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Mr. Jacob H. Macksey, 336 Midland Ave., Midland, Ont. writes:—
"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for over 20 years and I feel that I owe my life to them. I suffered severely from rheumatism and heart failure. One doctor just gave me one year to live, and even told me I might be found dead at any time. A neighbor advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and I have been using them as needed ever since. I am now 70 years of age, weigh 217 pounds and can work as well as any young man."

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The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XI.

"You're talking gibberish, Madge," he said. "If you can't give me a sensible answer, I'll find out who the fellow is for myself," and he strode off.

Royce had gone straight to the camp-fire, and was seated eating his supper, when Steve, followed by Bill, came up. Royce scarcely raised his eyes, and said not a word until the rough greetings between the two men and their comrades had passed, then he rose slowly and looked round.

There was something in the manner of his rising which drew every eye upon him, and the group stopped eating and drinking, and stared at him expectantly.

"Friends," he said, "I'm a new comer, and not quite acquainted with all your ways yet, and I want to ask a question. When one of you has a grudge against another or others, what does he do?"

There was silence for a moment; then a voice, with a rough laugh said: "Have it out, mate."

"I thought so," said Royce, calmly, almost cheerfully. "Well, I've got a grudge against two of you."

The men exchanged glances.

"Only two," said Royce—"for the rest I have only sincere liking and gratitude—and with your permission I'll have it out."

At this juncture Long Bill rose, and muttering about fetching something, was shuffling off, but Royce stretched out his hand.

"Stop where you are!" he said, quietly. "I've got a bone to pick with you—and with you," and he turned swiftly to Steve.

Steve sprang to his feet and advanced a step, then recognizing Royce, shrunk back.

"These two men," said Royce, "have done me an injury—we won't go into particulars unless they think it necessary. Now, we will soon settle this little difference—that is, if they choose to have it settled in my way. Now you, Bill, turn out your pockets."

There was a murmur of amazement and curiosity; then the spectators understood, and a growl of sympathy and approval rose from them.

Bill, finding the majority against him, and remembering Royce's strength, without a word emptied his pockets into his hand.

"I want fifteen shillings and sixpence, please," said Royce, cheerfully. "Will some one take it for me?"

Old Davy went and picked out the required sum from Bill's huge palm, and Royce, with a pleasant "Thank you, Davy," put it in his own pocket.

"Now," he said, turning to Steve, "your friend here has a big knife, which he would be far better without. It will get him into serious trouble, I am afraid, and so I will take care of it for him. The knife, please," and he held out his hand.

Steve had stood with clenched hands, his eyes blazing, his lips tightly set; but as Royce mentioned the word "knife," his left hand went up to his breast-pocket.

"Yes, there it is," said Royce. "Come, give it over, and let us get back to supper. What! you hesitate? My friend, they don't let you take big knives into jail, you know."

As he spoke, a murmur ran round, and some of the women exclaimed: "Here's Madge!"

Royce half turned and saw her standing by his side, her shawl drawn round her head and clasped tightly in her hand. He could hear her breath coming in quick, labored pants.

"Go back, Madge," he said, gently. "There will be no trouble, there shall be none, I promise you."

She slipped between them, and looked from one to the other.

"Give him the knife," she said in a voice which, low as it was, reached every ear.

Steve's face went white with a new passion—that of jealousy. "You're on his side, are you?" he ground out.

"Oh, oh! And he wants my knife, does he? Let him take it, then!"

Royce gently drew Madge aside, they were now the center of a throng pressing closely round them with suppressed excitement, waiting to see which side would prove victor.

Royce would have liked to let the matter drop until Madge and the rest of the women-folk were absent, but his mother-wit told him that the best course would be to follow the business to the bitter end.

"You hear?" he said. "Do you refuse to obey? You know why I want the knife; you know I have the right to demand it, and that I am letting you off much more easily than you deserve. Come!" and he held out his hand.

Then, as Steve's lips twisted into a defiant sneer, Royce sprang on him and threw him, and the next instant held up the knife.

A guttural shout of pent-up excitement suddenly let loose from the crowd, and Steve, struggling to his feet, seemed about to show fight. But he stopped himself as if with an effort, and breathing hard, looked from under his dark brows, first at Royce and then at Madge, and to Royce's surprise, said:

"Are you satisfied?"

