Good Quality Tea, properly brewed, takes away fatigue, and is absolutely harmless, as a daily beverage - TRY

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once, and you'll never forsake its use.

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

"Well, I'm going to dispatch Will for you," replied Talbot, turning away. I leave it to you, Stephen, to persuade her to stay," and he walked out.

A second later they heard the pony's hoofs going up the narrow trail past the cabin.

"You can have my room; I'll sleep here on the floor," remarked Stephen.

The girl got up.

"No," she said, in her most decided tone. "I'll stay if you let me sleep here on the floor, or I'll go home. Turn you out of your own comfortable bed I will not."

"Go home you can't," said Stephen, in an equally decided tone, "so I'll make up a bed here just in front of the stove."

He went into the next room, and Katrine, left alone, drank up her whiskey and gazed round the cabin. It was not at all an interesting interior, and had not the faint suggestions of artistic taste that redeemed Talbot's. A few prints were on the walls, seemingly cut from illustrated papers, and principally consisting of views of cathedrals and school buildings, which Katrine's eyes wandered over without interest. At the furthest end from her there were some stout shelves nailed against the wall, and on these rested a row of flat tin pans; between the pans were pushed one or two books, and she recognized among them his Greek testament. She rose and strolled over to the shelf, and standing on tiptoe, looked into the pans. As she thought, they contained thin layers of gold dust. She was standing there looking into them when Stephen returned and came up behind her.

"They look fine, don't they?" he said. "That's a thirty-dollar pan."

Katrine turned, and looking up, was startled by the eager light in his face and the greed written in every line of it. For herself, reckless, happy-go-lucky gambler that she was by nature, gold had little value for her except to toss by the handful on the tables to buy half an hour's excitement. With a sudden movement she seized the fullest pan by the rim in one hand and the Greek testament beside it in the other, and danced away from him to the other side of the room. Stephen turned with an involuntary cry, and followed her with anxious eyes.

"Now, which would you rather lose?"

His eyes were fixed upon the pan, which was heavy and as much as she could support with one hand. He dreaded each minute to see it tip up and its golden treasure pour out on the floor.

"Oh, I don't know. Don't be foolish," he said in a vexed tone.

Katrine sidled up to the window.

"Answer, or I'll—"

Stephen turned white. He felt she was capable of doing any mad thing when he met those mocking, sparkling eyes.

"Oh—I—I—would rather lose the3 book," he stammered, in an agony to see the gold safely put back. "I could replace that, you know."

Katrine advanced to him, balancing the pan as if weighing it.

"Stephen, this is very heavy," she said, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Let me take it from you," he said, eagerly stretching out his hands.

"Do you know what makes it so?" she said, still balancing it and still looking at him. "Your soul is in it!" and she gave it back to him.

Stephen reddened angrily, and took both the book and the gold from her and replaced them sulkily on the shelf. Katrine had turned her back and walked over to the fire, humming.

"What a royal couch you've made me!" she remarked, breaking the awkward silence that followed, and looking down on the pile of red blankets he had spread in front of the stove.

He had, in fact, stripped his own bed and collected blankets from every corner to make a comfortable resting-place for her. Before Stephen could answer he was summoned to the door. Talbot looked in upon them, but would not come inside.

"I've sent Will off," he said. "He swore like anything, but he is gone. No, thanks, Steve, I won't come in. I'm tired, and going to my own cabin now. See you at breakfast. Good-night;" and before Katrine could thank him he was gone.

The two thus left entirely alone in the deep quiet of the gulch to pass the night together looked at each other for a moment with a shade of silent embarrassment. But the girl, accustomed as she was to take care of herself in all sorts of situations and surroundings, and endued with a certain fierce quality of nature, recovered herself instantly and spoke quite naturally.

"I feel tired, too, and would like to go to sleep now, if I may."

"Certainly," said Stephen. "You have this room to yourself. The stove will burn till daylight, and you have the whiskey if you feel cold in the night. Good-night."

His tone was very formal, for he would so much have liked it to be otherwise, and without looking at her he took a match from his pocket and went into the other room, shutting the door after him. The girl waited a moment, then she shut the door of the stove and threw herself down on the soft pile of blankets, and drawing one of them over her to her ears, drew a deep, contented sigh, and was peacefully asleep in a few seconds.

