

"I Had Bilious Attacks and Stomach Weakness"



DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson, Yonker, Sask., writes: "I suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and used to have bilious attacks so bad that I could do nothing for weeks at a time. My stomach would be so weak that not even a drink of water would stay on it. On my sister's advice, I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they have made me feel like a new woman."

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The scent of flowers rose from the Italian gardens, and an owl flew with a screech from one of the turrets toward the woods.

It was a lovely scene, and Madge leaned upon her elbows and gazed at it dreamily. It was, in the moonlight, as vague and shadowy as this new life of hers; and it all belonged to her husband's brother, the earl.

She was about to close the window and begin to undress, when suddenly she saw something moving along the path below the terrace. It was a woman, and Madge, thinking it was one of the servants was not much interested; but presently the figure passed out of the shadow of the terrace wall into the moonlit path.

It if it were indeed her, her ladyship had exchanged her rich gray satin for a plain black dress, and had drawn a shawl round her, and up to the edge of her black bonnet, as if to avoid recognition.

For a moment or two Madge was not struck by the singularity of the proceedings, then it occurred to her as strange that the countess should go out in the grounds at that time of night and alone.

She watched the dark figure, and saw it slowly make its way along the path toward the bridge. Then, as it got under the shadow of the line of shrubs, Madge saw it turn its head and look as if watchfully.

After a moment's pause the countess went on again, but this time with a quickened step.

Madge stood looking after her, startled and bewildered.

Where could the countess—that proud lady whose cold hauteur had stabbed poor Madge like so many knives during the evening—where could she be going so noiselessly, and—yes, secretly?

Should she call Royce and tell him? She was half inclined to do so, but

hesitated. Whatever errand the countess was bound on, she evidently wished it to be kept secret, and it was not Madge's duty to inform upon her.

No, she would not tell Royce. She put down the window, trembling a little—why, she scarcely knew, but the sight of the dark figure moving so mysteriously in the moonlight had affected her, and she drew the curtains closely.

If she had waited another minute or two she would have seen something else that would have caused her still greater anxiety and actual dread.

For scarcely had the countess disappeared in the park than Uncle Jake came creeping after her, keeping well under the terrace and in the patches of shadows, and looking like and evil shadow himself as he limped cautiously in pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Madge, when she awoke next morning, felt very much as Aladdin must have felt on the first morning in his wonderful palace.

If Monk Towers was imposing by candle-light, it was twice as impressive in the sunshine. Long before the dressing-bell had rung, and Marion had knocked at the door, Madge was up and dressed and looking out of the window of her boudoir at the view which she had seen the night before in the moonlight.

As she gazed at it, drinking in its beauties, she remembered the vision of the countess stealing along the path, and again she asked herself whether she ought not to tell Royce. But she shrunk from the disclosure for many obvious reasons, not the least being the possibility that she might have been mistaken.

She chose the simplest of her morning frocks—a pretty saten which she had bought in London—and, all unconscious of the exquisite picture she made, stood by the window, waiting for Royce, who was singing lightly and heartily as he dressed in the adjoining room. A knock came to the door, and opening it, she found Marion outside.

The girl looked surprised at seeing her mistress wholly dressed.

"Miss Tresillian's love, ma'am," she

said, "and will you breakfast with her?"

Madge colored. "Miss Irene sometimes has breakfast in her own room, ma'am," explained Marion.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Madge at once. "When shall I come?"

"Miss Tresillian is dressed, ma'am," said Marion. "Shall I show you the way?"

"Please," said Madge, "for I feel as if I should be lost in this great place." Marion smiled with demure respect, and Madge, after opening the door of Royce's dressing-room and calling to him, "I am going to breakfast with Irene," followed the girl.

They went a little way down the corridor, and Marion opened a door and announced Madge.

Irene came to meet her. "Dressed already, Madge?" she said. She herself was in a tea-gown in which she looked like a lily in bloom by its leaves. "Come in." And she drew her into the room and kissed her.

Madge looked round. The room was smaller than her own, but decorated and furnished in perfect taste. There was a piano such as she had in her own room, and a Chippendale bookcase full of books; a stand of flowers stood in the window, and a couple of Java sparrows twittered in a cage.

Irene looked at Madge admiringly. "You look like a June rose, dear," she murmured; "and yet that is not splendid enough for you. A Japanese lily would be better."

Madge colored. A word of praise from this delicate aristocrat, who was indeed like a precious flower, moved her to her heart's core.

"I don't know what a Japanese lily is like," she said, with a smile. "It is a tall and graceful plant with a rich red blossom," said Irene. "And though you have so little crimson in your cheeks, you are like it."

"And you are like the white lily," said Madge, timidly, "and that is prettier than any red one."

Irene smiled. "Sometimes I breakfast in my own room," she said, "and I thought that perhaps you would like to be quiet this first morning. You must still be tired?"

