

Here's the Secret of Health

Do you know why you catch colds, why you have chronic dyspepsia, why you have headaches, why you can't sleep, why you are weak, nervous or depressed? It's because your system is run down. When the system is run down every organ becomes more or less affected. If any one organ is weaker than another, it is the first to succumb. For instance, if you have a weak stomach dyspepsia results—if you are subject to headaches they become more frequent and so on. No matter what your trouble, the first thing to do is to build up and nourish your system by feeding your nerves and enriching your blood. When you do this every organ in the body is strengthened. Carnol accomplishes this. Carnol is a blood-builder, a nerve invigorator, a stimulating and nourishing food, a flesh builder. Mr. Hill, the prescription specialist of New Westminster, B.C., has such faith in Carnol that he is pushing the sale of it at every opportunity. He knows from experience its value as a tonic and this is what he writes:

"It indeed gives me pleasure to say a good word for Carnol. With the sales talk and general boost which it has had from this store, the sale of Carnol has grown from nothing to something worth while."—Frederic T. Hill, Prescription Specialist, 607 Columbia Street, New Westminster, B.C.

Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"But how white it is! Let me see," she knit her brows, and intently studied the lines in the palm.

"Well," said Irene, smiling, "what do you say? It is very bad or very good?"

Madge gazed studiously at the small palm.

"It is bad at first," she said. "This line"—she traced it with her forefinger—"is broken and runs aslant. That means that your happiness receives a check. But it joins again presently higher up, and that means that after a time you will be happy again."

Irene laughed softly. "Show me these lines," she said. Madge traced them.

"And do you mean to say that they are different to the lines in other people's hands?"

"Yes," said Madge; "no two hands are alike. Look at these lines," and she pointed them out. This means that you are rich. Are you?"

"I think so. Yes, I suppose I am rich," said Irene.

"Well, that is right, anyway," said Madge. "And this long one means that you will live to be old."

"Oh, come!" said Irene, laughing. "You can't tell that, Madge."

"I only judge by the lines," said Madge, meekly. "There it is, you see—a long, straight thread."

"Well, I see," said Irene; "but I don't know whether to be glad or sorry, and she stifled a sigh."

"You should be glad," said Madge. "You see, the line of happiness, though it is broken just here, joins higher up, and that means that you will be

happy presently. If you are not now, and will remain happy."

Irene laughed. "It seems very easy," she said. "I think I should make a decent gypsy if I had a lesson or two. Let me see your hand, Madge."

Madge held it out, smiling. "I see, as I said, it isn't so white as yours."

"No," said Irene; "but it is not red, but the most delicious brown. And if I were a man I should be tired of white hands. We women are all alike. We dress alike, talk alike, smile alike. No wonder the men weary of us, and have to be forced to stop in a ball or drawing-room—rushing off to their own 'dens,' as they call them. Yes, we are all cast in one mold, and have grown to be wearisomely monotonous."

"You mean ladies," said Madge, simply.

Irene colored. "My dear," she said, with a soft gravity, "try and forget that you have not always been what you are; and if you do, no one else will remember it."

Madge sighed. "Oh, if I could forget!" she said. "Not that I am ashamed," and the blood rushed to her face. "But go on with my fortune, Irene."

Irene pored over the soft brown hand.

"Let me see. Here is the first line you pointed out. How straight it is, and how broad at the commencement! That means that you have been happy, Madge?"

"Yes," said Madge, dreamily. "I have been very happy. But go on. What do you see now?"

Irene looked up at her face. "The line breaks. That means—But what nonsense it is!"

"Yes," murmured Madge, with half assent. "But what does it mean according to the rules I explained to you?"

Irene paused. "Why, according to them it indicates that your happiness will have a break. How absurd! Besides, I don't think any one could tell your fortune by hand, Madge—these lines, like mountain rills, running over it."

"But the larger ones? This—the line of life—for instance?" said Madge. "Come, you are shirking your lesson, you lazy girl!"

"The line of life?" said Irene. "Hem!—let me see." She looked at it, and the color fluctuated in her face, and she shut the hand up and playfully fung it away from her. "It is all nonsense and humbug!" she said, with a levity which was rather forced. "I don't believe in a scrap of it—not one iota! You are a wicked little impostor!"

Madge laughed. "That is what they all say when one tells them a bad fortune."

"Well, I won't have any more to do with it!" exclaimed Irene, lightly. "And now what do you say if we two—

we two all alone, mind—go round

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the house on a kind of voyage of discovery? And we'll go into the stables and into the gardens and—Oh, I want to show you everything!"

"I'll run and get my hat," said Madge, eagerly.

Irene touched an electric bell. "There is no occasion, dear," she said; and to her maid: "Bring Mrs. Landon's hat, please."

Madge noted the little incident. It seemed that in this grand place the great folk—and she was one of them!—were not expected to do anything for themselves.

"We did the state rooms last night—all excepting the ball-room," said Irene, "so that we needn't go downstairs. Come along."

They went into the corridor, and Irene pointed out the old oak carvings and ancient tapestry.

"One of the maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots worked nearly all of it, poor thing!" she said. "Here is the picture-gallery."

Irene pointed in guide fashion to some of the pictures.

"A Reubens, a Vandyke, Carlo de Vinci, a Potticelli—all fine examples. That one is worth—how much do you think, Madge?"

