

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 fairly like, 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 shouts 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 Foppon, with genuine admiration.

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

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

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 Foppon. "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 Foppon, as Jack turned from the play on the stage and stood peering about the dusty labyrinth 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 his 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 after."

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 Foppon, 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 one at first sight by a little romance?"

"As how?" asked Foppon, 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 Foppon.

Walton nodded, and he and Beaumont talked for some moments in an undertone, laughing with easy satisfaction at the close of the conference, when Foppon declared he wouldn't 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, kept you waiting? Never mind, been to 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 scene, eh, Jack?" asked Beaumont.

"Wonderful!" said Jack. "I shall never believe in scenery or acting again."

"What! not the acting of Miss Annabelle Montague?" asked Walton.

Jack's bronzed cheeks grew a darker red, but he said nothing.

"She is the prettiest girl I have seen on or off the stage," continued Walton, touching Beaumont with his foot. "Poor girl!"

"Why poor girl?" asked Jack, rather sharply.

"Well, it's not the life for a gentleman," replied Walton, briefly.

"A gentleman?" repeated Jack, with an increase of eagerness. "Is she that, Wal?"

"Undoubtedly. Father, one of the Yorkshire Montagues; he may not look it, but you see the stage spoils them, takes it out of them in time and veils them over. Oh, yes, he's one of the Yorkshire Montagues, only I should not recommend you to remind him of it, and the girl is thoroughbred."

"She looks it," he heartily responded Jack. "And so her father is a gentleman," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Poor fellow!"

Face An Awful Sight Healed By Cuticura

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Came in Pimples and Blisters.
Kept From Sleeping.

"My face got rough and itchy, and I was told I had eczema. It came in pimples, then water blisters, and my skin was sore and red. My face itched and I had to scratch, and it kept me from sleeping. The skin was dry and scaly, and would bleed. My face was an awful sight."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I sent for a free sample. I afterwards bought more, and it was not over a week when I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Annie Forgue, Alderson, Ala., Aug. 28, 1917.

If your skin is already healthy and clear keep it so by using Cuticura Soap for toilet purposes assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal any tendency to irritation, redness or roughness of the skin or scalp.

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"We will drop into the Signet again some night, Jack, eh?" said Walton.

"By all means," said the suspicious Jack. "By all means; in fact, I shall have to go very soon, for I have something of Miss Montague's in my pocket."

"Have you what is it?" asked Beaumont, who had remained silent, but was listening with more earnestness than the joke seemed to warrant.

"A pocket handkerchief," said Jack, taking out a dainty one from his pocket and replacing it again before the others could touch it. "I think I shall drop in there to-morrow and return it."

"Ah, do," said Foppon, while Walton whispered in Beaumont's ear: "I wouldn't give much for Lady Maud's chance now, Beaumont, eh?"

CHAPTER III.

Down fell the snow lightly and softly enough, and yet with such quiet persistence and determination that the huge houses, the tall chimney pots, the very giants of city churches, were subdued by it and gave themselves up to the oppressor and were buried beneath its white robe.

King Frost was yawning and stretching, to-morrow he would be fully awake and go noiselessly about, treading on the world, turning the water to ice and making the snowy roads crisp and brittle beneath the feet.

That is in the country; in London, King Frost is conquered in his turn to a great degree by the warmth of a million breathing lungs, the heat and smoke of a thousand chimneys.

It was Saturday night and tea time—this is five o'clock—in a little room in a little street leading from a huge roaring thoroughfare. Within the room was a tall man, whose countenance was that of the pirate without his warpaint and buccanering cap.

There was a good fire in the small grate, and the pirate was employed in the most unsuspicious 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.

