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## A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"Go back," she said, with her lips on his ear, "unless you can find a pistol, and be ready to shoot;" and she pushed him within the door again.

She stood as before, in an even line with the red bull's-eye of the stove, and listened; there was still a scraping of feet and muttering of voices outside, but not so near the door, and she wondered if the enemy were going round the cabin to attack it from another side. Suddenly a shot rang out in the stillness outside, then another, and the ball came through the window behind her, and passed over her shoulder; there seemed to be a rush and stampede toward the door. She turned and faced it, raising both revolvers, and as she heard the wood of the fallen door split under the tramping feet, her fingers had almost drawn the triggers to welcome the incomers, when out of that cold blackness beyond the door came a slight cough. Katrine's hand dropped to her side, a sick, cold horror came over her as she realized what she would have done in the next instant. That was Talbot's cough. One second more of silence, one more step forward, and her shot would have found his heart. She recoiled where she stood, against the wall, with the sickness of the thought. She could not shoot again now; he was there outside among them—and Stephen, was he here too, or inside? Talbot, she supposed, roused by the noise, had come out and attacked them between the two cabins. Then what she had said to Stephen recurred to her. Suppose he had searched and found a gun, and should come out from the inner room, he would not count on Talbot's presence any more than she had done; he would naturally shoot at the first who crossed the threshold, as she herself had done; he would shoot in the dark, by her orders. The thoughts flashed quicker than lightning through her brain. The horror of the situation, this uncertainty, this killing blindly in the confusion and the darkness, was too great to be borne.

The danger now was greater than even the light could bring. She dropped the pistols on a stool beside her, drew a match from her pocket, and heedless of the perfect mark she herself offered now, struck it and held it over her head. In a second the body across the hearth, the wrecked door, and two pale faces looking in at her from the open, leaped into sight; the enemies, the living ones, were gone. A pool of blood beyond the threshold, and blood on the splintered wood, and their dead companion, only remained. For a moment the three faces, all pale with fear and anxiety, not for themselves, but for each other, stared nervously into each other's eyes in silence. Then Katrine broke it with a laugh and brought down the match from over her head and put it to the lamp on the table.

"Oh, you frightened me so," she said, as she turned up the wick and made it burn, and the men stepped over the door and came in. "I thought I might kill you."

She looked up at them both in the lamp-light, as if to reassure herself they were really there alive.

Talbot laid his six-shooter on the table.

"You frightened me," he returned, jestingly. "I wouldn't come under that straight fire of yours for anything. The men outside were easier to deal with, they got so scared with you shooting in here and me shooting in their rear, they thought we were a band of a dozen at least."

"I'd no idea you were there," murmured Katrine, shuddering still, as she moved from the lamp to the fire and began drawing the half-burned logs together.

"Stephen climbed out of the back window and came round to me; but the first shot had already wakened me. I was getting my clothes on when he came," answered Talbot, walking over to where the dead man lay between the hearth and the door

and surveying him. "Some of your good work, I see," he said, after a minute. "This is one of the lot that came up yesterday afternoon. Tough-looking chap, isn't he? Well, you see I did not kill them all. I gave you the chance you asked for," he added, looking at her with admiring eyes.

"And haven't I made the most of it?" she returned, lifting her flushed face, sparkling with smiles, from the fire.

Stephen had crept in, pale-faced as the corpse itself, and stood now staring at it in a dumb horror. He could not understand how Talbot and his wife could laugh and jest with that terrible object lying motionless between them. Had the danger and ex-



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clamation turned her brain, he wondered, and looked at her apprehensively; but Katrine gave no sign of mental or physical collapse. She looked smiling and well pleased with herself, and was stirring the fire and setting the coffee-pot over the flames as if nothing the least startling or disconcerting had occurred, as if no cold body was lying stretched there by the threshold. Stephen reassured her, let his eyes travel to the corpse, and then, with a groan of horror, sunk back on a chair with his face covered in his hands. Katrine looked up quickly from the fire, and then went over to him, putting an arm softly around his neck.

"What is it, Steve, dear? You weren't hurt, were you?"

"Oh, to have killed him! To have killed a man—how horrible!" muttered Stephen, without lifting his head.

Katrine looked amazed.

