

Children Cry for



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MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was addressed to the Honorable Royce Landon. It was the first letter addressed to her husband she had seen.

It was still in her hand when Royce came in, a cigarette between his lips, his handsome face bright and happy-looking.

"Here is a letter for you, Jack," she said.

He took it, kissing her as he did so; for, you see, he had been away from her nearly an hour.

"It is from my mother," he said; and the careless look vanished.

"What is it, Jack?" Madge asked in a low voice. "Not—bad news?"

"No, no," he said, seating himself on the table and reading the letter; "not exactly what you'd call bad news, though it reminds us that our holiday is coming to an end."

"What—what does she say?" she asked, her face turned from him, her eyes bent on the street beneath, though they saw nothing.

"Oh," he said, slowly, "she just reminds me that she will expect us the day after to-morrow—Lord, how the time has flown!—and that she will send the carriages to meet the half past six train, and—"

"—he held up a check—she incloses some money, which she says she would have sent before if I had sent her our address earlier. Read it, dearest; and he held the letter out to her."

Madge shook her head, then she took the letter, but she only glanced at the thin, formal writing and a big coat of arms stamped in the corner, had handed it back.

"Does—does it say nothing about me?" she asked in a very low voice, the color rising to her face still turned away from him.

"No," he replied; "I expect she wrote in a hurry." His face flushed and his brow darkened. "Anyhow, she ought have sent you a little message; but never mind, Madge! He jumped off the table and went to her, and put his arm round her with a world of sympathy and pride and protection in his caress. "All in good time! Just you wait until they know you better and love you; and you won't have to wait long, Madge."

"Tell me, Jack," she said, timidly, "why does she call you 'the Honorable,' instead of plain 'Mr.'?"

Royce laughed. "A stupid old custom," she said. "It's because I'm the second son of an earl. Nobody takes any notice of it, and nobody uses it if he can help it; but my mother—well, you see, she belongs to the old school, and sticks to the privileges, as they are called, of her rank."

"The second son of an earl," said Madge, with a little sigh. "Oh, how ignorant I am! I do not even know what my husband is called, or why."

"Nonsense!" he said, laughing, and smoothing her hair tenderly. "Come to that, you are called 'honorable,' too, I believe—not quite sure, you see, I don't care a rush about titles, and I'm almost as—"

"Ignorant as I am." She shook her head. "And the gentleman I saw that—that night," she went on in a low voice—"the one they called Seymour, your brother—"

Royce nodded and his face clouded. "Yes," he said, "Seymour is the earl, because he is the eldest son, you see."

"Does he live with the countess?" asked Madge, after a pause.

"No, thank Heaven!" said Royce. "Look here, Madge: you know already that my brother and I don't get on together," he continued, gravely. "Perhaps it's my fault—anyhow, we don't, and we never did. He—"

He hesitated. "I don't know how to explain, but somehow, Seymour seems different to the rest of us. You never know where to have him or what he is after. He was always like that from a boy. We used to fight—well, no, it wasn't a fight, because Seymour never hit back. He would only smile in a way that would almost make a door-scraper sit up and howl, and say, 'Royce, I hate you!' and then he would go and tell madame."

"Madame?"

"My mother—the countess," exclaimed Royce. "We all call her 'madame,' or 'her ladyship.' Well, Seymour would go and tell her all sorts of lies, and yet the kind of lies that have got just a smack of truth in them; and then I got punished, and Seymour would smile as if he were happy. That was when we were boys—boys, merry, in the boys together. But it was just the same when he grew up. Seymour was always in the right, and I was always in the wrong. Everybody said so, and everybody says so. He goes in for philanthropy—"

"Philanthropy? Wait. Oh, yes! I know," murmured Madge.

"Yes; and no end of a swell at the business—take chairs at meetings and gives lectures. He's clever, you see; always was; and I was always the dunce and thick-head." He laughed, then grew grave again. "No, Seymour doesn't live at the Towers, I'm glad to say. We should quarrel. Well, you saw, the other night, no man—not I, at any rate—could endure him."

Madge laid her head on his shoulder and pressed his hand sympathetically; then, her face hidden, she said in a low voice:

"And—the young lady—Irene they called her?"

Royce looked straight before him. It was the first time Madge had mentioned her name, and it sounded strangely on her lips.

"Oh, Irene," he said, quietly. "She is my mother's ward."

"She lives at Monk Towers?" said Madge, with almost a troubled tone in her voice.

Royce nodded. "Yes. She has always lived there, as long as I can remember. She is like my mother's daughter."

"Like your sister, then?" said Madge, with a little short breath, as it seemed, of relief.

"Exactly—sister," he assented; then his face cleared. "You'll like her, Madge," he said, eagerly. "She is the sweetest, gentlest girl you ever met."

