THE POET'S LEGACY

The house hid itself behind a high from the evil days that had Houses finer than it had long since been degraded to be the tenements of the poor, places of filth and squalor, where the powdered ladies and peri-wigged gentlemen had danced of nights, where the link boys had run hither and thither with their and the chairmen and had fought for precedence.

been a country-house in Even still it had not so big fever hospital ries was in the air; ochere was something more

room was to the front of not closely concern herself. interlaced themselves that the fever and entered there before the breath of breweries and tanneries There were always flowers at hardly seemed to notice that things ite illusion.

She still thought that she was a ooked upon her great-niece as a creaure whom she protected and patron-It never occurred to her that Cecilia was yet young, that the life the house could be dull to her. To another than Cecilia her exac

would have been monstrous ntice her in the squalid streets and the dirty people. When her father, Sir Archibald's, provision for her had Land League storm, she had been and soft-spoken looked at her with lark and threatening expressions. Her ather was gone; her brother had

ave become so unfriendly he was glad enough of the shelter ept the old lady's attitude of giving and receiving nothing. In a world vas the one thing of her kin left. All and food and wine on her table, nd children were swept away, there when she denounced her niece.

Lady Madge thought little of Ce- angel. had been summer lightnings. gentlemen and peasant poets had delicate, arched brows, the eyes that

er take you to be of my blood. The faithful eyes. ons were always fair and golden. re must be an ugly duckling in

ery family. was true that she had no conceit herself. No one had ever called her Of late years she had own none but old servants and sants whose ideal of beauty is ddy. She was resigned to her fate being unbeautiful. If she wanted nance, there was enough of it and Live within the sense they quicken. spare in the stories Lady Madge always ready to pour into her

Madge had a crony who was tent to spend a good many hours Love itself shall slumber on." De Moleyns had once been Lady ige's lover. He as well as she had rried; less fortunate than the lady smile dawning in her eyes. more faithful, he had secretly re tted his marriage, although had not been made unhappy by Moleyns, of Streamstown, Lady ge Chenevix was the one incomhim for a rake and a

splendor had departed from Mr. Humphrey, too, had fore him; but the dogs and horses ruined by the League. less, he used to say, since pre-Streamstown. His son Jasper had mantelpiece.



unbeaten, it was with only a siice of his patrimony between him and the

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comparison with her old friend. Lady Madge was rich. The charges on Streamstown had crippled it even in the days of its prosperity. Now they almost pushed its owner out of doors. He was a cheerful, benignant old man with a cheek like a robin's breast ous of these things. Every morn- and pretty manners. Often of late, as her great-niece, Cecilia, would he played at card games with his old friend, or listened and nodded ap- the mad poet's seditious essays had dress her and place her in front of preciately while she swept her harp not gone the way of morality. with a Cashmere shawl with her thin old fingers, a shadow knew where it lay in a chest lined about her shoulders and her vinaig- had fallen on his face, which dis- with sandalwood that bore a date of rette in her hand, before opening the be standing by. Lady Madge was tressed Cecilia when she happened to 1607. She had been minded to turn looked. The tall stack was still there if it was fine weather. Lady generally oblivious of things that did Madge's perishable fineries, but she

It had a long garden-front But usually Cecilia was at work in a row of poplars by the wall had so her garden, the garden that offered its bouquet of fragrance and color to be compared to Tom Moore and to Lady Madge while it kept the garpospital was quite hidden. The gar- dener in health. If it were not for den was full of wallflowers and vio- the garden, Cecilia must have withmold was sweet. Sometimes an air blew into it from the mountains. The blue sky and the stars were above it, Lady Madge's elbow. The old lady the trees in the lane made an exquisand moonlight; or a gas lamp amid

The garden made the girl's cheeks had been changed in those latter sad so firm, if they were pale. The garden at times blew vagrant roses into her cheeks. It gave her sweet hungreat lady, dispensing favors. She ger for her meals and refreshing sleep till his death. A touch of ague-he Often enough there was and calm. pressed them hard; but the hours in the open air, the witness that the earth and the air, the birds and the flowers, the miraculously recurring trees and grasses, bore to the omnipotence of God made her tranquil. The girl hardly ever left the precincts There were moments when Lady the house. There was nothing to Madge, who was carefully guarded from all trouble, called her great-

niece insensible. "A careless hussy," she called her, without stinting her phrases, to her failed, had been swept away in the old friend and crony. This was when she discovered that something or very glad to fly to Lady Madge. Her world had not treated her very well. other had disappeared—her Mechlin lappets, Sir Jocelyn's punch bowl that was 200 years old, her seedthe middle, the very last half dozen of silver spoons, dating from William secret, I shall not tell here.

