

Don't Trust to Luck— When ordering Tea, but insist on getting the reliable.

"SALADA" The Tea That Never Disappoints Black, Green or Mixed - Sealed Packets Only.

PARTED BY GOLD

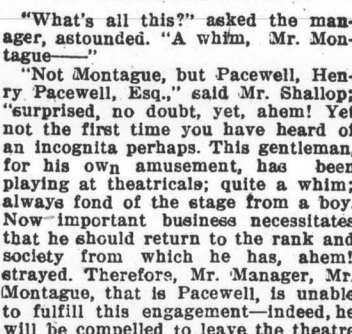
"Come," he said, "I don't understand you in the least. What are you driving at?" "This Mr. Montague has turned out to be another man. Can you guess whom?" "How the deuce should I?" retorted Jack, who, with some little reason, was getting angry. "Well," said Mr. Shallop, "I wanted to break it gently; don't be impatient. Horatius Montague, of the Signet, is none other than Harry Pacewell. Jack looked at him perfectly unconcerned. "Well?" he said. Mr. Shallop stared. "The missing brother," he said, "the heir to the Pacewell estates. Why, man, don't you realize the catastrophe? You are penniless and in debt, with all the mesne profits to pay this Mr. Montague, the rightful owner."

cating a gentleman by his side with a roll of the accommodating hat, said: "Good evening, Miss Montague. Do you know where Mr. Montague is? We have been looking for him everywhere." Mary bowed to the gentleman, who was none other than Mr. Shallop, and who had bowed his head and saluted her with deepest respect, and replied that her father had gone to his room. "Ah!" said the manager; "well, if you will wait here a few minutes, Mr. Shallop, Mr. Montague will be passing through and you will catch him." And having caught sight of some one or something requiring his attention the manager started off. Mr. Shallop put up his gold eyeglasses, and looked after Mary and then turned around about. "Bless me, bless me!" he murmured. "What a marvelous change this will be from the greenroom of the Signet to a Belgravia mansion! How will he take it, I wonder? This must be he."

and, in fact, I came here to-night to tell you that—" "Mr. Montague!" shouted the boy; "the stage is waiting." And Mr. Montague, breaking away from Mr. Shallop, hurried off, leaving the long-winded attorney to murmur, as he raised his eyelashes: "Most extraordinary! Here's a man can't wait to hear that he's dropped into a fortune!" Half an hour afterward, Mary, who was in her room, heard her father's voice raised in a half shriek. Snatching a shawl from the dresser's hand, she ran into the greenroom and saw her father leaning against the table, his hand pressed against his side and his face pale and working. Mr. Shallop had had hold of his arm, and was crying out for some water, which an imp had started off to procure. At sight of Mary the old man raised his head, flushed a deep red and put out a shaking hand. "Mary, come to me, come to me!" She flew to him, and drew him toward her, but with a sudden start he looked up, raised his head, and with a smile of self-satisfied pride said, with a slight wave of his hand: "Mary, my dear, this—er—gentleman is Mr. Shallop, an—er—attorney. Mr. Shallop, my daughter, Miss Montague."

The gentleman bowed to the ground. Mary stared, and, looking at her father's proud, satisfied face, thought his senses had deserted him under some sudden shock, and looked from one to the other with frightened distress. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Montague," said Mr. Shallop, twiddling his glasses; "it is only a sudden faintness brought on by some unexpected news." "Unexpected news, my dear," murmured Mr. Montague, looking around, with a proud, bland air upon the small crowd coming in at the door. "Unexpected news. Er—er—don't you think, Mr. Shallop, it would be as well to—er—to tell our friends?" "Certainly," said Mr. Shallop, eager to gratify the poor old man's sudden pride. "Yes, certainly. Ah, here comes the manager," he added, as that gentleman pushed his way through the throng, all anxiety as to the director's health, remembering that there were still two more acts of the "Pirate's Gorge" unplayed. "What's the matter? Not ill, Montague? able to play, I hope?" "Not ill," said Mr. Shallop, twisting his eyeglasses and taking upon himself to answer. "Not ill, I am thankful to say, but unable to play. Indeed, Mr. Montague, the pleasure of your performance—the gentleman ought never to have played at all. All a whim, an idle, fanciful whim, my dear sir, which I hope is now gratified, I may say, satisfied."

