

Satisfaction and "SALADA" TEA

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A QUEEN UNCROWNED — OR — THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XV.

"When you leave Fontelle, you may take to fisticuffs as soon as you please; but you will be good enough, both of you, to restrain your natural inclinations in my presence. Once again—and for the last time, Jacquetta—do you mean to say that you do not know who your father is?"

"I do not. By Heaven and all its hosts, I swear it!" she passionately cried.

"Then, behold him here!" exclaimed Mr. De Vere, pointing to Captain Tempest, who arose to his feet, triumphant. "Oh, falsest of the false! that you whom I believed the soul of frankness and honor, could be guilty of such mean deception as this! And, to think that I should have been so poor a dupe, to be fooled by a smiling face and a smooth tongue! Oh! never till now did I realize how fair an outside falsehood hath!"

"There was a cry from all, and a unanimous rising to their feet. Jacquetta stood like one petrified—turned to stone. Mr. De Vere sternly waved them back, and went on: "Your very countenance convicts you; for you have your father's face! But, to think I should have ever cherished the spawn of such a viper! To think that you could have known this and acted a living lie—all these years under my very eyes!—that you should have held secret meetings with this man, and given him money—my money—plundered from me, to pay him and this wretched old woman to keep your secret! Had you told me he was your father in time, I might even have overlooked the disgrace of having the child of such a wretch connected with my family; but, now I can never believe, or trust, or forgive you! The daughter of such a father—of such a mother, bearing my name! Oh! how indeed have I fallen, when I have lived to see such a day!"

He strode up and down the room, like one beside himself with grief and rage, and humiliation. Still she stood like one turned to stone—mute, voiceless motionless. She had a vague expectation of something terrible, but nothing like this. She passed her hand over her eyes, like one in a dream.

"Come, Jacquetta, have done with this," said Captain Nick, roughly. "We have had enough of this fooling. I'm your father, and that's the end of it. And, what's more, you know it."



Whether bobbed or long—here's a way to make your hair lie fashionably smooth

The newest bobs—whether shingled or straight-cut—lie smoothly on the head. The smartest arrangements for long hair are almost severe in their plainness. Women are finding in Stacombs the thing to achieve these smart, new fashions in dressing their hair. Get a touch of this delicate cream applied on with the palms of the hands—and the most unruly hair will lie just as you want it—even immediately after a shampoo. You can get Stacombs at all drug and department stores in opaque jars or in tubes. Try it today!



At all Drug and Department Stores. GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent

better for it, since it is so deceitful! No, you shall not go yet. You have not heard all. Your sins have found you out."

"Go on! I am listening!" "Where is my son's child? Where is this child of yours whose existence you have concealed so long?"

"Mr. De Vere!" "Oh! start and look, and cold fresh lies! I know you of old, madam! Deny it, as you did your father! What an unnatural heart you must have, Jacquetta, to deny the existence of your own child, that I might leave all my wealth to you! Answer me; where is my son's child?"

"It is dead! It died the day of its birth!" "It is false!" said Grizzle, sternly. "It lives!"

"You hear that!" said Mr. De Vere, triumphantly. "Your very confederates have turned against you! Add no more falsehoods to the rest. My grandchild lives!"

Again the bewildered look came over her. "I am going crazy, I think! You told me she was dead," she said, turning to Grizzle.

"I never did. You paid me for taking care of it, and concealing its existence!"

Her eyes turned voluntarily upon Orrie. "You ought to know. Do not deceive me now, but tell me. Is he my father?"

"You know he is. What's the good of asking?" said Grizzle, in an impatient yet somewhat subdued tone; for there was that in the young girl's very calmness that awed her.

"Then it has come to this, at last! I knew this pleasant dream could not last forever."

"But, you thought to keep it off as long as possible," said Mr. De Vere sarcastically. "A few falsehoods, more or less, made little difference to you."

"God forgive you, Mr. De Vere! From you, at least, I have not deserved this."

"No—you have deserved much consideration, much kindness, from me! Oh, false heart! that I should ever have believed you true!"

"You think me then a liar and an impostor?"

Something in her tone moved him; and he looked in the little, sorrowful face and beseeching eyes, with their pitiful look, so very sad to see in eyes so proud as hers. But, the memory of all Grizzle had told him bearing so powerfully the impress of truth came back to him; and nerving himself with remembered wrongs, he savagely answered:

"I do!" Her clasped hands dropped. "Once more—God forgive you, Mr. De Vere!"

"Pray for yourself," he said, haughtily. "You need forgiveness as much as me."

