

Rheumatic Pains

Are relieved in a few days by taking 30 drops of Rether Seigel's Syrup after meals on retiring. It dissolves the lime and acid accumulation in the muscles and joints so these deposits can be expelled, thus relieving pain and soreness. Seigel's Syrup, also known as "Extract of Roots," contains no dope nor other strong drugs to kill or mask the pain of rheumatism or lumbago; it removes the cause.

The Countess of Landon.

CHAPTER XI.

"No," she said in a low voice, "I am not glad to see you."

"That's candid, anyhow," he remarked, folding his hands behind his head, and leaning back that he might easily look up at her.

"It is true," she said in the same low, troubled tone. "You should not have stayed. Now that you are well again, you should have gone away—back to your own people. It is not right that you should stay with us."

"Oh! that's what the matter?" he said, quietly. "That was why you wouldn't drink to my health last night, is it?"

"Yes," she said, with still downcast eyes. "We are not fit company for a gentleman. You know that; you must feel that. You should have gone back to your own people."

He was silent a moment; then he said, with quiet earnestness:

"Look here, Madge: I know what you think: that I've joined this tribe for a mere whim; that I'm a hum-scram sort of fellow that's got bitten by the idea of roughing it for a time, and that I'm just taken with the fancy for living in the open air, like a boy who wants to play at Robinson Crusoe."

She looked assent.

"I thought so, well, Madge, I want to disabuse your mind of that idea at once and forever. You're wrong. There's more method to my madness than you think. You talk about my going back to my own people. But it happens sometimes that a man can't go back—that his own people won't have him. Now, strange as it may seem, that's just my case."

She raised her eyes and looked at him, not incredulously—for if he had said that the sky was green she would have thought him right, that she must be color blind and mistaken—but with a faint troubled wonder.

"When you picked me up the other night I was as much a waif and stray, as much an outcast, without a home or a people, as a lost dog in a strange city. They say that there's a special providence which watches over very young kids and inebriated old gentlemen. There must be also a special providence for young men who—by their

own fault, mind—have had the door shown to them, and are left to roam the world like the lost lamb in the story. So I fell into your hands and your people's, you see, Madge. Do you know that, if the tribe had declined to let me join you—and I haven't yet got over my surprise that they should have done so—I should have had to take to tramping, had to turn navvy, or gone into the boot lace and lead-pencil business? Oh, I'm not joking; for a very faint smile crossed her face. "Honestly and candidly, I was an outcast, I should like to tell you the whole story—his face clouded—and perhaps I will some day, but I'm not quite up to it just now. Perhaps—his voice grew lower—"I don't want to give myself away altogether—perhaps I want to let you think me rather better than I am, and not a right down bad lot."

Her eyes rested on him with a curious expression, with something of pity and tenderness in their carefully concealed admiration.

"So I sha'n't tell you just now, and I've only said this much to show you that, instead of lowering myself by joining your people—that's how you'd put it, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, softly.

"I thought so. Well, instead of that, it's just the other way. It's a stroke of luck, and I'm grateful for it."

"You will be unhappy," she said, very softly.

He laughed and looked up at her with the bright light in his handsome eyes which had struck her the first moment she had seen him.

"I think not, Madge. Anyhow, I've spent a jollier day to-day than I've spent for a very long time—that is, I should have done, if I hadn't had an uneasy feeling that you were cut up about something. It's just the life that suits me. Out in the open air all day—and all night, for the matter of that. No care, no worry, plenty to eat, cheerful society. By George! if some of the fellows with the dyspepsia and all that were to turn gypsies, they'd be different men in a week. And I've got a chum already. Old Davy, you know, Madge. Delightful old chap! He has been showing me the ropes. By the way, he told me you were our queen."

She winced and flushed, and drew back as if she feared he was speaking contemptuously; and Royce, seeing what was passing through her mind, made haste to add:

"And mind, I think that they're—we're—quite right to have some one at the head of us; and I'm sure no nation in the world has got a wiser and a sweeter queen than we have, Madge."

Her color came and went.

"I—I thought you were laughing at me—at us," she said, with a quick little pant.

