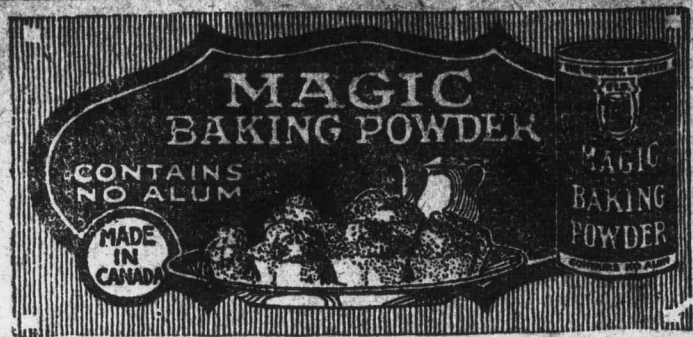




Righted in Time

"What is to be done?" she heard the countess say, in a voice which sounded hollow and weak with trouble and weariness.

"God knows!" said Royce, and Madge knew that he was pacing to and fro as he had paced in the ballroom; could picture his pale, harassed face as plainly as if she saw it. "God knows! I feel confused, bewildered, and miserable!" he added with a groan. "Mother, I ought not to have come here! It was a mistake, a fatal one! I might have known that—that some of them would find us out, and—bring this upon you. Forgive me mother! Ever since I was born I have been a trouble to you, and have disgraced the old name and now—now—"

"Yes," said the countess, as if she were communing with herself rather

"Mother!" he cried.

"Yes," she said in her persistent way, "I love you—she loves you still; I know it! I see it plainly every day. It is not only I who am wretched! I watch her face; I know by the look on it, by the tone of her voice when she speaks to you—"

"For God's sake be silent; say no more," said Royce, broke out, hoarsely.

"It is the truth," she said dully, stubbornly; "you have been and are blind not to have seen it! I meant you to marry her. You would have been rich, you would have been happy, and my great sin would not have borne its fruit."

Royce went up to her and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"What are you saying, mother?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Your sin—"

She started and looked at him for a moment like one in a dream; then she put her hand to her brow.

"What have I said?" she exclaimed in a trembling voice. "Why do you come here and drive me to despair? Why—"

Then she seemed to recognize him and her head dropped again.

"What were you saying, Royce?" she said. "I—I am upset and bewildered; I don't know what I am saying!"

"My poor mother!" he said, with a strong man's pity. "God forgive me for bringing all this upon you; but there shall be an end of it from tonight; we shall go away, Madge and I."

She arose and seemed to struggle for her usual self-possession.

"Go on," she said in a constrained voice. "I remember all now. Go on and tell your plans."

"We will go away," he repeated. "It will be best for all of us, especially for poor Madge; she would

T.O.-DAY

in medicines, as in every other necessity, the public is satisfied with nothing but the best! This explains the ever-increasing demand for Zam-Buk. Not only is this great Laim the best household remedy to-day, but it is also the most economical.

Zam-Buk's superiority is due to the fact that it is all medicine, containing none of the coarse animal fats or harsh mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments. Again, the medicinal properties are so highly concentrated that they contain the maximum amount of healing, soothing and antiseptic power, so that a little of this balm goes a long way.

Another reason why Zam-Buk is most economical, it will keep indefinitely and retain to the last its strength and purity. Best for skin diseases and injuries, bled, chafing and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.



never be happy here. I see that now. I ought to have foreseen it from the first, but I did not. We will go abroad to one of the colonies. I am strong and can work."

The countess, one more calm and collected, looked before her thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said, "it will be the best. Poor girl!"

"Yes, I pity her, and I do not wonder at it. I will not blame you for

marrying her; no man placed as you were could have resisted her. But it was a mad thing to do. Mad! Yes, you must go. She sighed heavily. "You must go. But there will be no need for work or poverty; I will give you money. Seymour must give you."

Royce started, and the blood flew to his hitherto white face. "No," he said, "not a penny from Seymour. And, mother," he paused as if reluctant to continue; then he forced himself to go on. "Mother, Seymour is watching. You did not see him in the card room, and did not hear what that man Jake said. "What—what did he say?" she breathed.

