

Quality Above All

This has been our policy with

"SALADA"

TEA

Millions will now use no other blend. The quality never varies. — Try it today.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XIII.

"No!" he said. "I had an idea all eyes loved fair because of the crowd and excitement. Do you remember Cumberland Fair, Madge, and how you told my fortune? By the way, I didn't hear what it was, after all. Suppose you were to tell it to me now?" and he held out his hand, palm up. It was as brown as her own by this time. She looked at the hand, but shook her head.

"No! Too bad for telling!" he said, with a laugh; "or don't you believe in your own magic, Madge? How well 'Madge' and 'magic' go together! Come, tell me just a little."

"Yeth, tell him, Madge," hissed up Tony. Madge smiled slowly and touched his fingers, then she drew her hand away.

"I hate it!" she said, almost below her breath.

"All right," he said; "I didn't mean to worry you;" and he laid his hand on the child to keep it steady.

As they were going along in this familiar and confidential way they passed a van in the care of Steve. He was sitting on the shafts, smoking a pipe, and as he looked up at the group, his swarthy face grew black and his eyes flashed.

"Here, look here!" he said in a kind of snarl, turning his head toward the van. Mother Katie came to the door. "Look at that," he said, pointing with his pipe. "Things is coming to a pretty pass. She was holding his hand a minute ago, I'll take my oath. Riding there beside him as if she belonged to him. Cuss 'em both!"

"You hold your tongue," said Mother Katie, "or he'll hear you, and there'll be mischief in the camp."

"There'll be mischief sure enough!" he snarled. "Look at her! And she's that too high an' mighty to come anigh the rest of us! She'll scarcely speak a civil word to me—to me!—but she'll ride beside him like a child!"

"Best hold your tongue," said Mother Katie again. "It's no business of yours, Steve."

"Yes, it is! It's the business of all of us. What's it coming to? Here!"—and he swung round upon her—"I want to know the truth—the truth, mind you—is our Madge gone on that chap or not?"

Mother Katie looked after the group. Madge was drooping forward with a downcast face, up to which Royce's was turned, his hand still holding the child, and as it seemed to the two spectators, Madge as well.

"Lawks a mercy me, how can I tell!" she said, defiantly, but there was a hesitation and uncertainty in her voice, and her dark eyes grew troubled. "No, 'tain't likely. Besides, Madge can take care of herself," she said, with a little sigh.

"Oh, can she?" retorted Steve, with an evil sneer. "Anyhow, I'll take care of her—and him, too. I've kept quiet, but I've had my thoughts. Do you think I ain't noticed the change in her? She liked me well enough

long, so that the crisp curls were now, though still short, curls indeed. Yes, what would the countess say, and—what would Irene? As he thought of her a short, sharp pain ached somewhere in his heart; but he drove the thought of her from his mind and set to business, for a man had come up to buy a horse. Royce was completing the bargain with him when Uncle Jake came up. Uncle Jake had been drinking—it seems rather unnecessary to waste ink upon such a quite superfluous statement; but let it stand—he had been drinking, and his once handsome face was flushed, and his shifty eyes shined with "the light that never was on land or sea."

Behind him were Davy and one or two of the gypsies, and Steve.

"Well, Mr. Jack," said Uncle Jake, as the purchaser led away the horse. "Feeling pretty fit, eh?"

"Thanks—yes, very," said Royce, cheerfully, slipping the money into his pocket. "Why are you so anxious about my health at this present moment, Uncle Jake?"

"You're wasted on the wrestling-platform," he said. "Bill has slipped and sprained his ankle, and you're the best man we've got."

CHAPTER XIV.

Royce started slightly and looked straight before him.

"Is there no one else?" he asked.

"I can scarcely leave the horses besides—he hesitated a moment, then went on frankly—"I don't particularly care for that business."

"No, there's no one else," replied Uncle Jake. "You're the strong man. Why don't you care for it? You seemed to rather like it at Cumberland."

Royce looked at him absently. It would have been a waste of time and breath to try and explain to Uncle Jake.

"Well, I don't," he said. "Present business pays better," remarked Steve, with a sneer.

Royce looked up at him with a half smile.

"That's true enough," he said. "But not in the way you insinuate, Steve. What a charming villain in a play you would make!"

"There's worse villains than me," snarled Steve, glancing at him significantly.

"Meaning me?" said Royce, pleasantly. "Steve, you're a small young man, and you take advantage of it; but don't go too far."

