

PARTED BY GOLD

"Do you know the name of the place, aunt?" asked Jack, quietly.

"No, my dear, but I must speak to Jack. I don't understand it. I think Lady Fopion said he had been there more than once."

Lady Maud turned sharply with an actual spasm of pain.

"More than once?"

Oh, his wishes were firebrands, the Royal Signet, with its distinguished company in it, would have been consumed to ashes that night.

CHAPTER V

It would be very pleasant just here to commence and carry through an elaborate analysis of Jack Hamilton's feelings, and pen a disquisition upon love in general and the peculiar form of the disease that attacked him in particular.

But if not deterred by the reflections that five hundred thousand authors have already indulged in the same unprofitable employment, the knowledge that an analysis, though "easy writing, is rare hard reading," holds back our pen.

In plain language, Jack Hamilton was deeply in love, and very much in trouble about it. Men of his class are generally very proud at heart, proud more of and for their womankind than of and for themselves.

A man hates to take the woman, to whom he has surrendered his heart and hand, lead her to his other womankind, and with a proud glance of love, and oftentimes defiance, say:

"There, my ladylike mamma, there, my majestic aunt, there, my maternal and influential grandmother, is the lady of my choice, and, for beauty, queenliness and grace, she can match you, all."

Now Jack Hamilton certainly could not take Annabelle Montague by the hand and go through this haughty performance, even mentally. He knew that if he ever dared hint that he had fallen in love with an actress of the Royal Signet, his exquisite aunt, Lady Pacewell, would faint and scream for salts, and Lady Maud—well, perhaps she would die right away of the shock and the shame. So poor Jack was in a dilemma—a dilemma not lessened by the fact that he believed the beautiful, modulated voice of the Signet, whenever he could get a chance, was a lady whose present position had been assigned to her by adversity.

He had been told, and Jack Hamilton, incapable of a falsehood himself, always received the word of a gentleman as gospel truth, that Annabelle or Mary, as he preferred to think of her—Montague was by birth a lady, and only by misfortune's chance a fairy in an impossible extravaganza and an associate of the Signet green-room.

"Yes," said he to himself, as he watched her downcast reception of thunders of applause, her modest way of singing the soft, nonsensical songs, and her pretty, deprecating, yet sometimes spirited, addresses to the demons of the deep. "Yes, poor thing, she is a lady, any one can see that; but what am I to do?"

The first thing was to go down to the theatre with the dainty pocket handkerchief and wait at the stage entrance for Miss Montague. There he met with a repulse that was not to be mistaken. Jack Hamilton read in the glance which the pirate bestowed on him, as he drew his daughter out of his path, mistrust and suspicion. Jack colored, sighed, put the handkerchief in his pocket, and took a private to:

"He thinks I'm a blackguard," he

Every Wage Earner Should Answer Question Himself or Herself

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR YOU IF HEALTH GIVES WAY?

In dollars and cents, what is the worth of the brawn of your arm; what is the value of the staying power that permits continuous labor—what are they worth to you?

Suppose you did something so foolish as to reduce your strength, vitality or judgment one half, and it were impossible to get them back—how much would you pay to regain the lost portion?

When you let yourself run down you reduce your chances for success in life—if sleeplessness comes you score lower still—should appetite or digestion fail, you are staked in the face by physical bankruptcy.

Don't let it go so far, take Ferrozone, it has cured thousands and it will cure you; it builds up bodily strength, makes muscles like steel, replaces Spring tiredness by energy and new life. Ferrozone rebuilds sick folks because it contains the strengthening elements that every run-down system requires.

Especially before the hot weather comes, everyone needs a purifying tonic—Ferrozone fills the bill exactly—nothing known that juvenates and uplifts so fast.

At once the appetite improves. You rest well and arise next morning feeling fit and fine.

muscd, as he watched the stage for the appearance of the Fairy Queen. "Well, I am not surprised. Poor fellow, he is quite right to take proper care of her, and I like him the better for it. Ah, here she is!" and his heart beat with a tell-tale rapidity as the Fairy Queen came on and received an uproarious welcome, to which he lent all his aid with a pair of white but very strong and capable hands.

As he watched her from behind his closely-drawn curtain he fancied that she was more timid and deprecating than usual, that her eyes were more downcast and more persistent in their avoidance of his box.

This pained Jack, and he arose with a sudden inspiration. The extravaganza had only just begun, he should have time to reach a flower shop. With long strides he traversed the highly decorated entrance hall, and halted a moment.

"Drive to the nearest flower shop," he said, "and if you are quick I will give you half a sovereign."