"Well, but he would have killed us if he could," she answered. "You kill a mosquito if it annoys you, and that's right. You only kill a man if he tries to kill you, that's quite fair."

"But a murderer!" and Stephen shuddered.

"—see that the shiver of horror under her hand.

"Isn't it better to be a murderer than murdered?" she asked, with a little smile, feeling she had an unanswerable argument.

"Murdered, your body is killed; murdered, your soul," came back in the same stifled voice.

Katrine was silent. She was thinking what a nuisance it was to have a soul that needed so much looking after, never seemed to do any good, and was always obtruding itself and spoiling your best moments of fun in this life.

"We'll take him away," she said, softly, after a minute, noticing that Stephen kept his fingers closely locked over his eyes, as if to shut out some fearful sight. "Talbot, let's take him out," she said to her companion, who stood with his back to the fire, watching them. Stephen made no sign.

Talbot and the girl walked over to the body. It was stiffening rapidly, and the wide-open eyes gazed up glassily to the black rafters of the cabin.

"Might this be useful?" said Talbot, stooping over the man and half drawing the second large revolver from his belt.

"No, take nothing," answered Katrine, haughtily; "we want nothing."

Talbot let the weapon slide back to its place, and they both bent down and lifted the corpse backward over the card door behind him. It was dark outside—a thick, pitchy darkness, with only a gray glare close to the ground from the snow.

"Let's take him to the gulch," whispered Katrine, "and send him down it. It will worry Stephen so if he sees him again."

It was only a few yards to the edge of the ravine. They moved toward it cautiously and stopped upon the brink.

"Are you ready?" Talbot asked in a low tone, and Katrine whispered back, "Yes."

There was a heavy thud, then a soft, rolling sound, and then silence, as the drift-snow in the bottom of

the gulch received, and closed over its gift. They waited a second, then Talbot stretched out his hand toward her, found her arm in the darkness, and they both walked back together.

"It's a pity, Steve is so sensitive," said Katrine, plaintively. "I just saved him and his house and his precious gold, and everything, to-night, and he does not like me a bit for it."

"I think you are a very brave little girl," said Talbot, softly.

"Do you?" returned Katrine, in a pleased voice; and Talbot felt that she turned her face and looked at him in the darkness. "Steve and I don't fit very well, do we?" she added with a sigh; "and he does not fit this life. Somehow I don't believe we shall ever leave this place alive—I have a presentiment we sha'n't. You will—you'll make a success and go back—but we sha'n't."

Talbot did not answer, as they were at the cabin.

Stephen met them at the door as they came in, with a white, stricken face.

"Where were you put it?" he asked in an awed, trembling whisper.

"Down the gulch," replied Katrine, composedly. "Now, Steve, you've not to worry about it any more—it was a necessity."

She glanced round the room and saw that Stephen had been too much shaken to think of putting it in order. The coffee-pot stood where she had left it, and the coffee was boiling over and wasting itself in the fire. She ran to it, took it off, and began pouring it into the cups on the table; but she did not see, the men noticed blood dripping from her wrist into one of the saucers.

"Oh, yes," she said, indifferently, in answer to Stephen's startled exclamation, "I thought I felt my sleeve getting very damp and sticky; there's a graze on the shoulder, I think, and the blood had been crawling slowly down my arm, tickling me horribly. Let's see how it looks!"

She unfastened her bodice, and took it off, seemingly unconscious of Talbot's presence. He stood silently by the hearth, watching her, and thought as he saw her bare white arms and full, strong white neck, how well she would look in a London ball-room. Stephen, all nervous anxiety, was examining her shoulder. A bullet had gone over it, leaving a furrow in the flesh, where the blood welled up slowly. Katrine turned her head aside, and regarded it out of one eye as a bird does. Stephen ran over her and kissed her, murmuring incoherent words of remorseful sorrow. Katrine flung her arms round him and laughed.

"Why, I am delighted! It's been quite worth it—the fun we've had to-night. That's all right; it will be healed in a couple of days. Just tie it up with your hair kerchiefs."

It was an easy place to bind, by passing the kerchiefs round the arm, and by Katrine's directions, Stephen did, with trembling fingers. Talbot had turned away from them, and occupied himself by fixing up the door and stuffing the chinks where the wood had broken. When this was done and the bandaging finished, Stephen brought a seat from the other room and wrapped it round the girl's shoulders, and they all drew in round the fire in a close circle with their cups in their hands.

