

Economy

Is a strong point with Hood's Sarsaparilla. A bottle lasts longer and does more good than any other. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Shadow and Sunlight

"Pardon me," he says quietly, "I thought that I could speak with candor without giving offense."

"So you may," says Madge. "Go on. You were going to express your astonishment that any parent could be indifferent to so rare and beautiful a specimen of daughterhood?"

"I was," he assents, with a gravity that is perfect.

Madge colors—colors so that the eyes, deepened by the crimson, look like black velvet.

"Thank!" she says again, with an attempt at irony that is rather failure; "the same surprise has attacked me. But perhaps my father does not regard me with the appreciation which is my due. My father is a wonderful man, and I am proud of him. Who would not be proud of a father whose reputation for beauty has stood the test of thirty years, and whose manner and deportment are famous? He is the best-dressed, the most courteous and polished of mankind; his knowledge of the world and his fellow-creatures is so acute and profound that an angel would not convince him that any human being is capable of a noble action. He is a wonderful father, but his love is not paternal affection."

"Lord Lashwood listens and observes her closely. She has evidently in her fit of indignation—indignation only half-suggested in the clear, sarcastic tones—almost forgotten that she has a listener.

"Perhaps," she goes on, almost to herself, "I should not know what fathers are like as a rule, if I had not seen the fathers who come to see the girls at school, and heard the girls speak of them. There was one—a father, I mean—who actually cried when he wished the girl good-bye; it was Lord Darlington. Lady Mary's father. There was another who carried his little girl—Tottie—she's our youngest—into the schoolroom in his arms—and implored us and begged us with presents to be kind to her; I have seen men in the streets pick up their children and hug them, and I have wished sometimes that I had been the daughter of a lamp-lighter—it was the man who lit the lamps—instead of possessing the proud privilege of belonging to the Honorable Francis York."

She turns and looks at him with a smile on her face, but there is a faint tremor on the soft, ripe lips and a suspicious glint in the dark eyes. Half ashamed at her garrulity, and more than half ashamed at the tears in her eyes, she says, with a careless laugh:

"You see, I am like the girl in the song—'No one to love me, none to care for me.' They are all full upon her, for his eyes are full upon her, with something new and strange in them. Can it be, is it possible, that it can be pity? Whatever it is, it goes almost in an instant, as if dispelled by an effort of his will."

"And there is no one besides your father and Lady Carton?"

"Nary one," replies Madge, unconsciously using one of the Americanisms which she has learned from books and which never fail to delight her school-fellows.

"Is it possible," he mutters, "and you spend your life in the dark house in the square—all your life?"

"Not all," says Madge lightly, but with something like a sigh, "I'm a free girl. Sometimes we go for a walk, like a flock of sheep; then on Sunday we go to church, and—well, that's all!"

He mutters something which sounds like a French phrase, and then, "And you are twenty?" he says, medially.

Madge laughs and turns her bracelet on her arm, all unconscious that his eyes, watching every movement, every gesture, are resting on a keen, artistic, sympathetic appreciation of the exquisite molding and delicate texture of so much of that member as he can see below the plainly-cut sleeve.

"That atones for all your former compliments," she says. "I am eighteen. And do I look twenty—really?"

He looks at her from the top of that sleek, silky-haired head to the tip of the small shoe that peeps from beneath her dress; looks so long that Madge's eyes falter and her color begins to come.

"Yes," he says, "you look twenty."

She laughs again.

"I must tell the girls that," she says; "but I'm afraid they won't believe it. Do you think I might disturb Lady Carton now?"

"At the peril of your life," he says. "Let her indulge her unholy passion for a little while longer, unless you are cold. Bright nights are dangerous. Wait there!" and he disappears.

"Wait there!" is not the form in which a gentleman usually requests a lady to excuse his absence, and abide till his return; but it doesn't sound either strange or rude to Madge; and she is not singular, for most women are content to accept Lord Lashwood's command, and to obey it. So she leans over the balcony again and watches the street, and presently he comes back with a shawl in his hand, and holds it out ready to put round her shoulders.

Madge stares and laughs.

"But it isn't mine!" she exclaims, immensely amused.

"Isn't it?" he says coolly. "I found it on one of the chairs. What does it

Essential Elements.

