

A LETTER AND ITS RESULT.

"So that's the way the land lies, is it?" asked Ivy Lytle.

The sensitive face under the big, rose-lined sunhat was very white. Her lips quivered a little. The hands that held the letter trembled.

"I thought," said the girl to herself, "I hadn't begun to care—in that way. I was only becoming attracted. But the shock—the disillusion—on an hour ago for her usual brisk morning walk along the shore, she had been one of the most indifferent, light-hearted of girls. She was done with college and the two years of foreign travel that had succeeded school as a sort of polishing process. She had perfect health, and misty dreams of all the veiled future held in its keeping. She had aesthetic tastes, and her skill in athletic sports was the admiration of her less vigorous girl friends. She had been having a beautiful time down at this gay, unconventional resort on the Michigan coast. And now—well, temporarily it seemed that her pleasure was spoiled.

And in her heart she knew that she must have been thinking of this letter too much of the man whose attention to her had been so marked, or else this discovery would not so affect her. Sitting to rest and watch the white sails of the leaves curling up to break on the border of the lake like threads of rarest lace, her attention had been caught by a letter, with nothing in the subject that at first sight she had taken for a bird. It had whisked lower and nearer. Then it floated so close she could not but see it. And when she saw it, she found it was a sheet of notepaper covered with diminutive chirography. It was written on the stationery of the fashionable hotel looming up on the dunes behind her. At first she had been about to crumple it up and cast it aside. But in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—met her eye.

Even then she hesitated. But the three words were so significant, she must know their writer's full meaning. The page was the continuation of a letter. And the first three words at the top of the page were "Ivy Lytle!" Impulsively, giving herself no chance to weigh the niceties of honor in the balance, she scanned the page.

"—love Ivy Lytle," I've fought against it—for I can't afford to marry her, as you know. But she has rather swept me off my feet, old chap! At first I was taken with her innocent beauty. There was no one at this big hotel but to compare with her for good looks. So I let myself drift. I thought she was just a dear little country girl, and that would be easy to say a sentimental farewell when the summer was over. You know what these warm-weather flirtations amount to. I've been going to see her steadily and taking her everywhere. We've gone dancing and swimming and boating and all the rest of it. And—by Jove! for all she's mighty quiet, I've come to find out she's not the typical little country girl at all. She's well read and traveled, though she seemed rather ignorant when she let that fact out. And she looks at a fellow in a cool, appraising sort of way that makes him feel pretty cheap—if his spoken thoughts are not quite up to her white standard. But she's not really in the social swim. She's a native. I take it. It's been hard to pin her down to any confidence about herself. She lives with a very dragon of an aunt at a farmhouse on the edge of the town. She wears her cotton dresses and shade hats in away that takes the shine out of women up at the hotel, but I've never seen her sport any of the swell clothing that is worn here. Oh, confound it! What's the use of my mooning away to you at this rate? I've got to go away and try to forget her before she's too late."

"Damaris Chase and her father are to be here this week, they tell me. And she's the girl the heads of both our houses expect me to marry! She may have the good taste to refuse me—and I almost hope she will. She's a great heiress, and the consolidation of the business interests would be a capital thing; but, oh, hang me if I thought it would be so hard to get that little girl's sweet face out of my heart. I must do the sensible thing, and go in for the twenty thousand a year. Lord! but I'm sorry for those poor devils of kings who have to wed for reasons of state. I feel disgustingly like one of them. I'm sleepy. Good-night—I'll find them in the morning. Ten to one I dream of Ivy Lytle!"

It needed no signature. The writer was easily recognized. She crumpled the paper tightly in her hand and thrust it into the house of her gown down the beach. That step had been known too pleasantly familiar. Could he have known the sheet had been whisked out of his room? Had he seen it blown down to the beach?

"Good morning, Miss Lytle!" he flung himself down beside her. His handsome, boyish face looked strained and set, as though insomnia had claimed him. "You're out early. Will you go rowing with me today up to Clear Springs?"

"I-I can't!" she faltered.

"And won't you come up Black River today?" entreatingly, almost tenderly. "It may be the last time!"

He was planning—planning. Oh, that cruel, cruel letter! But—the last time, he had said. He smiled at him. "Yes, I will go!" she said.

They were very gay that afternoon, almost recklessly so. They had chosen at the inn near the springs, and floated back between the wooded banks just as the day was closing. When they came to parting at the wharf of the lake, Ivy Lytle, who had led to the farmhouse Jack Ardeley leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Dear," he said, "I love you! I love you, and I can't let you go out of my life—ever! You don't know much of me, Ivy, but—will you be my wife?"

"What?" she faltered, "what about Damaris Chase?"

He took her shaking hands and held them fast.

"Who in the world has been telling you of her? I've never seen her. But our fathers have vast interests in common, and have been anxious to arrange a match. I don't say I didn't think of being complaisant. Darling, some time I may get up courage to tell you how near I came to being a pithy coward—how desperately I tried to make myself think I could do without you. But I cannot, and that is all there is to it. If you can endure being poor with me for a few years, I'll work as hard at my profession to give you everything that I shall be sure to have."