"Enough to show me—all of us—that Seymour is not what he pretends to be," he replied. "He is a liar and a fraud! God forgive me for speaking so of my brother, but it is the truth."

The countess shuddered. "Yes," she said slowly, painfully; "he is your brother—your brother. You say—"

"That—that he wants watching," said Royce.

"I—I have brought disgrace upon the old name, but he will bring a worse shame on it if he is not prevented. He is the sort of man to gamble away every penny!" He stopped, and put his hand to his brow.

"But I can't think of him now, mother. It is of Madge and her future I must speak. We will go to-morrow. I know what she feels, and I know that she will not want to see you—any of you—again. We will pack up to-night and be off early to-morrow. There must be some spot in the world where people can't point at us and—"

His voice broke. Madge heard the countess moan.

"I shall never see you again! Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried from her. "I shall never see you again! Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried from her. "I shall never see you again! Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried from her.

No one was in the hall. The servants, even the porter, were sequestered in the servants' hall discussing with feverish excitement the events of the night; and she went straight to the great door, and opening it, passed out into the night.

It was dark and a keen wind was whistling through the leafless trees. It seemed to her to be singing in a mocking voice, "Irene loved you; she loves you still!"

Madge fastened her shawl around her and stood for a moment, poised, as it were, upon the broad step. Whether she should go? The answer breathed by the same inner voice, seemed to whisper despairingly—

"Anywhere from this place, anywhere!"

Obeying it, as before, she passed down the steps, and swiftly crossing the lawn—across the light thrown from the windows of the still lighted rooms—was swallowed up in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

She went swiftly, with the shawl drawn closely around her head, along the drive, its wheels passed the gates and into the high road. She paused a moment or two to gain breath and looked around her. As she did so, the clock of the Towers struck five. In another hour or two, she reflected, workmen would be about and she would be seen. She must hasten on, but whether? As that question if any idea at all found room in her bewildered mind it was that of going to her own people. If she walked long enough, if she could only manage to avoid recognition, she must in time come across a band of gypsies. Whether they belonged to her own tribe or not, she knew that she could succor, and if necessary, hide her.

She hurried on, and for a time, supported by the excitement, was not sensible of fatigue; but presently she became conscious of it. Her feet seemed to be of lead, her head ached, her eyes burned. She knew that she could not go much further. Suddenly she turned herself off the road and upon the grass. She looked around confusedly and saw she was on Gorse Common. As she looked a faint light attracted her attention, and she realized, after a moment or two, that it was from Martha Hooper's cottage. It seemed like a beacon not to warn but to welcome; and it occurred to her that she should rest there for a short time, perhaps until the night had fallen again. The woman had evidently known what "sorrow" was, and would sympathize with her and hide her. It was true that there was some secret understanding between her and the countess, but Madge reflected that she could show Martha Hooper that she, Madge, was flying from Monk Towers to save the countess from further humiliation, and that would induce Mrs. Hooper to help her in her flight.

She made her way across the common and, nearly fainting now with the exhaustion produced by the reaction of excitement, she leaned against the door and knocked.

Two or three minutes passed—minutes that seemed an age to Madge—and she was asking herself whether she should have strength to keep from falling upon the step, when Martha Hooper's nervous voice was heard from behind the door:

"Who is it? Is it you—Jake?" she asked in trembling tones.

Madge moistened her lips; she was almost incapable of speech.

"It is I," she said at last.

Mrs. Hooper opened the door, then shrank back and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Who is it?" she asked. "I—I don't know you! I've nothing to give."

"It is I—Mrs. Landon!" said poor Madge. "Let me come in, I—"

Martha Hooper uttered a cry of astonishment and nervous apprehension, and, drawing her in, closed the door.

"It is you, ma'am!" she gasped as Madge sank onto a chair. "Oh what has happened? Why are you dressed like that? You are ill."

"I am tired," said Madge faintly. Martha Hooper ran to a glass of water, and brought it to her and, winking her hands.

"What has happened, ma'am?" she repeated. "Has—has he been there? Oh tell me quick! My poor heart!"



Cuticura Hair Is Usually Thick and Healthy

Start him right if you wish him to have thick, healthy hair through life. Regular shampooing with Cuticura Soap will keep his scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair.

