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Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand."

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"I did not think," she said naively to Lord Vivian, "that there were so many fine ladies in England. How beautiful they are! Oh, Vivian, when you lived amongst such as these, why did you come to Oakside to seek me?" There is not one amongst them to

the compared to you," he said, looking at the fair young face. "I am so proud of my wife. I know she will do credit to my choice.

He said the words partly to reassure her, for he saw the rose-leaf color coming and going. They stood at last In one of the ante-rooms, and there her grace of Roxminster was waiting for an introduction to them. Miss Leigh had known the duchess for some time. To Lady Selwyn she was a complete stranger. There had been one or two appointments made for an introduction, but her grace's engagements had prevented the keeping of them.

Remember, that Lady Violante had lived all her sweet, simple life at Oak-side, and that she know no more of da haute noblesse that she did of Greek. At Selwyn Castle their neighbors and guests had been people of simple habits. When she, Lady Violante Selwyn, stood face to face with the Duchess of Roxminster it was with difficulty she repressed the cry of asconishment that rose to her lips.

And old woman of sixty dressed like blushing girl of eighteen-excessively decollete; a diamond necklace round a thin, withered neck; a diamond bracelet round a shrunken arm; false hair, wreathed with jewels and plumes; false teeth gleaming white through the thin lips; painted cheeks and penciled eyebrows. Lady Violante involuntarily wondered what was false and what

An old woman of sixty, who had been beauty in her youth, and who could not endure to lay dawn her scepterwho laughed, flirted, talked and tried to blush, as though sixteen summers, and no more, had gone over her head. She was dressed with the utmost magnificence; and looked with something like envy at the fresh, delicate face of Lady Selwyn. Her grace was always envious of new beauties. The younger they were the less she liked them. To they were the less she liked them. To Beatrice Leigh's superb beauty she was accustomed, therefore indifferent, the spirituelle, graceful loveliness of Lady

She responded most graciously to the Introduction.

'You are younger than I expected." she said to Lady Violante. When I was younger, I took the lead amongst the blonde beauties—a place you will occupy now, I suppose. There are few blonde belies nowadays."

occupy," said Lady Violante, with a

"Ah, indeed," said her grace; ple habits, and all that kind of thing. I suppose; sorry I cannot sympathize with you. I like what is called 'life.'"

She shrugged the bare, lean shoulders, and looked at Miss Leigh for approval. Then they passed on with the crowd and Lady Violante's heart beat fast. On all sides they heard murmured remarks of admiration. A face like hers -bright, fresh and fair as a May morn-

ing, pure and sweet as an angel's-is Once she heard rather more than was

Intended for her. "I am told," said a lady whose name she did not know, "that Lady Selwyn As here today; that the Duchess of Roxminster is to present her."
"There she stands," repli replied her

friend, "by the pillar there, next to the duchess."

What! The one with the light hair, who looks so tired already?" "No," was the reply; "that magnifi-cent woman with the dark hair; the

one with the rubies and diamonds is DATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

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I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Her ring of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I pro-cured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was com-pletely cured I told him of the deception I had practised on him, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his I heartily advise all women flicted as I was to give your remedy a

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CONCOMMENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF her at the opera once-before they were "I thought the fair one with golden locas mardly suited to him, was the reply; and the speakers passed on, little thinking every word had been audible to Lady Selwyn.

"It was an assure mistake, of course, but it nort ner. Why should she not suit Lord Serwyn-way should they make sure that Miss Leigh was his

wire mad she not been a child, sensitive and loving, she would have laughed; as it was, the tears nifed her eyes.

"Lady Selwyn," said the duchess, what are you doing to your face? Is it possible there are tears in your eyesreal tears? Good heavens, what can you be thinking of? Surery you can never dream of going into her most gracious majesty's presence with red eyelids; such a thing never happened at court before.

The tragedy of her voice brought smiles to the trembling lips.

"If there are tears in my eyes," she said spiritedly, "they must be of utter weariness. I never dreamed of such a crowd and such a struggle as this."
"Probably not," said her grace complacently. "There has never been a
sovereign so much loved as our queen.

