

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's
CASTORIA



MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. L. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The Countess
of Landon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Irene was standing at the open window, her hands clasping the frame, her white face lighted up by the flames which licked against the stone walls as if eager to devour her.

A shriek of agony rose above the din. It came from the countess, who sprang forward, to be instantly seized by Lord Balfarras.

The horror of the situation silenced the crowd for a moment; then a score of men rushed toward the hall door, but as they reached it, it belched forth a volume of fire and smoke, through which no man could have passed alive.

"Save her! save her!" yelled the crowd. "Get a ladder—a rope!"

Some men tore to the stables and brought a ladder, but it only reached to the first floor and there was no means of climbing beyond it.

Lord Balfarras gave the countess into the charge of his wife, and rushed to the house, but he could do no more than the others, and stood gasping upward with an anguish which he never forgot to the hour of his death.

The white figure of Irene stood motionless in the hideous light of the flames, as if she knew that she was doomed and was resigned, and her very attitude almost drove the spectators mad.

Suddenly a shout went up. "The engine! the engine!" and a lane was made through which the brigade drove the horses at a wild gallop.

A hundred hands were at the escape, but before it could be undone and run up to the building, a figure was seen to dart through the crowd, pause a moment under the window, and then dart round to the back.

For a moment the flames lighted up the figure, and a cry of curiosity arose amid the shrieks and yells.

"Who is it—a spy?" shouted some one.

"She was dressed like one," was the response. "I saw her red shawl. Where's she gone? Who is she?"

No one seemed able to answer the question, and Madge with no one hindering her, flew round to the wall-

A Dainty
Combination.

Have you seen the Three Flowers introductory package, containing Perfume, Vanishing Cream, Face Powder and Cleansing Cream, all perfumed with the fragrance of universal appeal—THREE FLOWERS. Artistically finished, and aristocratic in appearance, this dainty introductory package known as the Travelette, makes an ideal gift for a friend who loves nice toilet things. In order to introduce the different Three Flowers preparations Richard Hudnut offers this useful and attractive introductory package for fifty cents.

At all Drug and Department Stores.

ed garden and through the door by which Irene and she had gone out on the morning after her arrival at the Towers. Her face was white, but not with fear. With set lips and flashing eyes, she ran through the hall and up the stairs.

"Oh, God! don't let me be too late!" she prayed. "Let me have her—let me save her!"

A moment afterward the crowd saw that there were two figures at the window. Scarcely believing their eyes, they sent up a wild yell.

The flames lit up both faces, and at last Madge was recognized. "It's Master Royce's wife!" shouted the butler. "It's her—it's her! She'll be burned, too!"

A groan rose from those who had heard him, and the men rushed the escape to the face of the building. It reared itself short of the window by a dozen feet.

The captain of the brigade ran up the escape.

"Jump—one at a time! Jump!" Madge put her arms round Irene, who stood senseless with terror, and quite unconscious that any one was with her.

"Irene, Irene!" she cried. "Oh, my dearest, can you do it?"

Irene seemed to awake, and clutched Madge's arm.

"You, too, Madge?" she wailed, then she hid her face in Madge's bosom and shuddered. "I can not—I can not. But you go. Leave me. I can not move. Leave me, Madge. Think—think of Royce!"

A strange expression shone on Madge's white face—the look of a woman at her best, when self is slain, and all her nobility of heart is in the ascendant.

"I am thinking of him!" she murmured. "No; I will not leave you. I have come to save you or die with you, dear!" she added simply. "If you can not jump—"

"For God's sake, come down!" shouted the captain, making an effort to clamber up the wall—an effort utterly futile.

Madge shook her head sadly. They saw her face, calm and almost serene in the light of the flames, and then they saw her put her arms round Irene and lift her bodily on her shoulder.

"She is going to carry her! She can not do it!" rose the cry.

There are moments when human strength passes the natural and becomes superhuman. This was one of them.

Setting her teeth hard, Madge stepped back from the window, and was lost to the sight of the mob beneath. Slowly, feeling each step of the way, Madge carried the now senseless Irene through the corridor and into the hall. By this time the smoke was as dense as a wall. She shut her eyes and staggered on, but even as she did so she wound her shawl round Irene's head, that she might not be suffocated by the smoke.

For an instance or two she lost her way in the thick, foul darkness, when a flash of flame showed her where she was, and she made for the door.

