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"SALADA"

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**SIR WILLIAM'S
WILL**

His horse was young, one he had broken in before he left Parraluna, high-bred, and as full of spirit as an Arab; but the ruffian in front of him had got a start, and Jack knew that he would have to call upon his horse to do its utmost. It was a race of greater import than the Derby, a race for life, a life so precious in his eyes that he shook in the saddle, and the veins in his temples seemed bursting.

With a word to the horse, he bent low over its neck, jockey fashion, and settled down to a swift but steady gallop, holding the horse well within his power until the moment came for the decisive rush. He gained a little, and, as he did so, he saw Clytie glance over her shoulder, and heard her cry out. A mist swam before his eyes, his lips were parched, the breath seemed to hiss as it passed through them. Once he raised his revolver and fired; but anything like an effective aim under the circumstances was impossible. The ruffian looked round as the bullet whizzed past him, and Jack fancied he could hear him laugh derisively.

Jack knew that at the bottom of the dip, down which they were descending at a breakneck pace, ran a fork of the river from the bed of which they were getting their gold. His horse would not take water readily; the time lost in forcing it through the river would give the Red Gulch man a further start. He put on the spur now; the river came in sight, shining dimly in the faint light. With his teeth clenched, and urging his horse by voice and spur, he came down the slope like an avenging god, and saw his prey climbing the bank of the river. He raised his revolver and fired again. The man swerved aside to spoil the aim, and, in doing so, jerked Clytie's horse.

It stumbled, strove to recover itself, and then fell forward. The ruffian released the bridle, turned in his saddle to shake his fist and yell a volume of oaths at his pursuer, then dashed into the water, swam across, and was lost in the wood on the other side.

In another moment or two—which seemed ages, eons of dread and anxiety to Jack—he had gained Clytie's side. Almost before he had reached her, she had struggled to her feet and stood, swaying a little, as if she were dizzy and half-stunned, and with her hand pressed to her brow, she caught

**A NERVOUS
BREAKDOWN**

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

her on his arm—clutched her, rather—and pressed her to him protectively. He forgot in that electric moment their parting, the gulf that yawned between them.

"Clytie!" he whispered to her hoarsely. "Don't be afraid. You are safe, quite safe! It is I, Jack—Jack Douglas, you know! Are you hurt?"

He feared that she would faint, expected her to do so, but though she was white and trembling, she met his eyes bravely, and tried to smile. "No, I am not hurt," she managed to breathe. "I am not hurt; but I am—I am a little frightened. I—I didn't think you would save me. Let me—let me sit down a moment." She sank on the bank, and while he stood near her, so near that he could grip her to him if she showed the least sign of swooning, she fought for breath and composure.

"Mollie, Mary!" she panted. "Quite safe!" he said, soothingly. "They are on their way to Parraluna, where you came from. They are quite safe. Will you try and stand up, so that I may see if you are hurt by your fall?"

His voice was still thick with the emotion which thrilled through every vein; but a change had crept over his manner; he was beginning to remember their parting, the reason for it. She stood up—he gave her his hand to help her—and pushed from her forehead her hair which had been blown loose by the ride in the wind. "Where are we?" she asked, still in a dazed way. "Can we get to Mollie?"

Jack glanced at the horses. His was standing with its legs apart, almost spent; hers was hobbling, dead lame, feeding at a little distance.

"I am afraid not," he said, reluctantly. "The horses would not carry us until they have had a rest and some food."

"Then we must stay here and wait," she said, with evident distress. "And Mollie?"

"You need not be anxious about Mollie," he said; "she will know that I should come up to you in time."

"That is true," she said, simply. They stood for a moment in silence, an awkward silence; then Jack uttered a little sound of relief; he had remembered the hut.

"There is a place near here, an outsider's hut to which I can take you. You can rest there until we can go on, or some of them come for us."

He got his horse and lifted her on to it, and, supporting her with his arm, walked beside. Not a word was spoken. Every now and then he heard her sigh and felt her quiver, as she realized all she had gone through. They reached the hut and he lifted her down and led her in.

There was a pile of sheepskins in the one corner, and he quickly made it into a rough couch.

"Lie there and close your eyes, and try to sleep," he said.

She obeyed, so far as lying there and half-closing her eyes went; but, through her lashes, she watched him light a fire on the hearth, take some food—the tinned meat, biscuits and tea which were always kept in readiness there for the visits of the outsider—from the cupboard; watched him as he went out for water, and, coming back, set the kettle to boil; and only when he turned to her, closed her eyes, and pretended to be unconscious. For there had been an expression in those eyes which she shrank from his seeing.

"Are you rested enough to try and eat something?" he asked. "You will be better if you can. Stop; stay where you are, stay and rest, I will bring you some tea."

He brought her some food, and she tried to eat; she did manage to drink the tea. Presently, without raising her eyes, she asked:

"How—how long shall we have to wait?"