BUY CANADIAN GOODS BUT BUY THE BEST CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

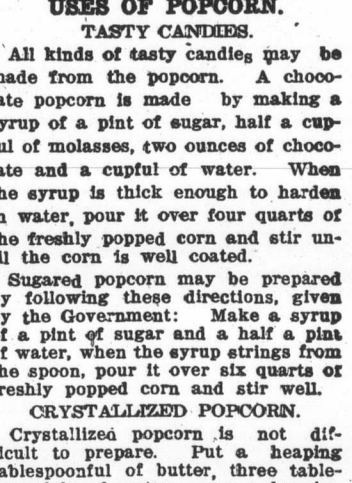


"What's all this?" asked the manager, astounded. "A whim, Mr. Montague." "Not Montague, but Pacewell, Henry Pacewell, Esq.," said Mr. Shallop; "surprised, no doubt, yet, ahem! Yet not the first time you have heard of an incognito perhaps. This gentleman, for his own amusement, has been playing at theatricals; quite a whim; always fond of the stage from a boy. Now important business necessitates that he should return to the rank and society from which he has, ahem! strayed. Therefore, Mr. Manager, Mr. Montague, that is Pacewell, is unable to fulfill this engagement—indeed, he will be compelled to leave the theatre immediately. Is not that correct, sir?" he concluded, turning with a great show of respect to the erect and haughtily smiling plate. "Quite correct," said the weak old man, avoiding his daughter's eyes which sought his inquiringly and even doubtfully. "Quite correct, and now, Mary, my dear, change those things," he shuddered as he glanced at her white muslin dress, and in that downward glance caught sight of his own and shuddered again. "And—I—er—will change mine," taking her in his arm to the door. "But," said the manager, distracted at this double blow, "who is to play your parts? What is to become of me? I shall have the house about my ears, I—"

pale, too, many, for her heart misgave her that her father had been ungrateful to the manager and proud to his fellow-actors. Tears were not far from her eyelids, and they would have dropped upon her cheek had not a sudden accident-frightened them away. Just as the brougham rattled up, Anderson, the actor, came hurrying from the stage, and, all dressed as he was in his tinsel and spangled, stood breathless before them. "You—you won't say good-bye!" he gasped. "You are going to roll in riches in wealth, going to be grand people, and you won't say good-bye, you're too proud! Well, I'll return good for evil, I will. I'll just say a word in your ear, Mr. Montague, or Mr. Pacewell." "Say what you have to say right here, my good man," said Mr. Montague, with a condescending wave of the hand. "Oh, very well, I don't mind," said Anderson. "It's only a word of warning: Don't you be took in, don't you fall into the trap that some one has set for you; don't you be made a fool of, Montague. There's some one been playing the fine generous gentleman lately—you know who I mean—mind he don't make you pay for it. Oh, of course, he hadn't any motive in view, of course not! He didn't want to carney around the man he'd robbed, of course not! He didn't want to make it all right for himself and get something into the bargain! As they drove off Anderson ran to look after them, grinding his teeth and muttering, with a malicious laugh: "Well, Mr. Swell, I think I've cooked your hash: if I've lost her you won't get her, and that's some comfort." Mary, who had listened to every word, felt faint and ill, though she disbelieved the vile accusation, but on the face of the old man, as she saw it by the fitting gas lamps, there rested a look of angry suspicion. Mr. Shallop remained silent; and so they drove home to tell Patsie of the good news, while poor Jack sat with his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire, and trying, vainly, to realize the situation and contrive some means to pay his debts. (To be continued.)

what you'll find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives you just the help that you need. To be had in liquid or tablets. Tablet form, 50 cents, at all drug stores. It is a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. You can procure a trial pkg. by sending 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. TILSONBURG, Ont.—"A few years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. I would have pains in my head and would suffer with backache. I was ailing for about two years. Had doctored but did not seem to get cured of the ailment. At last I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It built me up and I felt better in every way than I had for two years previously."—MRS. L. HEATH.

"Completely Discouraged" Is the feeling and plaint of women who are "run-down" so low that work drains, aches, back aches, dragging down, feelings, dizziness, pale and weak, little things annoy and "everything goes wrong." Look the other way just a minute and see what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for more than a million women in the last fifty years. What it has done for others it can do for you. A helping hand to lift up weak, tired, over-taxed women—that's what you'll find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives you just the help that you need. To be had in liquid or tablets. Tablet form, 50 cents, at all drug stores.