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

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

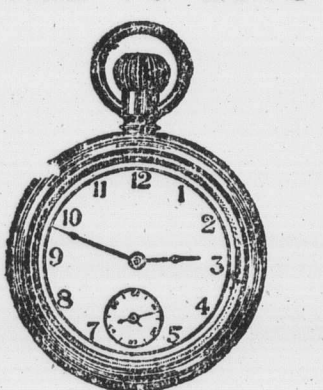
"Five o'clock, father dear," said the voice belonging to the face—a low, thin little voice like the chirrup of a bird with suppressed cheerfulness. "Five o'clock, father dear, and Mary has not come back. I wonder what keeps her?"

"In 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 and leaving the faded little face, with its setting of bright golden hair, unobscured. "Poor Mary, it is snowing and so cold, 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."

FREE TO BOYS



Watch and Fob FREE to boys. This "Railroad King" watch is a completely guaranteed timekeeper. It is stem wind and stem set, double dustproof back, nickel case. Regular man's size. Send us your name and address and we will send you 40 packets of our lovely embossed Easter Postcards to sell at 10 cents a packet. What I sold send us the money and we will send you the watch and a lovely leather fob, with all charges prepaid.

HOMER-WARREN COMPANY, Dept. 91, Toronto, Ont.

"It 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, know you, and I wish that Mary would come before the sausage is cold and the tea spoilt. 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 spill 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, goggly.

"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, voted 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?"

She shuddered, then smiled before she answered.

"I don't know, Mr. Tubbs; I don't know. It looks very beautiful, very; falling over 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 got 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 among such a crowd and in the rain and dirt; sometimes I—But there's father getting another sausage. Stay and have a cup of tea, Mr. Tubbs."

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.)

LIFE ON TRAWLERS.

Brave Men Who Fish While Fighting Huns.

On the cool, smooth surface of this northern sea lay one of His Majesty's armed trawlers, engines stopped, drifting slowly with the current.

Hidden from our quarry, by a few miles distant cape, a ceaseless watch is kept for the contraband-running neutral. Unsuspecting our presence, he makes a "landfall" of this particular promontory. The very action of taking this far northern course proclaims his anxiety to reach the Scandinavian port without overhauling from a British patrol vessel.

Some ten miles steam will take us within the Arctic Circle, but there is nothing on this perfect evening to suggest its proximity. For it is mid-summer, with a temperature of warmth and freshness that is delightful. Happily fog is absent.

With the exception of the deck and engine-room watches, everyone is fishing—or, rather, pulling fish out of the water, for scarcely a minute passes without the whack of a flopping big cod on deck.

The fish are running on the large size. The crew's arms ache with the ceaseless "bobbing" with the baitless bait of lead and hooks. Two men



will now tally on a life—an extra heavy fish has been hooked.

Now a shout from the man of the rest line. No bottom! The trawler has drifted over a submarine valley. Lines hauled, a few turns ahead with the propeller, and the edge of the valley is found. Here's sport! The halibut lurks in the cliffs and crannies of these underwater hillsides. A position is maintained in from 60 to 70 fathoms. Overseas go a couple of strangled baited line. One cuts away under the trawler before its length is out. Talled on, hauled, sore hand work, a grand halibut is bucking on deck like a pirate broncho. The weight, by a crude measurement, runs over 70 lbs.

A hall from the bridge! The vigilance of the look-out is never relaxed. Our ship forges ahead ere lines are in. Full speed is quickly worked up. Course is set to cut out whatever is under that skyling trail of smoke which has just opened out of the cape.

Perhaps a shot across bows will be necessary? No! The "Stop Instantly" signal is sufficient, and a large tramp (neutral, with German sympathies), deep-laden, with a suspiciously large crew, lays blowing off.

Our boarding officer is quickly examining papers. In half an hour he has reported.

We steam away, not to the happy fishing ground, for the "fireless" has been talking, but to the rendezvous with a cruiser, many miles away.

By and by the smell of the cooking fish reminds us that the cruiser shall share in the bountiful catch.—London Daily Mail.

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 household 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 Ferrozone. 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 building 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 Ferrozone 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 Ferrozone is harmless and safe, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from the Cattarhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE LOON. Great Northern Diver and Wonderful Swimmer.