The next morning Stephen rose stiff and cramped from his denuded bed. When he was completely dressed he silently opened his door and crept noiselessly into the adjoining room. The girl was not yet awake, and he stole softly over to the bed on the hearth and looked down at her. She lay warm and sleeping comfortably among the blankets. She was fully dressed, just as she had been the previous evening, except that two or three buttons were unfastened at the collar of her dress, and allowed the solid, white neck to show beneath the rounded chin. The little head, with its mass of dark, silky curls, lay inclined toward the stove, and the curved rosy lips had a softer smile than they generally wore in the daytime. Stephen leaned over her, entranced and breathless. As his eyes followed the dark arch of the eyebrows, the sweet, delicate contour of the cheek, he forgot the horror he felt of her sometimes in her waking moments, forgot the hideous background of the saloons, forgot all the evil there might be in her, and bowed before that supreme power that human beauty has over us; he worshipped her as he had never worshipped his God. For a few seconds it was enough for him to gaze on her, then came an overwhelming impulse to stoop and kiss the soft, youthful lips, to touch them even if ever so lightly. If he could without awakening her! But, no; she was his guest, under his roof and protection. All that was best in his nature rose and held him motionless like a hand of iron. After a few seconds Katrine stirred, and, Stephen, feeling she was about to awake, would have moved away, but his eyes seemed fixed and as impossible to remove from her face as one's hands are from an electric battery. The next minute her lids were lifted, and her eyes, two wells of living light, flashed up at him.

"Good morning," she said, sitting up. "How dreadful pale you look, Stephen! What is the matter?"

"Do I?" he answered, with a forced laugh, feeling the blood, which had seemed to rest suspended in his veins for those few seconds, rush to his heart again in great waves.

"You do, indeed," she said, getting up. "I expect you want your breakfast. Tell me what I can do to make myself useful."

She shook her hair straight, fastened the collar of her bodice, and was dressed. She needed no toilet apparently, but looked as clean and fresh as a rose waking up in its garden.

"Nothing," returned Stephen, hastily. "Go over and tell Talbot to come in to breakfast, if you like. "I'll have it ready when you come back."

Katrine looked around regretfully, as if she would have liked to stay and help him; then concluding she had better do as she was told, she took up her fur cap and went out.

The west gulch looks magnificent in the first early light, with all degrees of shadows, some black, some dusky, and some the clearest gray, lingering in its snowy recesses, and the first glimpse of gold falling down it from the east. Katrine stopped and gazed at the impressive beauty above and around her—trees in the gulch, now covered with a thick snowy mantle, stood assuming all sorts of grotesque forms, and extending their arms as if calling the spectator to their cold embrace. It was beautiful, but to Katrine it seemed so silent, so overawing, and so deathlike, that she quivered as she looked up and down from the flat plateau where she stood, and hurried on the few necessary yards to Talbot's cabin.

When they came back together they found Stephen had all in readiness, the fire blazing on the hearth and the breakfast waiting on the table. He made Katrine sit at the head and pour out the coffee for them, which she did, with pleased smiling eyes. Talbot said good-bye to her and went out to his claim immediately it was over, and Katrine and Stephen were left alone. He said he would go and get her pony for her, and Katrine rose; but then Stephen hesitated and did not go after all. He turned to her instead, and came back from the door to where she was standing.

"Will you listen to something I want to say to you?" he said, his heart beating wildly.

"Why, certainly I will," the girl answered, simply; and she sat down in the chair behind her and folded her hands. Then she looked up inquiringly, waiting for him to begin, but Stephen's voice was dried up in his throat. He stood in front of her, one damp hand nervously clasping the back of a chair, unable to articulate a word. Confusion and excitement overwhelmed him, and he stood turning paler and paler staring at the proud, handsome face framed in the living yellow sunshine before him. At last he felt he could not even stand, and he turned away with a groan and sunk down on the nearest chair with his face in his hands.

Katrine, who had been watching him anxiously for the last few seconds, sprung up and went over to him.

"What is the matter?" she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Are you ill?"

