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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Royce, Royce!" she wailed, "won't you write to me and tell me where you are, and whether you are well or ill?"

"I won't promise, Renie," he said, gravely. "I'm bad at writing, and if things went wrong with me I should be too proud to tell you. Good-bye, dear Renie. Don't fret about me—I'm not worth it."

Her hand still clung to his arm. "Tell me, Royce," she murmured, "and her eyes dropped, 'have you—have you—have you any money?'"

"Yes," he replied, forcing a smile; "I have a little—enough."

"Oh, not enough," she said, quickly; and she put her hand up to a chain round her neck.

"My hand trembles so that I can't fasten it. Undo it, Royce."

He unfastened the snap, and she took the chain off swiftly and pressed it into his hand.

"I haven't any money with me, Royce, but I will send you some if you will let me—and you will, won't you? You won't be too proud to take it from your sister, Royce?"

His face flushed, and he smiled still. "You're not my sister, Renie," he replied; "but if you were, I should be too proud, as you say, to take money from you."

"Oh, Royce! But the chain—you will take that? You can sell it."

He shook his head. Then, as her eager face clouded over with disappointment, he unfastened a small locket from the chain.

"Not the chain, dear Renie," he said; "but I'll take the locket, that I may always have something with me to remind me of you—not that I shall need it. And now good-bye once more, dear Renie. There, don't cry; I'm not worth a tear or a sigh, as the song says: There, there!"

Her hand dropped from his arm, and she put it in his hand, and it twined round his fingers lovingly, approvingly. In the innocent eyes there was a look that said plainly:

"Take me in your arms, Royce; kiss me, for I love you."

Perhaps he understood the look, for his color came and went. But, notwithstanding what his mother had said, Royce Landon had not lost all honor, and he resisted the temptation—the great temptation—and instead he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly, reverently.

"Good-bye, Renie," he said in a very low voice. "And—don't think worse of me than you can help."

Then he turned and strode off; but as he entered the avenue he looked back and waved his hand. She was standing, white, lily-like, in her thin white dress, her hands before her eyes, and he knew that she was crying, and for him. She waved her hand, her lips formed his name, and then he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

It was dark under the trees in the avenue as Royce walked through it, and in the solemn quietude thought over all that had passed. He had wrecked his life. He had had a fair start in the race, bore an honored name which his father had won, was blessed with strength and health, and here in the heyday of youth he was tramping away from his home—an outcast.

He stopped just outside the gate and emptied the money from his pocket into his hand—it did not require two. There were exactly fifteen shillings and sixpence, and Irene Trevelyan's locket. As he looked at the small trinket, the sternness of his face softened, and something very like a tear gathered in his eyes.

She had called herself his sister, and though he had contradicted her, she had been like a sister to him—until to-day. The Earl of Landon and Irene's father, Lord Trevelyan, had been bosom friends, and at the death of the latter his daughter had become Lord Landon's ward. The countess loved her as a mother, and Irene and Royce had grown up side by side, fast friends and playmates—brother and sister—until to-day, when, coming up on her in the oak room, he had discovered that the child had grown into a woman. Her face, pale and tearful, her voice, full of its sympathetic sorrow, haunted him as he sat there, and almost drove out the sting and remembrance of his mother's passionate reproaches. But they came back upon him presently, and stung and lashed him. He knew that what she had said was true, that she had lavished the whole of her love upon him, her younger son, almost to the exclusion of his brother.

Seymour, the earl, and Royce had never "got on" well together; they were totally unlike in form, features, and mind. Seymour spent most of his time in London, taking up one fad and crotchet after another, and making each serve his purpose. He and Royce saw very little of each other, and when they did were just civil and no more. The earl had possession of the estates and the Landon money, excepting the countess's small jointure, there was not much, not enough of it; but he would not have given Royce a shilling, and Royce would have died rather than accept it.

Now, Lady Irene was rich—very rich—and the countess had, ever since the fair-haired child had become her ward, cherished a secret hope that Royce and Irene would marry. There would be money enough for her boy then, and all would be well.

But though she loved him as only a mother can love her last-born, she was too righteous and too proud to sacrifice Irene to one, even though he were her own son, who had lost his good name. It was her disappointment in him that had lent fire to the passion, and barbed her reproaches with poisoned darts. For my lady the countess was ambitious for him. The earldom had gone to Seymour; nothing but her small income would go to Royce. Why should he not, like his father, carve out a name for himself with his sword, and, enriched with Irene's wealth, become a power in the land?

All this Royce knew as he sat there with the fifteen shillings in his hand. And he had pulled down this beautiful castle in the air, levelled it to the dust. He was more sorry for his mother than for himself. Indeed, he held himself as of too little worth to be grieved over, and after a time he got up and strode on, whither he cared not.

The evening shadows grew darker, and as he reached the edge of the common the lights from the fair gleamed like a ring of fire in the summer night's haze, and the muffled roar and din of the crowd came across the silence and smote on his ear dully. He was harassed and tormented by his thoughts, and the fair offered him a distraction. He quickened his pace, and had come within a hundred yards or so of the edge of the outer ring of booths and shows, when he saw a gypsy's caravan slowly making its way toward him.

