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A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First of the Foes," etc. (Copyright in U. S. America. All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You Killed My Father!"

When Marion awakened from her drugged sleep it was broad day. She felt a heavy sensation in her brain; her mouth was hot and parched; every muscle seemed an emboldened ache. The sunlight filtered in through drawn curtains—she lay idly watching the dancing moths, trying to gather her senses together. What was this sensation of horror that seemed to march step by step with every waking impression? Ah! she remembered now. The child was ill—yes, that was certain; but it was not that which had haunted her waking moments so atrociously. There was something else—a down-dragging horror that benumbed her—the man she had loved with all her soul was a murderer!

The idea fascinated her by its sheer horror. A wild, hysterical desire to laugh came over her; she fought it back weakly—she must not let it overpower her. She must find some distraction from her haunting thoughts—she must. She reached out and rang the bell, and when her maid came volleyed swift questions at her. How was the child? Why had she not been called hours since? Where was her master? Was Dr. Gibbs still in the house?

The maid spoke softly, as people of her class will when sickness haunts a house. The latest bulletin from the sick room was that Master Mervyn was better—quite better, in fact. Her collapse. She had not been called before, as the master had issued express orders that she must not account for disturbed unless there was real need for her presence; and Dr. Gibbs had not asked for her. The master was lying down in his dressing-room, whither he had gone as soon as he was sure the trained nurse were on the way from London. Dr. Gibbs was in the nursery, dozing in his chair; all was doing well.

At mention of Ebenezer's thought for her she felt a fraction of the old kindly glow at her heart. It was so

like him, this desire of his to save her pain. His entire life with her had been one long standing between her and harm. Then, she choked back the tenderness, and faced the present with what resolution she could command. Something must be done in this matter—what? Should she denounce her husband to the authorities? Should she clamor for justice? She remembered her father's death; it was a resolute anger against his murderer surged over her, blinding her to those tendernesses she had received in ultimate numbers. Should she go to him now, and demand from him an explanation of the presence of that pistol? No; he would probably lie to her, as he had lied before. Was there then what must she do? Was there no possible loophole through which a little light might stream to illumine her darkness. The chill horror that had settled down on her showed no signs of lifting; the more she puzzled over the matter the more intricate it became. She would let it rest for a little while. Meanwhile she must go to the nursery and see how her child fared; her child. He would be doubly dear to her now, for he was all that was left of that old glad life. The boy, at any rate, was pure and sinless; he knew nothing of his father's crime.

She found that she was still fully dressed, and as she dragged herself wearily from the bed, attended solicitously by the maid, she felt the pistol hang heavily in her pocket. Instinctively her hand went down in search of the unaccustomed weight; then, as if fearing that the maid's watching eyes must read her thoughts, she dislodged her hand from the pocket and the door closed behind the girl. Marion was rummaging feverishly in a drawer, a small drawer where she kept some of her jewels, those she wore in the habit of wearing generally. There was a small jewel box there; it was filled with cotton wool, but her nervous fingers soon had out that which the wool hid.

She held the heavy trifle between her thumb and forefinger and looked at it shudderingly. This insignificant missile had robbed her father of life—she had claimed the bullet from the coroner's hand, and given her faithful promise that if it were required it should be forthcoming; in some indistinct way she felt at the time that by its possession she might happen across some clue. And now she examined the bullet closely. It had retained its shape almost perfectly; unlike the sharp, narrow bullet of the present, it had not flattened. It had pierced through a human breast and dragged out human life; but it lay here unaltered, as ready to repeat its evil work as ever.

Marion conquered her repugnance, and drew the pistol out by a wild flitting hope. Perhaps she had built up a fence of wrong conjecture. Perhaps this was not the pistol with which the crime was committed. There was a hope even yet that her husband was innocent. She paused in her determination; the pistol in one hand, the bullet in the other. Why make certain? Why not let the matter remain in the unsolved condition in which it had always remained? Why not defy fate itself, and cherish what happiness she might win out of much misery and doubt?

"Wouldn't it be better," she said in a cold, hushed voice, "to doubt always with a chance of his being innocent, than to know—no, know—that he is guilty?" She tried to puzzle the matter out—and she did.

"Better certainly, no matter how hideous, than this constant doubting. If I know that he is indeed the murderer, I shall know how to act," and she poised the bullet over the pistol's muzzle.

