purities, the ardually get fresh e action of this means that pimeczema, rash. nishes will disanremember that the liver, stombecome healthy, nd you will have ndigestion, back-

den Medical Dismedicine dealers. or send 10c for Pierce's Invalids'

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s, 60c, and 50 ss. Gunnies, 5 over bags.



10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

n. so I p.m. WHITE

# PARTED BY GOLD

A REMAINS HER STATE OF THE STAT Probably Lady Maud's half-breathed invocation was not a sweetly phrased benediction upon that gracious weed

Mr. Shallop did not smoke, and when Lady Maud, few minutes afterward, arose and opened the piano, he left Lady Pacewell and came to arrange the music, etc.

Lady Pacewell, who loved Jack more than she disliked tobacco, went into the conservatory to get a little of the former's company and the latter's smoke. Lady Maud, left alone with the lawyer, saw an opportunity and grasped at it.

"Sit down," she said, graciously. "I cannot bear any one to stand when I am singing. It is unfair to insist upon two inflictions."

He smiled, told her that the listening and the standing were delights, and, thus encouraged, Lady Maud sang. It is needless to say sne sang wellso well that Jack hovered near the conservatory door, and this being exactly contrary to what she desired, she left off suddenly, but continued

Jack moved away again far out of hearing, and then, under cover of the slow, soft music, Lady Maud said,

"What a long chat you had in the dining-room. Phope you did not "No." said Mr. Shallop, smiling.

"Mr. Hamilton never bores one; he is so original." Lady Maud inclined her head in a languid assent.

"Business has charms for some of the human species, I know, but I didn't think Mr. Hamilton entered into its spirit."

"Neither does he," said Mr. Shallop; "we were not talking business." "Stay!" said Lady Maud, a charming smile, "let me guess; was it horse

'No; there I am afraid I should be at fault," said Mr. Shallop. "Then let me think, oh, the opera?" "No," he said, laughingly, "but you

are getting warm." 'Theatricals of some sort?" Lady Maud.

"Yes," he said, then paused. He had not been asked to retain the matter as a secret, not a word savoring of confidence had been mentioned. It was not a legal matter or, of course,

he could not speak of it. "Yes, theatricals," he said, "were the subject of our conversation. Mr. Hamilton did me the honor of asking my advice respecting the henefiting of an advice respecting the henefiting of a specific respective respecting the henefiting of a specific respective re advice respecting the benefiting of an actor and his daughters, persons in

whom he has taken an interest." 'Yes," seid Lady Maud, "Mr. Hamilton is good-natured and benevolent. He does a great deal of good."

"He does, indeed. He is generous to a fault," said Mr. Shallop, and he mentioned the instructions he had received anent the East-end charities. "How good of him," breathed her a charming smile of aimless curiosity,

'might one know who these good peo-Dle are?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Shallop, "a Mr. and Miss Montague, who are acting at one of the minor theatres—the Royal | not."

At that moment Jack entered, and "How romantic," commencing another



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for about six weeks' clean, £ cool shaves Razer, - Strop - 12 blades - \$5

Jack streched himself out in his chair, feeling very comfortable and happy. He had gone through a satisfactory conversation with his aunt, had assured her he always wore the chest preserver she had sent him, and was

very careful about wet feet. He had also prevailed on her to let him replace one of her carriage horses too fat and old for work, by a magnificent animal from his own stud; had sealed her objection with a kiss, and come back on good terms with every one to get wasted again.

Lady Mand soon left the piano and came softly across the room. Jack, with his eyes half-closed look-

"Why have you left the music?" he

asked. "Because I don't want to go to sleep," she retorted, and, pausing at his chair, leaned upon the top of it, looking down upon him and his upturned face.

As she did so her smile found no echo in her heart. A bitter, little galling thorn had crept in there and was stinging her.

