

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

to party is assembled to celebrate a holiday... at Ravelstoke Hall, an old house about two miles distant from the northwest coast of the various branches of England are very fairly represented in its component parts. There are, three members of the house, some guardsmen, some cadets, a clergyman and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero, representative man, yet he is to a class which, called into being by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the ease.

men of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning, when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyraway was sitting ball in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little to him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

array. His room was on the fifth floor, and he had intended to drop from the window sill, but the branch of an elm tree came so near that he found it unnecessary, as, springing to it, he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country "like a bird" to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam. But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant, and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

YOU can't get the results the "Famous Active" gives by doing your cooking on any other kind of range, because no other range has all its special features, such as: A Ventilated Oven that does admit fresh, hot air, and passes off all the roasting fumes. A Deep Fire-pot, with "McClary's Special" Duplex Grates, and Sectional Cast-iron Linings, which wear longer and give better satisfaction than the brick and cement used in common ranges.

avoided, and thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation. The lady whom Tyraway had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the hall and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past 3 in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costumes to endeavor to ascertain what was going on.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS 183 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

He walked slowly to the edge of cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outwards, then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge, went down like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then ere it reaches him he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in success and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

At this moment, half-past 4 A.M., Mr. Tyraway walked into the breakfast-room. He was gotten up, if possible, more elaborately than usual. "Now, here's a gentleman, captain," Mr. Tyraway, who has been all over the world and met with some strange adventures, "I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair of last night."