

THE GREAT SUCCESS

attending the sale of



Ceylon Tea is owing to the fact that when once tried it is never forsaken. Sold only in lead packets, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. Black, mixed or green. By all grocers.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,
Author of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "The Woman in Gray," "Queen Sweetheart," "Fortune's Sport," "The Barn Stormers," etc.
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The tears started to my eyes, and I turned away. "This wouldn't have made any difference," I said in a muffled, broken voice. "But there even are more reasons why I can't believe what you ask me to do than you know. That's partly why I came, for I would give anything to help you."

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Suddenly a light flashed into his eyes, and his face flushed up to his forehead. "You are an angel of generosity," he said, in a conventional tone, though a quiver ran through his voice. Then, very low and quick—so quick, so unexpectedly that I could scarcely understand—he spoke in Italian. "For more than my life, go to the room of the murderer; get in somehow, and take from the front of the stove, under the ashes, a parchment. Give it to Juliette with your own hands. Every moment counts. I've no one else to ask, or I'd cut off my hand sooner than put it on you."

With a swift, resolute movement of suspicion the warden came close to us. "That is forbidden," he said, sternly. In what language did you speak?"

"He spoke in Italian," I answered, hastily, looking as innocent as I could, "and he only bade me good-bye. We have been very dear friends. It is hard not to have a last word for ourselves alone."

"That may be true; but it is nevertheless forbidden," replied the warden, glaring reproachfully at Noel. "I must report this; and no further communication can be permitted."

With this, Noel was so sharply ordered to get on his feet, tingling, and I should have liked to kill the whole French police force. To hear a little wretched policeman speak like that to my dear, brave, Englishman, and to know that it would only be childish of him to resist—oh, it was unbearable!

Noel only held his head rather high, and pressed his lips together, and until I had driven part of the way towards home that I entirely realized the full meaning of those few hurried, stolen sentences in Italian, with which Noel had defied the law.

I was to go—I was to do—oh, it wasn't possible that Noel should have asked such a thing of me!

But the protest my soul could not change the thing that was. He had asked it, and he had said that it meant "more than his life." He had dared to send me on a mission to that wretched man for whose sake he had flung my love away, and I would go. Oh, yes, I would go, if it killed me. I told him that I would "do anything," and he had taken advantage.

A kind of fury possessed me. If I had known that death in some ghastly form awaited me in the horrible house to which Noel was sending me, still I would have gone.

When the first confusion of my mind had passed I thought very clearly—as clearly as I ever had in my life. Noel's words—"get in somehow"—were in themselves a warning that I should have difficulty in getting admittance to the room where the murderer had been done.

I tried to think it all out, ignorant as I was of such things. The body, probably, would have been taken away by the time I reached the house; but I would be guarded by the police. If not that—since many people lived there and would be inconvenienced by such a proceeding—at all events it was certain that I should have to get in without being seen in the act, and no harm than good accomplished, I would have to bribe somebody very heavily. Even that I had not thought of, but it would surely be the only hope; and I turned my attention to considering my resources.

I had left home at very short notice, and had only brought with me to Paris what I had at hand—enough to do a little shopping, which would be more a cloak for my state of mind than a genuine pleasure.

This morning I had started out with about twenty pounds, after giving Marion the same amount, and I had bought a couple of expensive hats, some silk stockings, and some smart handkerchiefs in the Rue de la Paix.

So now I hadn't much more than five pounds left. Marion had spent quite as much as I had, and I remembered laughing at Aunt Clem's slang, when she had exclaimed on the way to Ritz's that she was "cleaned out."

If I found that I had to bribe some policeman in charge, or even the concierge, it would be worse than useless to make a stony bid. I must offer so large an amount that, even if the bribed official were discovered and dismissed, he would have at least what he could have earned in his situation in a year. That might really tempt him. The sum that suggested itself to me was a hundred pounds. I might begin with offering less, but I would want to have that to work up to if necessary. Yet how was I to get it?

Of course, I might apply to Lord Gawain, but he is such a reckless man about money, always forgetting to take enough when he goes anywhere, that it was doubtful if he would have as much to spare in a hurry; and even if he had he would be very curious and surprised at my asking for it at a moment's notice. And I must have it at a moment's notice, for Noel said that he had a desperate look in his eyes, that "every minute counted."

There wasn't time to telegraph home—there wasn't time to do anything; but suddenly in the cab I clapped my hands together and gave a little cry—for the queerest idea had darted into my head.

The new law the hotel was, and that if I said I could get money at a certain time it would be all right. I couldn't ask them very well to lend it, though, for I was not security at all. But there was that diamond necklace I had found. It wouldn't be claimed till tomorrow some time, even if I sent an advertisement to the papers first thing when I got home;—which, shouldn't really take time to do; and, meanwhile, I would ask the manager if it were real, as I hoped, he might do that as a favor; and I could get the money from home in 24 hours; yet if it were not real? Well, I could but try!

