There's nothing like a delicious cup of Tea as a delightfully refreshing stimulant and brain soother.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Leads the World.

Sealed Lead Packets Only. Beward of Substitutes.

A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

"Eh? Oh, no," returned Elisha, rather puzzled by her tone; then he laughed and shook his head. "No; it will take a day or two to work Tibby round to the idea; but I'm keen on it—for your sake, Mina; an' I'll step down to the office."

Mina let him go—how could she stop him, without telling him everything? She returned to her practising: waiting through the notes for the step which was to bring her happiness. Tibby came home to the midday meal; but Elisha said nothing of his extravagant plans, and winked cautiously to Mina; Tibby was always in a hurry to get back to her work, and never in the best of humors at dinner-time.

"We'll tackle her after supper, Mina," said Elisha, with all the astuteness of the diplomat, when Tibby had departed in the usual whirlwind.

Mina was left alone in the afternoon; and she got out her books, and tried to concentrate her attention on them; but she was still waiting, listening. As the daylight began to wane and dusk came, her heart began to sink. He had not come. She tried to reassure herself by inventing all sorts of reasons, excuses, for his non-appearance: he was a great man, a member of Parliament; he had not been able to get away, had been detained by business. Besides, why should she disquiet herself, seeing that he was sure to come in the evening? She waited and listened to the clock striking the hours: how fast they came now! Hope was beginning to die in her bosom. She listened all through supper-time, when she made a pretence of eating, but every morsel she put in her mouth threatened to choke her.

Not yet did she begin to doubt him; but her heart was heavy; it ached with longing. She was scarcely conscious of the presence of the other two, and she found herself absently listening to Elisha as he stumbled and faltered over the proposed outing.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tibby, with fierce irony. "You only want to go to Margit or Sarthend; you're sure you don't want to go to Brighton or Scarborough or one of them places in France where the other swells go? What nonsense you're talking, father! As if we wanted a change! And if we did, what's the matter with the Zoological Gardens or 'Ampstead 'Eath? Margit, indeed! An' jest becos your swell friends 'ave given you a five-poun' note or two! Ow do you know they'll ever come back? I don't know much about 'em, an' I don't want to, but I've always 'eard that there's no dependence to be placed on 'em. Look at Mr. Wilkins, the cat's meat man, as supplies ever so many of those fine 'ouses in the West End, an' the money 'e loses every year with bad debts. Told me hisself that if he was to be paid all these swells owe him, he'd be an independent gentleman, and able to take a pub. I don't want no change—'ceptin' out of a sovereign—and if Mina does, why take her down to Grinnidge for a blow on a penny steamer. I'm sure she'd agree with me that it would do her more good than making herself ill with shrimps at Margit or trapeesing on a pier at Sarthend—won't yer, Mina?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said Mina absently.

Elisha said no more; but he winked at Mina, still hopefully.

Mina remained up for some time after the others had gone to bed; but though she had urged her lessons as an excuse, she could not see the printed page, for her eyes were dim with unshed tears. She went to bed at last, and lay beside Tibby, very still, almost motionless, choking back the sobs that threatened to burst from her lips, driving back the tears which swam in her eyes. She was very pale in the morning, but she assumed a cheerfulness which deceived Elisha, though its falsity did not pass unnoticed by Tibby. She made no remark, however, but put on her preposterous headgear, and marched off to work.

She was in the midst of a tussle with some children on the stairs, when a telegraph boy came down the Rents at the proper pace, a mile an hour, and, halting at the doorway, eyed Tibby with marked disapproval, and demanded to be informed if a person by the name of Mina Burrell resided in that house.

"'Ere, give it 'ere," said Tibby, and she snatched the telegram from his hand.

The boy, after inquiring anxiously where she usually bought her hats, and adroitly dodging a box on the ears, slouched off, and Tibby went up the stairs again. But half-way she stopped, pondered for a moment, then, thrusting the telegram in her pocket, went down again and into the street. When she had turned the corner she opened the telegram and read it. It ran:

"I am unavoidably prevented from coming to you. I will write. I am quite well, but grieving at not being able to see you. —Clive."

