"That is more than I can tell you, id man, for he was closely enveloped in his mackintosh, with the collar p to his ears; besides, the place as so dimly lighted, it seemed like the passed it to his friend, and charged him to deliver it into no "That is more than I can tell you, old man, for he was closely enveloped in his mackintosh, with the collar up to his ears; besides, the place was so dimly lighted, it seemed like a tomb, and I could get only a very imperfect idea of his features. Believery imperfect idea of his features. Believing him to be you, of course, I was not suspicious. I would never have discovered my mistake if he had not resented I said about the girl, and shut me up with a clap on the shoulder that was like a blow from a sledge-hammer. Then, for a moment, you might have knocked me down with a straw. I had thought, from the bridegroom's first appearance upon the scene, that you did not act like yourself; but I laid it to the excitement of the moment, because you were mare and eager to get the you were :ate, and eager to get the matter over," the young man ex-

'ridn't he speak? Couldn't you de-

"Eidn't he speak? Couldn't you de-ted the difference in voices?" quer-ied Leighton, sulienly.

"Yes; I spoke to him as he came into sight, and he answered me; but the rain and wind and thunder made such a noisy racket, I couldn't have recognized my own father's voice. ecognized my own father's I hurried into the chapel, and straight to the altar, for those girls were nearly frightened out of their senses, and just ready to back out and go home, and"—here the fellow sly smile at his companion "I had no notion of losing the snug little amount you had pledged me.

"Yes—I see," bitterly retorted eighton; "but, I must confess, I tink you were very short-sighted think you were very snotresigned to allow an utter stranger to play such an abominable trick upon you." "Well, if you hadn't been so afraid to have light enough to see by, I might have detected the fraud; but might have detected the fraud; but the sexton said you had given orders to have only one light, because the marriage was to be private, and you did not wish to excite the curiosity of the villagers; and, as I said before, the place was like a tomb. The fello about your height, too, though aps-now I think of it-a trifle was about your inhink of it—a trifle broader across the shoulders, and a prouder way of carrying himself."

"Who in thunder would he have been?" impatiently exclaimed the been?" impatiently exclaimed the beautiful better

disappointed bridegroom. Where did he come from? How did he know what was going on, and what could have been his object in personating "It is all a mystery," replied his

friend; "and, what may strike you as stranger still, he doesn't even know to whom he was married—"
"Pshaw! That was no marriage!"
interrupted Leighton, angily; "such a farce would never stand, Ted."
"Well, perhaps not," was the musing response.

Of course, it won't stand!" reiterated the other; "the very idea is too absurd to be considered for a moment; all the same, it is a develish

moment; all the same, it is a develish plight to be in."

"That is a fact, Miss Richardson doubtless finds it so," Ted dryly replied.

"What makes you think that fellow did not know her name?" Leighton inquired, after a moment c. sinence.

"Because he asked me who she was fo course, I refused to calighten him, consequently, he is as huch in the dark regarding her identity as we are of his."

"God for you. Ted but the consequence of his."

"God for you. Ted but the consequence of his."

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"God for you. Ted but the consequence of his."

"The fellowing two weeks proved an anxious season for him, for the young girl was very ill, and he lived in constant fear that she would die, and her fortune, upon which he had set his heart, slip through his fingers.

As the weary days were on, how-

"Because he asked me who she was, fo course, I refused to enlighten him, consequently, he is as knuch in the dark regarding her identity as we are of his."

"Good for you, Ted! but I'd give a good deal to ferret him out."

"He demanded the certificate of me, possibly] with the intention of learning whom he had married. He would have had it, too, if I hadn'd dodged him, for I tell you he had a grip like iron," observed the "best man," as he recalled the clutch of man, and her fortune, upon which he had so this heart, slip through his fingers.

As the weary days wore on, however, and he was unable to gain any ever, and he was unable to gain grip like iron," observed the "best man," as he recalled the clutch of that strong hand upon his shoulder.

"By the way," he added, drawing an envelope from a pocket, and tossing it upon the bed, "here is that document now. It is all properly signed, and you may as well take care of it—it may prove useful to you, some time in the future."