"She may well be that," said Madge in a low voice.

Royce colored. "I'm sure you will like her, and that you will get on together. Why, you haven't forgotten her white hair—that—that night?"

"No," said Madge in a whisper. "I have not forgotten—I shall never forget."

"The day after to-morrow!" he said, after a pause, and with a sigh. "How quickly the time has passed! I wish I'd stuck out for a fortnight or a month. But never mind. Run and put your things on, dearest, and let us get out. Every hour is precious now."

They went out, and Royce cashed the check and bought some things for Madge. He was always seeing something which he declared, was just what she wanted; and this morning, among other articles, he bought a fur travelling-cloak for her, which the young lady in the shop declared—and with more truth than is generally contained in such statements—made her look like an empress.

Those two last days were—but for the shadow of Monk Towers, which now and again fell across her—the happiest Madge had ever spent. Royce's love seemed to grow more intense and passionate each hour, and his pride in her kept pace with his love. Short as the time had been, it had wrought a change in Madge. The perfectly oval face was less sunburned; the dark eyes had lost their look of wonder and embarrassment; the well-formed hands had grown accustomed to gloves, and had ceased to ache in them, and she felt more at ease in the midst of the well-dressed crowds into which Royce took her.

Then the time of packing came, the hour when the imperial, which she had declared when Royce had bought it, was much, much too big, looked as if it could not possibly contain the heap of clothes which lay on the bed and on the floor beside it.

Royce leaned against the door watching her. "I shall never get them in, Jack!" she exclaimed, looking up piteously as she knelt at the box.

He laughed. "Try my plan," he said. "Just stick 'em inside and sit upon them. You'll find they'll go."

She laughed the sweet, low-toned laugh which was sweetest music in Royce's ears.

"And spoil all my pretty things!" she said.

"Shall I help you?"

"No, no!" she cried. "Don't come within a yard! I saw you pick up my new dress from the chair yesterday, and you made me shudder, Jack."

"All right," he said, serenely. "Then, as I've packed my own things—after my patent fashion—I'll go and get a cigarette. Mind, you've just got an hour and a quarter."

As he turned to go, he saw a small, square brown paper packet among the litter. It was tied and sealed.

"What's that so carefully wrapped up and sealed?" he asked, pointing his foot at it carelessly.

Madge's face crimsoned, then went pale.

"It is something of yours," she said. "Will you take it now?" and she held it up to him, her eyes downcast.

(To be continued.)



Dr. CHASE'S LINIMENT
Athletic Girls Keep Their Muscles Supple—Relieve Strains by Using
At all Dealers.
GERALD S. DOTLE, Distributor.
MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEAD-ACHE.

Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy

Really better than ready-made cough syrups and saves about 25¢. Ready and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get so much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made and saves easily 25¢. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membrane so quickly and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable, concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "25¢ Pinex," and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Stolen Funds are Returned by Wife

U.S. NAVAL OFFICER ALLEGED TO HAVE TAKEN \$120,000.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 5.—Mrs. Ervine R. Brown, wife of Lieutenant Brown, naval supply officer alleged to have deserted his ship after taking \$120,000 in Government funds, turned over \$75,585 to the local authorities.

She came here by automobile from Los Angeles after taking a grip with the money in it from her husband while he was unawares, she said. She met him in a Los Angeles hotel and pleaded with him to give himself up. When she refused Mrs. Brown says she fled from him with the satchel full of money.

"He was insane," Mrs. Brown told Lieutenant-Commander J. R. Morrison, to whom she delivered the money. Mrs. Brown was accompanied by her mother in a wild ride of 150 miles from Azusa, Cal. The two women were alone in the automobile with the suit-case containing the fortune in \$20 bills.

BILLS TUMBLED OUT

The suit-case was locked and Brown had the key. Navy officers broke it open and out tumbled the flood of bills.

"I took it from him," Mrs. Brown explained. "He never knew I took it. I don't think he knew it was gone."

"Thursday night I met him at a hotel in Los Angeles and he told me about being short in his accounts and then that he had the money in the suitcase that was sitting in the room."

"I pleaded with him all night long to give himself up."

"I knew that something was wrong with him. He never would have done such a thing in his right mind."

"But he persisted that the best thing for him to do was to run away. He wouldn't yield."

"Then, Wednesday morning the papers came up to our room and we read the whole story, how they had found his accounts were short and were looking for him."

"When he was out of the room, I took the suit-case and ran away with it."

No Money Left for Morgan's Jap Wife

DAUGHTER OF KIOTO SWORD MAKER LEFT PENNILESS BY WIFE HUSBAND.

NEW YORK, April 5.—Little Yuki Kato, educated, quiet, retiring daughter of Japanese sword-maker of Kioto, married a Morgan of the New York Morgans in 1904 after he had careered about the world, spending gambles and "running wild."