and Mary. It was not often that she remembeen killed in a hunting accident. If bered to ask for things. Her memory had lived her world would never was not what it had been, and the rey, wrapped in great coats, in a man, who claimed to be Mr. Humrooms she occupied were so crowded with Lady Madge-quite ready to ac- marvel if anything could be missed. without love she could no more have beyond those used by Lady Madge. years. ropped out of the sky. Lady Madge keep a roof over Lady Madge's head Humphrey's ague should need change per's widow and Jasper's child to So let her heart, on Thee at rest, one on living than if the sun had One by one the things had gone to he tendrils of her warm young heart preserve her old age its peace and reout and clasped the old life to finement. The crony knew, and would house that stood high and dry and with a silent and passionate devo-Lady Madge had been spoilt all lay his old hand, knotted and stain- looked away to the mountains, what- tion, had only yielded up the secret Her every wish fulfill; When lovers and husband ed, upon the lady's little ivory claw ever else its disadvantages? His vas still a couple of old servants to own hours of peace and comfort were teep up the old intimate and tender just those he spent with his old nal chatmer before Cecilia asked her- had been old but Cecilia, old

omage. Presently, too, there was friend. At Streamtown the wolf Cecilia, and Cecilia was a ready lov- grinned in the doorway. To the old those other two helpless old lives mountain-tops. His putative father Ah, hold her by the hand, ilia's looks. She, in her youth, had About Lady Madge's neck there bare little room. Through the open had made him rich and reared him as been washed in May dew till she had hung always a long chain holding a window there came the murmur een like a May flower. Her hair had miniature of herself set with pearls. voices from an adjoining room, where and surrounded his tender years with gossamer-fine and spun gold. Her It showed her as she had been at her the old lovers were talking. It was lessons of honor and honesty, the I can not pay my debt

ned their flatteries upon her. To looked and looked away, the soft, the butler's pantry below, where he Cecilia's clear, dark skin, as fine smiling lips, between bunches of was helping Phelimy to clean the was to pay off the charges on brilliant in texture as the petals curls and gave a nun-like shadow to plate. a May lily, the beautiful model- the face. A gauze scarf floated back ing of her face, the cloudy hair, the light, tall figure, the velvety, arshort-sighted eyes spelt plain- waisted. Lady Madge looked in When mirrors in these latter days. she would see herself she looked at

"You remember, my friend," Lady Madge would say to the crony, "that And over and over again Cecilia Madge would say to the crony, "that at replied, with gentle humor, that it was so the mad poet sung to me. They say he became of considerable notoriety in England afterward. was a pretty thing he wrote for me. Then she would draw her harp to her and sing:

> "Music when soft voices die Vibrates in the memory: Odors when sweet violets sicken

"Rose leaves when the rose is dead Are heaped for the beloved's bed; ortunately for the girl's health, And so thy thoughts when thou art

She would let her hands drop from the instrument with a conquering

"He was a pretty fellow, De Molshe would say, "and ye were all wild because I played at revoluovering the fact. To Humphrey tion with him. It cost me a year of Sir Denis' friendship; but we made it What was a mad poet, with a able woman as she had been when face like a lady's, to a man with been Madge Dillon and had the beautifully turned calf that bad Denis had on him till the day he died? And six-foot-two in his stockings! Dear me, he was a man! When he amstown as it had from the fell to cursing, the grooms fled be-

It mat- adored him." She would nod her smiling old head ly there would be no De Moleyns at the portrait of Sir Denis above the Looking at his red, Australian goldfields, furious face, one could imagine her he had gone some time in the he would roar like a bull of Bashan. ies in search for gold. It was af- Below the portrait hung a minia that that the seas had gone over old man's head. When he emerged last, buffeted and blind, but yet hung there in Sir Denis' time. The

said, drooping, delicate, oval, with full-lidded eyes, a long, straight nose, lips like a Cupid's bow, but a domelike forehead amid masses of curls.

"You played at revolution with him -yes," the crony would say, "be cause you knew that in your gown of white poplin embroidered with silver shamrocks none could resist you. You remember the balcony in Sackville street, whence he flung his seditious pamphlets, and you kept handing him others as those were scattered?

"I remember. Somewhere, unless that minx, Cecilia, has rid me them, as she has rid me of better things, should be a stack of his rub-I will say for him that he lashed Castiereagh with his tongue; A pretty fellow-a pretty fellow; but take shame to myself for the part I played. He had more than one showed myself with him only to madden my lovers." "Beauty like yours could

wrong," the old lover would say. Cecilia had heard the tale, and many another such, smiling absently to herself about them. The stack of She had spared them for the sake of the poet who had written beautiful things, as even she knew, yet nothing his melodies.

