

You cannot begin to measure its goodness alongside of others, the quality being INCOMPARABLE.

"SALADA"

Black, Green or Mixed... } Sealed Packets Only

PARTED BY GOLD

"I call it a beautiful one," he trusted himself to say.

"Ah! you men are so easily deceived," said her ladyship. "The paint is an inch thick, and there is belladonna under her eyes."

Jack could not help smiling even in his bitterness of heart, for had he not seen that self-same face under its present circumstances, too, within a yard of his own nose?

And what a voice, so deceitful and affected; and yet there are some men who would call that poor, painted creature pretty. Jack, an idea has just struck me.

"What is it, Maud?" he asked, with a noble gentleness.

"That is the creature that has bewitched Beaumont."

Jack started, although he had expected it.

"Maud," he said, with a broken voice, "Heaven forgive you! I know you do not mean it, but you cut me to the heart with your cruel uncharity. That face is a good one, and I know it, let it have bewitched Beaumont or any other man. I—I am thirsty. Let me go and get something and I will return directly."

He left the box abruptly, and Lady Maud leaned back with her eyes closed.

She was suffering in her way, too, for every arrow she had shot wounded her in the shooting, seeing the pain it produced in his heart.

"It is for his good," she muttered. "For his good and mine. This will cure him—it is curing him, I know."

Jack did not come back till the closing of the last act, and then looked steadfastly away from his fair companion, who drew her cloak around her with one last shudder and begged him to take her out to the carriage.

"You had better wait until the crush is over," he said, quietly.

"Very well," she said.

"Have you found—what you came to find?" he asked, with a touch of bitterness.

"Ah, yes," she said. "Poor Beaumont! I am sure that painted girl who played the Fairy Queen was she. Poor fellow!"

Wash The Kidneys!

After Bad Colds or Influenza
Look to Kidneys and Bladder!



Owing to bad colds, over-eating or intemperance, or to the after effects of influenza—uric acid and toxins (poisons) are stored up in the body and cause backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains and stiff joints.

It is most essential that treatment be directed towards prompt casting out of the poisons from the body which cause these pains and aches. This means that the excretory organs—the bowels, skin and kidneys—should be excited to their best efforts. Every one should clean house—internally—and thus protect one's self from many germ diseases, by taking castor oil or a pleasant laxative such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are made of May-apple, aloes and jalap. Take these every other day. This will excite efficient bowel action. If you suffer from backache, irritation of the bladder and the kidneys, shown by the frequent calls to get out of bed at night, considerable sediment in the water, brick-dust deposit, perhaps headache in the morning, you should obtain at the drug store "Anurie" (anturic acid), first put up by Dr. Pierce.

To build up the strength and improve the blood, take an iron tonic such as "Ironic," manufactured by Dr. Pierce, to be had in tablets at drug stores, or some good herbal tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and herbs without alcohol, and put up in tablets or liquid.

ing extended behind the scenes.

Anderson had kept his eyes on Mary and was getting anxious that his part of the plot should be carried to success.

The ingredients were ready, and in the most natural way possible he came rushing up to the greenroom.

"Miss Montague there?" he said.

"Yes," said Mary, coming out ready dressed for home.

"Oh! I'm sorry to disturb you, but a woman is waiting at the stage door who says she wants to see you."

"Me?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Anderson, averting his eyes from her surprised ones.

"I will come," said Mary, and she followed him to the stage door.

A woman stood there with a bundle in her arms.

"Oh, miss," said she, "forgive a poor creature for daring to trouble you, but the manager is so strict. Would ye mind holding the poor little innocent while I go in to speak to him? He won't allow no babies behind the scenes."

"I will hold her," said Mary; "but be quick, please." And with a smile she took the little thing and with a woman's divine love drew aside its voluminous wraps to peep at it.

"Dear little thing!" she murmured. "So cold a night, too!"

AVOID COUGHS and COUGHERS!

Coughing, Spreads Disease

SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS
HALF THIS FOR CHILDREN

And she pressed it to her in the most natural way, unconscious that the sady penitent Tubbs, who had hovered about her, longing to beg her pardon, but not daring to do so ever since the quarrel in the greenroom, was hovering about her this instant.

The crush was over, and Jack took his Queen of Sheba downstairs.

"Where is the brougham?" said he.

"I do not see it."

"Oh, do not let us wait. It is around the corner," said Lady Maud, who of course had given her instructions. "It is a beautiful night! We will go around to it, please."

