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Natural Green Ceylon Tea has placed it on top. Packed only in sealed lead packets, the same as delicious Salada Black Tea.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS.

Highest Award at St. Louis, 1904.

Shadow and Sunlight

Heavily, more mechanically than with any direct intention, she moistens the parched lips again, and crouching on the floor in her long habit, stares stonily at the white face. Suddenly a shudder runs through the dying girl's frame, and she turns her eyes to Madge. As she does so, a change comes into them, and a faint, feeble cry breaks from the wan lips. Madge knows as well as if the lips had spoken that the woman recognizes her. So they remain eye to eye.

At last, with a little gasp, the woman stretches out her hand, and Madge, obeying instinctively the entreaty, draws nearer.

"You—you—know—all?" gasps the rapidly falling voice. "For heaven's sake, answer! You know all!"

Madge remains white, marble, ice, without speech or movement or expression. A look of pity, of deep, infinite pity, creeps slowly on the wan face.

"Heaven forgive him!" she murmurs. "I—I—would not have spoken. I would have died—in—silence! He has told you? Where is he?—no! Do not let him come! I—I died in Rome. He is—he is your husband!"

Then with a look of awful entreaty she stretches out her hands toward the ceiling.

"Guy! Guy!" breaks from her lips in a sob, and the hands fall to the coverlet, and Madge knows that she is dead.

Then the strain upon Madge's heart relaxes, something seems to go with a crash, and she sinks on to the ground and hides her face against the bed.

Suddenly a faint gleam of light, after all, this is but the madness of delirium, but the fanciful fiction of a diseased brain?

The hope—even while she nourishes it, it is so poor a one—brings her to her feet, white and trembling, and she moves to the door; as she does so, she turns; she cannot leave the dead woman's face, and in doing so, sees a piece of folded paper lying on the bed on which it had evidently fallen from the dead hand.

She takes it and unfolds it—does this mechanically, as one in some great moment of existence, fraught with eventualities of more than life and death, pauses to trifle with some object near at hand.

As mechanically she sees that it is a half-written, half-written form of some kind; then, with great care, she staggers back against the wall and stares at the paper with horrified eyes.

It is a marriage certificate. It is the marriage certificate of Mary Lisle and Guy, Earl Lashwood. It is true he was not so poor, but the names are not even fictitious, they are two of his Christian and family names.

Then all hope flies and she stands face to face with the truth.

The truth! What is it? As she asks herself the question, Madge feels the blood rising to her face and neck in a burning lava flood of agony and shame, and then it ebbs back, and leaves her cold, and white as snow.

This—this lying dead on the bed beneath her eyes, was Guy's wife, was the Countess Lashwood; and she—she, Madge—is what?

With a low cry she shrinks to the ground, for all the air seems filled with mocking spirits, shrieking wildly:

"His mistress!"

Her very agony saves her from some rash act. There is a knife on the table close to her hand. She has but to take it—she does reach out her hand toward it, when she starts up—

"No! It is false! False!"

Even as the voice leaves her lips, there is the sound of a horseman outside, an impatient knock at the door, a more impatient voice calling to her:

"Madge! Madge! Are you here?"

It is Guy.

At his voice she stands upright and glances at the door for a moment; then, as she hears his well-known step, she rushes forward with a low, glad cry, and meets him in the other room.

"Guy! Guy!" she sobs.

He takes her in his arms with an eager anxiety.

"Why, Madge, my darling! What is the matter? Are you frightened? You are not hurt?" and his voice trembles. "Where are the Sandersons? Are there no one here? Look round impatiently. 'My darling, how you tremble! What is the matter?'

Madge sobs and laughs hysterically.

OFFENSIVE BREATH

It is usually caused by constipation, which permits the vilest matter to collect in the system. To have your breath sweet, keep the bowels regular. Let Dr. Hamilton's Pills assist you. They stimulate the bowels promptly, and cure constipation in one night. Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills before retiring, and your breath will be all right next morning. Used by thousands in preference to any other medicine because mild, yet sure to do the work thoroughly. Impossible to improve on Dr. Hamilton's Pills for headache, biliousness, sick stomach and bad breath.

Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills whether sick or well. Twenty-five cents per box or four for \$1, at all dealers, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

me live! Oh, Guy, have mercy: kill me now! Now, this moment! Don't let me live in misery and shame! Kill me, Guy!"

White and trembling he puts out his hand to touch her, then, feeling all unworthy, let it fall to his side.

"What shall I do?" she wails, her beautiful eyes burning dry as hot coals, her lips writhing. "Guy, tell me what to do? I am all alone—alone! I am helpless, with no one in the world to stretch out a hand! Tell me what to do! Oh, Guy, you loved me once—tell me before I go mad!"

"Oh, heaven!" he groaned, the sweat breaking out in great beads.

"I—for heaven's sake get up—do not touch me, Madge—I am not fit—I—keep away from me. You—you must go!"