Their common danger and the sudden realization of how much they were, each of this lovely trio, to the other; how easily any one of them might have been taken from the circle that night, and how irremediable would have been the loss, drew them all closer together as they had never been before—that delicious chord of sweet human sympathy that lies deep down in the heart, and in the human breast, vibrates strongly in their hearts, and they sat round the cheery blaze, talking and laughing softly, and looking at one another, and then smiling as their eyes met, for mere light-heartedness.

CHAPTER VI.

This little excitement quite delighted and pleased Katrine. She had spoken just the truth when she said she wished something like it would happen every day in her life—the only thing that spoiled the fun of it was Stephen's dejection and the persistently depressed way he looked and felt over it. After a day or two the pleasant sense of life having something worth living for passed away again, and the time seemed heavier and slower than ever. Day followed day in a dreiful monotony, and the girl visibly lost health and spirits. She managed a good deal, and

Nothing Like It For Bronchitis And Weak Throat

Doctors now advocate an entirely new method for treating bronchitis and irritable throat. Stomach dosing is no longer necessary. The most approved treatment consists of a healing vapor resembling the pure air of the Adirondacks. This soothing vapor is full of germ-destroying substances, and at the same time is a powerful healing agent. It is sent to the bronchial tubes and lungs through a skillfully devised inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket. Simplicity itself is the keynote of this splendid treatment. CATARRHOZONE is the name of this daily curing chronic cases of weak throat, bronchitis and catarrh. Every breath through the inhaler is laden with soothing, healing substances that destroy all diseased conditions in the breathing organs. It can't fail to cure because it goes where the trouble really exists, and doesn't attempt to cure an illness in the head or throat by means of medicine taken into the stomach. Catarrhozone is a direct, breathable scientific cure.

There is no sufferer from a grippy cold or a winter ill that will not find a cure in Catarrhozone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, lawyers and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large size lasts two months and costs \$1.00 and is guaranteed; small size 50 cents, sample size 25 cents; all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

A SOUTH SEA LEGEND.

One of the most picturesque legends connected with the solar beams is that told in the islands of the South Pacific, where unbeams are known as the ropes of Maui. It is related that in former times the sun god, Ra, was not so regular in his habits as he is to-day. In fact, he caused the South Sea Islanders much annoyance by setting in the morning, or at noon, or at other inopportune times, just when his light was needed for the daily tasks of mankind.

The great hero Maui undertook to cure him of these erratic habits, and the first step was to make the sun god prisoner. This was accomplished by laying a series of six snares, made of strong cocoon fibre, along the sun's path in the sky. When the deity next rose from Avaiki, or the land of the ghosts, the first noose encircled him, but slipped down and only caught his feet; the second slipped, too, but caught the sun god's knees; the third caught around his hips.

Still Ra pressed on, scarcely hampered by these contrivances. The fourth noose tightened around his waist, the fifth under his arms, and finally the sixth and last caught him around the neck and almost strangled him. Then the sun god confessed himself vanquished and, in fear of his life, promised Maui that he would in future adjust his daily journey more in accordance with the comfort and convenience of mortal men.

Ra was then allowed to proceed on his way, but Maui prudently declined to take off the ropes, which may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn, and when he descends into the ocean at night. Hence the Islanders say, when they behold the beams radiating from the sun, "Tena te Taura a Maui"—see the ropes of Maui.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

## THIS WOMAN'S MISERY

Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Remarkable Recovery of Mrs. Church.

Smiths Falls, Ont.—"I suffered with falling of my organs, pains around my heart and in bowels and down my legs, neuralgia in my face and head, and that every day I was always recommend the Vegetable Compound, and you can use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. O. CHURCH, Box 246, Smiths Falls, Ont.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from nervous prostration, displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion and dizziness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

If there are any complications about which you need advice write in confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

His Mind in the Clouds.

Rev. George Harvett was to have been married to the daughter of Bishop Compton, of London, but on the morning fixed for the ceremony forgot all about it and went off fishing. Much indignation was felt by the bride and her friends, and the engagement was broken off. But the reverend gentleman's second engagement was equally unsuccessful. Once more he forgot to come up to the church and lost his expectant bride in consequence.



