

# Children Cry for



*Fletcher's*  
**CASTORIA**

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.

## The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The countess's hand closed sharply on the bracelet which she had taken, and a look came into her face which almost startled Madge. It seemed to her as if the expression of pride and hauteur had given place for an instant to one akin to fear.

"You found it at—Mrs. Hooper's!" she said, slowly, and with her gray eyes fixed upon Madge with a kind of keen scrutiny. "When?"

"This morning," replied Madge. "Irene and I went there, and Irene saw the bracelet lying on the floor." The countess turned the bracelet over in her hand as if she were examining it, and Madge went on: "Mrs. Hooper thought that you must have dropped it when you were there the other day," she said. As she spoke the words, she flushed, for she wondered whether the countess would correct her and say, "Not the other day, but last night."

The countess looked up at her steadily. "I must have done so," she said. "It is of no consequence. Did you—did you stay long at Mrs. Hooper's?" As she asked the question, she put the bracelet round her wrist, but in attempting to fasten it she let it fall. Madge picked it up.

"Let me put it on for you, madame," she said, naturally enough. The countess held out her arm, and Madge snapped the bracelet on. She felt the hand tremble, and she feared that she might have hurt the soft, white skin. "Have I done it properly, madame?" she said, gently.

The Countess nodded. There was a moment's silence, and Madge was moving away, when the Countess stopped her with a gesture. "Have you all that you want—in your room, I mean?" she said, a trifle less coldly than before.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" replied Madge, quickly. "More than I want. I have not thanked your ladyship before, because—" She paused.

"Because what?" said the countess without raising her eyes.

"Because I was afraid of troubling you," said Madge, her sweet voice very low.

"You were afraid of me, is not that so," said the countess.

Madge remained silent.

"Poor girl! I pity you!" said the countess, but with very little pity in her voice.

Madge's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, I pity you," repeated the countess. "But you have no need to be afraid of me. What is done can not be undone."

"Ah, no!" murmured Madge, with a sigh.

The Countess looked up at her curiously. There was another pause and Madge was again about to move away when the countess said:

"Did my son buy you any jewelry when he was in London?"

"No, madame," replied Madge, surprised. "Why should he? I did not want any; besides—" She stopped.

"You were going to say he had no money," said the countess. "I noticed last night that you wore no ornaments. Come with me."

Almost to surprised to be frightened, Madge followed her out of the room and up the staircase, and into the countess's own room.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a chair. Madge obeyed, and the countess, unlocking a cabinet, took a leather-covered box from it, and raising the lid, took out several articles of jewelry and laid them on the table. Madge looked on as chains, and pendants, and diamond tiaras, and sparkling rings, and heavy bracelets formed a glittering heap.

"Now," said the countess, "choose what you please."

Madge got up and stood before the things, a warm flush on her face, her eyes glowing with girlish admiration, and the countess, with hallowered lids, watched her. Madge took some of the things up and looked at them. Then she put them down and drew back.

"Well," said the countess. "Is there anything there you like?"

Madge, with all the color faded from her face, shook her head.

"They are too beautiful, madame," she said—"too beautiful and unsuitable."

The countess looked at her curiously.

"Are you not fond of jewelry?" she asked. "I thought that you—"

"She stopped, but Madge raised her eyes and looked at her steadily.

"That we gypsies were fond of bright and glittering ornaments! So we are, madame, and I like them well enough. But these are too grand and too costly. Besides—" She paused.

"Well!" said the countess.

"Why do you offer to give me some of these things?" said Madge, gathering courage as she proceeded.

"Because you have none of your own, and you are—my son's wife. The absence of jewelry would cause remark. Do you not understand?"

Madge sighed.

"Yes," she said; "I understand."

She glanced at the jewels indifferently, and with no longer any admiration in her eyes. "I will take any you like, madame," she said. "But please choose the plainest and least costly."

The countess looked at her downcast face with increased curiosity.

"You do not care for them?" she said.

Madge shook her head.

"No," she replied in a low tone. "Why should I? If you had given them to me because you liked me, I should have been—her eyes filled with tears—"I should have been very glad. But that was too much to expect, madame. I see that now, though for the moment I thought, I hoped—"

The countess caught her under lip with her teeth, and remained silent for a moment.

"You are a strange girl," she said, coldly, and yet with an undercurrent of admiration and respect in her tones. "Most women in your place would have accepted the things and cared little why they were given."