"Go," she echoes, vacantly—"where—where? Where can I hide? Guy tell me—have mercy! Am I mad—or dreaming? Wake me, Guy!" and still tearless, she clings to him, her eyes burning into his soul.

Remember, that he loves her; that he loves her, though he has sinned against her, and acknowledge that, though his sin is great, great and heavy, is his punishment.

"Madge," he says, hoarsely, bending down—"Madge—my darling—be calm—you shall not go—yes, we will both go away out of the accursed world. Listen, Madge—and a faint, eager flush comes into his face—"you are my wife. You are! I repeat it—listen—"

But his words have broken the spell. With a bounding she tears herself away from him, and points to the bed.

[To be Continued.]

LABOR LEADER WELL TRAINED

Sent to Oxford University by His Union.

BOLTON, M.P., FORMER NEWSBOY

Some of the Men Who Have Won Seats in the New British Parliament.

London, Feb. 13.—The youngest Labor member of Parliament is in one respect the most interesting of them all.

He represents the type of the future—the workman with a university training.

Mr. J. T. Macpherson, who in his 34th year, becomes M. P. for Preston, was sent by the Steel Smelters' Society to Ruskin College, Oxford, to prepare for his career as Labor leader. Before that he had served as a boy at sea, but had learned to smelt steel in the furnaces of Middeborough.

He is now organizing secretary of the British Steel Smelters, Mill Iron and Tin Plate Workers, and is one of the principal organizers of the north of England. He is a fluent speaker, and one of the most popular of the Labor leaders.

Lord Stanley's defeat in the West-boughton division of Lancashire by the Labor candidate, Mr. W. T. Wilson, brings into further bold relief the contrast between Parliament as it was when the Labor party achieves its ambition.

While the eldest son of the Earl of Derby was studying Greek and Latin at Wellington College, young Wilson, a Cumberland lad, was serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter at Barrow-in-Furness.

From Wellington Lord Stanley went to the Grenadier Guards, and after distinguished service in the late war, came home to be one of the lords of the treasury, and then postmaster-general.

Meanwhile, the carpenter's apprentice was following his trade in Bury and Bolton, and assisting to manage the trade union to which he belonged. He helped to found the Bolton Building Trades Federation, and a few years ago succeeded in procuring a lock-out in the building trades. For twenty years he graduated in the school of trade unionism, and last year became chairman of the Union of Carpenters and Joiners.

Now the earl's heir is turned out of Parliament, and the organizer of carpenters steps into his place, and a revolution in parliamentary representation is effected by means of the ballot box.

One of Bolton's new M. P.s, Mr. A. H. Gill, although now a member of the Manchester and Bolton Chambers of Commerce, and a member of the committee of the British Cotton Growing Association, as well as a member of the House of Commons, earned his living at seven years of age by selling newspapers in the streets.

A Good-as-New Gown for Ten Cents.

Take a tour of inspection through your cast-off pretty things. Pick out the faded ones. Possibilities—but just try **DY-O-LA**.

Dy-o-la gives rich, even colors, absolutely fast. Dy-o-la is the quickest, easiest, most economical, and satisfactory dye ever offered Canadian women—and THEY APPRECIATE IT. Read what some of them say:

"I LIKE DY-O-LA BETTER THAN ANY OTHER DYE. I THINK IT BETTER ECONOMY TO USE IT. USED AS DIRECTED, WILL COLOR ALL GOODS WELL." (Wool as well as silk or cotton). This from Mrs. C. Pitt, Greenwich, Hill N. B.

Mrs. S. Bernard, Naff Pond, P. E. I., says: "DY-O-LA IS A CHARM. NEVER USED THE LIKE BEFORE." Mrs. W. Muir, Westville, N. S., writes: "I PREFER DY-O-LA TO ANY OTHER." Mrs. J. Coulter, Brenner, Ont., says: "OTHER DYES ARE NOT NEARLY AS GOOD."

Your druggist will gladly sell you DY-O-LA—for it makes delighted customers.

Try DY-O-LA—and you won't know those old frocks. Package, 10c.

Harding Hall College and Central Conservatory

MID-YEAR EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC

All departments. Thursday and Friday, February 15th and 16th. Candidates will forward applications and fees to the Secretary. Full information furnished teachers.

Highest musical and literary advantages. Large faculties. Teachers of special European and American training. Every modern comfort for students in new buildings,

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recently purchased and refitted for college and conservatory work. Third term begins February 8th. Students may register at any time. Illustrated calendar and syllabus on request.

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R. P. BAKER, Secretary.

411-tywy

STANLEY SPENCER DEAD

Great English Aeronaut Had Many Narrow Escapes.

London, Feb. 13.—London loses an interesting figure by the death, from typhoid fever, at Malta, of Mr. Stanley Spencer, the alert and intrepid young aeronaut.

He lived more in mid-air than any one else has yet done, and was probably more at home among the clouds than on the solid earth.