Looking down upon him thus, she realized what she would lose. How tall he was; how strong! Mr. Shallop, an ordinary-sized man, looked a dwarf and a child beside him. His face, too, was as handsome as the Apollo Belvidere's in Lady Maud's eyes handsome with its deep, pure

not lose him! And as the resolution flashed through her mind her little hand tightened upon the chair back and her breath came fast. Jack looked up. "It is too hot for you, my sweet cousin," he said, with his grave, gentle Tubbs venting his wrongs.

tenderness. "It is time you were in bed. I hear Mr. Shallop giving his premonitory cough of adieu. I will leave you free to go to your roost." and he arose to his full height, smilingly. "Going so soon!" she said. "Aunt,

he will stay no longer, he says. Are you going to walk home? "Yes," he said. "and shall enjoy it; t clears one's brain before Bedfordshire. Good-night, aunt," and he

# Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



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stopped to kiss her. "Good-night. Maud," and he held out his hand. Lady Maud drew him aside.

"Jack," she said, looking him full in the face. "will you do me a favor?" "Twenty," he said gaily, but with ladyship; "and pray," she asked, with great earnestness, nevertheless.

"I want you to take us to the concert at Lady Bakewell's to-morrow night-will you?" "To-morrow," he said, thoughtfully. "Maud, I am very sorry, but I can-

"You cannot!" she repeated, in a low voice. "You always refuse me Lady Maud murmured, laughingly, now. You cannot! Where are you going, then?"

"I am engaged, dear Maud," he said. and a slight flush mounted to his Tubbs. "Why, you're worse than the "To whom?" she said, half play-

fully, but with an undercurrent of deep mortification. "There," he said, "as Shallop would say, 'that's a profound secret'; I must not tell, Maud. Good-night! good-

She could not press him longer, and he got away, bowing over her hand as a prince might have done over a

Mr. Shallop and he parted at the

When they were shaking hands, Jack said:

"Before we go I forgot to ask you to consider that matter of which we were speaking this afternoon in con-

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Shallop, rapidly weighing the advantages of confessing that he had already told Lady Maud, and deciding not to mention it, "oh, yes, of course; I shall not repeat it now that you wish it to be in confi-

"Mind, there is no mystery about it," said Jack, bluntly; "yet I would have

the thing done quietly." "I understand," said Mr. Shallop, and they parted. Lady Maud went back to the fire

and at last up to her room. "I know where he is going to-morrow," she murmured. "I know as well as if he had confessed it. Oh, it is fearful to lose him like this. And I love him so; I am sure than I love him now that there is a cnance of losing him forever. But I will notwill not. Who is this girl, this acting woman, that she should come between us and take him from me? Is she beautiful? Well," and she looked at the beautiful face that met her in the glass, "well, if eyes deceive not, his called me beautiful this afternoon. Is she young? Well, so am I, too young to stand tamely by and see a designing woman carry off the prize I have set my heart upon. I must see her. A painted, made-up thing; a stage beauty, all affectation, coarseness and low manner, with some trick of the voice, or eyes, or hands that has caught his heart. All men are idiots where women are concerned. He is the greatest and the simplest child could lead them. She is no child



She thought for a few minutes and then knocked at Lady Pacewell's

dressing-room door. "Come in," said her ladyship, her niece glided up to her. "Aunt," she said, "I don't care to go to Lady Bakewell's to-morrow. You

will go without me?" "Oh, no, my love," said the affectionate lady. "Not without you; if you don't care to go we will stay at home."

"But I wish you to go," said Lady Maud, kissing her. 'To, dear aunt, Lady Bakewell will be offended if you do not, and I will stay at home quietly, or-well, perhaps I hay take the brougham and call upon Mrs. Liegh. You are aware I have promised to spend an evening with her since her winter gout has arrived, and she will be so glad."

"Well, well, my dear Maud, it shall be as you wish," said the pliable aunt, and Lady Maud, having gained her object, kissed her aunt and returned to her own room.

"Yes, I will go and see for myself," she murmured. with a smile that was not a very sweet one, "see for myself."

