## **PARTED** BY GOLD

NATURAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

CHAPTER VII.

Jack walked home through the snow, and slept the sleep of just. But he had his Greams, and they were all of airles—fairles—fairles with pretty, oval faces and deep, childlike eyes, fairles whose family names were all Montague, and whom in his sleep he heard called Mary.

Such dreams should bear fruit; and Jack swallowed his chocolate and devoured his half pound of steak with the celerity of a city clerk.

He had remembered in his sleep, perhaps, that Beaumont had law relations with a West-end manager, and could perhaps obtain for him an engagement for Mr. Montague quicker than Mr. Shallop.

Mr. Beaumont's chambers were in first its wilds of St. John's Woo?.

Mr. Beaumont's chambers were in first its wilds of St. John's Woo?.

He found the manager of the Thespian, at the address on the card, and contained the statistic wilds of St. John's Woo?.

Shallop.

Mr. Beaumont's chambers were in Gray's Inn, and thither Jack's cab coaveyed him, striking admiration to the hearts of the copying clerks and law stationers of the locality, who watched it draw up and deposit its owner on the pavement with visible envy and satisfaction.

Mr. Beaumont was in and received Jack cordially.

satisfaction.

Mr. Beaumont was in and received Jack cordially.

"Don't put your cigar out, old fellow, or I shail be offended. Sit down, it's the only comfortable chair, and I'll perch, like the vulture that I am, on this stool."

Then he listened with a smile to Jack's story, and saw that it was to his interest to help him.

"By Jove!" he said, "the very thing; how lucky you dropped in this morning, Jack. Here's a letter from Battledoor, the manager of the Thespian. He is looking for a walking gentleman, and all that sort of thing; but he's fearfully stingy, a regular screw; they say his company doesn't smell a meat dinner once a fortnight."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jack. "I'll arrange that. Where's his address?"

"Oh, somewhere in St John's Wood."

"Til arrange that. Where's his address?"

"Oh, somewhere in St. John's Wood; they all live in St. John's Wood. Where is it?—let me see—oh, here you are."

And he handed Jack the manager's card.

Jack arose.

"Not going already?" said Beaumont, reproachfully. "Oh, come, you know, wait until I can produce the legal sherry and biscuit, old fellow."

"No." said Jack, with a smile. "I won't stay. Beau, I'm red-hot over this affair, and I shall go sharp on to this fellow, and make terms. Ah, Beau, if you could have heard her voice, as she pleaded for him; if you could have seen the poor old fellow sitting so wearily and so sadly!"

"I should have shed tears, no doubt," said Beaumont, laughing. "It's a thousan dpities, old fellow, that you left the bar; you'd have made a grand thing one day—with a woman to plead for."

Jack shook hands.

"There's no moving you, Beau," he said, with his good-humored laugh. "Good-by." "Good-by, old Jack," said Beaumont. "Oh, by the way, how is Lady Pacewell?" "Yery well." replied Jack.

"Very well," replied Jack.
"And—Lady Maud?"
"Also very well," returned Jack.
"You have not called there very late.

## **Kidney Back Pains** Permanently Cured

Dr. Hamilton Guarantees Prompt and Thorough Cure.

I can cure you.

I have a remedy that has never failed in kidney disease.
My wonderful preparation is known as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.
I guarantee Dr. Hamilton's Pills will restore the worst case of kidney authorized.

will restore the worst case of new suffering.
Pain in the back, sides and hips
will be relieved.
will be repells, headache and reeling

Dizzy epells, headache and reeling sensations will be quickly remedied. Distressing bladder complications, frequent calls, brick dust and sediment I guarantee will entirely disapnear under Dr. Hamilton's Pills. If your rundown and languid condition can't be cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, then you are hopeless.

Hamilton's Pills, then you are hopeless.
In thousands of cases Dr. Hamilton's Pills have restored health and
more; they have built up constitutions that defled further inroads of
kidney disease.
Purely a vegetable remedy, free
from injurious minerals like mercury
and calomel, mild enough for childremedy in efficiency to approach Dr.
Hamilton's Pills.
To be candid, von can't.
AM dealers well Dr. Hamilton's

Dilla in yellow boxes, SCc,

He found the manager of the Thes-pian, at the address on the card, and his elegant and unmistakable equip-age, which the manager had seen through the blind of his dressing-room obtained him an interview.

He was shown into a gorgeous little drawing-room, all crimson, gold and statuary marble, and there entered to him a personage in a dressing-gown to match—all crimson, purple, blue and yellow, with enormous tassels of bul-lion.

The owner of this piece of magnifi-cence bowed and made his excuses.

"We theatrical gentlemen," said he,
"reverse the maxim. "Late to bed
and later to rise," is our motto. I hope
I have not kept you waiting too
long."

Il have not kept you waiting too long."

