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Its Intrinsic goodness in Tea
Quality - makes it the most
Economical in Use - -



"SALADA"

**PARTED
BY GOLD**

Jack was some time before he could get his voice, but at last it came. "Heaven help me, Pattie, I do!" She laughed a thin, little laugh. "I'm so glad, so glad!" she said. "Mary loves you. Oh, so much! She speaks your name at night! And she cries when she thinks no one sees her; but I see her, and I hear her, and I know she loves you, Jack. How hot you have got! I can feel your face burning! There is something else I want to say. Lay me down, Jack, dear—what was it? What was it? Oh, I remember; that bad, wicked Anderson came and told me a story of a bad thing he had done about Mary and a rich lady. He put a baby in Mary's arms, and let the rich lady think it was hers. And there was a gentleman with her, and—oh, how you started! And, Jack, I'm so tired, so tired. And I can't go to sleep, and that's why I'm dying. If I could go to sleep, if I could go to sleep!" She was moaning here, and Jack raised her head upon his breast. "Give me some wine," he said, brokenly. A nurse placed a glass in his hand, and he poured some wine through the thin lips. The patient's eyes opened again. "Where's Mary and my dear?" she asked. Mary and her father came forward and Jack stepped back. But the tiny hand stretched out after him. "Don't go, Jack. Put your hand in mine." He put his hand in hers, and she held out the other to Mary. "Mary, give me yours." Mary hesitated for only a moment, but Jack's eyes met hers eloquently, and she put hers also into the little hand. Then Pattie placed the hands in each other, with an eager smile, and turned her eyes upon her father. "They love each other, dear, poor

Mary and Jack, and I can't go to sleep until I know that they will be happy." The old man cried aloud. "Don't cry, dear," she said, softly. "You won't worry any more now he's forgiven you and they are happy? He gave you all his money, and now you can give him Mary, and I can look down from where they say I'm going, and see them sitting by the fire and smiling into each other's faces, and sometimes, if I can hear where I am going, I shall hear them say: 'Bless Pattie, poor little Pattie.'" There was silence for a moment. Then the tiny voice said: "To-morrow is Christmas Day, Oh, dear, let me spend Christmas Day with you before I go to sleep!" The doctor entered, and all but he and the nurse were ordered from the room. Mary, sobbing as though he heart would break, clung to Jack's arm. The tiny child hand had risen and swept away all barriers between them, and they stood wrapped in their love, far above all petty affections. The old man sank into a chair in the magnificent drawing-room, and hid his face in his hands. Jack, who could not trust himself to speak, kept Mary on his arm, and tried to soothe her with short monosyllables. All were waiting for that messenger which all expected. Presently the door opened and the doctor entered. Mr. Montague, as we will call him to the end, looked and groaned. There was a smile upon the doctor's face that betokened nothing but death. "Cheer up, sir. Dry your eyes, my dear Miss Montague. By God's providence a change has come a most unexpected change. She has fallen asleep." "Asleep!" exclaimed the father, starting forward, and catching the physician's arm. "Then—then, she—" "Is saved," said the doctor. "Just so; it is a most unaccountable phenomenon. But, thank Heaven, it is

true. Let her get over the weakness of the attack, and Miss Pattie may outlive all of us." Mary burst into a flood of happy tears. Mr. Montague caught her in his arms, then turned to Jack with the tears streaming down his face, and held out his hand. "My nephew," he said, "we owe this to you. You have saved her life; make me happy by giving me your forgiveness." "I have done that long since, sir; but I'll give it you over again, if you will give me something far more precious in return," and he looked at Mary. The old man took her hand and led her to him. "She is yours," he said. "My soul upstairs has given her to you already. If a proud, erring man's blessing can benefit you, it is yours from the bottom of my heart." Jack took his gift, and when the old man had left the room to steal upstairs, he had a rapturous kiss, long and sweet, as he murmured. "Mary, to-morrow is Christmas—Heaven has given us the little one back again—It shall be a happy one." And little Pattie slept till the break cleared their throats and showed out their Christmas laughter—sweet, and awake to be one of earth's fairies for many, many years. And Mr. Montague, shorn of all his pride, but glowing with thankfulness to the spirit of Christmas and good will to everybody in general and poor old Jack in particular, declared that he would have two Christmas days that year—this one a quiet but happy one, with Jack and Mary by his side, and another a jovial, merry-making one, in which the grand house should have a fair chance of displaying its beauties, and an opportunity of proving that its walls were laughter-proof. So, on this Christmas Day Jack and Mary dined with the pirate, exchanging loving glances as they drank to each other or spoke, which they did continually, of little Pattie upstairs. With tears in his eyes, Montague commenced his confession, but Jack would only let him speak of his own sufferings and trials; and the moment he ventured to touch upon his error in treating Jack so distrustfully and haughtily, Jack stopped him with an earnest assurance that it was all right, that he should have done the