The young man drew the paper forth, and studied it intently for the formulates.

"Was there ever such a devilish piece of luck?" he demanded, irrit-

of luck?" he demanded, irrit-"Had!" he added, with a violent start, "do you imagine it pos-sible that old Seaver could have disto stop the marriage, and followed us, to stop the marriage, and when I failed to put in an appearance, per-sonated me to prevent a scene beore the rector and a scandal about

"No, Seaver is a little shorter than you, and is a thick-set man; he never could have fooled us all like that."
"Well. I only bose he is still in Well, I only hope he is still in the dark, for Florence's sake, as well as my own, for I may be able to carry my point and marry her yet. say she seemed lully recovery you left her last night?" she seemed fully recovered

quired Leighton, with some anxquite lively in getting back to the house after leaving the carriage, aid the youn gman, laughing.

"I wonder what she thinks of me!

If I were able to poor. I would

If I were able to move, I would ake the next train for New York, end see her on the steamer. I suppose they will sail in about three hours," said the disappointed lover, with a sigh, as he glanced at the clock, which was just upon the point

of striking nine.
"Say, Ted," he continued, with sud-

what I haven't time to write."
"All right; I'll go," was the obliging reply; "only you will have to
mustle, for there isn't such a great
deal of time before the train will be

"Hand me that writing pad, then," said Leighton, pointing to one upon the table; and, a moment later, his pen was flying over a sheet of paper, as he briefly accounted for his nonappearance at Rosedale the previous

night.

He entreated Florence to preserve their secret, be brave, and loyal to him, and he would follow her abroad by the next steamer, when he would be would see to it that nothing

hands but Florence's.

The young man hastened from the house, while the disappointed lover sank wearly back upon his pillows, for the interview had sadly taxed

his strength.

He was just upon the point of falling into a doze, when his door opened again, and his accomplice reapson of his best friend—would, knowing my present feelings, uphold me in this step. I am not strong enough to see you yet, so I prefer to write rather than verbally disclose my changed sentiments. In a couple of weeks from to-day, if you care to come to me, in a friendly waly, I shall be glad to see you; but please do not renew this subject, for my decision is freezeable. eared. "Well, what now?" he excitedly de-

"Well, what now?" he excitedly demanded, and starting to a sitting posture, with a groam of pain.

"They are not going to sail today," said his friend, "I met Seaver just at the head of the street..."

"You don't mean it! Can anything have happened?" breathlessly questioned.

be giase this subject, clision is freevocable.

"Sincerely your friend, "Florence K. Richardson."

"Florence K. Richardson."

attention's face was after

But he raved and swore and vowed that she should not escape him like this; that he would never allow the fortune, for which he had so long schemed, to slip through his fingers without making a desperate effort to secure it, and he had a bold plan in mind.

nn mind.
At the end of the stipulated two week; he made his appearance in the home of the Scavers and asked to see Florence. He was courteously, although somewhat coldly, received.

It was their usual attitude to the state of the second and he paid no

fore beautiful.
She flushed as she arose to greet

"Are you fully recovered?" he in-

"Are you fully recovered?" he inquired, retaining her hand in a lingering clasp and looking tondly down upon her.

"Yes, I them I may say I am well, although I have not wholly regained my strength. I took my first drive to-day apd felt lk-w a new creature afterward," she replied, as she released her hand and motioned him to a chair near her. "And you?"

have happened?" breathlessly ques-tioned Leighton.
"Yes, I stopped him, and expressed my surprise to find him in town, when he informed me that their trip had been indefinitely postponed, ow-ing to the sudden illness of Miss

Richardson."

"Ah! That affair of last night was too much for her! Did he speak of her as being very ill?"

"He says she has taken a sudden and severe cold, has a high fever, and its delibers." s delirious-

is delirious——"
"Delirious!" interposed Leighton, in alarm. "Zounds! Ted, I hope she won't die; my dish would be dough if she should."

won't die; my dish would be dough if she should."

An involuntary sneer curled his companion's lips at this supremely selfish speech, which contained not one word of regret for the suffering of the lovely girl for whose condition he alone was responsible.