"No, oh, no," said Stephen, catching the little hand in both of his. "No; I want to tell you I love you. Do you care for me? Will you marry me right away and come up and live here with me?"

His voice had come back to him all right now, and he turned and gazed eagerly up at her.

Katrine did not answer immediately, but she did not withdraw her hand that he was pressing hotly between his own, and a faint smile that had come over her face showed she was not displeased; and here Stephen missed his cue—he should have taken the hesitating figure into his arms and kissed the undecided lips. In the sudden awakening of womanly feeling, in the momentary excitement, the glimpse into passion, Katrine would have consented, welcoming as her nature did any new emotion; but Stephen was embarrassed and afraid. Fear and uncertainty held him back, the kiss burned ungiven on his own lips, and Katrine uninfluenced by passion could think clearly.

What! Come up here and live in this deathly quiet, away from even such amusement as the camp offered? Submit to all tiresome religious conversations, and, above all, give up those feverish nights of excitement? the hazard and the stimulus of the long tables and the little heeps of gold dust? all her free life, her incomings and outgoings, with no one to question her? No, it was an impossibility.

The next thing Stephen knew was that she was smiling and looking down into his eyes, shaking her head.

"No Stephen, I can't do that. I like you awfully, and should like you to come and see me; but it wouldn't do for your wife at all, and if you knew all about me you wouldn't want it either."

Stephen clung fast to her hand.

"What is it that I don't know?" he said, desperately, putting, as people always do, the worst construction he could upon her words, and at the same time feeling he would forgive her everything, and in a sort of background in his brain contemplating the figure of the forgiven Magdalen at the feet of Christ.

Katrine dragged her hand away. She was not going to tell him she was a gambler and devoted to the excitement of the tables. She knew that if she did their pleasant talks in the evenings would be at an end. He could never come to see her without thinking it his duty to try to reform her; and as she knew she was not going to reform, what would be the good of it?

"What does it matter to you? I am not your wife, and am not going to be—I am an acquaintance. If you like me as I am, very good; if you don't, no one cares."

Stephen got up and faced her. He was as white as the snow outside.

"You make me think the worst by refusing to confide in me."

Katrine laughed contemptuously.

"I don't care a curse what you think! Haven't I just told you so? Great heavens!" she aded, with a burst of conviction, "it would never do for us to marry! Never! Your one idea is to curtail a person's liberty."

"No," said Stephen, quietly, "not liberty in a general way; only the liberty to sin and do evil, the liberty to be ignorant and do things which have terrible consequences that you don't know."

He looked very well at this moment, his pale, ascetic face and sympathetic eyes lighted up with enthusiasm.

Katrine looked at him, and then smiled with her quick, impulsive smile.

"Stephen, you are a good man, and perfectly charming at times; but I am not a good woman, and don't want to be, and we should never get on. So don't let's bother any more about this question at all."

An exceedingly pained expression came over Stephen's face, and Katrine was quick enough to feel that from her words he judged her errors to be other than they were. In a few words she might have cleared his mind from the idea of her actual immorality, but she was too proud to stand upon her own defence before him; besides, if her faults were not of that class, he would want to know what they were, and in his eyes a girl that gambled and drank and swore, and preferred the dance halls and variety shows to the mission church any day, was quite bad enough; so she concluded in her thoughts, "It doesn't matter if he is mixed."

Stephen at the moment was afraid to press her further, and did not know quite how to treat her; but he was not wholly discouraged, and he thought it best to retain the ground he already had.

(To be continued.)

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years and consider it the best liniment on the market, I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed)

W. S. PINEO.

"Woodlands," Middleton, N. S.

SUMMER ASTHMA— HAY FEVER

—sleepless nights, constant sneezing, streaming eyes, wheezy breathing:—

RAZ-MAH

brings relief. Put up in capsules, easily swallowed. Sold by reliable druggists for a dollar. Ask our agents or send card for free sample to Templeton's, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

Rainbow's Formation.

While it is true that the beautiful colors displayed by the rainbow are due to the passage of light through raindrops, the popular conception that the drops are directly in line between the sun and the bow is incorrect, according to scientists. The light enters the raindrop and is refracted and reflected back to form the bow. In this passage through the drop the different colors are produced which, blended, make our ordinary white light.