He looked up at her steadily.

"Laugh at the woman who saved my life and nursed me day after day, night after night! I should as soon think of jeering at my mother, or my sister, if I had one, Madge," he said.

The color deepened on her face.

WEAK, RUK DOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed!

Port Mann, B. C.—"I took Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was troubled for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my housework. I am willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. C. GRAYSON, Port Mann, B. C.

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Keene, N. H.—"I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Finkham's Sensitive Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it."—Mrs. A. F. HARTWOOD, 72 Carpenter Street, Keene, N. H.

"Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound."

"Thank you," she said, simply, meekly. "It must have sounded strange and ridiculous to you; but—but it is real and natural to them. And after all—she smiled—"I am not a very troublesome queen. I'm not half so bad as some of the kings and queens I read about in history."

"No," he said, laughing. "And yet there were heaps of people who were ready and willing to die for the worst of them. I'm sure any of your—our—people would die for you, Madge. I wish some day you'd give me the chance."

He said it with a smile; but the words, lightly spoken as they were, had an under-tone of gravity in them that moved her. She turned her head away, her bosom heaving, then drew the child toward her.

"It is time Tony went to bed," she said.

As she spoke, two men approached the van. Royce's back was toward them, and he did not see them, but he saw by the sudden pallor which overspread Madge's face that she had seen something to upset her, and turning his head quickly, he recognized the giant, Long Bill, and the gypsy who had been too ready with his knife.

He half started up, his face darkening; but Madge's had fell upon his shoulder.

"What would you do?" she asked in so low a voice that it was scarcely audible.

He looked up into her face, white now with dread.

"Nothing now," he said. "Don't be afraid, Madge. Why, you are trembling! There, I'll go."

He got off the steps, and, without looking in the direction of the men, walked away.

Bill and the young gypsy came up to the van, and the wrestler greeted her with forced geniality, eyeing her rather fearfully; but the gypsy stalked close up, and scowled after Royce as he did so.

"Who was that, Madge?" he demanded. "I don't know him. He ain't a Romany. And what's he sitting here for as if the place belonged to him?"

The pallor had completely left Madge's face, and her dark eyes, not tender now, but flashing, glowing with passion, met his stullen ones steadily.

"Where have you been, Steve?" she demanded in a voice which, while it was low, rang with a tone of power and command Royce had not yet heard.

"Where have I—?" He stopped and looked down. "I've been about some horses—me and Bill. We've only just got back. Who was that fellow?"

"One of us, but a stranger," said Madge. "One you had better avoid. Keep out of his path, Steve, or you will be sorry."

"What?" he exclaimed, his face reddening. "What do you mean, Madge? What have I got to be afraid of him for?"

"Ask yourself!" she said, pointing to his face, which changed color beneath her scolding gaze. "You know what you have done. Look—there's blood upon your hands, coward!"

He started, and involuntarily looked at his hands, as if he expected to see red stains there; then he recovered himself and laughed defiantly.

(To be continued)



Exposures Such As This—
with their resultant aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, stiff muscles—are neutralized by a prompt application of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment keeps you fit as a fiddle for the daily duties of farming. Good for live stock, too. Keeps them in good shape and increases their value. Corrects lameness, soreness and bruises. Kills Pain. Applied without rubbing, it penetrates to the ache, pain, soreness, bringing quick, comforting relief.

The large size bottle means strict economy—six times as much as the small size.

Sloan's Liniment

KEEP IT HANDY

R. G. MacDONALD, LTD.

About Your Coffee

HOW IT CAME TO ENGLAND.

An interesting story is connected with the opening of the first coffee-house in London. In the seventeenth century a Turkish merchant came to England with his Greek servant, Pasqual Rosea. Rosea was an expert in the making of good coffee, and was in the habit of preparing coffee daily for his master and his master's visitors. The beverage was so much appreciated that very soon the merchant was overwhelmed with visitors, who came again and again. Thereupon the enterprising Turk opened a coffeehouse for his servant, bearing Rosea's portrait, with the announcement that he was the first to make and publicly sell coffee-drink in England. After this, coffeehouses became more numerous, and coffee itself became a popular and fashionable beverage.