It was true that both Lady Madge and Mr. Humphrey De Moleyns had lets hollyhocks, sweet peas, carna- ered in the dim house, amid the old lived too long. A day came when Mr. tions, in their season. Their scents sprang incessantly. The birds sang there, the smell of the freshly turned last, she was aware that Death's lean sion of thanksgiving she pressed her fingers were knocking at her door. lips on "An Address to the Irish Cecilia must go at once to Streamstown to inquire.

Cecilia went, as fast as trains could carry her. She found Mr. Humphrey in his dressing-gown, shivering over a handful of embers, a bowl of at night. It made her thought quiet weed away the talk of his illness; he would be himself again presently cause for disquietude when poverty and would be at Lady Madge's and Miss Cecifia's service.

> Old Terence, Mr. Humphrey's man drew Cecilia aside as she would have left the house and whispered a word in her ear. The man was as pinched as his master. "I would die here and be eaten by

pride," Cecilia's eyes dilated in a whiten-

"Be ready to leave this house in quarter of an hour," she said, and flew back to the invalid's side.

By what tender artifice she per-The people who had been courteous pearl brooch, with the amethyst and suaded him, while leaving him in ig- ished with those old people, for, some up with bric-a-bric that one might on the box, driving away to the lit- rey had no sooner laid eyes on him Only the crony and the old servants city where Lady Madge Chenevix was that he was Jasper come alive again. knew how very bare the rooms were intrenched against the passage of So that there was no need of proof

Mr. Humphrey was comfortably fed and seated tete-a-tete with his eter- the house where hitherto every one self how she was going to provide for quiet, like a great wind from the man Cecilia showed like a guardian that had suddenly been placed on her had done him no more injustice after hands. She stood in thought in her he had robbed him of his kin, loveliest—the delicious color, the thin crossed by Terence's cracked voice more scrupulously, perhaps, because delicate, arched brows, the eyes that singing "The Bench of Rushes" from he felt that he had failed in both.

> She rememberered the beatitude peace on Mr. Humphrey's face as she His next was to restore the glories

"It was lonely at Streamstown, he had said to her, "with only Ter-ence and myself and the ghosts and at his beck and call as hitherto she ver and over again. "No one would the miniature or at her old lover's the house fallen in ruins. If but my boy Jasper had lived or had left

> "You are not going back there any more," said Cecilia, with tender, quick peremptoriness. "I take blame

to myself that' I left you so long." They were talking now of her and now and again her own name floated to her in Mr. Humphrey's voice. It was a grievance of Mr. Humphrey youth and joy into her face. that his son Jasper had not lived

and had a son to marry Cecilia. She stood a few minutes thinking, brows. Then she noticed a newspa-per at her feet. It belonged to Mr. Humphrey. Some one whom he had

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wife, in the truth were told; and I Streamstown yet sent him the Morning Post. She picked it up and smoothed it out with mechanical tidiness, shaking it daintily free of the dust it had not contracted on her white floor. Her eye rested on a paragraph; read it would comprehension, read it again comprehending. It was an account of a sale at Sotheby's. Then she flew to the oak chest where the mad poet's seditious pamphlets had lain so long, lifted it, and undisturbed. A light dust lay on the topmost title page.

She had heard of bookworms and such creatures. In the ancient unussuch creatures. In the ancient unused libraries of the Irish countryhouses it was common enough find a book riddled by their devasta- Fair as the morning, sweet beyond tions. She lifted a pile of the pam-Thanks to the sandalwood People.

The treasure-trove did all but reduce its own value in the market. However, it brought a great price, its several parts finding their way to the libraries of American millionwhey at his elbow. He looked blue aires chief among the collectors. When and pinched, but greeted her with the the mad poet's "Address to the Irish gallant manner which should be his People," some hundreds of copies of it, had been sold, there was no more need for Cecilia to press her aching brows for a solution of the problem as to how she was to find bread for her helpless flock of old people. Why she and they were suddenly rich! Old Lady Madge, when her niece informed her of what she had done, took the transacation calmly. "The English are always mad," she said; "as mad as their poets. He was never comby the rats to save His Honor's parable to Tommy Moore-indeed, his he said. "I can't see him verses were poor things to my mind, except those he addressed to myself. His Mary was as mad as himself. His Harriet was a housemaid. As for his Emily * * * Pooh, he never loved but me!