The poor horse suffered, for his liberality, and soon pulled up, panting, at a small fruiterer's.

He jumped out, hastily selected some flowers—the best and most expensive the man had—superintended their arrangement as a bouquet, and, giving the man a sovereign, took to the cab again.

The second act had only just been finished as he re-entered the theatre, and seeing that the curtain was down, he seized the favorable opportunity for carrying out his small plot, and esconcing himself behind his shelter-boxes.

In the middle box, directly opposite, was a party that would suit him admirably; a tall, highly-dressed lady, with a nervous, bashful spouse, and two little girls on the order of mamma.

"They'll do," he murmured, "the very thing," and with his bouquet shielded by his light overcoat, he passed around at the back of the boxes and tapped at the door of the one he had marked out.

The nervous pater familias opened the door, and looked considerably astonished, not to say, alarmed, at the apparition of such a swell, and stared at the evening dress, the diamond-

adorned shirt front, and the grand, aristocratic face with as much admiring curiosity as he had bestowed upon the fairies and demons on the stage.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, who, being a rather bad hand at intrigue, felt that he should make a mess of it if "were not done quickly. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I want to intrude a moment."

"Come in, sir; step in," said pater familias, and Jack, taking care to keep well out of sight, of any one peeping from the corner of the stage curtain, stepped in and bowed to the lady, who, with a brilliant blush, immediately dropped a courtesy.

Then Jack, with greater artfulness than his dear friends would have given him credit for, turned to the little girls.

"I have been watching your little girls' delight from my box opposite, madam, and was so pleased with their pleasure that I could not refrain from coming around and asking to shake hands with them."

Here the intruder held out his hand and shook the little fat ones of the young ladies, with his smile, which was usual, won their hearts.

"Really, sir," said the man, "it's—'it's what I may call friendly, very handsome, indeed, and, ahem—"

"Oh, don't mention it," said Jack. "I am very fond of children," and in truth he was, "little girls especially. And, turning to the little ones again, "how do you like the play?"

They expressed admiration and delight by emphatic exclamations and gestures.

"They are delighted, sir?" said the mother. "Poor dears, they almost think it's real, and that Miss Montague lives in a shell like a large cockle, and dresses in white muslin and spangles every day."

"They are happy in being able to do so, madam," said Jack, with great respect and another smile.

"And so you like the beautiful fairy, do you?" he asked.

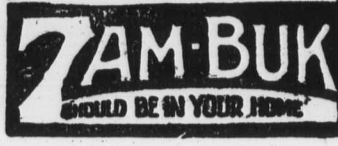
"Oh, yes, she is lovely! I wish I could be a fairy!" sighed the youngest.

"Don't be so silly, Polly, dear," giggled the elder with ineffable wisdom. "Mamma just told you it wasn't a real fairy, didn't you, ma? I wish she'd look up, ma, don't you? She always looks straight before her, and I do want to see her eyes."

A FREE BOX

Here's a chance to prove to your own satisfaction, and at our expense, that Zam-Buk does end pain and heal sores and skin diseases.

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and perhaps kiss her hand in the bargain."

Polly nearly screamed with delight, mamma shook her plumage and smiled, and papa chuckled and tried in vain to express his appreciation of the really handsome—ahem, he might say friendly—ahem, goodness of the gentleman.

Amidst this overwhelming delight and gratitude Jack bowed his adieu and hastened to his own box, whence he could see the huge bouquet resting upon the ledge beside Polly's fat hands in the intervals between the oft-repeated sifflings.

The last act came quickly, and Jack, as he watched, saw a flutter of excitement in the box opposite; then, as the blue fire commenced to burn—and smell unpleasantly—little Polly arose like a dwarf, armed with the bouquet, sword fashion, and, with a crowd of delight, hurried it at the stage.

It fell fairly at the queen's feet. Jack saw her start, blush and smile, then, as the Spirit of the Deep picked it up and handed it to her, she raised her eyes with such a look of gentle, loving gratitude to the box, that Jack felt he had swindled some one in getting so much happiness at so low a cost.

Down came the curtain, and up went the cheers.

"Miss Montague! Montague! Montague!" screamed the house, and the Fairy Queen came before the curtain.

And, oh, what delight there was in the box opposite when it was seen that she was carrying the bouquet in her hand, and actually, as she moved off again, raised it with a smile to her lips.

But what made the smile on her face die away and become replaced by a look of hesitating and troubled timidity?

Simply because Polly, in a spirit of justice greatly to her credit, had arisen, and, with a smiling but emphatic face, was shaking her head, and pointing with a tiny finger to the box where Jack by an unlucky made himself visible.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "The little one has spoiled it, after all; she knows now where the thing came from!"

