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PARTED BY GOLD

"Try the capon," said Maude, with interest.

"Well, I will," said Jack, and Mr. Porter cut a wing.

"Dare I ask your advice?" said Mr. Shallop, with a smile, but a respectful one.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Maud, graciously. "I should say the currie; lawyers like cases well-seasoned, you know."

Mr. Shallop laughed and went in for the currie.

Jack, feeling conversational, now turned to Lady Maud.

"What are you drinking, Maud, dry or sweet?"

"Dry," said Lady Maud.

"Then try sweet," said Jack, with a laugh. "I heard a good riddle the other day."

"Then don't tell me," interrupted her ladyship. "I abhor riddles, conundrums and charades."

"Never mind Maud, Jack dear; tell me," said Lady Pacewell.

"Well, I don't know," said Jack. "Perhaps when Maud is out of the way."

"I'll stop up my ears," said Lady Maud, and she covered her white hands that looked to advantage in the position.

"Come," said Jack, "that's obliging," and, being in a good humor, he pretended to pull them away, at which, when his hands touched hers, Lady Maud, with a little push and a twitch of the mouth, let them fall and sat patiently.

"When," said Jack, "is champagne like corn?"

"When it's wheat," said Mr. Shallop, at once. "That's very easy."

"And very silly," said Lady Maud, with grave quizzicalness.

"That came from Mr. Popton, I suppose; it has an odor of his absurdity about it."

"No," said Jack, "you mean the missing brother, the Pacewell, who died abroad?"

"Yes," said Mr. Shallop.

"And in leaning back in his chair he contrived to get a glance at the easy face of the young man without his being aware of it."

"Yes, it was a singular thing. He disappeared some years before the fortune was left, and few knew the cause. I was among the few. He disappeared for a while, then turned up in London."

"I always thought that if I wanted him I should be able to put my hand upon him, but it proved that I was wrong. He slipped away and died in the most provoking manner."

"Australia," I say provoking manner, meaning it only in one sense; in the other it was an excellent and most wise thing, for I need not say the fortune is better applied in its present owner's hands."

"And he inclined his head respectfully to Jack, who quietly poked the fire."

"I don't know that," he said. "But why should he have been in hiding? What had he done?"

"Well, I never could find out quite," said Mr. Shallop. "The Pacewells were always a close family. I fancy that he was given to drinking and made a mess of things, and if I am right in my conjectures, it needed nothing more to keep him out of the way. The Pacewells were as sensitive as they were proud, and if any man did not mind his disgracing himself individually, he would change his name that he might not disgrace his family."

"I see," said Jack. "I almost wish he was alive and had the money. But see to those institutions, will you, please? And if you can find one for used up actors and actresses—you can make it twenty guineas."

"Of what class do you mean—soup

kitchens, night refuges, hospitals for sick children?"

Jack nodded.

"Shallop," he said, suddenly, "you know more about my money affairs than I know myself." ("I am afraid I do," murmured Mr. Shallop, softly, too softly to be heard. "I wish you would put down on your expense list one or two of these institutions. Say ten guineas for the best soup kitchen and ten guineas each for the best conducted of all others—all in the east of London.")

Mr. Shallop took out a dainty memorandum book, more like a lady's plaything than a lawyer's notebook—and jotted a note to that effect.

"You take an interest in the east of London?" he asked.

"Eh?" said Jack, rather hesitatingly. The lawyer repeated his question.

"Yes," said Jack, "I saw it for the first time a few weeks ago," and he sighed.

"Now, what the deuce does she want down to the east?" queried the lawyer, his sharp eyes twinkling in the firelight.

"Indeed," he added, aloud, "a dreadful place, was never down there but once, some law business, I remember. In fact, it was business connected with the Pacewell estate," and he laughed, softly.

"Yes," said Jack, not interested, "what was it?"

"Well, we were looking for a missing heir; one would think you would not have far to seek the heir to twenty thousand a year?"

"No," said Jack, suddenly interested. "That was before my time?" he asked, meaning the date at which he had entered upon his fortune.

"Yes," said Mr. Shallop, "and if we had succeeded in finding the heir, your time, I am sorry to say, would never have come at all."

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Mr. Shallop's eyes opened a little, but he took out his notebook and made an additional bequest.