"Stop squabbling, you two," cut in Uncle Jake. "Are you going on the platform or are you not, Mr. Jack?"

"I'm going to obey orders. Yes," said Royce, grimly. "Here Davy, you take the horses." He beckoned the old man to him and gave him some directions about the prices and so on, and then followed Uncle Jake toward the booths, among which the platform stood. He had promised to share their work, had pledged himself to obey orders, and—he had been a soldier.

They reached the platform, round which a crowd was collected, and Royce proceeded to take off his coat. A group of gypsies stood near and looked at him curiously, and Uncle Jake watched him sideways with a leery smile. As the coat came off, Steve sprang on to the platform, and shouted:

"Now, then, for the champion wrestler! Who'll try a bout with the champion? Walk up, boys, walk up!"

"Up you get!" said Jake, with a chuckle.

Royce tightened his leather belt, and got one foot on the steps, when the group of gypsies parted, and through the narrow lane a slight figure made its way. Royce felt a hand upon his arm, and, turning, saw Madge. Her face was pale and her bosom heaving.

"Where are you going?" she asked. Royce nodded upward. His own face was rather pale and very grave.

"Who sent you? Who told you?" she demanded.

Royce did not answer; but Uncle Jake pushed forward with an air of bravado.

"I told him," he said. "What are you interfering for, Madge? He's the best man we've got, and"—he swore—"why shouldn't he?"

"Uncle Jake is right about the last," said Royce. "Why shouldn't I?" She turned on Jake with flashing eyes.

"Go away—out of my sight!" she said, through her clenched teeth; then she turned to Royce:

"You shall not! I—I forbid it!" (To be continued.)

"I Had General Debility," Writes Mrs. Pelletier.

General Debility or a run-down condition of the system may be due to overwork, going out too soon after an illness, worry, neglecting to take proper care of one's health, sleeplessness, etc. Its symptoms are weakness, lack of energy, the person so afflicted is easily fatigued, nervous, depressed, headaches, nervous dyspepsia are other symptoms of nervous debility. Building up the system with Carnol is the way Mrs. Pelletier was benefited. Her letter follows:

"I had general debility. I was all run down. I hadn't any appetite and could only digest liquids. I was nervous, I couldn't sleep. I was losing weight. The least exertion tired me. I consulted my doctor. He said I had general debility. He told me to take several bottles of Carnol because I needed building up. When I told Mr. H. H. Page, the druggist, my trouble he said he knew of no finer tonic. He said he always recommended it when a good, reliable tonic was needed. After taking three bottles I got relief, but I am still taking it. My appetite has come back. I can sleep. I have no more headaches and have already gained ten pounds. I am well satisfied with Carnol and always recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. M. Pelletier, Riviere du Loup, 1923. Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere."

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Protection and Capital Levy

VIEWS OF MACDONALD.

LONDON, March 18.—Much importance is being attached to the statement of Premier MacDonald on capital levy and protection made during his speech in the House of Commons. The text of his statement regarding the two subjects follows:

"Capital levy is in exactly the same position as protection. It cannot be enacted in this Parliament. We shall not deal with capital levy. No change of that character can be made until a majority of the country is in favor of it. I have not the least doubt that Mr. Chamberlain will go on propagating his doctrine of protection; but, until he or somebody else produces some scheme which will save this country from the exceedingly bad effects, as I think, of a too heavy national debt, increasing the cost of production, diminishing the purchasing value of money, depressing the wage-earning classes in mass, as I think, until the national debt is diminished and paid by honest means, I regard two means as dishonest, one repugnant and the other objectionable—until the national debt is paid off—"paid off" is too long—until the national debt is diminished, until its burden becomes of the nature that can be borne by the people, by the whole body of producers, functions of master and man and so on, I cannot be happy, because I do not believe the country is going to be free to compete in the markets of the world as soon as we enjoy normal conditions again."

If purity and wholesomeness mean anything in a soap then Ivory soap is the correct soap to use, for no soap is more pure, or more wholesome than the white, floating Ivory.

British Crop Prospects Poor

LONDON, March 1 (A.P.)—Grain crops in Great Britain will show a further decline this year. The long spells of wet weather, which have been experienced of late have caused serious delay in the preparation of the land for sowing and nowhere has it been found possible to carry out the intended program of ploughing and sowing. Consequently it is impossible for the farmers to make up all the arrears.