"May I go?" she said, wearily dropping her head. "I am tired and sick! I never meant to wrong you; and, if you would only believe that, I could forget the rest."

"I do not believe it, Jacquetta! I can never believe you more. You have deceived me too long and too often for that."

She leaned heavily against a chair. "May I go? Will you not spare me? You are breaking my heart!"

"Let it break! You will be all the better for it."

ABLE TO DO HOUSEWORK NOW

Sick a Year. Got Great Benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bloomington, N.S.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for pains and backache, also for nervousness, sick headaches and sleeplessness. I was troubled in this way for over a year, and a friend told me about the Vegetable Compound and induced me to take it. I must say I have received great benefit from it and am able to do my housework now. I recommend the Vegetable Compound myself and am willing for you to use this letter as a testimonial. Mrs. WILLIAM MORSE, Bloomington, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.

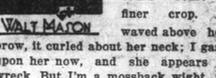
Do you know that in a recent canvass among women users of the Vegetable Compound over 220,000 replies were received. To the question, "Have you received benefit by taking this medicine?" 98 per cent. replied "Yes."

This means that 98 out of every 100 women are in better health because they have given this medicine a fair trial.

Mrs. Morse is simply another case of a woman receiving "great benefit." Women suffering from the troubles so common to their sex should listen to what other women say who have experienced the same sufferings and found relief. Give this dependable medicine a chance—and at once. It is sold at all drug stores.

THE BOBBING FAD.

My niece's hair is bobbed; I view her with alarm; methinks she has been robbed of beauty and of charm. She had the finest hair, ere scissors made it drop! No damsel anywhere could boast a finer crop. It waved above her brow, it curled about her neck; I gazed upon her now, and she appears a wreck. But I'm a mossback wight, in love with ancient ways, and nothing seems just right that happens nowadays. When I rebuke my niece for cutting off her hair, she answers, "Give me peace—they do it everywhere! At every modern scheme you mossbacks stand aghast; oh, would you have me seem a relic of the past? When other maidens bob, you'd have me wear it long, avoid the barber's job, and get myself in wrong. When other heads are short, you'd have my topknot great, you'd have me feel the scorn of people up to date." Definitely she talks, defiantly she grins; she's glad she has no locks demanding bands and pins. She almost makes me feel that she's in earnest, too, rejoicing that the steel was sent her tresses through. But sometimes when I pass her room I see her rise and face the looking glass with teardrops in her eyes. Oh, Celia, why those tears? And why that sigh dismayed? Are they because the shears have made your glory fade? You face me with a stare of righteous wrath and say, "I would not have the hair that I have thrown away!"



WALT MATCH waved above her brow, it curled about her neck; I gazed upon her now, and she appears a wreck. But I'm a mossback wight, in love with ancient ways, and nothing seems just right that happens nowadays. When I rebuke my niece for cutting off her hair, she answers, "Give me peace—they do it everywhere! At every modern scheme you mossbacks stand aghast; oh, would you have me seem a relic of the past? When other maidens bob, you'd have me wear it long, avoid the barber's job, and get myself in wrong. When other heads are short, you'd have my topknot great, you'd have me feel the scorn of people up to date." Definitely she talks, defiantly she grins; she's glad she has no locks demanding bands and pins. She almost makes me feel that she's in earnest, too, rejoicing that the steel was sent her tresses through. But sometimes when I pass her room I see her rise and face the looking glass with teardrops in her eyes. Oh, Celia, why those tears? And why that sigh dismayed? Are they because the shears have made your glory fade? You face me with a stare of righteous wrath and say, "I would not have the hair that I have thrown away!"

"So you can feel shame? you can feel remorse? you can feel humiliation?"

"I am not ashamed!" "I am sorry to hear it! But I forgot—those who stoop to deception, as you have done, seldom feel shame."

She raised her head and hands. "Oh, my God!" she said, as the words of the dying cardinal came to her mind, "if I had loved thee as I have loved this man, Thou wouldst not have cast me off thus!"

There was a pause, which no one seemed inclined to break. She arose to her feet at last.

"Is there anything more? What else have I done?"

"Ah! you are anxious to be gone; but I have not quite done with you yet. Why did you never tell me what sort of a mother you had?"

"I did not think it necessary. It could have done no good."

"Oh, so you do not deny that? Well I am glad you perceive the necessity of speaking the truth, at last! You did not think it necessary? No I dare say not! You took good care I should not know it!"

"Must I answer for my mother's sins?"