"Quite," said Royce. "You have had the best of it, my friend; but we'll cry quits. And now we'll go on with our supper," and he dropped down into his place and took up his can as if nothing had happened, purposely refraining from looking toward the place where Madge had stood.

Steve stood for a moment biting his lip and fidgeting at his coat with his hands; then he, too, sat down, but those nearest him noticed that his lips were working as if they were palsied, and that his eyes followed Madge with an evil glare as she went slowly away.

"Well done, sir," whispered Davy in Royce's ear. "I thought it was him. Steve's a bad lot—the worst we've got. Have a care of him, Mr. Jack, have a care! I allus said he was a bad 'un. And he's sweet on our Madge, too, more's the pity."

Royce put down his can suddenly and looked at Davy.

The old man shook his head.

"Yes, that's what makes it so bitter bad for him," he said. "But it served him right. Only keep a lookout, sir; that's all."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Royce; but he said it absentmindedly, for Davy's "they sweet on our Madge" rang in his ears and gave him a curious and unpleasant shock.

CHAPTER X.
Every morning when the Monk Towers' post-bag was brought in by the butler at breakfast-time and laid beside the countess, Irene flushed and looked at it with painful longing. Surely there would be a letter for her from Royce—just a line or two, badly spelled, saying where he was and that he was well. But no letter came, and the flush would fade away and the sweet eyes grow moist. She dared not ask if Royce had written to his mother, for since the terrible evening he had been turned away from Monk Towers his name had not passed the countess's lips. That she was suffering keenly Irene knew; but the countess was of the Spartan type, and would rather have died than show a sign of weakness.

Life at Monk Towers went on just as usual, as if the hearts of these two women were not aching with ceaseless yearning. The great bell in the tower rang for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and the meals were gone through with a pretense of eating and drinking which did not for a moment deceive the staid butler and the footmen. The countess and Irene went out each day paying visits, and received them, and though both of them could see in their friends' faces that they knew of Royce's last escape, not a word was said. The countess faced the world with the old proud composure and self-possession, and only by an increased tenderness toward Irene, only by an almost inaudible sigh, now and again, when they were sitting alone in the great stately rooms, gave a sign that the spiteful fox, Sorrow, was tearing at her under her cloak of pride and self-restraint.

Irene did her best to be cheerful and behave as if nothing was the matter, and rarely left the countess's side; for though she dared not mention Royce's name, she knew that the countess was aware that they were both thinking of him, and that the thought brought her a kind of consolation. Every now and then, perhaps three or four times in the day, Irene would run upstairs singing as brightly as she could, as if nothing were the matter, and would sing all along the corridor until she came to the door of Royce's room. Then she would turn the handle and steal in half guiltily, and the song would cease. The room was typical of Royce. It was in beautiful order now, because, alas! he was not occupying it, and Irene "tidied" it with her own hands; but when he was at home it was littered up like a second-hand clothes shop. There were rows of boots of all kinds; guns in a rack in the corner—there was, of course, a proper gun-room in the house, but everything belonging to Royce walked upstairs to his bedroom sooner or later. There were a pair of fells and a set of boxing-gloves on the wall; a huge salmon-rod and a couple of trout ditto; nets, stirrups, spurs, hunting-whips, shot-sticks and cartridge-filers. Pipes usually lay about anywhere, but Irene had made them a fret-work rack, and with her own hands arranged them in it. She stole up to this room and stood in the midst of these things, all speaking eloquently to her of the absent master, and would look at them and cry out loudly or sobbingly, but quietly, knowing that she must not go down to the countess with traces of weeping in her eyes. She would take the whips down and look at them fondly—take down even the "horrid pipes," that were strong enough to remove a house of furniture, and look at them; would go from one article to another and touch them caringly, lovingly, and sit in the chair Royce had sat in—but not with her feet over the sides as Royce usually sat—and think, and think of him.

Oh, my brothers! do we ever realize, much less appreciate, the wealth of love which women lavish upon our worthless selves? Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence. Hackneyed words, but surely the truest that ever were written. Then she would dry her eyes carefully and steal out of the room and go down stairs singing again—the innocent deceiver!—as if she had only gone up to tidy his hair. But with all her artificial artlessness she did not deceive the countess, and the latter knew where the girl had been. Perhaps the countess herself went to that silent room now and again.

(To be continued.)

