

"I Can Now Do My Work, Without Feeling Tired"

Mrs. A. Moffatt, Roxton Falls, Que., writes:



"I suffered from a run-down system and nervous debility. I could not sleep or rest at night, and felt so weak I could not walk any distance. I took several tonics, but they only helped me while I was taking them. Mother advised me to take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I felt great benefit from the first box, and continued taking several boxes. Today I feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work without that dreadful tired feeling."

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

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XI.

"You have asked, Seymour, what is to be said or done. The answer is: nothing. Royce"—her voice did not falter as she spoke the name, but her eyes closed for one second as if a pang of pain had smitten her—"Royce has left Monk Towers, and forever!"

Seymour's face flushed transiently, and his pale eyes gleamed, then he lowered them.

"It was the only course open to him," he said—"the only course. And my dear mother, I think I shall best show my respect for your great sorrow—a sorrow I share with you, believe me—by henceforth refraining from mentioning his name. There is always hope, even for the vilest"—the countess's eyes flashed, but she lowered them and remained silent—"and we may humbly trust the prodigal may return, penitent and reformed. Yes, we will hug that blessed hope to our bosoms; but meanwhile, we will endeavor to forget him. Ahem!" he cleared his throat, and taking up his glass, glanced at her from under his lids—"our dear Irene has grown quite a woman—quite."

The countess did not start, but she turned her head and looked at him, and as he met her gaze with his light, blandly smiling eyes, she understood him.

Her proud face grew pale, the white, shapely hand resting on the table closed spasmodically, and a slight shudder ran through her.

"And a very beautiful woman too," he went on, smoothly. "You will have to find a husband for her presently, my dear mother," and he laughed softly.

"There is plenty of time, Irene is still a child," she said; but she said it mechanically, and like one still under the effects of a sudden shock.

"Oh, yes, yes!" he said. "He will be a happy man who wins her. Dear Irene!"

He opened the door for her, inclining his head respectfully, and the countess passed out on her way to the drawing-room.

But at the door she paused, and instead of entering and joining Irene, she went slowly upstairs to her own room.

She locked the door and stood for a moment, her hand pressed to her bosom, as if she were oppressed by some terrible crushing thought. Then she went slowly, but as if drawn to it, to a small bureau in a corner of the room, unlocked it, and took a miniature from it.

She held it, gazing down at it with a strange expression; then she fell on her knees, and with the miniature still inclosed in the palm of her clenched hand, leaned her proud face on her hands, moaning like a human soul in torture.

And yet the portrait, though a man's, was not that of her husband, the late earl, or of Royce, her second and best-loved son; and it was not the passion of grief that shook her from head to foot, but rather that of a proud spirit dashing itself blindly against the strong barrier behind which fate laughs at us, taunting us with the past, and making of remorse a mockery and despair. There is a skeleton in most houses; there was a very grisly one indeed in Monk Towers.

CHAPTER XI.

The paroxysm passed, and the countess rose from her knees, trembling with exhaustion, and replaced the portrait in its drawer, dropping it from her hand as one drops a thing one hates and loathes, and bathed her face. Then she sunk into a chair, and clasping her arms, forced herself—there is no other word—into composure; and after a time the handsome face regained its usual stately calm, and she went down to the drawing-room.

Irene was at the piano singing in a very low voice a favorite song of Royce's, but she stopped the instant the door opened, and quickly took the music from the stand.

"Why do you leave off singing?" asked the countess.

Irene blushed, but she left the piano and came and seated herself beside the chair in which the countess always sat.

"Are you tired to-night, madame?" she said.

"No, I am not tired; I am quite well," was the calm reply. "Why do you ask?"

Irene did not like to say "because you look so pale," and she opened a paper and began to read, for the countess liked to hear the news conveyed by the girl's musical voice.

Neither of them spoke of Seymour, but presently he came in.