However, the remance of Cecilia's life was not to be bound up and fin- Lord Jesus, thou hast known norance that she had discovered his two years after the "Address to the Her Irish people" had proved golden, quickened, ardent pulses had not had there appeared on the scene a certain time to resume their normal quiet Lawrence De Moleyns, a blue-eyed, beating before she had Mr. Humph- sunburnt, cheery giant of a young four-wheeler cab, and Terence seated phrey's grandson. And Mr. Humphtle house in the poor quarter of the than he fell into his arms, declaring of identity, and that was as well, What more natural than that Mr. since the digger who had taken Jasto from Streamstown, in its rivered val- his own hut and had kept them in a ley swathed in trees, to the little jealous secrecy and worked for them

on his deathbed. Anyhow, the young man came into of a gentleman and sent him to college

One of Mr. Lawrence's first actions Streamstown and hand it back to Mr. Humphrey, free and unburdened. of the old mansion, and this occupied him all one long, happy winter, during which Cecilia must be as much had been at the old people's. And it a was surprising how patient the old people were about it, even the exacting Lady Madge forbearing to grum-

through which she drove, wrapped warmly in rugs of regal fur, by the side of Lawrence De Moleyns, seemed

And when the house was finished even to the last detail, and at last to tea. During the years he was the old people were driven, on a soft, with her hands pressed against her spring-like day, to behold it, Law-question he incidentally built up the rence De Moleyns lifted Cecilia across Salada Company, of which he is the the threshold.

entertained in old plentiful days at the house," he said to the surprised other one firm. and beaming old couple, "and she only waits your blessings to fix our marriage day But he would not hear of their re-

turning to the old house amid the Streamstown, opened to the Chinese and Japanese products. cleared of some of its eneroaching centuries of woodland, was have only been introduced into Amanother place from the decaying house of memories it had been. To Lady Madge's new rooms had been conveyed surreptitiously so many of her treasures, some bought back, others, like Sir Denis' picture and the mad poet's, never far out of her sight, that she was heard to say the new home was more homelike than the

But it was Cecilia's tender thought

The Island of St. Christopher's

Oh, glad green valleys that no winter

whitens With blight or snow, Oh, flaming gradens where the wind that frightens Forgets to blow, What need have ye of poet's song or

What need of praise, To whom the sweet wind comes, forever bringing Immortal lays; Immortal murmurs of the soft sea's

longing, And, from the hills, The immortal laughter of the plam trees thronging About the rills?

comparing Thy fields of green; And sweet thy wandering meadows shoreward faring-Which no men glean:

the Wind is reaper; whence he bloweth No creature saith. Sower is he and Gatherer; where goeth

Is dim as Death. Lo! all thy days are lovely as flowers That take the sun: Fragrant with dew the long moonhaunted hours

Till night is done Let us shake off the dust of town and travel. Forget the toil. And seek no more strange problems

to unravel That fret and foil: Learn once again to wonder up Rejoice and be

Strong with the wind's sharp wine, the sun's sweet leaven, Glad with the sea! -By G. L. Lounsburg in Century.

A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday

A mother's love and tender care: and Thou wilt hear while for own Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray, Who gave the gift of life to me; And may she know, from day to day, The deepening glow of life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast Fearless and well content I lay, Feel fears depart and troubles fade

And even if Thou must refuse In anything, let Thy wise will A comfort bring such as kind moth-

As once her hand held mine! And though she may not understand Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine. For all the love that she has

But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not for-Her due reward-bless her in earth and heaven! -Henry Van Dyke.

"TEA KING" IS IN CHICAGO.

Ceylon and India Product Replacing China and Japan Leaves, Declares P. C. Larkin.

P. C. Larkin, of Toronto, the "Tea As for Cecilia, the winter wind King of America," arrived yesterday at the Auditorium Annex one one of his semi-annual tours of the United to blow the most exquisite roses of States. Mr. Larkin earned his title by making himself one of the highest authorities on all matters pertaining making himself an expert on the tea "It is the way for a bride to enter more of the fragrant leaves than any

In talking of trade conditions tween the United States and the Eastern tea producing countries, Mr. Larkin declared the time is not far distant when teas grown in Ceylon and India will take the place of the

"The teas from India and Cylor erica within the last few years," said, "but the rapidity of the growth of their use since has been so great that it is only a matter of time un til we must cease to import the Chinese and Japanese article." -From The Chicago Tribune.

TRIAL PROVES ITS EXCEL-LENCE.-The best testimonial one to give the old house and its garden can have of the virtue of Dr as a creche for the children of the Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatpoor, and the project had Lady ment of bodily pains, coughs, colds Madge's entire consent. In these latter days she can find no fault with gans, is a trial of it. If not found Cecilia, nor, for the matter of that, the sovereign remedy it is reputed to with Cecilia's husband or Cecilia's be, then it may be rejected as useless son.-Katherine Tynan in London and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

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