Dippy the Loon is more often than seen, though to those who the lakes of the Northern States and Canada he is familiar enough at a distance. This is fully true of those lakes deep enough to forest, for Dippy is a solitude.

Dippy belongs to the order of birds and is often called the Northern Diver, because he is a wonderful diver and swimmer. His legs are chiefly for swimming, and this reason, are placed so far that when standing on solid ground appears to be upright. His feet are fully webbed and are big enough drive Dippy through the water at great speed.

On land Dippy is so clumsy that with difficulty he can get aboard a rail. He cannot rise into the air from land, and so he is seldom found more than a few feet from the water. His wings are narrow and small for his size; but once Dippy gets under way in the air he flies swiftly and far. In order to rise, he uses wings and feet—padding over the surface of the water for some distance to get up sufficient speed for his wings to lift him. In this respect he is like an airplane which attains great speed on land or water before it can rise.

The common Loon is glossy black on the upper parts, at times showing violet and green tints. Back and wings are spotted and barred with white. There are streaks of white on throat and neck. His breast and belly are pure white; his bill straight and pointed. Dippy is a big bird, being nearly three feet long. There is a Black-throated Loon and a Red-throated Loon—a very handsome fellow.

Loons feed almost exclusively on fish. They are wonderfully keen sighted and so quickly in movement that they often dive at the flash of a gun and are safely under water before the shot reaches where they were swimming.—People's Home Journal.



If a woman is nervous or has dizzy spells, suffers from awful pains at regular or irregular intervals she should turn to a tonic made up of herbs, and without alcohol, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Druggists sell it in liquid or tablets. Send 10 cents to the "Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package. Then, for the liver and bowels nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are little, sugar-coated pills, composed of Mayapple, leaves of sloe, root of jalap—things that Nature grows in the ground.

CHATHAM, ONT.—"As a girl I was wonderfully helped by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had become all run-down, weak and nervous. I suffered with terrific backaches. I also suffered from suppression and pain. My mother gave me 'Favorite Prescription,' and it so completely regulated my condition that I have never had any trouble since. There is nothing so good for girls or women who suffer as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—Mrs. Wm. K. 800-126 Wellington Street, E.

Worth Knowing.

To test silk, fray out the threads and break them. If they snap easily, it is not good. The warp thread running lengthwise should be of equal strength with the woof thread running crosswise.

When frying doughnuts it is a good idea to heat a quart of boiling water on the stove. As each cake is done, lift it out with a fork and dash quickly into the boiling water and out again.

Washing soda is excellent for removing stains from granite ware.

It is well to add vinegar to the water in which fish is boiled. A teaspoonful of vinegar to a quart of water is the right proportion. The acidulated water makes the meat of the fish firmer than plain water is good.

Do not allow butter or milk to remain uncovered in the refrigerator. They absorb odors very easily.

When olive oil dressing will not thicken after the necessary amount of oil has been used, beat in a small quantity of dry cornstarch.

To flower pansies in the house, sow the seed in shallow boxes of sandy soil. When they are rooted, transplant them to window boxes or separate pots. Keep them quite warm, give them abundance of water and a great deal of sun.

Bluff That Failed.

General Plumer, who has recently been recalled to France from Italy, can be very ironical when he chooses, as the following story proves:

Shortly before the war, when he held the Irish command, a regiment was being manoeuvred before him on a field day, and the colonel in charge succeeded in getting his men mixed up pretty thoroughly.

"However," he went grimly on, and at last, calling a halt, rode up to Plumer with an air of importance.

"I flatter myself that was extremely well done, sir," he said, evidently with the idea of trying to bluff that nothing had gone wrong.

"Oh, excellent," was Gen. Plumer's suave reply. "But may I ask what on earth you were trying to do?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Nell—She thinks no man is good enough for her. Bell—She may be right, at that. Nell—Yes, but she's more apt to be left.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTURA, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Altura.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Altura's condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M.