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Jack was some time before he could get his voice, but at last it came. "Heaven help me, Pattie, I do!" She laughed a thin, little laugh. "I'm so glad, so glad!" she said. "Mary loves you. Oh, so much! She speaks your name at night! And she cries when she thinks no one sees her; but I see her, and I hear her, and I know she loves you, Jack. How hot you have got! I can feel your face burning! There is something else I want to say. Lay me down, Jack, dear—what was it? What was it? Oh, I remember; that bad, wicked Anderson came and told me a story of a bad thing he had done about Mary and a rich lady. He put a baby in Mary's arms, and let the rich lady think it was hers. And there was a gentleman with her, and—oh, how you started! And, Jack, I'm so tired, so tired. And I can't go to sleep, and that's why I'm dying. If I could go to sleep, if I could go to sleep!" She was moaning here, and Jack raised her head upon his breast. "Give me some wine," he said, brokenly.

A nurse placed a glass in his hand, and he poured some wine through the thin lips. The patient's eyes opened again. "Where's Mary and my dear?" she asked. Mary and her father came forward and Jack stepped back. But the tiny hand stretched out after him. "Don't go, Jack. Put your hand in mine." He put his hand in hers, and she held out the other to Mary. "Mary, give me yours." Mary hesitated for only a moment, but Jack's eyes met hers eloquently, and she put hers also into the little hand. Then Pattie placed the hands in each other, with an eager smile, and turned her eyes upon her father. "They love each other, dear, poor Mary and Jack, and I can't go to sleep until I know that they will be happy." The old man cried aloud. "Don't cry, dear," she said, softly. "You won't worry any more, now he's forgiven you and they are happy? He gave you all his money, and now you

## THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

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can give him Mary, and I can look down from where they say I'm going, and see them sitting by the fire and smiling into each other's faces, and sometimes, if I can hear where I am going, I shall hear them say: 'Bless Pattie, poor little Pattie.' There was silence for a moment. Then the tiny voice said: "To-morrow is Christmas Day. Oh, dear, let me spend Christmas Day with you before I go to sleep!" The doctor entered, and all but he and the nurse were ordered from the room. Mary, sobbing as though he heart would break, clung to Jack's arm. The tiny child hand had risen and swept away all barriers between them, and they stood wrapped in their love, far above all petty affectations. The old man sank into a chair in the magnificent drawing-room, and hid his face in his hands. Jack, who could not trust himself to speak, kept Mary on his arm, and tried to soothe her with short monosyllables.

All were waiting for that messenger which all expected. Presently the door opened and the doctor entered. Mr. Montague, as we will call him

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to the end, looked and groaned. There was a smile upon the doctor's face that betokened nothing but death. "Cheer up, sir. Dry your eyes, my dear Miss Montague. By God's providence a change has come a most unexpected change. She has fallen asleep."

"Asleep!" exclaimed the father, starting forward, and catching the physician's arm. "Then—then, she—"

"Is saved," said the doctor. "Just so; it is a most unaccountable phenomenon. But, thank Heaven, it is true. Let her get over the weakness of the attack, and Miss Pattie may outlive all of us."

Mary burst into a flood of happy tears. Mr. Montague caught her in his arms, then turned to Jack with the tears streaming down his face, and held out his hand.

"My nephew," he said, "we owe this to you. You have saved her life; make me happy by giving me your forgiveness."

"I have done that long since, sir; but I'll give it you over again, if you will give me something far more precious in return," said he looked at Mary.

The old man took her hand and gave it to him.

"She is yours," he said. "My a girl upstairs has given her to you already. If a proud, erring man's blessing can benefit you, it is yours from the bottom of my heart."

Jack took his gift, and when the old man had left the room to steal upstairs, he had a rapturized by a kiss, long and sweet, as he murmured: "Mary, to-morrow is Christmas—Heaven has given us the little one back again—I shall be a happy man!" And little Pattie slept till the bells cleared their throats and shouted out their Christmas laughter—sweet, and awake to be one of earth's fairies for many, many years. And Mr. Montague, shorn of all his pride, but glowing with thankfulness to the spirit of Christmas and good will to everybody in general and poor old Jack in particular, declared that he would

have two Christmas days that year—this one a quiet but happy one, with Jack and Mary by his side, and another a jovial, merrymaking one, in which the grand house should have a fair chance of displaying its beauties, and an opportunity of proving that its walls were laughter-proof.

