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**The Countess of Landon.**

CHAPTER XIII.

It was glorious to tramp or ride along over the wide commons, or through the leafy lanes, with the larks singing up above one's head, and the young horses neighing at one's elbow. It was glorious when, after a hard day's work, they pitched their camp in some glade, and eat and rested under the stars or the light of a big placid moon.

Sometimes he was away for a couple of days, horse-buying, and when he came back to camp, everybody—always excepting Bill and Steve—was glad to see him.

"Here's Mr. Jack!" would go round, and the men would lounge toward him, or look up from the camp-fire and nod. The women would smile, showing their ivory-white teeth, as well as nod; and Mother Katie would always have some savory dish prepared for him, and quietly putting it before him, watch him eat it as if she enjoyed the sight.

To the children "Mr. Jack" was a kind of god; and whenever he made his appearance they would scamper toward him better-skitter, and swarm close about him, feeling in his pockets for the sweets and toys which he never forgot. He usually came up to the group by the fire with a child on each broad shoulder, and half a dozen clinging to his stalwart figure.

And yet, with all his tenderness and softness of heart, there was a strength of will and a quiet determination about him which was extremely useful.

There are "rows" in the best-conducted families, and there were occasional rows in this wandering camp of egyptians, and gradually Royce stepped into the position of arbitrator. He had as simple a mode of dealing with their squabbles as he had in horse-dealing. He would listen patiently to each side, and give his award, and, as a rule, it was accepted; but if it was not, and the two men were of a size and pretty equal in strength, Royce would advise them to strip and fight it out.

"You'll feel much better after it," he would say; "and by the time you've

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Here's an easy way to cure it, and you have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and clean, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses or honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.00.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membrane, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for chest tickle, hoarse-rough, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated extract of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

banged each other about a bit you'll come to see I'm right."

If one man was much smaller than the other, then Royce would remark, as quietly as usual:

"Well, I shall have to fight the bigger of you, I suppose; and he would get up and take off his coat.

As a rule he did not need to go any further, and the squabble came to an end. No one was particularly anxious to engage in a combat with a young giant who could with one blow fell a man like an ox, or take him up and hurl him to the ground as if he were a bundle of withes.

And Madge? My pen falters as I write her name; for the heart of a maiden in its first throb of love is a sacred thing, and not to be handled with anything but a delicate and a tender touch.

If the other women admitted him, if the children ran yelling with delight at the sound of his deep, musical voice, how was it with Madge, who never heard his name mentioned without a thrill, who never saw him without a sudden rush of her young, warm blood through her veins?

Who was it wrote the pregnant line—"And, lo! her love grew until all things else became small?"

Her love grew day by day, and yet she managed to conceal it, almost from herself. Royce had no suspicion of it. He noticed that she was seldom at the camp-fire, and that though he saw a great deal of the other women, somehow or other he rarely found an opportunity of a chat with Madge. He did not know that the dark eyes were watching him, with love's light in them, from behind the white muslin blinds of her van; did not guess that she would sit for hours at her basket-work listening to Tony, who was her favorite among the children, talking about "Mr. Jack," and that she encouraged him to do so; did not guess that it was she who mended his clothes and sewed the buttons on his shirts—all that she could do, alas! for her hero—her god!

Whenever he came across her, Tony or one of the other children was with her; for she shrank, with the timidity born of her love, from being alone with him.

Royce missed her, and thought a great deal about her—thought of her as much as he thought of Irene, the lily maid—but it was only when he was riding out or smoking his pipe at the camp-fire after supper that he had time for thought. He was asleep the moment he threw himself down on the clean straw, and if he dreamed it was of Monk Towers, and his mother, and Seymour—and always Irene. But when he chanced to meet Madge he was struck, in a vague kind of way, by a certain change in her.

For one thing, she seemed to have grown even more beautiful. Surely her eyes were darker, and shone with a deeper, softer luster. There was a vague kind of change in her dress, too, it seemed to him. She still wore the brown skirt and the red shawl, but they were worn differently. Or was it the bit of white lace at her throat, the thick coils into which she now wound the lovely hair, which worked the alteration?

One day they were journeying along the high-road to a town in which a fair was to be held. Royce was riding a big horse, and had a string of colts and others in his charge, and though his keen eye was watchfully upon them all, he was thinking rather gravely.

This was the first fair the camp were visiting since Cumberleigh, and he was wondering what part he should be expected to play. Whatever they asked him to do, he would not refuse—he was resolved upon that—but he shrank a little from the publicity of the thing. Up to the present the life had been delightfully secluded, and, so to speak, private; but this fair meant a change, and by no means a welcome one.

"Well, I must take the rough with the smooth," he said to himself at last; and, determined to make the best of it he hurried up his cavalcade and rode on singing.