"However." Leighton continued, "she is young, has a naturally strong contitution, and this enforced postponement of her trip may result in my favor. Your news has done me more good than medicine, Ted, though I have some painful bruises that make me squirm, I wist, I was

though I have some painful bruises that make me squirm, I wist, I was sure that horse has not come to grief. Would you mind stepping around to Coxe's stable, tell him the scrape I got into last night, and get him to send someone in quest of the animal had buggy? Of course, I'll make it allsright with him, whatever has happened."

"Certainly, old man; anything I can do for sou. I'll be glad to do" returned his ir e.d. good-naturedly, and at once started out on his mission.

and at once started out on his his.

Fortunately, the horse and buggy had already been returned to the owner—the man's name having been stamped upon the carriage robe—and no serious damage had been done, aside from a few scratches to the vehicle. Upon hearing this, Leighton declared that he star was again in the ascendant.

Every day after that he managed to get a report from Florence,

or the night of their contemplated brain, and he began to consuct a vila lainous scieme.

If and in his presension the maring certificate which assembly the common that it common the common that a common that a common the common that it common that a content and those was not converted by the common that a content the common that a content the common that a content to converted by the common that a content the common that a content to converted by the content to converted by the common that a content to converted by the converted by the

to a clandestine marriage. It seems to me now, such a weak and foolish thing for any girl to do. If a woman truly loves a man well enough to become his wife, and is assured that he is worthy of that love, she should be strong enough to stand boldly up, in the face of all opposition, and assert her position; she should never burden herself with such a secret or consent to live a lie, f am greatly perplexed and troubled over that wretched farce in the Church of God; over the indentity of that mysterious stranger, and whether that ceremony could, by any possibility, be regarded as legal. I devoutly hope hope not, for my whole soul revolts against the thought of being irrevocably pledged to a man whom I have never seen, and who seems to have disappeared as mysteriously as he came. I trust, Walter, that we may be good friends always, and that you will agree with me that it is better we should live apart. I am sure that papa, were he living —even though he apprared to so earnestly desire that I should marry the son of his best friend—would, knowing my present feelings, uphold me. Florence had sat watching him

to have it over. It was a terribly bungled affair, from first to last, and when you fainted, I laid it to the excitement and fear produced by the storm. My accident occurred on my way home from Rosedale."

Florence had sat watching him with wide eyes and paling cheecks, during the asbove explanation, her heart burdenel with a terrible fear. Could it be possible, she asked herself, that she had really been deceived, after all?—that the excitement, the confusion and suspense, together with the trightful storm, had so wrought upon her that she had been mistaken, and imagined had so wrought upon her that she had been mistaken, and imagined that a stranger had appeared and personated Walter during that cere-

Walter Leighton's face was almost convulsed with wrath after reading this letter. Its tone was very different from the usually light-hearted, care-free Florence whom he had hitherto known. There was a calm seriousness, a dignified decision, apparent in its every line, which plainly told him that the girl was indeed changed—that she had suddenly developed from the thoughtless maiden into a gravely reasoning woman.

But he raved and swore and vowed that she should not escape him like mony?
Could it be that, in spite of the recent revulsion in her feelings, she was really his wife and bound to him was really his wife and bound to him irrevocably?—that she would have to live out her life with him, even though he had become positively repulsive to her?

(To be continued.)

WHEN BABY IS SICK.

Don't dose him with nauseous cas tor oil or other harsh griping parties. Above all things, don't give a size projection of the state of the st gatives. Above all things, don't give him poisonous, "soothing" stuff. These things only make him worse. Baby's Own Tablets are what your little one needs. They are a gentle laxative, and make baby sleep, because they make him well. They cool his hot little mouth, case his sour stomach,, and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. They are what every mother needs for her baby—and the older choldren, too. Mrs. Routhier, Greenwood, B. C., says: "I consider Baby's Own Tablets worth their weight in gold in every home where there are children. My only regret is that I did not learn their great worth saooner." These Tablets will help every child from the moment of birth on It was their usual attitude to-ward him, however, and he paid no special heed to it. It proved to him that they had not a suspicion of the inckeent which had resulted in the illness of their ward; for, had they learned of it, they surely would have rejused him admission to their house. saooner." These Tablets will help every child from the moment of birth onward, and are guaranteed to contain no harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. house.
After chatting a few moments with them he was conducted to the private sitting room of Florence.
He found her charmingly arrayed in the daintiest of dainty white wrappers, and, in spite of her unsurar pullor and loss of flesh, he thought he had never seen her look

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

Some Stories About Them that Are She flushed as she arose to greet him, but frankly extended her ahnd to him, meeting his glance so calmly and smiling so serenly that his heart sank within him.

