

You cannot begin to measure its goodness alongside of others, the quality being INCOMPARABLE.

"SALADA"

Black, Green } Sealed Packets Only
or Mixed ...

PARTED BY GOLD

"I call it a beautiful one," he trusted himself to say.

"Ah, you men are so easily deceived," said her ladyship. "The paint is an inch thick, and there is belladonna under her eyes."

Jack could not help smiling even in his bitterness of heart, for had he not seen that self-same face under its present circumstances, too, within a yard of his own nose?

And what a voice, so deceitful and affected; And yet there are some men who would call that poor, painted creature pretty. Jack, an idea has just struck me."

"What is it, Maud?" he asked, with noble gentleness.

"That is the creature that has bewitched Beaumont."

Jack started, although he had expected it.

"Maud," he said, with a broken voice, "Heaven forgive you! I know you do not mean it, but you cut me to the heart with your cruel uncharity."

That face is a good one, and I know it, let it have bewitched Beaumont or any other man. I—I am thirsty. Let me go and get something and I will return directly."

He left the box abruptly, and Lady Maud leaned back with her eyes closed.

She was suffering in her way, too, for every arrow she had shot wounded her in the shooting, seeing the pain it produced in his heart.

"It is for his good," she muttered. "For his good and mine. This will cure him—it is curing him, I know."

Jack did not come back till the closing of the last act, and then looked steadfastly away from his fair companion, who drew her cloak around her with one last shudder and begged him to take her out to the carriage.

"You had better wait until the crush is over," he said, quietly.

"Very well," she said.

"Have you found—what you came to find?" he asked, with a touch of bitterness.

"Ah, yes," she said. "Poor Beaumont! I am sure that painted girl who played the Fairy Queen was she. Poor fellow!"

At this moment the comedy was being extended behind the scenes.

Anderson had kept his eyes on Mary and was getting anxious that that part of the plot should be carried to success.

The ingredients were ready, and in the most natural way possible he came rushing up to the greenroom.

"Miss Montague there?" he said.

"Yes," said Mary, coming out ready dressed for home.

"Oh! I'm sorry to disturb you, but a woman is waiting at the stage door who says she wants to see you."

"Me?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Anderson, averting his eyes from her surprised ones.

"I will come," said Mary, and she followed him to the stage door.

A woman stood there with a bundle in her arms.

"Oh, miss," said she. "Forgive a poor creature for daring to trouble you, but the manager is so strict. Would ye mind holding the poor little innocent while I go in to speak to him? He won't allow no babies behind the scenes."

"I will hold her," said Mary; "but be quick, please." And with a smile she took the little thing and with a woman's divine love drew aside its voluminous wraps to peep at it.

"Dear little thing!" she murmured. "So cold a night, too!"

And she pressed it to her in the most natural way, unconscious that the badly-penned Tubbs, who had hovered about her, longing to beg her pardon, but not daring to do so ever since the quarrel in the greenroom, was hovering about her this instant.

What COMFORT LYE

Comfort Lye is a very powerful cleanser. It is used for cleaning up the oldest and hardest dirt, grease, etc. Comfort Lye is fine for making sinks, drains and closets sweet and clean. Comfort Lye kills rats, mice, roaches and insect pests. Comfort Lye will do the hardest spring cleaning you've got. Comfort Lye is good for making soap. It's powdered, perfumed and 100% pure.



is splendid for —

highly got up, thrust his forehead into a basin of cold water to freshen himself, got into his greatcoat, and slowly marched downstairs; it was not until the door was open that he remembered his hat, and with a sign trudged upstairs for it, muttering:

"I'm very far gone, indeed; very far gone."

The park, notwithstanding the charms of the morning, looked dingy to him, and he fancied that the countenances of all he met wore a villainous expression.

Poor Jack! He forgot he was looking through green spectacles.

Lady Maud was up, and, attired in a beautiful morning robe, was sitting in the drawing-room hard at work—presenting to be—upon an impossible house and surroundings in water colors.

She looked up, and shifted her paint brush from the right hand to the left to shake hands with him.

"Why, Jack," she said, "how ill you look! Have you been up all night?"

"No—that is, yes; no, not exactly, but I have had a bad headache."

She guessed at the cause, but pretending ignorance, arose with her stately grace and brought a bottle of eau-de-cologne from a cabinet.

