Because it is Best

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TEA

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has the largest sale of any packet tea in North America — Try it.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER IV.

Madge stopped, but did not turn her head, and the girl came up to her side, breathless.

"Where are you going, Madge? Supper's ready, and Mother Katie sent me after you. Come back, Madge!"

Madge looked down at her dreamily.

"Did you hear anything, Lottie?" she said, her dark brows drawn together.

"Hear anything? No. What's to hear?"

"I don't know," said Madge, absently. "I thought I heard something, but all is still and quiet now."

"It's your fancy. You know you're always fancying things, Madge," said the girl, looking up at her with some awe mingled with her impatience. "I wish you'd come to supper."

"Presently," said Madge. "Go back, Lottie."

The girl shook her head.

"The mother said I was to bring you, and I'd better," she remarked.

They walked on slowly, Madge's eyes bent on the ground. Suddenly she started and pointed.

"There's something there!" she said in a whisper.

The younger girl shuddered.

"Come away, Madge," she whispered. "It's nothing but a horse lying down."

"I must see," said Madge. "Go back if you are afraid."

She stopped suddenly, uttered an exclamation, and flung herself down beside Royce.

"I knew it!" she said, more to herself than the girl who stood looking down at the motionless figure in silent horror. "Hush, Lottie! don't be frightened. Run back to the van and tell the mother to come and bring the cordial. Run, as if for life!"

"I will—I will, Madge," gasped the girl; and she turned and sped over the heath.

Madge laid her face, white as death, against Royce's breast, and listened; then she raised her head and breathed a sigh of relief, and with quick but gentle touch unfastened his collar. Then like Long Bill, she started and looked at her hand. It was wet with blood. She tore open his coat and waistcoat, and snatching the shawl from her head, tried to stanch the wound which the second stab made in the shoulder.

Her movements, gentle as they were, caused Royce such agony that he came to, and with the remnant of strength that was left him he seized her by the arm and dragged her down to a level with his face.

The grip was a terrible one, and her slender arm felt as if it were snapping in twain; but she made no effort to release it, and uttered no cry. His breath came hot upon her cheek as he held her, and he panted in her ear:

"Fair play! Give me fair play! If you are men, give me—" Then he seemed to discover that it was a woman's face above him, and he stared up at her strained eyes. "Who is it? What are you doing to me? Am I dreaming or—or dead? What is it? Speak to me, or I shall go mad? My head, my head!"

She moistened her lips and pressed them together to steady them, for his hand, strong in his delirium, was inflicting untold pain upon her.

"You are safe," she said in his ear. "I—I am a friend."

He tried to smile, and loosed his hand, but the fingers closed spasmodically on the sleeve of her dress and tore it, revealing the arm with the band of crimson which his grasp had caused.

She looked at it with tightly compressed lips and a singular expression in her dark eyes, and as the girl and a woman came running over the heath, she turned up the torn sleeve so that it hid the crimson mark, her face growing for a second as red as the stain itself.

CHAPTER V.

One morning, the fifth after the fair, Royce woke up—that is to say, he came back from the land of delirious dreams—and looked round him the light of returning intelligence in his eyes.

But for some time he thought he was still dreaming, for his eyes had never before opened on such singular surroundings. The room was broader at the top than the bottom; the bed was a ledge like a ship's berth. Quite within reach of his hand was a small cooking stove, with iron and copper utensils shining as if they had just come from the smith's hand. On a shelf above his head was arranged, with remarkable neatness, plates and dishes and other crockery. There was a small flap for table, upon which stood a jug of lemonade; there were a couple of book-shelves with books. His clothes hung on a hook, above which was a rifle and a horse-collar. There were two windows with spotted muslin curtains tied with blue ribbons, and a lilliputian muslin blind across the lower half with a bright band of brass. A little clock ticked over the stove, and a small looking-glass reflected the singular interior. The door was only half a door, and the sun shone in through the space where the upper half should have been, as if it were laughing at Royce's amazement.

He raised himself on his elbow and stared round with a puzzled frown. Where on earth was he?—how had he come there?

As he asked himself these questions he realized the fact that the room was moving; then he dropped his head and shut his eyes, convinced that he was still sick and going off his head again, for in a dim, vague way he understood, as we all understand on such occasions, that he had been sick.

