

PARTED BY GOLD

Anderson, too astonished to reply verbally, walked down to the corner as he had been directed and found a lady in black, with a thick veil over her face, standing in the snow waiting for him.

Something about her figure, the turn of her head, told the man that he was looking upon high rank and hot-house breeding.

He removed his hat, and staring, kept it in his hand. "Put your hat on," said the clear, cold voice. "I want to ask you a question or two, and if you answer me truthfully you shall not regret doing so."

"What do you want to know?" said Anderson, in a low voice, half sullen, half curious.

"First, the name of that man and person who drove off in the brougham which stood near mine."

Anderson thought a moment, his anger rising a little at the designation of Miss Montague as a person.

"I must ask first," he said, sullenly, "what you want to know it for, and what business it is of yours?"

"And a very respectable question to ask, my man," said the lady, with tones too indifferent to be contemptuous. "I am anxious to know why a friend of mine, the owner of the brougham, should be so polite as to send an actress home in his cab and walk through the snow himself."

"Oh," said Anderson, and a sneer flashed over his ill-tempered lips. "I understand. A friend of yours is he?"

"Then I don't envy your acquaintance," he said abruptly, for the lady, with a gesture of disgust, had looked around as if beckoning her carriage.

"I see," she said, with a sigh. "I was wrong to speak to you, I might have known I should have been insulted."

"Stop a moment," said Anderson, who saw his mistake. "Don't go yet, ma'am; I'm out of temper, been riled out of my life. Confound him! I'll tell you if you want to know."

"Well," she said, "Anderson knew by the movement of her arm that she had drawn her purse from her pocket."

"That gentleman's name was Montague—Horatius Montague, and the young lady—he laid a distinct emphasis on the word 'lady'—is his daughter, Miss Annabella or Mary Montague."

"I thought so," she mused. "I thought so. One more question. I saw you looking at that young person. If I mistake not, you were angry—shall I say jealous?"

He burst out passionately and drowned her voice. "You may say what you please," he said, "you can say I am jealous if you like, and perhaps you wouldn't be far wrong. And now I ask you a question in my turn. I don't know who you are, stopping me in the middle of the night, a perfect stranger, and asking these run questions"—he saw her wince, but was too much eaten up with spleen to enjoy it—"but I ask you if you had been idiot enough to grow fond of any one, had counted upon him for months and months; I say if you had made sure of him, wouldn't you be jealous of another woman came around him, making love to him, and deceiving him, and winding up by taking him clean out of your mouth? I ask you if you wouldn't be jealous and mad with things and ready to—to"

The ignorant, ill-bred fellow little knew how nicely their positions paralleled, and the clear, cold voice told him nothing as it replied: "To do nothing but get him back and talk my rival? Yes, I would, and you, too, I suppose."

"Try me," he said, below his breath, but with his hand clenched at his side. "Try me. I'm regularly mad, now, I

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 608 Olmsted St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

When the well-appointed brougham stopped before the equally well-equipped villa, Lady Maud stepped out, and turning to the coachman, said, in her low, clear and now very pleasant voice: "Johnson, how long have you been in my aunt's service?"

"Nearly nine years, my lady," said the man, touching his hat. "And in my uncle's, before that?"

"Ten, altogether, my lady; I have been in the service of the Pacewell family nearly twenty years."

"It is a long time," said my lady, thoughtfully. "Twenty years' service, confidence. I have trusted you tonight, Johnson. You will not betray me."

tell you. I've borne it long enough. I've seen her change ever since he came with a lot of other young scamps behind the scenes. I've seen her look out for him, color as if she had committed a crime when he came louncing up to the wings, and what's more, she's taken to hate me that never gave her anything but a kind word. I can stand such a fellow as Tubbs; he's one of our own lot, and it's pretty equal fighting, but with a long-legged, handsome swell, with diamond studs and paws like a girl, what chance is there?"

"None," she said, with a cutting curtsey. "None. As you say, he will carry off the girl, and—you know the rest. Anyway, she will be lost to you if you do not prevent it."

"What am I to do?" asked Anderson, who, now that he had made a clean breast of it, had grown red-hot and ready for the fray.

The lady walked up and down for a few moments, seemingly lost in thought.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the very policeman stamped his feet as he tramped past, and shivered, but these two were too hot with jealousy to feel the snow.

Presently she came up to where he was leaning against the post and spoke: "Who is this Tubbs?"