CENTENARY OF JENNY LIND

Jenny Lind, commonly called the Swedish Nightingale, was born in Stockholm on October 6, 1820. She was the daughter of a lace manufacturer, and the discovery of her marvelous musical voice was due to Mlle. Lundberg, an opera dancer, who induced her mother to allow her to be educated for the stage. At seventeen years of age she was singing in Grand Opera, and in 1841, at twenty-one years of age she went to Paris, she had already become identified with nearly all the parts in which she afterwards became famous. Her celebrity in Sweden was due in a great measure to her wonderful histrionic ability, her wonderful vocal art being only attained after a year's hard study under Manuel Garcia, who had to remedy many faults that had caused exhaustion in her vocal organs. On the completion of her education, she sang in Paris, Berlin, and all the great cities of Europe.

In 1847 she was induced by Lumley, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, to come to England, where her advent created an unprecedented furore. Her triumph in London exceeded everything of the kind that had ever taken place there or anywhere else. The crowds of admirers who stood for hours to gain entrance to the pit, have become historic. She appeared in opera in all the great cities of England and Scotland, her tour being a triumphal success.

In 1850 she was brought to the United States by the late P. T. Barnum. Her first concert in old Castle Garden is one of the famous events in the musical and operatic history of New York City. The famous singer gave her entire share of the proceeds of the concerts, which amounted to over \$10,000 to the various charities of the city. She remained in the United States for nearly two years, being the greater part of the time engaged by Mr. Barnum. While in Boston she was married, on Feb. 5, 1852, to Otto Goldschmidt, whom she had met at Lubeck in 1850. She returned to England, which she made her home for the rest of her life; and appeared in oratorios and concerts, where her dramatic instincts were as strongly and advantageously displayed as they had been on the stage.

Her whole life was one of great nobility, and she was distinguished for her generosity. She gave largely of her means to promote the happiness of humanity, recognizing that her voice was a great trust, which was not to be used merely for purposes of personal fame and aggrandizement.

Nothing Like It For Bronchitis And Weak Throat

Re... ble Cures in the Worst Cases Reported Daily

CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS.

The Flowing Tide.

No one, however great his genius or high his position, is all-important to the world; his work will go on without him. There may be ripples and disturbances in the current for a time when he sinks out of sight, but the tide will soon be flowing on as before. This truth may be painful to personal vanity, but it is comforting to every generous soul that care more for others than for self.

RHEUMATIC PEOPLE CAN ONLY FIND RELIEF BY ENRICHING THE BLOOD.

Rheumatism is a disorder of the blood. It attacks people when the blood is overcharged with acid and impurities, thus setting up inflammation in the muscles and joints. Wet weather or cold weather may start the tortures of rheumatism, but is not the cause. The cause is in the blood and the blood only. Victims of this malady have every reason to fear the first dull ache in the limbs and joints, followed by sharp pains through the flesh and muscles; these are the symptoms of poison in the blood which will shortly leave the victim pain-racked and helpless.

There is only one way to cure rheumatism, and that is through the blood. Liniments, hot applications, and rubbing may give temporary ease, but cannot possibly root the trouble out of the system. That can only be done by the rich, red blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. This new blood drives out the poisons, acids and impurities, and the rheumatism disappears. If you are a sufferer from this painful malady begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how soon the pains and stiffness of the joints fade away, leaving behind new energy and new health.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Once Thought to be Worthless.

The shark is found to furnish about 11.9 per cent. of hide, 31.3 of edible food, and 44.7 of fertilizer material, and a ten pound liver yielded three quarts of oil. The oil, fairly free from fishy odor, is well adapted for tanning and paint. The dried fertilizer material equal about 20 per cent. of the total weight of the shark, and contains 18.3 per cent. of nitrogen. The stomach may be utilized for leather.

Looked Like Intended Suicide

The citizen who was brandishing a fierce looking razor, says it wasn't suicide but corns he was thinking about. Needless to say, his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor—very wise, because Putnam's cures in 24 hours; try it, 25c. at all dealers.

## THE MAORIS.

Inhabitants of New Zealand Are Dying Out.

