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### The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Jake pointed to the parlourmaid. "You were off," he said. "You were going to cut—"

"It's a lie!" said Seymour. "I was going to the bank for your money."

Jake growled contemptuously. "Bank at this time of night? What do you take me for? You were off. You meant giving me the slip. And why, eh? What's your little game? Ah, the diamonds! You've got 'em. They're here. You thief!" and he advanced a step. "They're mine. She gave 'em to me."

The sweat broke out on Seymour's face.

"Hush!" he whispered, warningly. "They—they will hear you. I have not got them. I was not going—that is, I am coming back to-morrow. Go away before they find you. I swear—"

Jake had been watching him closely and saw a movement of his arm.

"You swear!" he retorted in a husky whisper. "I wouldn't believe you if you swore till you were black in the face. What's that under your arm? It's them. Give 'em here."

He advanced, and Seymour drew back clutching the bag.

"Come—come a step nearer, and I'll ring the bell and give you in custody!" he gasped.

Jake laughed fiercely.

"Not you! Give it here, I say!"

He made a grab at the bag, but Seymour slipped back out of his reach, and with the frenzy of an animal driven to bay, struck at him. The blow fell short, but it maddened Jake.

"What—strike your own father!" he cried, hoarsely. "You unnatural—"

He made a dash at Seymour as he spoke, and Seymour in attempting to escape, tripped and fell—fell with a dull crash and the ring of metal. His head had struck the fender.

Jake stooped down and tore the bag away.

"Ha!" he said, exultingly. "Look there, now! I knew I was right. Get up!"

But Seymour did not move. Jake leaned over him and touched him.

"He's—he's only fainted," he growled. "Confound him, it serves him right! To strike at his own father!"

He went across the room and got the violet bottle, and poured some water on the white face, but Seymour still lay motionless.

A knock came to the door, and a voice said:

"The carriage is ready, my lord."

Jake sprung to the small moderator lamp that was burning on a side table, and turned it down. In doing so, it fell, but noiselessly, on the thick carpet. The room was plunged in darkness.

"The carriage is ready, my lord," repeated the footman.

"Very well," said Jake, as smoothly as he could, and the voice, for the best of all reasons, was not very unlike the one he simulated. He waited until the man's footsteps had died away, then he knelt down, felt for Seymour, and, with some little difficulty, took off the fur cloak and ex-

changed his ulster for it. He found and put on Seymour's hat, drew the wide collar of the coat up round his face, and clutching the bag under his arm as Seymour had done, opened the door and went slowly down the stairs.

A footman stood at the hall door. "Will you have the carriage window up, my lord?" he asked.

Jake nodded, and touched his face as if he had the toothache.

The man put the window up, and held the door for a moment.

"Where to, my lord?" he asked.

"The station," said Jake, from under the coat collar.

"The footman looked at him rather curiously, but closed the door, and the carriage started.

Jake leaned back and laughed noiselessly.

"I'll teach him to play tricks on his father," he growled. "I reckon he'll be rather wild when he comes to." The picture of Seymour's surprise and disgust when restored to consciousness amused him for some minutes as the brougham rolled smoothly along; then suddenly a more serious reflection came. "I suppose the diamonds are all right," he said, and he opened the bag and held it to the window to catch the light from the back of the carriage lamps.

For a moment he was almost bewildered by the sight that met his eyes. Then his face flushed, and he gasped:

"He's clever than I thought. He was walking off with the whole swag, and I've got it! I've got it! Hooray! hooray!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

An hour later, Giles, the second groom, happening to be going from the stables to the house, fancied he saw smoke issuing from one of the upper windows. The night was dark and gusty, and Giles, thinking that his eyes were playing tricks with him, and being in a hurry to join the other servants at tea, passed on and said nothing.

Who gave the first alarm no one knew, but suddenly, as if a hundred throats were shouting it, there rose the awful cry of—"Fire!"

As usual, everybody rushed hither and thither, throwing open the doors and creating a splendid draught under which the fire flourished at once and gloriously.

In less than ten minutes from the moment of the alarm, the upper corridor was filled with smoke, through which tongues of flame protruded. Flames were also coming from the windows of the south wing, and the crackling of timber and shivering of glass mingled with the shouts and screams of the terrified household.

One of the footmen had the sense to run and ring the great bell, and its sonorous tones rose grimly above the din, which added to the confusion. In an incredibly short time a mob of villagers had gathered round the place, and the butler, who was the first to recover his presence of mind, got together a band of volunteers, and supplied them with stable and house buckets. There was an enormous tank on the top of the south wing, which was supposed to be always filled with a large quantity of water available in case of fire, but

though the water was there, no one seemed to know how to get it out, and the only water that was thrown upon the now raging flames was obtained from the stable taps.

The nearest fire brigade—a volunteer one—was five miles off, and though the butler had started Giles off on horseback to fetch it, and hour must elapse before it could reach the Towers.

"If only Mr. Royce was here!" growled the butler to the rector of the parish, who had been among the first to arrive, and was working away in his shirt-sleeves with his parishioners. "But both he and his lordship are away."

"The ladies are all right, of course!" panted the rector.