What she saw and how it came to pass that she saw it must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII. "What is it, Mr. Tubbs, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Montague, in his, eyes, well-cut lip, and crisp, chestnut off-the-stage low voice, as entering the hair. Oh, she could not, she would greenroom he found that part in a sad uproar and confusion.

The centre of a group composed of ballet girls, imps, spirits of the deep, the pirate's band and a miscellaneous collection of carpenters, all talking at once and to no purpose, stood Mr.

"Matter, sir? I should think it's enough to make a man's hair stand on end; it's too bad for slaves, it's it's unworthy the endurance of a Briton, sir; 'pon my life, if it wasn't for thefor the respect I bear this establish-

ment, sir-" "Never mind all that, Mr. Tubbs," said Mr. Montague, mildly, foreseeing that unless a line were drawn at an early stage of Mr. Tubb's eloquence, he, Mr. Montague, should be barely able to don his pirate's costume for the first scene. "Never mind all that, but tell me, what is amiss."

"Look here," said Mr. Tubbs, in deeply indignant tones. "Do you call that proper treatment for a respectable low comedian?" And, with indignant scorn, he held

out a wig-the wig of the charactertorn down the back, very much bedraggled, and altogether a sadly wrecked and dilapidated piece of ornamentation. "Well," said Mr. Montague, "dear

me, what have you done to your wig, Mr. Tubbs?" "Done to it! Me done to it! Nothing, except take care of it, sir. Look at that wig, sir; take it in your hand and tell me, sir, if you ever knew such a shameful piece of business. And there is none here as will act like Britons and tell

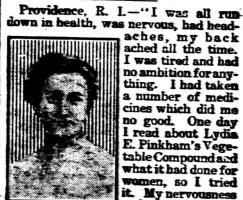
me what mean blackguard did it." Here a chorus-not as musical as the Greek ones-broke in and commenced informing him in fifty different voices of fifty different causes of the acei-

"Hold your tongues," roared Mr. gallery when it's got the contraries. Can't one of you tell me who did it? My only wig, too," he grouned, turning it around woefully. "This wig, Sir, has always fetched a laugh; it was the hit of the farce, sir, and nowwhy, they will hiss me off the stage. Now then, which of you's going to tell me who did it?"

All the voices commenced again but ceased suddenly as Mr. Anderson, the stage managere, came in.

# HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND **NERVOUSNESS**

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.



aches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for

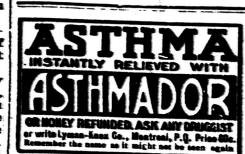
it. My nervousness and backache and

headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."—Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. 1. Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develope into a more serious ailment.

Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, and will lead him from my side if I Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Comdo not take care. I must see her. | Dound—and for special advice write to To-morrow? Let me think how I can

The silence was so eloquent that Mr. Tubbs glared significantly first at the wig and then at Mr. Anderso "Oh," said he, pushing out his head and winking significantly "that it, is it? Oh, that's the last gentlemanly way to pay me a grudge, is it? That's the proper thing, is it, to ruin a man's wig and try to spoil me before the house? Now, you look here," he continued, walking up to Anderson, who had stood still during this helfaudible soliloquy, but on seeing Tubbs approach, wig in hand, turned around sharply and bade the ballet girls go and dress, and requested to be informed why the duece that first scene was not being set. "Now, you look here at this wig, Mr. Anderson, will

you?" said Tubbs. "Well, a pretty thing, too. I hope you don't think of going on in that," said the stage manager, eyeing the ruined article with a certain amount of embarrassment.



"Oh, you think it's pretty well done for, do you? Disgraceful, eh? So do I. And now I'll tell you what," and his large eyes expanded ruefully, "I am not going on at all 'til the cad who knocked this up for me has begged my pardon, as like a gentleman

as he can be." "Oh," said Mr. Anderson, with sneer, "that's to be it, eh? Well, better inform the manager. I dare say he'll be dreadfully cut up at Mr. Tubbs breaking his engagement. There are no more low comedians to be had now; oh no! And he turned away.