She had not been mistaken in letting herself love him, then. For she did love him—she did. And she had known it all the while. She lifted her shy, flushed face.

"It will be a good wife to you, dear!" she promised. And he kissed her on the lips.

That night when he sought her at the dance at the inn he stood amazed. That lovely lady in the stony, shimmering gown his demure little country lass! How superbly she carried herself. And those diamonds around her neck! She smiled up at his amazed countenance.

"Aunt Agatha and I do not wish to be bothered with attentions," she whispered, "so we've been living incognito. I expected my father tonight and dressed to do him, and you," sweetly, "what honor! You will pardon me, as she signed for a boy who had brought her a telegram, and broke the seal of the message. 'Detained,' she reads. 'Will be with you tomorrow.'"

"She handed Ardeley the yellow slip. It was signed 'Jasper E. Chase,' and it was addressed to 'Miss Damaris Chase.'"

"That," she said, "is my name."

"Ivy!" he gasped.

"Damaris Ivy Lytle Chase! You poor boy! Come out on the balcony; they are staring at us."

"Come—yes, base deceiver!"—Kate M. Cleary, in San Francisco Call.

WHAT IT IS

The Mucous Membrane and the Important Part It Plays In the Health or Sickness of the Body.

The Mucous Membrane is the inside lining of the body, and of all its vessels and organs. The moment this mucous membrane becomes out of condition, ever so little illness follows swiftly, in some form or other.

In 39 cases of 100, disease has its beginning in some derangement of this Mucous Membrane.

It is very delicate and extremely sensitive, and consequently very liable to disease.

If you are not feeling well you may be sure that the Mucous Membrane of your body is sick and requires immediate treatment.

There is one medicine that is intended to act, and does act, directly and curatively on the Mucous Membrane. It is Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill. Dyspepsia, Bilelessness and Constipation disappear as soon as Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill has restored the healthy condition. Fifty cents a bottle at all druggists, or The Wilson-Pyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Sole agents for Canada.

Eggs That Are Eggs.

It is not only eggs that vary in name without varying in quality. The present writer was once told when hesitating between "fresh eggs" at ten a shilling and "breakfast eggs" at eight a shilling, or something to that effect, that two brands were precisely the same, but where one quality was advertised. That there are many qualities of eggs known to all housewives before we get down to what a late comedian terms "eggs."—London Chronicle.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYSPEPSIA.

The largest coil of rope ever seen on the Pacific Coast was a towline for a big raft of sailing towed recently from Portland to San Francisco. The huge coil contained 30 fathoms of cable, 4 inches in diameter, weighing a little over three tons and cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000. It was made of stout and strong rope, and it was found that the towline was perfect in every fiber, as the raft towed contained 60,000 lineal feet of piling, equal to 100,000 feet of lumber measure.

The countries that have the largest population—China, India and Russia—are not the strongest nations, either industrially, commercially or in any other way.

Public Notice!

Attention is called to the fact that the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, makers of Royal Household Flour, have for some time past been producing flour in a vastly improved and purified form by the aid of electricity, and having secured control of all the basic patents relating thereto, take this opportunity of advising the public that any unauthorized users of the electrical flour purifying processes will be prosecuted.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, are the only millers in Canada whose flour is purified by the electric process.



SO COUSINLY.

Heavy Hugh (patronisingly)—Why, Dora! Long frocks, eh? Grown up. Sharp Little Dora—Why, Hugh! Moustaches! Grown down, I declare!

BACHELOR FREEDOM.

Gister had always declared that a man was foolish to marry. He gave the usual bachelor reasons—namely, that a man who married sacrificed his comfort, resigned his independence, increased his responsibilities and took long chances on unhappiness into the bargain. His observation, however, was not disturbed by any of the usual domestic nuisances. The man would be allowed in the building for any consideration on earth. My housekeeper puts everything in order for me while I am downtown—sees to my linen, does what necessary mending there is to do, and my man attends to the rest. If I want to dine at home I make my selection from the safe menu and have it sent up on a dumbwaiter in my own service and Sigmund serves it. If I want to visit out I have my choice of no fewer than eight places in this city. I have comfort, I have peace."

"What a very fortunate man you are," said Mrs. Nistrin.

"Don't you think that I would show very doubtful judgment to change this for the joys of matrimony?"

"If I think you would be very foolish indeed," said Mrs. Nistrin.

"Not that I am insensible to the charms of your fascinating sex," continued Gister. "I think I show that best by remaining single. I might be denied the inestimable privilege of calling upon you, for instance—my wife might not like it."

"That's true," murmured Mrs. Nistrin. "She might not."

"Then wouldn't I be an idiot to want to marry you?"

"Between you and me," said the widow, "I think you would."

Last winter Mrs. Nistrin decided that she would change her home and go to California. She gave a very little dinner party before she went, which Gister attended. He observed to one of the guests that he believed you would never want to see him. "Stop!" commanded the widow, with her hands to her ears. "I believe you were right about me being an idiot who would never want to see him. I am forty-eight. Medusa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one to me. What's what I came here to say."