[To be Continued.]

A Prominent American Bishop Writes for the Benefit of Canadian Sufferers.

He Strongly Recommends

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Health-Giving Spring Medicine.

Thousands of prominent clergymen in Canada and other lands through the use of Paine's Celery Compound are happily pursuing their pastoral duties and ministering with success to their congregations. Heart trouble, sleeplessness, nervousness, sluggish and impure blood, weak digestion, constipation and headache, are the troubles that drug clergymen down to deeper sufferings and perils. Today, Paine's Celery Compound is the chief home medicine of all wise and prudent ministers and priests. A vast number of them owe their lives and present good health to Dr. Paine's world-renowned preparation that "makes sick people well." Rev. John S. Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., writes as follows:

"I have been asked why I recommended Paine's Celery Compound, and I desire to put on record frankly my reasons for this endorsement, hoping that my words may inspire those readers who need health and strength with faith to try Paine's Celery Compound, and prove to themselves its worth."

At the Fanny Allen Hospital, an institution in which I am deeply interested, Paine's Celery Compound has been used successfully. The Sisters of Mercy at Mount St. Mary's Academy on Mansfield street rely upon Paine's Celery Compound as a tonic and strengthener. In my own household one of the domestic has taken Paine's Celery Compound for liver trouble and headache, and she says, "It has done more good than any other medicine." Several priests have spoken to me in praise of this remedy, and I believe it is the confidence of my associates. Even if I did not know from personal observation of the worth of Paine's Celery Compound I should feel like praising it for the simple reason that it is prepared by Dr. J. C. Paine & Co., of Lowell, Mass., a firm whose members I have known for nearly a quarter of a century, and in whom I have perfect confidence."

The birth rate in England and Wales last year was 28.6 per 1,000 of the population, slightly higher than in 1901, but lower than in any other year on record. The death rate was 16.3 per 1,000, and was the lowest on record. The natural increase of the population by excess of births over deaths was 405,739.

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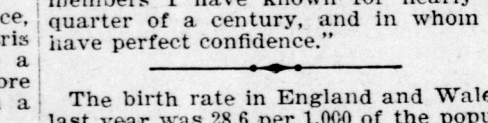
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DEFIANT WON THE STAKES

London Gunners Were Defeated at Woodstock.

The Shamrock's Trials—Interesting Sporting News.

By Way of Comment.

Another trophy has been brought home by a London team. It is the symbol of superiority in whist for the Dominion, and one of which not only the winning team should be proud, but also every citizen of London who takes even a passing interest in this popular game. The best players in Canada were met at the congress, and the victory was an evidence of pure merit and skill. Great importance is attached to this event, and it is regarded as the premier contest of Canada. Much credit is reflected upon the gentlemen who won and the organization to which they belong. The latter, known as the London Whist Club, had gained a fine local reputation for itself, but now its players will have gained the name of being able to set the highest standard of whist in the country.

THE TURF.

WON BIG STAKES.

Memphis, Tenn., April 12.—The Tennessee Oaks, for 3-year-old fillies, at one mile was won today by Defiant, in a driving finish by a head from Sarah Maxim, which beat Avoid by a length for second money. The race was a muddy track, and the time, 1:45½, is considered creditable. Summary: First race, 5 furlongs—Alfred, 11 to 10; Joe Buckley, 5 to 1; Insolence, 6 to 1; Time, 1:38½. Second race, 5 furlongs—Claremont, 4 to 5; Bird Pond, 15 to 1; Lady Free Knight, 8 to 1; Time, 1:34. Third race, 1½ miles—Mankin, 4 to 5; Major Tenny, 6 to 5; Rolling Boer, 7 to 1; Time, 1:51. Fourth race, 1 mile—Tennessee Oaks, \$1,500 added—Defiant, 6 to 5; Sarah Maxim, 5 to 1; Avoid, 2 to 1; Time, 1:45½. Fifth race, 7½ furlongs—Favonius, 5 to 5; Henry Bert, 30 to 1; Scotch Plaid, 4 to 1; Time, 4:37. Sixth race, 6 furlongs—O'Hagan, 15 to 1; John Coulter, 7 to 1; Miss Hume, 7 to 1; Time, 1:17½. THE FRISCO MEET.

Oakland, Cal., April 13.—The weather was clear and track fast. First race, 6 furlongs—Sly, 2 to 1; Berendos, 12 to 1; Sharp Bird, 3 to 1; Time, 1:30½. Second race, 1½ miles—The Mighty, 8 to 1; Ravelona, 7 to 5; 2; Florida Belle, 50 to 1; Time, 3:42. Third race, 1½ miles—Disturber, 4 to 1; July Gyp, 25 to 1; 2; Blessed Damsel, 8 to 1; Time, 1:49. Fourth race, 4 miles—Gorgoleto, 15 to 1; Autolight, 4 to 1; 2; The Fretter, 10 to 1; Time, 1:43½. Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—Lizalee Rice, 7 to 5; Clivoso, 8 to 1; 2; Somenos, 4 to 1; Time, 1:38. Sixth race, 1 mile and 50 yards, selling—Rio Spannon, 4 to 1; Position, 3 to 1; Golden Light, 6 to 1; Time, 1:45½.