He stopped and looked at it absently. It was a living-van of the ordinary kind, but its appointments were better than usual; the paint was fresher, and the muslin curtains in the diminutive windows were whiter. On the shaft, driving the big, lumbering horse, sat a young girl with long, unkempt hair down her back, and another girl walked beside it, one hand holding the red shawl at her throat, the other hanging down listlessly.

She glanced up at Royce as he caught the gleam of a pair of dark eyes; but he did not recognize her as the girl who had told his fortune, and he was walking on when he heard light and hurried footsteps behind him. He stopped, and turned so suddenly that she drew back a step and stood with a faint flush on her brown cheek and a half-timid look in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "what is it?" Then, as he recognized her, he added: "You don't want to tell my fortune again?" She shook her head.

"You were going there?" she said, pointing in the direction of the fair.

"Yes, I was. Well?" he replied.

"Don't," she said in a low voice. "Turn back or keep to the road. There is danger there."

"Danger?" he said. "What kind of danger?"

"She cast down her eyes and shook her head."

"I can't tell you any more; but don't go."

"Oh, but I'm not afraid," he said, lightly. "I rather like danger—if by that you mean the chance of a scrimmage."

"I know," she said in the same low voice; "that is why I stopped you."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you," he said, gently; "but I'm afraid I shall have to go all the same. My road lies that way, and, as I said, I rather like a scrimmage."

She drew the shawl so that it nearly concealed her face.

"I have warned you," she said, almost sadly; and without another word left him and went quietly after the van.

Royce looked after her for a moment or two, then went on in the direction of the fair. If she had tried she could not have hit upon a surer way of driving him there, and in another minute he was in the thick of it. The crowd was denser, the heat greater, the noise more deafening than it had been in the afternoon; but Royce walked hither and thither with a dull and vacant eye now, and without the smile with which he had before viewed the proceedings.

(To be continued.)

A decolette evening gown of black fulgarante has a camisole of shirring pink Georgette and a sash of the same falling from an ornament of coral and brilliants.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

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.

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Qualities are High, Goods are Many & Prices are Right

 BOILERS. All sizes. 98c., \$1.39, \$1.69, \$2.85 each.	 Double Boilers or Ricers. 95c., \$1.29, \$2.50 each.	 ENAMELED SAUCEPANS. 49c., 67c., 79c., 98c., \$1.25, \$1.69, \$2.50 each.	 ENAMELED PIE DISHES. 69c., 75c. each.
SCRIM. 100 lbs. of White Window Scrim, will average 10c. and 12c. per yd.	UNDERPANTS. Children's Pure White, fleeced lined Underpants; size 26 only. 39c. per pair.	FLANNELETTE. Fancy Stripe Flannelette, good value. 29c. per yard.	POUND BLANKETS. With a good fleece surface. Only \$1.20 per lb.
WHITE SHIRTING. Extra good value. 15c. per yard.	TOILET SOAP. Large Cake of Toilet Soap. Only 13c. per cake.	 White and Wht. Enamel Chamber Pails. With white cover. Only \$2.25 each.	 English Enamelware Teapots. \$1.39 each.
 West "Midge" Hair Curlers. Only 7c. per card.	 Enameled Water Jugs. Large size. Only 89c. each.	 Towels. Heavy Turkish Towels, worth 50c. each for only 39c. ea.	 MIRRORS. Kitchen Mirrors, in gilt and wood frames; all sizes. 25c., 35c., 45c. ea.
DOWN NAP BLANKETS. 66 x 80. Only \$5.95 each.	LADIES' TOP SKIRTS. All half price, some extra good values here.	MEN'S WORK SHIRTS. All sizes, good heavy Chambray. Only \$1.39 each.	LADIES WHITE UNDERVESTS. Don't forget to see our heavy English Tweed Suits; all sizes. 98c. per garment.
MEN'S SUITS. Don't forget to see our heavy English Tweed Suits; all sizes. Only \$12.50 per suit.	MEN'S HEAVY TWEED TROUSERS. All sizes. Only \$2.50 per pair.	 ENAMELWARE Water Kettles at 79c., 98c., \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.85 each.	 ENVELOPES. Of good plain white stock, well gummed. Only 9c. per pkg.
 MEN'S WOOL HOSE English Heather Wool Hose, at only 39c. per pair.	 ENAMELED CHAMBERS. All sizes. 39c., 49c., 59c., 69c., 98c. each.	 MEN'S SUSPENDERS. Here is a good workman's heavy Suspenders, worth 98c. for only 69c. each.	 Kitchen Mirrors, in gilt and wood frames; all sizes. 25c., 35c., 45c. ea.

Kindly Remember

W. R. GOOBIE Is Just opp. Post Office

Clever Fraud.

Girl Who Embezzled Over £1,000.

