

# A Living Prisoner;

Or, Friends in Name, Enemies at Heart.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"I don't quite agree with you there, Mrs. Thompson. It always seems to me that brains and beauty together are a very unfair combination. The plain-headed women would have no chance at all at that rate."

"For she replied, 'for my part I would sooner marry the ugliest woman in creation than be linked for life to a mere mass of flesh and blood like our friend opposite. She would bore me to death.'"

"Ah!" said Harry significantly, "everybody is not so fortunate as Mr. Thompson."

The color flew to her cheeks.

"Don't talk nonsense," she said pettishly, "though she was by no means so ill-pleased as she tried to appear."

"I'm not talking nonsense. I'm only saying what I think. You know me. Then it is a great pity your brains are not occupied by some more profitable thought; and since you have quoted Mrs. Thompson, take example by him." And her voice assumed a tone of bitterness.

"Certainly if you will tell me in what way he did not mean to be sarcastic, but she evidently put an ironical construction upon the speech. Nevertheless you can derive a salutary lesson from my husband's conduct. He has not been married long enough to prove to you that he does not consider himself specially fortunate in the possession of his wife."

"And do you consider yourself so, Mrs. Thompson?"

Some indefinable impulse prompted him to ask the question, although it was one which he felt she might with good cause resent. But she was too young to have learnt the art of deception in all its bearings.

"No," she said simply, "but that is a different thing altogether. I never expected to be happy when I married. Ebenezer did, and consequently I am sorry for him. He has soon got disillusioned."

It was on the top of Harry's tongue to say, "Then what did you expect to be happy for?" But he thought better of it, and refrained from making any further inquiries of a painful and indiscreet nature. And yet he was dying to know.

The more he saw of Mrs. Thompson, the more he was puzzled what could have made her take Ebenezer. That she did not like him and never had, he was quite convinced. The knowledge gave him pleasure. This was also true of the reverse, in fact. A pang of self-condemnation wounded his sensitive conscience. Mrs. Thompson was a married woman.

It was a broadfield, but nothing could alter the unfortunate fact. He had made her acquaintance exactly four weeks and two days too late. What was to be done?

Was he to follow Mr. Smutsh's advice, and run away with his neighbor's wife? No, certainly not. Honor and principle shrank back in horror from the mere contemplation of so unrighteous an action. He had been brought up, and knew his Bible by heart. His morality was irreplicable. He would not offend against Mr. Thompson's wife, and he would not. Therefore he would content himself with falling in love with his wife, and letting Ebenezer and yellow melancholy feed upon his damask cheek. But—horrible, yet not altogether unpleasing thought! What, oh! What if it were to make ravens on her smooth forehead as well? He began to think that his passion—for, of course, he thought it was a passion—was not altogether unreturned, and he was magnanimous enough not to wish to blight the poor, dear, little woman's life. That would be a horrid shame.

CHAPTER X.

Harry's meditations were interrupted by the bell for dinner, and in a few minutes all the first-class passengers were assembled round the table in the saloon. They were rarely accompanied by their wide-awaked, broad-hipped, and high cheek-boned wives, a party of five young English girls touring about entirely on their own, and a party of five young cadavre-looking Americans with his better-half, both of whom for the last six years had travelled together, and who were invited every known portion of the habitable world. These latter were chatty, intelligent people, who made quaint remarks on everything they saw in a loud nasal accent.

The five girls had already attracted a considerable amount of attention among their fellow-travellers. Without being distastefully pretty, they were all of them nice-looking, and in age about from eighteen to four or five and twenty. Yet a man must have been an exceptionally bold and determined fellow to fall in love with any one of the quintet. This may sound strange, but the reason was obvious enough. The fact was, they were all so curiously alike, that the individual young woman completely lost her identity. She was merely one of many. The whole five were dressed in light sand-colored Norfolk jackets with skirts to match. Each wore a staking cap of the same shade. None were taller nor shorter than the rest. They were all exactly of a size, and as they sat in a row opposite to the Thompson party, they reminded one of five little sparrows pecking away at their food, and plumping themselves in the sunshine.

But as to admiring one sparrow more than another, or distinguishing it by any particular preference, why, the thing was simply impossible, and forcibly demonstrated the truth of the adage, that there is safety in numbers. Moreover, it had already been whispered on board, that before leaving home they had made a most solemn promise to hold no intercourse whatever with any man who was not married.

The three young Englishmen had already endeavored to make their acquaintance, and been so snubbedly treated that they declared they were the roughest girls they had ever seen in their lives.

What do you think of the five little maids from school?" whispered Mrs. Thompson mischievously in Harry's ear. "They're awfully proper and well-behaved, aren't they?"

"Incomparably so," he responded. "They look as if butter would not melt in their mouths."

"They appear to be terribly dull," went on Mrs. Thompson in the same key. "I wish to goodness some enterprising man would cheer the poor things up a bit. Women never seem to enjoy themselves so much, when they are alone, however much they may try and make believe that they do."

**FLEET FOOT**  
Outing Shoes

## WAS A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC

Now Finds It a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals.

Here is a case which seemed as bad, and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 384 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own words:

"Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dra-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dra-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent enjoyment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have got to go on suffering. Try Na-Dra-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it does not help you, your money back. Get a box at your druggist's. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 141.

forts, had far better follow the excellent Mr. Bonfield's example, and having no purpose, no ambition, no spirit of enterprise in you, toddle up and down Bond Street and Pall Mall every day of your life. Stick to your clubs, your men cook, your party, your motor, and your chagapagne. You are wise (only it does not do to call you so) fit but to stay at home with your own particular pig-sty over your head.

