

Shadow and Sunlight

Everything is just as she left it; the habit lies on the ground, the jewel-case still yawns and shows its glittering teeth; but there is no letter—no scrap of paper to act as sign-post or guide.

With a groan he sinks on the bed, and hides his face in his hands. Yes, she has left him—has gone, never to return! He will never hold her in his arms again—never feel the loving warmth of her passionate kiss—never hear the beloved voice repeat the old, sweet story—"I love you, Guy!"

Punished! Yes, assuredly he is punished.

Then he goes out again to the silent figure awaiting him.

"There is no letter," she says.

"He looks at her without answering. A dull, heavy despair seems to be settling upon him.

She stands silent for a moment, watching him beneath her eyelids, her keen, active brain at work. The game lies all before her, and she holds the cards; but how to play them best! Dare she venture to goad him still further?

She comes a little closer and touches him.

"Guy, forgive me," she murmurs, her voice inexpressible, and gentle. "I cannot bear to see you like this. Tell me—I do not want to know anything more of what has happened than will just put it in my power to help you—tell me, have you quarrelled?"

He smiles a smile of miserable irony.

"Yes, oh, yes, we have quarrelled," he says, with a laugh. "Say that we have quarrelled."

"Well, Guy, I have known her longer than you have, and I am sure that she is not altogether to blame. She meant no harm. It was only her fault. Who could resist him?—and he was as devoted to her as a dog to its master. Guy, any woman's head would have been turned by such persistent attention."

He looked at her with bewildering questioning in his bloodshot eyes.

"Of what are you talking?" he asks, hoarsely.

"Guy listen to me," she says. "It was wrong of her to hide it from you, that she was in London instead of in Italy, but—"

He starts and lays his hand on her arm and looks at her with a wild smile of bitter mockery.

"What is it you are saying?" he says. "Do you mean to tell me that you think she—Madge—false to me? Are you talking of St. George? What is it you say and mean, or are you mad as well as I?"

She looks up at him with an exquisite feligned look of confusion and remorseful innocence.

"Is it not that?" she says. "What is it, then, Guy? I thought that you were jealous of St. George, and had been speaking out what is in everybody's mouth."

He throws up his head and laughs—a hard, bitter laugh.

"Great heaven!" he says. "You must be mad, Madge! She is the truest woman heaven ever made. And you think she has gone to join Lord St. George?"

And he laughs sarcastically.

She sees that she has played the wrong card, and hastens to revoke.

"You frighten me, Guy? Where is she? What have you said to her? It is late. She is not in the castle. Where is she?"

"I do not know," he says, "but I will find her. I have been wasting my time here listening to your wild notions, while I should have been seeking her." Then as he sees her pale beneath his scorn, he pauses and looks at her with a gentle, loving look.

"Forgive me, Adelaide; you have done your best. You would help me if you could, but you cannot. My case is beyond all help now. Madge is gone, and if I know her, she will not stretch out a finger to help me. There, ask me no questions, and, for the love of heaven, do not utter one word of the idle dream you have just disclosed. Madge! Madge! Heaven if you knew all! Stop! Stop! There is one thing you can do. Keep the fact of her disappearance quiet. I will lock her door. You can tell her maid that she is not to be disturbed."

"Where are you going?" says Adelaide.

"To the station," he says; "I shall not be long. If she has gone to London she must have traveled by the night train. If she has not, she will stop suddenly and turn his face away as an awful fear strikes upon his heart."

Is it possible that two women are this night standing before the Great Judge to answer him of their ruin!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Perhaps the most comfortable chambers in London, "taking all things into consideration," are those inhabited by the Honorable Francis York.

They are not large, or assuredly they

When the Nerves Are Played Out

insanity, falling sickness, paralysis. These are some of the results of worn-out nerves. No one would neglect a disease so dreadful in its results as nervous exhaustion if the danger were only realized with the first symptoms.

The time to begin the restoration of the nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when you find yourself unable to sleep at night, suffering from headaches or neuralgic pains, indigestion or weak heart action.

Loss of flesh and weight, growing weakness and debility, a tendency to neglect the duties of the day, gloomy forebodings for the future, are other indications of depleted nerves.

You cannot liken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any medicine you ever used. It is a nerve vitalizer and tissue-builder of exceptional power.

Naturally and gradually it rekindles life in the nerve cells and forms new red corpuscles in the blood.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

would not be comfortable; they are not grandly or even splendidly furnished, but they are luxurious to that point at which comfort pests satisfied, and beyond which it is unsafe to go.

They consist of a small drawing-room, beautifully decorated in the most famous of the latest artistic fashions, furnished by Gillow, and provided with a nice little collection of paintings, etchings, bronzes and china.