At that moment a portion of the corridor falling fell. It was of oak, solid and heavy as iron. Madge felt a blow on her side and bottom which sent her reeling against the wall, but she did not release her hold of Irene, and staggered on again.

She reached the door. A veil of flame and smoke hid them from the howling, crying, yelling mob, then the two figures were seen standing on the threshold.

With a roar like the roar of the sea, the crowd rushed forward, but before they could reach her a horseman dashed through them, throwing them

right and left, and Royce flung himself out of the saddle.

His left arm was in a sling, but he caught at Madge with his right and dragged her out of reach of the flames. But she still held Irene in her arms, and in a grasp like that of a vise.

The crowd closed round them, a dozen men stretched out their hands to touch her; a hundred throats yelled. "Bravo!" the women sobbed. "God bless her! God bless her!"

Madge stood, her precious burden in her arms, her face turned toward the sky. Blood was streaming down her cheek and turning the burned red shawl a deeper crimson.

For a moment she seemed lost to everything, as if she had passed beyond the boundary which divides death from life, and the desire of life, then she looked at Royce—Royce clutching at her and sobbing out her name—and held Irene toward him.

"Take her!" she breathed. "Take her, Royce! I have saved her—for you!"

The women took Irene from her, and Royce put his arms round Madge, calling upon her wildly.

Her head rested on his breast, and she put her burned hands round his neck and smiled up at him, peacefully, serenely; then her eyes closed, a faint shudder ran through her, and she fell forward.

CHAPTER XL.

Madge lay in Martha Hooper's bedroom at the cottage on Gorse Common.

Beside the bed knelt Royce, his face hidden in his hands. At a little distance stood Irene and the countess. A solemn stillness hovered over the small room, broken only by Madge's low, irregular breathing and the long sigh which now and again rose from her lips.

Monk Towers was still smoldering, but the three watchers had forgotten it. All their hopes and fears, their dread and longing, were centered in the slight figure lying so motionless and helpless.

She had been unconscious for hours, but not wildly delirious, though now and again her mind seemed wandering as though in a dream—wandering back to her childhood's home, the camp, and to her childhood's friends, the gypsies, and "Kate, Lottie, Tony," the old familiar names came from her parted lips. Once she murmured "Jack" in a tone so melting in its tenderness of love and appeal that Royce groaned and shook from head to foot.

At intervals the doctor came in with noiseless step and held the limp hand, and then the three watchers would gaze at his face anxiously, impudently, as if the gift of life were in his keeping.

Outside, at a respectful distance, stood a small crowd of persons anxiously waiting for news. They talked in hushed and sympathetic whispers, and some of the women cried quietly, for simple though they were, they realized that a heroine of the noblest type lay battling with death in that small chamber.

Now and again the noise of a falling wall or the hoarse roar of the crowd still gathered round the fire reached the spot, but the pervading atmosphere was that of the solemn stillness which accompanies intense suspense.

The flames had mercifully spared Madge's face, and she looked as lovely as ever as she lay with closed eyes and parted lips, but the labored breath told of an injury which, though hidden from sight, was working more mischief than the fire had wrought. The heavy oak balustrade and rail of the corridor had struck

Successful Town Raiders.

Leopards are usually the most troublesome and successful of town raiders, and woe to the dog or man who interferes with these savage night prowlers. It was at this same spot that a favorite setter of mine was fatally mauled in a neighbor's rose garden. His side had been torn open with one powerful slash of the leopard's claws, and I shall never forget the last look of the faithful brown eyes and the pathetic wag of the tail with which the dying animal greeted me.

All my efforts to avenge the poor brute failed, for, however tempting the bait, the leopard refused to be lured within gunshot on moonlight nights.

Some years ago a woman living near the centre of the town had an extraordinary experience. On entering her bedroom early one afternoon she noticed something resembling a length of rope lying in shadow beyond the bed. Her first thought was of snakes.

Then a movement revealed a leopard crouched, surveying and manaculating below her bed. The brute's gony swaying tail protruding beyond the covering, was the warning which saved her. Horrified, she rushed from the room, but had the presence of mind to slam the door. No risks were taken in dealing with that leopard. It was stretched dead on the bedroom floor by a well-aimed shot fired through the closed window.

Your grocer will be glad to recommend Crisco for frying fresh codfish. The chances are he is using it in his own home and knows how good Crisco fried fish tastes.—adv.

Accept only if Bayer package

which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 36 and 100.—Druggists.