"Our low comedian—a turnip-faced, goggle-eyed beast."

"And the girl favors him?"

"Well, yes," said Anderson, and added, spitefully: "Not out of any love, but kindness. She's as soft as wax to every one but me."

"Ay," said the lady, "now listen. You wish to separate this—this girl from your foolish young friend—you wish to balk him and get rid of the obstacle between you. Now I can help you, and as I am anxious to save him from her clutches I will help you."

"How?" asked Anderson, meanly swallowing this disparagement of the girl he professed to love for the sake of the stranger's help.

"By my brains," said the lady. "Then in a cold, measured voice she unfolded the plan which she had drawn up a few moments ago."

So neat, so diabolically clever was it that the man gasped for breath, and stared as if the veiled figure was that of the Sphinx himself.

"Splendid!" he breathed. "Splendid! It's certain to do the trick—but are you sure of him, confound him?"

The lady laughed a short laugh of scorn. "Do your part," she said, moving toward the brougham, "and leave the rest to me."

He had breeding enough to unfasten the door for her, and removed his hat as he kept it open while she entered which she did without thanking him or taking any notice until the door was closed and the brougham was moving, when she flung him her purse and raised the window. The whole gesture and action were so utterly contemptuous, so eloquent of the opinion she had of such sequent of humanity, that the man, low and base as he was, felt his blood boil.

With an oath he snatched up the purse from his little hole of snow and flung it after the carriage.

"Confound you!" he snarled, "you are one of his set, you are, every inch of you." Then he stamped his feet, and, forcing his hat upon his brow, hurried off.

When he had turned the next corner a gentleman emerged from the shelter of a wide doorway, and with a very blue nose, stepped into the road, recovered the purse, and put it into his pocket. Then, pulling his hat firmly on his head also, went off in the opposite direction with a chuckle of amusement.

"Well, if this isn't better than any play that ever was written, then I'm the only honest lawyer. Horatius Montague! By jove! And my lady, too, playing the midnight plotter; and a stupid fellow, Jack Hamilton, doing the best he could possibly do in the way of a mistake; and the young acting cad—There, there, I want a little fire and a glass of whiskey to set this straight. But the best of the joke is, Shallow, my boy, that you have netted the purse, and that it feels rather heavy."

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"It is a long time," said my lady, thoughtfully. "Twenty years' service, confidence. I have trusted you tonight, Johnson. You will not betray me."

"My lady," burst out the man, ready to die for this sweet-voiced daughter of the house he had served so long, "I have eaten the Pacewell bread too long to do such a mean thing. You can trust me, my lady, to die for you or any of the Pacewells, if it could do them any good."

Lady Maud laid her hand lightly on his arm—she knew better than to offer him any money—and inclined her head, saying sweetly: "Good night, Johnson. I do trust you. We have been at Mrs. Leigh's, my lady," assented the man, and he would have stuck to his assertion at the stake.



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This pure, fragrant emollient is just suited to the tender skins of infants and children. Millions have known no other since birth. The daily use of it, with touches of Ointment now and then to little skin and scalp troubles, tends to insure a healthy skin, a clean scalp and good hair through life. Soap, Ointment and Talcum sold everywhere.

Be sure to test the fascinating fragrance of Cuticura Talcum on your skin.

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed the sweet little voice of Pattie, as Mary and her father entered the cozy sitting-room, the latter with a half smile sadly compliant upon his face, and holding his head assuredly half an inch higher. "Did you come in a cab?"

Mary bent down over the chair and kissed the pinched face, and her blush was hidden by its wreath of golden hair.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Montague, throwing his cloak down and speaking with an effort at indifferent callousness. "We—er—that is, a gentleman was good enough to place his carriage at our disposal."

"Ah!" said the woman-child. "Hold your head up, Mary, you naughty girl. I want to look at you. Why, you are blushing. Placed his carriage at your disposal," continued the mite. "My dear, you talk like a duke, and look pretty nearly as grand. Come here this minute and explain!"

The pirate, with his usual meekness, drew his chair up to the fire and sighed.

"Now," said Pattie, brushing the golden cloud from her forehead and looking after Mary, who had glided from the room. "Now, dear, who's the kind gentleman with the carriage to spare for other people's disposal?"

"Er—er, I—don't know," confessed the man-child. "—Pattie, my darling, I'm very hungry."