Cures Dizziness
Prevents Headaches
Insures Health

Puts Vim, Snap, Vitality and Briskness Into Run-down Men and Women.

You who are nervous, tired and played out can quickly get back the best of health by purifying and enriching the blood with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This wonderful medicine will make you feel better the first day. A real assistant to nature, full of toning-up qualities, rich in blood-cleansing power — these are health-renewing principles in Dr. Hamilton's Pills that accomplish so much good.

Your liver will work right if toned with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The bowels will move out of the system all wastes and impurities. Your stomach will be put in order, digestion will be perfect, and as a result your health is bound to be permanently improved.

To be always in good spirits, to enjoy your meals, to sleep well and have lots of energy to work with, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. No medicine for general family use so good, sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

Chinese Music Unwritten.

Chinese music is not written. The words of some of the famous songs have been preserved, but the music has been handed down from father to son for generations that go far back before the day of the troubadours. When music is played it is played according to the memory of the musician and his ideas of interpretation. A musician varies the performance as his best judgment dictates, and the strings, reeds or brass may break in at almost any time.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

Keeping pace with the steady growth and the importance of the Live stock industry in Ontario, the management have year by year added to the Premium List of the Toronto Fat Stock Show, and the list for the 1920 Show, which is just off the press, carries a splendid line-up of cash and trophy prizes for all classes and ages of live stock. One of these lists may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Box 635, West Toronto.

Leonardo's Handwriting.

In one account of the life of Leemonde da Vinci we read a curious story about the great man's handwriting. It seems that it resembled characters in Hebrew or Arabic, for he used his left hand and wrote from right to left of the page, instead of from left to right, as we do to-day. One of Da Vinci's letters could, therefore, only be read by holding it up before a mirror.

Satisfaction in Doing Right.

Imagination is the father and mother of trouble when we let it run loose in a time of stress. But in the end the will and the heart are what determine our fate. After all, when we do right we have some satisfaction even if we suffer. But if we do nothing but drift along we have not even the satisfaction of knowing we deserve to come out right.

Choke for Air. Some little irritant becomes lodged in the bronchial tubes, others gather, and the awful choking of asthma results. Nothing offers quite such quick and positive relief as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. The healing, soothing smoke or vapor penetrates, clears the passages and gives untold relief. Usually it completely cures. It has behind it years of success. It is the sure remedy for every sufferer.

Solo Most Frequently Used.

Music may be joined to words in many ways: in church music, opera, oratorio, madrigals, part songs, and so on. But experience shows that the most frequently used type is the solo, ranging in its manifestations from primitive folk song up to the richest complexities of the art.

Most infants are infested by worms, which cause great suffering, and if not promptly dealt with may cause constitutional weakness difficult to remedy. Miller's Worm Powders will clean the stomach and bowels of worms and will so act upon the system that there will be no recurrence of the trouble. And not only this, but they will repair the injuries to the organs that worms cause and restore them to soundness.

PREMIUMS--PREMIUMS--PREMIUMS

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NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

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Show will be held at

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C. F. TOPPING, Sec'ty., Box 635, West Toronto.

RIGHT BIRDS FOR LAYING CONTESTS

Laying contests conducted this year show very clearly that the degree of maturity which the birds possessed before reaching the contests has very much to do with results and especially the results during the winter months. This fact has been stated several times, and additional proof is now available, which is given in order that those wishing to enter pens in the contests next November may be able to take advantage of the information.

Take the Prince Edward Island egg-laying contest; the production has been low, not as good as it was last year, but in looking over the report of the condition of the birds when they were received at the contest, the reason is quite apparent. The birds were not as mature this year as last, and certainly not as mature as they should be if a good egg yield is to be expected.

Pens No. 1, 3, 10, 12 and 18 contained the best matured birds that were received. Pens 15 and 19 were not quite as well matured, but were in excellent condition and developed rapidly after arrival. Some of the other pens had well-developed individuals in them, but had too many immature birds, while in many of the pens the birds were not fully grown when they arrived.

