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AMERICA ICA E PARA EL DEPERTOR DE LA PARTE DE PROPERTOR DE LA PROPERTOR DE LA PROPERTOR DE LA PROPERTOR DE LA P A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

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rich rewards?

He thought of the rich pans he had getting out. There was no claim his in the camp. There was no man more envied or considered more more lucky than he. Yes, Mammon had paid him well in the six months he had served it, showered upon him more than God had done in six-and-twenty years; and here was God's gift, a human soul, a sweet human life, he could save and make his own and Stephen groaned again, for he felt that the gold was dearer to him. How could he have so changed, he wondered. A year ago he would have laughed at the idea of a milion dollars being a bribe for him to sin. He looked into his heart now and found there was nothing there but a pas-sion for gold, gold! It was a yellow rust that had eaten his Christian's

Then his thoughts strayed to the girl he had just left, and her bright, fresh face seemed to sway before him as he walked. His excited fancy painted it upon the snow-banks at his side. She was so young, she seemed so fresh and lovely, it was impossible to think of her as tainted already with vice and sin. It was only if she were kept in this snow-bound prison, this mournful land of darkness and suffering, where, as she said, she had no place or aim, that she would fall as those bright meteors were falling now far in the distant darkness. He could be her deliverer, her savior, if-

In the icy cold of that arctic night, great drops of sweat broke out hotly on Stephen's forehead as his brain was wrenched to and fro in the struggle. He tried to bribe even himself, tried to let his thoughts dwell on his passion of the girl, tried to think of the mere human sweetness that would go hand in hand with his victory over evil. If he won that bright, clean soul for God, would he not also win that loved human form for himself? But even the voice of passion was drowned in the clamor of the greater

The next morning, as soon as was light, Stephen went out to his None of his men had come claims. None of the street of ground belooked over the streetch of ground behalf which he believed his fortunes had that led to the town. He wanted to lay. A light covering of snow nau fallen on it during the night and lay about a foot deep in one unbroken sheet, not even the mark of a bird's foot disturbed its blank evennessthe claims looked very cold and drear in the dull dusky gray light of the dawn under that leaden sky. But Stephens' heart beat quickly as he gazed upon them. What did it matter that cold, dreary surface, when the

gold lay glowing underneath?

Stephen felt as only a man of his Stephen felt as only a man or his sensitive conscience could feel his defeat of the previous night. His heart, all his better nature was crushed under a sickening load of mortification, and he sought desperately to find relief and justification for himself in saved himself the trouble of the sought desperately to find relief and justification for himself in saved himself the trouble of the sought desired to see her and bright voice. lief and justification for himself in saved himself the trouble of this decisions. Katrine had decided for him whether he should see her circumstances a man would solace himself for all sacrifices by gazing on the face of a mistress for whom he saved himself the trouble of his decisions. Katrine had decided for him whether he should see her imperatively handing him the boiling mixture, from which the strand came furiously.

"Now drink it all, quick!" she said, more than the should see her in the should see her dark; he tried the door—it was fast-the face of a mistress for whom he

Gradually for the last six months the lust for gold had been eating into his spirituality and destroying it. You can not serve God and Mammon—had he not entered into the service of Mammon, and been held there by the high rewards? he had given up. his scruples, his conscience, and his God, and tried to hug to himself the comfost that the were worth it. After a few seconds he tramped across the frozen snow to the line marked out by the banks of gravel where they had been at work the previous day.

That evening he could not stay in his cabin; he felt rectiess and ill at case. A nervous sense of anxiety hung over him. He seemed to himhung over him. self to be expecting some misfertune.

His nerves, weakened by the lonely life he had been living for the past months, and exhausted by the sleepless hours of the previous night, kept presenting picture after picture of pos-sible ills. He looked over both his revolvers to make sure they were in good order for defence if he were atacked that night. Then he drew his fur cap tightly down on his forehead and went out. The stillness of his own cabin and the clamor of his own thoughts were unbearable. The night was still and starlight, the air keen and thin as a knife-blade. Stephen strode along the narrow frosty path, and took the road down into the town. On his way he pass-ed Talbot's cabin. It was lighted up.