"Would they?" said Madge, simply and sadly. "I am not like that, madame," and she turned away.

"Stop, please!" said the countess. She took up a diamond tiara. "Take this. You must wear diamonds at the ball, wear this."

Madge took the costly gems in her hand.

"I do not know where to wear it—how to put it on, madame," she said, with a kind of proud humility that became her as well as any diamonds could do.

"Come here," said the countess. "Wind your hair in a coil higher than you have it now."

Madge hesitated a moment then she obeyed.

The countess watched her with a reluctant admiration.

"Irene is right," she said. "You have beautiful hair."

Madge looked straight before her, and made no response; and when the thick waves were twined in the proper coil, the countess fixed the tiara in its place. It flashed and sparkled against the soft raven hair like so many fire-flies, and the countess's eyes seemed to melt beneath the vision of loveliness; but Madge remained cold and impassive.

"Do you not admire them?" asked the countess, evidently astonished at her immovability.

"They are very beautiful, madame," said Madge, laconically.

The countess took up a chain with a pendant of brilliant matching the wreath, and put it round Madge's neck.

"It is only your face that is brown," she said. "Your skin is as white as mine."

Madge smiled sadly. Evidently the countess expected her to have the hide of a negress.

"Now take these rings," she said. "Choose which you think will go best with the other ornaments."

She watched Madge closely, with a proud, half—but only half—contemptuous curiosity.

Madge took the rings indifferently, and selected one set with pearls and brilliants.

"You are right," said the countess, with surprise. "I thought you would have chosen the rubies. They have more color in them."

Madge made no response, and the countess placed the ring with the ruby and one or two others aside.

"I will give you these, and some plain ornaments to wear on ordinary occasions," she said. As she spoke, she went to a drawer in the bureau and took out some jewelry of a more simple description, and placed them with those which Madge had taken off. "There," she said, "take them to your room. They are valuable, so do not leave them about. Have you anything to put them in?"

"My large box," said Madge.

"That is too big. I will give you something more suitable."

She went to the bureau again, and took out a morocco-covered jewel-case. As she did she lifted one or two articles in the drawer, and one of them fell to the ground.

Madge went and picked it up, and unconsciously glanced at it. It was a miniature about the size of the palm of the hand, and set round with turquoise. As she glanced at it, Madge was conscious of a strange sensation of recognition. It seemed to her that the portrait was like some one she had seen in life—like, yet unlike—the shadow of a remembrance. She stood looking at the face, trying to recall the person whom it resembled. She had only a moment in which to make the effort, for the countess, looking up, saw the girl in her hand, and going quickly to her, took it from her none too gently.

# OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT!

## At The Home of Good Shoes

### SPECIALTY:

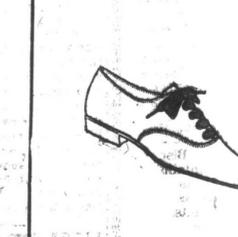
# Medium Priced Shoes for Men and Boys!

Having enlarged our MEN'S SHOE STORE, we are now in a position to serve our customers better than ever with all Solid Leather Boots and Shoes, at very Low Prices.

## BOYS' BOOTS

In connection with our Men's Department, we have opened up a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for Boys' and Girls' Boots and Shoes. This Department is now stocked with the best Boys' and Girls' Solid Leather Footwear that can be procured.

				
Dark Tan, medium toe. Price \$7.50 with rubber heel.	Dark-Tan, with rubber heels. \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50, & \$8.00.	With rubber heels. Black for . . . . . \$6.50 Tan for . . . . . \$7.50	Dark Tan, with rubber heels, \$6.50.	Only \$4.50. Men's Tan Boot with rubber heels.

			
MEN'S BLACK LACED BOOTS without rubber heels for \$4.00, \$4.25, \$4.50, \$5.00.	WORKING BOOT Black—Only \$3.00	WORKING BOOT Tan—Heavy Soles. Only \$3.75.	ENGLISH DANCING SHOE Patent Leather—\$7.00.

We are now fully stocked with the famous English "K" and City "K" Footwear, at prices ranging from \$11.75 to \$14.75.