"Give me your handkerchief," she said, and when he had produced it, she poured some of the spirit upon it.

"Press it to your forehead," she continued, and as he seemed disinclined, she held it there herself for a moment.

"What do you think of my sketch?" she asked, looking down at it.

"Well," he said, smiling sadly, "I should not like to live in the original without a very heavy thing in the accident company! That left wall is falling in rapidly."

"For shame!" she said. "I prided myself on the house, too. What do you think of the trees?"

"Admirable," he said. "Lifelike; that one we used to have in the Noah's Ark."

The crush was over, and Jack took his Queen of Sheba downstairs.

"Where is the brougham?" said he. "I do not see it."

"Oh, do not let us wait. It is around the corner," said Lady Maud, who of course had given her instructions. "It is a beautiful night! We will go around to it, please."

Jack, without a word, took her around and was opening the door of the carriage, which was very nearly opposite the stage entrance, when a sight met his eyes that made him start.

There in the doorway stood Mary Montague, the woman who had stolen all his heart, pressing a child to her bosom, and a man, he remembered him standing proudly by.

He turned pale and clutched the door.

Lady Maud, who had entered the carriage, caught his arm.

"Look, Jack!" said she, in a whisper, "where she is, the impudent thing."

The whisper was not so low but it reached Mary's ears.

She looked up and saw the pair, turned pale at the sight of them, and naturally fell back, and fled down the narrow passage.

This was enough for Jack, but not for Lady Maud.

She stopped him from getting into the carriage, and called to a man who had just emerged from the entrance.

He approached and lifted his hat; he was Anderson, the actor.

"My man," said Lady Maud, "can you tell me who that young person was who stood here just now?"

"With the baby?" said Anderson.

Lady Maud nodded.

"Miss Montague," said Anderson, without looking at Jack.

"And the—er—man?"

"Father of the child," said Anderson.

"Mrs. Montague, then?" said Lady Maud.

"No, ma'am," said the man, with a significant shrug.

Jack turned faint, and grasped the door.

Before he could speak, however, Lady Maud drew him in and the carriage rolled away.

CHAPTER IX.

A more miserable man than Jack Hamilton, as he sat in his elegant sitting-room on the morning after his and Lady Maud's visit to the Signet, could not be found.

He had not closed his eyes all night, three bottles of soda water standing at his elbow testified to that; he felt ill and weary from disappointment and grief. Now that he felt he ought to disfigure Mary Montague from his heart, he found, for the first time, how firmly she was rooted there. To pick her from him was like tugging at the roots of his own happiness.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he muttered, tapping another bottle of soda water, and stirring the fire between the draughts. "It is poverty or something of that sort that has driven her to it. I'll never believe that she is a harden, wicked woman. By Jove; I can scarcely believe anything wrong of her, but seeing is believing; there is nothing to be said to ocular demonstration. I have been deceived, self-deceived, and there's an end of it."

But unfortunately for his peace of mind that was not the end of it.

He had a duty to go through.

He must go to Lady Maud and confess his wrong-doing, explain that it was not Beaumont but he who had been making himself ridiculous, and altogether make the amende honorable for his harsh speeches and general condemnation of her the night before.

It was a better task, but Jack was not one to shrink from duty, however unpleasant it might be, and accordingly he set out.

With a little sob, that if not real was most splendidly feigned, her ladyship deposited her head upon his broad chest, and poor Jack, who had never deceived himself more than he was doing at this moment, pressed a kiss upon the elegantly braided topknot, and believed he was truly happy at last.

Then they sat down and talked. Lady Maud with a sweet conscious air,

highly got up, thrust his forehead into a basin of cold water to freshen himself, got into his greatcoat, and slowly marched downstairs; it was not until the door was open that he remembered his hat, and with a sign trudged upstairs for it, muttering:

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Wash The Kidneys!

After Bad Colds or Influenza
Look to Kidneys and Bladder!



Owing to bad colds, over-eating or indigestion, or to the after effects of influenza—uric acid and toxins (poisons) are stored up in the body and cause backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains and stiff joints.

It is most essential that treatment be directed towards prompt casting out of the poisons from the body which cause these pains and aches.

This means that the excretory organs—the bowels, skin and kidneys—should be excited to their best efforts.