Of course, coffee-drinking was known to the Turks for close on one hundred years before it became popular in England. In fact, when coffeehouses were first opened in Constantinople they were responsible for a very much depleted attendance at the mosques!

Out of Ethiopia.

Some of the earliest records of coffee as an article of human consumption date back to the time of the Ethiopians, a race of people who dwelt in Northern Africa. They used it not only as a drink but also as a food—roasted, crushed, and formed into small balls with an admixture of grease. From Ethiopia the use of coffee spread in time to Arabia, and we read of coffee being included with shipments of spices and other Eastern produce early in the fifteenth century.

Arabia, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, was in fact responsible for practically the whole coffee supply of the world. The plant was cultivated principally in the province of Yemen, in South Arabia, from where the variety known as "Mocha" still comes. Towards the end of the seventeenth century some coffee seeds reached the Dutch East Indies, where the plant was soon very extensively cultivated. At about the same period the plant was introduced to the West Indies by the Dutch; and later, South America and Mexico became the principal sources of supply.

A Pretty Plant.

The coffee plant is very pleasing in appearance, with smooth leathery leaves, which are dark and shiny on the upper surface and pale green underneath. It takes from two to four years before the coffee plant begins to bear fruit. The flowers grow in white fragrant clusters, which very quickly yield berries, so that flowers and berries are often found together on the same plant. The berry, which is green and fleshy, soon changes to yellow and then red, and afterwards to dark red or purple. It has to be picked at exactly the right moment. It then goes through numerous processes. The berries are first put through water in which the ripe ones float and the others sink to the bottom. They then go through a pulping process to remove the fleshy portions.

There are two seeds in every berry, each enclosed inside two skins, which must not be damaged. When the seeds have been extracted they are exposed until they have become hard and the colour changes to a pale yellow tint. The seeds are cleaned by removal of the two skins; the parchment and the silver skin. They are graded for colour and size, factors in determining quality. The coffee is then carefully packed and ready for export.

Good coffee must be very carefully

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

Here are some Specials for this week and among them is something you need, for they are gathered from all over the store. Every one of them is Big Value for little money.

Fancy Flowered Ribbon.
6 inches wide, for hair bows, sashes and camisoles.
Per Yard 49c. to 75c.

\$2.00 Boys' All Wool Pullover Sweaters.
All sizes and shades.
Now \$1.49



Ladies' Wool Sweaters Coats.
Duchess collar, assorted shades.
Each \$3.49

Pure Wool Tie Back Sweaters.
Regular \$2.49.
Now \$1.49



Ladies' \$1.98 White Voile and Organdie Blouses.
Now 98c.

Children's Stockings.
Heavy ribbed cotton hose, Black, Regular 29c.
Now 12c. Pair

Infants' Blue, Pink and White Hose.
Every pair a great value.
Per Pair 19c.

Hosiery
All silk, full fashioned, Brown, Grey and Fawn.
Per Pair \$1.25

High grade Wool and Silk Rib Hose, assorted shades.
Per Pair \$1.20

English Wool Hose.
Shades of Brown, Fawn, Heather and Black.
Per Pair 98c.



1st Sale of Spring Millinery.
New styles in bewildering variety. For Misses' Women and Matrons'; fashionable models in Hair Cloth, Straw Cloth, all Straw, Silk and Straw, Crepe and Straw; many trimmed with attractive fancies; wonderful assortment of colors and combinations.
Each \$4.98 to \$5.98

Serge Dresses
Unusual in variety and wonderful values. Every garment a handsome new spring model, authentic in style, dependable in workmanship and of splendid quality materials.
Each 7.98



Men's Spring Caps.
In tweeds, naps, etc., silk lined, in all the latest styles.
Each \$1.69 to \$1.98

Men's Rubber Boots.
Good quality.
Men's Excel Rubber Boots.
Per Pair 3.99

Bed Spreads.
Medium sizes, good quality, hemmed ends. Regular \$2.49.
Now \$1.98

Pillow Cases.
Each 39c.

