

Your Guarantee of Goodness

The name "SALADA" on the sealed lead packages is your strongest guarantee of all that is best and most fragrant in tea

"SALADA"

IS THE CHOICEST TEA GROWN ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON—clean, whole leaves—with the delightful flavor of the fresh leaves brought to your table by the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd)

Two strong arms lifted the slight, trembling form out of the seething waters up to his throbbing breast, tightening their grasp about her before he took the perilous leap back into the water with his clinging burden.

"Little Gay," he whispered hoarsely, resting his white hands on her face for one brief second against the girl's dusky cheek—"I have come to save you—because I love you. You are all the world to me. If you were to die my life would be wrecked. Yes, I love you, Little Gay."

He clasped the little white arms close around his neck, commanding her to cling to him and not to let go, for he was going to breast the mad waves with her.

"Will you trust your life to me, Gay?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes," she sobbed faintly, catching her breath with a shudder, her clasped fingers tightening round his neck.

"If we perish, we perish together, my darling," he said solemnly, straining her to his heart.

The next instant he had plunged back into the roaring waves with his lovely, terrified burden, striking boldly and bravely out for the beacon lights that lined the shore, where a vast throng had gathered.

How the people anxiously watched the two forms that were struggling at the wild mercy of the waves and the storm, which the fitful flashes of lightning revealed to their strained eyes.

"Oh, God! would it be life or death with them?" was the terrified cry that rose to every lip. Mothers knelt down in the piteous sorrow and prayed for them. Strong men cried aloud, weeping as they had never wept in all their lives before. Young girls held their breath in piteous suspense.

They dared not cheer the noble hero, or utter any cry lest it might unnerve the brave swimmer and cause him to drop his burden.

Five minutes—ten—that seemed almost an eternity to the breathless watchers—passed. Now he was near enough to catch the rope that was flung out to him.

Strong hands pulled with a will, and amid rousing cheers, Percy Granville gained the shore, and laid his lovely, dripping burden in her joyful sister's arms.

One instant after poor Gay had struck the water she had lost all sense of her deadly peril, falling heavily back in his arms in a deep swoon.

The sun was shining brightly in the small room the two sisters occupied, when Gay opened her dark, dazed eyes the next day. Hazel was standing over her with a white, scared face.

"Oh, Gay, my darling, I thought you would never come to," sobbed Hazel, sinking on her knees by the white couch, and tenderly stroking the brown curly hair.

"Then it was not a dream, after all?" Gay whispered in a low, hushed voice. "I really stood on the wind-ledge—with the cold, dark water rising higher and higher around me, and he came to my rescue—he saved me?"

"Yes, Mr. Granville saved you," responded Hazel. "Oh, Gay, how grateful we must be to him through life—good, kind noble Percy Granville, the true friend of the dependent working-girls."

Gay's face, which she hid quickly in the white, ruffled pillow, flushed burning hot.

Should she tell Hazel what he had said to her when they stood face to face with death together, and the cold, dark water eddied around them?

Should she tell Hazel that he had whispered to her that he loved her—yes, loved the little working-girl—who earned her bread in his uncle's mill—the mill that might one day be his own?

It is hard to tell the sweet love-secrets of a girlish heart even to a sympathetic, tender-hearted sister like Hazel. Gay wanted so much to tell her, but a tender bashfulness sealed her rosy lips.

Handsome Percy Granville had been the hero whom she had always worshipped from afar since first she saw him, and could it really be possible that he cared for her?

The Passaic mills would not be in a condition to resume work until the following Monday morning. Hazel was thankful to have that much time to devote to nursing her sister back to health and strength.

Gay was possessed of youth and wonderful vitality, and despite the shock and the chill, she was almost as well as ever when the sunlight crept into their little room that afternoon.

She seemed wonderfully happy, too, Hazel thought as she watched her while she busied herself about preparing their frugal supper.

Hazel was just about laying the snowy cloth when a loud knock upon the door startled both.

It was one of the mill-boys bearing a huge bouquet.

"From Mr. Granville, with his compliments to Miss Gay," he said, handing it to Hazel.

She wondered why Gay flushed so, and why her little hands trembled.

If Gay had made a confidante of her sister, whispering to her of the new sweet dream of love that had crept so suddenly into her girlish heart, if she had told her, terrible tragedy near at hand would have been averted.

"How kind of Mr. Granville to send you such a superb bouquet," exclaimed Hazel, admiringly; "white rose-buds and forget-me-nots; oh, aren't they fragrant?"