She held her breath; she almost averted her eyes; then by a mighty exertion of will-power she brought the two together. The bullet fitted exactly. Marion knew enough of firearms to be convinced that the bullet was made for the pistol; that it had been fired from the pistol; many men had mentioned the rarity of weapons of that character; it would be too much of a coincidence that the bullet of a coincidence that the bullet should possess similar weapons. The damning truth was out at last—not all at once, but in a way that would not allow of doubt and hope in the world could alter the fact now. Her father's murderer was the man who called her wife!

What was she to do? Go to Ebenezer Scroog and denounce him to his face? Go to the outer world and cry aloud that she had triumphed where other men had failed? The same wearisome repetition, the same heart-breaking uncertainty seized upon her. The matter came to a standstill.

Not yet must the truth be told. Whatever her husband was, he had saved her child's life last night—she had Gibbs' assurance of that. Not until the boy was quite out of danger must she speak—that was trouble enough in the great house, God knew, without adding to it—yet. No, she would be silent; her husband's shame should be safe in her keeping for a little while—afterwards—afterwards—she refused to think of the afterwards; and placed pistol and bullet carefully away in a private drawer, which she locked securely. No prying eyes must read that evil secret, no tongue but her's must carry the news broadcast over the world.

Mechanically, called back to the present by the arrival of her maid, she disrobed and bathed; as mechanically she redressed herself and drank the cup of scalding tea that was brought. Food was revolting to her senses; despite the maid's urgent pleadings she found herself unable to touch a morsel. Then, with a quick catch of the breath, she opened her

door and went out into the corridor. If Ebenezer had met her face to face when she would not have been surprised; she was keyed up to a pitch that would enable her to cope with any emergency. But he was not there. She stepped outside his door, and heard the sound of his deep, even breathing; she was on his feet by this, his arms out thrown to seize her—she sound, she turned the handle, and entered. The room was darkened, but a ray of light shot through the curtains and fell full on the sleeper's face. He lay on the couch, fully dressed, as he had thrown himself down, and his face was very white and weary. She had made no sound; but the very nearness of her must have spoken to his subconscious self; he stirred and before she could draw back, his eyes opened and he was staring at her with wonderment in his eyes. Then instantly he aroused himself, was alert, prepared; a man of action, sleeping on his arms.

"What's the matter? Is Mervyn worse?" He was on his feet by this, his arms out thrown to seize her—she felt that, if his suspicions were correct, she would need comfort. But with a swift motion she eluded his grasp, trembling though she was in every limb. She expected to find her voice strange to her own ears; but apparently Scroog's noticed no difference.

(To be continued.)



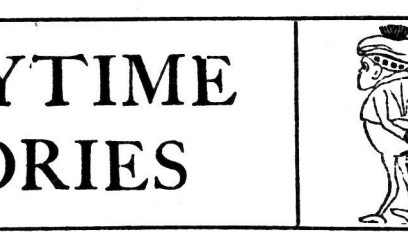
THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

With so many burdens to shoulder in life. Who envies the white-faced minister's wife? Is there a call for those frequent tasks, Which Christian duty of each one asks. Teach a class that's left in the lurch, Respect a dull sermon (nor doze in church). Sew for the heathen, visit the sick, Bring peace 'twixt two whose tempers were quick? We say, while we dodge it, and even pooh-pooh it. Oh, well, the minister's wife should do it!"

The minister's wife has many demands. Awaiting her busy but tired hands. Who must rear up the perfect child, Never by gossipers be beguiled, Make fancy lace objects for the bazar, Wear lace on herself that is plainer by far, Fill in at the organ, help out the choir, Work for the church when all others tire? You've guessed the reply—perhaps you knew it: "Oh, well, the minister's wife should do it!"

The minister's wife can look ahead To win a crown and win with dead; While we, admitting her chance of reward, Manage to make her way to it hard, The more that she does of our duty for us, And plods through life without any fuss, And when the heavens in judgment burst, And God calls the meek to rise up first, Long habit will make us answer to it: "Oh, well, the minister's wife should do it!"



PLAYTIME STORIES

BUTTERBALL'S QUEST.

It was a scraggly half starved kitten that stopped to mew a "good morning" to sleek, well fed Butterball. "My goodness," meowed Miss Butterball, "Don't they have anything to eat at your house?"

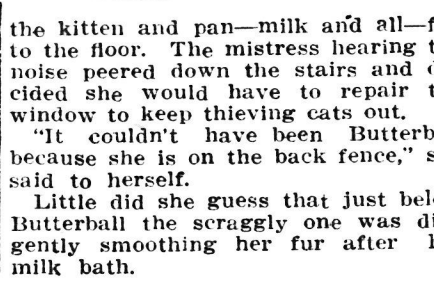
"No," meowed the scraggly one. "My folks went to the country for the summer and didn't even leave me any milk. And as to mice, I can't get into the house to catch any."

