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A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"I could love him immensely," she said, stretching out her arms. "Oh, he could have such a love from me if he wanted it: but as it is, I don't see much use in my staying with him. I feel I'd like to go back to my old life and forget I ever married him."

"I am the only person who has power or authority to give a lease on these claims," returned Talbot, in a short, hard voice. The men hesitated. Talbot looked pretty tough himself as he stood there facing them, clothed in buckskin from head to foot, his head nearly touching the lintel of the door-way above him, his revolver in his side, and behind him looming the tunnel, a gaping mouth of blackness.

"Do you think he would care?" she said, opening her eyes to her turn. "I'm sure you'd," Talbot answered, with so much emphasis and decision that the girl sat silent and impressed for some seconds. "Why is he not more amiable, then?" she asked.

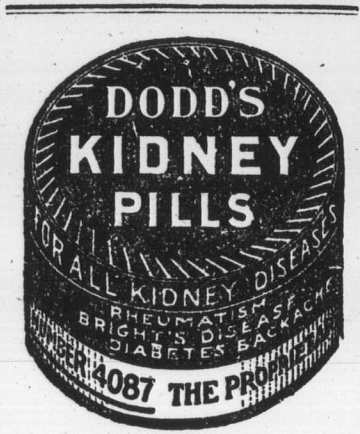
The men shuffled their feet on the snow and grinned at each other uneasily. It did not seem they could work the game of bluff here that they had thought out in the town. "Well, that's your opinion," returned the leader, in a bantering tone, while the others closed in nearer the threshold in a jeering circle; "but a lease from General Marshall is good enough for us, and I guess we're coming in."

"Can I come with you?" asked Katrine, looking at him with her soft pathetic eyes still brimming with tears. "Why—yes—I suppose so," returned Stephen, slowing opening the stove and looking in. "I shall enjoy it so much," answered Katrine, her face beginning to sparkle with its accustomed smiles. "We have not had a sleigh-ride together once, have we? I'd like to go with you better than anything. You'll like it, too, won't you?"

He waited some moments, but nothing happened. There was silence outside, and after a second or two he stepped back to his sitting-room and looked out of the window. A council of war was taking place seemingly. The men had withdrawn to a little distance, where there was some tin pipping. They had seated themselves on this, and were now in earnest conversation. Talbot stood at the window and watched them with a dry smile. He could tell their talk almost from their expressions and their gestures. It was one thing to come up and bluff a man out of his property, and walk in and take it as he walked out, and another to force a narrow tunnel against the straight, steady fire of a fearless devil like this. They could overpower him in the end, there was no doubt of that; but then over his dead body, that was clear, and several others beside him, for he was known to be the quickest, straightest shot in the district, and could certainly get away with some of them. It was this part they did not like, for each man felt he might be the one to be picked off and stretched stiff in the tunnel. So there was considerable parleying and hesitation among them, and Talbot stood motionless at the window watching them, as they sat there, and noting the length of their six-shooters that dangled down the sides of their legs. At last there was a concerted movement among them—they got up with one accord, and without another glance at the cabin walked slowly away across the plateau in front of the house and stretched out in the twilight toward the town trail, the way they had come. Talbot watched them disappear in the gray light of the dusk with surprise, and then drew a deep breath. He hardly knew whether he felt relieved or disappointed. His blood was up then, and he would have liked to send a bullet through a few of them. He roamed about restlessly for some time, and went to the back of the house to a little square window, and from there watched the last of them mount the trail and disappear from the gulch. Then all was silence and solitude again in the swiftly falling darkness. He turned into his sitting-room, and stirred the fire into a blaze and lighted up the lamps—his lamps always burned well and brightly, being kept scientifically clean and