Every one should clean house—internally—and thus protect one's self from many germ diseases, by taking castor oil or a pleasant laxative such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are made of Marsh-mallows, aloe and jalap. Take these every other day. This will excite efficient bowel action. If you suffer from backache, irritation of the bladder and the kidneys, shown by the frequent calls to get out of bed at night, considerable sediment in the water, brick-dust deposit, perhaps headache in the morning, you should obtain at the drug store "Anuric" (anti-uric acid), first put up by Dr. Pierce.

To build up the strength and improve the blood, take an iron tonic such as "Frolic," manufactured by Dr. Pierce. To be had in tablets at drug stores, or some good herbal tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and herbs without alcohol, and put up in tablets or liquid.

Jack with a remnant of sadness about him.

Lady Maud entered, and Jack, while Lady Maud glided from the room, communicated the glad tidings.

Her ladyship was delighted, and, of course, let loose her worldliness at the first sentence.

"My dear Jack, it's the very thing I have prayed for! With Maud's little income and your twenty thousand you will be so delightfully rich. My dear Jack, bless you! Oh, you have made me happy!"

Then Jack kissed her high-bred forehead and took his leave, feeling—well, rather more composed than happy perhaps.

He did not go straight home, but wandered about the park, musing.

And so he was to marry his cousin Maud.

Beautiful Lady Maud was to be his wife.

Helgoh! It was a wonderful world certainly, and things came about in the most remarkable manner, and thinking thus, he very improperly sipped, and made for his chambers.

His servant met him at the door.

"Mr. Shallop is waiting upstairs, sir."

Jack ascended the stairs slowly, and found Mr. Shallop in his armchair, with a patient look upon his face, that said plainly:

"I've been waiting, waiting till I'm disgusted."

"Hello!" said Jack. "I'm sorry you have been kept, Shallop. I had no idea I should have been so long or I should have left word."

"No consequence," said Mr. Shallop. "I've lost time, but you'll find it in the bill, you know."

Jack laughed, but rather absently, and, pitching his hat and coat on the sofa, sank into the opposite chair, and rang the bell.

"I was obliged to wait," said Mr. Shallop, "for it's business, and important business, too."

"Not a word," said Jack, "till you have had some lunch."

Mr. Shallop smiled, and presently the valet brought up nicely arranged luncheon.

Then the two gentlemen drew up and fell to, Jack dropping off into the chair again after a few mouthfuls, but Mr. Shallop, like a wise man, enjoying the good things set before him and eating leisurely, relating scraps of gossip for Jack's amusement meanwhile.

"Do you mind smoke while you are eating?" said Jack.

"I've finished long ago," said Mr. Shallop, taking a cigar himself and removing to the armchair with wine-glasses in hand. "It is superb hock, magnificent."

Jack nodded.

"We'll have another bottle up. Williams, a light for Mr. Shallop."

The valet brought the fresh bottle of hock, superintended the lighting of

Stops Bronchitis Quickly
Without Any Medicine

THIS PROBLEM SOLVED WHEN CATARRHOZE WAS DISCOVERED.

Thousands Have Been Cured

You are nothing but a plain simple boob to suffer a day longer from Bronchitis. It's real easy to cure—this has been proved time and again. Relief comes at once when you breathe in the soothing vapor of Catarrhazone. Once its healing, piney essences strike the bronchial tubes, you realize that a powerful treatment is at work.

Irritation can't live in the throat of a person inhaling Catarrhazone. It is so soothing, so warming, so full of concentrated healing power that you get results at once.

Catarrhazone strengthens the weak throat, stops the cough, removes that hacking irritating necessity to clear the throat, makes even the chronic sufferer realize that at last he has discovered a real cure. For coughs, colds, catarrh, and winter flus, nothing in the family could be better than the complete dollar outfit. Small size 50c; trial size 25c, all dealers, or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Mr. Shallop's cigar and then with drew.

Then, Mr. Shallop, with a curious glance at his client, cleared his throat, and said:

"Now to business, I suppose."

"Ay, cut away," said Jack, carelessly.

"First," said Mr. Shallop, "let me ask if you have done anything further in the matter of the Montague people?"

Jack, who was thinking of one of them, colored slightly and poked the fire.

"Yes," he said, "I have engaged with the Theatrical manager for an engagement for him."

"Capital!" said Mr. Shallop, rubbing his hands quietly. "May I ask how you managed it?"