"I am no collector," says the Honorable Francis. "I hate your china mania, who falls into raptures over old plates and broken jugs, which a sensible man wouldn't pick up from the gutter, but I like pretty things—from women down to carved ivory—and painted china," and there were plenty of pretty things, dainty, costly and often unique, in the little drawing-room.

Adjoining it is a still smaller one, where he takes his breakfast and rarely, very rarely, his dinner. Beyond this, and all on the same floor, are the bed and the dressing rooms.

Taste, luxury, are observable in all. The Honorable Francis has but one god—comfort—and he worships him with all his heart and soul.

Tonight as he sits in his easy-chair, lying far back in its long, softly padded seat, and clad in his velvet lounging jacket, he looks the picture of graceful ease and elegance.

By his side is a small bottle of Johannesburg, on his lap lies the last issue of the fashionable society journal, in which the shining lights of his narrow little world are broadly lauded, or delicately libeled, in short paragraphs which did not task either the eyes or the brain.

There is not a hair of the cleverly-manicured hand of his page, not a nail on his white fingers untrimmed; he is rugged and powdered and laced and stuffed to perfection; in short, the Honorable Francis presents a picture of indolent comfort and prosperity that cannot be surpassed.

Not for a very long time has he been in such fine feather, or rather has there been so much solid prosperity under his fine feathers. Thanks to the liberality of his noble son-in-law—liberal, which Madge knows nothing of—there is a nice little balance at the bankers, and quite a pile of receipted bills in his beautifully inlaid davenport.

As he lies back, gently sipping the wine, he looks up at the ceiling, and smiles with bland satisfaction.

Madge, the girl whom he had always regarded as a sad stumbling-block and incumbrance, has actually been the means of rendering his life free from care, and enabling him to carry his selfish gratification to its height.

It is rather early for the Honorable Francis to be at home and at his ease; but the fact is that he had played his two rubbers at the club and felt rather tired and aged, cover it up and mask it as one may, has a nasty, disagreeable knock of asserting itself at times, and the Honorable Francis feels sometimes that it is well to confine himself strictly to the two rubbers, and retire to his card-room gracefully, before his hand begins to shake and his eyes to grow dim.

Presently the servant, who knows all his master's secrets, comes in most noiselessly, and makes up the fire, giving the curtains an artistic touch as he passes, and adjusting the shade of the lamp more carefully, so that the light shall not fall into his master's well-preserved eyes.

"What sort of a night has it turned out?" asks the Honorable Francis in soft, languid tones.

"Bad, sir," replies the man.

"Ah," murmurs the Honorable Francis with that tone of enjoyment which agrees with the voice of a man who is well sheltered and remarkably comfortable, "we shall have some severe storms and wrecks, eh, Tevlet? Very disagreeable. I think I will have a cup of coffee."

The man bows and disappears, and the Honorable Francis sits and sips until the bewigged head begins to nod with the sleepiness of well-fed content.

Suddenly he rouses with a start. He has had a most unpleasant dream. He has dreamed the bills in the davenport are still unpaid—that he is hard up, and that creditors are pressing him, and that the old times have come back to him again, and that at the present moment a hard-riding and persistent dunning creditor is in the room.

So vivid is the dream that, after delicately and carefully rubbing his eyes, he turns and peers into the pleasant dimness behind the chair; and as he does so he starts, for there stands a figure silently regarding him, and a voice, low and with something awful in its tone, says:

"Father!"

"What? Who is it?" he falters. Then as the figure comes into the light and stands beside him, he leans forward with both hands on the chair, and exclaims, "Madge!"

Yes, it is Madge—Madge, with white hair and large and sorrowful—Madge, dressed in the plainest of dresses, without a single ornament to relieve it.

"Why—Madge," he repeats, rising rather feebly, for his dream and her sudden appearance have unnerved him.

"Why, my dear girl, how is this? Just as I write? I didn't expect you—didn't know. Where's Guy, eh?"

And he looks round the room with his languid smile.

A spasm seems to pass over the beautiful, white face at the sound of the familiar, well-loved name.

"He is not here," she says in a dull, lifeless voice.

"No, so I see. Where is he—at the club, I suppose."

Madge does not answer, but she sinks slowly into a chair, and with weary movements takes off her hat, and holds it in her lap. Her glorious hair is all tumbled and disarranged, but his sight is not keen enough in the dim light to see it, and he fidgets to and fro for a wine-glass.