Mr. Tubbs turned purple for a moment, then crimson. He saw that Mr. Anderson had got the better of him, any way, and with a swift movement he rolled the injured wig up into a ball and flung it full in the stage manager's face. "There," said the little man, "you

cut my wig up, you mean blackguard, and you shall have it." Anderson was a fearfully passionate man, as well as a disagreeable one. As the wig struck him lightly he turned around and made one bound for the comedian, seized him by the collar, and was, amid the shrieks of the ballet girls and the remonstrances of the men, about to strike him with

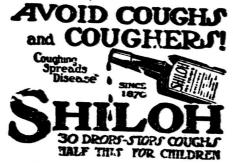
one of the torches he had seized from the table. But Mr. Tubbs, though small, was valiant. Thrusting up his arm as a guard, he hit out the other hand straight and swiftly, and Mr. Anderson received anything but a gentle pat up-

on the right eye. In a moment the fiend in him leaped up at this fresh blow, and, by ly restore. eer superiority of strength, he threw Mr. Tubbs upon the floor.

What he would have proceeded to have done next, this chronicle can say not, for at that moment Miss Montague ran in, and, with a white face. stood before him, and caught his arm. A thrill ran through the small circle at her appearance, for they saw little of her usually, and a murmur of approval followed as with a heightened will outlast old age. Get a few 25c color she turned an accusing face to boxes of Hamilton's Pills to-day, sold Anderson and said in low, but distinct accents:

"For shame! You forget yourself.

It was a sharp rebuke, and the man to whom it was administered felt it stingingly. He loved the lips that uttered it and would have given half his years



to have won from the eyes, flashing so scornfully, one soft, kindly glance. His face was distorted by passion and jealously, and for a moment he was silent; then, as Tubbs got up. look-H8ESing very shamefaced and muttering the most abject apologies and excuses to Miss Montague, he said, hoarsely:

"Ah, I ought to be ashamed myself; you jump to his side directly; it is I who am to blame, in your eyes. But who struck the first blow? Ask keep out smoke and feathery wood a tree. The mystery was solved. He

And with a look of scorn and hate at the new humbled Mr. Tubbs, he

strode off. Mary looked with sorrowful reproach at Mr. Tubbs and murmured: "Oh, how could you?" so sadly that the low comedian felt very much like crying, and, to save himself from

such a breakdown, limped off-he had hurt his leg in the scuffle. Mary, without a glance at the spectators, left the room quickly and entered her own dressing room. Having reached that sanctuary, her feelings found vent, as most women's strong emotions do, in tears. And yet she would have found it hard to ex-

plain why she wept. Though gentle, Mary Montague was not a foolish, deerlike maiden, and it must be confessed that a fortnight ago she would have hurried away from the scene just portrayed with a sigh, perhaps, but without all the intense feeling of shame which now filled her bosom.

Small things as well as great ones spring from s.nall causes. Mary's unhappiness sprang from such a small thing as an elegently dressed gentleman, with a handsome face and clear, ready-meeting eyes, who had chosen to haunt the theatre and bestow expensive bouquets by proxy.

Mary had told her father on the first night of her entree to the theat-

# Positive Definite Knowledge

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Volume of Arguments.

so now, for, within her breast, she connected with the creatures who the coffee grounds were promptly precould so conduct themselves as for the cipitated to the bottom. conduct itself.

What a gulf yawned between the handsome aristocrat, whose eyer were always worshipping her from the private box, and her, the peacemaker of a greenroom squabble.

#### Worry and Selfishness.

Worry, when you come to analyze it. is not a social vice. We work chiefly over those things which concern the Show me that what impends will leave my bank account intact, my health impaired, my friends and family out, and any futher tormenting solicitude that I may feel is frankly academic. I may still take thought and use preventive meausres, but I cease as if by magic to worry over the out-come. On the contrary, I can now work for the accomplishment of my object better than ever before, for most worry is not only an arch form of selfishness, but it is the great inhibitor of action. We say "I am worried;" we mean "I fear for myself."—Elliott Park Frost in Atlantic.

