

The Best Tea

earns the greatest sale.

"SALADA"

TEA
is rewarded by having the largest sale in North America. Have you tried it?

The Countess of London.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Can't," he said. "I've packed my portmanteau and locked it, and if I opened it, I should never get it to close again. Besides, it wouldn't hold a nutmeg more. Put it with yours, and give it to me when we get to the Towers. What is it?"

She did not answer, and he sauntered off. She held the packet in her hand, looking at it for a minute, then she put it at the bottom of the box. It contained the things she had found on him the night she had found him on the road, and Irene's locket was still among them.

They travelled by an express train. Royce had tipped the guard, and secured a compartment to themselves. Madge was very silent, and sat in her corner, looking out dreamily upon the landscape as it flew by, taking, as it seemed to her, all her past life with it.

Royce understood all that was passing in her mind, knew that she was thinking of her people, whom she had left forever, and of the new life that awaited her, and every now and then he took her hand or put his arm around her, and murmured a word of love and sympathy.

When they reached the station he saw her start, as if she had suddenly awakened from a dream, and her face grew pale; but he had no time to whisper more than "Here we are, dearest," before the door was opened and a footman came forward and touched his hat.

The station-master and porters stood round respectfully, anxious to welcome "Master" Royce and his lady; and when Madge stepped out, her lovely face and her tall, slim figure in its fur cloak, a little thrill of surprise and admiration ran through the group.

With a word and smile for one and the other—a smile very different to Seymour's sleek one—Royce led her to the carriage.

The servants were in full livery, the best pair of horses had been sent, and the coachman, as he checked their impatience, managed to touch his hat to his beloved "Master" Royce.

Royce drew the cloak round Madge and held her hand.

"All right, Madge?" he asked, tenderly.

She looked at him and tried to smile, but she could not speak for a moment; then she said:

"Yes, while you are with me, Jack."

"I shall always be with you, Madge," he said.

The carriage sped on through the semi-darkness, up the avenue and within sight of the house.

YOUNG DAUGHTER MADE WELL

Mother Tells How Her Daughter Suffered and Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vancouver, B.C.—"My daughter is a young girl who has been having severe pains and weak and dizzy feelings for some time and had lost her appetite. Through an older daughter who had heard of a woman who was taking it for the same trouble, we were told of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My daughter has been taking it for several months and is quite all right now. It has done all it was represented to do and we have told a number of friends about it. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, for I myself take it for that weak, tired, worn-out feeling which sometimes comes to us all. I find it is building me up and I strongly recommend it to women who are suffering as I and my daughter have."—Mrs. J. McDonald, 224 1/2 Ave. East, Vancouver, B.C.

From the age of twelve a girl needs all the care a thoughtful mother can give. Many a woman has suffered years of pain and misery—the victim of thoughtlessness or ignorance of the mother who should have guided her during this time.

If she complains of headaches, pains in the back and lower limbs, or if you notice a slowness of thought, nervousness or irritability on the part of your daughter, make life easier for her.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted for such conditions.

his arm, he led her up the broad stairs.

Her heart was beating so fast that she felt stifling. She knew that she was pale, but she fought hard for outward composure, and won; so that the maid, who watched her closely, declared in the servants' hall that "Master Royce's lady was a rare plucky one, and as dignified and cool as a statue."

Madge did not look round the room into which they were shown until the maid had gone into the adjoining one; then when she did glance about her she found it difficult to repress a cry.

The room was one of the best in the house, and it had been newly and superbly furnished. Even Royce opened his eyes and whistled as he surveyed it.

"Evidently madame doesn't mean doing things by halves," he said.

"Is—is this our room?" inquired Madge in an under-tone, her hand still grasping his arm.

He laughed.

"Yes; and you have one to yourself as well, dearest. The girl has just gone into it. My dressing-room is through that door on the other side."

"Three rooms!" said Madge, almost to herself.

The maid came in, and as she was evidently expected to do so, Madge followed her into the next room.

It was a smaller apartment, but as superbly furnished as the bedroom. Nothing was wanting in this model of a lady's dressing-room and boudoir—not even the piano. Poor Madge! A piano! Her heart sunk as she glanced at it.

"My lady did not know whether you would bring a maid, ma'am," said the girl; "and if you have not, I am to be your maid, if you please, ma'am."

"No, I have not bought one," said Madge in a low voice.

"No, I must have one!" but Madge checked herself in time.

The girl came to her and unfastened the fur cloak, doing it as gently as—as even Royce could have done, took off her hat and boots, and drew a chair to the fire.

Was it she, Madge, the gypsy girl—the girl who had lived in a caravan a week ago—who was sitting there amid this splendor with a girl like herself—a girl who a week ago would have regarded her as far beneath her—waiting upon her with respectful assiduity, addressing her with bated breath?

The box was brought up and the maid asked for the key. Madge got up to get her cloak, but the maid interrupted her with prompt carelessness.

"Oh, I will get it, ma'am," she murmured, deprecatingly.

Then she unlocked the box and took out the things, handing them—not as Madge had done, as things precious and strange—but with familiar ease.

"Which dress will you wear to-night, ma'am?" she asked. "There are two evening-dresses, I think. Yes."

"I—I do not care," said Madge, faintly.

The maid held them up and surveyed them.

"This is the lease creased, I think, ma'am," she said. Madge assented, and the toilet went on rapidly, smoothly.

(To be continued.)

Chinese on the Dole

How able-bodied Chinese in the East End of London live on the dole rather than work was described in a Daily Mail reporter by a woman who has made a close study of London's Chinatown. She said:

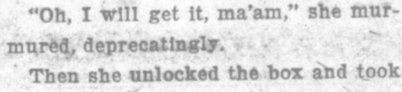
I know one brainy Chinese who has been living contentedly on the dole since last July. His English wife admitted to me that he was drawing 22s. 6d. a week but it may be more. He is a clerk and also a clever artist. He could easily get work, but he prefers the dole. He is a great opium-smoker, and he thinks it wonderful that he should do nothing and that the British Government should pay for his opium-smoking.