"Yes; the sins of the father shall be visited on the children, even to the third and fourth generations, saith the Lord."

"You can quote Scripture against me, too. Heaven and earth seems to have forsaken me alike! Ah, well! let it be! What else, Mr. De Vere?"

"The worst of all!" he said, in a low, passionate voice. "You have been unfaithful to your marriage vow!"

Her white face turned crimson, and she started like one who had received a spear thrust through the heart. Turning for the first time toward Disbrowe, she gave him a look he never forgot.

(To be continued.)

The Fire Bull

When the good people of St. Jean de Luz are feeling festive they bring out the fire bull (toro de fuego). It is a most impressive performance, unlike anything that I have ever seen anywhere else. For this strange Basque people that delights in games, dances, and pageants of every kind it appears to possess a particular appeal.

The Place Louis XIV. is the scene of this diversion. The quaint old square derives its name from the ancient mansion abutting on it where in 1660 the Grand Monarch resided when he came to St. Jean de Luz to meet his bride, the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain. Three times a week, on band nights, the townsfolk gather in the square and, with snapping fingers and twinkling feet, dance the fandango beneath the plane trees to traditional Basque airs played with indelible vigour by the red-capped musicians. It is on band nights that the fire bull from time to time during the season makes its appearance. A rocket that rises screaming into the night from the adjacent bank of the Nivelle gives the first warning. A deep sigh of excitement rises from the crowd massed about the bandstand or gathered at the small tables on the terraces of the cafes. Two more maroons are fired, and then, suddenly, eerily, the lights of the square are extinguished, and it is as though an invisible hand had illuminated the stars. A profound silence falls.

A harsh spluttering, a loud report, rudely shatters the expectant hush. The crowd squeals with excitement as in a lurid trail of fire, a huge black object is seen tossing above the solid barrier of people that dams the approaches to the Place. It is the fire bull. Dimly seen in the half-light the throng, swaying hither and thither, rushes to greet it.

Spraying out on either side of its high curved back a broad jet of fiery rain that descends in a shower upon the spectators, the great bull seems to be careering along over the people's heads.

It is a fearsome-looking animal, nearly life-size, its curving white horns supporting a sort of tall white framework connected with a long fuse running from shoulder to tail. When the bull comes nearer one sees that it is merely a huge papier-mache frame-work carried on the shoulders of a running man, whose legs are visible beneath, and that the head, shoulders, and back are elaborately festooned with fireworks.

The fuse on the back contains what the firework shop calls "golden rain." For a good quarter of an hour, what time the bull careers madly in and out of the crowd, swerving to right and left, swinging abruptly about, rearing up, the cascade of fire never ceases to pour from its flanks, interrupted only for an instant at intervals by the explosion of a cracker amid showers of sparks.

In its darkened kiosk the band is playing an inspiring march and with its strains blend the excited cries of the multitude, men shouting and laughing, girls squealing and children screaming in sheer delight. There are hundreds of people on the square and as they fall back precipitately to leave a passage for the flaming bull the effect is as of a field of corn swaying to the wind at night. The Place is a heaving mass of black save where the toro de fuego cleaves a way, its fountain of orange light picking out the faces of the crowd.

The man beneath the bull is blinded by his burden, so at the head trots an attendant, clad from head to foot in white to make him distinguishable in the half-light, as a guide. When the golden shower has almost reached the horns the bull is directed to a high platform on the far side of the square, where the Nivelle glitters beneath the stars.

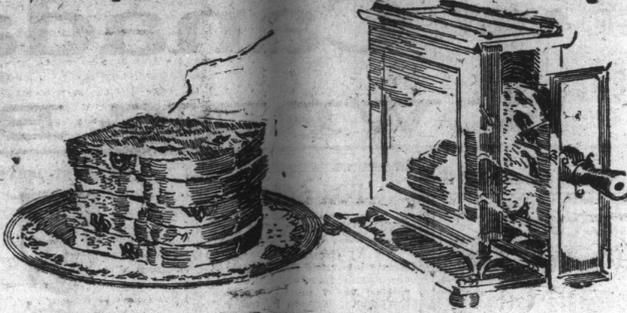
The bull is hoisted on to this sort of altar, a black, smooth, squat silhouette against its spot of flame. Even as the golden rain ceases the horns burst into fire. Catherine wheels revolve, Roman candles go soaring into the night, bursting with a faint pop amid a cascade of coloured lights, squibs flare and explode with a joyous bang—in short, a miniature firework display begins which terminates by a whirling disc of fire spinning upwards, upwards, to burst high above the Place in a shower of glory. Then the lights go up, the bull—a very commonplace sort of property bull when viewed under the lamp—disappears into the crowd, and we all go home.