The narrowest of his many escapes occurred at Hong Kong. A Chinaman, clinging to his balloon, and in the effort to detach him a big hole was torn in the silk envelope. The balloon shot up 600 feet before it ripped from top to bottom, and Mr. Spencer dropped, whirling head over heels, to the ground. Falling down the side of some cliffs, however, he managed in a miraculous way to escape with a broken leg.

In Rio de Janeiro he had to descend into the harbor, and was hauled out by a boatful of negroes just as the gaping jaws of two sharks rose above the water.

On one occasion he made such a rapid descent that he actually out-distanced the ballast he had thrown out, and, reaching the ground was greeted with a hail of sand and gravel from the sky.

The experience for which he was best known in London was his attempt to steer with a large airship round the dome of St. Paul's. For over 20 minutes, in the sight of thousands, he pluckily kept up the attempt in the face of a fairly strong wind, although the pressure on the rudder was so great that the ropes cut into his hands, but he had at last to give way.

Mr. Spencer was on his way back from Calcutta, where he had made two long-distance balloon trips, when he was seized with his fatal illness.

A SCIENTIST MARTYR

Professor Accidentally Inoculated With Germs of Dread Disease.

New Orleans, Feb. 13.—Professor Thomas E. Beyer, of the natural science department at Tulane University, has accidentally inoculated himself with the germs of carbona, a dread disease, almost always fatal both to humanity and to the lower animals. Although everything possible has been done to kill the germs which entered his system it will not be known for ten days, the usual time for their development, whether the efforts of the physicians have been of any avail. The young scientist was making a demonstration of the manner in which a rabbit should be inoculated when a lunge of the animal forced the needle with the poison into his finger.

The danger to the young scientist arises from his energetic researches in investigating the spread of carbona among cattle in the south. Professor Beyer is very careful not to allow any of his students to handle the dangerous germs with which he performs experiments on rabbits and other animals, always keeping the syringe in his own hand. On this occasion the rabbit had been thoroughly washed and prepared for his sacrifice to the cause of science.

Because of the many veins in the rabbit's ear the injection was made in that member. When the needle began to prick the tender ear the rabbit gave a jump with all the force of its body, thrusting the point of the steel syringe into the finger of Professor Beyer.

He paid no attention to the accident until, after he had completed the injection, the student called his attention to the blood on his finger, but the professor smiled and said: "Oh, that is nothing." Nevertheless he went into the adjoining room and rang up another scientist for directions as to what to do. Powerful antidotes were prescribed at once.

Carbon attacks the glands, especially those in the throat, causing swelling, then inflammation.

The Greys at Montreal.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 12.—Earl and Countess Grey arrived here today from Ottawa, for a ten days' visit, and the programme which has been prepared for their participation means that they will be exceedingly busy during their stay. Upon their arrival they took up residence at the mansion of Lord Strathcona on Dorchester street.

Viscount and Viscountess Ingershire, who were their guests at Government House, also will be here for a week, and have taken quarters at the Windsor for the time.

Accompanying the vice-regal party are Lady Victoria Grey, Lady L. S. Grey, and Evelyn Grey and Lady Alix Beauclerk.

Suffragists Elect.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 12.—At the Woman Suffrage Convention the following general officers were re-elected: Honorary president, Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; president, Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, Philadelphia; vice-president-at-large, Florence Kellogg, Chicago; corresponding secretary, Kate M. Gordon, New Orleans; recording secretary, Alice Stone Blackwell, Boston; treasurer, Harriet Taylor Upton, Warren, Ohio.

Gas Leak Fended.

Belleville, Feb. 12.—The break in the gas main has been found and will be repaired in a short time. The leakage of gas lately has been at the rate of 12,000 feet per day.

Accidentally Killed.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 11.—Private Thomas Stewart, aged 24, whose home was in Hopper, Ky., was accidentally shot and killed at Fort Brady Saturday.

Brady Saturday. Stewart was walking in front of Private Joseph Young, of the Fourth Infantry, when the latter's gun was discharged, a bullet entering Stewart's back and penetrating his heart. Stewart fell dead at the feet of Young, who had been his friend for years.

Buys a Railroad.

Montreal, Feb. 12.—Senator Beique, who purchased the Quebec Southern and South Shore Railways in the interest of the Delaware and Hudson Railway, has paid into the exchequer about \$250,000, being the balance of the purchase price of \$1,650,000.

There was a vigorous fight over the decision of the court in accepting the offer of Senator Beique, and the supreme court has been appealed to in the matter.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

An "Overcoat" for your stomach

SHREDDED WHEAT

gives natural warmth in a natural way by aiding digestion and supplying the body with good red blood. Health and Strength in every shred. A natural remedy for all stomach and bowel disorder.

MADE IN CANADA of best Ontario wheat. Try the Biscuit for Breakfast. Send for the "Vital Question Cook Book" prepared by CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Toronto Office, 32 Church Street.

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