**Barratt's English Boots from \$8.50, \$9.00, \$10.00 to \$11.00.**

BOYS' BOOTS—Sizes 9 to 13. Price . . . . . \$2.90 up. TAN BOOTS—Sizes 9 to 13. Price . . . . . \$3.50 up.  
 Sizes 1 to 5. Price . . . . . \$3.50 up. Sizes 1 to 5. Price . . . . . \$3.90 up.

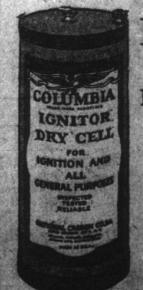
Mail Orders shipped same day as received.

# F. Smallwood, The Home of Good Shoes

## Columbia Dry Batteries

—they last longer

For every ignition use




For Sale by All Dealers

(to be continued.)

## Forgetting as a Fine Art



The art of forgetting, though few people realize it, is quite as useful as the art of remembering.

We have all heard of Goldsmith's parson—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

The poet may have had Dr. Johnson in his mind when he wrote these lines, for the great man had a prodigious memory which he was very fond of exercising in conversation. Macaulay, too, had no exact a recollection of everything he ever read that he scarcely had use for a reference book when he was writing the "Edinburgh Review" essays. It was only when they were issued in volume form that he troubled to verify his references.

But most people have less roomy minds, and for them it is best to arrive as early as possible at an understanding with themselves as to what is worth remembering and what should be forgotten.

Lord Birkenhead gave a useful lead in this direction not long ago, when he confessed that he would be quite unable, if called upon, to pass the examination for a "call" to the Bar; he also expressed his belief that should the Archbishop of Canterbury be required to qualify again for ordination he would be ignominiously "ploughed."

This only means, of course, that these two eminent men have forgotten most of the useless knowledge with which they were crammed when they faced the examiners, and have exchanged it for something more serviceable.

Most of the learning that we acquire laboriously at school and college may be scrapped with advantage when we go out into the world.

That is not to say that our education served no useful purpose. But in the world of affairs each man and woman must choose what is the most useful knowledge to cultivate. It is said of the late King Edward that he never forgot a fact by a name, and was able on the instant to recall anybody who had previously been presented to him. That is a princely attribute, cultivated by all "born to the purple," and enjoyed in full measure by our present king and by the Prince of Wales.

To the politician, the commercial traveller, or the detective a memory for faces and names is also of enormous use.

Have you shined your shoes today with

# 2 IN 1

## Shoe Polish

It improves your personal appearance and saves the leather.

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-blood Shoes

F. S. Doley Company Inc. Buffalo, N. Y.

Then there is the technical knowledge which every man in a profession or a trade must have at his fingers' ends. It is the most important of all. I once knew an eminent stockbroker who could seldom remember his telephone number and who sometimes forgot his home address. But he was never at a loss if you asked him for the latest quotation on "Change of any one of two hundred stocks and shares."

A rich vegetable soup served with a simple dessert makes a very wholesome luncheon.

The skins and stems of mushrooms can be stewed, strained and used as flavoring.

Muscular Pains and Rheumatism are Quickly Relieved by

## DR. CHASE'S LINIMENT

At all Dealers.

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

## St. JOHN'S Grocery Stores

Best Grade Flour 58c. Stone.

Choicest Cut Rib Pork 22c. lb.

Very Choice Beef 12c. lb.

Spare Ribs 13c. lb.

Potatoes 14c. Gallon.

Small Green Cabbage

J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.

Fresh Fruit Vegetables

ELLIS Limited 203 WATERLOO ST.

Navel California Grapes, Bartlett Pears, Almeria Apples, California Raisins, Dessert Wine, Cooking Apples, Ripe Bananas

Buchanan's Choice Confectionery

Fresh Fruit, Ripe Apples, New Currants, New Grapes, New Oranges, New Lemons, Spanish Walnuts

Queen's Store

Choice Salted New Gorse, New Beans, English Cheese, Ingersoll's Swiss Gravy, Without cream, 5 pints, Very choice

English Breakfast, Oval Tea, Holland's Cheese, Waterbury's Spices, Rich Tea, Reading Sugar, aprils, w

NSC

Modern fire fire necessary during

of our reliable Policies is during, and regard your, call and

TESS

SURANCE

Home 244

Old Time

Irish Song

Come

A Select

Price

GARRETT

Bookseller

Dyeing, D

All kinds of

ments Dye

stret; also

stains call

J. J. D

Lime St. &

Phone