Thursday, January 11th, 1906

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed-the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre-and concentrated. Then-(and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives")one more atom of bitter principle from the orange peels is forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process -one of the most remarkable achievements of the age-the juices are made stronger, and in life. many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruita-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered. At all druggists.

SOC. a box.

then he stood stift and still looking at space. There was nothing strange never be taken back. or unexpected in the order-that post of honor fell naturally to himself; it somethin'; you can clear me-and you was the stunning coincidence of it in will!' that moment. That letter! The "Tansy, spare me-spare me!" trainer's word was traditional law; came in a strangled sob that he his own pride in the stable's triumph would never forget. "It is killing was incalculable; and Lochinvar was me. For his sake-not mine-keep the most sacred thing breathing on your brave silence. Oh, promise!" earth at the moment. But-how to let the dearest little woman on earth ly knew the strength of his grip upknow that he could not keep his pro- on the slight little arm. mise?

He got his rugs went dazedly into the stable, fastened the door, turned on a low light, and sat watching the the night. "Mr. Noel Bradoon-yes; grand animal as it stirred at intervals in its box of splendid isolation. Till long after midnight, the letter burning in his hands, he listened and waited in the vague thought that some telegraphic message must surely bring Miss Greta tapping. And then, as daylight broke, he found that his hot fumblings had unstuck the envelope and reduced the precious enclosure to a soft ball. He would not look at her love-words-no, no; but he knelt down to straighten out the letter respectably ere he returned it to her hands. And, doing so, he gradually became aware that he was fast gripped in the tentacles of some nameless mystery. He sat there and realized that the letter entrusted to him was not a letter at all. There was no word upon it—he held a was no word upon it—he held a succeeded. He meant to lure you away in pursuit, if only for a mo-

minster! And not a word to soul!" To Tansy all the rest seemed muffled and unreal. The news had filtered out; the place was under a spell. He had seen the "vet" coming and going; 'aad watched Lord Pookminster's haggard face pass and repass; had heard the bated whispers that there was still a hope left-that the great horse was gaining bit by bit on the baneful torpidity and making heroic efforts to run beside the trainer in the walled enclosure. And so

the long hours crept by.

The great day at lass! Like a man in a dream Tansy wandered alone in the deserted grounds. He knew only that Lochinvar had travelled the day before and would go to the post; his own dream of witnessing the race and sharing the triumph was shatteredhe was keeping out of sight, heartbroken, under a cloud of doubt and suspicion. Unless a miracle happened that day the cloud might never lift

He had strayed into the shrubbery A turn in the shadowy paths and he was suddenly face to face with Lord Poolminster's niece and ward. Till that moment he had almost forgotten her-forgotten her letter and her tragic love affair. And Miss Greta -she stood as still there as if she had come upon a ghost, the beautiful brown eyes staring out of a white worn face. A moment they faced, just as if they had never met before. Something strange was in the air. Then-he would never know why- as she went to glide back Tansy took that stumble forward. Husky words had rattled in his throat, and could

"Miss Greta! Face me! You know

"His sake?" he repeated. He scarce-

"It was for him-to save him eternal ruin, I believed!" came her whisper, like that of a child frightened in my husband that was to be. Tansy! He worked upon my love for him till I was mad-mad with dread. He had gambled and lost his estate; and Lord Poolminster found it out. He had borrowed money everywhere, and staked it all upon that other horse, Valhalla. Then, too late, he heard of Lochinvar's trial. It was the last straw, and he was weak-perhsps vile. He had threatened to shoot himself if I refused to help him. I had to listen to find out all that was going on. That note-that blank note was to get you out of the way; and you had the stable key that he wanted. Oh, not that look, Tansy! It failed; you

"Miss Greta, I'll do that-I'll live

They stood in a suspense that

"Black and sea-green. Lochinvar

"Miss Greta," Tansy whispered,

first, Valhalla second. Short head.'