The butler nodded quickly.

"Yes, yes; they were in the west wing, and I saw the countess a few minutes ago, with Louise and Marion. Everybody's out of the house," and he looked round at the terrified group collected on the lawn.

"I think you ought to telegraph to his lordship," said the rector.

The butler shook his head.

"What's the use, sir?" he said. "He has only just left the Towers for London, and by the time he got here—Lord! how it flames now!—the whole place will be gone!" and he groaned as he sprang forward, bucket in hand.

The scene baffled description. The whole of the south wing was now in flames, and the murky sky was lighted up with a lurid glare, through which now and again shot up a volume of sparks and smoke, as portions of the roof and the castellated coping fell with a dull crash into the body of the fire.

Black, and half mad with excitement, the little band of men worked with frenzied zeal, cheered on by the mass of spectators. At intervals, carriages and horses, bringing neighbors and friends, dashed up, adding to the confusion, for none of them could no any more man was being already done. Servants and villagers were so mixed up in the group on the lawn that it was difficult to find the countess, or, indeed, distinguish one person from the other; but at last Lord Balfarras gained her side.

She was leaning against the pedestal of a statue, her hands clasped, her white face turned toward the blazing house, and, though she was certainly as calm as the statue above her, her lips moved convulsively now and again.

"Thank God, you are safe!" said Lord Balfarras. "Are all out—Lady Irene—Mrs. Landon?"

The countess did not remove her eyes from the flames.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. "Yes, Madge has gone; Irene was in the west wing, and is here." She looked round. "I—I saw her—when she put her hand to her brow."

Lord Balfarras looked among the crowd eagerly.

"I do not see her," he said. "Perhaps she is with Royce or Mrs. Landon."

The servant overheard him.

"Master Royce is away, my lord," he said, hurriedly.

At that moment a roar rose from the crowd. The flames had broken out in the center of the building. As they did so the light was thrown upon the windows which had hitherto been darkened by the smoke, and the roar was followed by screams and yells of "Look! look! There's some one there! Look—the window!"

"My God!" exclaimed the butler, grasping the rector's arm. "There is some one standing at that window—the second! It's—it's a woman! It's Lady Irene!"

The rector went white, and dropped the bucket he was carrying (To be continued.)

### A DESIRABLE POSSESSION.



The case is gold color, delicately etched, simple but unusual in its "Sun Ray" design. Convenient for all occasions.

At all drug and department stores.

### Curious Marriage Customs

After the wedding ceremony in many parts of India, particularly in Behar, the bride and bridegroom are tied together by the corners of their garments, and made to parade the full length of the village, to signify to all that they are united for life.

At a Cingalese wedding the men and women are tied together by their thumbs, and in parts of Northern India the little hand of men worked with frenzied zeal, cheered on by the mass of spectators. At intervals, carriages and horses, bringing neighbors and friends, dashed up, adding to the confusion, for none of them could no any more man was being already done. Servants and villagers were so mixed up in the group on the lawn that it was difficult to find the countess, or, indeed, distinguish one person from the other; but at last Lord Balfarras gained her side.

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### Breeders of Holstein Cattle

TO MEET NEXT IN VIRGINIA. CHICAGO, May 27 (A.P.)—Seventy-nine Holstein cows have made yearly records of more than 1,000 pounds of butterfat, and 64 cows of the same breed have in one year produced 30,000 pounds and more of milk. It will be shown in reports to be made at the convention of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, to be held July 4 at Richmond, Virginia.

In an announcement from headquarters here, made by President Frank O. Lowden, the business of the association for the last fiscal year shows an increase and a sound financial basis, "although decreases in business were shown for the previous successive three years."

"Since 1885, when the association was organized, more than 1,200,000 cows and bulls have been registered in the Herd Book of Creditable records for production of milk and butterfat have been made by more than 100,000 cows under the supervision of agricultural colleges and recorded in the Advanced Registry."

A national sale of 120 purebred Holsteins will follow the meeting.

### Help digest after a heavy meal you'll appreciate

Wanted a Second Hand Fish Screw for cash fish. THE COWAN BROKERAGE CO., LTD.—april 12

Life Savers and they sweeten the breath. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

wards holding a dagger in his hand, and his bride fellow him, touching the point of the blade with the tip of her finger. In the Gilbert Islands a man can demand his wife's sisters in marriage, and he is also expected to take his brother's widow!

The inhabitants of the Cook Islands have for many years practised a very curious marriage custom. A few days before the wedding takes place the bride walks to the bridegroom's house on a path composed of members of her future husband's tribe, who lie face downwards on the ground. On the wedding day the man walks to his bride's house over the members of her tribe. Should the distance be great, those lying at the back of the row wait until they have been walked over, then get up and run to the head of the line and lie down again!