Harry and Mrs. Thompson remained on each until long after the sun had gone down. The sky was a brilliant after-glow, and the hills caught the warm reflection, under a snow-crowded mountain. The boys red, like a virgin in response to her lover's embraces, and the polished agate buttons tried to twinkle in spite of the sombre contrast to the luminous clouds above.

They saw the rich roseate tints die slowly away, as if reluctant to bid farewell to the bright and beautiful day, whose death they heralded, and a tender twilight like the water in the sky, which again softened and dissolved into a pale, bluish green, whose purple and transparency of coloring no brush can ever succeed in rendering. Then the moon rose aloft, and became whiter and more distinct, and the evening twilight which, at eleven o'clock at night, made it still seem like a soft, pinkish glow, faded into a cold, blue, and black, silent shadow in the sunken sun. The sound of many waters filled their ears with a soothing lullaby. Nothing broke the stillness, save the occasional cry of a sea-gull, or the weird whistle of a jack-snipe.

The two young people, thrown together by the accident of travel, and by a certain similarity of thought and feeling, sat and watched this glorious transformation scene in almost absolute silence. They seemed mutually to realize that their small talk was out of place, and that they were in the presence of some intensely like the place in the world.

All at once Harry's love of a day appeared to him a poor, weak thing—a passion, a mere fancy, a mere whim. Mrs. Thompson, a bride of little more than four weeks standing, but one who had already experienced many shocks and dissolutions, murmured to herself, as her eyes filled with tears—"What does it signify? What does it signify? The joys and sorrows of human beings count for nothing in comparison with such forces as these. It is only our littleness and pettiness which exalts them into undue importance."

With her senses tranquillized, and, after a fashion, drugged by the sweet spirit of the night, she at length reluctantly went below, and retired to the ladies' cabin. Heavens! What a change was here! Every elevated and peculiar habit, which she entered. Ten full-grown women in a space of about as many feet. A line of herbs, one over the other, all occupied except her own, every portable hermetically closed, an atmosphere that—what between oil lamps, feeding bottles, sour milk, high hats, and a so-called aroma of native Norsk—can be more easily imagined than described, and last, but not least, a couple of fractious babies, who to the general discomfort of the passengers, kept up a fiendish noise. The Black Hole of Calcutta was a joke in comparison.

Poor little Mrs. Thompson shrank back against the night, and at the field smelt that assailed her nostrils. They were the more sensitive, coming so directly from the cool, fresh evening air. Her courage sank in the same way as if she never, never could pass the night in this terrible place. But with a heroic effort she controlled her disgust, it would do for her, who so scorned Mr. Thompson's fustelings and loss of temper, who laughed at his factiousness and inability to put up with things, to prove herself as weak as he. No, she would rather die than do that, so great was her contempt for the man who had so humiliated her.

(To be continued.)



Playwright—"All my plays are original. I never take ideas from any one."

Model—"In the future, I think it would pay you to take some of those things."

"The lady whose name you gave as a reference, my girl," said a lady to an applicant for a situation, "tells me you were not altogether truthful and obedient."

## MARVELS OF HUMAN BODY.

Its Mechanism Acts Automatically and Continuously.

Really our human body is a miracle of mechanism. No work of man can compare with it in accuracy of its process and the simplicity of its laws. An English scientist has recently told some of the facts of this mechanism.

For instance, our ear contains a perfect miniature piano of about 3,000 double fibers or strings stretched or relaxed in unison with exterior sounds. The longest cord of this marvelous instrument is one-fifth of an inch, while the shortest is about one-fifth hundredth of an inch. The 3,000 strings are distributed through a register of seven octaves, each octave corresponding to about 400 fingers and every half tone subdivided again into 320 notes. The deepest tone we can hear has 32 vibrations a second; the highest has 70,000.

Though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are 17,582,115,044,415 different sounds.

The eye is hardly less wonderful, being a perfect photographer's camera. The retina is the dry plate on which are focused all objects by means of the crystalline lens. The cavity behind this lens is the shutter. The eyelid is the optical darkroom is the only black member of the entire body. This miniature camera is self-focusing, self-loading, and self-developing, and takes millions of pictures every day in colors and enlarged to life size.

Charts have been prepared—marvelous charts—which go to show that the eye has 729 distinct impressions conveying as many distinct shades of meaning.

The power of color perception is overwhelming. To perceive red the retina of the eye must receive three hundred and ninety-five million million vibrations in a second; for violet it must respond to seven hundred and ninety million million. In our waking moments our eyes are bombarded every minute by at

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least six hundred million million vibrations.

Our body takes in an average of 51-2 pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually, so that in 70 years a man eats and drinks 1,000 times his own weight.

Every time we breathe the process is no less wonderful. For each 100 muscles are employed, 40 per cent. of the muscles of the body being active in wonderful co-operation in this single act.

Another marvel of the human body is the self-regulation process by which Nature keeps the temperature in health at 98 degrees. Whether in India, with the temperature at 130 degrees, or in the arctic regions, where the records show 120 degrees below the freezing point, the temperature of the body remains the same, practically steady at 98 degrees, despite the extremes to which it is subjected.

Of the total heat given out by the combustion of food man can make one-fifth available in the form of actual work, while science has never constructed a steam engine that could utilize more than one-ninth of the energy of the fuel burnt under the boiler.

And all this mechanism acts automatically and continuously.

Weather Lore.

It is universally recognized that a "high dawn" is the sign of a bad day, for it shows that the lower levels are thick with masses of vapor. A "low dawn," on the other hand, is a pretty sure pledge of a fine day. Gloom and storm are likely to follow a rainbow which appears in the morning, while a vivid straw-colored sunset foretells violent wind. Some folk say that when rain follows it kills the wind. Rain does not affect the wind. Wind will drive furiously when rain is coming down in torrents. It is simply a matter of squalls. When the barometer falls sharply you should prepare yourself for bad weather, for a gale will come sooner or later.

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