He had drunk three of four glasses of the famous Landon port, and had smoked a couple of cigarettes, and he entered the room with his bland smile even more pronounced than usual; for over the port the resolution he had arrived at in London had, so to speak, crystallized. Irene had grown into a very beautiful woman, and as he thought over this fact, and the amount of the Tresilian money, he felt more than ever convinced that it was his duty to save her from his scapegrace brother Royce, and secure her for himself. He had stood and looked at himself in the glass for quite five minutes before leaving the dining-room, and had smoothed his hair and pulled up his collar with a smile of satisfaction, assuring that there really was no reason in the world why he should not succeed.

To begin with, Royce was out of the way; he, Seymour, was an earl—an irresistible attraction to most girls, as he knew—and he was—well, really he was not bad-looking.

So he went into the drawing-room very well contented with himself, and determined to make himself pleasant and begin the business at once.

The gentle Seymour was by no means a clever man, but he possessed in a marked degree that peculiar kind of cunning which very often serves a man in the place of cleverness, and he was never at a loss for conversation. As Royce had once said, Seymour could talk the hind-leg off a donkey, and to-night he set himself to amuse and interest the beautiful lady who sat so quietly and silently at the countess's feet.

And though he did not succeed in getting anything but the shortest of responses from her, he was not discouraged.

"Are you not to have any music to-night?" he asked. "I thought I heard the piano while I was in the dining-room. If you are not too tired, Irene, dear—"

Irene rose at once, and he went with her to the piano and turned over the

music for her, with his head on one side and his white hand softly beating time to the music, presenting such a delightful picture of the highly moral and domesticated animals that no one would have believed the gray-haired man bending with flushed face and startling eyes over the green table in the little "hell" off Regent Street and Seymour, Earl of Landon, to be one and the same person.

After Irene had sung a couple of songs, he offered to sing one himself. He had a soft, but rather feeble voice—there was nothing strong about Seymour, excepting his hypocrisy, which was strong as one of Royce's pipes—and he sang sentimental ditties about broken hearts and wasted lives in what his lady friends called a charming manner. But Irene, though she thanked him prettily, was not touched, and the countess's stern face did not soften in the least.

"I think our voices would go well together, Irene," he said. "Are there not some duets here?"

And she turned over the music in the canterbury and found "The Lark-board Watch."

"Ah, here you are!" he said, pleasantly. "Now then."

But Irene gazed at the music and turned pale. She and Royce used to sing it when they were boy and girl; there was a patch of tissue paper over a rent which they had torn one day when quarrelling and struggling over it.

"I don't think I can sing any more to-night," she said, with a little catch in her voice.

Royce would have said, roughly, "Oh nonsense! What are girls made for but to sing, when they're wanted," and closed the piano at once.

"And now, what shall we do to-morrow?" he asked, as the countess rose to retire for the night. "You must look upon me as some hard-worked clerk taking a well-earned holiday, you know, and really I don't think any one deserves one more than I do! What do you say to a ride in the morning, Irene?"

"I shall be very pleased," she replied, after a second's hesitation. "That is, if madame does not want me."

"No," said the countess in her impassive voice, and without looking at them.

"Then a ride, by all means!" said Seymour, rubbing his hands with an air of anticipatory enjoyment. "I shall enjoy a canter. I do not get very much time for riding in town."

Irene gave him her hand and wished him good-night, but the countess lingered behind, as if she knew he wished to speak to her.

"Irene is—very quiet," he said. "She has that repose which is so truly charming—and, alas! so rare nowadays in young girls. I hope she is not unhappy, fretting about anything?"

The countess remained silent, and after a glance at her under his white lashes, he went on:

"It occurred to me that she might, perhaps, be fretting over—er—recent events. I fancy, mother, you had some plans for her in regard to Royce—forgive me for mentioning him—but, of course, there is an end to any thought of that kind?"

"Yes, there is an end," she said, coldly.

(To be continued.)

The right oven temperature is one of the most important elements in successful cake-baking. Top each dish of cream-of-corn soup with a little whipped cream and a few grains of pink popcorn.

Does Your Child Show These Symptoms?

