

"I Had Terrible Backache From Kidney Disease"



Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Canadian Sta., N.B., writes:
"I was troubled for years with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in each month I remained in bed, the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost impossible. I used about \$50.00 worth of other medicines, but with little result. Now I am completely better, after using only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
GERALD S. DOYLE Distributor.

The Countess of London.

CHAPTER I.

Cumberland Fair was in full swing.

"At one time, in the good or bad old times, there used to be a fair, once a year at least, in every town, large or small. There were several in London, for instance. But Merry England has somehow or other grown a very sad and grave and serious England, and if you want to see a fair now you must go far down into the country—into those remote districts where men—and women—have not yet grown ashamed of enjoying themselves in the open air."

Cumberland Fair was held just outside the market town on a good-sized common. It lasted three days, and during these three days the good folk of Cumberland talked, thought, eat, drank fair. It was the one event of the year to which the country people—and the townspeople too—looked forward to and backward at. They dated from it. It was, "I bought that horse at Cumberland Fair." "They were married three weeks come fair-time," and so on, just as the Italian reckons from some grand festival, or the Spaniard counts from some famous bull-fight.

It was the third and last day, and the fair was at its height. The lanes between the booths were crowded with a dense throng of pleasure-makers, men and women, in their Sunday best, some with their children on their shoulders.

The row was awful and indescribable. From one side came the yells of the showmen descending on the merits of their particular shows, and imploring the people to "Walk up!" From another there came the dull, heavy roar of a lion in the menagerie; while from many, too many, drinking-booths snatches of tipsy choruses floated out and mingled with the general din. Merry-go-rounds and swings revolved and swung to the melodious strains of steam-organs. Every showman had a drum, and seemed to be

trying to knock the head in. A couple of brass bands played unceasingly. Children blew innumerable tin trumpets, and the ingenious gentleman with the three thimbles and a pea shouted hoarse exhortations to the crowd to come and win their fortunes.

There was every kind of show. The fat woman was here, in company with the giant and the dwarf and the living skeleton. The spotted nobleman was a great attraction, and the wild man of the woods roared and yelled invitingly through the bars of his cage.

A little apart from the rest were a half a dozen gypsy caravans. No fair would be complete without gypsies, and they were at Cumberland in full force, with penny cookies, shooting-galleries, and Aunt Sallies. Every now and then a dark-skinned, black-haired lass, with the usual crimson shawl draped hood-fashion over her lustrous head, would glide in and about the crowd with that easy and graceful gait which these strange people have inherited from the days "when Pharaoh was king over Egypt," and whisper: "Let me tell you your fortune, kind gentleman. Cross the gypsy's hand with silver, pretty lady."

Nut-brown children sat on the steps of the caravans, or played about the horses' heels with impunity; and in the center of the colony, so to speak, was gathered, round a kettle suspended over a fire, a group of gypsies eating their afternoon meal as placidly as if they had pitched their tents on some Syrian island.

Just outside this ring round the fire a girl leaned against the side of a caravan. She was supposed to be partaking of the meal with the rest of the company; but she was not eating, and the dark eyes, half veiled by their long black lashes, had a dreamy and far-away expression, as if she saw nothing of the wild scene of confusion and excitement upon which they rested.

In dress there was little to distinguish her from the other women of the tribe, with the exception that the frock of brown woolsey was clean and without rent, or, indeed, darn, and that she wore no gold rings in her ears or on her fingers, as did the rest. But

the dress was well made and well fitting, and she seemed to wear it and the shawl round her head with that indescribable air of ease and grace which is born with some women, and can never—no, never—be acquired.

She was about the middle height, but slim and well built; there was youth and strength and health in every limb, in the very poise of the shapely head on the slender neck, upright as a column. Her hair was dark—I had almost written black, but remembered that the scientific man have declared that there is no black hair. Her eyes were large, lustrous, and, unlike—gypsy's, soft and melting, with the softness of the stag, not that of the ox.

Beauty is not uncommon among the gypsies, but this girl's loveliness was of a striking and exquisite order.

That she wore a better dress, and wore it with exceptional grace, might be ascribed to the fact that she was the queen of her tribe; and perhaps she owed to the same fact the air of respectful dignity which sat so well upon her at this moment, when, as if unconscious of the surrounding turmoil, she stood lost in thought and her own day-dreams; for even a gypsy who lives in a caravan by telling fortunes may have day-dreams.

Presently a man came round the caravan. He was a gypsy like the rest, but was dressed in a shabby suit which might have been the castoff of a shopman or clerk. He was a man about fifty, with the air and expression which dissipation and excess stamps upon gentle and simple alike, and his countenance was not rendered more prepossessing by a pair of crafty eyes, and like which wore a smirk and a sneer by turns.

He stopped short, as he saw the girl, seemed about to speak, then turned aside and entered the ring round the fire. He walked with a peculiar gait, which was intended to conceal a slight limp, for he had once been strong and handsome, and was still vain.

"Halloo, Uncle Jake!" said one of the men, looking up with the faint laugh which greets a ne'er-do-well who is half feared, half scorned. "How goes it—tea?"

