

During the anxious times of illness BOVRIL gives strength Prevents that Sinking Feeling

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Yes, certainly," he said, "We must not neglect our duty while we have strength to discharge it. I will go into the library and see them there, please."

"He went down to the library and seated himself in the arm-chair at the table, and assumed the expression of face and manner which befits a county magistrate in the discharge of his duties. There was a stale odor of brandy in the room, and as it recalled the scene of his parting from Royce, his face grew rather ugly and vicious, but it resumed its proper expression as the door opened and a footman ushered in the two constables and Jake.

"Seymour half started from his chair, and glared at them with a mixture of anger and fear. Jake was handcuffed, his velvet coat hung in rags, a smear of blood added to the ordinary possession of his countenance, and his eyes met Seymour's startled ones with a mixture of cunning and self-defence which increased Seymour's uneasiness.

"What is this? Why—why do you bring this fellow here?" he stammered. The constables looked rather surprised and crest-fallen by this reception.

"Beg pardon, my lord," said one—the sergeant. "My mate found this man going along the London Road. He was sneaking along under the ledge in a suspicious sort of way, and my man stopped him and asked him who he was, and what he was doing out at that time of night. As he wouldn't or couldn't give him a satisfactory account of himself, my man told him that he should have to take him to the station. Then he pounced upon my man, and would have done him a serious injury and got clean away if my man hadn't got at his whistle and I hadn't happened to be near and hear it. As it was, we had a hard tussle with him, my lord—"

Seymour broke in: "Get to the point, sergeant. Why did you bring him here? The station near the proper place."

"Yes, my lord," assented the sergeant, respectfully. "We took him to the station, my lord."

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there and searched him—he being a suspicious character—and we found these upon him."

He drew a packet from his pocket, opened it, and spread out the diamonds on the table in front of Seymour. Seymour started and changed color. "They are my mother's—the countess's—diamonds," he said.

The constable looked pleased and self-satisfied. "Yes, my lord," he said, "that's what I suspected, and I charged him with stealing them. But he had the audacity to say that they had been given to him." The sergeant smiled.

"In the ordinary way, I should have locked him up at once and entered the charge, but the man stuck to it hard and fast that they'd been given to him—by Mrs. Landon, he said, my lord, begging your pardon," he put it apologetically. "Of course, we knew it was a lie, but the inspector thought it would be as well if we brought him up here for identification, and get you to sign the warrant, my lord."

Seymour was very pale by this time and he sat for a moment silently looking down at the diamonds, his white lids surrounding his eyes. He considered the situation carefully. It was just possible that Madge had given him the diamonds as a bribe to get him out of the way but who was to say that she had? She and Royce would, in all probability, have crossed the sea before the man's trial could come on, and without direct and convincing proof no one could believe the man's assertion. If he were found guilty of stealing the jewels he would get at least three or seven years penal servitude, and so, providentially, the vagabond who had denounced him last night would be put out of the way for a time, at any rate.

He stole a glance at Jake, then lowered his eyes again, for there was something in the man's face, the way he was taking the affair, which, in a vague, indescribable fashion, made Seymour uneasy. He pondered for another minute, with a judicial look on his face. Yes, the man should go to penal servitude.

"You were quite right, sergeant," he said. "The prisoner's story is ridiculous, of course. These diamonds were worn by Mrs. Landon last night, and—er—the fellow was here, as you may have heard."

"We hear something of it, my lord," assented the sergeant, discreetly. "Just so," said Seymour. "If I remember rightly, Mrs. Landon went out on to the terrace with him—I think she knew something of him—to persuade him to go away quietly, and, no doubt, he seized the opportunity and abused her goodness by snatching the diamonds from her."

"Just so, my lord," said the sergeant, delighted with his lordship's commendation. "I suppose Mrs. Landon will be good enough to identify him."

"Er—Mrs. Landon has gone away on a visit," said Seymour. "But there need be no difficulty in identifying the prisoner. I should not like to trouble Mrs. Landon to give evidence."

"Certainly not, my lord," assented the sergeant, promptly. "One or two of the servants who saw him—"

Seymour rang the bell. "Send one or two of the servants who—saw this man here last night," he said to the butler. His lordship was not kept waiting long for the simple reason that nearly all the household was collected outside the door, and when it was opened, not one or two, but nearly a dozen, entered the room. Seymour frowned slightly.

"I do not want all of you," he said. "Which of you saw this man last night?"

Half a dozen replied: "I did, my lord."