When Captain Cook, the famous navigator, landed at Poverty Bay, New Zealand, in October, 1769, the natives took his ship for a gigantic bird and were struck with the size and beauty of its wings. He spent nearly a year cruising around the islands and cultivating friendly relations with the inhabitants.

They appeared to be amiable and exceptionally intelligent; yet infanticide was commonly practiced, and cannibalism was an established habit. The Maoris thought nothing of making an armed descent upon a distant island, rounding up its people, and accomplishing a thorough clean-up by eating them all in leisurely fashion.

Captain Cook estimated their number at 400,000. To-day there are not more than 40,000 left alive. Like other native races all over Oceania, the Maoris are dying out. They earned the admiration of Europeans by the skill and bravery with which they defended their country in a long series of wars against the white invaders. At one time the British had 10,000 soldiers in New Zealand.

The origin of the Maoris is uncertain, but they are presumably of Malay stock. They have a tradition of the islands were first settled by descendants of the Maoris who came from a distant land in fourteen canoes. Most cherished of their ancient weapons are war-clubs made of translucent and very beautiful green stone. A British sea captain once asked a chief what he would take in exchange for his club, and the reply was "Your ship."

The chief explained that the lifetime of one man was required to make such a war club. Very likely this was true. For when an attempt was made to turn out clubs of like pattern from the same material with the help of machinery, the result was failure, owing to the extreme hardness of the stone.

## Anaemic Paleness Quickly Changed To Rosy Cheeks

Chlorosis or anaemia is simply thinness of blood. If confined too much indoors, anaemia develops, because the lungs are insufficiently supplied with oxygen, and the blood is consequently ill-nourished and half-starved.

But there is a cure! Dr. Hamilton has solved the problem in his famous pills of Mandrake and Butternut; as a blood enricher their equal is not known. All the functions upon which life depends are helped by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Richness and purity are instilled with wonderful promptness into the vital fluid.

Healthy color supplants the pallid, ashen face.

Better appetite, strong digestion and dreamless sleep, are sure to follow, because of the increased blood supply furnished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Think it over!

Will it pay you to look and feel half-dead, to lack color and spirit, when all can be changed by Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Better act at once.

Your case is more curable now than later on.

Dr. Hamilton personally guarantees his pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Their merit is unquestioned. Thousands of anaemics they have cured and kept well.

They will do just the same for you. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.

SCIENCE.

Virginia's coal production is steadily increasing, the state's output of 6,507,097 short tons last year being far ahead of any previous record.

A German chemist claims to have melted metals in a vacuum by focusing the sun's rays upon them, without necessitating the use of a container of high heat resisting properties.

For both military and industrial purposes an automobile has been built in France in which the platform tilts to the ground to receive loads drawn upon it by a capstan with which it is equipped. The livers of one hundred codfish are needed to produce a gallon of oil.

The Japanese process of dwarfing a pine tree lasts about ten years.

More than forty varieties of mosquitoes make their homes in New Jersey. Nearly 30,000,000 acres of wheat were planted throughout India this year.

Two Paris department stores use storage battery driven electric tricycles to deliver purchases to customers.

A steamship line between New York and Bermuda has equipped its vessels with an apparatus to take moving pictures of their passengers for their amusement.

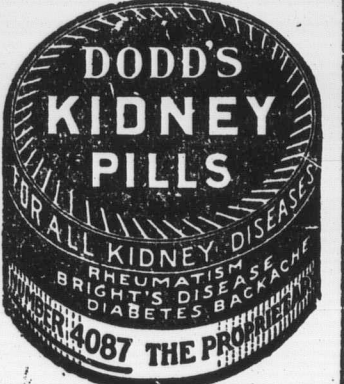
The world's largest iodine works are in the north of Chile, having an annual output of 400,000 pounds.

Both German and British East Africa are rapidly becoming factors in the world's supply of rubber.

Some railroads in Germany are equipping their locomotive cabs with coconuts to absorb the vibration, which is said to affect the hearing of the members of their crews.

PARDONABLE IGNORANCE.

Prior to the marriage ceremony, the justice asked the bridegroom the usual questions, father's name, Christian name, mother's maiden name, etc. Whereupon the dusky bridegroom interposed: "You all better not ask me my father's maiden name, 'cause I don't know it!"



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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

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