"Three or four hours," said Jack, after considering. "You must try to go to sleep again, for it is a long ride, and you—you must be worn out."

"No," she said; "strangely enough, I don't feel tired. I am very strong. I was much frightened, in deadly

terror"—she shuddered a little—"but that has passed, I suppose because I feel so safe," she added, as simply as she had assented to his assurance that Mollie would know that she, Clytie, would be saved.

"I don't like to ask you any questions," he said, after a pause; "but—you, Mollie and Mary Seaton, here—I don't understand it."

A blush began to creep over her face. "Mary Seaton came over with us—brought us; she and her husband—her name is Mary Rawdon now. She came to England—" She paused; the blush grew deeper.

"She came to England," he prompted, in amazement, his brows drawn together in perplexity.

"To tell me," faltered Clytie, her eyes downcast. "To tell me where you were."

He stared before him, then nodded as if he began to understand.

"Yes, she knew who I was. And she betrayed me," he smiled half-bitterly. "And you and Mollie came out to—to find me?"

She made no reply; silence like a dove hovered over them, a silence pregnant with vague suggestions of intense import.

"You came out to find me?" he repeated. His face had grown pale; that served for a table, his hands working restlessly, his eyes fixed searchingly, wistfully, with an eager half-doubt, on hers.

"Why?"

She tried to answer, but failed for a moment; then she whispered, as if she were ashamed of her own voice:

"She—Mary—said you were—in danger."

He rose and stood trembling, his face going from white to red, his breath coming painfully.

"You thought I was in danger; and so you came; but why?"

She raised her eyes slowly, as if the lids were heavy, and looked at him.

With a cry of "Clytie! Clytie!" he was down on his knees beside her and took her to his heart.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Now, so cleverly had Mollie and Mary Seaton worked it, that only two persons in Bramley were aware that the two Miss Bramleys had gone to Australia. It had been absolutely necessary to tell Percy, because Mollie knew very well that if he thought they were on the Continent he would most assuredly follow them, and would hunt them down, if he were compelled, in doing so, to tramp from town to town. She had to tell him to keep him quiet; but she did not tell him the cause of their journey, that Clytie was married, or that Mr. Hesketh Carton was—what he was.

Percy had at first complained bitterly of the length of Mollie's proposed absence, and it was not until Mollie, driven to desperation, as she said, had given him a half-promise that on her return she would—well, cease to laugh and jest when he should tell her that he loved her, that he became somewhat resigned. Both Lady Mervyn and he were among those very rare persons who can keep a secret; and the rest of Bramley, though rather surprised by the girls' sudden departure and the prolongation of their tour, were not at all suspicious. Exception might be made in the case of Mr. Hesketh Carton, for there were times when he asked himself whether their sudden flight and the length of their stay on the Continent had any more serious reason than that of feminine caprice and whim.

He did not suspect the truth, because nothing had occurred immediately before their departure to rouse his suspicion. Both Clytie and Mollie had been as friendly as usual on the afternoon he had called to invite them to the picnic, and Mr. Granger had not referred to the strange discovery of

**What Prominent
Ontario Women Say**

Tilsonburg, Ont.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription very beneficial during pregnancy. I felt quite poorly, was nauseated and sick, could not eat anything and I was extremely nervous and weak. I took 'Favorite Prescription' and it soon stopped the nausea, my appetite returned, I also my strength and I was soon feeling fine and strong. My baby was strong and healthy and has always been so. I consider 'Favorite Prescription' a great help to the expectant mother and am glad to recommend it."—MRS. AMOS MILLS, Box 238.

A HAMILTON WITNESS

Hamilton, Ont.—"A few months ago I was stricken down and was confined to bed about ten days. My strength all left me. It was my first illness since a child. I lost five pounds and felt awfully weak afterward. I could hardly do my work. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in tablet form. I tried a couple of bottles and before I knew it, I was well and strong and had gained 9½ pounds. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to build one up."—MRS. E. MARTIN, 397 Dundurn St.

After suffering pain, feeling nervous, dizzy, weak and dragged down by weaknesses of her sex—with eyes sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—such a woman is quickly restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce. Changed, too, in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump. It is purely vegetable, contains no alcohol.

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Wherever You Live.**



The woman in town, or country, has the same advantage as her sister in the city in expert advice from the best-known firm of Cleaners and Dyers in Canada.

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Dye Works Limited
Cleaners & Dyers,
791 Yonge St., Toronto**

Sir Wilfred's renunciation. It was true that he, Hesketh Carton, could not hear of any one receiving letters from the girls; but he had to ask cautiously, and letters might have come without his knowledge. He rebelled inwardly at this check of his hideous scheme, but he was a patient man; he could afford to wait a few weeks or months for the accomplishment of his fell designs; the prize was worth waiting for.