"You are interested in theatricals?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes, I am," said Jack, with just the slightest flush, "and now you mention it I don't think I can do better than ask your advice upon a matter I have in hand. That sounds quite commercial, doesn't it?" and he laughed, but with a certain shyness.

"And yet," said Mr. Shallop, echoing the laugh, "I hope it is not commercial, for, with all due deference, you do not manage your money affairs with very great success."

"No? Well, set your mind at rest, it is not a speculation on 'Change. I don't want you to buy me shares in the Great Wheat Bag tin mine, but to give me your advice and assistance as a man of the world."

Mr. Shallop nodded.

Jack poked the fire again and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Shallop," he said, "I am very much interested in an individual, a gentleman, who is, I believe, placed in trying circumstances by ill-luck and those accidents which will befall the best and worst regulated human lives. That was neatly turned, I think. Thank Heaven, if anything happens I can earn my living in the compilation of polite letter-writers."

Mr. Shallop laughed.

"Yes," he said, "a gentleman very down in the world."

"Well, not very," said Jack, thoughtfully. "There are many far lower. To cut the matter short, he is an actor, an actor of an east end theatre."

Mr. Shallop got out his notebook, but Jack put out his hand with an exclamation of impatience.

"Confound it, man, not that way," he said. "I don't want you to take instructions as if you were going to lay out five hundred pounds or draw up a lease. I want your advice as a man of the world."

Mr. Shallop put up his notebook, not at all offended, and rubbed his hands.

"Well," said Jack, "he's an actor at an east end theatre; he may be a good actor or he may not. I am not a critic and can't say. He interests me, and his voice is as deep as a diving-bell and as sonorous as a brown bear's."

Mr. Shallop laughed.

"Great recommendation in a tragedian," he said.

"Just so," said Jack. "Well, then, he has a gentlemanly manner, and seems a good-hearted, well-conducted, respectable man. Now, Mr. Shallop, I want to do something for him."

"Yes," said Mr. Shallop.

"And it must be done sub rosa, no charity will do; he would scent it out, and very likely give me a sound hiding."

"I don't think it shall be in the shape of charity then," said Mr. Shallop, shrugging his shoulders.

"He is very proud, and it will have to be done on the quiet and while he is hoodwinked."

"Have you thought of any channel through which the benefit might reach him?" asked Mr. Shallop.

"Yes," said Jack, "we must get him an engagement at one of the principal theatres."

Mr. Shallop whistled.

"When?" he said; easier said than done. Engagements at the West-end don't go begging.

"No," said Jack, "I suppose not, but by hook or by crook we must manage it. You know all the fashionable managers and those sort of people, and must get the thing done for me. You said once very prettily that money could buy anything. Buy me an engagement for my friend, and I won't look twice at the price. You understand?"

"Hem!" he said. "Well, I can do nothing until I have seen this gentleman—on the boards I mean. May I ask his name?"

"His name," said Jack, "is Montague—Horatius Montague—and he plays at the Royal Signet."

Mr. Shallop drew out his pocketbook.

"You must let me jot that down," he said, laughingly, "or I shall have forgotten it before I reach the office to-morrow morning."

"Jot away," said Jack.

"Horatius Montague, Royal Signet Theatre. Private address?" asked Mr. Shallop.

"I don't know," said Jack, dryly.

Mr. Shallop opened his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I must make the best use of this, I suppose."

"You will go and see him?" asked Jack, "and tell me if you think you can manage to help me?"

"I will," said Mr. Shallop.

There was a moment's silence spent by the lawyer in wondering how Mr. Montague had managed to catch his wealthy client's interest, when suddenly Jack poked the fire and said, in a tone of the most sublime indifference:

"By the way, I should tell you that there is a daughter—"

"Ah," thought the lawyer, "now I can understand it. This is the missing piece that makes the puzzle plain. A daughter!" he said, "for whom I must get an engagement also?"

"Just so," said Jack, trying to keep up the indifference.

"May I ask the young lady's age?" asked Mr. Shallop.

"You may if you like, but I guess if she'll tell you; I can't," and Jack laughed.

Mr. Shallop, throw off his guard and enjoying his joke, was incautious to run on with:

"And has she a diving-bell voice with brown bearish capabilities?" but stopped suddenly as Jack's face darkened and his eyes assumed that cold, haughty expression which the Pacewell lawyer knew so well.

