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A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

Talbot was greatly struck. The realization of her beauty came home to him very forcibly in this cold, envious light of open day. "Stephen's not such a fool, after all," was his inward comment as he went forward to meet them. As he lifted her from her pony and bid her welcome to the cabin and the west gulch, she smiled down upon him. What a mysterious, magic thing human beauty is, and the human smile! It seems to light the dreariest sky, people the loneliest landscape. Where there is a human smile to reflect one's own, not even a desert seems desolate, not even a prison cell seems cold. Talbot felt this very strongly in that moment. As the warm, bright, laughing, youthful face looked into his, the sun seemed to have suddenly burst out upon that dreary snowy plain, and as the two men escorted her over the threshold, it seemed to both that they were throwing open the door not only to her concrete self but to the abstract, warmth and light, and gaiety and laughter, and that these all flowed in with her into the simple rough interior, transforming and illumining it.

"Why, what does that matter? I do not mind. I have you to protect me. You will always now, Steve, won't you, from everything? I don't want ever to go back to that gambling life again."
"He drew her into his arms."
"Of course, of course I will," he said, kissing her. "I will always take care of you."
Her arms were interlaced about his neck, they looked into each other's eyes, and neither knew any more whether it was a storm or a calm in the night outside.
For the first few weeks after their marriage, Katrine was more than happy, and it seemed to those lonely beings, sheltered from the savage siege of Nature only by those frail little cabins built by their own hands on the edge of the snow-filled gulch, that a new life had blossomed for them, suddenly—a perfect spring in winter. The girl's wonderful health and un-falling spirits were in themselves a delight, and she was possessed of such a sweet and even temper, that it seemed to smooth out and round off the hard edges of their rough, comfortless existence. Nothing seemed to have the power to disturb her, the most irritating and annoying incident never even brought a frown to her face; it filled her with indignation for the men, and an immediate desire to smooth it over for them, if possible, to prevent their being ruffled by it. For herself, she seemed above the reach of any circumstances to disconcert. One morning the men had an instance of this. They were all three living together in Stephen's cabin now. That is to say, Talbot took all his meals there, and used it as his own home in every way, except that he still went back to his cabin to

rise in the morning—long before either was awake, and had the fires blazing, wood brought in, water melted out, and the coffee made by the time they came into the sitting-room, looking white and sleepy in the flare of the common candles. All the housework they had formerly found hard, when counted in addition to their outside labor, she took entirely upon herself, and insensibly they both felt the relief very great. There was no coming home now, worn out and frozen, to a cheerless cabin, and being obliged to chop wood and light fires and split ice before they could get warm and rested. A glowing hearth, a laid table, a smiling face always awaited them. Often coming up from the dump at the lower end of the claim, they could see the square patch of red light flung out from the window on the snow, bidding them hurry in to the welcome warmth and light inside.

The daylight only lasted them now from ten to two, and for three hours the men worked out-of-doors. During their absence the girl went out on shooting expeditions of her own. She had invented a modified snow-shoe, broad and short, with slightly curved-up ends, and with these strapped on to her little feet, her fur coat fastened up to her chin, and her fur cap drawn over her ears and to her brows, she defied the fall of the mercury, and skinned over the snow as silently and swiftly as a shadow moving.

She enjoyed these long, lonely excursions, with her heart kept warm by the hope of discovering something she could bring down with her pistol or her shot-gun and carry back as a surprise and a treat for the men for supper. There was not much indeed to be found; but a small brood of snow-bird was prevalent, and quite a flock of these would very often follow or precede a snow-storm, and whenever Katrine's keen eye caught sight of the little dark patch that a cluster of shooting expeditions of her own. She would glide swiftly over in that direction, and have eight or ten of the little swimmers at her belt to take home. They were small, but cooked as she knew how to cook them, they were a delicacy beyond price to the men who for months had tasted little but beans and hard bacon. Katrine felt quite happy if she could return through the suddenly falling gloom of the afternoon and cross the darkened thresh-

Bear Island, Aug. 26, 1903.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your traveller is here today and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment on the market making no exception. We have been in business 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.
W. A. HAGERMAN.

old frost as the men came back, half frozen, from the creek and show her cluster of victims swinging by their long-necked heads from her waist.