Appreciation of the Japanes

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

ost or tickling cough that, to the

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the tung-healing virtures of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Threast or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutshin-son, 186 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: " I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronshith for years and have found Dr. Wood's Nervey Fine Byrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family uses is a cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it." be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something en getting it. Put up in yellow wa pira trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

Love's music is never perfect with out the chords of pain.

Obstacle is often only another way of spelling opportunity.

No man ever broke his back under his brother's burden.

You are not likely to slay the ene my by drawing a long bow.

A niggardly purse in the pocket becomes a thorn in the side.

Many a man mistakes a floating indebtedness for a sinking fund.

Tears over to-day's broken toys blind us to-morrow's treasures.

Many a man thinks he is mellowing when he is only getting moldy. You cannot cure your sorrows by

taking them out in a wheel chair.

The fear of reputation often taken for the love of righteousness.

He who has a good word for no one cannot have the word of God for any tificates.

Many a man thinks he is virtuous because he feels vicious when he sees others happy.

The reason some are not wedded to one bad habit is because they are courting so many.

When folks get to fighting over creed the enemy takes his forces to another part of the field.

When you have to do with those who are blatantly honest it is time to buy more padlocks.

Some folks rely upon first impressions; others only decide after mature deliberation. The percentage of mistakes is equal



One more velvety-blue dusk had settled down. The fateful day was nearer by twenty-four hours as Tansy The footsteps of Lord Poolminster or two. and thenand his trainer were just dying away. All was well. He drew out echoed, as hers trailed off. In the dictarce he could seem to heat an evening paper, and allowed himself a long, vast chuckle. It was leaking the racecourse roar. He was trembout; the odds about Lochinvar were ling. It was past three o'clock. Ansteadily shortening. He could almost other Cesarewitch had been added to hear the roar of the crowds as Loch- history. invar carried the black and sea-green first past the post. Valhalla-bah!

He heard twelve strike. He got love, my fear, made me obey him to uncertainly to his feet. Anything the last letter. I crept in; I hardly amiss? No; the horse stood still as knew what I was doing. One of the a statue-fast asleep. Then-what capsuls fell-wasted-and I dared not was that? A stealthy, straining stay to complete the work. I took sound on the sloping roof. Lochin-war heard it; he stirred uneasily. All I fled back like a hunted thing; it has the stories, real and otherwise, he haunted me! Oh, Tansy, spare him had ever heard of attempts to "get the final blow for my sake!" a favorite hummed in Tansy's A long tense silence, while Tansy at' brain. Beyond the thick glass of the window, just beyond Lochinvar's stall ver relaxing. Then-then he had there was some shadowy, sinister in-terception of the starlight. He "Wiss Grota L'll

under the blame, if you'll promise clenched his teeth and waited. Creak-creak-creak! The bolt was here and now never to take his name cable silence. Taken fright? All the could use a pure, good love like that. Hever mind me; promise for blood in his veins seemed to simmer, his sake-and yours!" And at last it came-the faint, struggling little breath, that told Tansy turned the key softly tip-toed out, and made a sudden dash round how heart had been swaying in the balances against conscience. 'You're right, I won't-I promise!'' the zinc wall, his thick fingers feeling out to clutch some dastardly throat.

A rope ladder, and a man crouching at the foot as if ready to run. He saw nothing more; the figure had could not seem to break, and thenturned and was racing across the Tansy drew in his breath of a sudden open space. Beyond the paddock —dashed a hand to his eyes. He had open space. Beyond the paddock there was a wall-the figure cleared it; half-breathed, Tansy rose at it messenger race past-seen the serblindly, and came down with a crash. vants tlocking out. When the thunder had died out of his brain the chase was hopeless. There pressed in his. was nothing for it but to limp hast-ily back-and to stand stupefied. The And rope ladder was gone-vanished as without hands. Was he dreaming? cheer -Had the Cesarewitch turned his brain? He had clutched the stable-bell rope. He hesitated to rouse the whole place

lieved? Nothing had happened; Loch-invar stood safe and sound-that was and yours."-London Tit-Bits. everything. Best, perhaps, to hold his tongue till daylight. He relocked the door, and sat down in a sort of stupor.