Gone to the club, I suppose. Why didn't you tell me you were coming? Was it unexpected? Bless me! I was under the impression that the castle was filled with the horde. Where does that idiot of mine keep the glasses, I wonder? A little Johannesburg, my dear, dear Madge? My doctor is with the green seal, my dear York? I always obey my medical adviser, my dear Guy? If one does not, why call him in? And you and Guy have come up to town. What is it, just a runaway visit, or are you going to stay? I thought the house in the square was being done up."

[To be Continued.]

ENGLISH SURGEON FIXED UP KAISER

But Owing to German Jealousy Was Smuggled Into the Royal Palace.

Berlin, Feb. 18.—The fact that the insignia of the royal order of the crown have been conferred upon Mr. Charles A. Ballance, the famous English surgeon and ear specialist, has confirmed the rumor which was current here some time ago that the Kaiser was in poor health, but which was at the time officially denied.

It is now admitted that a few weeks ago the deafness with which the Kaiser has long suffered took a very acute form and Dr. Ballance was summoned to the palace to perform an operation, which was a pronounced success and which will probably result in an absolute cure.

Partly because of the jealousy of Berlin surgeons and partly because it was not thought wise to make public the fact that the Kaiser's deafness had developed the English surgeon was smuggled into the palace with the utmost secrecy and when a paper nevertheless found out it was official, in which the shining lights of his narrow little world are broadly lauded, or delicately libeled, in short paragraphs which did not task either the eyes or the brain.

There seems to be little doubt that the days of the aged emperor of Austria are numbered and that this Emperor of European monarchs will soon be laid to rest at the side of Empress Elizabeth.

The emperor's mind and will power are as strong as ever, and he is probably more firmly opposed to the demands of his Hungarian subjects, but his vitality is rapidly diminishing, and though he is not suffering from any definite disease his whole appearance is said by those who have seen him recently, to show that the end is approaching, and that Europe's most unhappy ruler will soon get the rest which life has always denied him.

Altogether, 1806 already promises to see the death of an unusual number of monarchs.

The King of Roumania is suffering from a hardening of the arteries, which may end fatally any day and which is absolutely incurable.

King Oscar of Sweden has grown perceptibly older since he lost the crown of Norway, and is in poor health. King Leopold, of Belgium, is suffering from a rheumatic affection of the heart, not to speak of King Peter of Serbia, who may die from fright at any moment, if, indeed the men who assassinated his predecessor allow him to remain alive till the end of the year.

A BIG BANK DEAL

European Bank Buys a Large Block of Stock in the Sovereign of Canada.

The importance of the sale of a large block of the stock of the Sovereign Bank of Canada to a large European bank is just beginning to dawn on the public.

In a circular received by the shareholders of the bank today, Mr. Duncan M. Stewart, the general manager, states that the stock has not been sold to a syndicate, as has been reported.

The bank purchases 15,626 shares at \$130, making a net cash investment of \$2,031,250. This is the largest investment ever made in a Canadian bank by foreign capitalists.

The fact that it will be a source of strength to the Sovereign Bank may be imagined from the fact that the European bank's total assets amount to over \$200,000,000.

The directors and general manager of the Sovereign Bank, in perfect justification, regard this as a great accomplishment, as no better evidence could be afforded of the stability and prosperity of the Sovereign Bank. A further mark of confidence is evidenced by the fact that the new stockholders do not even ask for representation on the board of directors. In fact, one of the directors of the bank stated today that this representation had been urged upon the leading interests of the purchasing bank, but they stated that they were entirely satisfied that the present board of directors and general managers should represent them.

The new stock will be offered to the present shareholders of the bank at the rate of one share for every two shares held on the date of allotment. This will make the paid-up capital \$4,000,000, of which two-thirds will be held in Canada.

This will make the Sovereign Bank of Canada the fourth largest chartered bank in the Dominion in point of capital.

The prosperity of the bank, and its ability to secure first-class business, is evidenced by the statement of Mr. Stewart, the general manager, that the Sovereign now has enough business in sight to employ the whole of the new capital to immediate advantage. This as fast as it is paid in.

It is well known that the Sovereign Bank's circulation has been up to the legal limit for some time, and the increased capital will give it an additional circulating power of \$3,750,000.

A meeting of the shareholders of the bank will be held in Toronto on March 1, to ratify the sale of stock to the European bank, and in his circular Mr. Stewart states that the directors have heard from enough shareholders to approve the transaction by a very large majority.

He states, however, that the bank is anxious to accomplish something more than this, and hopes to have the shareholders approve it unanimously.

This would be a very desirable achievement, as it would show to the world that Canadians are always ready and willing to welcome the investment of large sums of money in this country, and the opportunity for the shareholders of the Sovereign Bank to lead the vanguard in this respect is one that they are not likely to allow to slip by.

