# PARTED BY GOLD

Jack streched himself out in his chair, feeling very comfortable and happy. He had gone through a satis-

factory conversation with his aunt, had

preserver she had sent him, and was very careful about wet feet. He had also prevailed on her to let

him replace one of her carriage horse

too fat and old for work, by a magnifi-cent animal from his own stud; had

sealed her objection with a kiss, and

come back on good terms with every one to get wasted again.

Lady Maud soon left the piano and

came softly across the room.

Jack, with his eyes half-closed look

ed up.
"Why have you left the music?" he

"Because I don't want to go

sleep," she retorted, and, pausing at his chair, leaned upon the top of it, looking down upon him and his up-

turned face.
As she did so her smile found no echo in her heart. A bitter, little

galling thorn had crept in there and

Looking down upon him thus, she realized what she would lose.

How tall he was; how strong! Mr.

Shallop, an ordinary-sized man, looked

dwarf and a child beside him. Hi

face, too, was as handsome as the Apollo Belvidere's—in Lady Maud'

yes handsome-with its deep, pure

eyes, well-cut lip, and crisp, chestnut hair. Oh, she could not, she would not lose him! And as the resolution

flashed through her mind her little hand tightened upon the chair back

and her breath came fast.

Jack looked up.

"It is too hot for you, my swee

cousin." he said, with his grave, gentle

"Going so soon!" she lid. "Aunt, he will stay no longer, he says. Are you going to walk home?"
"Yes." he said, "and shall enjoy it; it clears one's brain before Bedfordshire. Good-night, aunt," and he

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night!

Jack said

topped to kiss her.

Lady Maud drew him aside. "Jack," she said, looking

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and he held out his hand.

in the face. "will you do me a favor?"
"Twenty," he said gaily, but with

great earnestness, nevertheless.
"I want you to take us to the con-

cert at Lady Bakewell's to-morrov

"To-morrow," he said, thoughtfully.
"Maud, I am very sorry, but I can-

low voice. "You always refuse me

"I am engaged, dear Maud," he said,

and a slight flush mounted to his

"To whom?" she said, half play-

fully, but with an undercurrent of deep mortification.
"There," he said, "as Shallop would

'that's a profound secret'; I must tell, Maud. Good-night! good-

She could not press him longer, and

he got away, bowing over her hand as a prince might have done over a

Mr. Shallop and he parted at the

When they were shaking hands,

"Before we go I forgot to ask you

to consider that matter of which we were speaking this afternoon in con-

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Shallop, rapidly

weighing the advantages of confessing that he had already told Lady Maud

and deciding not to mention it, "oh, yes, of course; I shall not repeat it now that you wish it to be in confi-

dence."
Mind, there is no mystery about it,"
said Jack, bluntly; "yet I would have
the thing done quietly."
"I understand," said Mr. Shallop,
and they parted.
Lady Maud went back to the fire

and at last up to her room.

"I know where he is going to morrow," she murmured. "I know as well as if he had confessed it. Oh, it is fearful to lose him like this. And I love him so; I am sure than I love him so, the thin so, the same of

love him so; I am sure than I love him now that there is a cnance, of losing him forever. But I will not—I will not. Who is this girl, this acting woman, that she should come between us and take him from me? Is she beautiful? Well," and she looked at the beautiful face that met hor in the glose, "wall if eyes deceive

looked at the beautiful face that met her in the glass, "well, if eyes deceive not, his called me beautiful this afternoon. Is she young? Well, so am I, too young to stand tamely by and see a designing weman carry off the prize I have set my heart upon. I must see her. A painted, made-up thing: a stage beauty, all affectation, coarseness and low manner, with some trick of the voice, or eyes, or hands

trick of the voice, or eyes, or hands that has caught his heart. All men are

that has caught his heart. All med are idjots where women are concerned. He is the greatest and the simplest child could lead them. She is no child and will lead him from my side if I

To-morrow? Let me think how I can

I must see her.

You cannot! Where are you

' she said, looking him full

"Good-night.

asked.

assured her he always wore the

Probably Lady Maud's half-breathed invocation was not a sweetly phrased benediction upon that gracious weed

Mr. Shallon did not smoke, and when Lady Maud, few minutes afterward, arose and opened the piano, he left Lady Pacewell and came to arrange

ne music, etc. Lady Pacewell, who loved Jack more than she disliked tobacco, went into the conservatory to get a little of the former's company and the fatter's smoke. Lady Maud, left alone with the lawyer, saw an opportunity and grasped at it. "Sit down," she said, graciously. "I

cannot bear any one to stand when I am singing. It is unfair to insist upon two inflictions."