No one misses the opportunity of seeing her who can possibly help it.' But those few words lingered in Lady Violante's mind. All the gay pageant was as nothing to her. Why did those strangers think Beatrice more suitable to Lord Vivian than herself?

She did not hear the murmurs of admiration that greeted her. She stood in the midst of that crowd like a white filly, with the sun shining upon it, forgetting her own share altogether

'Now, Lady Selwyn," said the sharp, clear voice of the duchess, "it is our turn.'

She was suddenly aroused from her train of thought, and felt confused and embarrassed. All her old fears returned; the train, the entrance into the royal presence, the kissing of the royal hand—how should she possibly

get through it?

"Beatrice," she whispered to Miss
Leigh, who was smiling maliciously at
her evident confusion; "Beatrice, do
you think I shall make any mistake?" It must have been a hard heart that

could resist that lovely, pleading face. Beatrice Leigh was hard-colder than a stone. A mistake that would have covered Lady Selwyn with ridicule would have delighted her. "Most probably you will," she re-plied carelessly. "Strangers to this

kind of thing often do."

spirituelle, graceful loveliness of Lady the royal presence confused, embarrass-The best remark one could make on the subject of her presentation was, that it was not a success. In after

years her face burned to remember .it; and the worst of it was, she knew that her failure was related to Lord Vivian with maticious detail. "It is a place I should not care to Selwyn, that you would have been so

awkward," said the duchess, when they stood together waiting for the carriage. "You seemed to lose your senses alto-gether. Do you know you hardly re-plied when her Majesty made that

kind remark to you."
"I was frightened," said the young girl. "I tried to remember all that I had been told, but it died out of my mind."

"Leaving you plante la," interrupted her grace. "I am not afraid," said Lady Violante. "They would see I was fright-

ened. 'Ah, yes, ma chere," interrupted the duchess again; "but women of the world know no such fear."

An almost passionate cry rose to her lips-a wish that she had never undertaken to be that which she dreaded

most of all-a woman of the world. She saw by her husband's face that he knew she had failed. It was darker and more stern than she had ever seen it before. He made no remark. almost wished that he would have done so; but oftener than ever he wished that Violante could be more like

Beatrice Leigh. "It is my own fault," said Lady Vilante to herself, as she walked alone through the long, dimly-lighted conservatory. "I knew that my world and his were different; that I could never be all his wife ought to be, and I should not have married him; it is

my own fault." It was the evening of the day of the Drawing-room. Miss Leigh had gone to a grand ball-Mrs. Selwyn and Lord Vivian to a dinner. She should have accompanied them, but prayed to be excused; the excitement of the morning had given her a headache, she wanted to be alone. So she wandered up and down amongst the fragrant blossoms, longing for sympathy and for human companionship: longing, above all, for the touch of her little child's hand, and the sound of his voice. She felt unutterably lonely and sorrowful. She felt an apprehension, a foreboding for the future, that she could not account for. One by one, all the arguments she had used to Lord Vivian to dissuade him from wishing to marry her returned to her

with double force. Were all her fears coming truewould Lord Vivian tire of her? She felt hopeless of ever changing. There are not many people in the world who think too little of themselves, but certainly Lady Violante was one of them. She had tried her best, and yet, up to this time, she could not help thinking her married life was a failure. She had so often seen her husband anxious for her; she looked round on the fragrant flowers, and asked herself, with

"How will it all end?" [To be Continued.]

The Living Age announces a four part story called "Misunderstandings." translated from the French of Madame Blanc, to begin in the number for March 3. The "misunderstandings" referred to arise from the free and unconventional conduct of an American girl in Paris, and the story is, in ef-fect, a new "Dalsy Miller" from the Parisian point of view. Sir Walter Be-sant comes to the defense of Mr. Kipling from the furious assault fately made upon him by Robert Buchanan, in an article entitled, "Is It the Voice

of the Hooligan?" which the Living Age for Feb. 17 reprints from the Con-

A WAR DICTIONARY

Words You See Daily in the Telegrams

The following list will be found useful by readers of the war news. The pronunciation of the more difficult words is given:

Aapies River (Arpies)-Runs through Pretoria into the Limpopo.

Afrikander—A white man born in South Africa of European stock.

Berg-A mountain.

