

PARTED BY GOLD

What she had to say she said clearly and with a louder ring of her pure voice, and there was some slight applause at the close of the speech, which suddenly ceased as, with a light step, she advanced to the front and with a wave of the silver wand commenced singing.

Her voice was sweet and well trained, her manner not only fairlike, but modest and almost deprecatory, her soft, winning smile at the close irresistible.

There was a second's silence to see of the song was really finished, then a tremendous thunder of applause, accompanied by emphatic snouts of "Encore, encore!"

She flushed, and Jack, who had never removed his eyes from her face, saw her turn it slightly toward the wing behind which the pirate stood, with, oh, such a loving glance of gentle triumph!

Another thunderclap, a burst of enlivening melody from the whole orchestra, a rush to the front of the ballet girls, and the scene closed in upon a pretty grouping of fairies and demons with the queen in their midst.

Jack drew a long breath and turned to look with a wistful gaze after the crowd leaving the stage.

"By Jove! what a charming little debutante!" said Popton, with genuine admiration.

Jack started; he had forgotten his companion, the place, everything.

"Eh? Yes, what—what is this scene—Palace of King Prettyman?"

Walton raised his eyebrows at the other two.

"Jack's hit—shot dead!" he whispered. "Did you see him while the girl was on the stage?"

"Yes, and while she was singing," replied Popton. "If he would only look like that when Lady M—was at the piano, how happy she would be!"

Beaumont moved uneasily as he had done when the name had been mentioned on the preceding evening, but he said nothing.

"Look at him now," said Popton, as Jack turned from the play on the stage and stood peering about the dusty labyrinths behind. "He is looking for her, I'll bet a thousand pounds. Yes, there he goes," he exclaimed, triumphantly.

Jack, having caught sight of the pirate, walked off in this direction, and, catching him as he was entering the greenroom, touched him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," he said, as the actor turned with a happy smile upon his face. "But I could not help congratulating you upon your daughter's success. It was most complete and undeniable."

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" said the father. "Yes, it was a success, a great success. Oh, sir, you can't tell what I endured during those few moments!"

"Yes," said Jack. "I can think, but you need fear no longer. Your daughter has gained confidence, and will please them still more in the next act."

"I believe it, I believe it," said the pirate, with a greater smile, but his face clouded over suddenly, and he

replied: "Won't you step in, sir?"—they have been standing at the door during the conversation. "My daughter is inside, waiting for her call, resting a little."

Jack took off his hat and stepped in. There was no introduction, but Jack bowed and the girl returned it with a drooping of the eyelids and a timid blush. Her father poured out a glass of lemonade and stood holding it for her.

"This gentleman has been congratulating me, Mary," he said, in a low tone. "He saw you and heard you sing."

The girl raised her eyes with a look of gratitude.

"It was very kind of him, dear," she said, in a low voice. "I would like every one to congratulate you if you deserve it," she said, tenderly. "You don't fear for me now, father?"

"No, no," he replied, smiling. "It is all safe; don't forget the cues, and keep your voice for the last song, and all will go well. Drink, my dear, drink, you'll be thirsty and dry else."

She took the lemonade and sipped it, looking up at him all the while with loving encouragement.

Jack had stepped outside again and was wandering up and down. The stage had no interest for him until the Fairy Queen was upon it.

"There's the call," said the pirate, as the callboy shouted:

"Miss Annabelle Montague on!"

Setting down the glass and giving the pirate another kiss, the Fairy Queen tipped past again, and Jack was at his post.

His prognostications of her success came true, and as the curtain fell he found himself helping to produce the thunder by clapping his long, sinewy hands together until they tingled again.

"Bravo," said Walton, "bravo! An equivocal success, a grand first night, eh, Jack?"

But Jack had vanished again, and Walton, clinging to the wing to prevent himself from being knocked down by the rush to and from the stage, laughed aloud.

"Good as the play itself!" said Popton, sentimentally. "Cupid has slain poor old Jack, that's certain. Here lies Jack Hamilton, who met his death from the fatal miasma arising from the bright glances of the Fairy Queen of an extravagant extravaganza. Much lamented by his many and sorrowing friends."

Beaumont laughed.

"All very well," he said, "but where's the fellow got to?"

"Don't know. Haven't the slightest idea," said Walton. "Hear him howling with a broken leg, down a trapdoor, directly, no doubt. I say!" he added, as if a sudden idea had struck him, "can't we get some fun out of this, eh? You know what Jack is, all honor and Don Quixote where women are concerned; can't we manage to heighten the effect of this love at first sight by a little romance?"

"As how?" asked Popton, languidly, but quite ready for any mischief.