He smiled, told her that the listen-ing and the standing were delights, and, thus encouraged, Lady Maud sang. It is needless to say she sang well-

so well that Jack hovered near the conservatory door, and this being exactly contrary to what she desired, left off suddenly, but continued playing.

Jack moved away again far out of hearing, and then, under cover of the slow, soft music, Lady Maud said, carelessly:

"What a long chat you had in the dining-room. I hope you did not bore each other?"

"No," said Mr. Shallop, smiling.
"Mr. Hamilton never bores one; he is so original. Lady Maud inclined her head in a

languid assent.
"Business has charms for some of the human species, I know, but I didn't think Mr. Hamilton entered into

'Neither does he," said Mr. Shallop; "we were not talking business."
"Stay!" said Lady Maud, a charming smile, "let me guess; was it horse

'No; there I am afraid I should be

at fault," said Mr. Shallop.
"Then let me think, oh, the opera?" he said, laughingly, are getting warm Theatricals of some sort?" said

Lady Maud.
"Yes," he said, then paused

He had not been asked to retain the matter as a secret, not a word savoring of confidence had been mentioned. It was not a legal matter or, of course he could not speak of it.
"Yes, theatricals," he said, "were the

subject of our conversation. Mr. Hamilton did me the honor of asking my advice respecting the benefiting of an actor and his daughters; persons whom he has taken an interest.

"Yes," seid Lady Maud, "Mr. Ham ilton is good-natured and benevolent He does a great deal of good.

"He does, indeed. He is generous to a fault," said Mr. Shallop, and he mentioned the instructions he had reto a fault, ceived anent the East-end charities.

"How good of him," breathed her dyship; "and pray," she asked, with charming smile of aimless curiosity, fadyship: might one know who these good peo-

ple are?" yes," said Mr. Shallop, "a Mr. and Miss Montague, who are acting at one of the minor theatres—the Royal

that moment Jack entered, and Lady Maud murmured, laughingly, "How romantic," commencing another



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She thought for a few minutes and then knocked at Lady Pacewell's

dressing-room door.
"Come in." said her ladyship, and her niece glided up to her.
"Aunt," she said, "I don't care to go

to Lady Bakewell's to-morrow. o Lagy Barewell will go without me?"
"Oh, no, my love," said the affectionate lad "Not without you; if tionate lad "Not without you; if you don't care to go we will stay at

"But I wish you to go," said Lad; Maud, kissing her. 'lo, dear aunt, Lady Bakewell will be offended if you do not, and I will stay at home quietly, or—well, perhaps I hay take the brougham and call upon Mrs. Liegh. You are aware I have promised to spend an evening with her since her winter gout has arrived, and she will

be so glad."
"Well, well, my dear Maud, it shall be as you wish," said the pliable aunt, and Lady Maud, having gained her object, kissed her aunt and returned to her own room.

"Yes, I will go and see for myself," she murmured, with a smile that was not a very sweet one, "see for my

What she saw and how it came to pass that she saw it must be reserved for another chapter. CHAPTER VII.

"What is it, Mr. Tubbs, what is the asked Mr. Montague, in his off-the-stage low voice, as entering the greenroom he found that part in a sad proar and confusion.

The centre of a group composed of ballet girls, imps, spirits of the deep, the pirate's band and a miscellaneous collection of carp nters, all talking once and to no purpose, stood Mr. cousin, he said, with his grace, gentle tenderness, "it is time you were in bed. I hear Mr. Shallop giving his premonitory cough of adieu. I will leave you free to go to your roost," and he arose to his full height, smil-

Tubbs venting his wrongs.
"Matter, sir? I should think it's enough to make a man's hair stand on end; it's too bad for slaves, it's—it's unworthy the endurance of a Briton, sir; 'pon my life, if it wasn't for thefor the respect I bear this establishment sir-"

ment, sir—"
"Never mind all that, Mr. Tubbs,"
said Mr. Montague, mildly, foreseeing
that unless a line were drawn at an
early stage of Mr. Tubb's eloquence,
he, Mr. Montague, should be barely
able to don his pirate's costume for
the first scene. "Never mind all that, "Never mind all that, the first scene. out tell me, what is amiss.

"Look here," said Mr. Tubbs, in deeply indignant tones. "Do you call that proper treatment for a respect-able low comedian?"

And, with indignant -scorn, he held, out a wig—the wig of the character—torn down the back, very much bedraggled, and altogether a sadly wrecked and dilapidated piece of orna mentation.