"No," said Jack, with his pleasant smile, that won all dispositions. "And I must not keep you too long from your breakfast. My story is, you will be glad to hear, a short one."

And in as concise and agreeable form as he could put it, he made known the business of his visit.

"Would Mr. Battledoor make room for Mr. Horatius Montague and his beautiful daughter?"

"Or," added Jack, "Mr. Montague alone?"

The manager knitted his brow and put forth the usual excuses.

Jack smiled.

"I have this matter at heart," he said. "I am particularly anxious to serve Mr. Montague and do not mind expending a little filthy lucre to attain my purpose.'

"Ay," said the manager, seeing his way more clearly, and thinking it best to be very candid. "You intend to pay half Mr. Montague's salary?"

"That's it," said Jack, delighted. "I am glad you put it so; I should have

to pay hair Air. Montagies sainty:
"That's it," said Jack, delighted. "I
am glad you put it so; I should have
beaten about the bush for an hour. I
will pay half the salary, but it must
be a great one. ou shall give him
two-thirds of the usual one and I will
double it. Of course the money must
come from you."

Just so, saud the matter between us two in confidence."

"In strict confidence," said Jack. earnestly. "And Miss Montague?"

"Well, I will do the same in her case—two thirds." said the manager.

"Agreed," said Jack, conditionally.

"But"—ne hestated—"how do you know they have talents enough for the Thesplan? Hove you seen them?"

The manager smiled shrewdly.

"Oh! my dear sir," he said, "the public find nothing but talent at the Thesplan. The name carries all before it, and a man playing on our boards is hall-marked. Ha, ha! But, as it happens, I have seen Montague and heard a deal lately about his daughter. We managers make it a business to keep a sharp lookout on debutantes; sonstimes something worth having is picked up on the quiet.

"As now," said Jack, with a smile.

"Perhaps so," said the manager, candidly, and Jack parted from the florid dressing-gown well pleased with his success.

orough Gure.

deep that has never failliesease.

It was only natural that, having
worked so hard, Jack should think of
his reward.

And yet he was reluctant to take,
it, and stood on the prement staring
butternut.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills
he worst case of kidbe back, sides and hips
d.

But he got in without having done
so, and it was not until he had been
drying for some time and caught himself looking up at the names of the
self looking up at the names of the
looking the looking up at the names of the
looking the looking up at the names of the
self looking up at the names of the

streets that he discovered he was looking for Harleigh street. He found it out at last, a quiet little street, and pulled up at the corner, deciding, with good taste, not to stop the attractive vehicle at Mr. Montague's humble door.

"Mr. Montague is out, sir," said the servant.

"Mr. Montague is out, sir, sand the servant.

"And Miss Montague?" asked Jack, his heart leaping at the hope of seeing gentle Mary alone.

"Which one, sir, if you please?" Jack started.

"Which one?" he repeated. "Are there two—how many are there?"

"Two, sir," said the servant.

"Miss Mary," said Jack.

"She's out, sir; gone with Mr. Montague," said the maid, beginning it shiver, and wondering if the joint she had left at the fire would be quite a



VORITE

HAKE PERFECT

cinder when she got back.

"Well," said Jack, in desperation,
"how long do you think they will be?"
"I don't know, sir. Would you be
pleased to come in and wait, sir? Miss
Pattie is in; upstairs, please, sir, front
door on your left and knock."

Jack climbed up the narrow but
neatly carpeted steps and halted before the first door on the left, but he
nesitated before knocking.

In the first place it seemed a most
extraordinary thing to waik in upon
a young lady unannounced, and for the
second he was not sure of the welcome.

a young lady unannounced, and for the second he was not sure of the well-come.

Who was Miss Pattle? What might she not think of this seemingly unaccountable intrusion?

Because Mary was gentle and beautiful it did not follow that her sister should be as angelic and Miss Pattle might rise like a dragon to defend Mr. Montague's castle (i. e., his house—"Every Englishman's"—etc.), and give him a sharp time of it.

While he was deciding, or rather procrastinating, a sweet, thin little volce called out:

"Who's that fidgeting outside?"

This turned the scale.

Jack, with evident trepidation, not-withstanding the sweetness of the volce, knocked timidly.

"Come in," said Pattle, and went in.

At first he could see nothing, and was stepping out again when the volce spoke again, and exclaiming: "Well?" seemed to proceed from a little heap of shawls lying on the extreme corner of the sofa.

Jack advanced, hat in hand, and addressed the shawls:

"I am afraid you will think this a

extreme corner of the sofa.

Jack advanced, hat in hand, and addressed the shawls:

"I am afraid you will think this a very rude intrusion, Miss—"

"Pattle," said the voice.

"Miss Montague," said Jack. "But I came to eee Mr. Montague, and was told by the servant to step up here and wait."

