# PARTED BY GOLD

The pirate, who had been a quiet !

and calm spectator of the skirmish knowing which way it must terminate, provided an extra sausage, brought that and the other triumph of his industry to the table and poured out the

"What made you so late, Mr. Tubbs?" asked Mr. Montague.
"Rehearsal late," said Mr. Tubbs, with his mouth full of sausage.
"Thompson was huffish as he could be a contravy as a get with its fail. and as contrary as a cat with its tail in its teeth. I don't know what comes to that man at times, whether it's the scenery, the properties, or what it's tree scenery, the properties, or what else i don't know. Some of these days there'll be a catastrophe, mark my words; he'll blow up or break into pieces, break a blood vessel or split his head with opening his mouth so

And as if to show that such a tragical result to the manager was among-the possibilities, Mr. Tubbs opened his so wide that Pattie laughed and told him to shut it it ne didn t want to

"So," continued Mr. Tubbs, "what with Thompson's bad humor, Parks, the shifter, pushing on a dungeon scene for the fairies glen, and old Bloward puffing away three notes below the rest, the affair did not go off so well as might be expected. Not," so well as might be expected. Not," he added, quickly, seeing Montague look around at Mary, who was listening with downcast face, and one small, well-snaped hand toying with the teaspoon— not as Miss Mary didn't do her part. Oh, never fear, it won's be her part. On, never tear, it won? be her fault if the new part's a failure. She's a success, that's what she is. Miss Mary, my dear, I drink your health; long life, prosperity. May health; long life, prosperity. May 'Even ber-less ye!" and with a bur-lesque of solemnity he lifted the teacup to his mobile lips.

Mary Laughed are all too good to me," she way. "You are not strict enough; I made two mistakes this afternoon, and Mr. Thompson only said that I was

Hem!" hummed the comedian, significantly closing one eye and looking around the room with the other, all know what that means. No of his bullying you, Miss Mary."

"Why not?" asked Mary, looking up why not: asked Mary, looking up with genuine curiosity.

The comedian was about to speak, but, seeing centleman Montague lidgeting in his chair, coughed instead, and, putting on an irrisistible, love-torn look seld;

Who could be cross with so divine so-er-angelic a creature? Had I a

There," laughed the beautiful girl "I won't stay to listen any longer. I always run away, you know, when you grow complimentary. I- is six o'clock, and quite time I was dressing

She arose, lit a candle, and held the door open while her father lifted Pattie in his arms and carried her into the next room.

He came back with a troubled look on his face and resumed his ceat, looking first at the fire, then at the door through which his two daughters

Tubbs was the first one to break the silence which both felt was growing embarrassing.

Miss Pattie seems a little better, "Miss Pattie seems a fittle better, Bir, I'm glad to see."
"Yes-yes," said Gentleman Mantague. "Bless her heart, Tubbs, she is better, she—she has more strengthen-ber this better.

things now--now Mary has gone on the stage.' The troupled look grew more marked as he said this in a hesitating, reluctant sort of way, and Mr. Tubbs, with

keener sensitiveness than might have been expected from him, hastened to change the subject.
"Very fond of her sister, sir, she seems. It's a beautiful sight to see so much love between them. Now she's gone, Dress her heart, to trim Mary's

dress, maybe."
"That's it, that's it, Tubbs," said the father, still looking at the fire.
"They are very fond of one another, never apart if they can help it. Never

apari Tubbs "Yes," said the low comedian, half startled by the sudden look from the

still piercing eyes.

What did you mean to-night, just now, by hinting that Miss Mary received special favor, and—and kindness from Mr. Thompson, the stage

A Crop Saver Top-Dress Fall Wheat With Fertilizers

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IT PAYS TO FETTILIEE
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Tubbs hesitated.

In common with the rest of the Signet company, he knew Gentleman Montague's failing, as it was called.

Mr. Montague was always spoken of by those who disliked him as Proud

of by those who disliked him as Proud Montague; those who liked him, and they were many, always retained the complimentary prefix, and spoke of him as Gentleman Montague, or the Prince, or the Duke.