By compelling a complete conversion of nutritious food into material for the repair of waste tissue, the formation of firm flesh and pure red blood, Angier's Emulsion provides the elements essential to perfect health, strength and power of endurance. It is ideal for weak stomachs. It is perfectly agreeable.

matter? None of them want it in there. Let me put it on."

"Couldn't think of it," says Madge. But she might have spared her breath for he comes up to her and quietly—

and, ah, so deftly—arranges it around her.

There is no need for her to put up a hand, but she does so; and in doing so her hand—soft, warm and white—touches his. For a moment there is a little confusion, as it were, between the hands, and they become entangled. It is only for a moment; but a moment may stand out in one's whole life, and color it. The shawl is round her, and her hands are clasped lightly on the cold iron again, but one of them—the smooth, white back of the right one—there seems to linger still the warm touch of his.

For a moment there is silence, she leaning over, he standing, his hands in his pockets, a fresh cigarette, unlighted, in his mouth.

Inside, behind, there are eyes, envious, watchful eyes—which have noted his entrance and departure, and are waiting for him to return; and there are at least two young spotless damsels who had not have suffered much if they had been told that the unknown school-girl had fallen into the street below.

All unregarded, he remains lost in thought—so lost that Madge turns presently, just as she would have said to Lady Mary or Jane, says:

"Will you take a penny for your thoughts, Lord Lashwood?"

"They are yours for nothing," he says instantly, and without the slightest hesitation, "I was thinking of the vast difference between our two lives."

"Oh," says Madge, dryly, as all that she has heard of him flashes on her mind.

"Yes," he says, and he speaks, apparently more to a passing cab than to her. "I was wondering upon what plan the gods mapped out our existence. Here am I, who have tried all the pleasures that the world in its present imperfect state of civilization has to offer—I, who have seen strange lands and countries, who have exhausted all the weapons which a luxurious age has invented for the slaughter of time—and you!"—he pauses—"you are doomed to spend your days in a dingy house in South Kensington!"

The gods are kinder just now, says Madge, as she looks at him as a school-girl might look at such a man, wealthy, titled, famous—or infamous, which you will.

"Yes—there is a difference," she says.

"You envy me, do you not?" he says, not quickly, but with that curt readiness which is usual with him. "I would change places with you now."

"Yes, now," he repeats, quietly; "but it is not fair, at any rate. I wonder if the gods would feel much aggrieved if I ventured to interfere with their plan of your existence."

"What do you mean?" demands Madge.

"I wonder," he says, "whether you, yourself, would deign to accept a little diversion which I have in my power to offer you?"

He and Madge still looks at him with open-eyed expectation.

"For instance," he says, "have you ever driven in a four-in-hand? Have you ever dined at the Star and Garter?"

"Never," says Madge, with emphasis.

"Good," he says, "and will you do so? Not a year hence—I do not believe in postponing things; tomorrow is far enough to look forward to. Will you go down with me in my coach to the Star and Garter and after dinner drive back to the theater?"

Madge stares at him.

"With you?" she breathes.

"Not with me alone," he says, with the slightest smile, "no; that would be too great a thing. We will make up a party. Lady Carton, Lady Sowerby—anybody."

The carelessness and indifference with which he says "anybody" would doubtless have afforded much gratification to the aforementioned ladies if they could have heard him.

Madge holds her breath and replies in blunt, school-girl fashion:

"Do you mean it?"

A smile, a lovely smile—crosses his face, as he looks into hers, rapt, flushed, expectant.

"I never meant anything more thoroughly in my life."

A four-in-hand—dinner at the Star and Garter—the theater!—says Madge, her rapture and amazement rising at each particular. "And would I go?" she turns away, with a laugh, a low, musical laugh, that is full answer enough.

"Good!" he says again.

"Stop," says Madge, "I must ask Lady Carton—"

His smile stops her.

"Will you leave it to me?" he says. Madge nods.

"Yes."

"Think—well, I think I could do it with better chance of success. Hush! Here they come! A word—dare I offer it?"

"Yes, what is it?" says Madge quickly.

"You may say anything."

"Then do not speak," he says.

"All wonderment and curiosity, Madge returns to her study of the street, but her ears are wide open.

Half a dozen persons, led by Mrs. Sowerby and Lady Carton, stream through the open doorway and stand in the soft effulgent moonlight, their jewels gleaming faintly, their soft dresses rustling like tautum leaves.

"Are you there, Lord Lashwood?" asks Lady Carton. "What are you doing—studying astronomy?"