Jack, without a word, took her around and was opening the door of the carriage, which was very nearly opposite the stage entrance, when a sight met his eyes that made him start.

There in the doorway stood Mary Montague, the woman who had stolen all his heart, pressing a child to her bosom, and a man, he remembered him standing proudly by.

He turned pale and clutched the door.

Lady Maud, who had entered the carriage, caught his arm.

"Look, Jack!" said she, in a whisper, "there she is, the impudent thing."

The whisper was not so low but it reached Mary's ears.

She looked up and saw the pair, turned pale at the sight of them, and naturally fell back, and fled down the narrow passage.

This was enough for Jack, but not for Lady Maud.

She stopped him from getting into the carriage, and called to a man who had just emerged from the entrance.

He approached and lifted his hat; he was Anderson, the actor.

"My man," said Lady Maud, "can you tell me who that young person was who stood here just now?"

"With the baby?" said Anderson.

Lady Maud nodded.

"Miss Montague," said Anderson, without looking at Jack.

"And the—or—man?"

"Father of the child," said Anderson.

"Mrs. Montague, then?" said Lady Maud.

"No, ma'am," said the man, with a

significant shrug.

Jack turned faint, and grasped the door.

Before he could speak, however, Lady Maud drew him in and the carriage rolled away.

CHAPTER IX.

A more miserable man than Jack Hamilton, as he sat in his elegant sitting-room on the morning after his and Lady Maud's visit to the Signet, could not be found.

He had not closed his eyes all night, three bottles of soda water standing at his elbow testified to that; he felt ill and weary from disappointment and grief. Now that he felt he ought to dismiss Mary Montague from his heart, he found, for the first time, how firmly she was rooted there. To pick her from him was like tugging at the roots of his own happiness.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he muttered, tapping another bottle of soda water, and stirring the fire between the draughts. "It is poverty or something of that sort that has driven her to it. I'll never believe anything wrong of her, but seeing is believing; there is nothing to be said to ocular demonstration. I have been deceived, self-deceived, and there's an end of it."

But unfortunately for his peace of mind that was not the end of it.

He had a duty to go through.

He must go to Lady Maud and confess his wrong-doing, explain that it was not Beau but he who had been making himself ridiculous, and altogether make the amende honorable for his harsh speeches and general condemnation of her the night before.

It was a better task, but Jack was not one to shrink from duty, however unpalatable it might be, and accordingly got up, thrust his forehead into a basin of cold water to freshen himself, got into his greatcoat, and slowly marched downstairs; it was not until the door was open that he remembered his hat, and with a sign trudged upstairs for it, muttering:

"I'm very far gone, indeed, very far gone."

The park, notwithstanding the charms of the morning, looked dingy to him, and he fancied that the countenances of all he met wore a villainous expression.

Poor Jack! he forgot he was looking through green spectacles.

Lady Maud was up, and, attired in a beautiful morning robe, was sitting in the drawing-room hard at work—or presenting to be—upon an impossible house and surroundings in water colors.

She looked up, and shifted her paint brush from the right hand to the left to shake hands with him.

"Why, Jack," she said, "how ill you look! Have you been up all night?"

"No—that is, yes; no, not exactly, but I have had a bad headache."

She guessed at the cause, but pretending ignorance, arose with her stately grace and brought a bottle of eau-de-cologne from a cabinet.

"Give me your handkerchief," she said, and when he had produced it, she poured some of the spirit upon it.

"Press it to your forehead," she continued, and as he seemed disinclined, she held it there herself for a moment.

"Do you think of my sketch?" she asked, looking down at it.

"Well," he said, smiling sadly, "I should not like to live in the original without a very heavy thing in the accident company! That left wall is

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W. CLARK

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is splendid for —

falling in rapidly."

"For shame!" she said. "I prided myself on the house, too. What do you think of the trees?"

"Admirable," he said. "Lifelike; that one we used to have in the Noah's Ark was nothing to these; there's a man, too, but I think the ark could carry off the palm there."

She laughed her well-bred laugh.

"You are incorrigible," she said.

"There, I won't paint any more, you have made me dissatisfied with it. And what made you so dreadfully pale-looking? Did you drink too much claret last night after you got home, or was it a bad cigar? Poor Jack!"

"Maud," he said, walking to the fire, which she was poking, and leaning his strong arm upon the broad mantel. I have come here this morning to tell you—"

She looked up at his sad eyes with a sympathetic glance. He caught it and looked down.