At that moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the street below, coming to a full stop before their humble lodgings. A proud, imperious voice was heard inquiring for the two sisters; there was a swish of a silken skirt on the stairway, followed by a tap on the door.

Hazel answered the summons, blushing and courtesying in confusion, as she saw that their visitor was Miss St. Claire, the heiress—a tall, handsome blonde—who lived in the great stone house on the hill.

"I have come to inquire about your sister," she said in a voice that had a haughty ring in it. "May I be permitted to come in?"

"Certainly," replied Hazel, in embarrassment; "Gay will be pleased that you have taken such a kindly interest in her recovery—she is feeling very well this afternoon, thank you."

Evelyn St. Claire followed Hazel into the inner apartment, taking in every minute detail of those plainly furnished rooms girlish fingers had so tastefully decorated. Gay sat in the sunshine by the window; she turned and started slightly as her visitor entered, and in that moment the eyes of these two girls—whose paths were to cross so cruelly, and who were to be such bitter foes for love's sake—met.

The cold, steel-blue eyes of the haughty heiress gazed intently into the dark, velvety eyes of Little Gay, and the thought that flashed through her mind as she clinched her jeweled hands tighter, was: "Heaven! this girl whom Percy Granville risked his life to save, is as gloriously beautiful as a dream."

And a jealous pain, swift and sharp as death itself shot through her heart.

"I am glad to find you so nearly recovered," Miss Esterbrook, she said coldly, taking the seat that had been placed for her, and shaking out her violet silken skirts. "You have had quite a narrow escape from a terrible fate."

"Yes, Mr. Granville saved my life," responded Gay, her crimson lips quivering, "and I shall be grateful to him as long as I live."

Evelyn St. Claire's face darkened, then turned a shade paler.

"You must not express your gratitude to Mr. Granville in that earnest way," she said quickly; "I am sure he would not like it at all. He feels that one ought not to be praised for purely doing one's duty—I advise you not to annoy him with such profuse thanks."

Gay cringed painfully. Miss St. Claire noticed her heightened color—then her cold eyes fell on the superb bouquet Gay held in her hand.

A sudden suspicion shot through her heart.

"Mr. Granville sent you those?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes," faltered Gay, blushing still rosier, her pretty dark eyes drooping shyly.

"I requested him to do so," remarked Miss St. Claire, without a single quiver in her voice at the audacious falsehood she was telling; "you may thank me for that, Miss Esterbrook."

From that moment the white rose-buds, and golden-hearted forget-me-nots, that had seemed to infold such sweet messages in their fragrant petals, lost all charm in the eyes of Little Gay.

A few moments later Evelyn St. Claire took her leave. Gay watched the elegant equipage out of sight.

"She sent me those flowers, Hazel," she said, calling her sister from the other room; "it was quite a mistake believing they were from Mr.—Mr. Granville."

"No doubt; she is his sweetheart," returned Hazel; "I have often seen them riding together. Did you notice the big glittering diamond she wore? More than likely it's an engagement ring. She is an heiress, and lives in the big stone house on the hill. Oh, Gay, my darling, how I would like to see you dressed like that—you would look like a little queen," she went on enthusiastically.

Then she remembered that it was not right to put longing notions for silks, laces and jewels in the romantic head of Little Gay, for such luxuries were not for struggling factory girls, were they ever so lovely.

The fair sunlit beauty of the day was lost upon Evelyn St. Claire as she bowed swiftly homeward in her natty, plushed basket phaeton. She could see nothing—think of nothing but the dark, dimpled, gypsypish face of lovely Little Gay.

"I—I—hate her!" she cried. "Something tells me that girl will come between me and my love," she muttered hoarsely. "If she does, let her beware, for as sure as fate I—I—would kill her!"

The next moment she laughed a wild, mirthless laugh that startled the birds in the green leafy trees above her head.

"Why should I, an heiress, fear a miserable little factory girl because she has a pretty face?" she cried aloud. "What madness to imagine even she could ever be a rival of mine! She would not dare aspire to the love of Percy Granville, even though he did save her life. I—I—hate her! I almost wish she had died in the dark waters that night."

CHAPTER III.

A week later, life had fallen into the same old rut again in the Passaic Cotton Mills. Hazel and Gay were once more at their looms in the weaving-room.

Everything was progressing just as it was before the thrilling episode narrated in our previous chapter had transpired.

There was, however, a great change in Gay Esterbrook. The beautiful little madcap of the mill was not so hotheaded, so saucy, so mirthful; and as the hours of each day rolled on, her eyes, with a strange light in their dark depths, would turn toward the counting-room door.