Madge laughed softly. "Tired?" she said. "Why should I be? Because of the journey yesterday? Why, I sat quite comfortably in a first-class carriage all padded and cushioned; that does not tire one. You should have travelled as I have done, sitting on the shafts of a caravan."

She stopped and flushed. Irene looked at her with keen interest.

"As I lay awake last night—I don't sleep very well lately—Madge, dear, I was thinking of you and your life, and I was almost inclined to envy you."

"To envy me?" said Madge, with expanding eyes.

"Yes," continued Irene. "It must be so delightful to live so near to Nature. To be always moving on, on—to be always free!"

Madge thought this out for a minute. "But we were not free," she said, gravely. "We had work to do."

"Work? What work did you do?" asked Irene, with a smile.

"I made baskets," said Madge, simply, "and I looked after some of the children, and sometimes when we were at fairs, I told fortunes. A gypsy is never idle."

Irene had been moving about the room, arranging flowers in a vase and stirring the fire that burned brightly on the modern antique fire-place. She turned with the poker still in her hand.

"You told fortunes? Can you tell mine, Madge?"

"Yes," replied Madge, gravely. "But not really," said Irene, the smile still on her face.

"Really?" said Madge. "I don't know. Some people think it is all guess-work and nonsense; but it is not. There are rules and signs—"

She stopped, for Irene's maid had entered with the breakfast-tray, and the two girls remained silent while she placed it on the table. Madge noticed the service of exquisite china and Oriental silver.

"You need not wait, Lucy," said Irene. "And there is really something in it!" she said, when the maid had withdrawn.

"I don't know, I suppose so," said Madge.

Irene poured out the coffee from the massive silver "cactiere," and helped Madge to some omelet. "I always thought it was all nonsense and—forgive me—deception."

"Perhaps it is," said Madge. "But



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The First Locomotive

"It is announced that the first locomotive ever made in England is to be sold," says the Daily Telegraph.

"This is the steam carriage which William Murdoch built, about 1784, at Redruth. What it was like the curious may see from the copy at South Kensington. The original now for sale was long exhibited in the Birmingham Art Gallery. It is a little thing, driven by what was called a gyps-hopper engine, because its beam action was supposed to resemble the kick of the insect.

"Murdoch and his friends were much impressed when it would travel a mile or two and he could make it carry the fire-shovel, poker, and smother. He tried it by night on a long path leading to Redruth church, and it shot away from him, and the vicar and his wife coming home in the dark were much alarmed to see 'some mysterious object snorting and zigzagging' in front of them.

"This was not, indeed, the first locomotive ever built. Isaac Newton had a notion of one in the seventeenth century. Cugnot, a French military engineer, built one in 1763. Murdoch had the advantage of the work of Watt in developing the steam engine, for he was in the service of the great Boulton and Watt firm, and it was while looking after the many pumping engines which the Soho works built for the Cornish mines that he made his locomotive. It might have been supposed that holding an important post in the employ of men who were eminent for inventive genius and practical ability, Murdoch would have the best opportunities for making the most of his invention.

"We cannot accuse either Boulton or Watt of prejudices against new ideas. It seems almost incredible that the men who had so large a share in the transformation of industry by the application of steam power should have been blind to the possibilities of applying their steam engines to locomotion. There is hardly a more striking instance of the limitations within which even far-sighted and able minds are bound.

"For Boulton and Watt did everything in their power to discourage Murdoch. It was not that the employer wished to have the profit of the employee's inventions, or that the employer resented the employee giving his time to private affairs. For they made no difficulty about assisting him in his other great invention, the use of coal gas for light. They were simply unable to believe there was any future for steam carriages.

Watt is found wishing Murdoch could be brought to do as he does, to mind the business in hand, and let such as Symington and Sadler throw away their time and money hunting shadows. This historic picture of James Watt seething at locomotive engines deserves a place in the records of the irony of fact. But who knows to what ironies our leaders of science and industry are even now committing themselves?"

Eskimo Boys Show Ability When Given Good Instruction

Juneau, Alaska, March 26 (A.P.)—The steamer Boxer, of the United States bureau of education, was here recently preparing to go south after her first season of service as a floating industrial school. Throughout the winter the Boxer carried 19 students, Eskimo lads who had distinguished themselves in the seventh and eighth grades of the government schools near their homes.

Eight of the students came from the country between Point Barrow and Wainwright Inlet, the farthest north of all United States land, and the rest from the panhandle, or southeastern Alaska. The young Eskimos were taught navigation, gas engineering and radio telegraphy. They are proved good students, reported C. W. Hawkesworth, superintendent for the bureau.

A New Blue Sky Theory

Professor Vegard, of the University of Christiania, Norway, has advanced a new theory to account for the blueness of the sky. Just outside of the earth's atmosphere, he says, is a wall of crystalline particles of nitrogen, incasing the earth in the same manner that a fabric envelope incases a balloon or a dirigible.

Besides giving the sky its blue color, these particles account for several other phenomena, he says, including the fact that radio waves follow the contour of the earth instead of flying from it at a tangent.—Popular Science.