Ladies' Chamousette Gauntlets.
Strap wrist, shades of Beaver, Brown and Mole.
Per Pair 98c.

Men's Ties.
Fancy stripes, wide ends.
Each 49c. to 75c.

Men's Khaki Work Shirts.
Triple stitched, excellent for the out-door man. Regular \$1.49.
Now 98c.

Congoleum Mats.
18 x 36 inches, pretty patterns.
Each 19c.

Ladies' Bloomers.
In Pink and White, with gusset, elastic at waist and knees.
Per Pair 39c.

Corsets.
Low bust, made of heavy Pink Coutil, four suspenders attached. Regular sizes.
Per Pair 98c.



White Jean Middy Blouses.
Balkhar style, Blue collar and cuffs, with Emblem on sleeve.
Each \$2.25

Hat Flowers.
Mounts, fruit and trimming of all kinds, very latest; prices ranging from
39c. to \$2.75

Pound Goods.
Stripe Flannelette
Per Pound \$1.15

Quilt Cotton.
Large pieces.
Per Pound 59c.

Serges.
In Navy, Grey, Fawn and Black.
Per Pound \$1.49

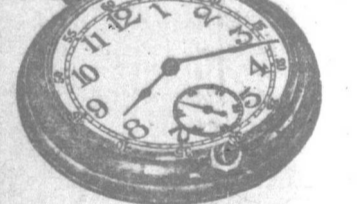
Wool Tweeds.
Per Pound \$1.49



Ladies' Children's and Misses' Heavy Overpants.
In Black, Navy and Brown.
Children's, per pair 62c.
Misses', per pair 70c.
Ladies', per pair 88c.

Stripe Flannelette.
Superior quality, solid Pink and Blue stripes.
Per Yard 27c.

Artysl Rope.
All shades.
Per Slip 6c.



Watches.
Open face, nickel case, stem wind and set.
Each \$1.98

Melton Cloth.
Good quality, wide widths, pretty shades.
Per Yard 69c.

Children's Coats.
In Blue and Fawn Naps. Regular \$1.98.
Now \$1.25

Brass Extension Rods.
Assorted sizes.
Each 10c., 19c. and 29c.

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roasted, and is best ground and used soon after roasting. How to prepare good coffee? Ah! that is a secret still to be extracted from the Turks and the French!

Quick Cure for Broken Leg

"Governor Flynn of Rhode Island told me a good story the other day," said Robert E. M. Cowie recently at a luncheon given in his honor on the occasion of his being elected President of the American Railway Express Co. "He heard of an old farmer who lived away back in the backwoods. He had a wife and a small son. The wife unfortunately died, and the nearest neighbors being many miles away, the father wondered how he would proceed to bring up the boy. So he decided to keep him within the confines of the farm. He raised him until he was almost eighteen. The boy, outside of his own mother, had never cast his eyes upon a living woman. The father thought that this was rather cruel, and that he had better show his son something of the world. Being a New Englander, when he talked of the world he of course meant Boston. So he told the boy that after they gathered the harvest in, he would take him down to Boston. On the way down the boy's eyes were going like popcorn in a popping pan, as he looked at the wonderful creatures on the train and on the streets. In the Boston home to which they went was a beautiful young woman about the boy's age. He instantly became very much attached. They went to the Art Gallery the next afternoon and before they got home were engaged. He was what is called in these days a 'fast worker.' About two days after that they carried home the rather unwelcome tidings to the father that they had just been out and got married. He was terribly disappointed. His vision of a future for the boy seemed to have been shattered in one fell swoop. But as he was philosophical he made up his mind to take them into his arms and forgive them. So he told them to go on back to his farm and have a little honeymoon while he finished his visit in Boston. "Two weeks later the father made for home. As he approached the farmhouse, he could see the boy leaning on the fence—alone. He began to holler out to him, and as he got nearer asked, 'And how's Annie?' "The boy shuddered. 'That was awful. Yesterday or the day before yesterday she started to go out into the barn, when she fell down and broke her leg. So, my God, father, I had to shoot her.'"

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