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# "SALADA"

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## PARTED BY GOLD

And he turned to where Mary stood, but did not lift his eyes. Mary came forward in obedience to a sign of her father's, and stood pale and silent. Jack read the paper and signed it, then he handed Mr. Shallop the pen. Shallop signed it, and with a low bow presented the pen to Mary. She took it and looked around resolutely. "This—the paper," she said, "takes Mr. Hamilton's money from him and gives it to us, who have as yet not made good our right to it. Father, I will not sign it." Mr. Montague stared and gasped for breath. "Mary!" he breathed. "Oh, father!" she retorted, bursting into tears. "How can you be so cruel and forgetful? Where's all your gratitude gone? Cannot you see he is sacrificing himself to us when he ought rather to be defending himself against our grasping covetousness? I will not sign it." Then, turning to Jack, who stood, hat in hand, and almost as pale as herself, she continued: "Oh, sir, do not put us to shame like this! You see him now at his worst; he was never unjust or cruel before. This wicked money has turned his head. I—I wish you had kept it, for it has brought us nothing but unhappiness already." Jack could not speak, he did not dare to trust himself. "The agreement is valid," he said, "one witness is sufficient. Mr. Shallop will arrange it. Mr. Pacewell, may the money bring you the happiness it conferred on me; with all my heart I hope you will live long and enjoy it well." He turned, opened the door, and almost got out of the room, when a thin voice cried: "He started and turned. Her chair and was stretching out her arms to him with two tearful eyes. He made her a step back, but shook his head, smiled his old smile at her, and left the room. There was still hard and unpleasant work for him. He walked sharply through the snow and stood waiting admittance at the Pacewell Villa. The elegant drawing-room was empty, and he stood wondering how he should get through the ordeal which he knew awaited him. Presently a light footstep sounded behind him, and Lady Maud entered, her brightest smile, her choicest flush called up to receive him. "Dear Jack, why have you kept from me? It has seemed an age," she murmured, as he took her hand and shook it. "Indeed!" he said, speaking as away because I did not want to bring quietly as he could. "I have kept bad news, but it must come, and perhaps I am the best one to carry it." "Bad news," she repeated, turning pale. "Any one dead?" she asked. "No, thank Heaven!" he replied. "The old Henry Pacewell, whom you all thought dead, has turned up, and the man you have promised to marry is—a beggar!" She sank from his arms direct. "A—a—beggar!" she echoed. "Well, not exactly, because I don't mean to be," he said, trying to speak lightly. "But a penniless man, with the world before him. Maud." Her ladyship drew farther away and

fire had to last till midnight. It was snowing outside, Jack knew, for once during the twilight he had gone to the window and looked down upon the umbrellas flitting by below. He sat near the fire and poured himself out some tea from a small teapot. The tea was weak, the teapot a battered and used-up one. The bread and butter were ungarished, and the whole meal, to say the least, uncomfortable. When Jack had finished his tea, he lit a lamp, put on a shade, and, drawing a large document toward him, set to work to copy it. All this meant that Jack was poor, and working hard for a very miserable living. He wrote on for half an hour, and then a tremendous clatter and burst of music caused him to look wearily up. It was the bells bursting out into noise, like a lot of schoolboys let out for the holidays. "Ding, ding! dong, dong!" "Christmas Eve!" muttered Jack, trimming his pen. "A rum sort of Christmas Eve for you, old fellow! Last year you were dining at the club with Pop, and Beau, and the rest; this year I think you dined on a sausage roll without company. Christmas Eve, heigho!" Then, having no time to spare for soliloquies, he fell to work on the copying again, and scratched, squeaked, and scratched through another folio. But the bells grew positively intrusive, and louder and louder, till the solitary slave to the pen laid it down and turned his chair to the fire. "I think I'll just have a pipe. What a blessing tobacco is so cheap! What should I have been without my pipe? So this is Christmas Eve. Well, a merry time for some of them; a merry time at the villa, I dare say, and at the time at the club. Little Pattie, like a fairy, laughing over her new riches, and old Montague Pacewell as proud as a turkey cock. And she—well, bless her sweet face, wherever she is; she doesn't look happy, though! Her old life clings to her, perhaps. I saw her the other morning in the lane. She was in their grand new carriage with one of my horses. She was pale enough and sad enough to be Mary Montague at the Signet again. And I stopped and looked at her—and the best of the joke was, she looked at me,