Little Girl Dies of Strange Malady

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 14.—Star Special.—Violet Randall, 12, over whom physicians labored for several weeks to conquer one of the strangest diseases, is dead.

About two months ago the girl became afflicted with a slow seepage of blood which seemed to come from every pore in her body.

Apparently bleeding to death, she was removed to hospital, where relatives and nurses submitted to periodical blood transfusions in an attempt to save her life. Often the seepage was stopped for a few days only to start again sometime in a few hours. Yesterday she suffered a hemorrhage of the brain.

Mystery of an Emperor

The Tsar Alexander I. died, according to the records, on November 19, 1825, at Taganrog, a small town in the south of Russia, and was afterwards buried in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg. It has now been discovered that the coffin bearing his name is empty. The strange story, with one of its implications, is told by Princess E. M. Almedigen in "Discovery."

It was rumoured (she writes) that the Tsar had died from some infectious disease and, in consequence of this, the coffin, said to contain his body, was sealed up immediately.

Very few of the courtiers were enabled to see the corpse, which was soon afterwards transported to St. Petersburg, and there laid to rest in the usual burial-ground of the Sovereigns of All the Russians—the magnificent Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, erected by Peter the Great within the precincts of the famous fortress bearing the same name. However, soon after the Emperor's burial, strange things began to be whispered with regard to the fate of the much beloved Tsar. People said that he had not died at all, but has just disappeared in order to concentrate the rest of his days to God's service and work and prayer. These rapidly spread rumours, together with the slender evidence which existed even then concerning the authenticity of the body placed in the coffin, gave birth to a series of legends based upon a firm popular belief that the Emperor was still alive and would come back to rule his people once again.

But all these rumors and easily woven legends had hardly any basis to stand on until they became entirely ground in one mysterious person, living buried in the deep and silent Siberian forests—the famous hermit, "Fedor Kusmitch."

Historically speaking, this hermit's real identity was never proved, and there is now hardly a chance that anything further will come to light with regard to him. The life he led in Siberia was that of a hermit, or, rather, of a recluse. No one knew how he had come there, or what he had done in earlier years. That he was a person of importance is sufficiently proved by the fact that the Emperor Nicholas I. would often come to him, seeking his advice on many a difficult matter concerning the government of Russia. Many witnesses have stated that the Emperor's attitude to the hermit, as shown on these occasions, was one of profound respect, not to say reverence. The occasional visits of Nicholas I. to the strange hermit's cell only served to deepen the mystery. In the summer of 1922, during the period of the sequestration of Church plate, a decree was issued by the Petrograd Soviet, appointing a committee of experts for the inspection of all Imperial tombs. It was surmised by the authorities that the Sovereigns might be found buried with their regalia and other gems of great value. The decree was duly executed, and every Imperial tomb was opened and the contents of every coffin duly searched. As could well be expected, this gruesome search led to very few, if any, practical results, but it made public the not unimportant fact of an Imperial grave being found empty, namely, that of Alexander I.

The coffin was certainly there, just as it was brought in some time in December, 1925, carefully sealed up. But when the seals were broken, it was discovered that no body had ever lain there, whilst the heavy weight of the coffin was explained by a few lumps of lead found in it. The magnificent white marble sarcophagus, so splendid in its simple severity, with a single letter "A" in gold letters on the top and a small elaborately carved imperial crown, covered the space of 8 feet, and disclosed nothing but an empty coffin with the original Taganrog seals.

This discovery, naturally, can in no way prove the identity of the person of Alexander I. with the strange hermit "Fedor Kusmitch." Yet it does away with the supposition that Alexander's death really took place on that foggy day in November, 1825, at Taganrog.

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Ivory Shortage Partly Due to Losses in Earthquake

Seattle, Wash., April 14 (A.P.)—Inability to aid an eastern correspondent in placing an order for ivory is attributed by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce to the destruction of large quantities of elephant ivory in the Japanese earthquake of last September, the carving of "Eskimo" ivory by Japanese for the Alaska tourist curio

trade, and the increased demand in many foreign sets and cigarette cases.

The shortage is expected to be alleviated somewhat on the resumption of trading vessels from the East this summer. Prices offered have increased considerably.

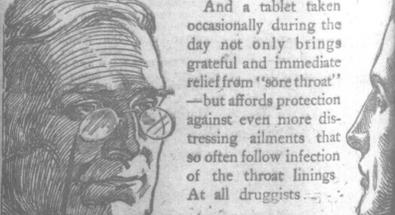
It is not the policy of the manufacturers of Ivory soap to make extravagant claims in its behalf, simply say that Ivory soap is pure toilet soap and that it cleans the skin thoroughly without injuring the most delicate complexion.

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Advertisement for Borden's Purity Condensed Milk, featuring images of milk cans and the text "Tempting Dishes" and "Breads and muffins that are different, tasty cakes and cookies, delicious pies and pastries, wholesome puddings are more easily made with Purity—the rich, pure milk, and sugar, combined."