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The Lady Brandolin ;

OR, THE LOST PATRIMONY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd)

"Come, Ferdinand, my reverend friend! don't anticipate the privilege of the vestments! For myself, I adore the 'lofty pride' of Miss Fairfield. It is indissolubly entwined with the most exalted virtues, which could not exist without it!"

"You speak like a lover!"

"I speak the truth. Her 'lofty pride' sustains the highest sentiments of truth, courage, generosity, fortitude!"

"I have never seen her 'fortitude' tested yet. It is that which I dread!"

"You 'have never seen her fortitude tested!' not even in this sudden and severe reverse of fortune?"

"No, only her courage is tested here. She met, but has not yet borne, the evils of this misfortune! Courage only meets calamity bravely, it takes fortitude to endure it strongly and patiently. Courage dares misfortune—fortitude sustains it; courage—"

"Courage is acute fortitude, and fortitude is chronic courage! you mean, medically speaking!"

"Fudge!"

"Certainly! I beg your pardon, Fairfield, for cutting short, both your sermon on pride and your ethical and metaphysical essay on courage and fortitude, because the former was ill-timed, the latter essentially unphilosophical, and both would have run to, I know not what length! Now, then, let us return to the more attractive subject of Miss Fairfield. You were saying—"

"I was saying that I have no sympathy with my sister's pride! I do not understand it, and it troubles me for her future."

"I repeat most emphatically—I do adore that pride!"

"You are an enthusiast!"

"I worship that pride—that lofty spirit, which is not assumption, nor arrogance, but a calm, majestic, unconscious assertion of her own inestimable worth! of her own essential, unalienable worth! of her own essential, unalienable royalty! the true royalty of transcendent beauty, goodness, and genius!"

"Oh! you are mad!"

"Honor to whom honor is due!"

"Yes! but that is not to the hark! He who spake those words, said also, 'The humble shall be exalted, and the proud shall be brought low'—'He that exalteth himself shall be abased;' and 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'—'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction.' You doubtless will give me more contempt for what you will consider weakness than credit for the fear of God; but I confess that these things trouble me for my dearest sister! It seems to me that her severe discipline has already begun! I do hope—"

"Pshaw! hush! Nonsense! Don't preach! You're not in the holy orders yet!" exclaimed Wolfgang, interrupting me, in a husky voice and with an agitated manner.

I looked at him in surprise.

He shuddered once or twice in his old way, got up and walked to the window, and said,

"It seems to me you are croaking this evening, Fairfield! to say nothing of a very unbrotherly severity to a trait of character in my only sister, whom I for one

cannot consider a fault, but must look upon with high respect, even when—"

He stopped abruptly.

"When carried to excess?"

"Yes! something of that sort!" he said, with an involuntary writhe of his beautiful lips.

A twinge of remorse wrung me for an instant. I felt that I had been severe with the foible of my dear Regina, and that it was not only ungenerous, but unjust, to speak of her fault in her absence; so I hastened to say,

"You know that I have no fraternal insensibility to my sister's noble character, Wolfgang!"

"Ah! you have! You do not see, do not acknowledge that it is pride that keeps that high, pure character so spotless from even conventional little meannesses?"

"Yes, I do! but I see also that 'pride' makes Regina sternly uncompromising, terribly intolerant of the little social and conventional meannesses and falsehoods of others!"

The effect of my words upon him was as fearful as unexpected! He blanched suddenly, dropped into a chair, and glared luridly from under the shade of his long black lashes at me, as if I had wilfully and wantonly outraged him.

I was about done with surprise at any eccentric motion of Wallraven; and fate, or something, impelled me to go on. "What is neither always reasonable nor Christian, her high-toned sense of honor, is morbid, even to mania. Deception, no matter how well, how logically defended, finds no tolerance with her. It would disgust her in a mere acquaintance; it would alienate her forever from a friend; and in one she loved pre-eminently, it would kill or madden her. I know and feel it. It is this that has terrified me for my sister! It is this that makes me shudder when I recall the fearful words, the thunder words—'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction!' I suddenly felt a strong grasp upon my shoulder, and the husky, inaudible words,

"For God's sake, hush!" and Wallraven rushed out of the room.