She thought of them, planned for their comfort and worked for them all day; while to her husband she was absolutely devoted, and one would think that for such devotion a few smiles, a kiss, and some kind words was a small price to pay. Yet after the first few weeks, and even during them, Stephen, who worked all day to secure his mining gains, would not even exert himself to that degree to return the affection that was worth all his claims put together. One kiss given before he went out to his work in the morning would have made Katrine happy all day, and tender inquiry on his return would have amply rewarded her for all her labors, yet he invariably went out to the claims without bestowing the one, and returned without making the other. Hard work, privations, loneliness, and even the absence of all the amusements she had delighted in, would not have broken her spirit; she would have accepted them all cheerfully, if her husband had only thrown over them the little light and warmth of his affection on that she longed for. Each day she hoped it might be different; but no, he grew more and more absorbed by the gold fever that was eating away his heart and brain, and the girl grew more and more depressed and resentful. "It would be no trouble to him," she murmured to herself, over and over again, as she stood at the wash-tub, wringing out his shirts, or knelt on the floor of the cabin scrubbing the boards—"just a kiss or a smile."

She did not in the meantime relax any of her attention to him. Her smile for him was always as sweet when he returned, her efforts to please him as untiring, but in her heart her thoughts turned more and more constantly day by day to the idea of leaving him, of returning to her own life, where at least she had not been tormented by this perpetual hope and expectation and disappointment.

One evening when Stephen was out in the shed at the back of the cabin, stacking up some wood by the light of a candle stuck in a chink of the logs, Talbot and the girl were sitting idle on each side of the stove, and, somehow, though Talbot seldom opened his lips on such matters, seldom in his life offered opinion or advice to others, they had now been speaking of her marriage, and Stephen's attitude toward her.

There were tears in her great eyes, and her under lip quivered, and turned downward like a wet rose leaf.
"He is very wrapped up in all this digging business, why he wants to marry me at all," she said in a sort of helpless childish waver.
"Talbot was silent, looking at her, and then, instead of answering her question, said:
"Why don't you make him notice you more? Why can't you appeal to him?"
"Appeal to him," she repeated; "it's no use. Why, he is gold-plated—eyes, ears, touch, everything all played over.



It's the stropping that counts!

Any razor is soon ruined by unskilled stropping. There is one and one only razor that sharpens itself—the AutoStrop Razor. You can't strop it wrongly—just slip the strop through the frame and a few strokes to and fro will renew the blade edge.

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CHILDREN BORN IN PRISON.

Many children have been born in Bolshevik prisons. I give as an instance the case of a Russian lady who was arrested with her husband in the town of Vologda. They were taken to Moscow, and there kept in a criminal prison for months, the reason for this being that they had given hospitality to English people. About a fortnight after their arrival in Moscow a little girl was born in prison, and only after two days' hard work were we able to collect a small bundle of suitable clothing, which, through the kindness of a sister in the prison hospital, I was able to deliver to this poor mother.

(To be continued.)

A Constipation Cure Sold on Guarantee

DR. HAMILTON SAYS HIS REMEDY NEVER FAILS TO CURE QUICKLY.

Mine is a marvellous remedy. There are others, but not one possesses the peculiar merit so prominent in mine.

With my remedy I guarantee to cure constipation.

I also guarantee to prevent it. My preparation, which is in pill form gives tone and regularity to the bowels that quickly rids the system of effete matter, accumulations of bile and other injurious results of costiveness.

I call my pills Dr. Hamilton's. I am sure they are safe because composed of such health-giving vegetable extracts as Mandrake, Butternut, Hyocyanus and Dandelion.

My pills are not harsh or drastic. They cause no pain, no distress; they are prescribed by physicians because of their mildness and certainty to cure.

For women and children I know of no better medicine for keeping the system healthy. For men they are perfect.

I have proved their merit in biliousness, constipation and headache, and can strongly recommend them in these troubles.

My personal guarantee stands behind every box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; and this means much to you in selecting your remedy.

Every dealer sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. 25c per box.

WOULD BE DIFFICULT. (Punch.)

"The clergy had to work far more than forty-eight hours a day, but their pay was quite inadequate."—Local paper.