"Now!" said the little tyrant, shaking the miniature of a forefinger at him. "Don't 'my darling' me, you wicked deceitful thing, how dare you! Hungry? You shan't have anything till I know everything; and you don't know what's under that plate," and she pointed to a dish lying before the fire, its contents screened from vulgar gaze by a plate.

"Eh?" said the pirate, sniffing. "Dear me, I—er—Pattie, my love, it is not macaroni cheese?"

"Never you mind what it is," said the child, drawing his hand to her cheek with a gesture contrasting yet harmonizing well with the mock sharpness of her voice. "You won't get any of it, nor Mary, either, if you don't behave yourselves. She's getting as close and secret as you. You are spilling her, you wicked, abominably wicked thing!"

The father sighed and rubbed his head with his disengaged hand and kept his eyes fixed upon the plate.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, dear," he said, plaintively. "I don't see it. I don't hide anything. I don't—er—know the gentleman's name; I—here's Mary, perhaps she knows."

But Pattie stopped him suddenly and shut both her eyes at the doorway through which Mary was just entering.

The old man, who seemed to obey even her gestures with the blind, loving obedience of a child, held his tongue immediately, and sat looking at the fire in silence.

Mary very quietly laid the supper cloth and set out the things, then she came and looked at the fireplace, the light falling about which threw a soft glow upon her face that elsewhere in the room was very pale.

"Supper is ready, dears," she said, presently, and the pirate, rousing with a start, lifted the falden-haired mite to the table and stood as he always did till the dish was upon the table and Mary was seated.

Then he glanced at the dish and glanced humbly at his mistress by the elbow.

"You may take the cover off, Mary, my dear, and give this naughty boy a small piece—a very small piece."

Mary lifted the cover, and the old man's eyes brightened.

"Ahem," he said, "a macaroni cheese, and—er—very crisp and nice it looks."

"Much better than you deserve," said Pattie, sharply, stroking his hand as it lay upon the table with her soft ones. "Much better. Mary, give him a small piece more—ahem, a little larger this time, dear, I think."

Mary smiled and as she was directed, Macaroni cheese seemed to have lost its charm for her. The first piece on her plate seemed intended for the last, and suffered little diminution.

The twinkling eyes looking out of the thin little face noted the paleness, want of appetite and dreamy thoughtfulness, but Pattie said nothing, continued to serve the old man while he felt hungry, and, directly he was satisfied, urged him with sharp tongue and persuasive hand to eat more, not desisting until he pushed back his plate with trembling decision and said, humbly: "Thank you, dear, no more; I really can't—I really can't."

"Very well," said Pattie. "I shan't make another cheese in a hurry, if this is the way it is appreciated. Come, sir, lift me back."

He lifted her back to the chair, pausing a moment for her to reach his cigar from the mantel and put it in his mouth as usual, and then the great drum to the fire and placed themselves in Pattie's hands.

And she arose equal to the task, her mighty task, to amuse her tired loved ones, to cheer them, to make them forget the labors and worries of the evening, to throw about them the soothing value of home and bind them in one band of love.

Would that the good people would take much delight in relating the stories of the pious and impossible children who preach to men and women old enough to be their grandparents, who shower tracts and exhortations from sermons upon the heads of their unoffending and unfortunate schoolfellows, and who wind up by dying in the centre of a crowd of sympathizing and no doubt rejoicing Sunday school children in flat caps and enormous collars, could have seen this suffering little being exerting all her tiny little self to win a laugh from the two tired ones, and never resting till the roses were in her sister's face and the light in her delighted father's.

The pattern Sunday scholar must make the same mistake sometimes, but a stray celestial hovering about that room that night must have soared upward with a happy, gladness and enormous collars, could have seen this suffering little being exerting all her tiny little self to win a laugh from the two tired ones, and never resting till the roses were in her sister's face and the light in her delighted father's.

When she saw that the light of happiness had fallen upon them she proclaimed the time for bed, and the pirate carried her to Mary's room, kissed, exchanged blessings, and went off with the echo of her sweet, happy voice to lull him to sleep.

"A night, dear," said the artful mite, nestling on her sister's arm, "tell me who lent papa the carriage?"

Mary's face flushed and grew pale again.

"A gentleman, Pattie," she replied. "But there's so many people in the world of that name," retorted Pattie, with unconscious satire. "What's his other name? You didn't say, 'Thank you, Mr. Gentleman, did you?'"

Mary laughed, but timidly. "His name is Hamilton, dear," she said.