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but since I've shaved my beard off, and looked seedy, she didn't know the Jack Hamilton, who is foolish enough to think of her now. Six o'clock! Half past by this time. I must finish this work, for I want my dinner to-morrow, Christmas Day, and working for my dinner! Well, if it wasn't so serious, it would be a most excellent joke. Heigho!" With the pipe in his mouth, he turned around and picked up his pen. But there came a knock at the door at the instant and he looked up from the parchment to say: "Come in!" The door opened, and a short individual, having missed the step, precipitated himself pretty nearly into the grate. "Come none of that," said Jack, in his old good-natured way, "you are not coys, worse luck, and won't burn," and then added, having set him upright: "Who are you, and what do you want?" He dropped the man's collar, and his tone changed from the easy, to a stern one, for the individual bore the likeness of Mr. Tubbs. "What do you want?" he asked, stoutly. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Tubbs, out of breath by his tumble and his evident nervousness at being so sternly confronted. "But you see it was the step as threw me up. Used as I am to tumble, as is natural on the boards, still, it was a mercy my 'ead wasn't jammed between them 'ere bars." "What do you want?" repeated Jack. Mr. Tubbs took off his hat and wiped his forehead. He seemed much agitated. "I beg your pardon for intrudin'.

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Mr. Tubbs, the tears starting to his eyes, said, "I've brought a message." "Where is it?" Jack said, as shortly as before. The sight of the man was distasteful to him in the extreme. "Where?" asked Mr. Tubbs, vacantly. "Oh, ah, yes, of course, you mean what is it? It wasn't a written message, oh, no, she never writes, she don't. Her way, when she wants anything, is to say: 'Tubbs, I want so and so,' and Tubbs, meanin' me, 'as to get it if it's in Ameriky'." "Now," said Jack, sternly, "have the goodness to tell me your business." "My business is this, sir, meanin' no offence," said Mr. Tubbs, "will you come along with me? You are wanted at once. It's most particular—Heaven knows whether she'll be alive when I get back."

"Who?" said Jack, starting. "Why, haven't I told you?" said Mr. Tubbs, the tears starting to his eyes. "Who? Miss Pattie, bless her heart." "Miss Pattie Montague?" said Jack. "And she wanted to see me?"

"Ay," said Tubbs. "She sent for me, and when they let me see her, 'Tubbs,' says she, 'go and fetch him; but I says, I don't know where to find him! Go to the lawyer, Mr. Shallop,' whispered Miss Mary, a-cryin' all the time. And I goes to Mr. Shallop, he sends me on here, and after dodging about among these 'ere queer houses, which are all alike a purpose to puzzle a body, 'ere I am. For Heaven's sake, be quick."

Jack had been putting on his coat while the man had been speaking, and now took up the lamp and walked to the door. "Go first," said Jack, "and I'll light you down."

Mr. Tubbs stumbled down the stairs in a way that would have made the clown envious, and Jack allowed him. There was a cab at the door, and the two jumped in. "Where yer come from," said Mr. Tubbs. And the man drove off as fast as the snowy street would allow him. "Is she very ill?" asked Jack. "Oh, dreadful," said Mr. Tubbs, tearfully. "Poor little angel, it will hurt your heart to see her so white and patient-like."

Jack fell into silence a while, and the cab drew up to one of the grandest mansions in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Tubbs jumped out, and a footman opened the door. Jack, who seemed expected, was asked to step upstairs, and followed the footman to the door of a room at which the man knocked gently.

There was a hush about the house that was eloquent of suffering and danger. The footman went down as the door opened, and Jack, on entering, found himself face to face with Mr. Henry Pacewell. The old man had the same weary look upon him as the pirate in the greenroom had worn, notwithstanding the magnificent apartment in which they stood and the diamonds in his shirt front. He held out his hand, and Jack shaking it self that it trembled.

"She sent for you; has been crying for you. It is good of you to come." "I would have come through fire for her," said Jack, simply. The old man put his hand to his eyes and led the way upstairs. Jack followed him into a semi-darkened room. A woman's figure moved from the side and peeped into the shadow of the curtains as he entered, and, although he could not see the face, he knew by the beating of his heart that it was Mary's. As he approached the bed, a tiny, thin voice arose from it. "Has he come, Mary?" Jack stepped softly forward and bent over the bed. "Do you want me, Pattie?" he said, lowering his musical voice to the gentlest of tones. "Jack," she said, with a touch of her old naive. "Yes, I knew you

would come, though they told me you were too proud. You're not proud, are you? You wouldn't be proud to poor little Pattie?" "No," he said. "Not proud to you, Pattie. See here, I am kneeling." And he knelt at her side. She put out her hand and touched him. Then laughed with a child's glee. "What a big hand you've got," she said. "I could put both of mine into it and lose them. But you've cut your beard off, and you don't look so handsome as when you carried me to the window to look at the snow. Jack, you'll never carry me again, never again!"