Uncle Jake screwed his evil mouth into a contemptuous smirk, and shook his head.

"Tea? Not while there's anything else going, eh, Jake?" said another, and he held up a stone bottle.

The man took it, drank from it without a word, and stood silently looking at the fire; then he glanced sideways at the motionless figure of the girl, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder inquiringly. The man he addressed by the gesture looked in her direction.

"Oh, Madge!" he said, with a laugh. "She's moaning, as usual."

"She's always moaning," said Jake, half fiercely, half sullenly. "Why don't she work like the rest of us?"

There was a general laugh at the "us." The day on which Uncle Jake had worked had not yet dawned.

"Let her alone," said a woman, looking up from the kettle of stew she was inspecting. "Best not interfere with her, Uncle Jake. She's been like that most of the day."

Jake emitted a snarl under his breath.

"I'm not afraid of her," he said, with a kind of defiance; and setting his wide-awake a little on one side, thereby giving himself a rakish air at once cruel and repulsive, he left the ring and approached the girl.

She did not see or hear him, or, at any rate, did not appear to do so—for a gypsy's ears are sharp as the panther's—until he was close upon her; then she started, but not with fear, and turned her large eyes upon him questioningly. The man's crazy eyes wavered and fell before hers.

"Well, Madge!" he said in a tone that was meant for, but fell short of, a bullying one, "moaning and star-gazing again, eh?"

"There are no stars nor moon, Uncle Jake," she said, quietly.

"Oh!" he said. "You're sharp on a word, you are! It's a pity you don't make use of your sharpness. There's months to be led, my girl, and money to be got, and you don't do your share, leaning up agen that van like a wax ogger!"

She drew herself to her full height and looked at him with a kind of smoldering fire in her eyes; then they softened, and she nodded as if accepting the reproach.

"I was resting," she said simply, "but I'll go now."

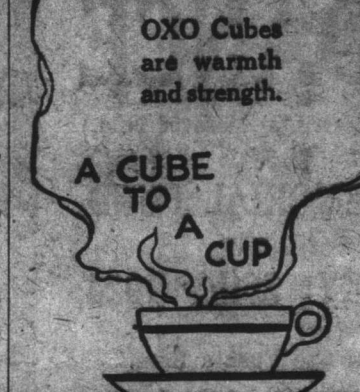
(To be continued.)

OXO CUBES

Men have trained on OXO, run and jumped, played ball, hockey and lacrosse on OXO.

Women have endured on OXO, nursed on it built up on it.

Children have thrived on OXO, grown big and sturdy on it.



Student Explores Mysterious Gulch in French Mountain

Paris. (A.P.)—Some interesting and thrilling stories are told in connection with the feats of some of the unsuccessful candidates for the Grand Prix of the Academy des Sports, but they are overshadowed by the publicity given to the feat of the winner. The prize for 1923 recently awarded to Alain Gerbault, a noted tennis player, went to him only after a spirited debate of the jury, some of whose members favored Norbert Castaret, a student at the University of Toulouse.

The prize is awarded annually to the man or men accomplishing a sporting exploit in France by a Frenchman alone, or abroad by a Frenchman alone, likely to result in a material, scientific or moral progress for humanity. Gerbault won the prize by making a trip across the Atlantic in a 30-foot boat.

In the region of St. Martory, the department of the Haute Garonne, a brook enters the north side of a mountain 1,500 feet in altitude, runs through a gulch regarded as impenetrable, and emerges on the southern slope of the mountain. On August 23, 1923, Castaret, a strong swimmer and expert diver, decided to explore the brook. Before taking the leap into the unknown, Castaret made his will. Then armed only with candles, adequately protected from the water, to dispel the darkness of the subterranean cavern, the young student dived in.

The distance between the spot where the water disappears into the mountain to its outlet on the other side measures three-quarters of a mile. For three hours friends awaited in anxiety at the mouth of the grotto.

Suddenly, dripping with muddy water, dishevelled and haggard, but with the grim smile of victory on his features, the student was shot out of the mountain into the arms of his exuberant friends.

He told a remarkable story of courage and energy. Fighting against the current, swimming to the vacillating light of the candle, Castaret, in many places of the grotto where the water met with the roof of stone, had to halt, ignorant as to whether the brook, which in these spots assumed exactly the appearance of a huge pipe completely filled with

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

Our Buyers have just returned from the American Markets. We are now in a position to offer you the Best Goods at the Lowest possible prices.

Men's Flannelette Pyjamas.
High grade Flannelette, fancy striped patterns, white silk braid and white frog trim.
Per Suit \$2.98

Pure Silk Ribbon.
Fast woven edges, fancy check and floral designs, for hairbows, camellias and sashes, good widths, pretty shades.
Per Yard 49c. to 75c.

Child's Black Hose.
Hose to fit children up to 6 years.
Per Pair 12c.



Babies' Knitted Boots.
In White with Pink and White, with Blue. Reg. per pair 50c.
Now 19c.