"Hamilton," she repeated, Pattie, thoughtfully. "I like it," emphatically. "Hamilton—Charles Hamilton?"

"No," said Mary, "John."

"Oh," said Pattie, "that spoils it. 'Now if it had been Jack—'"

"It is Jack," faltered Mary, and her face burned hotly.

"Hem!" said Pattie. "Jack! It sounds pretty. And pray who is Jack Hamilton? Don't say a gentleman again, my dear."

"I can't say anything else," said Mary, feeling that she had no chance in these loving hands. "I don't know what he is, where he lives, what he wants. Ah, yes, but I do that, Pattie, and a voice that was hurried and broken at times, but always grateful, she told Pattie of the conversation at the wings, using his very words, and even describing his looks and the expression of his eyes.

"Bless him! bless Jack Hamilton!" said the little, shrill voice, quiveringly. "Oh, Mary, fancy poor papa not being obliged to go out in the cold, wet, wicked streets to act to a noisy lot of people when he is so tired, and you, Mary?"

"Oh, never mind me, dear," said Mary, without a sigh. "If he will do what he has promised for papa, I shall be content to work always, to act till I die, and never, never work for anything else." Here came a sob, but it was stifled by her ardor. "But is it not good? Oh, Pattie, you should see his face and hear him speak. His eyes are brown, dark, and so kind looking. I can't think why he should be so kind to us."

"Can't you, dear?" said Pattie. "Hem! no, of course you can't. Dark brown eyes. I think I'll go to sleep. There, dear, good-night."

(To be continued.)

Roller Bearings.

Ball bearings are a German invention, and it is only a comparatively few years ago that they made their appearance on the market. Roller bearings, both cylindrical and conical, are an American invention. The advantages claimed for the rollers over the balls are that they can sustain both the radial and the axial strain and they are more easily replaced when they become worn.

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DOMINION RUBBER

British Rule In Germany

As Seen by a Frenchman.

(By Jaul Hyaenlthe Loysen).

I have just visited the whole of the German area occupied by the Allies and compared the diverse methods of the occupants—French, British, American, and Belgian. A thousand articles have already been sent to their papers by hundreds of Allied correspondents, and I could add thereto a thousand personal observations.

Briefly, concerning the British authorities, whose honored and grateful guest I have been during this tour, I shall say this; their system of occupation is excellent and an example to all others—no familiarity with the Germans, but no bullying. British, wholesome and clean-cut like the edge of her cliffs, has installed herself in Hunland, and that's all.

ALL BRITISH CONTROL.

Fully aware of the enemy's moods and morals—if I may so express myself—the British have simply taken over under their control and at their service not only, like all the Allies, the German Civil Service and other State organizations, but the private capacities and efficiencies of the vanquished.

All through the British zone of occupation an Allied officer, as was the case with the writer of these lines, is practically in the hands of German clerks for billeting, information, and all other commodities, and they are zealous, courteous, versed in all languages, eager to serve under any rule, prone to curb under any yoke, and proud of the domination. Thus the British authorities, with tactful and cold comprehension and a sort of distant contact, are using the Huns as their family, not their slaves, as the higher domesticity of the household.

But if the British naturally behave, as gentlemen, even towards the bandits who slew 15,000 of their civilians on sea and 5,000 on land—that is to say, if they are neither offensive nor obtrusive in the slightest degree versus the conquered—yet do they lose no opportunity of bringing home substantially to the German the hard fact that they are victors. As you know, the German papers are all published with this notice over the title: "Erscheint mit Erlaubnis der britischen militärischen Behörde" (issued by permission of the British Military Command). Oh, John Bull, my friend, what a revenge!

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

Now, whilst I was here in Cologne, the venerable and stately Kolnische Zeitung, the Times of former Germany, tried to work out a little piece of foolery against the French, according to the instructions of the German propaganda, which is more active than ever, and always in the same old hands. The device was to praise up the British occupation to the detriment of the French. A French Ally is proud to state that on the very moment when the number of the paper appeared the editor of the Kolnische was summoned to the British G.H.Q., and simply told that "that would not do," and that the paper would have to be suppressed for a week. The jolly old Boche took it for a vague warning, and was totally flabbergasted (as I found) to find on the next morning that his august paper was suppressed for a week.