"Very good," said Seymour, taking up a pen. "He has been found with some of her ladyship's jewels upon him. You may have seen Mrs. Landon wearing them?"

"Yes, my lord; I noticed them particular," said a footman, eagerly. He was one of those who had struggled with Jake under the picture and he surveyed the prisoner with keen satisfaction. "I could swear to 'em, my lord; so could all of us—and the man, too, my lord."

"That will do," said Seymour, curtly. He dropped the pen in the ink, and drew a sheet of foolscap paper toward him.

"What is your name, prisoner?" he asked.

Jake was silent for a moment, then his lips twisting into an ugly smile. "My name's Jackson Hooper," he said, quietly enough, but in a tone of assurance and covert insolence that caused Seymour to glance up at him.

As he did so he met the man's eyes fixed upon him with a curiously cunning leer in them. "What occupation?" he asked, cranking down the strange uneasiness which the man's look had produced.

"I'm a gentleman," said Jake. A fitter and smile of amusement ran round the spectators at this announcement.

"Silence!" said Seymour, sternly, and every face grew grave and wooden instantly. "You refuse to state," said Seymour. "I suppose you are a vagabond and a tramp?"

"Oh, no, I'm not!" said Jake, with a coolness and effrontery which amazed the on-lookers. "I'll tell you all about myself, if you'll send this pack of gasping fools away—my lord."

The sergeant gave him a shake. "Behave yourself before his lordship!" he growled.

"Behave yourself!" retorted Jake, turning on him savagely. "I'll teach you to bully me presently, my fine fellow. You keep your hands off me! I'm going to bring an action for false imprisonment and assault against you before many hours are over. Ah! you may grin; but you'll grin on the other side of your mouths—all of you!"

He glared at Seymour—"before long."

"If you'll make out the warrant I'll take him away," said the sergeant, apologetically. "This is the kind of stuff he has treated us to ever since we took him in custody."

Seymour's hand shook as he held the pen. It is said that at critical moments of our lives we are unconsciously protected by our guardian angel whether it be a black or a celestial one. Seymour's angel—a black one—whispered to him to leave the warrant unsigned, but Seymour turned from the inner warning and put the pen to paper.

The morning had become overcast, and rain was falling. In the silence of the room it could be heard beating against the window. Suddenly the noise was increased, as if the rain had turned to hail, and Seymour glanced behind him. The pen fell from his hand, and he started. A woman was standing at the window, and tapping.

(To be continued.)

After medicine your kiddies should be given LIFE SAVERS they sweeten the mouth

at all stores. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Wants \$150,000 to Fight Walker

Benny Leonard After Big Fight To Meet Britton's Successor In No-Decision Bout.

NEW YORK.—Benny Leonard, the world's lightweight champion, whose proposed match against Mickey Walker, world's welterweight champion, has been a topic of discussion for months as one of the outdoor season's most promising ring battles, will demand \$150,000 for a twelve-round no-decision contest against the successor to Jack Britton, according to the statement of Leonard's manager, Billy Gibson. In addition to demanding this guarantee, Leonard will request a reasonable percentage privilege, Gibson said. Gibson, however, declined to divulge exactly what he would consider a "reasonable percentage privilege."

Promoter Tex Rickard has been dickering for this match for the past six months without as yet having experienced any success in actually signing the boxers Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker for the Tarlee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, also is seeking the match. Gibson declared his acceptance of the match, now it is up to Walker, adding that he made his demand for \$150,000 for Leonard on the basis of a \$600,000 "gate" if Walker and Leonard clashed in Rickard's arena in Jersey City. The lightweight champion's manager would not discuss what terms he would ask if Johnston secured the bout and scheduled it to an official decision.

Rheumatism Sloan's Liniment

Romero Put Up Game Fight, But Was Knocked Out

CHILEAN ASPIRANT FOR TITLE BADLY BATTERED BY FLOYD JOHNSON.

NEW YORK.—Quintin Romero, the Chilean, heavyweight, defeated by Tex Rickard as a possible successor to Luis Firpo in the American prize ring, to-day realized that his dream of becoming champion of the world had advanced no further than his dream stage. On the other hand, Floyd Johnson, of Iowa, stood in the clouds of boxing circles as "The man who might come back."

The young South American's dream of wearing the most prized crown in all athletics was rudely broken by the thud of his own body with the husky middle-westerer sent him to the canvas in the seventh round of their ten round bout at Madison Square Gardens last night. It was Romero's debut in this country.