This diversion sounds, as it looks, exceedingly dangerous. As a matter of fact it is quite innocuous, for, by some secret of pyrotechnics, the golden rain does not burn even if it falls on the face or hands, and one can confront it with impunity.

Sewing on a Button

A good way to sew on a button so that it has the right amount of space between it and the garment is to place a large pin across the top and sew over this. When the button is fastened securely the pin can be removed, and the button pulled up the slack cotton. More cotton should then be twisted round the threads under the button to make a little "stalk" on which it will stand.

Wednesday is Raisin Bread Day



Raisin Toast—a breakfast delight

Crisp, golden toast filled with the rare, rich flavor of Sun-Maid Raisins—nothing could be better for breakfast!

Order my raisin bread for Wednesday and have this delightful treat every Thursday morning. Phone your grocer or baker now. Tell him to put you on his list for a standing order. Then he will deliver or reserve a loaf for you every Wednesday.

Raisin bread is baked "special for Wednesday" by bakers every week everywhere. Have this inexpensive mid-week treat every Wednesday in your home.

Your Baker

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, and by the Bread and Cakes Bakers' Association of Canada



Place a standing Wednesday order with your Baker, Grocer or Bread Salesman

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

OUT OF ALL PROPORTION.

Speed costs. In boats, in autos, in horses and in people.

We were looking at some second hand boats the other day. One exceedingly nice looking little "craft" was priced at \$500.

Near it was another boat not quite so nice looking so far as paint and general finish, no better as to line, and quite a little smaller.

"How much do they want for that one?" I asked hopefully, mentally setting the figure at about \$300, since the other was \$500.

"Eight hundred," said the agent who was selling them. "But why on earth?" "I beg your pardon?"

Those Dumb Women Folks. The agent didn't wait for me to

finish. He was plainly used to women folks and their dumbness in the matter of boats.

"Because it's not a ten-horse-power engine," he explained, "it can make 15 miles an hour and that other boat can't make more than ten. If that boat had as powerful an engine in it it would bring \$1200."

"Think of it, \$700 for five miles an hour. It seemed incredible to me until I consulted a specialist in boats and he assured me that there was nothing extraordinary in the figure."

"But the engine isn't event twice as powerful," I objected, "and it costs more than twice as much."

Four Times The Power. "Surely," he said, and proceeded to jot down some difficult-looking figures from which I finally culled the information that if one represents the amount of power it takes to drive a boat ten miles an hour, four will represent approximately the amount of

power to drive her 15 miles an hour. There is four times as much power to drive her half as fast again.

Most assuredly, speed costs. "And the same thing," he added, "is true of automobile engines, though the variation in power will be somewhat different."

When it comes to flesh and blood of course it is impossible to get it down in exact figures as to how much power is taken to drive the human engine a little faster than ordinary; but the expert on boat engines, who is also by way of being somewhat of an expert on human engines, assures me that there is no doubt that when we speed up the human machine we use up energy out of all proportion to the speed obtained.

An Expensive Run. If you run to the station in three minutes instead of walking it in six you use up much more than twice the energy.

If you rush all day long trying to catch up with that hour that you somehow lost in the morning, you use up a great deal of more energy than if you did the same amount of work at your ordinary rate of speed.

Speed costs. We pay in money when we buy it in boats or in automobiles or breed it in horseflesh. We pay often in dangerously depleted energy when we constantly take it out of our own hides.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THE HOUSE MADE UGLY.

"I want a home of loveliness," he told the architect. "I want the finest building which your workmen can erect. Let every window seem to smile to greet the morning sun. And let there be no jarring note when once your work is done."

The house was built. No cost was spared. No jarring note was there; that which the eye finds beautiful was smiling everywhere. And then the decorators came, and once again the man said: "Furnish now this house for me as richly as you can."

They tapestried his stately walls; They stretched upon the floor Such rugs as Kings of Persia knew. They searched the country o'er For treasures rare with which to grace each room, and when 'twas done

If every home held loveliness that structure was the one.

And yet when he came home at night he sneered at her who smiled. He had an ugly temper and spoke harshly to his child; And none beneath that roof was glad where happiness should be. For 'tis the spirit makes the home and not the things you see.

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

Deranged Kidneys may in time lead to serious illness. If you detect any symptom take Gin Pills. They will relieve you.

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