We don't see how it would be possible to give adequate remuneration for such a feat.

ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION. "I don't like Mrs. Wombaf. Wants to talk about her poodle all the time." "Is that so?" "Yes, never cares to hear about my canary."

HAS A CORN ANY ROOTS? Yes, and branches and stems as well. Can it be cured? Yes, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's painless, safe and invariably satisfactory. Insist on only Putnam's Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

Yeast—I understand you called on Bender to-day. Crimsoneak—"That's what I did. And did he take you into his confidence?" "He did—and into his cellar."—Detroit Free Press.

BOLSHEVISM'S AWFUL RESULTS IN RUSSIA

The London Times publishes a letter that throws fresh light upon the horrors of Bolshevik Russia. It was written by Miss Hertie Adams, who lived for sixteen years in Russia and was in Moscow in 1919-1920 as a member of the British Red Cross. She writes:

"I visited houses in Petrograd where there were two and three degrees of frost in the rooms. There was practically no lighting and total absence of sanitation. Many people lived through the severest winter months in bitter cold, hunger and sickness, with no electric light, no gas, no candles, only miserable night lights when procurable. Such a luxury as clean underclothing was unknown. There was neither water nor soap with which to wash clothes, and they simply had to be worn till they became too horribly dirty, and were then burned, with no hopes of obtaining a fresh supply.

If children receive one (totally inadequate) meal a day they are lucky. The wan, pinched and stricken faces one sees in the streets give one an idea of the misery they are suffering. They are no longer children, but careworn, listless, wretched human beings, old long before their time; ill, hungry, cold and miserably clad, they are obliged to stand for many hours in the streets in order to obtain some pitifully small ration of milk or other supplies. In Moscow I saw hundreds of women and children standing waiting for many hours in the streets in the terrific cold, so as to receive one log of wood each, of about three feet long and five inches thick. The logs they had come miles to fetch, and would have to drag it home through the deep snow as best they could. All this misery to obtain about one hour's warmth.

CHILDREN BORN IN PRISON. Many children have been born in Bolshevik prisons. I give as an instance the case of a Russian lady who was arrested with her husband in the town of Vologda. They were taken to Moscow, and there kept in a criminal prison for months, the reason for this being that they had given hospitality to English people. About a fortnight after their arrival in Moscow a little girl was born in prison, and only after two days' hard work were we able to collect a small bundle of suitable clothing, which, through the kindness of a sister in the prison hospital, I was able to deliver to this poor mother.

In Finland three weeks ago I talked to a Polish doctor who had just escaped from Petrograd, and who had been working for many months in the hospitals in that stricken city. He told me that infantile mortality there had reached the most terrible proportions; 75 per cent. of the children are still-born, and few of those who are born alive live beyond a few weeks.

This is the outcome of Bolshevik culture, and it were surely well for any who think Bolshevism a fine thing for a country to ponder these matters, as in no way do they arise out of the backside, but are the direct result of the systematic cruelty practiced for years by the so-called "saviors" of Russia.

If that is the treatment the young suffer, what of the Bolshevik attitude toward the old and infirm? I venture to think the two following examples will suffice to give one a fairly clear idea.

I went with a friend in Petrograd to distribute a very small quantity of food to some 50 or 60 old Russian ladies, who were under the care of the Soviet Government. These old people had all been mercilessly dragged from the charming and peaceful almshouses where they had been ending their days under the particular care of the Empress herself. They were all of them educated women and had filled posts in connection with the courts, posts which only gentlemen could fill.

ALL IN ONE BARRACK ROOM.

We found them in the most horrible place one could imagine; all crammed into one barrack of a room, bed against bed, with only space between each for a four-legged stool. The only passage they had to was in a terribly cold, damp outhouse, with a rough running down the middle of it and taps at intervals over the trough. The floor was swimming in water. Until one was able to calm them down and help them to talk quietly it was hard indeed to realize that they were women of education and culture; they have lost all semblance of civilized human beings. They kissed one's clothes, they clung to one, followed one about talking, crying, laughing hysterically—trying to tell one of the horrors they were suffering. I noticed how several of them, seeming suddenly to realize to what depths they had been brought, withdrew and sat huddled up dejectedly on their beds, refusing to talk to one any more. They told us of how nearly every day some one of their number passed away in that room of pandemonium and horror. How one of them had been so desperately hungry she had actually chewed and swallowed the leaves of her prayer-book and had finally gone quite mad. They were all starving to death.