Manila, March 19. (A.P.)—Smuggling of dynamite from British-North Borneo into the Sulu archipelago is increasing despite the efforts of the Philippines customs authorities. The dynamite is chiefly used by the Moros to kill fish in the waters of the Southern Islands, although the practice has been prohibited by law for many years.

The Moros, who are familiar with all the small coves and harbors, are able to evade the customs authorities who have only a limited patrol service in that region. In their fast vintas (native sailboats) the Moros are able to load their cargoes of dynamite, and frequently a shipment of opium, on the Borneo coast, and under cover of darkness slip across to one of the small islands in the Sulu group, only a few miles away.

Only in rare instances are these smugglers caught, customs officials say.

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.

And a tablet taken occasionally during the day not only brings grateful and immediate relief from "sore throat"—but affords protection against even more distressing ailments that so often follow infection of the throat linings. At all druggists.

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Scourge Drives Settlers Home

FROM SOUTH SEAS.

PAPEETE, Tahiti (A.P.)—One of the perils that menace the settler in the South Sea Islands is the strange disease called elephantiasis. This malady, which is prevalent on Tahiti and the neighbouring islands, is an affection of the lymphatic system caused by the invasion of a microscopic worm called "filarii sanguinifera."

There is a wide difference of opinion as to how the infection enters the system. Some investigators declare that the mosquito plays host to the worm until he enters the human body through the mosquito's attack thereon; others believe that the infection comes from drinking impure water, while the natives hold that the disease is contracted from walking in certain infected districts, through the pores of the feet, in much the same manner that hookworm invades the body.

Many Europeans who have settled in the various islands have contracted the disease. Indeed, on some islands, every European resident suffers from it in a more or less advanced stage.

Elephantiasis takes the form of a chronic intermittent chill and fever, with inflammation and swelling of the lymphatics. With each attack a deposit of morbid lardaceous matter is left in the tissues of the arms and legs, and in time these become permanently deformed and of prodigious size.

The only treatment is residence in a cold climate. For this reason a goodly number of whites who have settled in the islands during the past few years, and who do not know how to take care of themselves in the tropics, have been compelled to abandon their homes and go to a cold country for a prolonged sojourn.

Prehistoric Skeleton Found in Side of Cliff

LEWISTON, Idaho, March 16—A huge skeleton, believed to be that of a prehistoric human being, has been discovered in the Salmon river country, south of here, by two members of the state highway department who have brought their find to this city. The lower jaw and vertebra will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., for analysis as to the probable date of existence.

Carnation Milk
"From Contented Cows"

Your Grocer Has Pure, Safe Milk

AT the nearest grocer's is ready for you a safe and convenient milk supply—Carnation Milk.

Just order with your groceries. Carnation keeps. None is wasted. You never run out.

Use Carnation in its full richness in place of cream for coffee. Use it diluted if you prefer on cereals, fruits, etc. Add a little more than an equal part of water and you will have pure milk for all cooking purposes.

Carnation is just pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer.

Try this recipe and write for a free copy of the Carnation Recipe Book. It contains 100 tested recipes.

NUT BREAD: 1 teaspoon salt, 4 cups flour, ¼ cup sugar, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 ½ cups water, ¾ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup English walnuts. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs well, add milk diluted with water and mix with dry ingredients. Beat well, add nuts, put into two greased pans and bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty-five minutes. This recipe makes two loaves.

Produced in Canada by
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., LIMITED
Aylmer Ontario

The label is Red and White

STOP! YOU NEED A TONIC

and we know of no better one than to take a bottle of **Brick's Tasteless**

BRICKS TASTELESS is an excellent preparation to give an appetite. No other medicine will restore lost weight so quickly. It purifies the blood, it makes the weak strong. It is so prepared that it can be taken by anyone without the least digestive effort.

Thousands of people all over the country have used **BRICKS TASTELESS** and find it the best all round TONIC to be had.

TRY A BOTTLE AND NOTE RESULTS IN A WEEK

You can purchase a bottle of **BRICKS** for \$1.20 at all General Stores in the Outports, and in the city at the following Stores:

Ayre & Sons, Water Street; J. M. Brown, Cross Roads; G. Knowling, East, West & Central; F. Lukins, Hayward Avenue; T. McMurdo & Co., Water Street; R. G. MacDonald, Ltd., Water Street; Peter O'Mara, Water Street West; O'Mara's Drug Store, Rawlins' Cross; J. F. Wiseman, Carter's Hill; or

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Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes—

"When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal those terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since."

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