"That you can discover for yourself," he replied, gravely. "The father and the daughter are acting on the same nights. You have the name of the theatre, and the sooner you can conveniently give the matter your attention the greater will be my gratitude."

Mr. Shallop bowed respectfully, and Jack, who was forgiving, passed the bottle and said:

"A glass of wine to the undertaker."

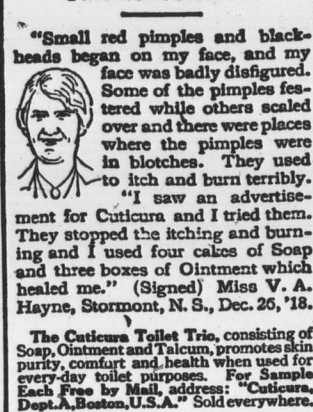
"Right willingly," said Mr. Shallop.

And with mutual good will again they drained the glasses.

"And now," said Jack, "having nearly poked the fire out and bored

PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED

Face Was Badly Disfigured.
Cuticura Soap and
Ointment Healed.



"Small red pimples and blackheads began on my face, and my face was badly disfigured. Some of the pimples featured while others scaled over and there were places where the pimples were in blotches. They used to itch and burn terribly."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura and I tried them. They stopped the itching and burning and I used four cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment which healed me." (Signed) Miss V. A. Hayne, Stormont, N. S., Dec. 26, '18.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio, consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum, promotes skin purity, comfort and health when used for every-day toilet purposes. For Sample Each Free by Mail address: "Cuticura," Dept. A, Boston, U.S.A. Sold everywhere.

you to death, I think I'll propose the drawing-room. My aunt will be hankering after the cup that cheers and does not inebriate."

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Maud had a deliciously easy lounge beside her own in front of the great fire, and her delicately tinted silk swept it at the edge. She drew it aside and made room for him with a smile of welcome.

"Come and be seated," she said. "Aunt and I are browsing gradually."

"All right," he said, sinking into the seat of down and velvet an old-fashioned strong, white hand out to the blaze. "Aunt is now going to get cooked in another way; Mr. Shallop has got her, you see."

"And there will be nothing but share lists and 'Change talk, advanced rentals and income tax for the rest of the evening," said Lady Maud, glancing languidly at the table where Lady Pacewell and the amusing lawyer were seated.

"Never mind, we will have a game at backgammon," said Jack.

"No," said Lady Maud, "I want you to enjoy your evening, not to be bored to death. I know you hate backgammon, and between me and Fido here, I hate it, too."

Jack laughed.

"All right," he said, in his lazy way. "Give me a cup of tea then, and we will play the idle apprentices."

Lady Maud gave him a strong cup of tea in a delicate tea cup, and held the piece of sugar suspended in the tongs over it.

"Oh, never mind the sugar," said Jack, with indolent gallantry. "It will be quite sweet enough if you pour it out."

Lady Maud laughed, and after placing the cup at her aunt's and Mr. Shallop's elbows, sat down again.

"Jack, you are improving, I am sure of it. That was not a bad compliment. Rather a knockdown, rough-and-ready kind, but still not bad for you."

"Thanks," said Jack. "Kind to qualify it, you might make me vain."

"Vain boy," she said, and lightly, just so lightly, laid her hand upon his arm.

It was a feather's weight of a caress, but caresses from such an exquisitely beautiful woman as Lady Maud—and at that particular after-dinner hour when the senses are already lulled to a sweet, balmy comfort—are dangerous things.

If you do not want to be cut don't play with edged tools.

Jack either forgot or was ignorant of the admonition, for with his low, musical laugh, he laid his hand upon the one that had tapped him and looked at it.

It was a shapely hand; it was a white hand; its fingers glistened with rubies and diamonds; it was a hand once caught should be always kept, for the looking at constantly, for the kissing occasionally.

Jack held it and looked up. The fire-glow was upon Lady Maud's face, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, he realized how beautiful a one it was; so perfect and oval, so delicately complexioned, such Cupid-bowed lips, so ripe and so full; a tone of high breeding in the droop of the chin; and just now, at that moment, such a look of—

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From Suffering by Getting
Her Lydia E. Pinkham's
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Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Robinson's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

ment, such a melting, fire-giving light in the dark, deep eyes.