### QUARANTINE.

My tin sedan was all ashine, my heart was light and gay; I drove up to the country in the, upon an April day, and all the world seemed good and fine, and smooth and r e a d y a r a h a y. "What ho," a ste r n official said, "let Lizzie cease to wheeze; we're posted here to stop the spread of foot and mouth disease; we must pour dope upon your head, and also on your knees." "Oda fish," I cried, in cheery tones, "get busy, then, I pray; deodorize my canine bones, and fumigate my dray; then let me hit the paving stones, and journey on my way." They boiled my bus in caustic soda that turned the red paint black, they fumigated all my duds, poured acid down my back; and still I joshed those busy bloods, with merry quip and crack. A bitter job was theirs, I saw, a task that made them sore; to bring men up against a law that seemed to them a bore; the victims' nerves were tense and raw, they raved and wept and swore. I drove my wagon through a trough. I waded in a vat, the acid burned my whiskers off, and spoiled my Sunday hat, but I'm the flippest sort of toff who laughs at things like that. And so the stern officials cried, as I went on my way, "We'll always point to you with pride, you are the cheeriest jay; you take the soup the gods provide, and do not whine or bray."



### Making Money in America

ASCRIBED TO JOY OF SUCCESS. LONDON, May 2 (A.P.)—Returning to London after five years' pastorate at 10th Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Doctor J. Kelman told reporters that he and his wife had received wonderful kindness at the hands of the American people. As a nation Americans enjoyed the game of life tremendously. Although the gaining of money in business or by any other legitimate means, was the common interest of Americans, it mostly arose from the joy of success. During the whole of the time he was there he had not met a miserly American.

"The Americans are a practical, scientific people," continued Dr. Kelman, "and meet the dangers of their highly crowded and highly strung life in New York by scientific relaxation. The business men of America recognize the dangers to health and efficiency that civilization has brought, and are avoiding or combating them. The American citizen practically lives under a more or less

# STEER'S

## THE BIG NEW STORE

FOR VALUES, FRESH NEW MERCHANDISE

The Prices are Exceedingly Low.

### New House Furnishing

- Floor Coverings**
  - 2 yds. wide Feltol \$1.10, \$1.25 yd.
  - 2 yds. wide Painted Back Canvas \$1.38
  - 2 yds. wide Linoleum \$2.50 & \$2.75
- Aluminum Kitchen Sets**
  - 5 Pieces with hanger \$1.35
- Aluminum Table & Dessert Spoons**
  - 75c. doz.
- Strong, Solid Knives & Forks**
  - 17c. each.

### Hearth RUGS

The quality and colorings are choice.

WOOL TAPESTRY at \$2.65

VELVET AXMINSTER \$3.85 4.75 5.50 6.50 7.50

### NEW CURTAININGS

WHITE CURTAIN NETS 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c. 60c. 65c.

CREAM MADRAS MUSLINS 45c. 60c. 65c. 75c.

CURTAIN SCRIMS

White ..... 19c. 23c. 30c. 35c. 40c.

Cream ..... 19c. 23c. 30c. 35c. 40c.

Pretty Checked Marquisette Scrim with coloured border, 47c.

### Fancy Dress Crepes and Ratines

VERY NEWEST. 29c to 1.30 yard

### Wash Goods

PRETTY GINGHAMS

A big variety of Checks and Colors

20c. 28c. 35c. 39c. 40c.

COLORED COTTON CREPE

Finest quality, in colors of Blue, Pink, Canary, Heli, White, 38c.

Cotton Crepe, with fancy colored neat flower, all dainty shades, 40c. yard.

### Two Scots Stories

John D. says to save. Henry Ford says to spend it. Perhaps it is the practice of about 50-50 of what both says that keeps everyone poor.

An Englishman should always put his money on Scotland all the time, knowing the competence of that country for winning through. In this connection I have just heard two stories—new to me. A Scots boy in an English school, when his class was asked where Shakespeare was born, promptly replied, "In Scotland, sir." "What makes you say Shakespeare was Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster. "Because of his abeillity, sir!" was the answer. The other story is rather ribald for decorous ears. Two Scotsmen arrived at the golden gates of Heaven, and were told by the attendant that he must go and look up their credentials. When he returned the Scotsman had gone and taken the golden gates with them.

Our Friend J.M. advertises as follows: "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS." That's mighty fine, but the average man can't afford more than a whisp.

### PERRY DAVIS' Painkiller Home Remedy

TAKE IT FOR CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA

APPLY IT FOR BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

### For Bladder Trouble

All such disorders as scanty or too frequent urination, brick dust deposits in the urine, or a burning sensation when voiding urine, are entirely due to disordered kidneys. To right such symptoms you must first restore your kidneys to their normal condition. GIN PILLS go right to the kidneys relieving them of congestion and so quickly rid you of all bladder trouble. Before a more serious condition arises get the one specific remedy—GIN PILLS—50c a box everywhere.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
 Toronto, Ontario

GIN PILLS IN U.S.A. are the same as GIN PILLS IN CANADA.

### Sixteen Judges of English Court

TO DECIDE ONE POINT. All the judges of the King's Bench Division—a total of 16—are to form a special court to try an appeal by a man now serving a sentence of penal servitude.

The appeal has already been heard by five judges, who have not given their decision.

It is understood that they expressed a wish that a full court should decide the point of law raised. Briefly the question is—

If a man is once convicted as an habitual criminal he is liable to sentence as an habitual criminal whenever he again appears in the dock?

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