Poor Jack was conveyed home in a hansom and a fit of jealousy. Why should the smile die away when her eyes rested upon him, and who the deuce was the comely woman, stagey, idiotic-looking man whose arm he had seen her leaning so trustfully when she entered the theatre?

Jack tried to feel disgusted, and nursed to himself:

"What an idiot I am, to be sure; that stupid, godlikey montrosity was her lover, her sweetheart as he'll term it, and they are to be married this day week and I'm an idiot for losing my heart in a wood that has no opening."

"And yet," he mused, "I can't believe she'd throw herself away like that. She's a lady. Scamont says, and she's beautiful. No, that fellow must be a dependent, a hanger-on. But what business has she to be hanging on to him? It's quite enough to talk by his side, I think, without taking his arm. Hang it, what an idiot I am. Wouldn't Pop, and Walton, and Beau enjoy this! It's almost a pity they are not here to do so," and he smiled rather woefully.

Tramping upstairs with his hands in her eyes, he found a dainty note upon his table, which, upon opening, turned out to be a reminder from Lady Pacewell of his promise to dine at the Park Villa on the following day.

"Well, I don't remember the promise, my dear aunt," muttered Jack, "but if you say so I must have said I am a little before my time. Snowing again. We are going to have an orthodox Christmas, I think."

"Yes," said Jack, rather absently, but rousing with something of a start, as his aunt's voice floated toward the open door, and her ladyship entered.

"My dear Jack," exclaimed Lady Pacewell, kissing him fondly, "how good of you to come, passing on to him and extending her hand graciously, 'I fear we are late, but Lady Maud kept me so long—the dinner, Porter? Very good.'"

"How much are we indebted to you?" murmured Maud, giving her white soft hand to Jack, with a smile that many men, Mr. Beaumont in particular, would have purchased with half their lives, "how good of you; it will be so dull, and you will be bored to death."

"Smothered in a bed of roses," misquoted Jack, in retort. "You know I always enjoy a dinner at the villa; you and aunt are better company than a club full of 'em. I can get all the scandal, and better port than even Vinson's."

This gallant volley he fired, or rather dropped, in his slow, good-humored way, on the road to the bluff dining-room to which Porter, with due solemnity, had summoned them.

Lady Maud faced her aunt at the bottom of the table, Jack and Mr. Shallop occupied the sides.

would, and I will; and now to bed, and I do hope I shan't dream of my godlike friend with the India rubber mouth, confound him, and bless her."

A fine gentleman is very busy in the morning; first he has to dress, or rather submit to the operation under the hands of his valet. Then there is breakfast—chocolate, devilled kidneys, and other digestion-destroying abomination. Then, if he be a handsome man, there is a nice little pill of letters awaiting opening and answering.

Invitations to dinners, balls and concerts, prettily expressed thanks for bouquets, tickets to various shows and booths in Vanity Fair, and the loan of that beautiful volume of poems; reminders from the lawyer of that little business which the fine gentleman has systematically rejected and turned deaf ear to for the last three months; modest application for a loan (not small) from your dearest friend—your borrower is always your dearest friend in both senses of the word; and a host of tradesmen's bills, blue and bloated.

Then comes a constitutional in the park, for the benefit of the new coat

ASTHMA

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ASHMADOR

OR MONEY REFUNDED. ASK ANY DRUGGIST or write Lyman-Knox Co., Montreal, P. Q. Price 50c. Remember the name as it might not be seen again.

and vest which the tailor has sent home as a gentle reminder.

Then a look in at the club, and a languid chat with Fitzboob of the Blues, and Toddleboob of the Red Tape office.

Then luncheon—rather more indigestible than the breakfast—and a trot in the row as a preparation for the event of the day—the dinner.

All this and these, Jack did with his usual good-humored grace, and turned up at his aunt's villa with a tolerable appetite, and a little flower in his buttonhole for Lady Maud.

In the little drawing-room, warming his back at the fire, Jack found Mr. Shallop.

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton," said he, coming forward, with outstretched hand, and a smile that made his face very pleasant, "I am before you, but I suppose I shall not get any more of the feast for that."

"No," said Jack, laughing, and taking up his place beside the fire. "Didn't know I should have the pleasure of meeting you!"

"No?" said Mr. Shallop, "her ladyship did not mention it, perhaps. You see I was rather a necessary guest, eh?" and he laughed again very pleasantly and easily.