"I have had a bitter lesson, Maud," he said, "a very bitter one, and I am feeling the effects this morning. You remember—how should you forget, though?—telling me of Beaumont's infatuation for the girl we saw last night at the Signet?"

She nodded and drew the slightest shade nearer to him.

"Well," he said, "you were right on every point save one. She is unworthy of any man's love, least of all a gentleman's! She is—there, I cannot talk of her, for, Maud, it was not Beaumont who was caught by her pettiness and mock modesty, but I—"

"You!" she said, with admirably feigned astonishment.

"Ay," he said, bitterly. "And, Maud, let me tell you, I thought I really loved her. I—but do more of that, let it pass. As I said, she is unworthy of any man's love, and I, like other idiots, must suffer for my folly."

Lady Maud drew nearer, and as his voice dropped with the last words, she put out her white, soft hand and touched his arm.

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"Poor Jack!" she breathed, in a thrilling voice of pity and something, still more tender. "I pity you, Jack, but I am so glad. It would have broken my heart if you—you had been ruined—lost and ruined. It would have broken my heart."

He looked up and met the gentle, impassioned regard of her beautiful eyes, and a sudden inspiration seized him.

"You would have been as sorry as that for me, Maud," he said, earnestly—"a stupid, worthless simp-tion? You would have been as sorry as that? Ah, Maud, you are too good to me; you are too good and beautiful. Maud—" His earnestness grew eager, for she had laid her hand upon his and the warmth of it was forcing him.

"Maud," he continued, "do you care enough for me to warrant me asking you to be my wife? We have always been together, we know each other by heart; you know also how stupid and weak-minded I am, and I know how good, how true, how beautiful you are. Maud, be my wife! I have loved you ever since we were children. Be my wife!"

With a little sob, that if not real was most splendidly feigned, her ladyship deposited her head upon his broad chest, and poor Jack, who had never deceived himself more than he was doing at this moment, pressed a kiss upon the elegantly braided topknot, and believed he was truly happy at last.

Then they sat down and talked. Lady Maud with a sweet conscious air, Jack with a remnant of sadness about him.

Lady Pacewell entered, and Jack, while Lady Maud glided from the room, communicated the glad tidings.

Her ladyship was delighted, and, of course, let loose her worldliness at the first sentence.

"My dear Jack, it's the very thing I have prayed for! With Maud's little income and your twenty thousand you will be so delightfully rich. My dear Jack, bless you! Oh, you have made me happy!"

Then Jack kissed her high-bred forehead and took his leave, feeling—well, rather more composed than happy perhaps.

He did not go straight home, but wandered about the park, musing. And so he was to marry his cousin Maud.

Beautiful Lady Maud was to be his wife.

Heigho! It was a wonderful world certainly, and things came about in the most remarkable manner, and thinking thus, he very improperly sipped, and made for his chambers. His servant met him at the door.

"Mr. Shallop is waiting upstairs, sir."

Jack ascended the stairs slowly, and found Mr. Shallop in his armchair, with a patient look upon his face, that said plainly:

"I've been waiting, waiting till I'm disgusted."

"Hello!" said Jack. "I'm sorry you have been kept, Shallop. I had no idea I should have been so long or I should have left word."

"No consequence," said Mr. Shallop. "I've lost time, but you'll find it in the bill, you know."

Jack laughed, but rather absently, and, pitching his hat and coat on the sofa, sank into the opposite chair, and rang the bell.

"I was obliged to wait," said Mr. Shallop, "for it's business, and important business, too."

"Not a word," said Jack, "till you have had some lunch."

Mr. Shallop smiled, and presently the valet brought up nicely arranged lunch.

Then the two gentlemen drew up and fell to, Jack dropping off into the chair again after a few mouthfuls, but Mr. Shallop, like a wise man, enjoying the good things set before him and eating leisurely, relating scraps of gossip for Jack's amusement meanwhile.

"Do you mind smoke while you are eating?" said Jack.

"I've finished long ago," said Mr. Shallop, taking a cigar himself and removing to the armchair with wine-glass in hand. "It is superb hook, magnificent."

Jack nodded.

"We'll have another bottle up. Williams, a light for Mr. Shallop."

The valet brought the fresh bottle of hook, superintended the lighting of Mr. Shallop's cigar and then withdrew.

Then, Mr. Shallop, with a curious glance at his client, cleared his throat, and said:

"Now to business, I suppose."

"Ay, cut away," said Jack, careless-

(To be continued.)

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