Tibby read the telegram through, counting the words and estimating the cost, then, with a savage nod of the head, she thrust the telegram into her pocket, muttering:

"Of course! Just what might have been expected of the likes of him and his class. He'll write, will he? Not him! An' if he does, he's got me to tackle. Her mind's set on him"—she stifled a fierce sigh—"I can see that. It's lucky for 'er that she's got a sensible woman to protect her."

That day Mina suffered all the agonies of the sickness that comes from hope deferred, which precedes actual despair. Of course, he had been prevented from coming, but—but why had he not written? Just one line, one little line, to tell her why he had not come to assure her that he had not changed his mind, now that he was well again? In after years Mina was never able to look back upon that day or the two that followed it without a dull aching pain.

The dark shadow of a vague trouble seemed to fall not only upon her, but on the other two. Tibby appeared suddenly to have lost her capacity for scolding, and was almost as silent as Mina, at whom she every now and then glanced with a strange pity and yearning in her old-young eyes; and on the evening of the third day she said abruptly, and without any leading up to the subject:

"What did you say that trip to Margit would cost, father?"

Mina happened to be out of the room, or he would have winked at her triumphantly, but with every sign of meekness he went into details with Tibby.

"Well, it's a ridicklous notion," she said at last, with an air of resignation; "but if you've set your mind on it I s'pose we shall be forced to go; for you'll worrit and worrit until we do, I know. An' if we're goin', we'd better go at once," she added.

"P'r'aps Mina won't care to go now," remarked Elisha, with an affectation of doubt.

"Oh, yes, she will—won't you, Mina?" said Tibby, as Mina, white and wan, entered the room. "Father's got this foolish notion of goin' away still running in his head. Got a cravin' for sea-bathin' and catchin' periwinkles—softenin' of the brain or old age, I s'pose. What do you say, Mina?"

Mina's face flushed, and a feverish eagerness shone in her eyes.

"Yes, yes! Oh, yes!" she said, her usually clear voice dry and hoarse. "Let us go; oh, let us go! Let us go at once, Tibby, dear! I—I am not well. I feel as if I were choking, as if there were no air. I want to go away—far away."

Tibby sprang up and caught her just in time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clive reached his rooms in the state of mind which will be easily understood by every man who has been in love, and is fortunate enough to be loved in return.

Notwithstanding his severance from his family, and his solitary life, he had had happy moments: the moments immediately following a successful speech; during a long burst with the hounds, a strong pull up-stream, a tussle with a twenty-pound salmon; the happy moments which come to a man when he is young and strong and his pulse is bounding with health. But he had never known such happiness as this, which thrilled him through and through, and set his being dancing to the music of joy.

He knew the gravity of the step he was about to take, knew that the world, not only the world of his own class, but the larger one, which was also interested in his movements, would declare that he was acting a fool's part, was ruining his career by "marrying beneath him"; that everybody would laugh and sneer at what they would deem his folly, his infatuation for a girl who was so very far below him in social position. The ever-busy and ubiquitous reporter would rake up Mina's antecedents, and dilate upon her lowly, not to say vulgar, surroundings. In his mind's eye he already saw the "spicy" paragraphs which would inevitably appear in the daily and weekly papers; he knew that his father and his two brothers would be furious with him, and that he would be still more of an outcast than he was at present.

But all this counted for nothing with Clive, compared with the fact of his great love for Mina and her love for him. He began to plan out his course of action: it would not be fair that Mina should face his world without some preparation. Though he himself was not only not ashamed of her, but proud of her beauty, her grace and her innate refinement, he was too worldly wise to be ignorant of the fact that she would be shy and fearful and very likely unhappy if she were plunged, all unprepared for the change, into the society to which he belonged, and in which he must continue to move unless he abandoned his career. And he had no intention of doing so, for he knew that under proper auspices Mina would take her place by his side and would not only be a joy to him, but a helpmate in every sense of the word.