"Well," said Mr. Montague, "dear ne, what have you done to your wig, Mr. Tubbs?' "Done to it! Me done to it! Noth-

ing, except take care of it, sir. I at that wig, sir; take it your hand and tell me, your hand and tell me, sir, if you ever knew such a shameful piece of business. And there is none here as will act like Britons and the what mean blackguard did it. Here a chorus-not as musical as the Greek ones—broke in and commenced informing him in fifty different voices of fifty different causes of the

"Hold your tongues," roared Tubbs. "Why, you're worse than the gallery when it's got the contraries Can't one of you tell me who did it?
My only wig, too," he groaned, turning it around woefully. "This wig,
Sir, has always fetched a laugh; it was
the hit of the farce, sir, and now—
why, they will his me off the stage. Now then, which of you's going to tell

me who did it?"

All the voices commenced again but ceased suddenly as Mr. Anderson, the stage managere, came in

## HOW TO AVOID **BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS**

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Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had head-aches, my back ached all the time.



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it. My nervousness and backache and backache and backache and leading to backache and leading to be suffering as I was."— Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. L. Packache and nervousness are Syladone

Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often developments.

unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment.
Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The silence was so elequent that Mr. Tubbs glared significantly first at the wig and then at Mr. Anderson.
"Oh," said he, pushing out his head
and winking significantly "that it, is and winking significantly that it, is it? Oh, that's the last gentlemanly way to pay me a grudge, is it? That's the proper thing, is it, to ruin a man's wig and try to spoil me before the house? Now, you look here," he continued, walking up to Anderson, who had stood still during this half-andible sollicans, but on seeing Tubbs

audible soliloguy, but on seeing Tubbs approach, wig in hand, turned around sharply and bade the ballet girls go and dress, and requested to be in-formed why the duece that first scene was not being set. "Now, you look

was not being set. "Now, you look here at this wig, Mr. Anderson, will you?" said Tubbs.
"Well, a pretty thing, too. I hope you don't think of going on in that," said the stage manager, eyeing the ruined article with a certain amount.

OR HONEY REFUNDED. ASK ANY B

"Oh, you think it's pretty well done for, do you? Disgraceful, eh? So do I. And now I'll tell you what," and his large eyes expanded ruefully. "I am not going on at all 'til the cad who knocked this up for me has beg-ged my pardon, as like a gentleman as he can be."

as he can be."
"Oh," said Mr. Anderson, with a sneer, "that's to be ft, elt? Well, better inform the manager. I dare say he'll be dreadfully cut up at Mr. Tubbs breaking his engagement. There are no more low comedians to e had now; oh no!

And he turned away.

Mr. Tubbs turned purple for a ment, then crimson. He saw that Mr. Anderson had got the better of him, any way, and with a swift movement he rolled the injured wig up into a ball and flung it full in the stage

manager's face.
"There," said the little man, "you cut my wig up, you mean blackguard, and you shall have it."....

and you shall have it."

Anderson was a fearfully passionate man, as well as a disagreeable one.

As the wig struck him lightly lie turned around and made one bound for the comedian, selzed him by the collar, and was, amid the shricks of the ballet girls and the remonstrances of the men, about to strike him with one of the torches he had seized from

But Mr. Tubbs, though small, was valiant. Thrusting up his arm as a guard, he hit out the other hand straight and swiftly, and Mr. Anderson received anything but a gentle pat up-

on the right eye.

In a moment the fiend in him leaped up at this fresh blow, and, by sheer superlocity of strength, he threw r. Tubbs upon the floor. What he would have proceeded to

have done next, this chronicle can say not, for at that moment Miss Montague ran in, and, with a white face, stood before him, and caught his arm. A thrill ran through the small circle at her appearance, for they saw little of her usually, and a murmur of ap proval followed as with a heightened color she turned an accusing face to Anderson and said in low, but distinct

"For shame! You forget yourself

It was a sharp rebuke, and the man to whom it was administered felt it

He loved the lips that uttered it and would have given half his years



to have won from the eyes, flashing so scornfully, one soft, kindly glance.
His face was distorted by passion and jealously, and for a moment he was silent; then, as Tubbs got up. look-HNESing very snamefaced and muttering the most abject apologies and excuses to Miss Montague, he said,

hoarsely: hoarsely:

"Ah, I ought to be ashamed of myself; you jump to his side directly; it is I who am to blame, in your eyes. But who struck the first blow? Ask him that."

And with a look of scorn and hate at the new humbled Mr. Tubbs, he strode off.

Mary looked with sorrowful reproach I ought to be ashamed of

Mary looked with sorrowful reproach at Mr. Tubbs and murmured:

at Mr. Tubbs and murmured:
"Oh, how could you?" so sadly that
the low comedian felt very much like
crying, and, to save himself from
such a breakdown, limped off—he had
hurt his leg in the scuffle.
Mary, without a glance at the spectators, left the room quickly and
entered her own dressing room. Having reached that sanctuary, her feelings found vent, as most women's

ings found vent as most women's strong emotions do, in tears. And yet she would have found it hard to ex-

she would have found it hard to explain why she wept.