While I was there a meal was in progress. Each of these old ladies had to go out in many degrees of frost to a kitchen across the yard, where they were given the smallest imaginable bowl of soup. This latter was literally nothing more than dirty potato peelings in hot water. The "soup" was brown because of the earth off the peelings, and had a most revolting smell. They were given this and hot water twice a day, and that was all.

DUST HEAP FOR THE DEAD.

On a horrible cold day I was walking along one of the most deserted streets of Petrograd when a sad little procession passed me; they were es-

"END YOUR RHEUMATISM"

Like I Did Mine—Says Pastor Reed; Wife Also Rid of Neuritis

Suffered Tortures For Years—Now Telling Good News To Others.



"Don't Believe That Old Humbug About 'Uric Acid' Being the Cause of Rheumatism—It's Not So!"

Emphatically asserting that thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been led to taking wrong treatments under the old and false belief that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism, Pastor W. H. Reed says: "As do some of our highest medical authorities, I now know that 'Uric Acid' never did and never will cause rheumatism! But it took me many years to find out this truth. I learned how to get rid of my rheumatism and recover my health and strength through reading 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism,' a work written by an authority who has scientifically studied the cause and treatment of rheumatism for over twenty years. It was indeed a veritable revelation."

"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the same neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But the 'Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert! For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false for the new, scientific understanding of the cause and cure of rheumatism, was like asking me to change my religion. But I did, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I did so."

NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders as revealed by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Anyone who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 55-K Street, Ellsworth, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid, and absolutely free. Send now, but you forget the sufferer, out of this explanation and hand it to some afflicted friend.

covering a roughly made sledge consisting of two planks on runners, and on it a miserable coffin, through the gasping chinks of which I could see a dead body. This was being pulled along by a woman and pushed by a man—an ex-Russian officer. They had several miles to walk to reach the cemetery, and the road was so slippery that it meant going very, very slowly, at the risk of getting one's hands and feet bitten. Suddenly they were stopped by a "Red" soldier.

"Where are you going?" "To the cemetery." "Who've you got in that coffin?" "My mother." "How old was she?" "Over 70." "Over 70? Why, man, you must be a fool to go all that way and risk dying of cold for the sake of burying the old hag. Throw her on the dust heap, that's the place for her."

In no way can the above examples of the Bolshevik attitude toward the old and infirm come under the heading of atrocities. They are purely and simply Bolshevik methods put into practice, and the soldiers in my story is merely practicing what his taskmasters teach—teach at the point of the sword. I have known the Russian peasant and workman for the last sixteen years, and I know it is not he who speaks, but that he has temporarily been infected with this systematic and callous cruelty. He has seen everything he once revered, loved and respected, dragged through the mud—his church, his zar, his country, the sanctity of marriage, home ties. Everything which could have a refining and softening influence has been deliberately and systematically ridiculed and degraded in his eyes, and this, added to the despotism and tyranny of the Bolshevik rule, has rendered him apparently case-hardened and brutal.

AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine for little ones. They are a mild but thorough laxative which sweeten the stomach and regulate the bowels thus bringing relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, colic, colds and simple fevers. Concerning them Mrs. L. J. Chiasson, Paquetville, N.B., writes:—I have found Baby's Own Tablets excellent for my young baby in the case of constipation and colic and it gives me great pleasure to recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BOTH USEFUL.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.) "The government ought to establish cooking schools all over the country. Yes, there's only one thing more important than the cooking school."

"There ought to be schools for teaching poor girls the rudiments of bridge whist."

The Chairman (Mr. Bones, the butcher)—Well, now, after these few cursory remarks by Mr. Woodhead—My Woodhead (excitedly and emphatically)—It's a lie! I never swore in my life.—Passing Show.

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YOUR EYES are the Eyes of Opportunity. It will give you the Eyes of Opportunity. It will give you the Eyes of Opportunity. It will give you the Eyes of Opportunity.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

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