Had she been shy and self-conscious, or confused, he would have felt more confident of winning the suit which he had prepared to press. Hard to Believe.

No classes of bereaved people have motions which are the subject of so much speculation as widows and widowers, and while they will always remain to be the butt of cheap jokes and the objects of mystified admiration alternately, there are evidences that lead us to conclude that they nearly always find a second experiment worth while. Here are some bona fide anecdotes of Philadelphia widows and widowers col-lected by an enthusiastic specialist on the subject.

the subject:
A well-known man recently decided to marry again. His second choice fell upon a woman who had been a com-panion and friend to his first wife. Interested relatives and friends wondered how they adjusted the delicate complexities of the situation. The complexities were mythical, for it is said that wife were mytinear, for the same widower talked of wife No. 1 constantly, and the happy man was heard to say: "Do you know I think I've had the best luck in wives

hat any man ever had." On one occasion they were seen going to the country loaded with immense bunches of cut flowers. It transpired afbunches of cut Howers. It claims the terward that they visited every Sunday the cemetery where the first wife was buried and placed blossoms on the grave. Certainly the woman who thus showed beneated superior to mortal feelings deherself superior to mortal feelings de-served the high encomiums her husband

heaped upon her.
Another widower chose a rather dif-Another widower chose a rather different way of impressing upon his wife the fact that a sainted woman had occupied her place before her. He sent out cards for an elaborate reception to celebrate the anniversary of his marriage to his first wife. But the second misters of his heart was "game." All to his first wife. But the second mistress of his heart was "game." All through this seemingly gruesome entertainment she stood beside him dispensing hospitality and claret punch to the guests who had been friends of her husband's first choice. History is unsatisfactorily non-committal as to the subsequent conduct of this amiable woman, but it is safe to assert that there was no repetition of that anniversary festival.

As to widows: Mrs. Black, a peculiarly eccentric woman, who adored her first husband, married again.

"Will," she said, before the second marriage. "I want to ask a favor of you."

"Will," she said, before the second marriage. "I want to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, dear?" he questioned.

"Why," she said, "you know I loved my first husband, and I want to ask you if you would mind having his name put with yours on the wedding cards?"

The enraptured husband-to-be succumbed, and when the wedding invitations went out they read: "Mr. J. Dudley Black Indigo," and to this day Mr. Indigo is the proud possessor of a middle name, which name belonged to his wife's first husband.

Calling at a house whose mistress had been a widow before her recent marriage, a relative saw the new husband deep in the litter of a large packing box.

"Gracious," she exclaimed, "what are you doing with that big box in the drawing room?"

"Hush," cautioned the widow's husband, "I'm planning a litle surprise for Marie. She's had an awful fit of the blues since we came home from the wedding trip. I just know she's been grieving about George, so I thought I would the property of the panning. Thought I would there, and he had."—Youth's Companion.

band, "I'm planning a little started warie. She's had an awful fit of the blues since we came home from the wedding trip. I just know she's been grieving about George, so I thought I would cheer her up. I've sent to the storage house for his collection of curios. You know she thought an awful lot of them, because he collected them. It will do her a world of good to see them. She'll tumble right into them when she comes

A RIVAL FOR THE WINTER FAIR.

The arrangements already made for the provincial fruit, flower and honey show, which will be held in Toronto during the complexity in the case of the complexity is the case of the case o show, which will be held in Toronto during the second week in November, indicate that it is likely to prove as important an event in its line as the big winter fair held yearly at Guelph. No effort is being spared to make each feature of the show of the greatest of the kind that has ever been held in Canada. The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association has drawn up a liberal prize list and will pay the transportation charges one way on all exhibits of fruit sent to the show.