George Denison Morgan, her husband, who was a nephew of the late J. P. Morgan, brought his bride back to New York, where he and she were snubbed on their attempt to take the traditional place that Morgans were entitled to in Fifth Avenue society.

So they went to France and lived abroad until he dropped dead at Seville, Spain, in 1915.

Thursday an accounting of George Denison Morgan's will was filed in the Surrogate's Court here, revealing that little Yuki Kato Morgan, who endured so much for her love of the American, was not left a penny.

The residuary estate, which was bequeathed to her after several lavish benefactions and numerous debts had been taken into account, amounts to a deficit. Ernest A. Bigelow, the executor, stated that the estate was not large enough to pay the specific bequests.

Thus the last of the estate of between \$600,000 and \$1,000,000 which Morgan inherited from his father, vanished.

George Denison Morgan was a Yale man. He tried to settle down to a place in the banking firm after leaving college but contrary lures jerked him this way and that about the

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FARMERS FAVOURITE FERTILIZERS

Approved of by the Canadian Government Department and guaranteed free from pulverized sand or other adulterant. You can rely on their good quality.

The farmers who make money are those who use Fertilizers. They get larger and better crops.

Fertilizers will put into your ground the nutriment which your crops took out last year.

Just as you need food to do your year's work, so does your ground need food to produce good crops.

Putting Fertilizer into your ground is like putting money into the Savings Bank, you get back greater value in the Fall.

Try Farmers' Tested Fertilizers this Spring, remember, 10 additional barrels of potatoes or other vegetables will repay the cost of 5 or more bags of Fertilizer.

Farmers' Fertilizers have been favorites for years in Newfoundland, they make your garden grow.

Put Fertilizers on your ground now and let the Spring rains carry their goodness into the soil.

After your crops begin to show over the ground, put some Fertilizer on top of the ground near each plant and watch them grow.

Don't pay too much attention to "Analysis," you can be deceived. Remember we guarantee our Fertilizers.

Colin Campbell, Ltd.

world in a gay career. His engagement to a New York girl was broken by the young woman's mother and Morgan continued on his adventurous way, landing in Japan in 1900.

Her romance long since ended, little Yuki Kato Morgan still resides in Paris, the scene of her husband's most sensational exploits and the city where he spent most of the fortune that he seemed to regard as inexhaustible.

Spitzbergen Coal Fields TO MEET NORWAY'S NEED.

CHRISTIANA—(A.P.)—Exploitation of the coal fields of Spitzbergen which have never been more than scratched, will be started at once. The Norwegian Government acquired the land by the terms of the recently published Spitzbergen treaty, and has already granted rights to several companies to carry on mining operations. The annual output will be sufficient to fill the requirements of Norwegian consumers and will leave a surplus for exportation, it is estimated.

Get rid of constipation by internal cleanliness

THERE is no reason why you should suffer from constipation. Headaches, biliousness, sleepless nights, heaviness, are nature's warning that intestinal poisons are flooding your system. If allowed to continue, you may become a victim of serious organic disease.

In constipation, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness including the gravest diseases of life.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation, has found at last in lubrication a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and thus hastens its passage out of the body. Thus Nujol brings internal cleanliness.

Not a Medicine Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and cannot gripe. Like pure water it is harmless.

Nujol

For Internal Cleanliness
Sole Agents: J. B. ORR COMPANY, LTD., ST. JOHN'S.

Leaders Comm

Japan Prot U.S.A.— Receives quake R couver w

First official expression of the reparations from Prime Minister to the Commons to Premier announced.

As the result of the announcement acceptance of the report as an "in compliance with a similar Berlin Government is back on the British Labor Government should lead straight settlement being established in the G still remains to be announced the British House of Commons, Premier Macdonald, the unanimity of the mission in accepting commendations, while in London as indicated of the French Government of the Daves' partition commission's guests opinions of the total amount of war settlement.

Foreign Minister must to-day to news, protested against declaring "we have safety and appeal which can only be present and bring it."

WORLD'S FAIR VANCO
Committee of C Major Owen to have ability of holding a "recovery in 1927" invited their report commending the holding here from May 1927. The formation of a with a capital etc finance the project.

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BROMO QUININE Tablets quickly render these germs powerless and completely destroy their organic existence.

The Tonic and Laxative Effect of Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets is very beneficial to the system at all times.

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E. H. Brown
Price 35c.
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FLOUR—Very best grade, stone
PORK—Small rib, lb.
PORK—Fat Back, lb.
PORK—Shoulder, very lean, lb.
PORK—Ham Butt, lb.
SPARE RIBS—Pound
SODAS—Pound
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CANADIAN SAUSAGES—lb.
BOLOGNA—Pound
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GREEN PEAS—Large, lb.
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Strong, bottle
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