"Well," said Pattle, extending the peephole and showing, with the gesture of a fairy throwing sside her vail, her beautiful face and golden hair, at which signt Jack almost started, and certainly felt a kind of reverence and pity, "well, and why don't you sit down?"

Jack sat down—conscious that the large, patient eyes were making an inventory of his every feature and the child-mind was drawing its conclusions therefrom—and looked at the fire.

There was a solemn silence for five

the child-mind was drawing its conclusions therefrom—and looked at the fire.

There was a solemn silence for five minutes, broken by Pattie eaving, with much petulance:

"Don't let the fire go out. Why don't you poke it? You're the nearest."

Jack poked the fire and smilled.
Perhaps he did not display much energy in the performance, for the sweet voice said, decisively:

"I'm afraid you are very lazy."

"I'm afraid you are very lazy."

"I'm afraid i am," said Jack, laughing outright, but not loudly, since it would have been an insult to the tiny little creature.

At his laugh Pattie sat up and thrgw the shaw! from her head.

"Your name is Hamilton," she said naively.

"It is," he said. "But how did you guess?" he asked, feeling surprised.

"Jack?" she said.

"That's right," he assented. "Jack Hamilton."

"You are very rich?"

"Well, yes, I am," he said. "I hope that doesn't weigh against me?"

"And you keep private carriages to place at the disposal of poor people who nave not any of their own."

Jack colored.

He was beaten at all points. There was no withstanding this little elf,



## NO NEED SUFFERING FROM PILES NOW

Golden Pile Remedy will cure your Piles. Try it! The trial is absolutely FREE. Simply send us your name and address, and we will send a liberal free treatment by return mai.

It is a mistake to dose yourself with so-called Pile cures. They will do you more harm than good. Why don't you begin right to-day to overcome your piles? You can do it by using Golden Pile Remedy.

The results from the full treatment, which sells for \$1.30, are amazing; the itching, burning and swelling, along with the other well-known symptoms, soon disappear and leave you completely cured.

Write to-day for a free trial treatment and be convinced.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere or direct by mail, price \$1.30.

GOLDEN REMEDY CO.

Bos 151

and he lowered his flag immediately.

"You are quite right," be said, "excepting the matter of the carriages. I should want to be the General Omnibus Company to do that. But won't you tell me how you know?"

"No," asid Pattle, slowly. "Carry me to that chair, piesse."

Jack took her in his arms with a consation almost of awe, and placed her in the great armchair.

Some of her wonderful hair clung to his shoulder and he had to take it off before he could release her, and in the act felt as if he were losing a bleading.

"Thank you," she said, softly. "You fre very strong."

"I am, tsank Heaven!" said Jack, devoutly.

"You carry me much better than any one ever did; did you ever carry any one before?

"No," said Jack, "never."

"Oh!" said Pattle, thoughfully: "I wonder you do it so well; it requires practice, father asys. You came to see father. What do you want with him?"

Jack hesitated.
Pattle's over riddled him through

see latter. What no you want with him?"

Jack hesitated.

Pattie's eyes riddled him through and through, meanwhile.

"I think I can be of some service to him, Miss Montague."

"Don't call me Miss Montague," said Pattie. "Miss Montague—I'm too small for such a long name, it sounds ugly. Pattie is my name—Pattie. I suppose you know how to spell it?"

Jack nodded with a smile.

"P-a-t-t-y?"

"What a dunce you are!" said the child-woman. "P-a-t-t-i-e.— that's Pattie."

"It's a very pretty name." said Jack, taking the correction with humility.

"It's a very pretty name, sau Jack, taking the correction with humility.
"Prettier than Jack," said Pattie, shaking her head. "But you haven't teld me what you want with my dear, yet. I'm afraid you are a sly thing. Arful, oh! very arful."
"I hope not." said Jack: "I sincerely hope not. Miss \*Pattie."
"Then tell me," said she, and Jack, quite unable to resist her. told her something of the nurport of his visit. She listened with her face hidden, and when he had finished said, very softly:
"I like Jack, it's prettier than I thought."
"Come," he said, "I am glad of that. May I poke the fire again? I am afraid it will go out."
"Yes," she said, "and put some coals on, please. And so you are very rich;



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Soid in three degrees of strength and per house the soid in the safe of the

what do you co with all your money, now?"
"Spend it," said Jack, "and"—with a

"Spend it," said Jack, "and"—with a sigh—"waste it, I am afraid."
"Oh!" she said, thoughtfully, "it must be very nice to be rich."
"You think so?" said Jack, drowing nearer the fire, and preparing 'o enjoy the discussion in his simple-bearted, good-natured way. What would you do if you had twenty thousand a year?"
"Twenty thousand shillings, do you mean?" she asked, still looking at the fire.

would you do if you had twenty thous and a year?"