Madge looked at it. "It looks very old, and—I can't see what it is very plainly."

"No, and few other people. That's why it is so valuable, I think. It is worth twenty thousand pounds, and the nation would buy it at that if it could; but it can't. It goes with the title, you see. Family portraits."

Madge's interest increased, and she looked at them eagerly.

"Why, there is Jack—I mean Royce himself!" she exclaimed, standing before the portrait of a young man in armor of the fourteenth century.

"Yes," said Irene, gently, "it is very like him. There are several others whom he resembles, and some of the women have got just his eyes, with that frank, fearless look in them. There, see! That is the last Lord Landon—Seymour, I mean, of course. It was painted when he came into the title."

Madge looked at the pale face and colorless eyes, with their expression of sharp, cunning cleverness, in silence for a moment or two; then she said:

"It is quite unlike the other faces."

"Yes," said Irene, as she moved on. "I don't think Seymour resembles any of his great ancestors. You know the Landons were great even before they got the title."

"I don't know anything about it," murmured Madge, simply.

"There is the general, the first earl," said Irene, and her tone softened with love and respect. "Ah, if you had known him! He was the greatest, the best of them all. See how like Royce he is!"

"Yes," assented Madge. (To be continued.)

If you wish a nice glaze on your sweet rolls, brush them with milk before baking.

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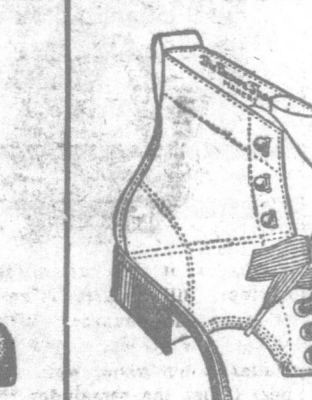
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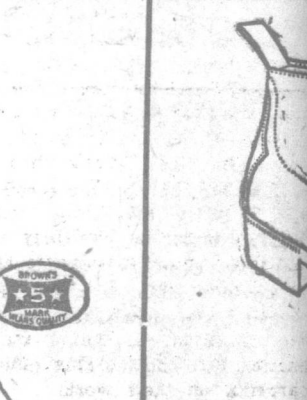
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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

MANKIND AND THE MIRROR.



How mankind does love a mirror! Now do not tell me that I should have said woman-kind. In the first place, that word is supposed to include woman-kind. And in the second place, even if it didn't, it would still be perfectly true. For I think men like to look in mirrors just as much as women though perhaps they are a little more self-conscious about it.

At one time we had in our home a mirror placed in the dining room and the person who sat opposite could see a very fine presentation of himself by glancing that way. And how often all the people who occupied that seat did glance in that direction. I am sure they hadn't the least idea how much they were doing it. People are attracted that way. They think that what they don't want to have seen won't be seen.

Junior is Abashed. I should have liked to try the ex-

periment on some of our grown-up guests that we tried on our small nephew. He had had the seat opposite the mirror and had been looking toward it every other minute. Instead of saying something to him about it, his uncle distracted his attention to something out the window, and while he was looking out hung a napkin

over the mirror. Junior came back to his seat and had hardly been in it a minute before he glanced toward the mirror to see just how he looked drinking a glass of milk. I shall never forget the sheepish grin that spread over his features when that blank whiteness confronted him instead of his own countenance.

I don't suppose there is a human being anywhere who doesn't like to get a good look at himself in a full-length mirror well placed. Of course when the mirror is in a very public place, most people disguise or even completely disavow their interest. But if one could lurk unseen near a full-length mirror in a less conspicuous spot, at the end of some quiet hotel corridor for instance, I think one would get a good chance to study human nature.

The Mirror Face. For one thing, one would see people abruptly change their expressions from the natural expression to the mirror face. The authorism claims that no one knows how he or she really looks because everyone always puts on this mirror expression and it changes the face entirely, sometimes for the worse, always for the less natural.

I suppose behind our interest in mirrors is our intense human interest in ourselves. There is no subject in the world that Everyman is so vitally interested in as himself, not himself as he is, but as he imagines himself to be, and especially himself as

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Bobbed Hair Bandit

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NEW YORK, April 15.—Brooklyn's notorious bandit with blonde bobbed hair is the wife of the man who has accompanied her on fifteen or more of her daring robberies, and soon is to become a mother, according to a police circular sent to every detective in the city. The circular contains a detailed description of the elusive gun-woman and the man the police say is her partner-husband. Many of the couples robberies

others see him. And there's no use blaming Everyman and saying he should be different because that's part of the way he is made for his own self-preservation.

The First Man Vs. the Kitten. Imagine the first man's emotions when for the first time he saw himself in the mirror of that day—the quiet pool: I wonder if he thought at first that it was another man, and like the kitten whom you introduce to a mirror for the first time tried to get at that replica of himself. The kitten, when he finds that he cannot get hold of that other kitten by reaching his paw behind the mirror, instantly loses interest in the whole business. Not so, the first man. He has been getting more interested ever since.

There has been in the neighborhood of home of Police Commissioner right in Brooklyn, and as many 600 policemen and police dogs have concentrated on a single job in futile efforts to catch the man. The police claim to have seen the man is a world-war veteran.

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