He would send her to a good school: one of the really good schools at Brighton or Eastbourne, for instance, where she would associate with the daughters of people of rank and fashion, so that she might be armed at all points. He himself was quite satisfied with her as she was; and his resolve was made for her sake and hers only: so that she should not be handicapped and embarrassed in her new sphere. He could go down and see her frequently—every day that parted her from him would be a lost day—and as soon as possible they would be married and begin their life together.

He had a bath and changed, and then fell to work at the pile of letters on his table. While he was reading them there came a knock at the door, and in response to Clive's invitation Quilton came in.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said, his eyes fixed a foot above Clive's head. "Just looked in to see how you were."

Clive lifted his radiant face and laughed. "First-rate," he replied.

"You look it," said Quilton. "You appear to take a lot of killing. But I imagine you were very carefully nursed by those humble friends of yours."

"I was indeed," said Clive with devout gratitude.

"Yes." Quilton paused a moment, his colorless eyes fixed on a picture above Clive's shoulder. "One of the young ladies is rather eccentric, isn't she? But the other atones for her—sister's little peculiarities. A very beautiful girl: don't often see that peculiarly refined type amongst her class."

Clive colored and his eyes dropped, but Quilton did not appear to notice it or the tone in which Clive said:

"She is as good as she is beautiful. Look here, Quilton"—he hesitated a moment. "No; I won't tell you just yet."

"There isn't any need," said Quilton impassively. "I am aware that when you have made up your mind that I am worthy of your confidence you will tell me that you are in love with her. Oh, my dear fellow, don't look so surprised—give me credit for the ordinary intelligence of a boiled owl. Besides, the young lady gave herself away the day I went to see you. I mentioned that you were excited and might need her, and she flew past me with an expression on her face which might have been read by a blind man."

Clive drew a long breath, nodded, and smiled.

"You've guessed it at once, Quilton," he said. "I am in love with her; and, please God, we are going to be married."

"Quite so," said Quilton, as if he were assenting to a statement respecting the weather. "Why not? She is not exactly of the class of Vere de Vere to which you belong; but that will not matter to you, who are so prominent a Democrat, who go in for the 'equality of man,' and have justly earned the title of the Friend of the People. In fact, I admire the consistency of your proceedings. Ignoring the claims of the daughters of a thousand earls, some of whom are doubtless quite willing to marry you, you go to the People—capital P, please—and choose a bride from amongst them. It doesn't matter to you that her father plays the fiddle in the streets and that her sister is a freak who has no business outside a side-show—I beg your pardon."

Clive leant back and laughed. "Not at all, my dear Quilton. What you say is absolutely true, but it makes no difference to me. I would marry the girl I love if her father were 'doing time' and her sister danced in the ballet. Love levels all distinctions, you know."

"Quite so. Good old copy-book wheeze. By the way," he said, as if suddenly recollecting, "they aren't her father and sister, are they? You said as much the other day, if I remember?" He put the question in the most casual and indifferent way.

"That's so," replied Clive as indifferently.

"You don't know who she is—have no idea?" asked Quilton as indifferently as before.

"Not the slightest," replied Clive.

Quilton nodded. "You are content to take her as she is—do not care anything about the mystery? She may be a princess, like the girls in the story-books, you know."

Clive laughed. "She has a higher title than that, my dear fellow," he said with absolutely boyish ardor. "She is a queen, queen of my heart."

"Beautiful!" murmured Quilton. "You've got love's young dream as badly as they make it. And this lack of curiosity on your part will continue, you think; you will not want to hunt up her origin, employ detectives, worry the girl herself?"

Clive laughed again. "I certainly shall not," he said. "It will be enough for me that I have got the girl I love, that she is my wife—but why do you ask?"

"Ah, why?" echoed Quilton. "I'm sure I don't know; just the journalist's interest in a little love romance."

"I see," said Clive. "Is there any news?" he asked as he turned to his letters again.

"Yes," said Quilton; "the Earl of Rafborough has been taken ill, but no doubt those telegrams will tell you."

He nodded to two or three telegrams in the pile; and Clive tore them open and sprang to his feet.

"My father is very ill!" he said. "Why didn't you tell me at first?"