The little window made a square of yellow light in the darkness; the blind over it was drawn only half-way down. Stephen stepped up over the bank of frosted snow and looked in. The great fire lighted up the whole of the small interior and threw its red light up to the cross logs in the roof. In the centre of the room, at a table, Talbot sat working. There were some sheets of paper before him, and he held a pin in his hand with which he was checking off some figures. His face was turned to the window; it looked pale and tired, but there was a curious expression of extreme tran-quility upon it—a settled, serene pationce that struck the onleaker. sat there working on steadily, motion-less, calm as a figure in steac; and poor Stephen, torn in the struggle of

his desires, slipping into the cold slough of self-condemnation and burned with the fever of greed, greaned aloud as he stood outside. Then he see Katrine, and yet he hated the thought of facing her after the parting of last night. What must she think of him? With her quick, men-tal perceptions she would have seen through and through his miserable mind; seen that the gold had got hold of him, held him now, and that his boasted religion had no power against it. No, he thought, he could not face her-he was still some distance from

time; the row was quiet, and there were few passers. He waited, hoping to see her come up each minute; perhaps she had only gone out on some errand; but the minutes passed and he grew cold standing there; still she did not come. At last Stephen moved away from the door and wandered disconsolately down the row. He went on mechanically, not heeding where his footsteps took him, and found suddenly that he had reached the main street down by the river. There was no darkness nor quiet here; all the stores had their windows wide open, and the light from them poured out upon the black, slippery mass of icayld melted snow that lay over the frozen ground. The caloons were in full blast, brilliantly lighted and filled with noisy crowds of miners. The dance halls, of which there were some dozen along the street, seemed doing a good business. A shooting gallery that had been fixed up in a tent was not only filled inside, but a crowd of men and some women were gatheyed round the tent entrance, pushing and that had been fixed up in a tent was not only filled inside, but a crowd of men and some women were gathered round the tent entrance, pushing and pressing each other in their efforts to get in; the glare from the flaming lights inside fell on their faces, and Stephen glanced eagerly over them to see if Katrine was among them. He passed one, disappointed. There was another tent a little further on, where a cheap band was playing, and a board outside anounced in pen-and-ink characters the attraction of a "Catherine Wheel Dance." The crowd here was even larger, and lights were fixed qutside, flaring merrily in the frosty air. Stephen walked on, past the stores and warehouses, past the noisy, crowded exisons, past the brilliant dance halls and the variety show tents. It was to him all a hideous, tawdry, glaring mockery of merriment; and on the other side of him was the sullen blackness of the frozen river. He waked on until he had outwalked the town front outwalked the was the suiten blackness of the frozen river. He wasked on until he had outwalked the town front, outwalked the straggling tents, till he had seft the abise, and light, and laughter behind him. When he granced round he saw he had nothing but the river and a waste of darkness beside im. There was an old log in his path he sat was an old log in his path; he sat down upon it and looked back to the mist of light that hung over the town, then his gaze wandered back disconsolately and rested on the icebound river.

Katrine had passed that day wretch edly, too. She had been down idling in one of the saloons through the af-ternoon, but the old resorts seemed to have lost their charm. The old pleasure had gone, and the etimulus would not come back. The cards looked greasy and dirty, and revolted her. and the drink eeemed to turn to car-bolic in her mouth. She left at last, and went home to her lonely cabin, and flung herself down in the dark in the chimney corner and tried to eleep; but horrible faces danced be-fore her, and women with gray hair and wrinkles, with her own face, stared at her from the walk. stared at her from the walls.

She was still lying face downward on the skins, half gozing now after that long conflict with horrible visions, when a light and very timid tap came on the door outside. She got up and went straight to it; her face was flushed and tear-stained, and her hair ruffled and in disorder, but she never thought to go first to the e never thought to go first to the little square mirror that hung in the corner to improve her appearance be-fore admitting visitors. As she threw open the door, the stream of hot light owed Stephen upon the threshold white as a spectre, chilled almost to death by his vigil at the river, with a strained smile on his lips and a great hunger in his eyes. His con-science repreached him; he knew he had not come bravely, with his hands full of the sacrifice, having conquere himself, and ready to lay down all for her sake; but like a coward, still in the thrall of his money lust. He knew all this, and stood timidly as the friendless dogs will gaze through an open hut-door, wistfully, expecting to be driven away with blows; but Katrine met him with neither harsh words nor looks, she just simply put out both her warm hands and drew im in over the threshold.

kim in over the threshold. The welcosie, the smile, the warm touch
overcame him.

"Katrine." he muttered, suddenly,
as she closed the door and barred it,
"if I—if—I gave—up;" and then the
words died, strangled in his throat.
Katrine held up her hand.

"Don't begin to talk about anything
like that," she said, gently pushing
'tim down on the chair by the hearth,
"till you are worm again. Where have
you been freezing yourself like this?"
She was busy lighting the lamp and She was busy lighting the lamp and setting her little old blackened coffeepot over the flamer. Stephen told her of his long, lonely tramp by the river, and watched her v. h keen, eager eyes as she made the coffee and

poured him out a cup.
"Now drink it all, quick!" she said, imperatively handing him the boiling



With a heroic effort he swallowed three parts f it, and color began to come back so his face.

Katrine observed this, and sat down contentedly on the floor in front of the ambitious fire, hat seemed trying to leap up the chimney through the roof.

(To be continued.)



DR. M. ARNOLD.