Mr. Shallop was an exceedingly well-liked man, a favorite with the ladies, and a good fellow with the gentlemen. Many persons before introduction had taken him for a lord, or at least a hunting parson. He was very like the Marquis of Cariboo, and quite as amusing; always had plenty of small talk, a ready laugh, and a supply of wit that, if not superb in quality, never failed in quantity.

And yet Mr. Shallop was a lawyer, a very keen one.

"Necessary?" said Jack, interrogatively.

"Yes," replied Mr. Shallop; "her ladyship will never go through any business with me at my office—will not even sign a cheque. I must dine at the villa. Over the cup of tea we get the business done pleasantly—very pleasantly for me!"

And he laughed again. Jack warmed his hands, perfectly unconscious that the lawyer was scanning his face with a peculiar smile.

"Her ladyship is not down yet," continued Mr. Shallop; "I am afraid I

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—druggist calls it 'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels.' Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

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EATS DIRT

MADE IN CANADA



GILLETT'S LYE

chat, and had won three laughs from Lady Pacewell already.

Lady Maud knew her man too well to starve him and sat quite contented to play with her slight repast, while Jack demolished a slice of beef, and stood hesitating between carried plate and a boiled capon.

(To be continued.)

CHASING THE RAINBOW.

Curious Legends That Are Told in Different Countries.

We have all of us heard stories of the treasure at the end of the rainbow. There is a pot of gold there, you know. And if we could only walk far enough, we might find it and be ever thereafter happy.

That is what our nurses tell us when we are children, isn't it?

And sometimes we learn that the rainbow is a bridge, and the thunder is the roar of the heavy wheels going over it.

These are the stories that we hear in childhood about the rainbow. Children of other lands hear many other stories.

In Greece nurses tell the children that if anyone by chance stumbles over the end of the rainbow his or her sex is changed. A fine story that to tell a child! The little Greeks must run away from the end of the rainbow instead of seeking them to find out what it is.

The little Turk hears from his nurse that if he can but touch the band of orange that spans the heavens in the rainbow his head will turn to silver, with rubies for eyes and teeth of gold.

In many parts of Russia the rainbow is called a pump, and in Hungary it is called "God's pump" and "Noah's pump."

In Russia, in some provinces, the wells are covered with strong flat forms, so that the water cannot be drawn from them by the rainbow, and in other provinces it is said that three angels have charge of the rainbow—one to draw water through it from the earth, another to give water from it to the clouds and another to return the water to the earth in the form of rain.—Boston Herald.

HAS A CORN ANY ROOTS?

Yes, and branches and stems as well. Can it be cured? Yes, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's painless, safe and invariably satisfactory. Inset on only Putnam's Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

The Grit of the Britons

The steadiness of the Britisher continues to win my admiration as I travel about over his domain seeing his every-day life under all sorts of circumstances and conditions. I have seen the children at play on the streets. I have seen them in the quiet of their homes, and in the underground stations in London seeking shelter from their mothers from the terrible air raids that have something of the characteristics of lightning—few bolts, fewer hits, but complete demolition wherever and whatever they hit. I have studied the British woman in the midst of domestic cares, in the ammunition shops and in public service in connection with all kinds of transportation. And the male of the species I have watched in the House of Commons, in the Foreign Office, in business, in military and naval service, as a raw recruit, as a wounded veteran, in high command and under rigid discipline. All of them every man, woman and child without exception, as far as my observation goes, manifest an inner serenity, an unconscious self-control, a sublime confidence that compels one's admiration and renews one's own faith in their indomitable spirit. You find it wherever you go and in whatever direction you look.

All this is particularly true in the religious life of the nation in so far as I have been able to measure it in less than a month's time. There are fewer meetings no doubt, the absence of young men from the services is, of course, painfully evident, and organizations for regular religious work of all kinds are short-handed, but the work itself is not allowed to slacken, and treasures are kept full in spite of the extraordinary drain on the purse caused by war conditions. One hears not the slightest note of discouragement or weariness, no moaning, or bitterness among church people. It is a wonderful record after nearly four years of such fiery testing.

But because the Britisher will not show it, do not think that he has no capacity for deep feeling. I heard a high officer of the Royal Air Force and self-possession say calmly and deliberately that he could never again, as long as he lived, shake hands with a German. He was a deeply religious man, both technically and vitally, and his reason for taking such a position was based entirely on spiritual considerations. And an American Episcopal minister who was participating in the conversation, approved the officer's attitude heartily.



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

Prescribed and recommended by Physicians for all gynaecology in Patent. "The Box with signature." Knickerbocker Remedy Co., At your druggist. — Accept no other.

