

What is Carnol and what will it do?

Carnol is a pleasant-tasting preparation, composed of Glycerophosphate Salts in combination with Iron, the soluble nutritive properties of Fresh Beef and Cod Liver's Extract.

Glycerophosphate Salts are commonly called "Blood Salts," and are known the world over, and recognized by scientists as positively the best blood builder and nerve invigorator yet discovered.

The Fresh Beef stimulates and nourishes the system, and supplies it with the vitamins so necessary in all run-down conditions.

Cod Liver's Extract, the alkaloid or nutritive elements only, with all the bad taste of cod liver oil removed is also one of the ingredients of Carnol.

Cod Liver Oil is not only a food and a flesh builder, fortifying the body against all kinds of disease, but is a specific for the germs of consumption and helps to check and destroy it.

Carnol is not a "hit and miss" preparation but is made from the prescription of a leading conservative physician, who ranks high in his profession.

Any doctor will have to admit that the ingredients used in Carnol are the first of their kind, and for this very reason many physicians prescribe Carnol in their practice.

In all cases of Anemia, Consumption, Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Rickets, so general among children, chronic bronchitis, general feebleness, impoverished blood and in all run-down conditions, Carnol is the ideal remedy.

Carnol provides food for the nerves and food for the body, increases weight and builds up the whole system.

Disease is of slow growth—it does not start in a day or does it stop in a day. Therefore to get the best results from Carnol, a "Course of Carnol" should be taken.

Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

The Countess of London.

CHAPTER I.

She drew the shawl round her face as she spoke, and moved toward the crowd; and Uncle Jake, looking after her until the slim figure had disappeared in the throng, went back to the fire and gently let himself down to the ground.

"I've started her," he said, with a grin. "You don't know how to manage her—any of you. You spoil her among you. Why shouldn't she work like the rest? Ugh! I hate idleness and loafing. Where's that bottle gone?"

The girl made her way through the pushing, seething mass, repeating the formal, "Let the eyes tell your fortune—let the eyes tell your fortune! Cross the eyes' hand with silver! But she uttered it mechanically and without any desire to gain clients, and the people paid no heed.

About this time a young man entered the affair. He had been walking with the steady, swinging pace which puts the mile-stones behind one, across the common, on the cart-track which led from the high-road to the park and mansion of Monk Towers; and hearing the noise and blare of the fair on the slight hollows to the left of him, he had stopped and looked and listened, hesitated a moment, then turned off and entered the fair.

He was a young man—scarcely, indeed, as ages are reckoned nowadays, more than a boy—and there were two "hairs noticeable about him: First, that he was a gentleman; and, secondly, that the gods had been very good to him in the matter of good form and features. Beauty has been called the fatal gift; and yet it is the gift which most women desire for themselves and their daughters, and the one gift in man which, when it is combined with strength, they admire and worship.

This man had the kind of face which Blair Leighton is so fond, and justly so, of painting. Every feature truly but delicately cut; dark eyes, full of fire and the love of life, with brows dark and arched and hair that, closely cut as it was, broke in short ripples and waves. He was five feet eleven, broad-shouldered and straight-limbed, and moved as only an Englishman with some Irish blood in his veins, who is young, in perfect health, and a practiced athlete, can move. He was dressed in a suit of Harris tweed which seemed to have grown on him, and which bore evidence of a long and dusty walk.

He wore his soft hat tilted off his forehead, and he hummed or whistled as he walked, as if he had not a care in the world which had been specially made for him.

He had been walking for five hours and a half, and almost every person

whom he had passed had turned and looked after him—some of his own sex enviously, all of the other sex admiringly.

At the edge of the fair he pulled up and seemed to consider, looking in the direction of Monk Towers; then he took a coin from his pocket, spun it in the air, and said, gravely:

"Heads!"

It came down a head; and pocketing the coin, he crossed the boundary line, so to speak, and joined the crowd, through which he shouldered his way with a good-humored smile which now and again broke into a laugh, as if he were entering into the fun of the thing and meant to enjoy himself—as indeed he did. He stopped at most of the stalls, bought some gingerbread and ate it, and drank a glass of beer at a booth. He went into Richardson's Show, and laughed at the funny man and applauded the tragedian. He saw the fat lady, chaffed the giant, and talked to the dwarf and the living skeleton. The country folk stared at him, and some nudged one another and whispered his name, shaking their heads, but shaking them with a smile with which one condones the wildness of youth favored by fortune.

Everything seemed to amuse him, and he went along, moving with the rest and smoking his short brier as contentedly as if he were Giles, the plowman, out for his annual holiday, and as if he enjoyed rather than otherwise the din and the heat, which most gentlemen would have found intolerable.

Presently he arrived in front of the platform, on which a wrestling-bout was taking place, and he stopped short, shouldered himself into a clear space, and looked on with a smiling interest. And at this moment Madge Lee was drifted to his side, and the low, clear voice, with its mechanical, almost dreamy appeal, reached him.

