely a serene acceptance of life as it is."

**"DIAPEPSIN" ENDS STOMACH MISERY, GAS, INDIGESTION**

Instantly! Stomach corrected! You never feel the slightest distress from indigestion or a sour, acid, gassy stomach, after you eat a tablet of "Pape's Diapepsin." The moment it reaches the stomach all sourness, flatulence, heart-burn, gases, palpitation and pain disappear. Druggists guarantee each package to correct digestion at once. End your stomach troubles for few cents.

**Logical Reasoning**

Professor George Herbert Parker, of Harvard College, says that the masculine habit of rigid, logical reasoning is contracted very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly, 'We are here to help others.' The little boy smiled. 'Then, what are the others here for?'"

**Have you a Suit or Overcoat to make? We make a specialty of making up customers own goods at prices that are absolutely the lowest for first class work.** FARRELL THE TAILOR, 310 Water St.—nov17,11


**LOOSEN UP THAT COLD WITH MUSTEROLE**

Have a jar of Musterole handy. The moment a cold starts use it freely. Just apply this clean white ointment with your fingers over the congested parts. You will immediately feel a warm tingle as it penetrates the pores, followed by a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients of well-known medicinal value, it will not blister. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole not only for colds but in cases of bronchitis, sore throat, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, grip, neuritis and congested parts. Taken in time, it may prevent pneumonia. There is nothing like Musterole or nearly so good for any of the above ailments.

Buy a jar or tube today—If your druggist hasn't got up insist that he get it.

Better than a mustard plaster



**MUSTEROLE**

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Fresh Smoked French Sardines Herring Fresh Kipper Findon Macoon

Salmon Shrimp Salmon

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