**THE MAKING OF
A FAMOUS
MEDICINE**

**How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Is Prepared For
Women's Use**

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for women's ills. Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best. The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs. Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles. It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills. The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

even in her wildest fancies. Why, here, talking to her dear, were two lords, a Marquis and a duke; the latter actually laughing like a common mortal. And then, most marked of all there, was Lady Maud. "Good will and peace," said Mr. Montague, "to all," and he had invited Lady Pacewell and queenly Maud. Every more, he had sent a card to Mr. Beaumont, and when the ball commenced, Lady Maud sailed like a regal swan to little Pattie, and kissed her, whispering; "Forgive me, for I love you, Pattie. We are cousins, little fairy." And how could Pattie, much less gentle-hearted Mary, do less. Lady Maud was forgiven and left to whatever punishment she should devise for herself. And she quickly devised it, for when Mr. Beaumont entered, she shot a glance and a smile that soon brought him to her feet. And there he remained until they were married, when, we think, they changed places, and the worldly husband taught the worldly wife that there is a necessary ingredient in the composition of happy matrimony which they had omitted, and that is, disinterested love. But Lady Maud and her affairs must not be allowed to cloud our account of the grand ball, as they assuredly did not throw a shadow over the ball itself. All were bappy, and when the grand band clashed out its last gallop, Pattie thought the acme of human enjoyment had been reached. "Oh," said Mr. Montague, beaming with smiles of pure felicity, "we have not done yet. There's another party to come yet. Old friends must not be forgotten, Jack, eh?" And so it came to pass, that the grand house was lit up a second time, the grand band clashed and trumpeted, the army of footmen with the magnifi-

ent became, and with medicine to make new blood the patient soon got well. All the blood in the body is nourished and kept rich and red by the food taken daily, but when, for any reason, a person is run down and cannot make sufficient blood from the food to keep the body in health, then a blood-making medicine is required. The simplest and very best of blood-makers suitable for home use by anyone, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When a course of these pills is taken their good effect is soon shown in an improved appetite, stronger nerves, a sound digestion and an ability to master your work and enjoy leisure hours. For women there is a prompt relief of, or prevention of ailments which make life a burden. Mrs. Thos. Kaake, Trenton, Ont., tells how she obtained new health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "The weakness came on me so gradually that at first it was hardly noticeable. But after a time it got so that I could not go upstairs without stopping to rest. Every particle of color left my hands and face, and the least exertion would tire me and leave my heart palpitating violently. I consulted a doctor who told me the trouble was anaemia and prescribed a tonic. I took the medicine for some time, but it did not seem to help me a bit. Then I read of a cure in a similar case through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. The result was these pills made me feel like a new woman. I have gained all my former health and strength, and feel that I owe my present condition entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." You can get these 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.

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happy. Jack stopped him with gravity. "That can't be sir," he said. "I should get a good income and lose my self-respect. No, sir, settle something on Mary to secure her, but I must work for the rest. To tell you the truth, now that I have gone back to the old ways of working for my bread and cheese, I like it. Give me six months, and I will promise to do something that shall entitle me to come and say that I am at least not quite so unworthy in the world's eyes of the rich Miss Pacewell, as I am now." "No, no," implored Mr. Montague; "don't be obstinate, don't be obstinate. What do I want with all this money if you will not share it? It lies like a load upon me already, it will grow heavier with time, until I find it insupportable. You and Mary must share it, or I shall be miserable." Jack laughed, but he was resolute. "No," he said, "I will work and win her. I'll be Queen's Counsel some day, perhaps—who knows? there are some glorious things in the law's lucky bag." "The law! Confound it!" said Mr. Montague, disappointedly. "Well, if you will stick to it, I tell you what I will do; I'll quarrel with some one every day, get entangled in legal difficulties, and so keep you in constant strife." Jack laughed. "All right," he said, "but don't quarrel with yourself. And now I must go. There are the bells again! How different they sound to what they did last night. Ah, sir, depend upon it, unless the music is in your own hearts, all the world's at discord!" So, after little Pattie was each day growing stronger Jack was working harder. Starting afresh, with his old motto, reborn, that "Honor comes first though money come after," he found the confidence of the attorneys and soon covered his table with briefs. If a case is good, then take it to Mr. Hamilton, said the solicitors, and if he believes in it he is as certain as such things can be to pull it through. Even Mr. Beaumont, who was called a clever lawyer and a promising man, was left behind in the race, and had to own that honesty, which he had always considered as a dreadful drag on the pace, was a wonderful stimulant, and with that and perseverance in his heart, a man, even a lawyer, was sure to have many golden guineas in his pockets. Thus it came to pass that as the next Christmas time, Jack Hamilton, now Q. C., came to claim his bride. And oh, how that grand house came out! Never did glass shine with such effect; never did upholstery glow and olding dazzle and Venetian mirrors bewilder as the great drawing-room and its contents did on that eventful