Often perfectly healthy children will, for no apparent reason, suddenly lose their appetite, become tired and listless, pale, and take no interest in games or sports. Often the child has a dry cough. If neglected too long, these symptoms may develop into anemia or consumption. When a child shows signs of becoming run down, its system should immediately be built up with a tonic. Dorothy Oliver developed symptoms similar to those described above, and in the following letter Mrs. Oliver tells how the child was restored to health. "My little girl Dorothy, seven years of age, was much run down, suffering from loss of appetite. She was tired and nervous. She was losing flesh and becoming thin. This had been going on for over three years. I had tried several remedies without effect. Finally I got a bottle of Carnol and almost immediately I noticed an improvement. She gained 100 per cent. in strength and flesh. Today she is again the rosy-cheeked child she used to be. She is now full of life, health and vitality. I therefore can conscientiously recommend Carnol as a builder and appetizer."—Mrs. O. S. Oliver, 648 Beveridge St., Winnipeg. Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

English Humor Scores in Havana

Havana, Feb. 20 (A.P.)—The "Wynbaditty," a stocky little vessel built along the lines of a tug, lay in Havana harbor taking on a cargo of liquor. "What's that name mean?" shouted an inquisitive American from a passing rowboat. "Will you buy a drink if I tell you?" yelled back a grinning member of the crew. The "Wynbaditty" which flies the British flag, pulled out subsequently with some 6,000 cases of liquor and her clearance papers indicated she was bound for West End, a port in the British West Indies.



Something More!

After meals you want something more—a bit of sweet with a change of flavor. WRIGLEY'S is that "something more" and it's more than that! It is a great aid to your good health, as medical authorities say.

This is from a recent book on health:

"Many physicians now recommend gum chewing . . . for a better and more complete change of the starches into dextrin."

WRIGLEY'S after every meal

—means that your digestion is aided while your pleasure is served; teeth and digestion both benefit. Your choice of several flavors, all of the WRIGLEY quality—sealed in its purity package.



Wrigley's the next cigar taste better



Mirror Misery

"NO LOOKING-GLASS" WAS THE PRESCRIPTION IN A DIFFICULT CASE OF MENTAL DEPRESSION.

A medical man who was called upon recently to treat a rather perplexing case of mental depression did two things—was ordinary, the other extraordinary. He prescribed a tonic and forbade his patient, a young woman of twenty-five, to use a mirror.

It was just by chance that he learned that she had the "mirror habit," and it so happened that in his studies as to causes of mental depression he had come to the conclusion that it wasn't natural, and therefore not good, for human beings to see themselves reflected.

That may astonish, but a moment's thought will make it clear that mankind was not originally intended to look at itself! The first mirror was doubtless a pool of still water, and then would come polished metal. But our ancestors found means of looking at themselves does not prove that to see ourselves is right.

"What the Eye Doesn't See." Mirrors have an extraordinary fascination for the insane in the first stages of their malady. Afterwards, so the writer is told, a looking-glass will often drive them into paroxysms of fury.

There seems, therefore, little doubt that the "mirror habit" for some, to the falling-in of cheeks and the like is not, to put it mildly, helpful or stimulating. And what doesn't help of stimulate is very apt to depress.

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve for" is very true. If convicts had looking-glasses and could see themselves as they are, and note the greying, the ageing, and the pallor, prison madness would vastly increase.

Wisdom, therefore, should make us use our looking-glasses as little as possible. The mentally depressed and those below par in health should use them not at all. It is worth trying, for in the case quoted above the young woman recovered.

Poultry Feeding

A successful method of feeding Poultry as carried out by many big poultry farms, is known as the "Dry Mash" system. A reliable Dry Mash is kept before the fowls at all times in a Hopper, Feeder or Trough. Litter, such as straw, is kept one foot deep on the floor of the well-ventilated, dry, sunny, house, and in its fed late every afternoon a good grain scratch-foed—one quart to each dozen fowls. Water, grit, charcoal, and broken oyster shell are before the fowls at all times. This method solves the problem of securing rapid growth and heavy egg-production. The hens should consume about twice as much dry-mash as grains, i.e., each dozen hens should eat 2 quarts of dry mash per day.