"Well, if that isn't just like some dumb folks! I know where the milk pan is kept at our house. My mistress slaps me for getting into it, but she won't mind — you look so hungry. Anyway, she isn't at home," purred Butterball, as she led the kitten to the cellar window where a pane of glass was out.

Into the window crept the two cats, lightly jumping to the floor. Butterball, proud of playing the part of hostess, led the hungry guest to the shelf where stood, not a saucer but a big pan of rich milk. Eagerly the half-starved, neglected kitten drank—even so far forgetting her manners as to put both feet into it.

"My, I'm full clear to my neck," she wheezed just as they heard the front door open.

"There's my mistress. We better run," warned Butterball. In her haste to get out of the pan



MISS GREY SUGGESTS:

GIVE A COMET SURPRISE PARTY

[By Cynthia Grey.] Nobody knows just what will happen on the night of May 17 and the early morning of May 18. Eagerly the up-to-date hostess will see the chance to entertain at what will be both a watch party and a surprise party.

She gives out cute little invitations, and, if handy with a brush, with a picture of a flaming comet in gold paint reading this wise:

On the seventeenth night of May, To come and dash with me Into Halley's comet's streaming tail; If we die, we'll croak in glee.

A merry crowd will gather here To meet the comet's blazing trail, In wit and bowl we'll drown our fear, And watch for sights amazing.

If it is a dancing party, and the lines: Into the gases we'll go prancing, If we pass, we'll pass a-dancing.

The guests gather in a circle just before the time we are supposed to begin our bath in the comet's tail, and write their wills. Reading the wills is funny, as each would will each something to fit his peculiarities. The one who wishes the comet is coming! and in bursts a figure (daddy or little brother), clad in a sheet smeared with phosphorus. If he can't get this paint, he can flash pocket electric lamps under his covetable thin cloth. The comet runs into everybody and everything, kissing the girls and slapping the men, and runs out.

If it's a dance, the comet runs between partners, separating them and creating confusion. Or the party may be a fancy dress ball called a "planetary dance." The guests come dressed as gods and goddesses, after whom the planets are named: Apollo (mainly beauty), Mercury (speed), Venus (womanly beauty), Neptune (sea god), Ceres (goddess of the grain), Earth, Jupiter, Mars (war god), Iris (the rainbow), Luna (the moon). Men take the roles of Saturn, Merphisto, and Father

But ice cold, with whipped or plain cream.

Coffee Custard. Put one-half cup ground coffee in a little muslin bag and drop into four cups of cold milk. Let stand twenty minutes, then put into the double boiler until it reaches the scalding point. Cook five minutes; then remove the bag and pour the hot milk over four beaten eggs and four heaping tablespoonsful of sugar. Pour into a custard bowl and set in the pan of hot water in the oven, or, if preferred, turn back into the double boiler. Cook until it thickens, strain and set aside to cool.

Sorrel Soup. This is one of the delicacies of the early spring; its slightly acid flavor making it particularly appetizing. To make it, wash thoroughly a pint of sorrel leaves and put in a saucepan with two tablespoonsful butter, four or five of the large outside lettuce leaves, a sliced onion, and a few small sprigs of parsley. Toss over the fire for a few moments, then sift into the pan two spoonfuls of flour and stir until blended with the butter remaining. Transfer to the soup kettle and pour in gradually, stirring all the time, three quarts of boiling water. Cook gently for 15 or 20 minutes, then add a cupful of mashed potatoes, and one of hot milk. Season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Have in the soup tureen some croutons of bread toasted brown, pour the hot soup over them and serve. The sorrel should be cut in fine pieces before cooking.

Some Good Custard. To make a chocolate custard grate a little chocolate over the tops of custards just as they are ready to go into the oven to bake. This forms a crisp coating, which looks pretty, and adds much to the flavor for those who are fond of chocolate. Orange custard needs the grated yellow rind of an orange with a little of the juice. Coconut custard is made by sprinkling freshly grated cocoanut into buttered and lightly sugared cups before turning in the plain custard. Flavor with orange rind or vanilla. When baked, turn out and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

FASHIONS

Persian designs and colorings are being used in foundation purposes, for garments and hat trimmings.

Suits and coat dresses of heavy English and Scotch mixtures are made with very short and narrow skirts.

A feature of new coats is the unusual grouping of buttons. And a single button is often used.

Side-pleated frills are still popular with tailored shirtwaists.

Large flapped and buttoned side pockets are often seen on separate coats.