sex, and was completely cured by that temperance tonic made from wild bark and roots, and known for 60 years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When a woman complains of backache, dizziness or pain—when everything looks black before her eyes—a dragging feeling, or bearing-down, with nervousness, she should turn to this "temperance" herbal tonic, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can be obtained in almost every drug store in the land and the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper. Put up in tablets or liquid. Dr. Pierce, of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial size for 10 cents. Toronto, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's Medicine has been a wonderful help to me and I recommend it in hope that others may be benefited by its use. When I was a girl I was always delicate. My mother thought she could never raise me. As I got older I grew worse; doctors said I would have to have an operation. I suffered at times untold agony. My mother started giving me 'Favorite Prescription' and it finally cured me of all my trouble. After I married I used it again. My children are all healthy and strong. This medicine did wonders for me, saved me much suffering, and I can highly recommend it to weak women or those raising a family.—Miss A. W. Rogers, 118 Tecumseh Street." cent butler at their head went through their evolutions once more. And the guests—who should they be but the company of the Royal Signet! The manager, the actors, the flunks, the lumps, the bandits and the tiny little creature who came out of the large cockleshell and sang her tiny song every evening in place of the Fairy Queen who had left the Signet forever. All were there! Mr. Shallop was there, and Mr. Tubbs was there, and Lady Pacewell was there, and Lady Maud was there, with Mr. Beaumont, forgiven and accepted on her right hand, for they had begged to be allowed to join the party. In token of regret for the past and greater faith and trust in the happy future. And Mr. Montague, with a voice that would have done credit to the pirate of old, told the story of his life, bade them drink his nephew's, poor old Jack's, health, and with a kiss to his daughters, Pattie and Mary, who sat beautiful and blushing beside him, drank a happy Christmas and a glad New Year to all the world, both before and behind the curtain. THE END.

Sound Notes That Never Vary.
Small splinters of the wood of old Cremona violins, when vibrated with a bow, have been found to give invariably the same note; and that note is always a tone higher when the wood is taken from the belly of the instrument than when it comes from the back.

CAUSE FOR WORRY.
"You look very worried, old man," said Paddy to his English pal. "It was just wondering," said the stricken one, "how I'd get my night-shirt over my wings when I'm dead." "Arrah," said Paddy, "if I were you, I'd drop that idea altogether, and think out a way of wearing your hat over your horns."—Exchange.

BRINGING HIM TO THE POINT.
Mary-George, I heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man. George—I am that. Why? "Mary-Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business.—Edinburgh Scotsman."

Possibilities of North Africa.
North Africa—Tunis, Algeria and Morocco contains around a half million square miles. Some of it is desolate, but much of it is highly productive, and it has special advantages for producing some forms of live stock. The climate and pasture make it almost as ideal a country as Australia for sheep raising, and it has peculiar advantages for what might be called extensive pig raising; its acorns and other tree crops taking the place of corn. Yet down to the beginning of the war very little had been done to make this potential wealth actual and available.

Cornmeal Cakes.
One cup cornmeal; scald with one cup boiling water, into which has been dissolved one teaspoonful baking soda; when cool add one cup rice flour, one cup buttermilk and one-half teaspoonful salt. Bake on hot gridle.

**Is Your Nose Plugged?
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Don't load your stomach with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrhazone, which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs, the healing vapor of Catarrhazone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrhazone will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis, or throat trouble if Catarrhazone is used. Get it to-day, but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhazone. Large size, two months' treatment, costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all dealers or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Scientific Odds and Ends.
In 1916 the U. S. produced 54,200,000 tons of coke.
It is believed that kerosene was first used for lighting in 1826.
The press of the Oxford University has type for printing in one hundred and fifty languages.
The Newfoundlanders are said to have the finest physique of any British-speaking people.
The Amazon drains an area of two million five hundred thousand square miles—ten times the area of France—and in connection with the river and its tributaries are said to be fifty thousand miles of navigable water.

SAFE.
"Ma, when you were married, did you promise to obey Pa?"
"Yes, my dear. But I knew your Pa would never have nerve enough to crowd me to the limit on that promise."

NO FACILITIES.
"I must have one million rubles right away," said the Bolshevik Minister of War.
"You'll have to wait a while," said the Bolshevik Minister of Finance.
"What's the trouble?"
"Our press has broken down."—Birmingham A.C.

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éve when it was crowded with distinguished guests met to honor in the only way which Englishmen delight in, to a dinner and a ball to the happy bride and bridegroom-elect. What a dinner it was. What plate, all stamped, carved and engraved with the Facewell crest. What dishes, plain and made all fresh from the hands of the great French cook, who ruled and reigned over the kitchen like a mighty king of an infernal region; what armies of gorgeous flunkies, in ciaret plush and golden lace; and what a majestic, dignified piece of pomposity, was the grand butler; why, Lady Pacewell's domestic tyrant dwinded in consequence and dignity in comparison with this despot's magnificent urbanity. And the guests! Little Pattie, who was seated in a little satin chair, and was surrounded by an admiring group, had never dreamed of such people,

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