Jack then told him of his visit to the manager and the loan of the two hundred pounds to Mr. Montague—told him sadly and with averted face.

"Capital!" said Mr. Shallop again. Jack looked up.

There was something in the tone he did not understand.

Mr. Shallop's face, too, partook of the enigmatical in its expression.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Now I come to the important business," said Mr. Shallop. "You remember some weeks back our conversation about this gentleman; you knew nothing of him then, you know nothing more now."

"Nothing," said Jack. "I have called at his house and seen his other daughter, poor little thing, a sweet-faced child, afflicted. Nothing more than that. No—that's a bad cigar you have there; take another one."

"Thank you," said Mr. Shallop. "Well, I do know something more."

"Yes!" said Jack.

"I know something of vast importance to you."

"Yes—do you owe many debts?"

"You ought to know better than I," he said.

Mr. Shallop nodded gravely.

"You are lucky even in bad luck," he said.

Jack grew impatient.

(To be continued.)

Strength Will Return To Weak People Using This Treatment

You are discouraged. You feel old and worn. You are sick, but not aware of the fact.

You can drag yourself around—but work is impossible.

With your stomach crying out for assistance and the nerves all on edge why not try Ferrozone?—it will surely do you good.

Ferrozone is a wonderful combination of vegetable extracts, fortified by excellent tonics for the nerves and stomach.

When you feel despondent, Ferrozone cheers you up.

When languor and oppression weigh you down, Ferrozone braces you up.

When sleep is impossible Ferrozone calms the nerves and gives you rest.

For bounding health, good looks, good spirits, nothing equals Ferrozone; makes the weak strong and the sick well. Good for men, women and children; try Ferrozone, it can work wonders, as it did for Mrs. Mary Melong, of Harbor Bouche, N. S., who writes:

"Ferrozone built me up. Before using it I scarcely knew what good health meant."

"I was just as miserable and weak as any woman could be."

"Tired from morning to night, bothered by trifles, unceasingly nervous."

"The first box of Ferrozone improved my blood, gave me appetite. In a short time I was like a new person. Now I rejoice in abundant good health."

Try Ferrozone. It will make an unexpected improvement in your looks, your feeling, your health.

Whether anaemic, nervous or suffering from secret disorders—if you want cure, use Ferrozone. Price 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or direct from The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Tree Planting.

An exchange gives the following set of rules for tree planting that may be of use to amateurs, etc.:

1. Do not allow roots to be exposed to drying winds, sun or frost.

2. Prune, with a sharp knife, any bruised or broken roots.

3. Have the holes large enough to admit all the roots without cramping.

4. Plant in good loam, enriching with thoroughly decomposed manure.

5. Do not allow any fresh manure to come in contact with the roots.

6. Spread the roots in their natural position, and work fine loam among them, making it firm and compact.

7. Do not plant deep. Let the upper roots be about an inch lower than they were before.

8. Remove all broken branches and cut back at least one-half the previous year's growth of wood.

9. If the season is a dry one, water thoroughly twice a week.

10. Keep the soil in a good degree of fertility. Mulching in the fall is beneficial.

The amateur is recommended to follow the above rules. Well-cared for trees add much to the beauty of a lawn and home, as any citizen of good tastes will admit. The tree-planting movement inaugurated this spring is in line with the best designs for civic improvement. It should bear excellent fruit before the summer is upon us in Ontario.

Sponge Industry.

The best sponges come from the Levant, in the eastern Mediterranean and are obtained by diving. The Levantine sponge divers often cut pieces, and tie them to stakes to keep them from being swept away by the current. They soon grow at an enormous rate.

When two egotists meet it's a case of an I for an I.

CLARK'S

PORK

AND

BEANS

BEAR THIS

GOVERNMENT

LEGEND

WHICH

GUARANTEES

PURITY

W. CLARK

MONTEAL

Be Courteous to All.

Frequently the girl who is scrupulous about interrupting an older person, thinks nothing at all of breaking in on the story her small brother is trying to tell, and talking on without paying the least attention to him. There are not two standards of courtesy, one for older people, and another for children.

Origin of "Algernon."

The name Algernon was originally "als Gernon," and was first applied to one of the crusading Percys. His name was William, but his fellow knights called him William als Gernon or Gernon, meaning William with the Whisk