Oh, it was a face to set a man's blood stirring by the mere glance thereof, but such a face looking down, with such a light in such eyes, upon a man whose hands imprisoned the face's hand—well, it was awfully and fearfully delicious!

Jack, lulled by the heat, made softly amiable by the good old port, felt all its fascination, and met the deep eyes with a glance of wondering admiration that turned the light in full force to a crimson blush. Then he seemed to realize his position, and, with a suddenness that was startling, said:

"I shall indeed be roasted, Aunt might one have a cigar in the conservatory yonder without meriting death?"

And, receiving Lady Powell's gracious permission, strolled into the conservatory and cooled himself and his senses with a cigar.

(To be continued.)

Memories.

(By Sapper W. H. Pitcher, from the English Review.)

I plucked the roses from her cheeks

And planted them in May,

I culled the pansies from her eyes

And hid the blooms away.

And now she wonders why I love

The month that gave them birth;

And gather diadems for her

When May is on the earth.

I took the profile of her face

And bound it in a book,

And in that volume I embalmed

The beauty of each look.

And every smile and every frown

I consecrate, for then

I take the perfume of her breath

To fill the flowing pen.

I told my story to a flower

That sheltered in a dell.

It nestled by a laughing stream

Whose tinkling waters fell.

And every May it comes again,

Just in the self-same place,

And opens as it listens to

The story of her face.

TERRIBLE AGONY

FROM RHEUMATISM

A Sufferer Shows How Complete Relief Was Obtained.

Rheumatism is a trouble extremely difficult to get rid of. If a tendency to rheumatism is established in the system it makes itself manifest by a return of the acute pains with every spell of bad weather. This is why so many people think the trouble is due to cold or damp. The fact is, however, to medical men, that with the appearance of rheumatism there is a rapid thinning of the blood, and that the rheumatic poisons are only expelled from the system when the blood is restored to its normal condition. This means that to drive rheumatism from the system it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose no other medicine has been so successful as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills renew and enrich the blood, thus driving out the rheumatic poison, easing the aching, painful, swollen joints, and restoring the victim to general good health. Among the rheumatic sufferers who have been cured by the use of this medicine is Mrs. Wm. Johnston, Chatham, Ont., who says: "Some years ago, while living in Mount Forest, I was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, from which I suffered a terrible agony. Neither the doctor who attended me, nor the remedies I tried gave more than a little relief for a time, and as a consequence, I grew very weak and was on the verge of nervous prostration. At this stage an uncle advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they had cured him of a severe attack of rheumatism. I took his advice and faithfully used the pills for several months, when I found myself fully restored to health, with every vestige of the rheumatism, and every symptom of the nerve trouble gone. I have had no return of either trouble since, and feel very grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained through any medicine dealer, or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GUPID'S QUEER PRANK.

A Wedding Blunder That Furnished a Curious Climax.

The other evening we were talking to Mr. Bransby Williams, the delightful impersonator of Dickens' characters, and he told us this story:

The scene was a London parish, and the period recent. The vicar was sitting in his study one morning when he burst the verger in a great state of excitement.

"Mr. —" (mentioning the curate's name) "wants you at once, sir," he exclaimed. "He has married two couples and married the two men to the wrong women, and he does not know what to do!"

"Have they signed the register?" inquired the clergyman.

"No," was the verger's response.

"Then they can be married again," said the vicar. "Tell Mr. — \$ will be at the church in a minute or two to perform the ceremony."

In due course the incumbent made his way to the church and found the parties gathered at the entrance.

Before he could say anything one of the bridegrooms approached and said:

"We have been talking it over, sir, and we have made up our minds to remain as we are."

And they did so.—Pearson's Weekly.

De Soto's Error.

May 24 is the anniversary of the landing of Ferdinand de Soto in Florida in 1539. He thought he was on the path to a fabled fountain, by bathing in which he could regain his lost youth. Instead he found only morasses and impassable swamps.

Any Woman's Struggle For Good Health Quickly Rewarded

A SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT
NOW ADVOCATED THAT GIVES
FINE RESULTS.

When a woman's