More than once handsome Percy Granville had walked home with Gay from the mill, and soon the forked tongue of scandal-mongers began to whisper lightly the name of Little Gay.

"Of course," they said with a knowing nod—"the girl ought to know better than to encourage his attentions—he was so

far above her socially, he had no thought of marriage; when it came to choosing a wife, he would certainly never think of mating with a factory girl though she were beautiful as an houri.

One afternoon Miss St. Claire had met Hazel going home alone from the mill, and to her she repeated the story she herself had been the means of circulating—the story which she said the people were telling of Little Gay.

Poor Hazel was horrified—indignant—bowed down with the bitterest shame.

"It is, unfortunately, a very natural thing of a free-and-easy young man like Mr. Granville to admire a pretty face," Miss St. Claire went on glibly, "but for your sister's sake and your own, I advise you to remove her as quickly as you can from his influence, lest her life be wrecked and her heart broken."

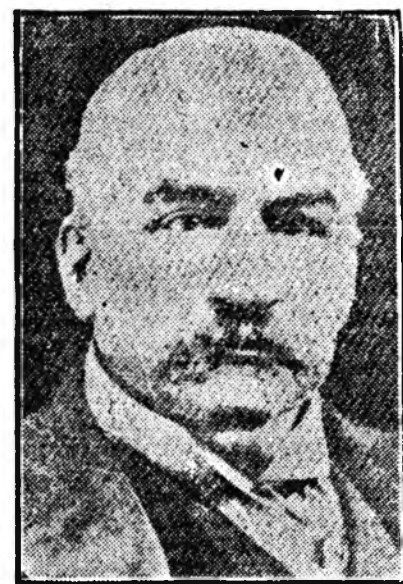
"I have no place to take her," replied Hazel, weeping. "We could not make as much anywhere as we make at piece-work in the Passaic Mills; besides, I have no money."

"I should furnish you with the money required, would you take her so far away that Mr. Granville would never hear of her more?" Miss St. Claire asked quickly. "Remember your sister's future is at stake. In return for my kindness to her, I should exact a solemn promise from you that there should be no correspondence between them; they must be severed as completely—forever—as though one of them were in the grave. Do you understand?"

"Yes," murmured Hazel, faintly.

"I would advise you to place her in a convent," continued Miss St. Claire; "even were he inclined to attempt to trace her he would never think of looking for her there; the young ladies placed in those institutions are strictly prohibited from writing to or receiving letters from any gentleman."

"Remember, you must take her away from here suddenly, and without warning."



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
The Great American Financier.

so suddenly that she will not have time to acquaint Mr. Granville of her intended departure or her destination. Do you quite understand?" she asked again.

"Yes," sobbed Hazel, covering her face with her hands.

"Percy Granville's betrothed bride," she went on, "and for that reason I should be sorry to see harm befall your pretty sister through him."

The terrible falsehood did not burn her lips as she uttered it. What were a few spoken words to the desperate, haughty heiress when love and happiness were weighed in the balance?

If this girl Hazel repeated then it would be easy enough to deny it; who would credit the assertions of a working-girl against her word?

"Come to my house to-morrow evening and I will give you what money you will require for the journey," said Miss St. Claire.

Poor Hazel was profuse in her tearful thanks, and Gay's cruel enemy, who had so deliberately set about wrecking two lives and thrusting two hearts asunder, was glad to break away from Hazel's thanks, she was blushing so guiltily.

Hazel walked on to her humble lodgings like one dazed.

People spoke harsh things of Little Gay, who was as tender as a white dove, and as guileless as one of the white angels in heaven.

Oh, how dared they do it!

Yet Little Gay must never again come home with Miss St. Claire's betrothed lover.

Yes, she would go to-morrow night and accept the money to take Gay away. She must do it for Gay's sake!

Her sister should not know her intentions until they were safe on some outgoing train, speeding far away from the Passaic Cotton Mill and from handsome Percy Granville forever.

She gazed aside her wraps before Gay burst into the room, her face all aglow with excitement, her pretty dimpled cheeks flushed, her red lips smiling and her splendid dusky eyes shining like stars.

"Oh, Hazel!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, "there's going to be a ball at the Highland House to-night, and I'm invited. Don't object, Hazel, dear. I have set my heart on going—yes, I must go; I have never been to a ball in all my life, you know, and I am nearly seventeen years old."

Hazel gazed carefully into the beautiful, flushed, dimpled face.

"Who invited you?" she asked unessily.