2 MORE WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY

Of Those Who Have Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—"I had a bad pain in my left side and I could not lift anything heavy without having a back-ache. I tried different things. Then I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the news, papers and began taking it as the directions said. I feel very good now and can do all my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all my friends, and you can use my testimonial letter."
—Mrs. J. GRACE, 223 Willis Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

What a Horse Can Pull

(By Christopher Beck.)

Approx the tests of the pulling powers of shire horses made on February 26, at the Agricultural Hall, it is interesting to note that, some years ago, the R.S.P.C.A. suggested that as a general rule, a horse should not be required to pull more than three times its own weight.

Tested against an arrangement of springs with a dial showing the exact power exerted, a pair of horses, each weighing 1,600 pounds, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight.

An elephant weighing 12,000 pounds pulled only 3,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than its weight.

The surface across which the load has to be pulled is, of course, of supreme importance. A horse can draw on metal rails 1 2-3 times as much as on good asphalt pavement, 5 times as much as on cobbles stones, and 20 times as much as upon an ordinary rutty farm road or track.

For an ordinary farm horse fifteen hundred-weight is reckoned as a fair load—that is fifteen hundredweight plus the weight of the cart.

Under saddle or pulling light vehicles good horses are capable of astonishing feats of strength and endurance.

In the year 1912 a cob twelve years old and fourteen and a half hands in height, belonging to a Staffordshire farmer, pulled a governess cart one hundred miles in 13 hours 27 minutes.

The driver used no whip and drove almost all day with a slack rein. The horse finished its big day's work in excellent condition.

American trotting horses have done the mile in four seconds less than two minutes. In the matter of galloping the record presumably belongs to that wonderful filly Mumtaz Mahal, which in winning the Spring Two-year-old Stakes at Newmarket last year covered the course at the rate of just on 39 miles an hour.

The Forger's Poor Chance

(By a Banker.)

The news published a day or two ago by The Daily Mail that a claim of £125,000 has been made against a great London bank in respect of alleged forgeries has caused a sensation in financial circles. The amount involved is so large that should the allegations prove correct

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the crime will easily rank as one of the greatest of its kind of recent years.

The crime of forgery is comparatively rare. This is probably due to the fact that it is one fraught with great difficulty and serious danger. Bankers have the greatest confidence in their ability to recognize their customers' signatures, and their commercial and legal brethren, who do not act on a signature unless it is verified by that of a witness, must be moved to admiration when they see a bank cashier paying out hundreds of pounds to a perfect stranger on the strength of a single signature on a cheque.

That their confidence is not misplaced is seen from the fact that a successful forger practically never takes place, although on a busy day more than a million cheques pass through the London Clearing House alone, while the cheque turnover of the British Isles is some £50,000,000,000 a year.

When a forgery is successfully passed, there are usually governing factors in the case other than the cleverness of the copied signature. Sometimes banks are instructed to pay money to a stranger on identification, and for their guidance a specimen signature is forwarded to them. Should the cashier have any reason to doubt the identity of the person claiming the money he will sometimes ask him to repeat his signature two or three times in succession.

This test, owing partly to its actual physical difficulty, and more perhaps to its moral effects, is enough to dismay even the hardened criminal.—London Daily Mail.

FEET OF CLAY.

I long admired J. Bilkins Bilk, a statesman of our town; he seemed to me as fine as silk, unblemished his renown. I felt that naught could ever dim the e righteous fame he bore; I named two nephews after him, and would have named some more. And statesmen ever and anon would lose their grip and fall; from paths of virtue they were drawn by lure of tainted kale. I'd read of them and cry, "Ods milk, I would that statesman all would emulate J. Bilkins Bilk, and they'd know no fall. Where others

fall J. Bilkins stands, on virtue's snow white knoll; there are no stains upon his hands, and none upon his soul. Confronting sin, his face is grim, but virtue brings him peace; I've named two nephews after him, and now I'll make my niece." Oh, it is fine to thus have faith in some great man and know that honesty is not a drop of pink coloring. Tomato soup is good when slightly thickened with barley. Very thin cucumber sandwiches are popular for afternoon tea. It is best to use a pastry flour for all cakes and quick breads. An attractive way to serve ice cream is in nests of spun sugar. Melted fat should be allowed to cool before it is added to batter. Bake sweet potatoes with ham and color with small red-candies.

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