"With the aid of a cigarette," he says. "Come and look at the moon. Beautiful, isn't it?"

Lady Carton shivers slightly.

"Very, but—I don't go in for moonlight much; it's always so cold."

"That's pity," he says, and he leans over and looks at the sky as if quite absorbed. "I was just thinking of making up a party for Richmond tomorrow—four-in-hand—dinner—early moonlight, and all that sort of thing."

"That's a very different kind of moonlight," says Lady Carton, with a laugh. "But are you serious?"

"Did you ever know me otherwise? I was never more serious than now. Mrs. Sowerby, you haven't seen the new team—will you come?"

Mrs. Sowerby pauses and hesitates.

"Can't I?" she says, and there is no antagonism in the mental question.

Her engagement to be numerous and crowded as a prime minister.

"If I do I shall have to throw over a dinner and three balls."

[To be Continued.]

MANY SHIPWRECKS ON PACIFIC COAST

Long List of Disasters From Alaska to California.

SAILED AND NEVER REPORTED

Loss of the Colima With 181 Passengers—Collision Between the Walla Walls and the Max.

San Francisco, Jan. 4.—The huge giant ribs of many a once proud ship project grimly from white sands or lie curiously among black rocks along the east shore of the Pacific, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Innumerable disasters have occurred. One company alone in the course of its existence has suffered the loss of thirty vessels, which bore down with them to the place of drowned men more than 1,500 souls. Tall, white sailed ships; black, swift, steel passenger steamers; iron-hulled steamers heavily laden; little, un-honored steam coasting schooners with crews of two or three—vessels, in short, of every sort, have been sent to their doom at the soft, treacherous hands of the clinging fog, by disastrous currents, or hidden rocks that lay in wait.

The list of lost ships, even an incomplete list, is appalling in its extent. Very few ships there are which have the fortune of the Alameda, which has been got safely off the rocks, upon a week, and now lies safely in her berth. The City of New York had no such luck. This great steamer, on the afternoon of October 27, 1883, struck on the reef at the tip of Point Bonita. She was outward bound, having just left the Pacific mail docks, and like the Alameda, lost her bearings in a thick fog which settled down. The passengers were all landed safely in tugs, and most of the cargo was also removed, but the steamer stuck fast on the rocks and gradually went to pieces.

The wreck of the Rio de Janeiro on Friday morning, February 22, 1901, when over 131 out of 211 on board were drowned, is too fresh in people's minds to require other than mere mention. Made in 1878, the morning of the Golden Gate at 4 o'clock, the ship was struck through a heavy fog and struck a rock a few hundred feet from Point Bonita, going down in less than 15 minutes. The master of the ship, Capt. Ward, went down with the ship. His body was found months later. The ship itself sank in deep water, and its position has never been determined, though innumerable attempts so to do have been made.

On the morning of January 22, 1903, the steamship Walla Walla, bound from San Francisco to Seattle, with 144 souls on board, collided with the sailing ship Max off Cape Mendocino, and sank in less than an hour. The steam schooner Dispatch picked up the rafts and boats containing 52 people, and other rafts went ashore. Only 26 of the 144 passengers were lost. The sailing ship escaped with only a slight injury.

Among the more remarkable disasters was the loss of the ship Colima, which, at eight o'clock on the morning of May 27, 1885, was struck by a gale in latitude 18 degrees and 38 minutes north and longitude 104 degrees and 14 minutes west, off the coast of Manzanillo, Mexico, and sent upon her beam ends, going down in 120 fathoms of water within a few minutes. One hundred and eighty-one persons were drowned, and thirty-two swam ashore and were picked up. The loss of the Colima is generally held to have been due to bad stowage. She was heavily laden above decks with lumber and petroleum, so that when her captain attempted to put her about she went upon her beam ends.

Another wreck which occurred almost in the same place as the wreck of the Colima was that disaster to the Guatemala. She also was carried out of her course, by a heavy southeasterly gale and swung round by the current, was driven upon the rocks about six miles southeast of Manzanillo. It was the Guatemala's 101st trip to Panama, and her second voyage under her then master, Capt. T. R. Deering. Fortunately, no lives were lost in this disaster, the steamer Clyde taking off both passengers and crew. The Guatemala, however, could not be pulled off the rocks, and finally broke up, and was a total loss.