He had always been a reserved man, never talked of his affairs or of his family; but one night at a theatrical dinner, when the champagne was in and the wits out, he had let fall some half-dozen sentences, proud and haughty, spokeh of himself as a ruinhalf-dozen sentences, proud and haughty, spoken of himself as a ruined gentleman, the last stone of a fallen house, and winding up with what threatened to be a burst of tears, 'requested those nearest him to mark what punishment fell on those who disgraced their birth and lineage by descending to the level of stage play

Much of this had been taken as the maudlin nonsense of a man in his cups, but there were some who nodded their heads sagely and believed that there was some truth in the passionate outburst.

there was some truth in the passionate outburst.

Montague's conduct had helped to strengthen these hints. He was reserved, as we have said, but, more than that, he was very particular in his bearing toward those about him, infused a dash of pride's humility when speaking with the manager, and treated his fellow actors and the men about the stage with a condescending stand-off, yet not offensive air.

This pride of his had received a fatal blow lately. Of these two children, the younger, Pattie, had been a cripple from the first moment of the life which her mother had killed herself in giving her. Upon the elder, he had managed, by dint of the strictest ecenomy, to bestow a decent education.

est ecenomy, to bestow a decent education. Mary was the pride of his life,

cation. Mary was the pride of his life, the apple of his eye.

While telling her nothing of her antecedents, he kept from her all knowledge of his way of life. She knew that her father was an actor, in her simple, loving heart believed him to be the greatest tragedien the world hed ever seen but she ian the world had ever seen, but she had never entered a theatre, never knew how hard the struggle he made for his daily bread and her education. for his daily bread and her education.

Meanwhile this sharp tussle with poverty drew their hearts together. In no corner of our great city could be found more love than in the three litle rooms at the back of the great

the rooms at the back of the thoroughfare.

Mary grew up, a lady in education, manner, and—her father more than hinted—birth, also, when suddenly the blow came to his hope and pride.

Little Pattie grew weaker —more loving, gentle and sweet hearted, but

werker.

These two loving hearts were wrung each day at sight of the failing strength in the body that enclosed their poor darling's soul.

The yeaw it, and worried over it.
Mary did more. She saw the doctor, pushed him with inquiries, and learned that the lamp might be kept burning in the frail body if it received more nourishment.

more nourishment.
"Madeira, my dear Miss Montague, chickens, delicacies of that sort — above all, fine old Madeira—are the only things that will pull her around." Had he prescribed fourteen ounces of melted diamonds each day, Montague could not have been more hor-

"Where," he asked himself, "and how am I to get Madeira at a guinea a bottle?"

and over

Where, indeed? Mary soon tried to nswer this.
"Father," said she, one day, "when are you going to send me to get my living and help poor Pattie?"

He fell to tears at this, and declared that they should both and all starve before she would use her hands or compromise her pride by working for then went into a fit of despair and begged a rise of salary from the manager of the Signet, where he was

The manager, a kind-hearted, but noney-making, and, therefore, moneyvaluing man, gave him a rise, slight and quite insufficient to purchase guinea bottles of wine.

The manager did more; he called in

one night at Montague's rooms and the thing was done. He saw a beautiful girl, with deep, He saw a beautiful girl, with deep, clear cres that beamed intelligence and talent at every giance, lips made—as he afterwards averred—to astound and delight a full, house. He saw with a connoisseur's eye the flexible grace of her every movement, the regal turn of her head, and heard the al turn of her head, and heard the clear, well-bred inflexion of her voice. He stared all the evening, and, when departing, drew Gentleman Montague outside, buttonholed him there and whispered:

and whistered:
"Montagle, you've got a treasure!"
"A—a what?" asked Montague, who
always hesitated in his speech off the

stage.

"A treasure," repeated the manager; "that girl of yours is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and has got the mellowest voice. Why, man, are you blind that you don't see it?"

"Well?" said Montague, a darkening flush arising to his brow, and his hand, ungeen by the manager, clinching at his side.

"Well!" echocd the manager, sarcas tically, but feeling fully that he was

tically, but feeling fully that he was on dangerous ground and speaking to to Gentleman Montague. "Don't you see? She was made for the stage—born for the boards!"