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and she put her hands to her side. "I am in great trouble, Mrs. Hooper," said Madge faintly. "I—I have left the Towers."

"Left the Towers! You?" gasped Martha. "Why have you done that?"

"I don't think I can tell you," said Madge with a heavy sigh. "And yet you will soon know the truth. All the world will know it! I have left the Towers and my husband, because I have brought shame and disgrace upon him—upon all of them."

She spoke with the awful calmness of resignation and despair. Why should she not tell this woman the truth? All the county knew it—were probably discussing it at this moment.

"Shame, disgrace!" echoed Martha Hooper.

"Yes," said Madge. "You know—perhaps you do not; but it will be known before daylight that I am a gypsy."

"A gypsy!" the woman looked at Madge's brown dress and red shawl. "A gypsy! I thought you were playing acting. Yes, you look like a gypsy in those clothes!"

"I am a gypsy," said Madge sadly. "It was in a gypsy camp that Jack—that my husband first saw me—and—"

her voice broke. "I loved me. I did not know the harm I was doing in letting him marry me. How could I have known?" She was not so much speaking to the pale, frightened woman before her as communing with herself. "Then I came to the Towers and—I tried to be like the others, to be a lady and—worthy of him; and to-night—her voice broke—"to-night I thought I had done so, that he would be proud of me. Then, just when I had forgotten what I had been, a man came into the hall of the Towers and told them all what I was!" Her eyes were dry and hot, and yet as if the unshed tears were burning in them. "Poor Jake!" she breathed with a heavy sigh. "He did not know the harm he was doing."

"Jake!"

(To be continued.)

father's original name, Keking for example, is dropped, and frequently forgotten, unless there are other fathers of Tjans. In that case the father is known as Tama Tjan Keking, father of Tjans, formerly Keking.

If Tjans dies, then Tama Tjan's name becomes Oyang Keking (meaning "Keking the Bereft," providing Tjans was the oldest child). If a younger child dies, the father becomes Akam Keking; if his wife dies, he becomes Akam Keking. If he becomes a grandfather, his name will be Laki Keking. Laki is distinctly an honorary title, like its equivalent, datu, among the Malays. With those people datu is superior to the title hadji, borne by one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Datu, literally grandfather, is equivalent to elder with us.

Among the Kayans it is a breach of manners to ask a man what his name is. If a white man does so through ignorance, the man will turn to a bystander and ask that the stranger who does not know the customs, may be informed. If a man tells his own name the evil spirits will hear him and can more readily do him harm.

Makeshift, As It Were.

A strange family had recently moved into the neighborhood. Robert had made the acquaintance of the small son and had learned from him that the man was only the boy's stepfather, and in explanation to me, Robert said: "It ain't James' own daddy, mamma; he's us' a second-hand one."—Chicago Tribune.

She Feels She Owes Her Life to Them

WHAT MISS EAGLE SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Ormsby lady who suffered from Diabetes for five years tells of the benefit she received from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ormsby, Ont., April 12.—(Special)—"I feel I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills." This strong statement comes from the lips of Miss Gertrude Eagle, a well known and highly respected resident of this place. And Miss Eagle gives her reasons for speaking out in terms that none can fail to understand.

"I have been suffering from Diabetes for five years," she states. "I tried the doctors but they could do nothing for me."

"A friend told me of Dodd's Kidney Pills and of their great value. I tried one box and they helped me. I have now taken three boxes and they have done me so much good I feel I owe my life to them."

Diabetes is one of the most advanced and dangerous forms of kidney trouble. A remedy that will relieve Diabetes will act much more quickly on minor kidney ills. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the sovereign remedy for all forms of kidney trouble.

AMBIGUOUS.

(Boston Transcript.)

Write—Is that you, Henry?

Oh—Yes, dear.

Write—Oh, I'm so glad. I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till

Japan's Delightful Climate.

Japan is considered, because of its delightful climate, the playground of the East. Residents of other countries of the far East Indies, the Philippines, and the Straits settlements flock to Japan in the hot summer months to enjoy its mountain resorts. Owing to the large tourist business some of these resorts present all the up-to-date advantages.