Special prizes will be offered for the best exhibit of fruit made by any agricultural society. It is expected many of the societies in the province will send their total exhibits from their fall fairs to this show. Arrangements have been completed to keep this fruit in cold storage. In this way, it is hoped

been completed to keep this fruit in cold storage. In this way, it is hoped to have representative exhibits of fruit from all parts of the province. Demonstrations in packing fruit will be given and bulletins will be issued describing the special qualities of each variety of fruit, and stating whether it is best for cooking or eating purposes. In this way householders will be enabled to secure warious horticultural societies of the province will also be held. The Ontario Government has made a grant of \$1,000 to aid the exhibition, which has been supplemented by a grant of \$200 from the City of Toronto.

The money offered for flowers is over 100 per cent. more than has everbefore been offered in Toronto. About \$1,500 will be given in prizes in this section alone. The arrangements are in charge of a floral committee of which Mr. Edward Tyrrel, president of the Toronto Horticultural Society is chairman. The honey prize list is also a liberal one. Several prizes are offered for commercial packages.

for commercial packages.

Amongst the important gatherings that will take place at the time of the show will be the annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association and the Ontario Bee Keepers' Association, while a meeting of delegates from the various horticultural societies of the province will also be held. The Ontario Government has made a grant of \$1,000 to aid the exhibition, which has been

down to dinner." And, plunging deeper into the cavernous box, this phenomenal man continued his work of total self-abnegation.—Phila. Record.

HUNGRY LYNX IS A TERROR.

California Variety, Though Small, the

Most Dangerous of All. California has in her hills the uargest and most kind-hearted of the great fight ers, the grizzly, and at the same time the smallest and most treacherous, the red lynx. Most hunters call them 'wildcats," but they are not. The real wildcat has a long tail and lives only in Europe-in fact, he's about extinct now-and old hunters dread the wailing midnight cry of a hungry lynx more than they do al the growls a grizzly ever let out.

For when a lynx is maddened by hunger he fears neither man or beast, the most of the animals of the forest give him the road without waiting for him to ask it. In Canada and even in the northern row of states of this nation, the lynx grows to be much larger than they do in the warmer climate of the southwest. Save for those killed by an ocasional hunter the lynxes hold undiscreted and the same of the same of the lynxes hold undiscreted and the same of the lynxes hold undiscreted and the same of the sam puted sway in the foothills.

No matter how soundly they may be

sleeping, you can never catch one "nap-ping," for at the slightest sound of your approach he will clear the ten or fifteen approach he will clear the ten or lifteen feet between his nest and ground and be off like a flash in the undergrowth. About the only way to get these fellows is with hounds, and then generally one or two of the dogs get pretty severely chewed up.

chewed up.

In the hills the lynxs usually stay in In the hills the lynxs usually stay in thick underbrush or in caves during the day, coming out to work havoc in the quail coveys by monlight. Then, if the night be bright, the hound hunter has night be bright, the hound hunter has real sport, rousing the round-eyed owls, with his shouts of encouragement to the dogs, which are not always ready to rush into the teeth of an angry cat.

It is almost impossible to trap a cat, though a hungry lion may occasionally be caught in this manner. Now and then a cat can be run into a trap pre-

be caught in this manner. Now and then a cat can be run into a trap pre-viously set along a runway, and in this way the lumbermen of the Canadian pin-eries take many of the cats that infest the great forests of the north. lurtner south you go the smaller the lynxs become, until the family winds up with the little pampas cat of the South American plains. Our lynx, however, is the most savage of all, and the hardest for any day no matter how could be most savage. for any dog, no matter how good he may be, to master. In a fight a cat has be, to master. In a fight a cat has an immense advantage over a dog in that an immense advantage over a dog in that he can fight with all fours, and usually does so. There is little worse can be fall a gren pack of dogs than to shake an old lynx out of a tree in their midst. When a lynx fights he doesn't bite and lynx fights he will be a wall by the lynx fights he doesn't bite and lynx fights he wall by the lynx f When a lynx fights he doesn't bite and let go like a wolf or dog, but bites and hangs on like a bulldog, while his claws keep up a sort of snare-drum accompaniment on the dog's ribs. It takes a pretty good dog to do, up a lynx and when a thoroughbred hunter gets such a dog it takes a mighty good price to a dog it takes a mighty good price

The villagers were all gathered round the little store, talking about Sam Jones' lost colt. It was a two-year-old, and had strayed out of the pasture lot the day before. Sam worried about it, the neighbors had all been out looking for it without success, and no one seemed to know where to look for it.