Montague's hard rose in the air and seemed about to full on the point.

seemed about to fall on the manager's shrewd face, but he let it fall to his side again and groaned instead striking, which was on the whole



much the wiser course.

"Come,' 'said the manager, "don't let your pride—"

"Pride! how dare you? My daughter an actress, sir! ter an actress, sir! I would rather die than see her sunk to her father's level! Mary an petress—my poor, beautiful, clever girl treading the boards of a common theatre, a nightly witness of her father's degradation? Sir, you know not what you propose. If you value my poor services in the slightest let me beg of you not to repeat this—this insult."

The manager shrugged his should

"All right, Gentleman Montague, he said, turning away and twisting his hat. "No offense meant: none what I may think you foolish or ever. may not. But look here, if you should think of it. I'll make you an offer. Let me have the young lady at the Signet and I'll have her trained and give her a salary of six guineas a week to start

Montague's face blackened, and this time his fist would undoubtedly have fallen, but a hand, small and white, eaught it.

Both men started and looked awk ward when they saw that the inter-Miss Montague, and more awkward still when a second glance showed them that she had heard the whole of the dialogue.

Talk of an angel and you hear the

rustle of its wings.
"Enther," she said, still holding his arm and drawing it within her own, "why do you refuse this gentleman's offer? Six guineas a week may save poor Pattie's life: if they would, and did not take them when we could get them, how should we look upon the flowers over her trave? Not with

the flowers over her grave? Not with clear consciences, father dear. Now, sir, I have heard your offer," she continued, turning to the manager and giving Montague no time to speak 'do you still tender it?"

"I do Miss Montague," said the manager, taking off his hat and forced into more than his usual respect by the quiet dignity of her man-ner. "I do, miss, and I think you would be wrong to refuse under the

would be wrong to retrieve the circumstances."
"So do I." said the girl, proudly, "and we accept sir."
This was the story of Mary Montaengagement, and Mr. gue's engagement, and Mr. Tubbs, in revolving the answer to Gentleman Montague's question, went over it and decided that it would not be well to give the truthful reason for his re-

"Well sir." said he, "of course Thompson knows what's due to Miss Mentague; she isn't one of the ladies Montague; she isn't one of the ladies in the ballet, or Polly Snooks, the singing chambermad. Oh, no, he knows who's who, and the proper thing to do. Take my word for it, sir, Miss Montague is much looked up to at the theatre, and I'm proud to say it."

The rough, honest, though somewhat politic words cheered the moody fallen gentleman's heart. He arose, stretched himself with a sad sort of stateliness, finished his cup of tea, and, clearing his throat, said:

"I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Tubbs; I'm glad to hear it. It has been a bitter blow to me, but that's neither here nor there. Will you hand me my coat?" he added, as Mary entered the room, warmly wrapped up and blush-ingly beautiful. "We will start now. It think, after I have brought Pattie in again."

Pattie was enveloped in the shawl,

Pattle was enveloped in the shawl, enthroned in the great armchair, and with a kiss from Mary and her father and a most respectful reverential adieu from Mr. Tubbs. left a little elfin queen of the tiny room to await; until the two came home tired and ready for rest. eady for rest.

Meanwhile the three actors trudged on to the Signet. All the conversation fell to Mr. Tubbs and Mary. The spirit of the pirate had aiready fallen upon Montague, and as he walked along the cold only made him more silent and moody.

Perhans he was already at

and moody.

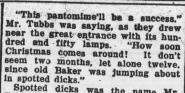
Perhaps he was already changing his domestic skin and voice for his theatrical one, perhaps he was really listening all the while to the chattering at his side.

FREE to GIRLS





HOMER-WARREN Company, Dept. 90, Toronto.



in spotted dicks."

Spotted dicks was the name Mr.

Tubbs had for the clown's costume.