Presently he came up to the vans which had been sent on in advance, and saw a group of women and children walking in the road.

The usual cry of "Here's Mr. Jack! Halloo, Mr. Jack!" rose from the children; and Royce, as he rode up beside them, looked down and nodded and smiled.

Then a childlike treble rose above the rest:

"Mr. Jack, give me a wide, will 'oo?" Royce turned his head, and saw

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Tony holding on by Madge's hand.

"Hush, Tony!" she said in a low voice. "Mr. Jack is busy, and doesn't want to be bothered. Don't you see how many horses he has to take care of?" and as she bent her head a warm flush rose to her face.

Royce pulled up and waited for them, and raised his cap.

"Halloo, Madge!" he said in his frank, cheery way. "Why are you walking? You'll get tired, won't you?"

"No—oh, no!" she replied, with downcast eyes. "The van was hot, and Tony wanted to walk, too."

"And now Tony wants to ride. Like the rest of mankind, Tony is never satisfied," he said. "Here, come along!" and, bending down, he lifted Tony by the middle of his clothing and put him in front of him.

The child crowed with delight, and looked down at Madge with ungrateful triumph.

"I thought he would!" he said, with a knowing nod. "Mr. Jack's kinder nor you, Madge!"

"You ungrateful young imp! I've a good mind to drop you overboard!" said Royce, laughing.

Tony laughed with perfect assurance.

"What a big horse, Mr. Jack!" he said. "It's big enough for Madge, too? Why don't 'oo take her up 'is well? She's tired. Ain't 'oo Madge?"

Madge shook her head and smiled up at the child.

"I'm not tired, Tony," she said; "and, besides, there is not room for three, big as the horse is."

"Oh, well, soon alter that," said Royce; and he slipped off. "Come along, Madge; the imp is right, and you'd be better riding."

She did not know what he intended to do for the moment, then as he held out his arms she shrank back; but he either did not see the gesture or chose to disregard it, for he took her up in his arms as if she were a feather and placed her sideways on the broad, smooth back.

The warm flush deepened to a rich crimson, which left her face rather pale as she bent it over Tony; but she said nothing, and Royce drove on beside them, still watching his horses, but keeping a corner of his eye for his two human charges.

"That's better, isn't it?" he said. "Anyhow, you are out of the dust. How far is the fair off now, Madge?"

"Three miles," she said in a low voice.

"Are you glad we are going to a fair?" he inquired.

"Are you?" she asked, instead of replying.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't know, quite. Think not. But you, Madge?"

"I hate it!" she said, suddenly. Then, as if ashamed of her vehemence, she added, "I don't like the noise and the crowd and excitement."

(To be continued.)

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**OXO CUBES**

**Governors in Australia**

A constitutional debate has arisen in Australia with regard to the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Tasmania, which emphasizes one notable variation in the constitution of the Australian Commonwealth from the precedent established by the creation of the Dominion of Canada in the British North American Act. It is a variation which also serves to illustrate, we think, that the Canadian is the better system. In the Imperial Act creating the Australian Commonwealth there is a provision that the Governors of the various States shall be appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies; in other words, by the British Government of the day, just as the Governor-General is appointed in the case of Canada.

In Canada the appointment of Lieut. Governors of the Provinces is made by the Federal Government. The Australians did not adopt this precedent, one explanation suggested being that they feared that Governors who owed their appointment to the Federal Government would probably be chosen for political or party reasons and would play politics. So the plan of appointment by the Home authorities was adopted. But this plan has not worked out very satisfactorily, and from time to time friction has developed.

Some years ago the Queensland Government had a serious clash with the Governor, and there has been recurrent trouble in Tasmania. In the latter state the Legislature has refused to vote money for the Governor, and by a vote of 14 to 12 has declared against the appointment of a Governor from outside the State.

The New Statesman of London, noting this fact, says:—"For a number of years there has been a growing feeling in Australia against the practice of appointing State Governors from Great Britain. If Canada finds it practicable to appoint Canadian-born Lieutenant-Governors for her Provinces, why not Australia? Such is the argument used, and there is much to be said for this point of view."

The Canadian system, as the Winnipeg Free Press says, has in practice been quite satisfactory. Theoretically it might have been urged, and probably was, when the details of Confederation were being worked out, that Lieut.-Governors appointed by the Dominion Government would make trouble for provincial administrations of a different political persuasion; but in practice there has been very little of this.

"The Lieut.-Governorships," says the Free Press, "is a high and honorable office, and in the great majority of cases its obligations have been scrupulously respected by its occupants. In the very few exceptions to this rule it has been found that our system is not without its remedies. The Australians made a mistake when they did not make their procedure conform to that of Canada; and it is interesting to observe that they are finding this out by experience.—Morning Chronicle.