Since writing the preceding paragraphs I have spent days with the British soldier along the battle line of the western front. After taking tea with a general in his dug-out in the midst of the awful desolation beyond Ypres, and after crawling into a half-demolished "pill-box" of German construction (now used by his enemies for shelter from miscellaneous bombs) to had conversation with a couple of "Tommys," and after watching the British soldier in all kinds of active service I am bound to declare that he seems even more imperturbable than the Englishman at home. Whether he is in the most advanced dressing station at Zonnebeke, availing the wounded first-aid treatment, or standing by his battery under a camouflage screen ready at any moment to fire, or building roads to the tune of resounding guns, or digging a new trench in a field of mud filled with the dead and every conceivable sort of wreckage and I have seen him under all these and many other trying conditions, he is apparently as unconcerned as when you see him in London sauntering down Piccadilly Circus. In fact, it is proverbially among war correspondents that the further you get away from London and the nearer the fighting line you approach, the less you see of excited belligerency. In the midst of a most desolate and loathsome landscape of Flanders' mud, just behind the trenches, in a little improvised shelter that would never be noticed by a shell or a bomb making a direct hit, with the big guns booming on both sides of the line I saw Tommy Atkins singing a lively ditty and chaffing his comrades over losing their footholds in the slippery ooze. Can you beat it? For nearly four years the Germans have been trying to do it, and they have not yet found out how to do it.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

NO CURE NO PAY

Can I do more than this to prove to you, at last after years of study I have a preparation that will cure Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchial Asthma. It is a wonderful remedy and I can prove it by the people of Canada. Mr. Charles, 77 India Road, Toronto, suffered thirty years with Bronchitis; it cured him. Mrs. Holmes, No. 1 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto, wrote for thirteen years; one bottle cured her, and thousands of others too numerous to mention have benefited by this marvelous remedy. If you doubt me, write any of the above parties, they are right at your own door, and will be pleased to answer any inquiries. Write more powerful than any known mixture, one dose gives instant relief. Sold under an iron-bound, money-back guarantee to cure any of the above ailments.

Only by BUCKLEY THE DRUGGIST, 97 Dundas St. East, Toronto. Price 50 cents bottle, 15c extra for mailing, 3 bottles mailed free for \$1.50.

ENDS ONE CITY NOISE.

Stops Racket of Cars at Intersection.

The problem of suppressing the noise and shock of the street car in passing over an intersection has been attacked in a novel manner by a Philadelphia inventor, Samuel B. Meeker, who accomplishes the object without the use of any of the moving and interlocking parts which characterize most of the inventions for this purpose, and without making any great changes in the design of the crossing itself. The latter is constructed in one piece or unit, at a point slightly in advance of the intersection of the rail sections.

Each rail section is formed with the face of the rail cut away in an incline which allows the weight of the vehicle to pass from the base of the wheel to the flange on which it continues for a few feet, until the wheels have passed entirely over the intersection, when the weight of the car again passes to the base of the wheel. This change is so gradually accomplished that it is not noticeable to the passengers and the car passes over the crossing without jolt or noise. The latter is a matter of great importance to persons living in the vicinity of such intersections, for the pounding of the cars over them at night comprises a serious annoyance.

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Worth Knowing.

Shredded sweet green peppers cooked in the milk used in making the white sauce for creamed oysters seasons the dish well. It also serves as a garnish to the oysters.

Mincéd pickles or minced olives may be added to potato salad as a relish.

If fond of nuts, add minced ones to the baked custard just before putting into the oven.

Tarnished gold lace can be restored by dipping into a weak solution of concentrated lye for a few minutes, then lay on a board and brush gently with an old toothbrush.

SPRING WEATHER HARD ON BABY

The Canadian spring weather—one day mild and bright; the next raw and stormy—is extremely hard on the baby. It is such that the mother can make the little one out for the week or so much to be desired. He is confined to the house which is often over-heated and badly ventilated. He catches cold; his little stomach and bowels become disordered and the mother soon has a sick baby to look after. To prevent this an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets should be given. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus preventing or curing colds, simple fevers, colic or any other of the many minor ailments of childhood. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One-Man Pontoons.

Building bridges under fire, the greatest ordeal that the army engineers of other campaigns were subjected to, bids fair to go out of fashion. In future a regiment going across a stream will, if a recent invention meets with approval, merely wade into the stream and drift across, meantime utilizing both hands to manipulate his rifle.

The new invention is a sort of glorified "water wings" arrangement and is adapted to the fording of deep streams without the necessity of bridge building. The encircling buoy is blown up by the soldier. It holds him upright in the water with his shoulders and arms clear of the surface. In experiments recently conducted a man made several full crossings on a target 300 yards away while floating across the stream.