"I don't know. It's a confounded nuisance having to leave the claims a whole afternoon, I think." Katrine got up suddenly from where she was sitting and walked into the next room without a word. Her tears were dried, her smile killed. The following day was clear and bright, and a cold, pinky-looking winter sunlight filled the air. Katrine and Stephen started early, and Talbot did not expect them back till dark. He was out on the claims all morning, and came into his lunch late and did not go on: again immediately. It was a day for a half-holiday, and all his men left early; the claims were deserted, and Talbot found himself in solitary possession of the gulch. He felt restless and unsettled, and walked about his little bare room in an aimless way quite unusual to him, and the early part of the afternoon had passed away before he realized it. In one of his walks he went up to the window and stood looking out. The gulch always impressed him. It had a solemn, melancholy majesty and desolate grandeur that is not easy to define in words—an icy splendor by moonlight, and a horrible gloomy beauty toward the fall of the day. It was at this time that Talbot stood looking out at its rugged edges and the snow-drifts turning gray as the sunlight left them, and listening with a sort of mechanical tension to the unbroken and impressive stillness round him, when his eye caught sight of a man's figure moving slowly toward the house. It had appeared so suddenly where for hours there had reigned unbroken silence and loneliness, that Talbot started a little with sheer surprise, and then another appeared, and another. They were coming, one behind the other, singly, round the corner of the house, and as they emerged into view on the level platform in front of it, Talbot looked them over and saw at a glance to what order they belonged. "As tough a crowd of claim-jumpers as I have seen," he murmured to himself as he watched their movements. They did not seem very decided or certain, nor well agreed among themselves. They were six in all, and they advanced toward the house in a loitering way, pausing once or twice to talk with each other, and glancing over the cabin. They were all dressed alike, in large slouch hats, thick boots and high leggings, and short coats with a belt round the waist, from which depended their enormous six-shooters. As they finally entered in their loitering fashion, he heard the door, Talbot watched them, and they hung back from the door a little and looked at each other, and then one said he had a lease on the claims from General Marshall.

ever silently they moved, the enemy had advanced, and in that second he meant to fire; the stove was high, and a man passing in front of it would have that red spot in a line with his heart. With her heart beating fast with exultation, and not a tremor in her steady fingers, she waited motionless as a statue against the wall. She was not a girl of a cruel nature, but her husband lay behind that elm partition on her right, and unarmed, and Stephen would never carry a pistol, and she would have shot unhesitatingly each man in succession that tried to pass her to him. There seemed to be some talking outside and a tramping of feet on the broken wood of the door, and then suddenly the soft red fire spot was eclipsed in the total darkness around the head of the man. Katrine's finger had pulled the trigger. There was no groan this time after she shot, only a heavy thud and a crash as a heavy body struck some fire-arms by the stove. The red spot glowed out of the darkness again and stared Katrine cheerfully in the eyes. There was a confusion of voices outside. Katrine could hear the thick moans, and one man apparently joining another to come out of there and have done with the business. Katrine smiled as she heard. She guessed that the man addressed was the one that lay now between her and the stove and his ears were forever closed. In the same moment she heard the inner door open, and for an instant Stephen appeared, pale, and in his night clothes, and with a glaring candle in his hand. With a spring like a leopard Katrine had reached a leopard's paw and put her hand over the flame of the candle, crushing it out beneath her palm. The darkness, she knew, was their only shield. By their voices and their footsteps she could tell the men without numbered not less than four or five. Once let a light reveal to them that the house was held by a single girl, they could overpower her in a few seconds. It was only that terrible pitchy darkness out of which those deadly shots came ringing with such precision and promptness that filled them with the idea that the cabin was protected by a body of desperate and straight-shooting miners. It was the fears of the besiegers now, simply that was protecting the besieged. (To be continued.)



trimmed with his own hands—then he swung himself into a chair and, sat there gazing into the flames; his revolver beside him on the table. He half expected the men to return, and his ears remained attentive to the slightest sound without. But there was nothing, absolute stillness reigned all round him: not a crackle of the forest snow nor the fall of a leaf broke the grave-like silence.

When the other two came in, he told his afternoon's adventure in the quietest, simplest way possible, and the fewest words. The girl listened with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "What fun!" she said at last when he had finished, and kicking off her snow-laden boots as she sat by the stove. "And you held off six men by the power of your eye? What a convenient eye that is! I don't see you've any need to carry a six-shooter! I wish they'd come back to-night; we'd give them something of a reception."

Talbot laughed, and looked pleased at the praise from her bright young lips. Stephen only looked anxious. "That night they sat up rather later than usual, and Katrine was quite in a pleased state of expectation. No visitors made their appearance, however, and at last Talbot left to go to his own cabin. "Now, if they come in the night," remarked Katrine, laughing, as she said good-night, "don't slay them all with your eye, mind, but give me a chance."

Talbot promised to use his eye mercifully, and Katrine and Stephen put their lights out and went to bed. It seemed to Katrine she had been asleep some time, when she awoke suddenly an put her hand on her husband's arm. "Steve, I hear steps!" "Nonsense," murmured Stephen, drowsily. "It's your fancy. Go to sleep."