This season's parasols have extremely long handles.

Tailmade gowns of silk will be more in evidence than ever before.

Changeable materials of all kinds are much worn this season.

Many dresses are clouded with chiffon or net, through which are seen polka dots, stripes and Persian design.

The bib front is a distinct feature of many dresses.

The satin tailor-made suit is the latest thing in Paris.

Enjoy the present so wisely that the past may be pleasant to recollect and the future not alarming to contemplate.

COLDS

Quickly Cured

Everybody has a cold. Some resort to tablets and powders that contain dangerous drugs, and death from heart-depressing remedies is not infrequent.

It's poor policy to neglect a cold—especially when it can be cured so quickly without medicine.

You can send the richest vapor of the pine woods, the richest balsams and healing essences, right to the cause of your cold by inhaling Catarrhazone.

Little drops of wonderful curative power are distributed through the whole breathing apparatus in two seconds.

Like a miracle, that's how Catarrhazone works in bronchitis, catarrh, colds and irritable throat. You simply breathe its only fragrant vapor, and every trace of congestion and disease flees as before fire.

No trace of the disease remains after Catarrhazone is used—no more matter to clog up the nose and cause you to cough and spit—no more headache and buzzing ears.

Because Catarrhazone contains such healing balsams and soothing antiseptics, it can't help curing every kind of catarrh, throat, lung and bronchial trouble.

Don't experiment longer—Catarrhazone means sure cure. Two months' treatment, guaranteed, price \$1.00; smaller size, 50 cents at all dealers, or the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ont.

To Be DIGESTIBLE

and therefore easily assimilated by the organism is a necessary qualification for very food.

Tobler's Swiss Milk Chocolate is digestible, containing only the best Swiss Milk, pure sugar and cocoa, all good and nutritious foods.

You will never hear anyone complaining of indigestion after eating

Tobler's

Swiss Milk Chocolate

Picture Machine Exploded in Face of Operator

Photographed from "Lindsay Warder" of Jan. 13th last. Now read **The Sequel**

Mr. MacIntosh says:—"At the hospital I was kept masked night and day for five days. At the end of that time the burns were still very bad and the doctors would not hear of my returning to work. I knew if I could only get some Zam-Buk for the burns I would be back at work in quick time, because I had previously used the balm and knew what it would do.

At last I left the hospital and went straight to a local store and bought some Zam-Buk. At the hotel I applied a Zam-Buk dressing and this cooled the burning pains and gave me quick relief. I kept on with the Zam-Buk treatment and returned to work. Within just one week after first commencing with the Zam-Buk treatment I might have defied anybody to detect where the burns had been, so splendidly did Zam-Buk heal the injury.

Mr. MacIntosh resides at 48 Humbert St., Toronto.

Zam-Buk

Bakes—Roasts—Broils—Toasts

BAKES bread, pie and cake—bakes them perfectly all through, and browns them appetizingly.

ROASTS beef, poultry and game with a steady heat, which preserves the rich natural flavor.

BROILS steaks and chops—makes them tender and inviting.

TOASTS bread, muffins, crackers and cheese.

No drudgery of coal and ashes; no stooping to get at the oven; no smoke, no dust, no odor—just good cooking with greater fuel economy. Irons and water in wash-boiler always hot. The

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot. Drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nickle-toed towel racks. It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited, Toronto.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES Are Sold By **J. A. BROWNLEE, 385-387 TALBOT ST.**

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Satisfy the Most Particular People. They are the most perfect made. Noiseless, as their name implies, no sputter. No smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All first-class dealers keep them.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Hull, Can.

HERE SINCE 1861. Donald McLean, agent, London, Canada.

Better leave your children a good character to imitate and defend than Government bonds and pedigrees.

The 15th of March was the anniversary of the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869.

GUARANTEED LIQUOR CURE Drunkenness is a progressive disease; the moderate drinker is not satisfied with two or three drinks a day, the craving for more and more becomes irresistible as the disease advances; the result is Chronic Alcoholism.

The treatment used successfully by thousands right in their own homes is Orin. It is sold under a positive guarantee to effect a cure or your money will be refunded.

Orin No. 1 is the secret remedy; Orin No. 2 is for those willing to take the treatment. Either form costs \$1. Write for free booklet, "How to Cure Drunkenness," the Orin Company, 877 Orin Building, Washington, D.C. Sold by leading druggists, and in this city by W. T. Strong, 34 Dundas Street.

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If he cannot supply the MARVEL Whirling Spray, he will send you a full and complete list of druggists in your locality. Write to WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.