**Constipation Banished**

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have recommended the Extract of Roots, known as Mather Seigel's Curative Syrup, for arresting and permanently relieving constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine.

**LIFE'S EVENING.**

I know a gross of ancient men who rest, in life's decline, enjoying sweet and rare a quietude beneath the tree and vine. I live where winter try men abound; they sit beside the sea, white whiskers reaching to the ground—from grief and trouble free. They labored well when down a little kale to keep them in old age. I never knew an ancient crook to rest in peace like these, with money in his pocketbook, and whiskers to his knees. This crook puts up a gaudy front in youth and middle age; he pulls his vicious, sinful stunt, and scorns the sweat-stained wage. But never have I seen him rest in peace when bent and hoar, with fifteen dollars in his vest, and credit at the store. The money of the busy crook is easily obtained, and easily it goes, gadabout it goes, and nothing gained. The crook is seldom known to save the product of his skill, and when at last he hits a grave the city pays the bill. And if he reaches wintry years, to everyone's amuse, in some punk or porthouse he appears; to end his pious days. Around me I see many gents whose beards are long and white; they husbanded the useful cents by methods sane and right.

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**SIDE TALKS.**

By Ruth Cameron.

**REAL PEOPLE IN THE PAPERS.**

When you read your city newspaper, do you realize as you read, that all these tragedies and successes are actually happening to real people?

Of course we all know that this is true, but how often do we sense it?

A neighbor of mine opened up the paper the other morning to read in it of the tragic death by accident of two of her sister's children. Her telephone was out of order which was the reason she had not been notified. The shock was terrible, of course.

She sees Behind the Newspaper.

"There it was," she said afterwards, "my own sister's name, and the children's pictures. I kept reading it over and over. I couldn't believe it was true and that I was awake. Yet it was just like items I've read a thousand times. Since then, when I read about some tragedy like that it comes over me so queer: 'Why that's about someone real, just like my sister.' And I see my sister's home, and the way she looked. And the children. And their father. And I think of grandmother and what it meant to her. And how we all rushed to her home. And the toys the children had left in the middle of the floor when they went out that day. And the coroner's report. And the whole dreadful feeling that if it were only yesterday at this time it could have been prevented. So now when I read about any accident or any tragedy of any kind, I seem to see behind the words. It sounds ridiculous, but I don't think I ever realized before that all the people in the newspaper were real."

**We Read Them Casually.**

It didn't sound ridiculous to me, for I, too, have had it brought home to me in similar fashion: that all these items that we read so casually stand for real tragedy or real happiness somewhere.

Every death notice, every announcement of an engagement, every report of a wedding, every "born to"—think how very epoch making they are to a group of people somewhere! And think how many lives they each touch more remotely but still with living force.

**Read It That Way To-day.**

Look at your newspaper to-day with eyes for a moment opened to the reality behind all these printed words. That automobile accident, that suit for divorce, that announcement of a prize award, how much human emotion stands behind them all. How truly freighted with human hopes and fears and joys and sorrows is this two or three cents worth of paper you take from the newstand or the newsboy.

Of course you can't see it that way every day. There is a limit to our ability to react to other people's joys and sorrows. But it is interesting and enlarging to the sympathies to catch such a glimpse of the lives that are going on about us, once in awhile.

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C.L.

As we passed last night we saw the sound of the same sound we heard that he Business as

LA-Col. Comm Adjutant; P. H. (ain Burden, Quartermaster the Brigade M were on duty. John Andrew mittee were programme of probably exte Gril Guides. of the Brigade many lads ope every week. A Sergt. Max T the sick list v reported to The Old Comr joying the com rooms. Last Chaplain Rev. with his lads' great game of Motty, they be liard tournam offered by Lie dell, C.B.E. has offered to club rooms to a Company v very much at Surgeon Major recruits last v day. Any phys lads were not and instructi port such defe their own fam lads have defa tentation. Sur has medically pany and F. C recruits, and splendid work Brigade gener saniting a Class of some first-class ar Two stretcher ranged for— under Vetera Dewling, M.M. Newfoundland completes the nastum classe Thursday, and ade takes square drill Arthur John (Barr), Captal Poase, Fred S did team of and the O.C. cent results of ing this wint you, gentlemen open on Mond lads to carry tion will be e welcome is ex After parade squad had some club swin; Bay Robert well. January age attendan 68. Well do February 10th held in the at swering the at his now six Bishop, Chapla Royal Newfo Captain N. F. Royal Newfo Lleitits. R. J. 2nd Lieut. vet W. Officers not eight, with si this company. 2nd Lieut. v appointed C for Lamaline little Company continues to d 10th the Str and Lieut. Chp aux Gaul, arr C.E.W.A. Hall parade and m porters were v

**They ab in your**

said a baking the B Dral days bakes all of well-cake cake these pride Their any p DR