But Katrine's ears were those of a wild animal, quick and not to be deceived. "Go to sleep yourself, if you can," she retorted; and sprang up in the darkness, found her day clothes, and hustled them on. There was silence now outside, but Katrine hurried all she could and then with one revolver in her belt and one in her hand went into the other room. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there came a crash, a sound of tearing and splintering wood, and the door was crushed inward, letting in a blast of icy air. There was pitch darkness within and without. Katrine snatched immediately two shots fired in succession: there was a heavy groan, a muttered curse, and some shuffling of feet outside. Katrine, standing flat against the wall to avoid offering a mark for wandering shots, chuckled inwardly and waited. A second later a shot came in return, but the bullet went high. Katrine heard it whizz into the wall and the roof.

She stood motionless, listening. Just in front of her, on the other side of the room, was the stove, and in this there still glowed an unextinguished portion of log, making one small spot of blood red in the surrounding darkness. Katrine fixed her eye on this glowing spot. To enter further into the cabin the men must pass between it and her. She raised one of her revolvers into a line with it. When that spot was obliterated, she would know, how-

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gent.—A customer of ours relieved a very bad case of diphtheria in a child by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERERES.

FREQUENT HEADACHES A DANGER SIGNAL

THE VICTIM NEARLY ALWAYS SUFFERS FROM WEAK WATERY BLOOD.

There are few ailments that cause more genuine misery than nervous or sick headaches. Only those who have endured the suffering, sometimes for days at a stretch can realize the agony of the victims. Noises increase the pain, food is unthought of, for it only adds to the distress. When the attack is on there is little to be done until it passes away. These headaches are nearly always a danger signal that too frequently pass unheeded. They are the symptoms of many maladies, such as anaemia, constipation, indigestion, etc., and when these are cured the headaches permanently disappear. Headaches are more often a sign of weak, watery blood than anything else, and the most successful treatment, therefore, is a remedy that will rebuild the blood and make it rich and red. This can best be done through a fair course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which has a special action on the blood and through the blood on the nerves. In this way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been found invaluable in a wide range of diseases due to poor, watery blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, etc. The effectiveness of this tonic treatment is illustrated in the following case: Mrs. Geo. Arn, R. R. No. 6, Simcoe, Ont., says: "Some years ago my daughter, then a young girl of eleven, became very much run down and nervous. She was troubled greatly with sick headaches, and frequently with vomiting spells, and although we lived just across the road from the school, she was not able to attend. She was taking medicine all this time, but it did not seem to do her any good. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally decided to give them to her. By the time she had taken two boxes she seemed much better, and before the fifth box was finished, she was again in the best of health and has always since enjoyed the best of health. I am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that restored her, and I have since seen equally good results in other cases."

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



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

But this model, made of black silk plush, trimmed with ribbon, is the latest headgear for men in Paris France. It was designed at the express wish of ex-Premier Clemenceau to replace the "top" hat for evening wear.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Fully nine-tenths of all the minor ills of childhood have their root in indigestion. There is no medicine for the little ones to equal Baby's Own Tablets in relieving this trouble. They have proved of benefit in thousands of homes. Concerning them Mrs. Jos. Lunette, immaculate Conception, Que., writes: "My baby was a great sufferer from indigestion, but the Tablets soon set her right and now I would not be without them." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Serving Facility.

Serving cornflakes with a tablespoon is always a slow and difficult task and usually results in many flakes spilled. Why not have a large glass pitcher full of cornflakes and pour them from this into the sauce dishes? The glass pitcher of cornflakes looks very attractive and reduces to a minimum the serving problem. The census of those who are opposed to us is the blindest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evermond.

PRIZE HOG AS HOTEL'S GUEST



PAPER SUITS FROM GERMANY. Paper suits, made in Germany, are making their appearance in the United States, as shown above. They sell at from 60 cents upward.

CLEAR THE NOSTRILS IN FIVE MINUTES

ROUTS OUT CATARRH, STOPS SNIFFLES, PREVENTS SNEEZING. Catarrhzone is a Marvel. It just takes about five minutes for the penetrating vapor of Catarrhzone to clear out clogged nostrils. Hard crusts and accumulations are quickly removed. The soothing balsams of Catarrhzone draw out every vestige of inflammation, nose colds stop as if by magic, Catarrh is prevented, better health is assured. To cure colds without taking drugs may seem almost too much to believe, but Catarrhzone does it quickly and effectively. Endorsed by physicians, and in common use by the people of many nations. All dealers sell Catarrhzone, complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c, direct from the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

WHO AM I? I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns. I stand in Canada alone over \$30,000,000 each year. I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and the old, the strong and the weak; widows and orphans know me. I massacre thousands upon thousands of my work silently. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not. I am relentless. I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush and maim. I give nothing, but take all. I am your worst enemy. I am carelessness.