Bethulie (Bethooly)-Town in the Orange Free State. Biltong - Beer provender. Dried meat.

Boer-A peasant * Burgher-Males over 16 years old ossessing the franchise Commandant-Commander. Commando-A body of Boers. Commandeer-To mobilize; to re-

Dam—An artificial lake.

Disselboom—Pole of an ox wagon.

Donga—A water hole or deep ditch. Dopper—The Puritanical-Lutheren

Dorp-A village. Drift-A ford.

Etshowe (Etsh-owy)-Camp in Zululand. Residence of commissioner. Field Cornet-Magistrate with cer-

Fontein-A spring. Gaberones (Gab-ber-cons)-very important native town, 90 miles north of Mafeking.

Geldenhuis (Geld-den-hise)-Formerly member of the volksraad for Johannesburg. Griqualand West (Greek-a-land)-

District of Kimberley diamond mines. Kantoor (Kantore)—Rocky mining valley near Barberton, in Transvaal. Klip-A stone. Kloof-A ravine.

Komati Poort (Ko-marty-poort)-Border town, Transvaal and Portuguese territory. Kopje—A hillock, Kraal—A cattle pound or collection

of native huts. Krantz-A cleft between the hills. Laager—A Boer camp.
Méalies—Indian corn; staple food of natives, and much grown and used by the Boers for bread, etc.

Nek-The saddle connecting two hills. Oorlog-War. Palapswe (Pal-larp-sway) — Very large native town in Bechuanaland, Chief Khama's headquarters.

Pan-A sheet of water. Pont-A ferry. Poort-A pass between or over the

Ramathiabama (Ray-math-layharmer)-Near Mafeking; British Rooinek-Literally red neck, Boer term for English soldiers.

Schuin's Toogte (skeins-hoog-tay)— Hill in Natal; just over the Transvaal border. Battle in war of 1881. Sluit-A dry ditch. Spruit-A small stream. Taal-Boer low-Dutch language

Trek—Traveling by ox wagon. Uitlander—A non-burgher of the

Veldt—The South African prairie. Veldt Cornet—See field cornet. Vereeniging (Fur-eeny-ging)—First station on the Transvaal side of the Vaal River. Custom house. Vierkleur—The four-cornered Boer flag, red, white blue and green.

Viel-A small lake. Voorloomer-The old generation of Boers who took part in the great trek

Zarp-A Boer policeman. Zoutspansberg (Zoot-pans-berg)-Very large northern district of Trans-Highly mineralized.—London

000000000000000 Boys and Girls. 0000000000000000

The Last Romance of Christmas [By T. Dwight Hunt.]

After being humbled in the public manner which formed the closing scene of this miserable affair with the speckled pullet, it was only natural tnat Christmas sought seclusion. He spent many days wandering alone in the fields, devoting himself solely to the gratification of his amazing appe-He refused absolutely to associate again with creatures so ill-bred and stupid as chickens, and took to roosting in the branches of a big cottonweed rather than to sleep in his former safer place, the chickenhouse. Indeed, he followed this course to such an extreme that he actually went thirsty all day several times, watching his opportunity to steal down to the spring alone; while on no less than four occasions it was known that he had stalked scornfully out of the hayyard, merely on the entrance of some half-grown chicks-and that, before he had swallowed his seven-hundredth wheat kernel. At any rate, this is what the cook said, and no one questioned him: for who, in fact, would dare question the cook's word way out

on a Colorado ranch? Now, as everybody knows, unless one is a born hermit this kind of life is sure to result in a reaction. Christmas was certainly never destined to become a hermit. Not even many thousand-kernel or grashopper dinners could fully make up for the loss of fellowship. Besides, hermits nowadays are either such ugly people, or so stupid that they are ashamed to associate with their fellows. Christmas (in his own opinion) was far from besince his back feathers had grown out enough to again flash bronze in sun, his appearance had become fairly respectable. That is, of course, if he always took care to stand sidewise before an observer; otherwise, one saw only those two wretched tail feath-

So it chanced early one morning, after ten days of this life, that as he was crossing the corral a sudden temptation assalled him. It was an old weakness-part of the life he supposed he had turned his back upon forever. For just above him, upon the dove-cot roof, sat the prettiest little dove that ever graced the ranch, so young, and pure white. Now