Yes, decidedly, the strange apartment, with its singular furniture, all as carefully arranged and stowed away as if it were a cabin on board a ship, was moving, and after a while he ventured to open his eyes again, and realized that he was not delirious, but awake, and a reasoning being. He sat upright and looked round him, and, still keenly curious, put aside the curtain that screened the "off" side of his bed.

To his surprise, a young girl with dark hair and dark eyes, which met his with gentle, and, as it seemed to him, glad satisfaction, was sitting there.

He put his hand to his head and looked at her vaguely, and, as if she found his bewildered embarrassing, she rose and poured out a glass of lemonade, and offered it to him, with her eyes downcast, and the faintest tinge of color in her olive cheeks.

He took the glass; but, to his amazement, it seemed to weigh half a hundred-weight, and it would have fallen but that her slim fingers clutched it firmly.

"I—I don't wish to appear inquisitive," he said, looking at her, and noticing with renewed amazement, that his voice sounded thin and feeble, "but I should be extremely obliged if you would kindly inform me who I am; and I should take it as an additional favor if you would also tell me where I am."

She opened her lips, then closed them again, and looked down in silence for a moment or two; then she raised her eyes to his, and from their translucent depths there seemed to glow a delicious beam of pity and sympathy mingled with tender satisfaction.

"Have you forgotten? Can you not remember?" she said, slowly and in a low voice which seemed to recall one he had heard in the land of shadows in which he had been of late sojourning.

He shook his head; it appeared to be hung very loosely on his neck, and nothing would have induced him to shake it again, lest it should come off.

"No," he said, "not yet, anyhow." His eyes left her face for a moment, and wandered around, and in their wandering fell upon his bandaged arm; then the light of memory flashed into his eyes, and he nodded carefully. "Yes, I've got it! And so I'm alive? I thought I was dead. I was never so certain of anything in my life. But I am alive, am I not?"

"Yes," she said, as lovely and softly as before, and with the faintest of faint smiles on her red, delicately shaped lips.

"Thank you," he said, gravely.

"Lie down," she said in the woman's way, which is half entreaty, half command.

He obeyed instantly, but still stared up at her; then he raised himself again, and the blood crawled—it could not fly just yet—to his face, and his eyes flashed.

"Ah!"

She understood, and softly put out her hand and laid it on his arm.

"You must be quiet," she said.

"Yes, yes—certainly," he responded. "But it has all come back like a flash. It was two to one, and one indulged in cutlery." He glanced at his bandages. "I remember his sticking me, and that's all. It's all a blank after that. Wait, though. There was a face above me—a woman's face; why, it was yours!"

She stood with her hands lightly clasped round the glass, her eyes downcast.

"Best lie down and not think," she murmured, softly.

"I can lie down"—he did so—"but I shall have to think, I am afraid. And it was you? You came up in time and saved me?"

"No; just too late," she said, scarcely audibly, and her eyes flashed under their long lashes.

"And you brought me here? Will you tell me where 'here' is?" and he looked around.

"This is a van," she said.

"A van?" he repeated; then his eyes brightened. "Of course, I remember you. You are the gypsy fortune-teller. It was you who warned me not to go to the fair."

"Yes, I warned you," she said, gently; and though there was no reproach in the tone, he said:

"And I was ungrateful idiot enough not to take your warning?"

(To be continued.)

ACNE ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Hard, Large and Red Pimples. Itching Was Terrible.

"Had been troubled all my life with acne on my face. My forehead was a mass of pimples. They were hard, large and red, and the itching was most terrible. My face was disfigured. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using them got instant relief. I bought more, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. G. S. Miller, Box 14, Marshall, Wash., Jan. 9, 1922.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. 24A 8t, Tent St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste.

Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

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Where can you get BETTER SOAP ?

Selling SUNLIGHT SOAP is the easiest thing any shopkeeper has to do.

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR A GUEST

OLD AGE

"There's no such thing as age," says
youth, "I never feel its pain;
I see an old man tottering by and
wonder at his cane,
For I can walk where're I choose and
need no stick at all,
And I can run against the wind and
laugh at evry fall.