The picnic came off. It would not have done to have abandoned it. It was a great success, and enhanced Hesketh Carton's popularity; for he made a splendid host, and was as attentive, so altogether charming, as to win the hearts of the ladies, who, when discussing the picnic afterward, were unanimous in praise of his tact and amiability.

About this time, Mr. Garden, the member for the Bramley division, was taken ill; and as he was an old man and had once or twice spoken of resigning, the conservative party began to look round for a candidate. By a strange and useful coincidence, Mr. Hesketh Carton displayed, just at this period, a great deal of interest in the charitable and public institutions of the place; doubled his existing subscriptions, and subscribed liberally where he had not done so before. The wages at the works were increased, and Mr. Hesketh Carton went among the men with a smiling countenance, dropping a pleasant word or two whenever an occasion presented itself.

And yet he seemed quite surprised when a delegation from the party visited him and formally asked him to become a candidate. He did not jump at them, by any means, and asked for a week in which to consider their flattering proposal; of course they pressed him, and, at last, with modest reluctance, he consented.

Mr. Garden retired, and, with the usual celerity, the holdings broke out with placards inviting the electors to vote for Hesketh Carton, the Workmen's Friend.

His election address was pronounced by competent judges a model of what an address should be; and when he appeared at the largest hall in Bramley to make his first important public political speech, he addressed an immense audience, and roused much enthusiasm. His supporters were delighted, and prophesied success. (To be continued.)

**The Lobster
Disappearing**

In the early days of the lobster industry only the large ones were caught. These were so abundant that the young ones were ignored. A single lobster would often fill two or three cans. To-day it takes several of the average size to fill a can. Even in the British provinces, where the catching industry thrives the best, most of the large lobsters have been killed. One rarely sees or hears of a big lobster now, and a fifteen pounder would be a curiosity. There is a lobster preserved in the collection of crustacea at the Smithsonian Institution which weighed eighteen pounds at the time of its capture. Reliable records show that specimens weighing from thirty to thirty-five pounds have been captured. Such a monster would measure nearly five feet in length, including the claws, and prove a pretty formidable antagonist for one in the water.

HATCHING THE BABY LOBSTER.

The work of hatching the young at the different stations is now in full progress. The female breeds only once in two years, but she makes up for this seeming loss of time by producing a great number of eggs. It is estimated by the fish experts at the hatcheries that a ten-inch lobster will produce in one season about 10,000 eggs and a nineteen inch nearly 75,000. It does not require at this rate

a great number of female lobsters to yield several million eggs a year.

The female attaches these eggs to her until they have hatched out, and she is known in local parlance as a "berried hen" lobster. It was not many years ago that these female lobsters were caught; and sold as much for their eggs as for their meat. The eggs were considered as great luxuries as the roe of a shad is to-day. This greatly helped to decrease the supply. As sauces for salads the eggs of the lobsters were of great value, and expert cooks eagerly sought them. The passage of laws both in the New England and Canada making it punishable to capture or sell decorated lobsters has made it impossible to obtain these delicacies in this country.

In the lobster hatcheries the eggs are put in hatching jars, where they are kept in water heated to the proper temperature until they hatch out. The young creatures when first hatched are only from a third of an inch to an inch long, and for a time they swim about as ordinary fish. They are turned loose when an inch or two in length and then begin their perilous career in the waters of the coast, where innumerable dangers beset them. A large percentage of them never pass beyond the stages of infancy, and the few which survive this period are then compelled to face the new dangers incident to the shedding process. Every now and then the crustacean finds that it is outgrowing its shell, and it proceeds to shed it, as a crab, and take on another one. This process is a long and dangerous one, and for a considerable period the creature is weak and helpless. Every part of the armor must be removed, and in the process the creature becomes thin and emaciated, and fishermen do not consider them fit to eat. Before the old shell has been discarded a new thin one has been provided, but it requires time to make it of much protective use.

PRIDE JUSTIFIED.

Hokus—Gertie Gotrox prides herself on her memory for faces. "Hokus—And well she may. I was engaged to her last summer at the shore, and to-day she actually recognized me on the street.—Judge."

NO DOUBT.

All—Her dad owned seven laundries. Artie—I'll bet he cleaned up a lot.

**COLDS, CATARRH
RELIEVED**

**IN FIVE
MINUTES**

Consumption can be traced back in most instances to a bad cold or catarrh that was neglected. Don't court this white plague—ensure yourself at once against it by inhaling Catarrhoxone, a pleasant antiseptic medication that is inhaled into the lungs, nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes, where it kills disease germs and prevents their development. Catarrhoxone heals inflamed surfaces, relieves congestion, clears the head and throat, aids expectoration, and absolutely cures Catarrh and bronchitis. Quick relief, cure guaranteed, pleasant to use. Get the \$1.00 outfit of Catarrhoxone, it lasts two months; small size, 50c. All dealers or the Catarrhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont., Canada.