Washington, April 13.—Drizzling rain and a heavy track at Benning today. Two favorites, two second choices and three outsiders won. Tomorrow will be the last of the meeting.

First race, selling, 1½ miles, over 6 flights of hurdles—Gyp, 15 to 1; (Mara), 11 to 5; Alma Girl, 125 (Pinnigan), 7 to 10 and out; 2; Collegian, 144 (Bernard), 15 to 1. Second race, selling, 5½ furlongs—Plan-takenet, 37 (Chappel), 10 to 1; Sir Chris-tian, 145 (Minoph), 10 to 1; 2; Blue and Orange, 100 (Haack), 4 to 1; 3; Time, 1:11. Third race, selling, 4½ furlongs—Sude Christian, 94 (H. Callahan), 30 to 1; 2; Ora McKinnis, 39 (Redfern), even and out; 2; Pleasant Memories, 165 (Fisher), 7 to 5; 3; Time, 59. Fourth race, Eastern Monday steeple-chase, selling, 2½ miles—Rex (R. C. Hinson), 50 to 1; 2; Walter Cleary, 157 (Mar), 2 to 1 and 7 to 10; 3; Gold Ray, 67 (Bernhardt), 8 to 1; 2; 5; 3; Time, 5:48. Fifth race, 7 furlongs—Mezzo, 106 (Wilkinson), 4 to 1; Lord Advocate, 106 (T. Burns), 7 to 1; Jerry, 111 (Blake), 8 to 1; 3; Time, 1:32½. Sixth race, selling, 6½ furlongs—Mollie Britton, 105 (Haack), 3 to 1; Flare, 105 (Doyle), 4 to 1 and 5 to 2; Blue Victor, 105 (Mulholland), 4 to 1; 3; Time, 1:28. Seventh race, handicap, 70 yards—Circus, 100 (Redfern), 1 to 2; 1; Blidell, 120 (Gannon), 6 to 1 and 6 to 2; 2; Far le Duc, 56 (Haack), 3½ to 1; 3; Time, 1:53.

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TRIGGER.

LONDON LOST.

Woodstock, Ont., April 13.—The new grounds of the Woodstock Gun Club, situated on the Beachville road, were formally opened this afternoon with a friendly shoot and members of the London and Woodstock Gun Clubs. There were twelve men on a side, and they shot at 25 birds apiece. Woodstock won by 44 points, the score being 209 to 185.

YACHTING.

DEFENDER'S MAST FITTED.

Bristol, K. L., April 13.—The steel mainmast of the American clipper ship, the Reliance was successfully stepped to-day, and the work of rigging was well under way before night. Early in the forenoon the yacht was warped up to the pier and the mast, which had been lifted high in the air by the shears, was slowly lowered to its place aboard. The heavy mast forced the Reliance down in the water several inches forward, giving her a more even trim than she possessed while her deck was bare. The riggers at once began connecting the shrouds and head stay. It is thought the work will be completed in the course of a week.

ENGLISH PAPERS COMMENT.

London, April 13.—T. P. Fay, editor of the Rudder, expresses the opinion that in view of the showing she made in Saturday's race, Shamrock III. is the best boat the British have ever had, and that the Reliance must be a fair match for her. The Rudder says that it is prepared by the Rudder and Shamrock Company, a firm whose members I have known for nearly a quarter of a century, and in whom I have perfect confidence."

POSTPONED TRIAL.

Weymouth, Eng., April 13.—Shamrock I's spinnaker boom, which was carried away by a steam yacht which fouled the old cup challenger during the race with Shamrock III. off Weymouth Saturday, has been spliced, but it has been decided to postpone further contests under actual racing conditions between the two boats until a new spar can be fitted between the two boats. The Shamrocks was arranged for today, but their departure was delayed while awaiting the moderation of a hard northerly wind. Most of the forenoon was occupied with altering the challenger's mainsail, which had been stretched considerably. The two yachts left their anchorage about 11 o'clock this morning, and fetched out to start a trial race, but the wind, even inside the breakwater, was harder and more squally than anything the challenger previously had experienced. The boats staggered under their lower canvas alone. Outside the breakwater conditions were worse, and after a con-

The Barometer

Of the body is the secretion from the kidneys. When that is clouded, or shows a brick-dust deposit, look out for trouble in the human system. Heed the warning, or soon it will be too late. Keep the kidneys in good working order if you would have health and vigor. The best kidney regulator is

Trade-Mark
Bu-Ju

It stimulates weakened, clogged or overworked kidneys to healthy action and the result is soon manifested in the improved condition of the entire system.

At all druggists; box of 50 pills 50 cents. Refuse substitutes.

The Claplin Chemical Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

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