But before he was eliminated, the swarthy Chilean reinforced the conviction left by Luis Firpo that South Americans can fight. Four times before the knockout the invader, streaming blood, was beaten to the canvas; but after the second of these falls, he sent Johnson sprawling and after the fourth he returned with such a splash of fury that sent the American reeling before him in the ring.

Then the glory departed for Quinton, unable to launch an effective assault upon his adversary, he nevertheless refused to quit, but compelled Johnson to beat his form with blood. The knockout blow came in the seventh round after the Chilean had been knocked from corner to corner, sagging but striving mightily to evade the knockout.

Continuation following the knockout was caused by an inadvertent ringing of the gong which at first gave the impression that the fight had been

stopped and Johnson awarded a technical knockout. A fist fight staged about the ring finally was broken up by police reserves, and it was announced that Johnson had scored a clean knockout after one minute and forty-seven seconds of the seventh round.

Loses Life Trying to rescue Comrade

FROM DEADLY FUMES.

The heroism was shown during a fight with deadly fumes at the Midland Tar Distillery, Oldbury, near Birmingham.

A workman named Walter Heap, on entering a still, was overcome. A companion, George Challis, rushed to the rescue, but collapsed.

In spite of this, another workman, named Arthur Hebbert, made a desperate effort to rescue his comrades but he also failed to return.

Rescue cutters, which the works are equipped, were then sent for, and Caleb Mason, wearing a respiratory mask, entered the still. The mask proved only a partial protection.

After a struggle, he reappeared with Challis, who, however, had paid for his heroism with his life.

Mr. Robinson, the under manager, then entered the still, and the other men were got out. Heap was also dead, and Hebbert is in hospital in a critical condition.

What we can't understand is how the \$15.00 clerk manages to dress better than the \$60.00 a week boss.

A pocket does not yet have a hole in the bottom to be quickly emptied.

"I Avoided an Operation Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mrs. James Wells, Udora, Ont., writes—

"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it is now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

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

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1st. Buy a sack of Fertilizer now. Price is four dollars.

2nd. Dig up the bed well.

3rd. Rake out all the large stones; the finer you rake the soil the better will be your crops.

4th. Make the bed ready for the seed.

5th. Mix Fertilizer well into the soil where the seed is to go, do this mixing carefully, rake it back and forth until all the soil is well fertilized. Do this when soil is dry.

6th. Sow your seed and cover it with the fertilized soil, keep it as free from stones as possible.

7th. Sprinkle fertilizer on top of the bed and rake it, gently, so as not to disturb the seed.

8th. Keep your garden free from weeds.

9th. Keep the surface of the bed loose, don't let it cake, draw the rake through it after rain.

A Thousand Pounds of Fertilizer is Usually Enough for an Acre of Land.

We sell Fertilizers for all sorts of garden crops. The Fertilizers which we sell are approved of by the Canadian Agricultural Authorities. You can rely on their good qualities.

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Sells Wreath he Stole From Grave for \$15

GETS SIX MONTHS IN JAIL.

REGINA, May 15.—For stealing a wreath of flowers, May 9, from a grave in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Swift Current, Malcolm Munro, laborer, was sentenced to six months at hard labor in the Regina Jail.

To a statement to the police, Munro said that he had received an order for a wreath to send to a funeral at Lac Pelletier and he went to the cemetery, took the wreath and fixed it up, putting new flowers where the old ones had withered. The new wreath was sold for \$15.

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cask fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO., LTD.

\$50,000 Reward Offered BY IRISH GOVERNMENT FOR CAPTURE OF QUEENSTOWN MURDERER.

DUBLIN, May 13.—The Free State Government to-day issued a proclamation offering £10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of five men said to have been responsible for the attack at Queenstown, March 21, on a leave party of the Royal Garrison Artillery, when one British soldier was killed, one officer seriously wounded and 17 soldiers and five civilians were struck by machine gun bullets.

The proclamation named the men, gave full descriptions of them and offered £2,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any one of them. The Government offered £2,000 to the first person to

cause the arrest of all five, and £10,000 for the arrest of any one.

Names of the five were given as Daniel Donavan, 36 years old, of Oak Frank Busters, 26, of Blarney; Grey, 26, of Cork; M. Gray, 26, brother, and Peter O'Shea, of Cork. The quintette was said to be in the South of Ireland.

Flowers

Table with columns: CUT, IN POT, Chrysanthemum, Cyclamen, Lilacs, Wall Flowers, Tulips, Clarkias, Carnations, Impatiens, Dahlias, Hyacinths, Primulas, Sweet Peas, Cinerarias, Geraniums, Marigolds, Ferns.

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