

"SALADA"

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SWEET AS A ROSE.

He stops short at the sight of Paula, and not recognizing Sir Herrick, in the dim light, exclaims:

"Hallo, Paula! Where have you been hiding? What are you doing here?"

He breaks off with a smothered oath and a flow of blood to his face, as he recognizes her companion.

"What's this? What the devil—"

Sir Herrick looks from the bloated, insolent face of the man to the damasked one of Paula, with a curious, half-bewildered glance, then he looks to Stacey, and says in his old, cool fashion:

"How do you do?"

But Stacey has taken too much champagne and is in a jealous rage.

"What's this mean?" he demands of Paula, ignoring Sir Herrick's civil greeting. "What do you mean by sneaking off in this fashion to meet this fellow?"

"Stacey—Stacey!" murmurs May, who has followed him.

"Don't Stacey me!" he snarls. "Mind your own business! She can answer a plain question, I suppose!"

And he glances at Paula.

White and trembling, not with fear of the half-drunken bully who is to be her future husband, but with shame, Paula remains silent and it is Sir Herrick who answers. In a voice cold and suppressed, yet intense with surprise and scorn, he says:

"Permit me to explain. I met Miss Estcourt—"

"We know that," breaks in Stacey, with an insolent sneer. "We ain't blind. Besides, nobody asked you to speak. She can say what she wants, I suppose!"

Sir Herrick looks at him with an indescribable expression of cold contempt, then he glances at Paula, and his head so near his heart, and he presses the trembling arm encouragingly.

But Paula is still silent. She has forgotten Stacey's presence, is utterly indifferent to his violence: it is of her old lover, the man she still loves, that she is thinking. "What must he think of her?"

"Oh, very well!" says Stacey, biting his lip and raising his voice. "If you won't speak, I can think what I like, I suppose!"

"Think what you like, but suppress it," says Sir Herrick, in a stern, warning voice. "Your loud voice has already attracted attention, and the motions towards the table, and which several heads are turned with wondering curiosity. 'Restrain yourself, sir; this is no place for an exhibition of ill-temper, especially towards a lady.' 'Curse your impudence!' retorts Stacey, livid with passion. 'Mind your business! Come with me, Paula, this instant!'"

Paula draws her hand from Sir Herrick's arm, but he holds it in his hand with a firm grip.

"Fardon me," he says, with the cold, punctilious politeness which has marked his manner towards Stacey. "I have what right do you command Miss Estcourt's company?"

"By what right?" echoes Stacey, starting, then he laughs. "She has kept you in the dark? By what right? I'll tell you: By the right a man has over his future wife, Sir Herrick stands silent and motionless for a moment, his eyes looking far beyond the red face confronting him, looking into space, as he struggles with the agony that threatens to overcome him; then he bends his head to Paula, and says, in a lower voice:

"Is this true?" repeats Sir Herrick, white to the lips.

She does not speak, but she lifts her head and looks at him—a wild, imploring prayer for mercy.

He reads the truth as plainly as if she had spoken; with a bow, cold and courteous he leads her to Stacey.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Palmer," he says. "Permit me to explain. I met Miss Estcourt in the room a few—say ten minutes ago. The meeting was unexpected on both sides. This is the simple explanation you demanded; if it does not satisfy you, I am staying at the hotel till tomorrow, and she smiles significantly.

Stacey's face goes deadly white, and his craven soul shrinks within him at Sir Herrick's ominous tone.

"I don't care whether you go or stay," he stammers. "I don't want to see any more of you. Come, Paula! Come, May!" and he sweeps them, one on each arm, and sweeps through.

As they pass into the ballroom Sir Herrick follows to the doorway, and holding back the curtains, watches them. Suddenly he sees the downcast head turn and look back, and the awful despair in the dark gleam like a ghost's through the mask and into his soul.

With a groan he lets the curtain fall and walks blindly to the wine-table.

"Give—give me some wine," he says. "No," answers fiercely, as the footman

WHAT IT IS

The Mucous Membrane and the Important Part It Plays in the Health or Sickness of the Body.

The Mucous Membrane is the inside lining of the body, and of all its vessels and organs. The moment this mucous membrane becomes out of condition, over so, little, illness follows swiftly, in some form or other.

In 99 cases of 100, disease has its beginning in some derangement of this Mucous Membrane.

It is very delicate and extremely sensitive, and consequently very liable to disease.

If you are not feeling well you may be sure that the Mucous Membrane of some organ is sick and requires immediate treatment.

There is one medicine that is intended to act, and does act, directly and curatively on the Mucous Membrane. It is Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill.

Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Constipation disappear as soon as Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill has restored the Mucous Membrane to its natural healthy condition. Fifty cents a bottle at all Druggists, or The Wilson-Fyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Sole agents for Canada.

offers him some champagne. "Brandy," and filling a glass, he raises it with trembling hand to his white lips.

Then, still almost blindly, he sets the empty glass on the table, and goes slowly out.

CHAPTER XII.

Stacey de Palmer swaggers along, with cowardice and impudent rage filling his mean heart almost to bursting.

May leans on his arm trembling. Paula walks by his side, calm and deadly cold, now that Sir Herrick is out of sight. Suddenly, Stacey sees Alice talking to her partner at the end of the room, and pushes his way to her. Alice is seated on a lounge looking up, all attention, to the major, in his court-dress, but her keen eyes notice the man approaching her, and she detects in Stacey's face that something has gone wrong. With an unflinching smile, however, she welcomes them.

"Well, my dear isn't this delightful? Have you danced the last, dear May?"

Stacey, I promised you the next dance. "Never mind that," says Stacey, with suppressed fury. "I want to talk to you. Look here—"

[To be Continued.]

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"Hush," says Alice, holding up her finger warningly. "Remember, we are not the only English here. Come into this ante-room if you want to shout, my dear Stacey," she added playfully. Stacey drags May forward and Paula follows calmly, one would say, unconcernedly. The major with a charming smile offers her his arm, but she does not appear to like it.

"Now, then," says Alice, sinking into a chair in a corner of the dimly-lighted little room.

"What's the matter?" she asks, looking as if she were fainting or what? For, of course, she has been in mischief, or you would not look at her in that grumpy way," and she laughs a playful little laugh.

"Mischief!" echoes Stacey, with a coarse sneer. "She knows best about that. Judge for yourself, if I haven't cause to complain," and he flings out his red hands. "You know I missed her; you know I've been looking for her for the last half-hour. That isn't nice, is it, considering—"

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Silk and Satin Sale

Wednesday.

TOMORROW (Wednesday) we will offer Silks and Satins at prices to make room for the landlord. These goods were bought by Whiskard for spot cash and every discount saved, and then they were bought by us for spot cash at a low rate on the dollar. Hence the prices.

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China Silks, black and burnt orange, 30 inches wide, regular 50c for..... **25c**

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Satin, in dark green and plum color. Regular \$1.00, **FOR 40c.**

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