"And to think you'll be the leading character in the opening piece! It ought to be a great draw—three song "No, two," corrected Mary, with a

laugh, "only two; there were three, but Mr. Thompson was obliged to cut the third out because Miss Minx only had two."
"Ah, sweet little thing, Miss Minx!
So disinterested; not a particle of
jealousy about her—oh. dear no!" remarked Mr. Tubbs, with long-drawn
sarcasm. "Ah, we shall have you a
great lady soon. Miss Mary, playing only had two."

marked Mr. Tubbs, with long-drawn sarcasm. "Ah, we shall have you a great lady soon. Miss Mary, playing the higher parts, cast for Lady Macbeth, Julia, in "The Hunchback,' Juliet, and—Hello! who's that against the stage door? None of our people." Mary looked curiously, and Mr. Tubbs saw her face—they were within the glare of the lights now—go. the glare of the lights now-go a

in the glare of the lights now—go a bright and delicious crimson.

"Eh, it's quite a swell, quite a swell. Hello, he knows you, it seems," he added, as the gentleman, with a quick, pleased smile, raised his hat puick, pressured presented on Mary's arm tightened on Mary's arm tightened on

Mary's arm tightened on her father's and caused him to look up.

An anxious, displeased look crossed his face as he saw a tall, splendidly-made gentleman in evening dress—in fact, none other than Jack Hamilton coming toward them.

coming toward them.

"This way; we will go this way," he said, and before the gentleman could reach them, had dragged Mary into the front entrance and hurried her up the stairs, leaving Mr. Tubbs staring at something white which the gentleman something white which the gentleman held in his hand, and trying to catch the indistinct murmur of explanation he seemed to want to offer. CHAPTER IV.

Between two beautiful women, what

contrast! Mary Montague, actor's daughter, Mary Montague, actor's daughter, soft-eyed, quick-hearted and gentle. Lady Maud Pacewell, neice of Lady Pacewell, fashionable lady, born to bewitch, to charm and command, with dark, imperial brows, large, hazel, majestic eyes and lips that when in repose were yielding and tempting enough, but had a wonderful facility for straightening into a cold baughtiness

straightening into a cold haughtiness and a killing frigidity.

A figure for a throne, an imperial saloon, a duchest boudoir, born to be clothed in purple and fine linen, to be waited on by obsequious lackeys, to be flattered by little less obsequious gentlemen, and to receive homage from all with a queenly serenity that took all, gave in return—just nothing. Lady Pacewell's little box, as Jack Hamilton called it, lay just at the corner of Hyde Park, where it merges on Mount Street.

A snug little box it was, rented at

a cost of nine hundred a year, and kept up at a cost of—what Lady Pace-fell would be afraid to mention.

The drawing-rooms were filled with those useless but priceless articles so dear to the rich lady's heart; four first-class cattle kicked the horse stalls and ate their heads off in the stable a host of servants-kept presumably to wait upon one another-yawned lounged and flirted about the kitcher offices, and a butler, the glory of Lady Pacewell and the envy of her friends regaled himself on old port and conde scended to superintend the ceremony of Lady Pacewell and her niece's

My friends, never envy the rich their store of this world's goods—they hold them only for others; Lady Pacewell's grooms rode her horses, her visitors got the most pleasure out of the ormolu, buhl and bronzes in the drawing-room, the servants ate the best part of the delicacies daily pared for the table, and Mr. Straightly,

(To be continued.)

#### Don't Hawk, Blow Sneeze, or Cough Use "Catarrhozone"

When germs attack the lining of the nose, make you sneeze and gag-when later on they infest the bronchial tubes-how can you follow then with a cough syrup?
You can't do it—that"s all. Cough

yrups go to the stomach—that's why

But Catarrhozone goes everywhere -gets right after the germs — kills hem—heals the soreness —cures the inflammation—makes Catarrh disappear. Not difficult for Catarrhozone to cure, because it contains the essences of pine balsams and other antiseptics that simply mean death to catarrh. Large size costs \$1.00 and contains two months' treatment; smaller sizes 25c and 50c, all druggists and storekeepers

## Spy System Originated by Italian

Secret service organizations and spy systems, as well as detective bareaus as part of municipal police forces, were criginated by the Marquis D'Argenson, a native of Venice who went to France in 1637 and became head of the police department. D'Argenson first achieved fame as

a state secret agent in Venice. In Paris he organized a municipal secret agency that would now be called a detective bureau. After he had transformed the Paris police force from a disorderly band into a highly efficient body of gendarmes, he turned his at-tention to international affairs and inaugurated a system of espionage in foreign nations likely to be at

Carl Stitcher organized the Prussian by system on the model furnished by of men into Austria and France be-

HER REASON.