The City of Tokyo was wrecked off the harbor of Yokohama on June 23, 1885. The vessel grounded in fog. The cargo was jettisoned and the passengers taken off, but the ship struck a rock. A week later a furious typhoon arose, and the vessel was destroyed in a short space of time. The City of Tokyo was a sister ship to the City of Pekin, which still plies between San Francisco and Oriental ports. The Georgia sank in October, 1878, off Punta Arenas, Costa Rica. The passengers and crew were saved. The vessel, worth about \$400,000, was a complete loss.

The City of San Francisco is another vessel that met disaster. On the morning of May 16, 1871, when approaching the Mexican port of Acapulco, she struck a sunken reef and sank in deep water within an hour. The passengers and crew were all saved.

The Costa Rica was also lost by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company through wreck. The date of her disaster was September 17, 1873, as she was entering this harbor under full steam during a fog. The passengers were all saved, though with great difficulty.

Other early losses of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company were the Golden City, valued at \$1,000,000, wrecked on February 22, 1879, near Point Bonita, in southern California, with loss of life, and the America, which was burned to the water's edge off Yokohama harbor on August 24, 1872.

Group.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

the pecuniary loss being a million and a half.

Shortly after the loss of the America the Bienville was burned on the Atlantic Coast, and the Guatemala was lost in the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

The first disaster to vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company occurred on January 5, 1854, when the San Francisco went down in the Atlantic with a loss of 200 lives.

The Northerner struck a reef near Cape Mendocino on January 5, 1860, and 35 persons were drowned.

On July 27, 1862, the steamer Golden Gate took fire off Manzanillo, with \$1,400,000 of treasure on board. One hundred and ninety-eight lives were lost at that time.

The Hermann was wrecked in Japanese waters on February 13, 1860, one hundred and twenty lives were lost. The Sacramento, a ship valued at \$600,000, went ashore on December 6, 1882, at Point San Antonio, some 200 miles south of San Diego. The vessel was a total loss, but the crew, passengers and part of the cargo were saved.

The Pacific, bound for this port from Puget Sound, collided with the ship Orpheus off Cape Plattery, on November 4, 1875, and only two persons—a sailor and a passenger—were saved.

Among disasters to vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line the wreck of the City of Chester is notable. On August 22, 1888, while leaving this port for Bureka in a dense fog, she collided with the Oceanic, an iron-bound off Port Point, and a minute later, the City of Chester was destroyed by an explosion, and 16 persons were drowned.

In February 21, 1891, near Rocky Point, ten miles from the Golden Gate, the three masted ship Elizabeth, together with the captain and sixteen of her crew, were lost.

The Caleb Curtis foundered on the bar on April 11, 1887, with all on board. In March, 1890, the City of Florence was lost in Halfmoon Bay.

The Hassler, a Klondike passenger steamer, was lost on the inner Skagway passage through the blowing in of her boilers. Not one of the 50 or 60 persons on board escaped.

In 1858 the bark Helen W. Almy, bound for Alaska, foundered while a day or two out from this port, and all souls were lost.

On December 8, 1895, the lookout at Cape Plattery saw the steamers Keeweenaw and Montserrat close together going in the same direction. A rising storm hid the vessels from view. They were never seen or heard of again. They carried 67 passengers.

In the year 1888 the steamer Julia was blown up at South Vallejo, the bark of Weymouth sank in a collision, and the San Pablo was totally wrecked off Turnabout Island.

During the year 1905, so far, the number of disasters on this coast has been appalling. Indeed, last year bids fair to make no slight distinction among those who go down to the sea in ships. The vessels which have been wrecked are the steamer George W. Elder, on the Columbia River; the schooner Onward on the beach near Coquille River; the schooner Mary Eliza, sunk near Bowen's Landing; the schooner C. A. Klose, wrecked near the Columbia River; the Martha Davis, burned in Hilo Harbor; the barkentine Robert Sudden, ran ashore near Surf; the Norwegian bark, the schooner Honoluli, which sailed from Shanghai for this coast, and was never heard from; the bark Coryphene and schooner Volant, wrecked in Alaskan waters; the schooner, ran ashore in the Hawaiian Islands; the schooner J. M. Colman, ashore on San Miguel Islands; the steamer Gipsy, near Monterey.

To this long list must be added the name of the stout ship St. Paul, valued at \$200,000, which, on Thursday morning, October 5, at 3 o'clock, during a dense fog, went ashore near Point Gorda, and is a total loss. The passengers (87), and crew were all rescued without accident, but a valuable cargo was lost with the ship.