For a moment he did not notice it, for he was absorbed by the performance on the platform. Two men were hard at work trying to throw each other, and though it was evident the bigger of the two—a tremendous Cornishman—must throw his opponent, the young man, who understood the whole business, wanted to see how he would do it. But suddenly the crowd made one of the periodical rushes, and the girl was thrown against him.

He looked down carelessly; then, seeing it was a woman, he put out one hand, and as if he were contending with a feather pillow, kept back the man who was crowding her, and with the other drew her in front of him.

In doing so he held her a moment. She slipped from his grasp, her face suddenly dyed a rich crimson, and passing on, when he said:

"Not hurt, I hope? You want to tell my fortune, do you? Well, I've done everything else in the fair but that, so here goes," and he held out his hand.

She stopped reluctantly, as it seemed, and misunderstanding her hesitation, he pulled out half a crown.

"Beg pardon! Got to cross your hand, of course. I forgot. Come on. Now, mind, I shall only believe in the good luck. No bad luck for me, thanks!"

After another momentary hesitation she took the finger of his outstretched hand, lightly crossed his palm, and murmured something in a low voice that he bent his head almost to hear.

"What?" he said. "There's such a row I can't hear!" and with an action natural enough under the circumstances, and far from any intentional offense, he put his left hand on her

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shoulder and drew her away from the crowd.

Her face flamed, her eyes flashed, and she wrenched, slipped from his light grasp, and flinging the money at his feet, was moving away. The young man looked startled for a moment, then he stepped in front of her, as effectually barring her progress as if he wore a stone wall.

"What's the matter?" he said, with a gentleness which was apology, conciliation, and a strong man's respect for a woman all in one. "Did I hurt you? I beg your pardon. I only meant to save you from being trodden on. Come, don't take offense where none was meant, and tell me my fortune, there's a good girl—though, by George! I expect it will be a pretty black one now," and he smiled.

She might have resisted his words and gone off, still resentful, but the smile was irresistible.

"Give me your hand, and—don't touch me, please," she said in a breath.

Something, a sudden gentleness of appeal in her last words, attracted his attention, and he just raised his hat before he held out his hand with the gesture a gentleman accords a lady.

The fire died out of the girl's eyes, and with drooping head she murmured her prophecy hurriedly.

He caught only a word here and there and his attention strayed back in a moment or two to the platform, and suddenly he shouted:

"No, not Fair-play!"

She stopped and looked up at his face, half startled by the suddenness of the exclamation.

"Fair play!" he said, as if he were speaking to himself, his eyes fixed on the wrestlers.

The big man had thrown his opponent once, and had seized him for another bout, getting "hold" of him, as it is called, foully. There was a great deal of excitement in the crowd round the platform, and several of the spectators, hearing the young man's exhortation, he had one of those clear, bell-like voices which, are wanted to penetrate the thickest din—joined in, and cried, "No, not Fair play! Give him another hold!" rose from all sides.

The wrestlers stopped, the small man panting, the big one scowling down upon the upturned faces.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, suddenly, lumbering up to the edge of the platform. "Who says I ain't playing fair? If any of you thinks you know more about wrestling than I do, he'd better step up here and teach me!"

He looked round the crowd fiercely, and his small eyes rested on the young man's upturned face. "Perhaps this young gentleman'll step up and kindly give me a lesson. Long Bill is allus ready to learn."

The young man smiled, and Long Bill, like a bull enraged by a red cloth, scowled back at him.

"He don't seem to fancy it," he said, his huge mouth twisted into a sneer. "Likes shouting better, don't yer sir? Well, just mind yer own business, will yer?"

The young man laughed.

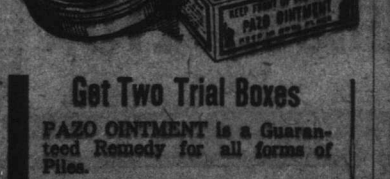
"All right; keep your temper, my man," he said, good-humoredly. "All I want is fair play with the little one. Go at it again, but give him time to get hold."

"Keep your orders for they as wants them," was the retort. "I don't wrestle with him again—nor nobody, come to that; and he went for his coat, hanging on the ropes.

"Oh, go on, go on!" shouted the crowd, regretting their civility. "Go on!"

But he shook his head, and was shutting on his waistcoat, when the young man called out as pleasantly as before:

(To be continued)



Get Two Trial Boxes

PAZO OINTMENT is a Guaranteed Remedy for all forms of Piles.

Pay your druggist \$1.20 for two boxes of PAZO OINTMENT. When you have used the two boxes, if you are not satisfied with the results obtained, we will send \$1.20 to your druggist and request him to hand it to you.

We prefer to handle this through the druggist because his customers are usually his friends and will be honest with him.

PAZO MEDICINE COMPANY, 120 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Every "Milk and Sugar" dish is improved by the use of Purity Brand. It gives a subtle new flavor to your cakes and puddings. Economical, too. Use it for Coffee and Cocoa, also.

Keep a Supply in the Pantry

London Zoo Ships FIVE-TON ELEPHANT IN PACKING CASE.