"I hear the old man talk of care and
wonder what they mean,
I see the silver in their hair, their
faces drawn and lean,
I see the old men shake their heads
whene'er a hearse goes by
And hear them sadly wondering who
will be next to die.

I hear them grumble at the cold, but
oh, my blood runs warm
And it is good to face the wind and
battle with the storm.
And all my friends are young and
strong and not a care have they—
Old Age must be another world, and
one that's far away."

Yes, age is just another world, and
one that youth shall know,
And they shall feel its aches and pains
and all the winds that blow,
And they shall sigh as old men do and
totter with a cane
And dream about another world
where youth is given again.

Brains in Politics

All over the world the tradition of the granite jaw and the chilled-steel will has been accepted as a thing desirable. Instead of shaping politics on the model of the fruitful garden, the idea has grown that walls are the chief need—stony and unbreakable fortifications about set ideas that are sacred because of their sheer weight and immobility. Yet obviously the thing wanted is the brain to conceive rather than the mere will to execute anything or nothng. The general idea that if mistakes are enforced they cease to be mistakes must be given up. The real statesman of the future must be the man who is willing to admit mistakes and boldly try the other road. Thousands of political catchwords have been coined to meet special occasions; but the one we most need is "Brains in politics." The strong man is not strong in any real sense unless he is a man of wide knowledge and ready intelligence.—Sydney Bulletin.

An Effort Worth While

However hard and immobile our financial policy may appear to a rigidly logical examination, it has, at all events, seen us through dark days, when no hope was visible, to the present moment, when our credit is once more unimpeachable. One of the actions which has done much to produce this state of things is the agreement as to the funding of our debt to America. Whatever burdens it entails, it has had this great advantage, and we may commend this fact to the study of our Allies, who are quite rightly anxious as to the loss in credit reflected in their exchanges. In the final resort, it may be a nation's credit which proves the most important factor in its prestige and influence.—Westminster Gazette.

PROVISIONS

BEEF	PORK
Med. Bos. Flank	Ham Butt
Family Special	Short Cut Clear
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Also--Harris & Co's. Half-Sheet Spare Ribs, in barrels

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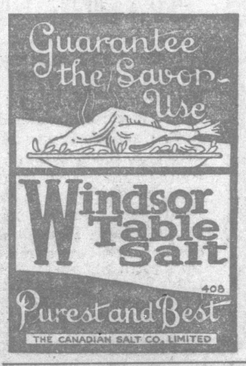

A Neat Comment

Los Angeles Times:—One of our foreign visitors says that Americans are highly expressive in their dancing. If we knew what it is the dancers are trying to express this maly prove to be no compliment. Off hand one might suspect that the dancers were striving to express their disrespect for convention.

Motor Driven Ships

FORCE SAIL AND STEAM FROM SEAS.

Stockholm, Feb. 3 (A.P.)—The romance of the sailing ship will soon become a thing of the past in Sweden, Denmark and Norway, if one may judge by the statistics just given out by the Norske Veritas, which keeps the official shipping record of Scandinavia. Of the tonnage under construction in the yards of the three countries on January 1, not a single vessel was designed for sailing. But the steamship also appears to be doomed, for over one-half of the vessels now building in Scandinavian countries are to be motor-driven.

Of the three nations Sweden is the only one that shows a net increase in the merchant fleet as the result of all construction, purchases, losses, sales, etc., during last year, the net increase being 16 vessels aggregating 57,000 gross tons. For Norway there was a decrease of 48 vessels totalling 36,000 gross tons, and for Denmark a decrease of 44 vessels totalling 24,000 gross tons. In Norway, however, steamships and motorships taken by themselves showed an increase of 17,000 tons.

"Cascarets" 10c. If Sick, Bilious, Constipated

"They Work While You Sleep."

When you feel sick, dizzy, upset, when your head is dull or aching, or your stomach is sour or gassy, just take one or two pleasant "Cascarets" to relieve constipation and biliousness. No griping—nicest cathartic-laxative on earth for Men, Women and Children. 10c. boxes, also 25 and 50c. sizes—any drug store.