"I hope, so many times," he said, a choking coming in his throat and a film over his eyes at the wistful tones of the child-woman. "Will you carry me now?" she said, suddenly. "I should like so much to have you lift me up!" Some one came with a shawl and wrapped it around her. He took her in his arms and walked to the fire with her. No one interfered. Her wish seemed to be law. "Oh, that's nice!" she said. "It reminds me of that day when you and Mary sat before the fire laughing in each other's faces and looking so happy." She sighed: "Poor Mary! Poor Jack!"

"Why poor Jack?" he asked to humor her. "Oh, I know," she said. "You are poor now and we are rich; but my dear isn't cruel and unkind now, and he wants you to forgive him, Jack. He's very sorry for what he said that day, and he wouldn't have said it if that wicked, wicked Mr. Anderson hadn't put it into his head. And you'll forgive him, Jack, won't you, for my sake? And Jack, I want to whisper something in your ear. Tell them to keep away. I don't want them to hear."

They drew back into a far corner of the room, and, putting one wasted arm around his neck, she whispered: "I'm dying; don't tell any of them; don't tell my dear, because he cries so; don't tell Mary, because she cries, too. There's no crying where I'm going, and everybody's happy there. But I could not be happy there, I'm sure, if I felt you and Mary weren't happy on earth in some place where I could look down and see you sitting as you sat in the dear old room long ago. Jack, whisper it in my ear. Do you love Mary?" (To be continued.)

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## THE RACES OF EUROPE.

Quarrelsome Families Now Attending Peace Conference.

The American National Geographic Society, in a news bulletin, gives a general survey of the chief racial groups of Europe, an understanding of which is necessary, in order to follow intelligently the peace parleys now taking place in Paris. This bulletin is based upon a communication from Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor. It says: "The number of distinct human groups of races is variously estimated from the three Japhetic, Semitic and Hamitic of the Bible, or the three, Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro of Cuvier, to the eleven of Pickering and the sixteen of Desmoulins. The estimate in 1781 by Dr. Blumenbach, the father of anthropology, has best withstood the attacks of time. He finds five races—Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American and Malay. "Two main divisions are at once recognized among the Caucasians, designated as the Indo-European or Japhetic and the Syro-Ara- or Semitic. Indo-European indicates the belief that Europeans came from the basin of the Indus. Syro-Ara means originating in Syria and Arabia. "The Indo-European includes eight branches or groups. These are: In Asia, the Tryas or Hindus of India, the Persians and the Armenians, the last two being termed Iranians from the great plateau of Iran where they



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had their origin: in Europe, the Greeks, Latins, Celts, Teutons, or Germans, and Slavs.

"Common usage treats these groups as races, so properly we speak of the Celtic race, or the Slavic race, or of the races of Europe. Because of the intimate relations of the Greeks and Latins, and the cognate nearness of their languages, the two are denoted as of the Greco-Latin race. German and Teutons are interchangeable, being synonymous terms.

"The great majority of the peoples who have invaded Europe and whose descendants are now settled there belong to the Indo-European family. In addition, about 30,000,000 persons, or one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of Europe, are Finno-Ugrians and Turks, members of the Ural-Altai branch of the Mongolian family. All the rest, except the Jews, Maltese and Saracens (Syro-Ara) and possibly, except the Basques, are of Indo-European stock. "Ural-Altai comprehends peoples found between the Altai and Ural Mountains. Finno-Ugrian is specific of a western group of Ural-Altaians. The term is derived from Finn and Ugra, the region on both sides of the Ural.

"The various routes of migration into Europe, the later wanderings of the immigrants, and their constant relocations, may be directly traced to geographic causes, of which the mountain system, the rivers and plains had a determinative part. The backbone and dominant factor of the continent is the Alps.

"In the Alps are the fountain heads of a line drawn from the mouth of the Pruth to the mouth of the Nile, Meuse, Elbe, Oder, Vistula and Danube. These rivers have each limited or determined the wanderings of peoples, the march of armies, and the boundaries of states. The Danube was a natural and inevitable western roadway of pastoral peoples from Asia.

## Bad Breath IS CAUSED BY CATARRH

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## Pronoun Little Used.

The form "thou" has held its place in the language, with occasional use, for sixty years. It is defined as meaning "That one; he, she, or it; a pronoun of the third person, common gender; a contracted and solidified form of 'that one,' proposed in 1858 by Charles Crozat Converse of Erie, Pa., as a substitute in cases where the use of a restrictive pronoun involves either inaccuracy, or obscurity, or its non-employment necessitates awkward repetition." As an example is given the substitution of "Each pupil must learn thon's lesson" for "Each pupil must learn his or her lesson."—Literary Digest.

## FROM THAT CAUSE.

A certain bishop, having partaken rather freely of lobster salad and mince pie, was suffering torments both physical and mental. When he began to improve his hostess badgered him a bit. "Why bishop?" she said, "surely you weren't afraid to die?" "Afraid to die? Oh, no," replied the bishop, "but I would have been ashamed

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