French physician who has discovered a method of curing gassed and tu-bercular soldiers by inhalation of the essence of cloves and eucalyp-

Sickly Woman Given Strength, Vigor, Spirits

Many of the woes of womanl

are due to kidney weakness.
At first the back aches.
Then pains gather around the hips and lodge right in the small of the back.

To stoop or bend seems impossible Headaches are constant. Nnhappy existence. No pleasure in life when the body is overloaded with poisons that the sick kidneys can't

but it can be prevented by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butriamition's Phils of Mandrake and But-ternut. They cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

When the kidneys work properly pure blood is formed.

This means nourishment ctrength for the whole body. Etrength for the whole body.

Back aches and dragging pains are forgotten. Irregularities disappear, vital energy is restored, and happy, robust health is once more established.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills for women's lils is the slogan of thousands to-day. Enormous benefit in many ways fol can use medicine that will do their

general health more good. For the sake of your kidneys, for the sake of your liver, for the ad-vancement of your general well-being, you can't improve on Dr. Hamilton's

The Candidate's Qualifications.

(Compiled after a perusal of the "Lives" of the Presidents.) (New York Life.)

He should be born in a log cabin, in the midst of luxury.

He should early in life manifest a dominant leadership in boyish games and be of a quiet, studious nature.

He should be self-taught, and graduate at the head of his college class. In his early manhood he should not be interested in politics, and should

carry his own ward by an overwhelm-He should marry early and look around until early middle age before selecting a bride.

His should be the uncouth, rugged strength of the backwoods and the acme of manly grace and polish. He should be a gentle, lovable book worm and an enthusiastic traveller to the far ends of the earth.

Se should shrink from harming a living thing and be a devoted fisnerman and big game hunter.

His candidacy should be the result of long planning, and he should hurl himself into the race as an "cn-

known," sprung upon an unsuspecting His "keynote" acceptance speech should be a model of rippling, logical oratory and brilliant verbal pyrotech-

On election night he should spend the hours of suspense quietly at home. directing in person a large corps of experts at campaign headquarters tab ulating the returns.

An Old Offender Caught

For years he has caused endless trouble, but when Putnam's Corn Extractor was applied, he came out roots



GETTING OR GIVING A living wage—a place to serve,
Battles to fight and victories gain?
The chance of a man great things
to do—
To live and labor through joy and
pain?

pain?
Thank God for the chance the world gives you!

What do you get from the world, my friend? What do you give to the world, my friend?

A cheery face or a grouch and growi? best that you have or shiftless

work? What you can give or what you can Erave to suffer— asnamed to shirk, Praise God for the service which is your de ti

The world gives back as you give, my friend! e measure of life is large

ecording as you capacity show; Self doth but narrow the life you live, generous heart will larger grow— What you can receive is all God can

THE CETTERS AND THE GIVERS Which are you, a getter or a giver? Do not let "What can I get! what can I get!" ring in your ears too insistent-ly—watch out lest it be the funeral bell of your life, the death knell of

your soul.

Getting is good if it does not crowd out giving. As long as iffe is well-balanced, as long as we think of others as well as ourselves, getting is a blessing. We have to get knowledge before we can give it. We have to take in But we have

ing. We have to get knowledge before we can give it. We have to take in before we can pour out. But we have to do both—the unused water in the pitcher Lon grows stagnant.

God plans to have no vacuum in the giving life; the helpful tides return to their sources. Let me tell you a little incident. A small manufacturer had a little shop and several workmen. He was a kindly, helpful man. One day a traveller's buggy broke down near his shop. This manufacturer went to the man's asmanufacturer went to the man's assistance, took two of his men from their work, and had his buggy put into travelling condition. To the surprise of the travelling condition to the surprise of the traveller the kindly manufacturer refused to take pay for the work.

"No," said he, "this is out of my line. I am only doing it to accommodate and the surprise of th

for the sequel, for gratitude re members. The traveller was a man of influence. Contract after contract for work he managed to get for that little factory until the kindly, bigharted manufacturer was almost swamped with work. "Give, and it

swamped with work. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

Have you noticed how kindness flows back to vou when you give kindness? Have you noticed how kindness sings in your life when you put a song of joy in the heart of another by a sympathetic or an appreciative word? Have you noticed that if you are helpful, and then some time of real need comes to you, there are always helpful hands

stretched out to you?

But if you just reach out selfish arms into this old world and try to eather up all the money, and stocks and bonds and happiness and comfort and luxur or even all the knowledge—just for yourself, you will travel a cold and lonesome road, and you will even cease to be profitable company for yourself S. Ifishness is the Upas tree of life be neath which none sit unharmed. Friends are true riches, and "He that hath friends must show himself friend-

"Count not thyself as poor, when heart of friend Beats with thine own!

And thine with his; nor joy nor sorrow comes To thee alone!"