Feeding grains only such as corn and oats to poultry will not produce a big egg yield. A good dry mash—costing roughly about 5 cents a lb.—is made up of such ingredients as Oatmeal, dried meat scrap or fish meal, Corn Meal, Bone Meal, Bran or Wheat Middlings and sometimes Gluten Meal and dried Buttermilk. Cod Liver Oil is included in some recent mashies and certainly induces growth.

A good scratch food consists of Cracked Corn, Whole Wheat, Barley, Oats, Sunflower Seed, etc. So the poultry are getting a good selection of foods when fed this combination. Fowls consume in 12 months about 75 pounds of dry mash and scratch food.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Hemford, N. S.—"I am the mother of four children and I was so weak after my last baby came that I could not do my work and suffered for months until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Since taking the Vegetable Compound my weakness has left me and the pain in my back has gone. I tell all my friends who are troubled with female weakness to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I think it is the best medicine ever sold. You may advertise my letter."—Mrs. GEORGE I. CAROUSE, Hemford, N. S.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IDA RYAN, Glen Allen, Alabama. Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments Peculiar to Women."

AXE HANDLES!

SPOT STOCK:

500 doz. Axe Handles. 200 doz. Pick Handles.

Selling at Special Low Price.

Job's Stores, Ltd.

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:

Table with 2 columns: Children 10 years and under, Children over 10 yrs. and up to 15 yrs. Rows for First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth prizes with corresponding amounts.

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.

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per fowl. This works out at about \$4 per fowl. Now a hen should lay over 120 eggs per year, i.e., 100 doz eggs. At eighty cents average per dozen this gives \$8 worth of eggs. In the winter months it is a good thing to feed sprouted oats daily. This takes the place of green food, grass, etc., which they pick up for themselves in the summer and helps to keep them in condition. Dry mash and scratch foods are stocked by the leading grocers and feed dealers in town, and are well worth the attention of poultry-keepers who desire to make poultry pay.

New Bank Alarm Shoots Fusillade of Cartridges

Chicago, March 11 (A.P.)—An automatic burglar alarm for banks which fires blank cartridges simultaneously in all the money cages and from the direction of all doors, is among the protective devices under test in the laboratories of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Rapid fire automatic pistols set off by push buttons distributed throughout the bank constitute the alarm feature of the system. The theory of the inventor is that the fusillade will put the bandits to flight. The mechanism, housed in a small steel box beneath the tellers' window, is operated on the cartridge belt prin-

ciple of the machine gun. As many firing boxes as are desired may be installed, and the trigger buttons may be distributed to every employee. Improvements to make the device fool proof through perfections will prevent its being loaded with genuine bullets, are suggested by the underwriters. Without this, it is pointed out, over cautious bankers might so charge the system as to endanger the lives of the bank patron. An attractive dessert to serve at an Easter luncheon is made by lining individual melon molds with vanilla ice cream and filling with orange tea.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

A SENSE OF HUMOR

"What shall I give him now?" said God. "He has the strength with which to plod the ways of life, the love of right, the gift of sorrow when skies are bright. Wisdom is planted in his mind. This man shall be both true and kind. Earth's beauty shall delight his eyes. And to its glories he shall rise. "He shall know right from wrong, and he Defender of the faith shall be: What more on him can I bestow Before to earth, I let him go?" Then snake an angel standing near: "Wisdom is not enough, I fear. Master, for all that he must do—Grant him a sense of humor, too." "Grant him to smile at petty wrong. The changing moods which sway the throng; When cares annoy him, show him then How laughable are angry men!" Years after, when his strength was tasked, "What keeps you patient?" he was asked. "What keeps you brave who are so tried?" "My sense of humor," he replied. KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

ASK FOR ALVINA The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil. Especially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia. A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children. Prepared by BAYNE & LAWRENCE CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal.

Corns



Don't risk blood poisoning by paring a corn. Apply Blue-jay, the scientific corn exciser. The pain will vanish instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Get Blue-jay today at your druggist.

Blue-jay

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