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

(London fragments.)

"Now, what pockets would you like me to put in, sir?"

"Don't bother about pockets—I shan't have any use for them when I've paid for the suit!"

AFTER GRIP or FLU

WINTER COLDS—BAD BLOOD

You are pale, thin, weak—with little vitality. Your liver is sluggish and the bad blood poisons your stomach muscles to lose their elasticity and become flabby and weak—then indigestion.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and barks, and free from alcohol or narcotics, is the great and powerful blood purifier of to-day. Ingredients printed on wrapper. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need to give you vim, vigor and vitality.

Take the "Discovery" as directed and it will search out impure and poisonous matter throughout the system and eliminate it through the natural channels.

You can procure a trial package of the tablets by sending 10c. to the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or branch Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ontario.

SINHALUTA, SASK.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for liver trouble, and found it excellent, and would not be without it. I suffered from congestion of the liver about six years ago and I always say that this medicine cured me. I have also given it to my family for colds and it cured them in a very short time. We must have used about 4 dozen bottles of the 'Discovery'."

—Mrs. ENOCH MITCHELL.

KITCHENER, ONT.—"I had become all run-down, was weak and nervous. My blood was bad also. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was completely restored to good health. I am always recommending this medicine to my friends, many of whom have had equally as good results."

—Mrs. E. R. KERR, 64 Brethaupt Street.

DOMINION MEDICAL INSTITUTE—NERVE, SKIN, BLOOD, STOMACH & LUNG DISEASES—CONSULTATION FREE CORRESPONDENCE INVITED—TORONTO—70 Lombard Street

Queer Borneo Names.

It must be a matter of difficulty for a member of the tribe of Kayans of Borneo to keep track of his name. Among these people, when a child is born, it receives the name of some repulsive object or is simply called "it," so that, not having a distinctive name, the evil spirits cannot identify it and cause it harm!

When the child is two or three or four years old they name it, say, Tjans. The father is thereafter known as Tama Tjan—Tama meaning "the father of"—and the mother is known as Inai Tjan—mother of Tjan. The

SEEDS TRAVEL ON THE WINDS

Not many years ago a fertile region of country was suddenly devastated by the eruption of a volcano. Every vestige of its plant life was destroyed by molten lava and hot ashes. To-day this region is almost thickly covered with a new growth of vegetation. There are many ways by which the seeds of plants are carried great distances to spring into new life where conditions are favorable.

It has even been suggested that perhaps the germs of life may be carried about into stellar regions by the pressure of light. It is a well-known fact that particles having a certain area in proportion to their mass can be driven through a vacuum by the pressure of light alone.

Among the most curious methods of seed distribution are those of seeds which are carried through the air on wings, such as the maple, which has two wings, and the catkins, the elm, the ash and the pine. These seeds do not flap their wings like birds, but depend altogether upon the force of the wind to carry them along.

Other floating seeds are the milkweed, thistle and dandelion.

The milkweed seeds are concealed in a pod which breaks open and exposes them to the wind. Up they go through the air, each seed carried by a ball of silky down, the threads of which are so frail and diaphanous that one is hardly prepared for their appearance under the microscope.

Each thread turns out to be a separate tube ribbed with dark veinlike streaks arranged in an irregular manner. When a milkweed pod bursts open it is much like a miniature aero meet in which scores of white craft soar up into the morning wind. One may marvel at the economical arrangement of the tubes of down, so frail do they seem to carry the heavy looking seed.

Any one crossing the Great Plains in the autumn will notice the stacks of dry-looking weeds piled up on one side of the fences. When we know that the wind drives them there it is easy to see which way the wind blows in such regions as Kansas and Southern Nebraska. They are the celebrated tumbleweed family. As they tumble about they scatter their

Young Mrs. Beecroft Had Miserable Time Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pain and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the Hamilton Spectator and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular unless I overwork or stay on my feet from early morning until late at night. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble. I have recommended the Compound to several friends."

—Mrs. EMILY BEECROFT, 269 Victoria Ave. N., Hamilton, Ontario.

For forty years women have been telling how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is made from native roots and herbs and contains no narcotics or harmful drugs.

"For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service."



PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name