"I was trying to break it to you," said Quilton; "but I saw that you would come upon the telegram before I could do so. He was taken ill at his place in the country, Rafborough: you will want to go at once. Is there anything I can do for you? See here, I'll help you pack while you look up a train. He was taken ill yesterday. There is no need to look so remorseful. We only got the news last night. I should have come and told you, if you had not returned to-day. I'll find your things—there's a Bradshaw on that table."

"You're a good fellow," said Clive. "Throw some clothes into a portmanteau. He must be very ill—must want me badly. There are four telegrams. There is just time to catch a train. Quick, Quilton!"

Clive reached the station only just in time. He was fond of his father, had long since forgiven him, and all the way down to Rafborough was grieved and anxious about him. He did not forget Mina; but it was just possible, if his father had recovered, that he, Clive, might return to town and see Mina next day. In any case he could telegraph or write to her.

At Rafborough he found a carriage waiting for him; for the ready-witted Quilton had wired to say that Clive was coming. The old coachman, who had been in the service of the family since boyhood, touched his hat and shook his head gravely at Clive's anxious inquiry.

"I am glad you've come, Master Clive," he said—Clive would be always "Master" to the old servant who had held him on a pony and taught him to drive. "The Earl's mortal bad. It's some kind of a stroke, I believe. We was afeard that you were abroad somewhere, and that the Earl might die—be left alone."

"Is my brother Adolphus not there?" asked Clive.

The coachman shook his head. "No, Master Clive; his lordship is very ill with something or other, at a Nursing Home. And Mr. Bertie"—he hesitated—"I don't exactly know where he is, sir."

Clive was driven quickly to the Hall. It was a beautiful old place, surrounded by some of the finest timber in England—an old-world place, rich in historical associations. It was architecturally imposing, but it was very much out of repair, and ill kept; and it had the appearance of all such places when the owners lack ready money to maintain them. Clive, of course, loved it; and even at this moment, when his heart was heavy with anxiety, he was conscious of a feeling of pride and admiration as the carriage swept up the avenue of magnificent beeches, and a turn in the road disclosed the ancient house and home of his race.

The butler met him with a face as grave as the coachman's.

"The doctor says will you go up directly you come, sir," he said. "His lordship is about the same."

Clive went up the great stairs, and the doctor came into the dressing-room to meet him.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Harvey," he said. "The Earl has been asking for you, fretting. Yes; it was a paralytic stroke. He is conscious, and understands what is said to him; but he speaks with difficulty. He knows that you are here; he heard the carriage. I scarcely need ask you to keep him as quiet as possible."

Without a word Clive entered the bedroom. A nurse glided out, and he went to the bed. He was grieved and startled by the change in his father. Rafborough had not been called "Dandy" Rafborough for nothing; he had been young for years, and had looked, when Clive saw him last, little more than middle-aged; and he could scarcely believe that the shrunken form, with the drawn, twisted face and hollow cheeks, could be his sprightly, youthful father. They had removed his wig, there was no rouge on his cheeks, deep lines had been suddenly graved at the corners of his drooping mouth and about his eyes; but though the outer shell was a wreck, the indomitable spirit that had kept him young for so long still smouldered within Dandy Rafborough, and it flamed up feebly at sight of Clive. He nodded his already shaking head and tried to smile with his twisted lips.

(To be continued.)

Smell it! —just once!

You can shut your eyes and verily believe you are breathing the delicate fragrance from a bunch of fresh sweet violets, so perfectly have we caught the real odor of violets in Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

But this is not all. We have caught, too, the beautiful green of fresh violet leaves, yet kept this soap so crystal clear you can see through it when you hold it to the light.

Ask your druggist for *Jergens* Violet Glycerine Soap today. 10c a cake. 3 cakes for 25c. Get a quarter's worth.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

For a sample cake, send 2c stamp to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd. 6 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

"MY STOMACH IS FINE"

Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why.

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach", she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and a lady friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

One of the many good features of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is that they are so pleasant and easy to take. The relief they give from heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and dyspepsia is prompt and permanent. Try one after each meal—they'll make you feel like a new person.