"Twenty thousand shillings, do you mean?" she asked, still looking at the fire.

"No, pounds," he said, with a smile. She turned her eyes to him.
"I don't know," she said. "But if I were very rich, I'd buy a big bouse for my dear, and a carriage for 'int to ride in, and a fine easy-chair—a real easy-chair, you know, all padded and leather, with a spring in it to send you through the ceiling if you sit down too quick; and—and—grand clothes, gentlemen's clothes like yours, and—and diamonds stude like yours, and—and on you had a crown of diamonds, and a horse for her to ride, and plenty of books—Mary's every fond of books, and—and everything she wanted."

"And yourself, what would your highness procure for our own delignt" asked, Jack
"For me? Oh! let me see. Well, I don't want, anything, I think. It would be a waste to buy anything you didn't want, you know."

"Ch! come, think of something," said Jack.
She thought hard.
"Well," she eald, at last, reluctantly and slowly, "if I bought anything a little kir would be a little wise-chair, a snug little carriage, that my dear could push me into the parks with. I've never been there, you know, but I know what they are like. There's some trees there."

Jack turned his head aside, the two patient eyes were too much for him.
"Anything else?" he said.
"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I'm greedy, but I should like a nosegay of fowers every morning."
"Do you like flowers?" said Jack.
"I love them!" she replied, clasping her doll's hands togetuer and strains of the prince of the proper some trees there."

Jack turned his head aside, the two patient eyes were too much for him.
"Anything else?" he said.
"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I'm greedy, but I should like a nosegay of the proper saw such beauties. Mary brought them from the theatre; a little girl—as small as me—gave them to her if you have been the ended to describe Jack's bouquet. "I'm ever say such flowers, never. My deer said he had, but that was long, long ago, he aaid. Th "Yes," she said; "I'm airaid I'm greedy, but I should like a nosegay of flowers every morning."
"Do you like flowers?" said Jack.
"I love them!" she replied, clasping her doll's hands togetuer and staring at the fire. "I love them. My dear often brings me some— but, ch! Mary brought me the nost beautiful bunch you ever saw in your life. I dare say you never saw such beauties. Mary brought them from the theatre; a little girl—as small as me—gave them to her!" And in a rapt voice she proceeded to describe Jack's bouquet. "I never say such flowers, never. My dear said he had, but that was long, long ago, he said. They are in my room where I can see them whila I wake; poo dears, it's very lonely for them, but it's too hot in here."

Jack looked at the fire. and to change the subject be remarked that



he thought it was going to snow and that he feared Mr. Mon'ague would go

that he feared Mr. Mon'ague would get wet.

"Snowing again," said Pattle, sht defering. "Do you like the snow?"

"Yes," said Jack, "sometimes."

"It's very cold," said she, "but I like to look at it."

"Do you?" said Jack. "Let me carry you to the window."

"Very well," she said. "But I'm dreadfully heavy. Don't you this k you'll be tired, not being usel to 1s, you know?"

"No," said Jack, "I'm sare I shan't."

And taking up the morse! teuderly—she weighed as little as a human acting could weigh—he carried her to the window, drew the shaw's well around her, and pointed out the people as they passed, giving each a fictious history, and feeling a glow of happiness suffuse his heart as the smile came into her face and the light into her eyes.

(To be continued.)

Ruby Glass.

Real ruby Giass.

Real ruby giass is most expensive, since it must be prepared with gold. It owes its color to the presence throughout its mass of particles of gold too small to be seen with the microscope, Only the ultra-microscope, which renders visible objects perceptible by means of their diffusion of these minute particles. With the ordinary microscope the glass appears as a uniform transparent mass, but filled with points of light resembling stars on a black background. These points indica the presence of the particles of gold to which the color of the glass is due.

Oueer Epitanhs.

Queer Epitaphs.

Queer Epitaphs.

Queer epitaphs are frequently fakes; but the following really appears in a Salop churchyard: "Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Barklamb, passed to eternity on Saturday, 21st of May, 1787, in the seventy-first year of her age. Richard Barklamb, the Antespouse Uxorious, was interred here, 26th Jan., 1806, in his eighty-fourth year." What an antespouse uxorious may be is not explained.

Why He Would Not Build.

Why He Would Not Build.

It is in a Jewish legend that Methuseiah declined at the age of six hundred or so to go to the trouble of building a house because the Lord answered his question as to how much clonger he had to live, and the patriarch decided that three hundred years was too short a time to warrant him in making the exertion. Undoubtedly Methuseiah preferred his tent, and was ready to grasp at any excuse for sticking to it.

nals of headers

Won't you try Ferrosone?

Concentrated cure in tablet
that's Ferrosone, 50c per box
for \$2.56, at all dealers, or dis
mail from The Catarrhoson
Kingalon. Ont.