Columbia
Dry Batteries
—they last longer
For every ignition use

For Sale by All Dealers

Women Campaign to Save Fur Producing Animals
New York, May 27 (A.P.).—A campaign to restrict the power of Dame Fashion, who for "mere decoration compels the extermination of whole species of fur-bearing animals," was launched to-night by the American Blue Cross Society with headquarters at Springfield, Mass., and the New York Women's League for Animals.

Cuticura Talcum
Is Soothing
For Baby's Skin
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

Visited by Hungry Lions

A former member of the East Africa Survey, now in London, writes: My East African mail a few days ago brought details of a night visit paid by two hungry lions to the plot behind the house which I recently occupied at Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony. These enterprising marauders slaughtered and partly devoured a couple of draught oxen between a double line of bungalows and alongside a tennis court and well-frequented road. This is certainly the most daring raid carried out by lions in Nairobi within the last few years.

Lions are great butchers, but even in Africa there must be a few instances of the brutes having followed the custom of up-to-date tradesmen by delivering a supply of fresh meat to one's door! Yet there was an occasion when I shared that experience—and some excellent venison—with my neighbors.

At night we heard the "woofing" of lions unusually close in, and towards the early hours of the morning the noise of the great brutes was unmistakably closer. Then, just before dawn, there came the sound of a wild stampede around the bungalows, and the twanging of wire fences. Turning out in pajamas we found a large buck lying with broken neck in the centre of the lawn, and two more tangled up with twisted limbs in the fencing wire. And residents a little further out discovered the spoor of a pursuing lion right across the flower beds!

Old-time beauties understood the aesthetable properties of rhubarb. They knew nothing of the modern assortment of lemons or the steam-bath fad for the complexion, but, very sensibly, they tried instead a course of rhubarb for the evils of the relaxed skin.

For they were acquainted with its almost miraculous action in tightening open pores. And pores that have been ruined by the use of powder, and so have lost their elasticity, are not only unsightly in themselves, but are the sole cause of the obnoxious black-head, or speck of dirt embedded in the epidermis.

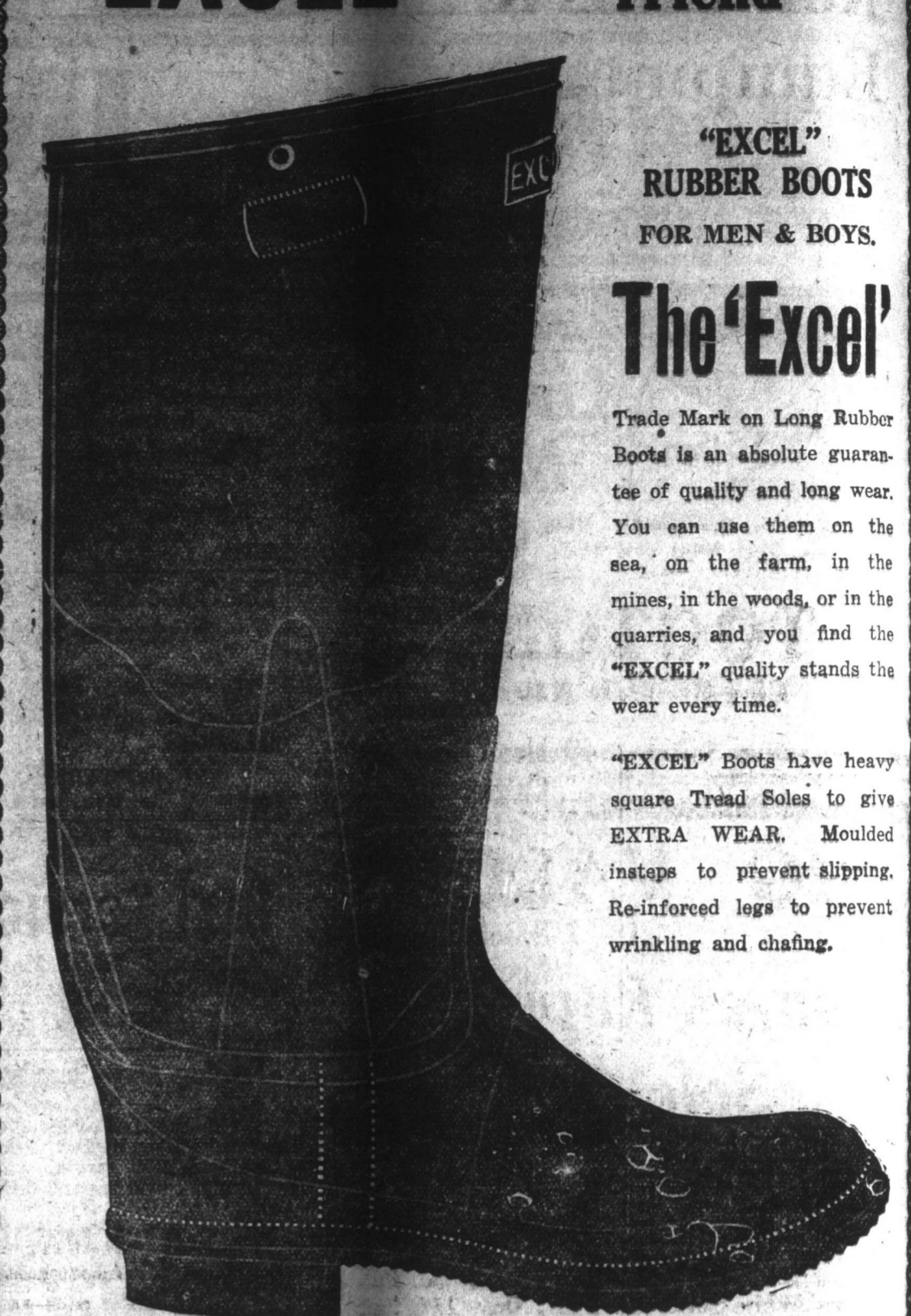
A Secret From the East. Our grandmothers claimed, too, and proved, that the use of rhubarb brightened the eyes and banished the tired lines and "puffiness" which form such powerfully destructive agents to youth and beauty.