Ladies' Colored Underskirts.
1 inch, self-acordean pleated flounce, colors: Navy, Purple and green.
Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

White Jean Middies.
Bullhank styles, blue collar and cuffs. Emblem on sleeve.
Each \$2.25

Fancy Collar and Cuff Sets.
In the popular Jenny and Peter Pan styles.
Per Set 49c. to \$1.20

Camisoles.
Heavy satin finish, saten, in colors of Pink, Lavender and Blue.
Each 49c.



Wool Cap and Scarf Sets.
Caps are close fitting and Scarfs are long with fringed ends.
Per Set \$1.49 to \$1.98

Crepe Kimonos.
Large fancy bell sleeve, satin trim, with girle at waist.
Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

Men's Fancy Silk Ties.
Wide ends, in pretty designs.
Each 75c.



Millinery of New Vogue \$4.98-\$5.98
Women's and Misses' trimmed and colored Hats, for all occasions, street dress and evening wear, wide variety, in satin, metal brocade and satin combination. Choose from Turbans, close fitting styles and off the face models, in Black and color combinations.
Each \$4.98-\$5.98



Serge DRESSES
Sale of \$15.00 and \$20.00 Dresses for
\$7.98
Loveliest of Juvenile modes, straight line, in pretty shades of Brown, Fawn, Tan, Henna and Navy. The most wonderful dresses women have ever seen for the money. Wise shoppers will select not one but several.

Men's Winter Caps.
Full lined, with ear flap.
Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

Silk Fringe.
In Fern shades, suitable finish for sideboard scarf, runners, etc.
Per Yard 39c.

Melton Cloth.
40 inches wide, superior English quality.
Per Yard 90c.



Watches.
Open face, nickel case, stem wind and set.
Each \$1.98

Ladies' Black and Colored Heavy Silk Hose.
full fashioned.
Per Pair 75c.

Jewelry.
Rhinstone Bracelets, each .75c.
White Gold Rings, each .85c.
Ear Rings, per pair .49c.
Signet Rings, each .55c.

Hat Flowers.
A large and pretty assortment of Flowers, foliage and fruit, ranging in prices from
15c. to \$2.75



Boys' Suits.
Straight knee pants styles, good values at \$9.98. Just a few to clear at
\$4.98

Brass Extension Rods.
Each 10c.

Ladies' Pure Wool Tie-Back Sweaters.
Tuxedo collar, and cuffs are of brushed wool.
Each \$1.49

Ladies' Children's and Misses' Overpants.
Fleece lined, fullness is distributed at waist and knee by means of an elastic.
Per Pair 79c. to \$1.10

Men's Hose.
A large assortment of wool, cashmere and silk hose.
Per Pair 19c. to 98c.

Boys' Shantung and Stripe Percale Shirts.
Good quality, soft collar attached.
Each 98c. to \$1.25

Table Oil Cloth.
45 inches wide, good quality, pretty designs.
Per Yard 39c.

PHIL MURPHY

317 Water Street

Store open every Night and Holidays

rushing water, would again after a few feet wider and the swimmer find open air above his head, he had to decide whether to turn back or to chance the long swim under water. He chose the latter.

His courage was rewarded for after a swim under water, which he reckoned at about 70 feet, he emerged into a dry gallery about six hundred feet long and quite high above his head.

In this grotto Castaret declared he discovered a wonderful prehistoric museum. Upon the walls of the cavern, engraved as if with sharp instruments or painted were mysterious characters, in a language which Castaret had never before seen or heard of. Besides of clay, some of them well preserved, depicted animals which have long since disappeared from the surface of Europe. Two of these, that of a bear and a tiger, which Castaret said must have dated at least as far back

as 30,000 years, were so lifelike and well preserved, that he was of the opinion that the live animals had become petrified with the clay of the earth in the course of some cataclysm. Some of the members of the jury argued that while the exploit of Castaret from a spectacular point of view did not compare with that of Gerbault, it had far more value from a scientific side. They were overruled.

Some versions of the tailored suit for young women include a belted model of tan overplaid tweed, molded with high collared jacket made on Chinese lines, an alpaca suit with fitted coat.

Pimples Disappear
"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Nettle-Druggists call it 'Nettle Seed's' Castaret says—your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will soothe your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine.
At drug stores.

Fads and Fashions.
That very chic combination—black and white—is exceedingly smart for spring.
Fitted in brown, yellow and white is used in trimming a sports frock of brown, flannel.
A early colored Russian handkerchief of silk is draped around a hat of crim straw.
A frock of brown silk crepe has a platted scarf of light tan slipped beneath the girle.
In a diamond-shaped spot, in the center of a blouse of gold cloth, is a monogram in black.
Fascies of the scope side of the material, striped in with drawn-work on a frock of satin crepe.



Exposures Such As This—
with their resultant aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, stiff muscles—are neutralized by a prompt application of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment keeps you fit as a fiddle for the daily duties of farming.

Applied without rubbing, it penetrates to the ache, pain, soreness, bringing quick, comforting relief.

Good for live stock, too. Keeps them in good shape and increases their value. Corrects lameness, soreness and bruises. Kills Pain.

The large size bottle means strict economy—six times as much as the small size.



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