So, on this Christmas Day Jack and Mary dined with the pirate, exchanging loving glances as they drank to each other or spoke, which they did continually, of little Pattie upstairs.

With tears in his eyes, Mr. Montague commenced his confession, but Jack would only let him speak of his own sufferings and trials; and the moment he ventured to touch upon his error in treating Jack so distrustfully and haughtily, Jack stopped him with an earnest assurance that it was all right, that he should have done the same himself, and the by-gones were to be by-gones.

"Well, well," said Mr. Montague. "You are a generous-hearted fellow and a true facewell. When I look at you, my dear Jack, I seem to see myself at your age, light-hearted, trustful of the good and incredulous of the bad. But you have got with these qualities what I never had, firmness, and that firmness has kept you from falling into the snares which caught me. I drank, Jack, because the other young spirits of my clique did, I gamed for a similar reason; from the first irresolute, reluctant step on the downward path, I soon reached that breakneck pace which landed me in the abyss of ruin. Ashamed of myself, and heartbroken at the ruin and disgrace surrounding me, I determined though lost myself, to save the family name and dropped it. I went to Australia, married a settler's daughter, Mary's image, prospered, came over to England and—went wrong again—ah, Jack, the weakness of that nature which can never say 'No!' Took the stage, and then—well, you know the rest. And now, about yourself. You are a Pacewell, and proud, and though I would willingly give you back all you held and used better than I have or can do, I know you would not accept it."

"Not I," said Jack, laughing. "I am doing very well."

"Very badly," said Mr. Montague, laying his hand upon his arm. "I know how Tubbs found you—good, faithful Tubbs. I know all, Jack, and I throw myself upon your goodness of heart. You will be Mary's husband—ah, that makes you a suitable income. And you must have a suitable income. Leave it all to me, leave it all to me!" And he rubbed his hands with gleeful anticipation of the happiness he should procure in making this noble-hearted fellow and his own daughter happy.

But Jack stopped him with gravity. "That can't be, sir," he said. "I should get a good income and lose my self-respect. No, sir, settle something on Mary to secure her, but I must work for the rest. To tell you the truth, now that I have gone back to the old ways of working for my bread and cheese, I like it. Give me six months, and I will promise to do something that shall entitle me to come and say that I am at least not quite so unworthy in the world's eyes as the rich Miss Pacewell, as I am now."

"No, no," implored Mr. Montague; "don't be obstinate; don't be obstinate. What do I want with all this money if you will not share it? It lies like a load upon me already, it will grow heavier with time, until I find it insupportable. You and Mary must share it, or I shall be miserable."

Jack laughed, but he was resolute. "No," he said, "I will work and win her. I'll be Queen's Counsel some day, perhaps—who knows? there are some glorious things in the law's lucky bag."

"The law! Confound it!" said Mr. Montague, disappointedly. "Well, if you will stick to it, I tell you what I will do; I'll quarrel with some one every day, get entangled in legal difficulties, and so keep you in constant bribes."

Jack laughed. "All right," he said, "but don't quarrel with yourself. And now I must go. There are the bells again! How different they sound to what they did last night. Ah, sir, depend upon it, unless the music is in your own hearts, all the world's at discord!"

So, after little Pattie was each day growing stronger Jack was working harder.

Starting afresh, with his old motto, reborn, that "Honor comes first though money come after," he found the confidence of the attorneys and soon covered his table with bribes.

If a case is good, then take it to Mr. Hamilton, said the solicitors, and if he believes in it he is as certain as such things can be to pull it through.

Even Mr. Beaumont, who was called a clever lawyer and a promising man, was left behind in the race, and had to own that honesty, which he had always considered as a dreadful drag on the pace, was a wonderful stimulant, and, with that and perseverance in his heart, a man, even a lawyer, was sure to have many golden guineas in his pockets.

Thus it came to pass that at the next Christmas time, Jack Hamilton, now Q. C., came to claim his bride.