A blochy complexion was unknown to the devotees of rhubarb, and she also claimed exemption from rheumatic complaints in general. These who women not only to

rhubarb in its accustomed form of puddings and pies. They also drank it in various forms, the most delicious of which was known as rhubarb sherbet. The secret of this delicious drink was brought from the East, where one meets it in every bazaar. It is made as follows: Boil eight sticks of peeled rhubarb in a quart of water for about ten minutes, the resultant liquor to be then strained into a tin containing the peel of one lemon cut or grated very finely, and two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. The decoration should be allowed to stand for six hours before being drunk.

WINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES RHEUMATISM.

"EXCEL" The Fisherman's Friend



SPECIAL PRICES TO DEALERS. Distributors for Newfoundland Parker & Monroe, Ltd.

"EXCEL" RUBBER BOOTS FOR MEN & BOYS. The 'Excel'

Trade Mark on Long Rubber Boots is an absolute guarantee of quality and long wear. You can use them on the sea, on the farm, in the quarries, and you find the "EXCEL" quality stands the wear every time.

"EXCEL" Boots have heavy square Tread Soles to give EXTRA WEAR. Moulded insteps to prevent slipping. Re-inforced legs to prevent wrinkling and chafing.

For Home Use For Picnics and Garden Parties

TRY "DELICIA SANDWICH SPREAD" You'll like "Sandwich Spread," the improved Potted Meat, it costs only 25 cents a can

FOR SALE BY--W. E. Bearn, Ellis & Co., Ltd., C. P. Eagan, M. Davidson, G. Knowling, Ltd, J. J. Mulcahy, Ltd., A. E. Worrall, M. J. O'Brien and other stores.

After medicine your kiddies should be given—

they sweeten the mouth

at all stores. GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

COURTNEY'S
BEAUTY PARLOR-BARBER SHOP
3 Prescott Street, Phone 1144
Esquimaux White and Grey Hair Nets, double mesh-cap, each
Medium Brown, Dark Brown, double mesh-cap, each
Dark Brown, double mesh-triangles, each
French Face Powder, daintily perfumed, three sizes . . . \$1.50, \$2.50 & \$3.50
City Compact Powder . . . \$1.50
Houbigant Compact Powder . . . \$2.00
Kersone-Medical Kerolene Hair Tonic . . . \$1.00
MARLBY, 1002

Ca
Ro
Ec

B
Ca

Child
Child
Miss
Miss
You
You
Boys
Boys
Wom
Wom
Men's
Men's

NI

GRE

Fre
ment
Freigh
to 5 pa
Exp
New B
Island
Bigh
lands
Harry
Ratth
Snook

NO

Dr. M

142 W
over Lan
One St
Teleph
5975-5