Presonality in Education

Education is no longer regarded as a thing of fixed rules, but as a science, the advance of which depends upon constant study and experiment. True education, indeed, is so far from being a system—although it must be founded on a system—that it is really a matter of the personal character of the teacher. The secret of the great influences in education is incommunicable. Everyone knows that in some mysterious way the whole tone of any given school is inspired by the head of the school. In all professions personality is the supreme element; and above all in the profession of teaching.—London Post.

A Simple Home Remedy

You will need it every day for the countless little hurts that come up.
For burns, cuts, scalds, sunburn, windburn; also for chapped hands and skin. Pure, soothing and healing.
Take it internally for coughs, colds and sore throats.
It is tasteless and odorless and gives great relief.

Trade Vaseline Mark
Petroleum Jelly

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17 STATE STREET, - - NEW YORK.
All "Vaseline" Products can be obtained in Drug and General Stores throughout Newfoundland

Canada's Huge Map at Wembley

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 2.—(Canadian Press.)—When the British Empire Exhibition opens in London next April, Canada will indeed be "put on the map." There has just been completed here one of the largest and most illuminating maps of this Dominion ever made. It will tell in a flash everything about the natural resources and physical features of this country, and tell it in a way that no map has ever told it before.

This huge map is being prepared by the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior in co-operation with the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is 23 feet long and 10 feet high, and is illuminated by more than eleven hundred electric lamps. It is made of steel, and is in eight sections for transportation purposes. The actual map is painted on to the steel in permanent colors, with all the rivers, lakes, cities, transportation lines, boundaries and territories marked in the usual way. In addition, every natural resource and product of the Dominion is clearly marked in the locality where they are found. Everything there is to know about the wealth of Canada is recorded.

But the unique feature of the map is that every spot where a certain natural product if sound or an industry is in existence, is illuminated with electric lights of distinctive colors. For example, where copper is found, a purple light, conspicuous and brilliant, will mark the place. Where water power is present, it will be shown by a white light, with pulp in green, timber in brown, and so on. Each city is shown with a larger light ,and each railway line is shown through a series of perforations in different colors—the C.P.R. in red, The Canadian National in green, and others in yellow.

These are illuminated by an intricate system of wiring. But they can be lighted separately. If a visitor wants to know where gold is found in Canada, the official in charge of the map will press a button and every place where gold is found will be illuminated, and none others. Similarly if he wants to know where wheat is raised, where textiles are manufactured, or where timber is found, the distinguishing lights will be switched on. At one side of the map an illuminated indicator will be placed, on which the key color of each resource or industry is given. On the opposite side of the map will be an indicator which will reveal the statistics connected with any particular product. If a prospective settler asks where flax is produced, the lights will go on the map, and if he wants to know the annual production and other things it is immediately available on the indicator.

The map will undoubtedly be one of the sights of the Empire Exhibition but it will also be used in other parts of the world, for it is built on permanent lines.

The Result of a Poor Cup of Coffee

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—(By Canadian Press)—Thirty-one years ago John R. Thompson and his wife came from the farm to see the World Fair. They went into a restaurant here for breakfast. The coffee was unusually poor and Thompson went back to see the proprietor.

"I can make a better cup of coffee than that myself," he announced.

"Maybe you want to try it," responded the proprietor.

"Sure I do," said Thompson.

"Well, you'll have to buy this restaurant if you do."

Ten minutes later Thompson bought the place. To-day he heads a corporation which owns and operates eating houses throughout the country and a string of cash and carry groceries on the side.

It is the same John R. Thompson who a short time ago decided that he wanted an art collection. Recently announcement came from New York that he had spent $250,000 for the greatest Franz Hals canvas ever brought to the U.S.

The painting, already hanging in the millionaire restauranteur's Lake Forest home, is the famous "The Laughing Mandolin Player."

Clothes Worn by Lincoln

WHEN HE WAS ASSASSINATED, SOLD AT AUCTION FOR $6,500.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20.—Clothes worn by Abraham Lincoln when he was assassinated in Ford's Theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, were sold at public auction here yesterday for $6,500. They consisted of an old black suit, the collar stained with the life blood of the President, the trousers wrinkled, a badly torn overcoat, and a faded silk sock.

Bidding opened at $500 and rose rapidly to the sale price. The lot was knocked down to a bidder who gave his name as "Mr. Douglas."

[President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865.]

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.