And oh, how that grand house came out! Never did glass shine with such effect; never did upholstery glow and olding daisies and Venetian mirrors bewilder as the great drawing-room and its contents did on that eventful eve when it was crowded with distinguished guests met to honor in the only way which Englishmen delight in, to a dinner and a ball to the happy bride and bridegroom-elect.

What a dinner it was. What plates, all stamped, carved and engraved with the Pacewell crest. What dishes, plain and made all fresh from the hands of the great French cook, who ruled and reigned over the kitchen below like a

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mighty king of an infernal region; what armies of gorgeous fiendies, in claret plush and golden lace; and what a majestic, dignified piece of pomposity, was the grand butler; why, Lady Pacewell's domestic tyrant dwindled in consequence and dignity in comparison with this despot's magnificent urbanity.

And the guests! Little Pattie, who was seated in a little satin chair, and was surrounded by an admiring group, had never dreamed of such people, even in her wildest fancies.

Why, here, talking to her dear, were two lords, a marquis and a duke; the latter actually laughing like a common mortal. And then, most marked of all there, was Lady Maud.

"Good will and peace," said Mr. Montague, "to all," and he had invited Lady Pacewell and Queenly Maud. Every more, he had sent a card to Mr. Beaumont, and when the ball commenced, Lady Maud sailed like a regal swan to little Pattie, and kissed her, whispering: "Forgive me, for I love you, Pattie. We are cousins, little fairy."

And how could Pattie, much less gentle-hearted Mary, do less Lady Maud was forgiven and left to whatever punishment she should devise for herself. And she quickly devised it, for when Mr. Beaumont entered, she shot a glance and a smile that soon brought him to her feet. And there he remained until they were married, when, we think, they changed places, and the worldly husband taught the worldly wife that there is a necessary ingredient in the composition of happy matrimony which they had omitted, and that is, disinterested love.

But Lady Maud and her affairs must not be allowed to cloud our account of the grand ball, as they assuredly did not throw a shadow over the ball itself.

All were happy, and when the grand band clashed out its last gallop, Pattie thought the acme of human enjoyment had been reached.

"Oh," said Mr. Montague, beaming with smiles of pure felicity, "we have not done yet. There's another party to come yet. Old friends must not be forgotten, Jack, eh?"

And so it came to pass, that the grand house was lit up a second time, the grand band clashed and trumpeted, the army of footmen with the magnifi-

cent butler at their head went through their evolutions once more.

And the guests—who should they be but the company of the Royal Signet! The manager, the actors, the fiends, the imps, the bandits and the tiny little creature who came out of the large cockleshell and sang her tiny song every evening in place of the Fairy Queen who had left the Signet forever. All were there!

Mr. Shallop was there, and Mr. Tubbs was there, and Lady Pacewell was there, and Lady Maud was there, with Mr. Beaumont, forgiven and accepted on her right hand, for they had begged to be allowed to join the party, in token of regret for the past and greater faith and trust in the happy future.

And Mr. Montague, with a voice that would have done credit to the pirate of old, told the story of his life, bade them drink his nephew's, poor old Jack's, health, and with a kiss to his daughters, Pattie and Mary, who sat beautiful and blushing beside him, drank a happy Christmas and a glad New Year to all the world, both before and behind the curtain.

THE END.

### Scientific Odds and Ends.

In 1916 the U. S. produced 54,200,000 tons of coke.

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The press of the Oxford University has type for printing in one hundred and fifty languages.

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### SAFE.

"Ma, when you were married, did you promise to obey Pa?" "Yes, my dear. But I knew your Pa would never have nerve enough to crowd me to the limit on that promise."

When a man gets to the front it never occurs to him that he might stoop a little and give the rest of us a look.

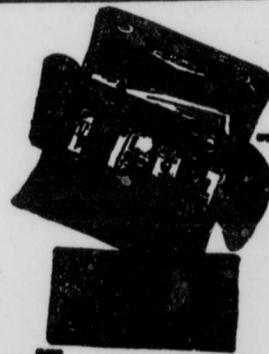
A peace too eagerly sought is not always the sooner obtained.—Burke.

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