Jack—And when I proposed at the dance she asked for time to think it over. Why do you suppose she did that? Bess—Well, a girl naturally hates to think of disagreeable things while enjoying herself.



Teach Children to Use Cuticura Soap Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied

touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness, roughness, pimples or dandruff. If mothers would only use these super-creamy emollients for every-day toilet purposes how much suffering might be avoided by preventing little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious.

Sample Each Free by Maib. Address post-card. Cuticura, Dept. N. Beston, U. S. A. Sold by dealers throughout the world.

### At the Tornedo Tube

John S. Margerison in Sheffield,

Eng. Independent.) The heavy armored grating leading to the submerged torpedo flat clanged into place after the last man, shut ting the crews of the tubes into a steel prison from which there could, n the eventuality of disaster overtaking the ship, be little hope of es-

But the dozen men paid but vittle attention to this fact; they were too busy making preparations against the time when their deadly invisible weapons might be asked to turn the tide of conflict from, maybe, defeat to victory. All around them, in steel racks on the wall, headless tongedoes shone; the bronze warheads, containing some three-hundred pounds or the highest explosive, rest

one torpedo, complete with head lay on a trolley in rear of each of the fixed tubes, and around these the crews gathered. One man flung open a door at the tube's rear, laying it flat on the deck, and into the aperture thus formed the 25 foot missile was launched for half its length. But, first of all, it had to be turned from a harmless thing to a deadly mine for this purpose that men called a was secured into the re cessed nose of the silvery tin fish.

A MINIATURE PROPELLER. It was as unlike a pistol as one might imagine; indeed it was simply a miniature propeller, having four blades, at the end of a metal stalk. This stalk, in turn, was threaded with a screw thread for half its length; then came a plain portion backed by ar immovable steel collar. You see, it would never do to have a torpedo ready for explosion at the moment it was entered into the tube—a sudden shock might detonate it, and then the ship would commit involuntary hari-So, when the torpedo is first launched into the water, the "whiskers," as the blades of the miniature propeller are called, must first of all unscrew themselves down the threaded stalk to the plain part—and 45 yards of distance have to be travelled

ere this is done.

Then, idly revolving on the plain portion, hard up against the steel col-lar, they, wait for the blow, which, compressing them, will force in the needle point lying above the detona-tor concealed within the pistol. As this explodes, it sets fire to the exthere ensures either complete or partial demolition of the thing unlucky enough to be acting as target.

THE GYROSCOPE. The pistol shipped, then the torpedo is launched home, and the leading number of each tube, inserting a spanner into the torpedo's bowels adjusts the distance it will run, the speed it will achieve, and the depth of which it will remain till it strikes. Also, so that, if deviated from the mapped-out path, it may be brought back again into rectitude, the gyros-cope which controls the vertical rud-ders is set spinning, and, in case it should miss its mark, the valve which, when it comes to a standstill, will admit the ocean into its buoyancy chamber and send it to the bottom of the sea, out of harm's way,

The launching in is then completed, and the tube's rear door closed.



FIBREWARE makes an ideal bath-tub for the little tots. It is safe, convenient and easy to handle. Wooden tubs become splintery: netal radiates heat quickly, and is too cold ortoo hot to the touch. Your dealer has this light, convenient, economical, double-purpose tub. You will be highly pleased with it.

The L. B. Eddy Co. Limited
HULL, Canada
Also Makers of the Famous
Eddy Matches.

The gunner in charge, having made certain that everything is in order, next gives the order "Out bar!" Follows then a slight hissing of compressed air, and from the side of the ship, just before the tube itself, a long, tough steel bar, triangular in section, with the apex toward the bows of the ship, is pushed out. A moment's thought will show that if a torpedo-25 feet long-were ejected from the side of a ship travelling at a high speed, the chances are that it would either become jammed in the mouth of the tube and bent uselessly. or broken off altogether. Hence the

ALL READY.