Dear Sirs,-1 have been a great suffer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARDS LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribe my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your

medicine. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

WE HAT THE BOOK IN THE

Christmas, with all his late resolu-tions, was only—turkey. Furthermore, this gentle creature was not a chicken, and he could see that she was observ-ing him closely—not with a look of idle curiosity, but innocent admira-tion. He stole a quiet glance around. There was no one else about. The cook had only just started the fire, and the despised chickens were still shut up. Forth, then, he puffed his feathers, drew back his head, spread

the remanants of his tail, and with imposing strides struck the ground with his wings.

The effect was immediate, gratifying. The little dove opened wide her pretty eyes, and followed his every move with unconcealed delight.
Round and round the cot in stately
circles Christmas strode, nor stopped
until he saw the ecok coming in to
let the chickens out. Then with a
final grand salute, he swept out into the fields, triumphant, and fired with

Early the next morning he repeated the performance. And the next-and the next; always shrewdly making his last flourish before the chickenhouse door was opened. On almost every occasion his vanity was gratified by finding the little white dove waiting, apparently, for his appearance. While day by day he could not be mistaken in the signs—she seemed to take a livelier interest in him. And when one morning she actually breathed a soft little coo, he felt happly enough almost to forgive the speckled pullet. Certain it is, he blessed the night he took to roosting in the cot-tonwood-though, alas, what that step would cost him, he little dream-

It takes some people from three months to a year to get over a disappointment; while others pass a lifetime, and never do. With Christmas, ten days were enough. Of course, he did not acknowledge to himself at first just what this new-born feeling towards the white dove meant. He could not, in view of his late humiliation. Nevertheless, there was no mistaking the symptoms. Nor did those signs go unnoticed by others for whom they were not intended. For in a well-inhabited dove-cote, it was impossible that there could be only one witness to these sunrise saluta-tions. A certain big red pigeon had observed it all. He was young and very handsome. Furthermore, he lov-ed the little white dove. He had not told her so, 'tis true-for those who love longest are often slowest to profess it. But he had watched her jealously from her dovelet days; he had guided her to the best pickings in the stubble-fields; and it was he who had fluttered daringly in front of "Aguinaldo," when that black and wicked cat was once on the point of springing on the little dove before she could fly well-an act which had di-

verted Aguinaldo's attention just long enough to save her life. It was the pigeon, then that had watched Christmas' doings from the start. At first they had only amused him. But as soon as he became aware that all those attentions were being paid solely to the little white dove, and that she seemed inclined to en-courage them, he grew serious. And on the morning when she actually gave vent to her feelings in a coo, he telt that some action must be taken without delay. He was standing on the dove-cot roof at the time, and the white dove was sitting below on the door-perch. He called softly to hersofter than he ever had before, and his coos were always gentle. But she did not answer. He called again, with his whole heart in his tone and look. Still she sat with her eyes fixed on Christmas. Then he dropped to the perch beside her. "Let us fly to the fields," he cooed; "I love you!" But for answer she only tossed her pretty head, then coyly flew upon the roof. At which Christmas, whose little eyes had noted all, gobbled in hoarse delight; and ignoring the fact that the

chickens were already out, redoubled It was too cruel, too undeserved: and spurning further humiliation at the hands of a rival so rude, the red pigeon circled up and away, casting one quick look of reproach at his love

in his flight.

Now the heart of the little white dove was in reality warm and true. But never before had so much attention been shown her. It had quite turned her young head for the ment. That look, however, which the red pigeon gave her in passing, went home. In a flash all his gallant deeds swept before her-and those last words of his! She watched him a moment in his swift, graceful flight; then looked down again at Christmas—just in time, indeed to see him peck a poor little chick which chanced to his path. How could she ever have given him a second's notice!