The World's Dryest Spot.

Sometime ago the theory was advanced among medical men that an arid climate was the place for sufferers from kidney and lung troubles. In order to test it, Dr. Grober, of Munich, went for three months to the driest place he could find—Bord de Djerid on the edge of the Sahara Desert. There he tested the blood of the healthy natives, who are Arabs and Berbers. Except for a much larger number of red corpuscles, their blood differed in composition from that of Europeans so slightly as to be insignificant, exploding the idea that such a hot dry climate benefits sufferers from kidney troubles.

Evil of Substitution Exposed

A dealer substitutes because he makes more profit on an inferior article. A local citizen was induced to take a substitute for Putnam's Corn Extractor with the result that the substitute burnt his toes and failed to cure. Putnam's contains no acid and is guaranteed. Always get Putnam's Extractor at 25c per all dealers. At any rate there is no landlord to raise the rent on our castles in the air.

If Sleeplessness Is Your Trouble Read This

Sleeplessness is a warning of forces at work within the body—all is not harmony—something needs correction. Nine times out of ten the body is loaded with the poisons of half eliminated and half digested food. Brain and nerves are irritated, sleep is impossible. No prescription ever formulated produces the rapid results of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They flush every impurity from the body, keep every organ working well, remove the evil effect of lost sleep, and set you up in a few days. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day, see how much better you feel, see how much easier it is to face the day's work. Your blood is nourished, your nerves fed with new vital power, vigor and health is sent to every part of your system. It's because Dr. Hamilton's Pills make each organ do the work Nature expects of it, because it ensures harmony, health and vigor to the system, that it cures sleeplessness, languor, depression and nervousness. Isn't there a reason why you should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills? Sold in 25c boxes by all dealers.

HENNA-SHADED SUITS FOR MEN

Latest Design of Tailors of America. Coats Longer Next Year—No Belts.

Chicago, Oct. —The only shocking thing in the latest styles for men is by inference only. A henna-shaded suit is being exhibited by the Merchant Tailor Designers' Association. That doesn't sound significant until you remember the increasing popularity of that hue as applied to women's hair. Now, if this color is being used because necessity is the mother of invention, wives might demand an investigation of some kind or another. No doubt they will do the probing themselves every day after hubby gets a wearing the suit. Tailors announce that this new shade is "the berries." Otherwise the suit is rather tame. Coats will be longer next year than they were this season by at least two inches. There will be no pads in the shoulders. The general effect of the coat will be slimmness, as the three buttons will hold it soberly together in front. Stovepipe trousers will be unadorned by cuffs. All well-dressed young men will appear lithe with straight lines. Overcoats are going to be large and boxy. The belt will be banished. It's a relic of the war. Half-belts, however, will be permissible in ulsters and ulsterettes. W. R. Stansbury, of Detroit, has promised one innovation. He is designing a waistcoat for fat men that will give the heavies who wear them the lithe appearance of a French corsage.

CHEAP HOMES.

Using the Material Already On the Site. The way to own a home at a minimum of expense is to build it of material already on the site. Earth for instance. The requisite earth may be had for the digging, and there is nothing to pay for transportation. In England this idea is being taken up, with the exception that the building of rammed-earth dwelling houses on an extensive scale will help importantly to solve the housing problem, bricks being scarce and expensive. We have our own housing problem in this country, and it is daily becoming more serious. Why not use rammed earth for building? A house of this material costs one-fifth as much as a brick house of the same size. It is quickly erected, and, being finished with plaster, is handsome. Furthermore, it is an enduring structure, and is rat-proof and mouse-proof. There are in European countries many such buildings that date actually from prehistoric times. In parts of France and Spain this simplest of all methods of house construction has long been practised, and recently it has been adopted with great success in South Africa and other British dominions. Planks are set up on edge to form a mold, and the space between is filled with earth, which is then rammed as tight as possible. The ramming, of course, can be done much more advantageously and cheaply by machine; likewise the digging. If the subsoil be clay, the latter, mixed with straw and "puddled," furnishes a first-class material, utilisable in the same way. This is what is called in England "cob building." The birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh was a cob house, and it is in as good condition as ever to-day.