"Look here, this girl is called Miss Annabelle Montague, the old pirate is her father, name of Smith most likely. It's certain he called the girl Mary, and Smith always goes to Mary. Now, I'll tell you how we can get some fun out of it. Pitch a yarn to dear old Jack that the old pirate is a gentleman reduced—an old officer, one of the true Montagues, and that the girl is a lady under difficulties. It will send him mad, he'll be head over heels in love, and there will be real fun. Besides," and he looked at Beaumont, who seemed scarcely to think the fun worth the trouble of concocting the story, "besides we shall be serving Lady M—an ill turn, and we all of us relish that! What do you say?"

"I am ready," said Beaumont, with an air of indifference, though his eyes looked strangely eager.

"All right, only don't bore us too much, Wal," languidly acquiesced Popton.

Walton nodded, and he and Beaumont talked for some moments in an undertone, laughing with easy satisfaction at the close of the conference, when Popton declared he would wait any longer, and having given Jack up for lost, intended making for the exit.

At that moment Jack came up, not with his usual easy, indolent air, but an eager look on his handsome face and a bright flash in his frank eyes.

"Hello, you fellows, are you waiting? Never mind, because I thank the manager, but can't find him. I'm quite bewildered with it all."

"And I'm bored to death," groaned the Hon. Willie. "Come along!" and, seizing the reluctant Jack by the arm, he dragged him along the corridors and out into the open air by the stage entrance.

Mr. Hamilton's brougham was waiting, and the four gentlemen got in.

"Well, what did you think of the

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There was a good fire in the small grate, and the pirate was employed in the most unspirited and peaceful manner trying to persuade an obstinate kettle to allow its contents to boil.

A comfortable little room it was, notwithstanding its plain furniture, worn carpet and lack of luxury.

Composite the pirate sat what looked like a little old woman, her figure wrapped in a shawl, her face toward the fire and hidden, her whole body completely enveloped in the wrap.

Five o'clock struck from a score of city beggars, and the shawl was agitated by a small, white hand, and a face—such an angelic, patient little face—emerged from the thick folds.

"Five o'clock, father, dear," said the voice belonging to the face—a low, thin little voice like the chirrup of a bird with suppressed cheerfulness.

"Five o'clock, father, dear, and Mary has not come back. I wonder what keeps her?"

"I'm, my dear? O yes," said the pirate, starting from a reverie, much to the disturbance of the sausage he had commenced to toast, which followed suit by starting into the grate, from which the pirate, extracted it, wiped it carefully, and impaled it again. "Eh? Yes, Mary is late, she is generally home before five, Pattie. Late, yes very late."

"A long rehearsal, perhaps," suggested the little one, drawing the shawl around her again, but leaving the faded little face, with its setting of bright golden hair, unconcealed.

"Poor Mary, it is snowing and so cold. I wish she were here."

"Aye," said the pirate, depositing the sausage on the plate with a sigh.

"Poor Mary I wish—but there's no use wishing, Pattie, no use wishing. Your father will never ride on his wishes, poor as he is."

"If wishes were horses beggars would ride—is that what you mean, father?" replied the little one, cheerfully.

"Well, there is no harm in wishing that I know of, and I wish that Mary would come before the sausage is cold and the tea spoiled. Don't hold the teapot like that, father, you'll scald your hand. Ah; there, I was afraid you would!"

And with a little scream of commiseration, she swung off her chair and picked up the teapot, which the pirate had with great cowardice deposited with a crash upon the fender.

"Oh, dear," sighed Pattie, with a smile, "what awkward things men are. Who ever would have thought of pouring boiling water into a tea pot in that fashion? There, sit down, you naughty dear, and let me put it straight before Mary comes home. She'll be shocked to see this mess."

With incredible swiftness and even grace, considering that the little body had been bent and twisted from its birth, the child-woman found a cloth, wiped up the spilt water, held the tea kettle, and with feigned severity, instructed the pirate in what manner to pour in the remainder of the water.

Scarcely were these things done, and the father scolded with loving sternness and bidden to take his seat, when the door opened and the looked-for Mary entered.

If the snow had turned everything else white, it had by way of striking a balance, perhaps, brought a bright flush upon the girl's beautiful cheeks and added a brilliant sparkle to the large, gentle, loving eyes.

The pirate looked up with a smile of welcome which extended to a laugh as Mary, stepping aside a little, disclosed a companion in a short, thick-set man with a broad face, a big mouth, a rather flat nose and eyes that were good-natured and certainly what has been very generally termed goggle.

"Hello, Tubbs!" said the pirate, holding out his hand. "How are you?"

"I'm very glad to see you. It's very kind of you to walk home with Mary. Sit down, sit down."