"Per—Mr. Granville," replied Gay, blushing furiously as she corrected herself; "he's on the committee. He's to call for me at half-past eight."

"You cannot go," said Hazel, slowly, stroking the brown, curly hair.

Gay started back in bewildered dismay; she could never remember a time in all her young life that her sedate sister, who was more like a mother to her, had deliberately refused her anything.

"But I have set my heart on it, Hazel," she cried. "I want to go to a real ball, see lights and music, and enjoy myself just for once in my life, as other girls of my age do. Oh! it would be like a glimpse of heaven to poor little me."

The next moment two soft, white arms stole caressingly and coaxingly around Hazel's neck, a soft glowing check was laid against her face, and two irresistible, dark, velvety eyes were looking appealingly into her own.

"No," said Hazel, determinedly, hardening herself to the task; "you would be out of place, my darling, among those fine ladies, who are all so wealthy and so haughty in their satins and jewels."

Gay threw her head back with a merry rippling laugh, her rosy eyes dancing. "I know," she would say that, Hazel, so look here: I was telling one of the girls that I could not go, for I had nothing fit to wear; my old white mill dress was too badly patched and darned, and—wasn't she very, very good, Hazel?—she was kind enough to loan me one she wore last summer. I brought it home with me, and it's a perfect beauty. I tried it on, and it looks just lovely on me, and fits me perfectly by taking it in a little at the neck, and gathering it a little tighter at the belt."



Take A Handful Of "St. Lawrence" Sugar Out To The Store Door

—out where the light can fall on it—and see the brilliant, diamond-like sparkle the pure white color, of every grain.

That's the way to test any sugar—that's the way we hope you will test

St. Lawrence
Sugar

Compare it with any other sugar—compare its pure, white sparkle—its even grain—its matchless sweetness.

Better still, get a 20 pound or 100 pound bag at your grocer's and test "St. Lawrence Sugar" in your home.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES LIMITED, - MONTREAL. 67A

And in a glow of triumph she flew to the other end of the room, and in another moment was standing before Hazel, laughingly shaking out the glowing folds of a rose-pink tarlatan dress, with streaming pink satin ribbons.

"Now you won't say 'no,' you dear old Hazel!" she cried, laying her curly head coaxingly on Hazel's knee.

But for once in her life Hazel was firm—Little Gay's pleadings were all in vain.

"Write to Mr. Granville a short, polite note, and send it to him at once, telling him you cannot go, or I shall be obliged to call upon him with that verbal message," she said.

At last the little tear-blotted note was written, and Hazel herself went to deliver it, leaving poor wretched Gay drowned in tears and sobbing as though her heart was breaking.

How cruel it was to be kept from the grand ball—and a ball was a great event in the life of Gay Esterbrook.

Different Now.

"Father, did mother accept you the first time you proposed to her?"

"Yes, my dear, but since then any proposal that I have ever made she has scornfully rejected."

The average girl is mighty careless to drop her hints carelessly.

The chap who takes things as they come doesn't get as many as the other fellow.

Of the 17,000 odd miles of railways in the Commonwealth of Australia over 15,000 are owned by the Government.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who, in 1584, first introduced the potato into Ireland, was beheaded on October 29th, 1618.

When a man buys a new hat he wants one somewhat like the one he had before—but it's different with a woman.

"What caused the coolness between you and that young doctor? I thought you were engaged."

"His writing is rather illegible. He sent me a note calling for 10,000 kisses." "Well?" "I thought it was a prescription, and took it to be filled."

Did you ever get 50 cents a pound live weight for your cattle?

LAST YEAR at the Toronto Fat Stock Show at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, James Leask, of Greenbank, Ont., won the Grand Prize with a fine steer that was afterwards sold for 50 cents a pound live weight.

And all the other stock shown—cattle, sheep and hogs—brought fancy prices at the sale, on second day of Show.

Why not send in some of your own finished stock this year?

Even if you don't win a prize you can have it sold with the Prize Winners, as Butchers and Packers from all over Canada will be there to pay fancy prices for Christmas Stock.

Single passenger fares on all Railroads.

Come and see Canada's Best in Live Stock at the

3rd ANNUAL TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 10th and 11th, 1912

UNION STOCK YARDS TORONTO

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Robert Miller, J. H. Ashcraft, Jr.,
Martin Gardhouse, Prof. G. E. Day.

Entries Close November 30th, 1912

Prize Lists, Entry Blanks, and other information from
C. F. TOPPING, Secretary, UNION STOCK YARDS,
P. O. BOX 635. WEST TORONTO, ONTARIO