Though gentle, Mary Montague was not a foolish, deerlike maiden, and it must be confessed that a fortnight ago she would have hurried away from the scene just portrayed with a sigh, perhaps, but without all the intense feeling of shame which now filled her bosom. bosom.

Small things as well as great one small things as, well as given as spring from small causes. Mary's unhappiness sprang from such a small thing as an elegently dressed gentleman, with a handsome face and clear, ready-meeting eyes, who had chosen

to haunt the theatre and bestow expensive bouquets by proxy. Mary had told her father on the

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ical world that she felt no qualms, no regrets. She could not have said so now, for, within her breast, she felt as ashamed that she should be connected with the creatures who could so conduct themselves as for the

t itself. What a gulf yawned between always worshipping her from the pri-vate box, and her, the peacemaker of greenroom squabble. (To be continued.)

#### Worry and Selfishness.

Worry, when you come to analyze it is not a social vice. We work chiefly over those things which concern the Show me that what impends will leave my bank account intact, my health impaired, my friends and family out, and any futher tormenting solicitude that I may feel is trankly academic. I may still take though and use preventive meansres, but I cease as if by magic to worry over the out-come. On the contrary, I can now work for the accomplishment of my object better than ever before, for most worry is not only an arch form of selfishness, but it is the great inhibitor of action. We say "I am worried:" we mean "I fear for myself."—Elliott Park Frost in Atlantic.

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#### LAPP . COFFEE.

#### and Drunk in a Very Strange Way.

An American consular officer in Scandinavia gives the recipe for making coffee among the Lapps, when they are so fortunate as to have it at

Dinner was eaten out of doors, and the one dish of the meal consisted of roast lemmings, little creatures something between a gumea pig and a rat, and as the officer admits, "exquisitely peculiar" as to their flavor.

The party squatted in a ring, about the fire, watching the roasts, all ex-cept a wrinkled old woman, who as an expert, was intent upon a more te-dious ceremony. Out of a skin knap-sack she had taken a small skin bag. From this she extracted some 12 green coffee beans, which she proceeded to roast one by one in a small iron

When they were cooked to her taste she bruised them to coarse fragments between stones and put the result with water into a copper kettle, which had one lid in the usual place and another on the end of the spout to keep out smoke and feathery wood

She cleared it by an old trick which is known to campers all the world over. This was to throw into the ket-tle a small splash of cold water, when the coffee grounds were promptly pre-

cipitated to the bottom. Then she poured the clear, brown, steaming, liquid, into a blackened bowl of birch root and handed it to the good man, her husband.

After he had taken the bowl in his fingers the woman hunted a leath-ern knapsack and produced a lump of beet sugar. The host bit a fragment from it and lodged it in his teeth, then he lifted the bowl to his lips and

In a more civilized man this would, of course, have been rudeness; in a savage it was a simple act of courtesy. It was a plain assurance that the bowl contained no poison. Then he handed it on for his guests to drink in turn, and the American says that he does not know that he ever tasted better coffee.—Exchange.

#### FOR THE GLEANERS. Palestine Paymers Still Obey Old Command.

After the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in by the Palestinian farmer, the barley harvest comes next, and lastly the

When harvesting, the men year a leather apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protection provided for them, says the Christian Herald. are of two kinds, one, the kaloosh, is small and with quite a dull edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw, but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stocks. The other, called manpal, is much larger and supplied with short,

sianting teeth, and is used on the tall, well-grown grain fields. Reaping with these simple imple-nents and binding the Cheaves with ments and binding the cheaves with their own straw, a considerable am-ount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the reapers have advanced, they, actuated by al-most religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they he severally noon them though they be severely poor them-selves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reapers the harvest of your land the the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the cor-ners of the field when thou reapest,

of thy harvest.

shalt thou gather any gleaning

TET a woman ease your suffering. I wanted you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

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ife. write to me to-da". Address. Mes. M. Summers, Bax 8 Windser, Cat

Owls Devour Pigs. . Sam Yik Kee, Chinese patriot and pig raiser, is distressed and the po-tent al pork production of Canada has reduced by ten pigs as the result e depredations of horned owls.

Sam Kik Kee had ten sturdy little Then there were nine, and he couldn't account for the shortage. Next day another disappeared. Each day thereafter the Yik Kee piggery was shy another suckling animal. After the nine had disappeared the

Chinese happened to look upward and saw the carcass of one of his choice pigs hanging from the limbs of a tree. The mystery was solved. He had been robbed by horned owls. An Then the whole mixture was boiled up together into a bubbling froth of coffee fragments and coffee extract. C.)

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