Tubbs received the proffered hand and hearty welcome in a manner characteristic of his profession—that of a light comedian. He took off his hat, laid his hand on his breast, made a smile that stretched his mouth from ear to ear, and with turns of the eyes which always delighted the gallery and scarcely ever failed to produce loud applause from the pit, said with a solemn, tragic air—founded upon his host's stage one:

"Mr. Montague, I am honored, sir; how do you do, sir? I hope—"

"And perhaps you can spare a word for me, Mr. Tubbs," said the thin, sweet voice.

"It was marvellous to see the change that came over the little comedian's manner. He stopped short, turned, with a mock humility now, and with a deep touch of reverence in his look, voice, and even, fat hand, took the little fingers of the little child and bent over them.

"Always a word for you, Miss Pattie," he said. "Always a word for you. How do you like the snow?"

"I like it," she answered, then smiled before she answered.

"Well, Mr. Tubbs; I don't know. It looks very beautiful, very; falling ever so softly—down, down, as if it never meant to stop! But, but—is it not very strange to be out in it? Isn't it very cold, very ghostlike?"

Her eager, dreamy face posed the comedian and set his scratching his head—another favorite trick for gaining the gallery, but now done naturally enough.

"Well, yes, I suppose it is."

"Then I don't think I should like to be out in it," said the child, thoughtfully, and with an air of pity.

"Sometimes I think it must be very dreadful walking around in such a snow and in the rain and dirt; sometimes I—oh, there's rather getting another sausage. Stay and have a cup of tea, Mr. Tubbs."

GILLETT'S LYE

CLEANS—DISINFECTS—USED FOR SOFTENING WATER—FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP—FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

The low comedian seemed quite alarmed, and went off into a long and hurried series of excuses.

"Oh, no, thanks; tea waiting at home; couldn't think of intruding; only just trotted here with Miss Mary—quite an honor, Miss Pattie, I assure you, quite an honor—can't; have a particular engagement—very particular engagement."

All of which Miss Pattie cut short with a wave of her tiny hand, and, pointing to the chair which Mary had sharp, gentle way:

"I don't believe you, you tell dreadful stories. Sit down at once, or you shan't come and see me again."

Thus commanded by her whom no one thought of disobeying, Mr. Tubbs seated himself at the table, put his comic, broad-brimmed hat underneath the chair, blew his nose with honest vehemence and made himself comfortable.

(To be continued.)

Bolshevism Kills Trade.

Striking evidence of the decline of industry under Bolshevism was given before the Senate Committee at Washington by Dr. W. C. Huntington, who was Commercial Attaché of the American Embassy at Petrograd from 1916 until near the end of 1918. "In nearly every instance," he said, "the nationalized factories have come to grief. When the decree of nationalization was issued the factories were placed in charge of committees of workmen. Then came factions and friction and quarrels between them. One would have supplies, another would not, and the result is that few if any factories are running now. The principal industry left in Russia now is printing paper money. I have seen the complete overthrow in Russia of all that we know in human life as it exists here at home. I have seen a condition of absolute chaos in all human relations develop in Russia. I have seen conditions attained that amount to nothing less than a reign of absolute terrorism."

Respecting Investments.

To the Average Man—Some one is bound to get your spare dollars, to say nothing of your spare 25-cent pieces. The question is—who will it be? Will it be some one with a "gold brick," or will it be the Government which, in return, will pay you good interest? That's the question.

You know that in the making of investments you have made bad mistakes. You have put hard earned money into things that never will and never could give you a return. More than this, you have lost your principal. You can't afford to do this any longer.

You had better let the Government have your spare dollars; it will even accept 25 cents from you. In buying War Savings Stamps you let it have the use of your money for five years, for which it pays 4½ per cent. compounded half-yearly.

If Strength Declines As Age Advances Follow This Suggestion

So many women grow old before their time, perhaps your wife or sister. A little while ago, buoyant, full of vigor and activity—she enjoyed life and imparted pleasure to the whole family; but now in a few short years she has faded and lost color and strength. She is just ready to develop some disease that will further weaken and debilitate. You remember how it began, failure of appetite, tired in the morning, found housework burdensome, always nervous and a little irritable. It's a shame to let her go down hill further when you can build her up so quickly with Ferronole. The change this nourishing tonic makes in a weak woman is surprising. It gives great zest for food, increases appetite and digestion enormously. The blood gets richer and stronger and adds new life to every organ in the body. A rebuilding process works through the entire system. The first week will show an improvement, and a month or two will fatten up the body. A rebuilding process works through the entire system. The first week will show an improvement, and a month or two will fatten up the thinnest, most run-down woman you can think of. Take Ferronole for lost color, for nervousness, for weakness—use it when run-down and feeling poorly—it will do you more lasting good, keep you in better health, than anything else. Just as good for men and children, too, because Ferronole is harmless and safe, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from the Cattarrhoxone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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