Other slight but trenchant hints as to their present conditions are also given to the Huns in the most remote and direct manner, such as posters on

Walker House advertisement featuring an illustration of a house and text: "Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size... THE WALKER HOUSE... THE HOUSE OF PLENTY... Walker House"

the walls, printed in English, which all the German middle class can read; "The causes of the German defeat: a public lecture by Captain X., of the British staff," and posters, posters all over the town in English, pointing to the Y.M.C.A. and to all sorts of permanent pleasurable performances of the British, such as the daily British theatricals for the lads.

All intimacy, however, even a mere conversation in the streets with the German women-folk, is streng verboten, which almost means the threat of a court-martial. The British wives, lovers, mothers, and sisters at home can feel perfectly reassured their boys are on their best behavior in Germany—not billeted in barracks, but in convents.

SCOTS PIPERS IN BONN.

I had the pleasure of witnessing in Bonn, before the University and the marble statue of Wilhelm I., the very "mortal grandfather," the gathering of the Scottish bagpipers. The whole town was there to witness.

The Scots stood for about half an hour sturdy "to order," and then the "larks" was left loose. The relief of the guard at Buckingham Palace was not "in it." The Huns' blinking eyes broadened into bulls' eyes as wide as targets. Never shall I forget that Scots drummer, with his huge vertical instrument, crossing his wrists over the drum after each beat, as though his arms had been two yards long, and as though his fists every time came pounding down on a Boche's head.

Personally, by keenest experience was on a British motor-launch, which took me right down the Rhine from Coblenz to Cologne, thanks to the genuine courtesy of Lieutenant Charles Foxley, under the white naval ensign which saved the world, with the thin, naked guns levelled all round, like the sensitive snouts of greyhounds, whilst the big British guns on the left bank as we steamed past were keeping a steady watch over the right bank, with their piles of ammunition at hand.

Upon that grim winter's day, when aboard of that British gunboat on the Rhine, I glanced at the familiar sight of the Sieben Gebirge and of the hushed-up Imperial castles. Then it was I realized and felt that the one great victor of the war was Britain. The sensation was a match to the exultation of those who witnessed the towing in of the German fleet in the Firth of Forth.

A quick snapshot to finish. Can you think of anything more base, more utterly vile and cringing than this printed sign in English, stuck in the shop windows, of Cologne over their iron crosses for sale, the emblem of valor and the reward of death: "Gentlemen, do buy souvenirs from Germany to send to your people at home!" [sic].

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

The Trouble is Rooted in the Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

In the days of our grandfathers rheumatism was thought to be the unavoidable penalty of middle life and old age. Almost every elderly person has rheumatism, as well as many young people. Medical science did not understand the trouble—did not know that it was rooted in the blood. It was thought that rheumatism was the effect of exposure to cold and damp, and it was treated with liniments and hot applications, which sometimes gave temporary relief, but did not cure the trouble. In those days there were thousands of rheumatic cripples. Now medical science understands that rheumatism is a disease of the blood and that with good, rich, red blood any man or woman of any age can defy the trouble. Rheumatism can be cured by killing the poison in the blood which causes it. For this purpose the blood making, blood enriching qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is becoming every year more widely known, and it is the more general use of these pills that has robbed rheumatism of its terrors. In proof of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure this trouble, Messrs. Jennie Stockdale, Hall's Bridge, Ont., says: "Two winters ago I was taken with a bad attack of rheumatism, and was in bed for over two months, most of which time I could not sleep or enjoy rest day or night. The trouble also affected my nerves, which were very bad. I tried several remedies but did not get any help from them, and then, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon felt that the pills were helping me, and after taking eight boxes I am glad to say I was able to go about again as usual, and am now enjoying the best of health with plenty of good, rich blood which makes me feel like an altogether different person. I earnestly advise those suffering from rheumatism, nervousness and kindred troubles not to delay using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, like myself, I am sure they will find a cure through their use." You can get Dr. Williams' Pink 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.

Paper Textiles.

They are new. The war needs produced them. The paper textiles have become a large group.

Among them are paper yarn, paper twines, paper leather.

Paper cloth and paper carpets are now manufactured in Europe.

The paper yarn is woven into many useful fabrics for practical service.

Among the variety of uses are conveyor belts, driving belts and girths for machinery. School and market bags, children's clothing, men's and boys' "linen" collars and shirt fronts are made of paper.

To these are added a long list, including workmen's suits, women's skirts, caps and hats for men, women and children, towels, scrubbing cloths, women's petticoats and corsets, suspenders, blouses, etc.

Superstition is a senseless fear of God—Cicero.