50c. a box at your druggist's compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 143

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

Agreeable Companionships Made in Man's Daily Work.

Should a man look upon his bread earning as an unwelcome task, to be hurried and done with confusion and at the risk of his health, with the hope of reaching an early period of retirement when he may do what he will and really "enjoy life?" But suppose a man can hope to retire at an early period and live thereafter without gaining work, is he justified in regarding whatever respectable occupation he has as a bore or as merely a method of earning enough money to retire on? And, if he so regards it, is he likely to enjoy his retirement? He will make a very doubtful experiment. Whatever a man does during his active period he ought to do with such orderliness and thoroughness as to get from his daily and monthly and yearly labor the pleasure that comes from doing his task well and the additional pleasure of so doing it that he performs a real service. To do anything wholly for the money it brings is not to do it well enough. And those men who contract the habit of working wholly for the money are likely thereby to unfit themselves for the enjoyment of a period of retirement; for the right-minded man makes agreeable companionships in his daily work, he finds problems that call for all his brain and character—for endurance, for fair judgment, for just dealing, for doing as he would be done by; and all these are the very warp and woof of successful living. The kind of man to retire from money earning labor with the hope of really enjoying life is the man who has really enjoyed life during his period of hardest work. And you will deceive yourself if you imagine that in idleness you will develop virtues or a capacity for sensible enjoyment that you did not have during your working days.—World's Work.

His Turn.

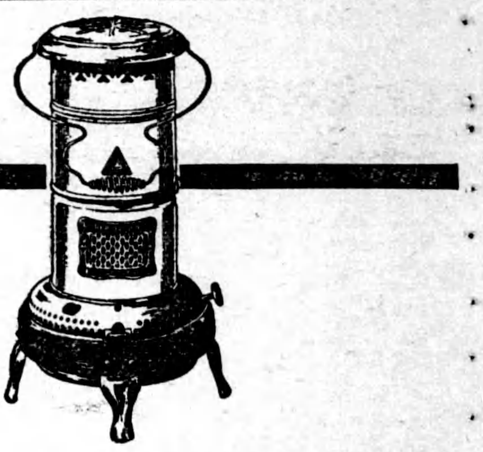
A foreman who had charge of a building that was being erected in the North of England one day stood watching two bricklayers for about an hour. At last one of the workmen, who was rather witty, said to the foreman, "I say, boss, did you ever play draughts?" Foreman—"Yes, I have played draughts." Bricklayer—"Then it is your turn to move, or you will lose two men."

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 121

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

The new model has improvements making it the best heater ever made.

New flat font with patent-locking flame-spreader insures clear, odorless heat all the time. Wick and carrier in one—makes rewicking easy and clean. Finished with blue enamel or plain steel drums. Stock at all chief points.

For best results use Royalite Oil

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

are different in that they do not gripe, purge nor cause nausea, nor does continued use lessen their effectiveness. You can always depend on them.

25c. a box at your Druggist's. 178

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

DY-O-LA

The Guaranteed "ONE DYE for All Kinds of Cloth.

Clean, Simple, No Chance of Mistakes. TRY IT! Send for Free Color Card and Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

A CANADIAN KNIGHT

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

COMPANION OF THE RANGE

A PASTE NO WASTE | THE F F DALLEY CO LTD. HAMILTON CANADA | NO DUST NO RUST

St. Lawrence Sugar

Children Need Sugar

Pure sugar is necessary to the health of young or old. Good home-made candy, sugar on porridge, fruit or bread—not only pleases but stimulates.

Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen.

Bags 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs., Cartons 5 lbs., 2 lbs.

FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

Sold by best dealers. 1

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, - Montreal.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Many happy Mothers

are using Baby's Own Soap in the nursery not merely because they themselves were washed with it, when infants, but also because experience has shown that no other soap will help the skin so much—make it so white, so smooth—be so pleasant to use—and cost as little.

Baby's Own Soap is best for Baby and best for you.

Imitations and substitutes are made as cheap as possible; Baby's Own is as good as possible. 5-4-23

ALBERT SOAPS LTD., Mfrs., MONTREAL