

Burns

Burns are very painful and dangerous, and if not treated promptly and properly, are in danger of poisoning. They will also leave disfiguring scars if not guarded against.

Vaseline Petroleum Jelly

is a dependable remedy which gives quick relief to the burned skin, stops the pain, and keeps out the air, allowing the tissue to heal properly.

It is also valuable in the treatment of wounds, sprains, skin diseases, chilblains, etc., and, taken internally, for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. It should be always on hand—in every house and on every vessel—for emergencies.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.

Cheesebrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.
W. G. M. Shephard, Distributor,
137 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XI.
HUMANITY.

Jeanne leans forward until her head rests against his heart.

"Because—because," she says, softly, "we shall always be together, like poor people, and you will not learn to forget me; because I shall be company for you while you work, and you will need me, and be glad of me ever so much more than if you were rich."

"Yes, I am glad you are poor!"

"He does not speak, but he passes his hand over the golden head that lies against his heart.

"And you will never be sorry, darling?" he says, "and never look back and think what might have been if I had found my queen, and laid a title and his money at her feet?"

"No!" she says, "I know my Jeanne—my Jeanne!"

"Then they go slowly back—very slowly, in silence.

Just as they are in sight of the house, Aunt Jane's slovenly figure, covered by its cooking apron, appears in a doorway, and without a word Jeanne slips from his arm and vanishes.

Vernon Vane emits his short laugh and makes for the foe.

"Good-morning, Mr. Vane," says Aunt Jane, holding out a floury hand and withdrawing it with a laugh. "Wasn't that Jeanne with you?"

"Yes," says Vane, with a smile. "May I come in?" and he follows her into the kitchen.

"You'll get all over flour," she says, as he sits himself upon a broad table and looks at her with a quiet smile on his handsome face. "Do you want to peer into the mysteries of puff-paste? Where is Jeanne?"

"Jeanne has fled," he says.

"Fled?" echoes Aunt Jane; then she looks up, struck by the way in which he says "Jeanne," and half reads the story in his eyes.

"Oh, what is it?" she says.

"Will you give her to me?" he asks, very gently. "I love her with all my heart."

Of course, Aunt Jane sinks into a chair, and, equally, of course, having gained her breath, she cries.

"Jeanne is a child!" she says, at last. "And—oh, I can't believe it! She doesn't know what love means."

"Not till last night," he murmurs almost to himself. "You see," he goes on, "I came to you first, and you shall go with me to Uncle John. Don't refuse her to me, Mrs. Dostrell; she breaks off, with a sudden, sharp earnestness that terrifies Aunt Jane into tears again.

"No—no!" she says; "but if she is willing, and you think—"

"I think so," he says, with a deep light in his eyes.

"Then I must say 'yes!'" says Aunt Jane, suddenly.

"And not a word about myself and my position?" he asks, with a faint smile.

"Well, not now," replies Aunt Jane. "Jeanne does not know what it is to be rich. If you have enough to make her happy—"

"I have that; you can trust me," he says, quietly. "Jeanne shall be happy."

"And they have not eaten me, you see!" he says, half an hour afterwards, as Jeanne and he are sitting in the arbor. "There is only Hal left."

"Dear old Hal!" murmurs Jeanne.

"And I do not greatly fear him. And now, my Jeanne, you shall be my queen, and I will be your slave. Now, what are your majesty's commands. By the way, I have received a command already this morning," he breaks off.

Jeanne looks up eagerly.

"No, that was down on the beach; some one who deems himself of more importance than all the Griffins in the world. What do you say to the Honorable Clarence Fitzjames?"

What Jeanne says is—nothing; but she starts suddenly and looks aside.

"Yes," continues Vane, leaning back

with his hands behind his head; "I met him riding down the street excited and agitated—for the first time in his life, poor fellow! I wonder you did not see him."

Jeanne does not speak, but that unlucky promise given so solemnly rises in her throat and keeps her dumb.

"He had cause to be upset," Vane goes on, more gravely, "for he had just received news of his brother's death, and he is now Viscount Lane!"

He pauses, faintly surprised at the absence of any expression of surprise on Jeanne's part; she feels that his eyes are upon her, and Jeanne, open and candid Jeanne, who has never told a lie in her life, or known a concealment, is in agony.

The tall-tale red gives her face for one moment; then leaves it pale.

But Vane for a wonder is not looking her way, but is gazing musingly at the sky.

"Viscount Lane!" he repeats; "it was a surprise for him, and for the moment had frightened him out of his assumed skin of impressive languor."

"And—and the command?" says Jeanne, speaking at last, "what was that?"

Vane frowns.

"A comical one, but one which, being in a good humor this morning, I promised to obey. I am to go up to the Park, and break the news of his lordship's death to the Lambtons!"

Poor Maud! Poor Georgina!—happy Maud! happy Georgina! if they were only wise enough to know their escape from a man who would have married them for their money. If poor Lane had lived another six months, one of them would have been the Honorable Mrs. Fitzjames, Ah, Jeanne!" he says; suddenly, with a spark of scorn, "you wanted to know the world. Here is a little piece of it for you! What do you think of it?"

"No—no!" she says, still pale and troubled. "I do not now. I will stay in Newton Regis all my life; I may, may I not?"

"For just one month, darling," he whispers, "and then you shall see the world, with me by your side, to keep all harmful things from even touching the skirts of my little white dove."

"A—month!" says Jeanne, innocently. Then her face crimsoned.

"Oh, no—no! not so soon!" she says, catching her breath—"not so soon!"

But mingled with her fear is a tremulous gleam of half-terrified delight in her dark eyes; and Vernon knows that she will yield.

—And the Worst is Yet to Come

CHAPTER XII.
A STRANGER IN EDEN.

It is a month since Vernon Vane sat on Aunt Jane's kitchen table among the four, and the June sun, as it sinks slowly and regretfully to its rest, turns the red bricks of the old house into a vivid crimson. Every door and window is open, and the passer-by, if he cares to listen, may hear, from the first floor, that confused commingling of chatter and exclamation which proceeds from women in excitement. The aforesaid passer-by may also, if he be observant, remark an unwonted air of movement stirring about the place; something is going to happen. Up in the room, from which the voices float down into the road, the mystery is explained, for a small group of ladies are gathered around the bed, wrapped in an ecstasy of admiration and delight at the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the usual paraphernalia considered necessary for those young ladies who are about to change their condition.

At the centre of the group is Aunt Jane, half triumphantly, half tearfully, holding up the veil and orange-blossoms, and clustered around her are Georgina and Maud and Mrs. Lambton.

It is also a month since fatness

Regimental Nicknames.

Every regiment has its nickname, but some of the oldest and most interesting ones have been forgotten.

A Dorset battalion got the name of "Green Linnet" from the green facings on their uniform and a habit they had of singing on the march. The "Piccadilly Butchers" were the 1st Life Guards, and the name is a reminder of the part which they took in the Burdett riots in 1810.

For some unknown reason the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) were dubbed "Tin Bellies," and the nickname for the 2nd Dragon Guards was "Bags." In the battle of the Boyne the 7th Dragon Guards lost their boots in a bog, and had to swathe their feet in straw. Ever after that they were called "Strawboots."

Because they fought in their shirts at Delhi, the Munster Fusiliers have ever since been known as "Dirty Shirts."

The standard of height for the 19th Hussars was formerly very low, and men of that regiment were given the uncomplimentary name of "Dumplings."

Fashion Plates.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE CALLING COSTUME.

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