And now all was ready; the men in the submerged flat could no nothing more. Above their heads the great ship shook with the thudding roar of the discharged turrets; ever and anon the shock of striking shells told where the enemy was scoring hits. But none of these things affected the terreduced to the second ship of the seco fected the torpedo-men—their's was the waiting game, the hardest part

Up aloft in the conning tower, by the captain's side, stood the torpedo-lieutenant, his eye aligned along a brass bar which being set to the speed and course of his own ship, besides another little brass bar set to the course and speed of the ene my, and formed at the point of bisection the place at which his tubes

fixed to the ship's side, mark you—
must be pointing if he wished to
score hits with his torpedoes.

And at long left the

And, at long last, the range of the battle narrowed down to just 7,000 yards A questioning lift of an eye-brow, a nod from the captain; and the torpedo-lieu chant spoke softly down a voice pipe.
"Stand by!"

#### A Peculiar Plant.

"Plants and animals," says Science, "both have developed spines as a means of protection against their ene-mies, but it is rare indeed to find a plant with spines below ground. The all too common sawbrier of the South-ern States and Mexico is one of the few plants thus provided. The stems above ground are spiny to keep off grazing animals, but the underground starchy tubers are armored densely with spines apparently developed as protection against peccaries—the wild pigs still found in the southwest. The sawbrier is now beyond the original range of the wiid pigs, but its under-ground armor comes into use as a protection against the domesticated hog of the old world."



Gosh! How my back aches!

After influenza or colds the kidneys and bladder are often affected—called "aephritis," or inflammation of the kidneys.

This is the red-flag of danger—better be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's known as "Anuric" (anti-uric), because "Anuric" expels the uric acid poison from the body and cures those pains, such as backache, rheumatism in muscles and joints.

Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

Dr. Pierce's Anuric is many times more potent than lithia and often eliminates uric acid as hot tea melts sugar. How my back aches!

uric acid as hot tea melts sugar.

PORT HOPE, ONT.—"Dr. Pierce's Anuric is the sest kidney remedy I have ever taken. For many years I suffered with my kidneys. I would have backaches. my



bother me and the

my kidneys. I would have backaches, my eyes would puff, and I would have dizzy spells. I also suffered with my bladder, would have scalding, and secretion would be thick and full of sediment. I have received more nearly every well-known kidney remely on the market, but I have received more relief since taking Anuric than ever before. My his does excretion has cl. and and I am better in way wars.—Chas. Scott. Jox 648.

Origin of Bread Unknown.

The origin of wheat is lost in hoary antiquity. Even the original home of the cereal plants of which bread is being made is not known, all the researches and hypotheses notwith-standing. Where wheat, speit, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, etc. first of-fered man their grainy ears for food s an unsolved problem.

But that originally bread was not But that originally bread was not roasted or baked as moderns prepare it, but eaten as dough or paste, may be inferred from its relation with the word "broth," both of these words being derived from the root "breowan," "bru," to brew. In all probability it was originally the boiled coarse meal with nothing added to it but salt. The leavening and baking of the bread was a later development. The origin of these processes is a matter of specwas a later development. The origin of these processes is a matter of speculation; but so much is certain; that baking preceded the leavening of the bread that causes it to rise; also that the original form of the bread was not the loaf, but a kind of thin, flat cake like the matzoths, or unleavened bread of the Jews or the tortillas of the Mexicans. Like these, it was probably roasted upon intensely heated fiat stones.

first stones.

With the discovery of the leaven the flat cake increased in height until it assumed the form of our loof.

# New Pleurisy Treatment.

Doctor Auld teils in the British Medical Journal of a chill and fever resembling malaria which he brought on by administering a plantinum comon by administering a plantinum compound, and which upon subsiding left the patient in a remarkably improved condition. He tried the treatment in cases of pleurisy with good result. It is especially adapted to sluggish cases of localized infection with law favore. of localized infection with low fever.