The sunshine, the showers, the dew and the cooling breezes, alike sing: "Give! give!" Only the young folk who are givers will have a song in their hearts. Let it be first of all a song of gratitude to our Father, for we are the almoners of His bounty, and He is ever on the giving hand.

Breathe Deeply, Then Listen For That Bronchial Wheeze

Dangerous to Neiglect Troubles in the Chest, Throat or Nose At This Season.

Rough, wheezy breathing means danger ahead. Every day you defer treatment makes it harder to cure. Don't delay. Bronchial and lung troubles are all too frequent. Start to-day with "Catarrhozone," breathe in its pure balsamic vapor. Let its healing fumes do for you what stomach medicine never can. Nothing so certain as a Catarrhozone Inhaler to strengthen a weak throat, to rid you of Bronchitis to drive out catarrh of Bronchitis, to drive out catarrh, coughs and colds. Use Catarrhozone to prevent, to cure your winter ills. Physicians endorse it, hospitals use its Thousands swear by it. Two months' treatment, large size, \$1.00; smaller sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents. all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

SUN-KISSED FOODS.

Some people say that to be happy one should eat only sun-kissed foods By sun-kissed they mean all fruits and vegetables that grow above ground. The more these things are dependent upon the rays of the sun for perfection the better effect they will have upon the individual who con-

sumes them.

Every man and woman in daily life is sure to need the brightness of the sun in the stomach as well as the heart and home, declare the advocates of the sun-kissed fare, and there is no

asthma-

HAY FEVER -sleepless nights, constant sneezing, streaming eyes, wheezy breathing:

RAZ-MAN

brings relief. Put up in case cules, easily swallowed. Sold it reliable druggists for a dollar Ask our agents or send card for free sample to Templeton's, 142 King St. W., Toronto,

little meat, though poultry is used frequently and eggs are favored—poul-try because it is at its best when the fowls have been reared in the sun-shine and open air. Beat and lamb are considered more or less depress-ing.

ing.

Potatoes are carefully shunned, despite their great food vaue. They are grown in the dark earth, and never see the sun. They are apt to make one duli. Instead of potatoes rice is used freely, boiled, in croquettes or in puddings. Rice is full of nourishment—witness the Japanese nation. Its great merit is attributed to the fact that it is grown in a sunny climate. it is grown in a sunny climat depends entirely upon the kisse

and depends entirely upon the kisses of the sun.

Beets, onions, carrots; turnips and parsnips are entirely eliminated from the diet, as thef are grown underground. Instead tomatoes—lucious red ones—peas, beans, egg plant, cauliflower and cabbage are recommended, as they possess the warmth and radiant qualities of the sun.

THE TREASURE OF GOOD HEALTH

EASILY MAINTAINED THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS

There is not a nook or corner is Canada, in the cities, the towns, the villages, on the farms and in the mines and lumber camps, where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not been used; and from one end of the country to the other they have brought back to bread-winners, their wives and families the splendid treasure of new health and strength.

You have only to ask your neigh-bors, and they can tell you of some rheumatic or nerve-shattered man, some suffering woman, alling youth or anaemic girl who owes present health and strength to Dr. Williams Pink Pills. For more than a quarter of a century these pills have been known not only in Canada, but throughout all the world, as a reliable

ionic, blood-making medicine. The wonderful success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due to the fact that they go right to the root of the disease in the blood, and by making the vital fluid rich and red strengthen every organ and every nerve, thus driving out disease and pain, and making weak, despondent people bright, active and strong. Mr. W. T. Johnson, one of the best known and Johnson, one of the best known and most highly esteemed men in Lunenberg County, N.S., says:—"I am a Provincial Land Surveyor, and am exposed for the greater part of the year to very hard work travelling through the forests by day and camping out by night, and I find the only thing that will keep me up to the mark is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I leave home for a trip in the woods I am as interested in having my supply of pills as provisions, and on such sions, I take them regularly. The result is I am always fit. I never take cold, and can digest all kinds of food such as we have to put up with hastily cooked in the woods. Having proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink am never without them, and I lose no opportunity in recommending them o weak people whom I meet."

Dr. Williams' Plak Pills should be

kept in every home, and their occasional use will keep the blood pure and ward off illness. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



DR. SERGE VERONOFF.

Famous French curgeon, who originated the theory of extended life through the transfer of interstitial glands from anothropid ages to men.

OF COURSE.

Edith—No, I didn't have a very good time. I wanted to talk, but there wasn't a man there.

Her Aunt—But there were lots of other girls.

Edith—Of course; but that was no satisfaction—they all wanted to talk,

They say the women are going to introduce pink teas in politics." "They tractor," 25c at all dealers.

On the sun-kissed diet there is very than through the sun-kissed diet there is very blue funks."—Baltimore American.

too.

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