This man has four children, two of whom are at school, while his wife goes out to work in the West End. She asked me to state that she had been employed by me at 15s. a week, so that she could draw a dole herself.

There are a number of Chinese drawing the dole from the Polar Guardians instead of working. Why should we work hard to keep these people in idleness when they might be working?

WOMEN! DYE OLD THINGS NEW

Sweaters Waists Draperies
Skirts Dresses Gingham
Coats Kimonos Stockings



Each 15 cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug stores.

How Many Stars are There

An effort to convey some reasonable idea of the probable number of the stars has been made by Dr. William Lockyer in the London Mail, who tells us that photography is capable of recording stars which not even the largest telescope in the world can show us. "Everyone knows," says Dr. Lockyer, "that stars are not all of the same brightness. Astronomers use the term 'magnitude' for brightness and adopt the system of changing from one magnitude to the next greater magnitude by multiplying by two and a half; thus a star of the first magnitude is two and a half times brighter than a star of the second magnitude, a second magnitude star two and a half times that of the third, and so on."

Now with the unaided eye an observer with a keen vision can see stars a little fainter than the sixth magnitude. To him, therefore, there will be about 7,000 stars visible, but only half this number will be above the horizon at any time. Every gain in magnitude means a great increase in the number of stars recorded. Photographs taken with such a powerful telescope as the 60in. reflector of the Mount Wilson Observatory, with an exposure of five hours, show stars of the twentieth magnitude. The biggest instrument in the world, the 100in. reflector at the same observatory, photographs stars to the twenty-first magnitude and probably fainter. A survey of the whole Heaven with this latter instrument would tell us how many stars there are.

Such a survey has not been made, so one has to be content with a more modest one—very complete, however—made with a 10in. lens by a British amateur astronomer and extending to stars of the seventeenth magnitude. The counts of these stars show that up to the tenth magnitude there are

A Beautiful Cream.



Three Flowers Vanishing Cream is a non-greasy cream, but unlike many vanishing creams, it is so constituted as not to be too drying to the skin. It is instantly absorbed by the pores, leaving a smooth, velvety surface. Any shine there may be on the skin, disappears as this cream is absorbed. It protects the skin from wind and cold, and prevents chapping.

At all drug and department stores.

Whose Fault if the Child is Delicate?

The success of your child's future is largely dependent upon its present health. The time to watch its health is while it is young—during its growing age. Give a boy or girl health, a foundation and their future is fairly well assured. Isn't delicate health in children sometimes the result of unintentional neglect? Parents often dismiss these troubles with the remark, "They will be all right tomorrow." Drowsiness, weakness, lack of energy, loss of appetite, inability to study and concentrate, etc., in children are due to ill-health. Usually what the child, boy or girl, needs is a tonic. Carnol has worked wonders as a tonic with children. Read what Carnol did for Mrs. Ida Waite's little girl!

"I am very glad to be able to speak to any parent and explain to them that my little girl has been completely restored to health by the use of Carnol. She has been from infancy a weak delicate child and very nervous, but the use of Carnol has not only completely strengthened her, but restored her to perfect health. I recommend Carnol to all mothers whenever a safe and effective tonic is needed."—Mrs. Ida Waite, 5 Summit Street, Halifax, N.S.

Carnol is sold by all good druggists everywhere.

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LOW PRICED FOOTWEAR!



 LADIES' BLACK KID LACED SHOE. Cuban or Military heels, with rubber heels. Price \$3.75.	 LADIES' BLACK 1-STRAP SHOES. Only \$2.50 & \$2.75.	 LADIES' BLACK 2-STRAP SHOE. Rubber Heel. Price \$3.75.
 LADIES' BROWN 2-BUTTON SHOE. Price \$4.75.	 LADIES' BLACK KID SHOE. Without rubber heel. Only \$2.75.	 LADIES' BROWN KID 1-STRAP SHOES. With rubber heel. Only \$2.75.
 LADIES' DARK TAN LACED SHOE. With rubber heel, Cuban or low heels. Price \$4.75.	 LADIES' BROWN KID 1-STRAP SHOE. With rubber heel, for \$3.50.	 LADIES' HIGH CUT BOOTS. In Black or Tan Leathers, pointed toe, Cuban heels.
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We carry a very select line of Suede Footwear, in Laced and Strapped designs, in Brown and Grey Suedes. Priced at \$10.50 the pair.

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For good, honest-made Boys' and Girls' Boots and Shoes, we certainly can show you the correct thing to shoe your boy or girl with.

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Mail Orders Shipped same day as received.

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Personality revealed in the use of good stationery.

"The paper that's good to write upon"

FRENCH ORGANIC WRITING PAPER

Horse's Midday Nap

CITY STREET COMEDY.

As people were returning recently after luncheon to offices near the Victoria Embankment, London, they were startled to see a standing cart-horse harnessed to a trolley drop to the ground.

Girls gave little screams; a swarm of boys gathered; carters left their own charges to help.

But, unlike most horses that fall, this one—a fine fat chestnut mare—made no effort to get up. It lay breathing with deep content and closed eyes beside an empty nosebag which had slipped off its neck.

SPRAINS

Minard's soothes and heals strained ligaments and sore muscles.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

We wish to remind you that we are still in the Painting business and usual we are doing the very best work of work at lowest possible prices. We do all kinds of Painting, Paper-hanging, Graining, etc., and would very much appreciate a share of your patronage. Anticipating an early response and assuring you every possible attention to all orders entrusted to us. We are yours truly,

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