Anthony de Rothschild, youngest son of Leopold de Rothschild, is head boy at Harrow School, England. This is the first time this distinction has fallen to a Jewish lad who has not conformed to the ordinary religious exercises of the school.

ANOTHER BARTON MURDER THEORY

The Detectives Now Think She May Have Been a Denver Young Woman.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Buffalo detectives today revived the theory that the young woman murdered at Barton, Ont., last October may have been Miss Pansy Lowthian of Denver, who roomed for a time in Morgan street, Buffalo, at the home of Mrs. Thomas Johnson.

This theory was temporarily exploded last November when it was reported that a girl who claimed to be Miss Lowthian was found alive and well in Rochester.

Mrs. Johnson, who claimed to have positively identified the dead woman in the Hamilton, Ont., morgue in November as Miss Lowthian still insists today that she did not err in her identification.

Acting on the belief that Mrs. Johnson may have been correct in stating that the victim was Miss Lowthian, Buffalo detectives today are inclined to believe that another woman may have been posing as Miss Lowthian in the issue of the murdered woman's comfortable maintenance of a month which came to the real Miss Lowthian every month from Denver.

Buffalo sleuths therefore will not be satisfied as to Miss Lowthian being dead until she proves her identity beyond all doubt. A picture of the murdered woman taken after death is not unlike Miss Lowthian, Mrs. Johnson says, while the description fits perfectly.

STOOD HIGH AT EXAMS

Diocesan Candidates Did Well—Miss Knott Gold Medalist.

At the Sunday school examination for the Diocese of Huron, the teachers, junior and senior pupils obtained a very high percentage. The subjects of examination were: The lesson taught from Holy Scripture taken from the Second Book of Kings and the Gospel according to St. John, the Church Catechism, the three Baptismal services and the Articles on Baptism.

Among those who wrote 12 teachers obtained first-class, standing and three second-class. Five pupils obtained first-class, six second-class and three third-class. Three junior pupils obtained first-class, three second-class and nine third-class. Miss E. A. Knott, teacher, St. Paul's Cathedral Sunday School, received the diocesan gold medal; Miss Mabel Luscombe, of the same Sunday school, won the senior pupil's silver medal. First, second and third class standing are indicated by the figure 1, 2, 3. The results:

St. Paul's Cathedral—Teachers—Miss E. A. Knott, 1; Miss Ena Blackburn, 1; Miss Bertha C. Graham, 1. Senior pupils—Mabel G. Luscombe, 1; Mary Threapleton, 1; Ina Blackburn, 1; Lotie de Kincald, 1. Junior pupils—Hugh Dann, 2; Helen Bayly, 3; Arthur Kingsmill, 3; Fred Kingsmill, 3; Douglas Blandford, 3.

St. John the Evangelist, London—Teacher—Miss E. J. Fox, 1. Christ Church, London—Teachers—Miss Ida Drake, 1; Miss Bobbie French, 1; Miss Kate Fitzgerald, 1. Senior pupils—Jack McElheran, 2; Geo. Long, 3. Junior pupils—Gertie Greenwood, 3; Florence McRea, 3.

St. Matthew's London—Junior pupils—Benjamin Moulton, 2; Harold Isaac, 2; William Moulton, 3; Jean Isaac, 2.

Christ Church, Port Stanley—Teachers—Miss Nettie Berry, 1; Miss Gladys Berry, 2; Miss Frances Loney, 2. Senior pupils—Bessie Harding, 2; Dermot Loney, 2; Bessie Wright, 3.

St. John's Church, Port Rowan—Teacher—Henry A. Harding, 1. Senior pupils—Georgina Thompson, 3. Junior pupils—Dorothy Bray, 1; Harold Bray, 1.

St. John's Church, Leamington—Teacher—Miss Ethel Hillman, 1. Junior pupil—Wilbert Lendon, 1.

St. John's Church, Ayr—Teacher—Miss Myrtle Macaulay, 1. St. Matthew's Church, Frence—Teacher—Daniel Buchanan, 2. Junior pupil—Martha Coombs, 2.

Trinity Church, Zorra—Teacher—R. Brandt, 1.

Christ Church, Huntingford—Teacher—Rev. W. Johnson, 1. Senior pupil—Harold Johnson, 2. Junior pupil—Mona Johnson, 1.

St. James' Church, Stratford—Senior pupils—Mabel Money, 2; Beatrice Ethington, 3.

Trinity Church, Galt—Senior pupil—William Birks, 1.

All who obtained first-class are awarded certificates and prize books, and all who obtained second-class and third-class are awarded certificates.

Benefits Both.