When does an ordinary elephant become a white elephant? The transformation, moral if not material, took place some years ago in the case of "Lackhi" the adult female elephant which has been in the London Zoo since 1907. She has twice "bolted" when in the gardens with a pack of "Lackhi" and a very small Indian elephant, to which she was much attached, were to be taken in part, exchange for a valuable set of antelopes. The elephants were to remain in the Gardens at the risk of their new owner until arrangements could be made for their transport, their destination being Czecho-Slovakia.

The arrangements were concluded unexpectedly, when a packing case weighing between two and three tons for the young one was delivered at the Gardens last September. At dawn on Saturday morning the Gardens staff assembled and before 3 a. m. the two elephants had been safely coaxed and pushed into their travelling boxes.

I've often wished that I had a clear For life, six hundred pounds a year. A handsome house to lodge a friend A river at my garden's end, A terrace walk, a half a rood Of land, set out to plant a wood.

—Jonathan Swift

SUITINGS and OVERCOATS!

We have still a large selection of suitings and overcoatings for your inspection. Our style books for Spring and Summer 1924 to hand. Expert work on ladies' and gentlemen's breeches. They certainly look classy when made from our Bedford cord and corduroys. You need a pair for skiing and snow-shoeing.

John Maunder
HARRIS TWEED
St. John's, N.F.

BIG CLEAN-UP SALE

AT

BLAIR'S

Anticipating the Closing-out of Our Retail Departments

As we figure on closing out the Retail end of our Business this year, we shall be giving a series of Sales, that will mean much lower prices for goods specified, than you will get elsewhere. These prices are for Cash only. Buy early as many times will not last long.

As a start for this month's Sale we offer:—

MEN'S STANFIELD HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR—Green Label at \$1.60; Red Label at \$2.45; Blue Label at \$3.00.

LADIES' STANFIELD WOOL UNDERWEAR—Also at cut prices, but styles too numerous to quote here.

LADIES' WHITE FLEECE VESTS and PANTS—Extra good weight, for only 65c. Garment.

LADIES' HEAVY CREAM and GREY FLEECE BLOOMERS—Regular \$1.30 for \$1.00.

LADIES' CORSETS—Extra good value at \$1.15 Pair.

LADIES' HEAVY WOOL SWEATER COATS—Our Special Pirce was \$3.50. Now \$2.95 each.

Ladies' Costume Skirts

in Navy and Black Wool Serges and Cloths; also Fancy Tweeds and Poplins; regardless of cost, every Skirt is now offered at only

\$1.75 each

LADIES' WINTER COATS—Newly imported this season, from only \$4.50 each.

CHILDREN'S WINTER COATS—All offered under Cost.

CHILDREN'S WOOL CAPS—Only 10c. each.

LADIES' WINTER HATS—Not a big lot left, at prices that will quickly clear same.

LADIES' BEST QUALITY SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES—All colours, at 60c. Pair.

SMALL CHILDREN'S SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES, at 10c., 15c. and 20c. Pair.

CHILDREN'S WOOL MITTS and RINKING HOSE, at Lowest Prices.

WOMEN'S BLACK FLEECE LINED CASHMERE GLOVES—Only 25c. Pair.

"CORTICELLI" and "RED ROSE WOOL," in Balls. Only 18c. Ball.

"MONARCH" High Grade Wool, in Balls. Only 15c. Ball.

Some Wonderful Values in All-Wool Dress Serges

Black and Navy English Wool Serges . . . 40 inches wide. Only 85c. yd.

Black and Navy English Wool Serges . . . 50 inches wide. Only \$1.00 yd.

Black and Navy English Wool Serges . . . 56 inches wide. Only \$1.30 yd.

Cotton Serges, Double Fold; all Colors Only 35c. yd.

Dress Meltons, Superior Quality 42 inches wide. Only 85c. yd.

Heavy Brown Coat Material 56 inches wide. Only \$1.70 yd.

Heavy Grey Coat Material 56 inches wide. Only \$1.95 yd.

Bannockburn Tweeds for Men's Wear. Regular \$4.25, at \$3.50 yard.

Remnants of Tweeds, etc., for Men's, Women's and Boys' Wear, at Low Prices.

MEN'S SEA RUBBER BOOTS—White Sole. Regular \$5.50 for \$5.00 Pair.

BOYS' PULLMAN WINTER CAPS—Regular \$1.25 to \$1.40 for 90c. each.

English Wool Blankets

AT LOWEST PRICES.

This is the opportunity to get a good pair of BLANKETS cheaply, while they last. Prices from \$3.95 pair only.

White and Cream Flannelettes

A Snap in Superior Quality English Flannelettes, in 36 inch wide cloths. Regular 50c. value for 35c. yard; Regular 60c. value for 39c. yard.

STAIR CANVAS—Splendid assortment of patterns, in good quality Canvas. Only 39c. yard.

FLOOR CANVAS—Superior range of Patterns at Low Prices.

Furs and Fur Muffs

All these are offered at Prices Less than Half of to-day's Prices.

NOTE:—SALE PRICES ARE FOR CASH ONLY.

HENRY BLAIR