GOOD WISHES FOR JOHN

The Congratulations Poured in Upon Mr. John Burns.

London, Jan. 6. — The eyes of the labor world in Britain are centered on John Burns, who, as the new president of the local government board, was made a member of the Bannerman cabinet.

It is evident from the stir created by his appointment that the British workmen regard the inclusion of one of their own class in the ministry as marking the beginning of a new era in English political administration.

When his appointment became known congratulations were showered on Mr. Burns at his residence on Levensham Hill, Battersea, a London borough.

There was an almost constant procession of telegraph boys to and from the door. One of the first messages received came from the Council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, a body with which Mr. Burns has had close relations for many years. Old comrades and shopmates and artisans all over the country telegraphed offering the new president of the Local Government board the most hearty and genuine congratulations on his new appointment. In Battersea the rejoicing is practically unanimous, and even political opponents take pride in the fact that their member has attained cabinet rank. There is a very loyal feeling in Battersea that the representative of the borough will do credit to it as well as himself at the local government board.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

In Iceland, that country of gentle and old-fashioned customs, it is always the custom to present to the baby when its first tooth appeared a lamb to be its very own, cared for and tended as no other pet could be, and never to be parted with.

Bees are partial to sweet things, but that is poor consolation to the girl who happens to be stung by one.

Don't attempt to bait a dog, because you feel that they are superior to yourself.

CANCER of the FACE

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

Bees are partial to sweet things, but that is poor consolation to the girl who happens to be stung by one.

Don't attempt to bait a dog, because you feel that they are superior to yourself.



20 Per Cent. Off

Brings Many Customers

Our 20% off sale is keeping our clerks busy. Many we never saw before are taking the bargains away. Our regular customers should not lag behind. As the race is to the swift, so the best values go to those who come early.

Many Lines Are Getting Low

These are some of the many lines on which the 20% reduction applies. Read the list carefully and see if there isn't something you'll soon require. Prices go back to regular after stocktaking.

Black and Colored Dress Goods
Ladies' and Children's Coats
Ladies' and Children's Skirts
Ladies' Underwear
Children's Underwear
All Whitewear Goods
All Wrapperette Goods
Dress Trimmings
Valenciennes and Net Laces
Cotton and Flannelette Embroideries
All Millinery Goods
Lace Curtains
White Vestings
Table Linens

All Flannelette Wear
Silk Velvets
Corduroy Velvets
All Golf Jackets
Wool Blankets
Comfortable Comforters
All Men's Furnishings
Newest Ribbons
Parasols and Umbrellas
Leather Goods
Lace Collars
Plain and Fancy Silks
Astrachan Gauntlets
72-Inch Wool Sheeting

GRAY & PARKER, 150 Dundas and Carling

No man has the right to scatter his griefs around where other people will fall over them.

Armour's Extract of Beef

Makes Food More Nourishing

We do not claim that Armour's Extract of Beef is a food. It is a tonic for the appetite—a soothing and grateful to the stomach—helps one to get all the nourishment out of the food—insures quick, sound digestion.

Start dinner with a clear bouillon or savory soup with Armour's Extract of Beef added to give the true beef flavor—and see how easily the dinner is digested.

A RIGHT WAY and A WRONG WAY

Many people have many ways to bring about the same result. Most of them are mistaken ways, but this is not known until the test of time points plainly to the error. Practically there are but two ways to accomplish anything; a right way and a wrong way. Take, for instance, a man with a bad back; there are lots of them, and of various kinds, some with stitches and twinges, others with cricks and twinges; then there's the dull, heavy continuous kind that lasts all day and doesn't sleep at night. They're all bad enough, they're all hard enough to get rid of. Some people rub the back with liniment, others cover it with plasters, either or both means often bring relief, but the pain comes back—it's the wrong way to cure the trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

have a way to cure backache, a way that's all their own—the right way. They're made for the kidneys only. When the kidneys fail in their work of filtering the blood the backache because they are situated in the small of the back; backache is the kidney's warning of trouble, and every day you let the warning go it brings you nearer to urinary disorders, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, etc.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of kidney ills and that's why they bring such quick relief from backache. Mr. Fred Gray, Good Corner, N.B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with pain across my back. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received so much benefit from them that I consider them the best remedy for kidney trouble there is. I need not be without them in my house."

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.