London, Feb. 18.—Referring to the international exchange of officers, the Broad Arrow says: "A great thing to remember is that a colonial officer can learn much from the military training of a British officer, and that a British officer can learn much from the practical training of a colonial officer. Given the same intellectual training as a British officer, the colonial will always have the advantage of practical knowledge which is learned on the frontier. A striking instance of this is Sir L. Girdwood, who turned to good account his South African and Canadian experience in railway building there."

They Know It.

Thousands of people throughout the country know that the ordinary remedies for piles—ointments, suppositories and appliances—will not cure. The best of them only bring passing relief.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally that removes the cause of piles, hence the cure is permanent. Every package sold carries a guarantee with it.

It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate constitution. A month's treatment in each package. Sold at \$1.00. At any drug store, or The Wilson-Frye Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.



SPRING DRESS BEAUTIES

Newest and Best Goods for the Least Money.

We've hit the nail on the head this season. Customers say our showing of Spring Dress Materials is unequalled elsewhere. Certainly everything is turning out as we expected, and fully as attractive as we bargained for. It will pay all who are more particular about the style and appearance of their dresses than what they cost to examine our display. We show the style and save you money, too. Goods sold here at 50c yard would be marked 75c elsewhere. Examine and prove it.

Our New Spring Tweeds Are Here.

We show a large variety of Spring Tweeds. Beautiful shades of light, medium and dark grays, 56 inches wide and all-wool. Our low price..... **\$1.00**

New Cream Suitings, in plain and some with a slight mixture of blue and green. Very stylish goods, and our low price is only..... **85c**

All-Wool Panama Suitings in navy, brown, green and black. Correct for coats and skirts. Will not catch the dust. Special at the yard..... **75c**

Shepherd's Checks are bound to be very popular. We show them in black and white, blue and white, brown and white, with embroidered polka dots. Splendid value and very pretty for Shirtwaist Suits. See them at our very low price, the yard..... **50c**

One table of about 100 pieces of Plain Colored Dress Goods, all this season's styles, comprising new shades in all-wool Amazons, Cashmeres, Lustres, Serges, Crepe de Chines and Roxana Crispine. Large variety of colors to choose from. Our special bargain for Tuesday. Your choice at only, the yard..... **50c**

Have you in mind a Tweed Suit? See our great values in 44-inch width. Best ever shown at the yard..... **50c**

Wool Delaines, beautiful patterns and superbly pretty for summer dresses, 32-inches wide. Per yard..... **50c**

New Melange Mohairs, in all the newest shades. Sure values at..... **50c, 75c and \$1.00**

GRAY & PARKER, 150 Dundas and Carling

The Watch-Dog in your Vest Pocket

YOU can buy Health Insurance now.

Several good "Accident" Companies sell it.

Sixty dollars per year will bring you \$25.00 per week, for every week you are Sick.

But, your time alone may be worth far more than that.

And \$200 per week might not pay for your suffering.

That's why "Cascalet" Insurance which prevents Sickness, is worth ten times as much money as other "Health" Insurance.

Yet "Cascalet Insurance" will cost you less than Ten Cents a week.

That gives you a "Vest Pocket" Box to carry constantly.

"Indigestion" means food eaten but only partially digested.

"Constipation" means food retained in the body undigested too long, till it decays. It then supplies the poisons of decay to the system, in place of the nourishment it might have supplied.

Isn't that a tremendous handicap worth insuring against?

What does it cost to Cure Constipation or Indigestion, with their train of small and great ills, and to insure against a return of them?

Not so very much.

One 10 cent box of Cascalets per week, at most, perhaps half that.

One candy tablet night and morning, taken regularly for a short time, is warranted to cure the worst case of Constipation or Indigestion that walks the earth.

One tablet taken whenever you suspect you need it will insure you against 90 per cent of all other ills likely to attack you.

Because 90 per cent of these ills begin

in the Bowels, or exist through poor Nutrition.

Cascalets don't purge, don't weaken, don't irritate, nor upset your stomach.

No,—they act like Exercise on the Bowels, instead.

They stimulate the Bowel-Muscles to contract and propel the Food naturally past the little valves that mix Digestive Juices with Food.

They strengthen these Bowel-Muscles by exercising them.

The Bowel-Muscles can thus, in a short time, dispense with any Drug assistance whatever.

The time to take a Cascalet is the very minute you suspect you need one.

—When your Tongue is coated a little.

—When your breath is not above suspicion.

—When your head feels dull, dizzy, or achy.

—When you have eaten too heartily, or too rapidly.

—When you have drunk more than was good for your digestion.

—When you have a touch of Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-rising-in-throat, or a Coming-on-Cold.