What was that? He swaved up once more, just as one struck. Nothing ex-cept that Lochinvar had slid down cept that Lochinvar had slid down suddenly on to his straw mattress. Tansy watched incredulously; he had seldom known the horse to sleep in that way. His whim-disturbed, lit-tle doubt. He lashed out his fore-feet on being touched-went off to sleep again. Tansy crept back and wined his fore-bead resignedly. , wiped his forehead resignedly.

Wan fingers of daylight were feeling their way through the stable's chinks when that shaft of real, ghastly misgiving went through Tansy's heart. Lochinvar, as if scenting the mushroom meadows and his early morning gallop, got on his forelegs. He tottered-swayed-and rolled back. Almost whimpering with fear. Tansy stooped. The great liquid eyes looked glazed and wild; there was damp heat on the silken coat. One glance, moment of paralysis, and then Tansy was running off as for dear life. Lochinvar ill! It seemed to him as if all the sleeping world around must wake to the revelation with a vast shout. "Lochinvar scratched for the grit in your teeth. Cesarewitch!"

"Dosed-drugged-ruined!" It was

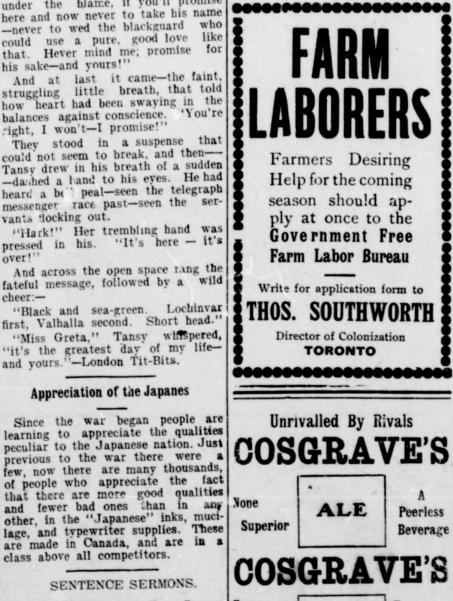
ment, while someone-someone crept Wise is the courageous man who in and gave the horse the two tiny knows when it is necessary to be

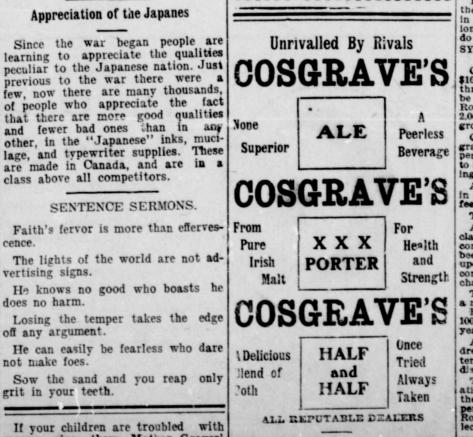
capsuls in sugar that he said would afraid. not-would only deaden it for a day

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause "Someone?" Tansy's hollow voice corns. Holloway's Corn Curn is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. BELLS "Yes, the woman speaking to you-Miss Greta! I did it, for him! My Steel Alley Church and School Bells. The C. S. BELL Co. 11sboro, O WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

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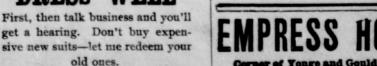
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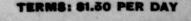


yearly. A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The lessee shall have a dredge in oper-ation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2½ per cent. col-lected on the output after it exceeds \$10,-

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off any argument.

not make foes.

the trainer's whisper, thick with pas-sion, as he knelt back from the stall. A lie-2 tale! Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and If your children are troubled with

few, now there are many thousands of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muci-

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Faith's fervor is more than effervescence. The lights of the world are not ad-

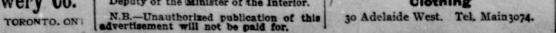
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does no harm.

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old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"