Jim stood there, looking on and listening. Jim was a tall, lank young felloy, regarded as half witted by some persons and as foolish by others, "I think I could find your horse," he said to Sam Jones.

"Yo? Why, Jim, how do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in town out looking for him?"

"Well?" said lim "I could try couldn't."

"There is an atmosphere of worship and with that atmosphere shirt sleeves and with that atmosphere shirt sleeves and with that atmosphere shirt sleeves and smoke, and an place there is, too, for the bulletin boards of trade; but that place is not the house of God.

The minister who imagines that he is going to make men better by lowering his office to the level of their weaknesses is laboring under a tremendous mistake.

A Word to Ministers Of the Gospel

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in

Certain things have happened of late which would seem to make it necessary that some one, having the cause of re-ligion at heart, should speak a few plain

words to the ministers.

It is thoroughly realized that many ministers do not need these words, but it is very evident, if reports are true, that there are clergymen who do need that there are clergymen who do need that there are clergymen who do need that the pool they hadly.

that there are clergymen who do need them, and need them badly.

St. Paul, in his letter to the Romans, speaking of his calling as a preacher, said, "I magnify mine office."

If the half that we hear is to be believed them.

If the half that we near is to be silieved, there are certain preachers in the land who, instead of magnifying their office, are doing their level best to belittle and degrade it. For example, it is said that not long For example, it is said that not long ago a Newark clergyman invited the men of his congregation to attend the church services in their shirt deeves, assuring them that he himself stand go into his pulpit and preach in the case of the

New Jersey pastor, who not flock that he intended to hold the hot weather, special services and which smoking was to be allowed during

the sermon.

Finally, we have the case of the Wisconsin minister who has made arrangements with the business men of his town whereby, in return for donations, they are to have advertising privileges in his church—so much space on the walls of the church in return for so much each

true, it is quite apparent that they have a very inadequate conception of the value, dignity and sacredness of their office.

If they are guilty of the alleged in-If they are guilty of the alleged in-discretions, they are manifestly out of place in the pulpit. At heart they may be good men, but they don't know what it means to be a minister of the gos-pel. They have missed their calling. Of course, a man sitting in church in his shirt sleeves, with a pipe con cigar in his mouth, looking through clouds of tobacco smoke, now at the

business ads. on the walls the coatless minister at the desk, can hear what the preacher may have to say as well as though he were differently attired and in the midst of a different

Down at the bottom religion is an appeal to the hearer's reverges and the conditions that are the mot favorable to the promotion of that sentiment are those above all others, which the minister is in duty bound to encour-

age.

If he lowers the standard of service, if he permits any other ideathan the one of reverence to dominate, or even perceptibly to color the hour of worship, he may as well shut up his

him?"
"Well," said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"
"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you a dollar."

waknesses is laboring under a tremendous mistake.
For a clergyman who should attempt to lure me into going to his church with the assurance that while in the sacred edifice I might sit in my shirt sleeves and smoke I carla

in the sacred edifice I might sit in my shirt sleeves and smoke, I could have no particle of respect.

And the overwhelming majority of men would, I have no doubt, express themselves to the same effect.

It is about time that this belittling and degrading of religion by its own ministers had ceased.

It is about time that right-minded clerglymen—and these are overwhelmingly in the majority—put a quietus upon the type of minister I am speaking of—the minister who, sadly misunderstanding the nature of his calling, is, in the name of religion, doing all he can to make religion the butt of ridicule and

Hoax—Does the President of the United States have to learn a trade?

Joex—Certainly not. Hoax— Why, I always thought he was a cabinet of every minister be, "I magnify mine of fice."