The extraordinary story of how a girl of 30 years of age defrauded her employer of goods to the value of £1,000 was told when Bessie Anderson appeared before Sheriff Lee at Glasgow Sheriff Court a short time ago.

The Procurator-Fiscal stated that the young woman had been in the employment of the complainant for more than two years as canvasser and collector of accounts. She gave her employer the names of 300 people who, she said, gave her orders for goods, and she went on paying instalments which were due.

The police found that large quantities of new goods were being pledged in pawn offices.

Eventually the employer made inquiries and found that most of the 300 names were bogus.

It was found that the goods to the value of £1,347 were pawned for a considerable sum of money, which she had spent on having a good time.

The instalments she paid to her employer amounted to £337. She received £112 for one lot of goods valued at £400, which the police recovered.

An agent who appeared on her behalf stated that the girl was 18 years of age when she began work for the complainant, who was a club draper and an insurance agent.

At the start the orders she got were bona fide, but she had customers of a class who thought it nice to receive goods but not to pay for them. She got behind with her instalments of 1s per £1 per week, which she had to pay to her employer, and she had to look for means to get money to pay these weekly sums.

The girl got commissions on the amounts she paid, and that income amounted to from 5s to £2 3s. per week. She put her wages into the money paid to the employer to make up the amounts.

Sheriff Lee said that a good deal of the amount involved would be a dead loss to the employer, with whom he (the Sheriff) confessed he had little sympathy.

He did not think work of that sort involving large sums of money should be entrusted to a young girl whose wages depended on the amount of business she did. He sent her to prison for three months.

Dress Don't for the Dancing Girl

Don't wear a dress which has a skirt that is too skimpy or too long to permit of ease of movement.

Don't have as trimmings, sequins, beads, or prickly things which may become unsewn or catch in the clothes of other people.

Don't select a dress design with angel sleeves, loose trains, or any sort of "floating bits" which may trip up other dancers.

Don't think that any sort of undie will do, but see that these garments fit in a way that makes the frock above them not correctly. Avoid "rucked in" unders that make bulky lines, or silly shoulder-straps which drop below the dress sleeves.

Don't wear slippers that slip at the heels, or slippers which are too tight to allow happy dancing.

Don't carry a multitude of small things on chains or ribbons; and avoid any sort of ultra elaborate head-dress.

Don't forget that an afternoon dance demands a hat with a smart tea-dress. The hat should be small and close-fitting and minus any sort of trimming that may stick into the eyes of dancers passing by.

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BEST LAXATIVE FOR BOWELS

If Headachy, Bilious, Sick, Constipated

10¢ CANEY CATHARTIC CASCARETS

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

No gripping or inconvenience follows a gentle liver and bowel cleansing with "Cascarets." Sick Headache, Biliousness, Gases, Indigestion, and all such distress gone by morning. Most harmless laxative for Men, Women and Children—10c. boxes, also 25 and 50c. sizes, any drug store.

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Rumania Foresees and of Oil Export Industry

Bucharest, Feb. 2 (A.P.)—The days are gone when gasoline could be purchased in Rumania for the equivalent of ten cents a gallon, a price that prevailed all through the year 1923.

The new petroleum law permits local oil companies to charge world market prices for oil sold to the domestic trade; the old law compelled them to sell much under these quotations.

The purpose of the change is to bring to the oil companies sufficient profits to permit them to extend their operations to new and unproved fields.

The production of crude oil in Rumania is increasing. Last year it was 10,600,000 barrels (of 42 gallons each), as against 9,500,000 barrels in 1922, and 8,000,000 in 1921. Back in 1913 the total was 12,000,000 barrels.

The export of refined oil products (crude oil may not be sent out of the country) was 3,000,000 barrels in 1923, as against 7,000,000 in 1913. The local market for refined products is increasing steadily, and if this con-

dition continues, Rumania, in a few years, may cease to be an oil exporting country.

Among the few accepted beliefs of the handkerchief of silk or satin which wraps the hips.

The deep, U-shaped neck calls for a pleated chemise with probable a Peter Pan collar.

Leslie, Sask.—"For about a year I was troubled with a distressing gynecological bearing pain before and during the periods, and from terrible headaches and backache. I hated to go to a doctor, and as I knew several women who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results, I finally bought some and took four bottles of it. I certainly do recommend it to every woman with troubles like mine. I feel fine now and hope to be able to keep my medicine on hand at all times, so no woman ought to be without it in the house."

Mrs. OSCAR A. ANDERSON, Box 15, Leslie, Sask.

Mrs. Kelsey Adds Her Testimony

Copenhagen, N. Y.—"I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pains and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my house work and help my husband out doors, too. I am writing you to publish this letter if you think it will help others."

Mrs. KELSEY, R.F.D., Copenhagen, N. Y.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for they give up hope of recovery.

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of women members
Parliament, with
dominant figure, a
day to an attack
upon Women
votes aplenty from
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Duchess of Argyll
Margaret Winthrop
rides to Lady
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for its progress.

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