"I have something to say to you, dear Ferdinand," said my sister Regina, laying her fair hand affectionately on my shoulder, and sinking softly into a chair by my side. She looked so fair, so proud, so joyous, yet—so charmingly embarrassed.

"Why, how beautiful you are, Regina! Queen Blanche! Fair one with golden locks!" exclaimed I, in involuntary admiration and fondness. And she was! Dazzlingly beautiful! She had arisen, restored by her long morning sleep, refreshed by her cold bath, and dressed for dinner. She wore a very light blue silk, with fine lace falls to the short sleeves, and low corsage. Her splendid pale gold hair was rolled back from her snowy forehead and temples in shining bandeaus, and woven in a large knot behind. She had floated in and sunk down by me softly, lightly, gracefully, as a sun-gilded azure cloud, a vision of celestial beauty!

"I have something to say to you, dear Ferdinand," she repeated, without deigning to notice my admiration.

"I listen, dear Regina," said I, seriously.

"Brother, I am engaged to be married to Wolfgang Wallraven."

I started to my feet, throwing off her hand by my violence, and exclaiming vehemently,

"No!"

"Are you surprised?" she serenely inquired.

"No, Regina! No!" I exclaimed, emphatically, without replying to her last observation.

"Yes, then, if I must repeat my declaration."

"No, it is not! it must not! it shall not be so."

"Why?" she asked, calmly, with scarcely a perceptible inflection of surprise and contempt in her tone.

"You must not—shall not—cannot marry Wallraven!"

"Will you endeavor to make yourself intelligible, Ferdinand?" she demanded, coldly.

"Wallraven cannot in honor marry you, and he knows it!"

Her snowy brow grew purple; she drew her proud crest haughtily up, and was preparing silently to rise and leave the room; when I laid my hand upon her with an imploring gesture, and rising, went and turned the key in the door, sat down by her side, and beseeching her by our fraternal love to listen to me with some little toleration, I began, and gave her a minute, detailed account of my whole confidential connection with Wallraven; commencing from our earliest school days; passing through our life at the preparatory school; through our college friendship; including our joint visit to Willow Hill, with the extraordinary scene in his chamber; and, lastly, my recent visit to Hickory Hall, with the frightful occurrence in my chamber in the dead of the first night of my arrival. I ended with imploring my sister, as she valued her happiness, not to risk it by a marriage with him. For any other good purpose than that of doing my own duty and exonerating my own conscience, I might just as well have been silent.

Regina heard me through; though as my story progressed, I saw her lip curl, and curl, with a slowly gathering contempt; and when I finished, she arose—with flashing eyes, and answered me with a blasting, consuming scorn, anger, and defiance—accusing me of degrading suspicions—degrading to myself and to no one else—of treachery to my friend—of—I know not what besides; and expressing, with the air of an empress, her highest trust in Wolfgang Wallraven's unimpeachable purity and honor. In short, she replied to me as any other haughty, high-spirited woman would reply to aspersions so cast upon the man she deigned to accept.

I attempted a rejoinder; but re-

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Province of Manitoba	4's	1939	over 4 1/2%
Province of New Brunswick	3's	1938	4 1/2%