USES OF POPCORN. TASTY CANDIES. All kinds of tasty candies may be made from the popcorn. A chocolate popcorn is made by making a syrup of a pint of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, two ounces of chocolate and a cupful of water. When the syrup is thick enough to harden in water, pour it over four quarts of the freshly popped corn and stir until the corn is well coated. Sugared popcorn may be prepared by following these directions, given by the Government: Make a syrup of a pint of sugar and half a pint of water, when the syrup strings from the spoon, pour it over six quarts of freshly popped corn and stir well. CRYSTALLIZED POPCORN. Crystallized popcorn is not difficult to prepare. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter, three table-spoonfuls of water and a heaping spoonful of pulverized sugar in a kettle. When the mixture threads add three quarts of popcorn, stir briskly until all the corn is evenly coated, and then take from the fire and stir until it is cooler and each grain is crystallized with sugar. GREAMED POPCORN. Creamed popcorn is another tasty sweet. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a gill of water. Boil without stirring until a drop put into iced water becomes brittle. Remove from the fire and set in an outer pan of boiling water. Drop into the syrup enough crisp popcorn to make it thick. After stirring for half a minute, take out the corn by large spoonfuls and put it on greased paper. As it hardens, roll a spoonful into a ball, then roll this over and over in the freshly popped, sugared corn until the white kernels adhere to the sticky ball. Chapeau Chic. Strong colors and navy. Natural ostrich for fall. Tinsel effects toward winter. Dura and glycerinated ostrich now. And flowers, flowers, flowers—all kinds. Just at present the French are combining black with brown. Battery. Ribbon shapes. Rough straw braids. Embroidered taffetas. Straw veiled with Chantilly. Chapeau of yellow organdy. Hats of Valenciennes edged with fur.

No Case Is Too Old None Too Severe

Mrs. Riches Proves Once Again That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure. She Suffered for Seventeen Years from Kidney Trouble and Now a Well Woman Says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Me." St. Denis Riviere, Richelieu, Quebec, May 26.—(Special)—One of the most remarkable cures in the long record made by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mde. Alf. Riches, well known and highly respected here. For seventeen years Mrs. Riches was a sufferer from kidney disease in its worst forms. To-day she is a well woman. And she says with an earnestness born of conviction, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me." "I suffered for seventeen long years," Mrs. Riches goes on to say. "From backache, headache and sleeplessness my troubles grew to rheumatism and diabetes. I tried the doctor and other medicines, but I got no lasting good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took 12 boxes of them in all. They cured me." Dodd's Kidney Pills are purely and simply a kidney remedy. But no case of kidney trouble is too severe or of too long standing to resist them. If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills, ask your neighbors about them.

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 SWITZER, 608 Olmstead 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.

South Sea "Frightfulness."

In Polynesia spears are pointed and elaborately edged with the teeth of sharks. Such a weapon makes a frightful wound, tearing the flesh to tatters. Another instrument of frightfulness in the South sea archipelagoes is a dagger similarly equipped with shark's teeth. Russian Sturgeon Fisheries. Sturgeon of various species are especially abundant in Russia, where the sturgeon fisheries are of great value. The flesh is eaten when fresh, but is chiefly used in the preserved form, either smoked or salted. More than 10,000 fish are sometimes caught at a single fishing station during the upstream migration, which lasts for a fortnight. The eggs are removed in quantity from the ovaries and separately prepared as "caviare." Count Your Pulse. A new-born baby's pulse should beat from 130 to 140 times per minute; a year-old child's 115 to 130; a four-year-old's 80 to 90; an adult's from 70 to 75, and an aged person's from 60 to 75.—Woman's World.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

The Toronto Fat Stock Show for the year 1919 will be held at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto, on Thursday and Friday, December 11th and 12th. The Union Stock Yards will spare neither time nor expense to make this 1919 exhibit the very best they have ever had. A good-looking lass is quite beside herself when she confronts a good looking glass.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP The Syrup for Pancakes. A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes! In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc. Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand! Could that day ever come? Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown". Sold by Grocers everywhere—2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins. The Canada Starch Co. Limited Montreal.