Seven pens that were fairly well matured and in good condition when they arrived averaged 9.5 eggs per bird for the two months ending Dec. 31. The seven pens which arrived in an immature condition averaged 13 eggs per bird for the first two months. At the end of six months the younger birds, having then matured, gave an average for the six months of 24.2 eggs, while the well-matured birds at the end of the six months gave an average of 46.9 eggs, or a relative gross revenue for eggs of $69.58 for the immature birds and $142.13 for the mature birds.

In some cases birds arrived at the contests past maturity, that is, they had started to lay before entering the contest, and the change brought on a moult and a consequent loss of time. This condition, however, was not quite so apparent in the Prince Edward Island contest as in some of the other contests.

In order to make a good yearly revenue birds must lay during the period of high prices, and if they do not start laying before the cold weather comes, as a rule, they will not start to lay for weeks and sometimes months afterwards.

Pen No. 2 did not lay an egg during the first four weeks of the contest, and had only three birds laying at the end of the eighth week, with a total production of 29 eggs. Pen No. 4 started laying during the fifth week, and had only three birds laying at the end of the eighth week, with a total production of 27 eggs. Pen No. 17 did not start until the tenth week, thereby handicapping themselves by over two months, and that the two months when prices were high. The birds in this pen were in condition when they arrived at the contest, and after they received their growth have done exceptionally well. How much better would it have been if they had received their growth before entering the contest.

It must not be forgotten that development in birds does not mean production, but if birds are bred for egg production the bird that is fully developed has a decided advantage over her immature sister.

Birds intended for a laying competition should be in condition to lay just after they have reached the contest, neither before nor weeks after.—A. G. Taylor, Poultry Husbandman.

SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as in the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentry and colic are most prevalent. Any of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer mother's best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Australia Has Spare Land.

South Australia, with an area of more than 240,000,000 acres, has only slightly more than 5,000,000 acres under cultivation.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Flowers Foretell Rain.

The ordinary clover and all its varieties, including shamrock, are barometers. When rain is coming the leaves shut together like the shells of an oyster. For a day or two before rain comes their stems swell to an appreciable extent, and stiffen so that the leaves are borne more uprightly than usual. This stem swelling when rain is expected is a failure of many flowering grasses.

Historical Knowledge Important.

A man ignorant of the past of his nation is not qualified to have anything to do with its present or future. To work understandingly we must know what this nation of ours is for—what is the plan and purpose.—Myron W. Reed.

Are Your Nostrils Full Of Catarrhal Discharge

IF SO, IT'S TIME YOU GOT WISE TO CATARRHOZONE, THE ONE CERTAIN CURE.

By no other means can you get relief so quickly as from Catarrhozone. It's the most direct remedy—direct because you breathe it to the very spot that is irritated and full of catarrhal germs. Nothing roundabout in the Catarrhozone method. It acts instantly, clears the throat of phlegm, stops the hacking cough, relieves tight chest, removes bronchial irritation.

So healing and soothing is Catarrhozone, so full is it of curative essences that winter ills flee before it. Carry a Catarrhozone Inhaler in your purse, in your pocket, use it to ward off your little colds before they grow big. Dollar outfit lasts two months, small size 50c, trial size 25c; all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

HAD ENOUGH OF THE ZOO.

Smithson—"Come with me to the zoo." Pimpleton—"No, thank you; I'll stay at home. My eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change."

Is Your Wife Bad Tempered?

Chances are she has corns that ache like fury. Buy her a bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor. It acts painlessly, gives instant relief, and cures every kind of corn. Insist on getting only Putnam's Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

PRISON HIS SAFETY.

When the West Indian city of St. Pierre was destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelee some years ago all its inhabitants except one lost their lives. The sole survivor was a prisoner in an underground dungeon.

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

Turtle Unstops Sewer.

To open a stopped up sewer pipe, Frank Ward, of Richmond, Mo., caught a small turtle and cut a small hole in its shell. Then he tied a string in the hole and started the turtle through the sewer pipe. Whenever the turtle stopped a pull on the string started it clawing its way forward again until the pipe was clear.

It Will Cure a Cold—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious condition. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

Punishment.

The whole of life and experience goes to show, that right or wrong doing, whether as to the physical or the spiritual nature, is sure in the end to meet its appropriate reward or punishment. Penalties may be delayed, but they are sure to come.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.