### **Cures Constipation** In a Sensible Way

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man can use with comfort. You can cure costiveness quickly, surely and safely with Dr. Hamilton's

Headaches you can banish for all Impaired digestion you can prompt-

keen desire to eat. The blood is enriched and reddened. in consequence you are given new strength and vital energy. Folks who are half sick, sort of rundown, lacking in spirits and energy, those who find a day's toil exhausts mind and body—these are the people who can be restored by Ham-

everywhere. LAPP . COFFEE.

## Made and Drunk in a Very Strange Way.

An American consular officer in Scandinavia gives the recipe for making coffee among the Lapps, when they are so fortunate as to have it at

Dinner was eaten out of doors, and the one dish of the meal consisted of roast lemmings, little creatures something between a guinea pig and a rat. and as the officer admits, "exquisitely peculiar" as to their flavor.

The party squatted in a ring, about the fire, watching the roasts, all except a wrinkled old woman, who as an expert, was intent upon a more tedious ceremony. Out of a skin knapsack she had taken a small skin bag. of the depredations of horned owls. From this she extracted some 12 green coffee beans, which she proceeded to roast one by one in a small iron couldn't account for the shortage. Next

When they were cooked to her taste she bruised them to coarse fragments | shy another suckling animal. between stones and put the result with water into a copper kettle, which | Chinese happened to look upward had one lid in the usual place and another on the end of the spout to

Then the whole mixture was boiled active war is now being waged against up together into a bubbling froth of the feathered thieves.—Chemanius (B. coffee fragments and coffee extract. | C.)

rical world that she felt no qualms, She cleared it by an old trick whi no regrets. She could not have said is known to campers all the work over. This was to theow into the ketfelt as ashamed that she should be tie a small splash of cold water, when

> Then she poured the clear, brown steaming liquid into a blackened bowl of birch root and handed it to

the good man, her husband. After he had taken the bowl in him fingers the woman hunted a leathern knapsack and produced a lump of beet sugar. The host bit a fragment from it and lodged it in his teeth, then he lifted the bowl to his lips and

drank. In a more civilized man this would, of course, have been rudeness; in savage it was a simple act of courtesy. It was a plain assurance that the bowl contained no poison. Then he handed it on for his guests to drink in turn, and the American says that he does not know that he ever tasted better coffee. Exchange.

# FOR THE GLEANERS.

Palestine Farmers Still Obey Old Command.

After the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in by the Palestinian farmer, the barley harvest comes next, and lastly the

wheat. When harvesting, the men year a leather apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protection provided for them. says the Christian Herald. Sickles are of two kinds, one, the kaloosh, is small and with quite a duil edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw, but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stocks. The other, called manpal, in much larger and supplied with short. slanting teeth, and is used on the tall.

well-grown grain fields. Reaping with these simple implements and binding the sneaves with their own straw, a considerable amount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the Loss of appetite is replaced by a have advanced, they, actuated by almost religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they be severely poor themselves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corilton's Pills to vigorous health that ners of thy field when theu reapest. nether shalt thou gather any gleaning

> ET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, post-

of thy harvest."

send you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with
women in Canada who will
gladly tell what my method
has done for them.

If you are troubled
with weak, tired
feelings, headache, backache, bearland down
pain in the sides, regularly or i are gull arily,
bloating, sense of falling or
misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry. gans, nervousness, desire to cry.

in life, write to me to-day. Address:
Mrs. M. Surmers, Sax S' Windser, Cat.

palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings

under the eyes, or a loss of interest

Owls Devour Pigs. Sam Yik Kee, Chinese patriot and pig raiser, is distressed and the potential pork production of Canada has been reduced by ten pigs as the result

Sam Kik Kee had ten sturdy little

Then there were nine, and he

day another disappeared. Each day thereafter the Yik Kee piggery was After the nine had disappeared the and saw the carcass of one of his

had been robbed by horned owls. An

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pigs.

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