Municipal Debentures

City of Toronto, Ontario	3 1/2's	1915 and 29	4 1/4 and 4 3/4%
City of Montreal, P. Q.	3 1/2's	1939	4 1/2%
City of Winnipeg, Man.	4's	1920 and 43	4 1/4 and 4 3/8%
City of Peterboro, Ont.	4 1/2's	1939	4 3/4%
Township of Barton, Ont.	4 1/2's	1929	4 1/4%
City of Ste. Hyacinthe, P. Q.	4's	38 instalments	4 1/2%
City of Moose Jaw, Sask.	4 1/2's	1910-19	4 3/4%
City of Moose Jaw, Sask.	4 1/2's	1910-15	4 3/4%
City of Strathcona, Alta.	4 1/2's	1929, 39 and 49	4 3/4%
City of Edmonton, Alta., (Schools)	5's	1910-38	4 3/4%
City of Revelstoke, B. C.	5's	1934	5 1/2%
City of Fernie, B. C.	5's	1939	5 1/2%
City of Kamloops, B. C.	5's	1934	5 1/2%
City of Medicine Hat, Alta.	5's	1910-21	4 3/4%
Town of Thorold, Ont.	5's	1911-30	4 3/8%
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Railroad, Corporation and Industrial Bonds

Canadian Northern Railway Co., (Equipments)	4 1/2's	Serially 1911-20'	5%
Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Co.	5's	1935	At market
Hamilton Cataract, Power, Light and Traction Co.	5's.	1943	5%
Suburban Rapid Transit Co.	5's	1938	4.95%
Dominion Iron & Steel Co., Limited, Consolidated	5's	1939	5 3/4%
Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited	6's	1928	5.55%
P. Burns and Co., Limited	6's	1924	5 3/8%
Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Ltd.	6's	1939	5.65%
Long Bell Lumber Company	6's	1913-22	6 1/2%
Canada Cement Co., Limited	6's	1929	6%

The income basis shown gives the approximate interest return to the investor

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suming her sovereign self-possession, with a gesture full of high command, she silently indicated her will to leave the room; and I went to the door, unlocked, and held it open while she swept majestically through.

I felt myself relieved of a most disagreeable duty, which had been pressing upon me for some time, though certainly placed in a very unpleasant position. Loving Wolfgang and Regina almost with equal affection, and loving none others in the world but them, I wished their happiness above all things. Could their union have seemed likely to secure their felicity, I should have desired it more than any other event. But, from all I had seen and heard, I feared that it would end in misery to both; therefore I had sought to serve them best by attempting to break it off, and I had attained no better end than to deeply offend both my friend and sister. One lesson I learned, that it is useless and absurd to interfere between lovers who really love each other. I determined, however, to tell Wolfgang all I had said to Regina. I could not conceal this from him, for I could not have anything approximating towards a treachery upon my conscience.

The dinner bell rang in the midst of my painful cogitations, and mechanically, as a matter of habit, I sauntered down into the dining-room, and took my seat at the table.

Soon the door opened, and Wallraven entered with Regina on his arm, and they took their places, which were first and second above mine, Regina sitting between me and Wolfgang.

By nothing on Regina's fair freckly brow, or in her usually calm, cold manner, could I perceive whether she were still angry with me. Wolfgang looked black as the muzzle of a loaded cannon; but whether with anger, gloom, or both, I could not tell.

After dinner, a pair of horses were brought around, and Wallraven invited Regina to ride, to which she assented, and I was left to my unpleasant company and

thoughts for the rest of the afternoon.

Very late in the afternoon they returned. Regina went to her chamber to change her riding-habit and Wallraven came into our parlor, where I was still sitting. He rang the bell, and, throwing his whip, cap, gloves, etc., to the waiter, who entered, directed him to bring wine. I approached him.

"Wallraven!"

"Well!"

"I have something offensive to say to you?"

"Out with it, man!"

"You will be angry!"

"If I am, I shall knock you down first and forgive you afterward."

"That will be Christian, but dangerous. You are engaged to my sister."

"How do you know that?"

"She told me."

"Well, what then? you told me to win her if I could."

"Yes; but—"

"Well!"

"Circumstances have transpired since then—"

"You made no allowance for circumstances."

"I was wrong—hasty—very indiscreet."

"Ah! well! circumstances have transpired!" to what 'circumstances' do you allude!"

"Among other things, the events of a night at Hickory Hall."

Wallraven grew very pale, but commanded himself.

"Will you relate to me those events?" he asked, in a constrained voice.

(To be continued.)

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