those coarse. red wattles! and the two tattered tail feathers! When Christmas looked up she was gone. In his exultation he had not even observed which way she had flown, so did not know that she had followed straight in the path of the red pigeon. But not in the least baffled by her sudden disappearance, he strode grandly away into the stack-yard, to celebrate his supposed triumph in feasting. Indeed, so high were his spirits, that after finishing a breakfast of twelve hundred kernels of wheat, he at once started in on another; and instead of stalking acornfully out on the approach of a chicken, attacked one and all so fiercely that soon not even the roosters dared venture near. There he remained until late afternoon, gorging and strutting by turns; and have continued so till dark, had not the drops from certain low black clouds, which had been creeping steadily down from the north, begun to fall. He lingered then until the first warning patter had broken into a fitful downpour; taking no heed how all the chickens and other creatures

had sought quick shelter. The truth is, Christmas was stuffed so full that he could scarcely walk, much less notice things clearly. Other wise he would never have loitered so long with such an ominous gloom settling around. At last he staggered away towards his tree, which stood some distance up the gulch above the corral. Three times he fell heavily to the ground before he succeeded gaining one of the lower limbs. Then without attempting to reach his usual place, he setttled stupidly where he had chanced to light-a branch extending well out over the little creek

flowing below.

Soon a vivid flash lit up every bush and cranny throughout the ravine; a crash of thunder followed. Then another flash, and another thunder peal. And it rained as it only can rain sometimes in Colorado. In fifteen minutes Christmas was wet to the skin. In the same length of time the creek had swollen from a tiny streamlet into a little river, which foamed and boiled along in its nar-

row bed. The cold somewhat aroused Christmas. He craned his neck about, and blinked his eyes. Where was he? What had happened? Ah, yes—the wheat, and the little dove, and—there was a sudden, blinding flash, a crash loud as a hundred cannon all together, a burning shock, and Christmas fell from his perch like a stone. The surgly down the gulch, through the wires

of a worked the Ale

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of one fence, between the boards of the corrat, and on into the dam | Dr. T. Felix Gourands Oriental Cream where the stock watered-now a po Here in an eddy he whirled one giddy moment. The lightning flashed again; and in that instant he half opened his eyes. The dove-cot stood out clear against the sky, and in plain sight in the sheltered door-way nestled a small white object-his little dove, waiting! He did not see the larger, darker form behind; it was but a second's glimpse at most, and it was well. He closed his eyes again. Never would he wake to another disappointment! The flood swept him on. And far below upon a bar of sand at dawn, a lost young prairie-wolf, cold

and hungry, found his breakfast. All day long the pigeons soar, wheel and tumble in mid-air; or sit in cooing groups upon the dove-cot roof. red father of a pair of downy dove-But happiest among them is the big While next, perhaps, is a little pure-white dove, mother of that pair. And this is the song she some-times coos—if, perchance, her brave red mate be not too near:

Hush-a-bye, my dovies, Papa soon will come!
There was once a turkey gobbler,
both great and grand; Who could strut about and eat, as no other in the land.

But Cupid's fiery dart, it pierced his lordly heart—
Alas, he fell in love with just a little And-hark!-you must not ask me now-for Hush-a-bye, my dovies,

A YOUNG GIRL'S DANGER

-The Interior.

Papa soon will come!

How She Overcame It and Baffled Her Tormentor.

Toronto, March 17 .- Miss Ida Hobkirk, of 184 Harbord street, this city, is a young lady who is exceedingly popular with a very extensive circle of friends, all of whom are rejoicing over her recent escape from a terrible danger. The story of her experience is deeply interesting, told in her own straightforward way:

Here is her narrative: "In 1896 I ook a position in a down-town store. My work was not unusually hard, but I soon found I could not stand it, and my health failed. I grew very thin, had splitting headaches continually, dizzy spells, and extreme weakness. My tongue was thickly furred, harsh and dry, every morning, and I arose tired and aching. I was dull and low-

spirited all the time.
"My sister had used Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills with remarkable benefit, and I also began to take them. I candidly state that improvement began almost immediately. Daily I mended, till today I am in better health, and much stronger than I have been for years. To Dr. Arnold's En-glish Toxin Pills, and to them alone, the credit was due."

Every girl and woman who suffers as Miss Hobkirk did, should use Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills. They, will give new life and health. Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists, at 75c a box; sample box 25c, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by the Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King street west Toronto.

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dmiler name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous ha without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 27 Great Jones

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