"But suppose you wanted to relax with a little rest and change, which she would never want to see him. You were right about me being an idiot who would never want to see him. I am forty-eight. Medusa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one to me. What's what I came here to say."

Who Owns a Woman's Hair?

There is nowadays virtually nothing that a wife can do for which she cannot make her husband peculiarly responsible. Whatever happens he has always got to pay her costs. And though he leaves her at his peril, she can always leave him at her pleasure; and the law she can put in force to compel his return to her is of no use whatever to compel her to return to him.

"When," a benedict had occasion to plead lately—"when I married her I became in a sense part proprietor of her hair." Now she has brought him before the court on a charge of stealing that same hair. If it had been the hair of her head he had exercised it in the course of business, the charge of stealing might perhaps have been unstated. But she had bought the hair with her own money, and had been at charges for making it up. The husband had, as the court pointed out, no claim to the hair under any circumstances, there was no joint ownership, as there might once have been considered to be, in the product, and no right to raise money on it. In point of fact, the relation between husband and wife had come to be such that there was no joint ownership.

A Siege The matrons of the Edison Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., wrote they had a siege of whooping-cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene. Its value in coughs and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

Birth of the Moon.

Year by year the moon is getting a few inches more distant, and reversing the argument, year by year, in the great past, the moon was nearer to us. Professor George Darwin has shown that long long ago the moon was so close to the earth, and still earlier formed part of the earth. From that time to the present he calculates at least 100,000 years must have elapsed. The birth of the moon took place, therefore, somewhere about that date in the past. Robert Ball observed that when the moon was near to us its attraction must have produced enormous tides, many times greater than those that wash our shores today, and he suggested that these tides, by their powerful erosions and wasting of the land, accelerated the geological forces and so reduced the tremendous periods which the geologists have demanded.—London Telegraph.

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Vapo-Cresolene sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene, complete \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. TAZEWELL, MILLS CO., Ltd., Agents 28 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

GREAT COLONY OF CORMORANTS

BREEDING PLACE OF THE BIG BIRDS IN NORTH CAROLINA—A NATURAL PRESERVE.

Game in Primeval Abundance—Exciting Escape of Bird from an Alligator—Enemies of Birds.

Down in Craven County, North Carolina, about midway between Newbern and Morehead City, there lies a tract of land of 40,000 acres which is virtually a natural game preserve. Much of the region is heavily timbered with forests of oak and maple, cypress, gum, and some of the territory is clothed with the long-leaf pine. The preserve contains five large lakes well stocked with fish and other forms of life which not only afford a source of food for the birds, but also a source of amusement for the people of the country. This is the property of James A. Bryan, of Newbern, and so carefully has he guarded the natural resources of this great tract that no lumbermen have entered the territory, and few are the hunters who, uninvited, have pursued the game which may still be found there in something like primeval abundance.

One of the most conspicuous birds found on the lakes is the cormorant. These large raptors seek the season of the inland lakes to build their nests on the large cypress trees or tall stumps standing along the margin of the water. The birds feed exclusively on fish, and so far as I was able to observe, they do not capture from the waters of the lake, but journey 10 or 12 miles distant to Bogue Sound for this purpose. The nests of these birds, guarded jealously by their immense owners, who in circles fly screaming through the air as one approaches, are decidedly the most picturesque specimens of the natural phenomena which the region affords.

He did not tell her that business had brought him. On consideration that sounded rather showman, he did it. It seemed dull and cold in Chicago—after you left.

"I heard the weather had been rather disagreeable," she said, with a queer look.

"I decided to come of a sudden," he said.

"That's the beauty of bachelor freedom," said the widow. "Now, if you had been married, you would have had to wait for a week or two before I could have come. I should have stayed at home and thought myself lucky." He said, "I don't think I have altered them."

"Well," said Mrs. Nistrin, "there is something to be said for both sides. I think that one great source of domestic unhappiness is the failure on the part of the man to realize that whatever concessions are made, there must be only one real head to the family. The woman, so distant from reality, thinks that voice should be his. The woman nowadays fails to realize this as well as she should."

"You've hit it exactly," said Gister.

"I'm one of those women," said Mrs. Nistrin. "I'm used to having my way, and I intend to have it always. My husband, if ever I married again, could have the management of his business, and I could have the management of my life. I am forty-eight. Medusa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one to me. What's what I came here to say."

"You couldn't discharge your wife, you know," she displeased you."

"You would have to dine at home at least once a week, and I believe you would never want to see him. I am forty-eight. Medusa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one to me. What's what I came here to say."

"But suppose you wanted to relax with a little rest and change, which she would never want to see him. You were right about me being an idiot who would never want to see him. I am forty-eight. Medusa, and I never had a home. You've got to make one to me. What's what I came here to say."

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Constipation

Fruit is nature's laxative. Plenty of fruit will prevent Constipation, but won't cure it. Why? Because the laxative principles of fruit are held in peculiar combination and are very mild.

After years of labor, an Ottawa physician accidentally discovered the secret process by which

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are made. He used fruit juices, but by combining them in a peculiar way, their action on the liver, kidneys, stomach and skin is increased many times.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" TABLETS contain all the medical properties of fruit—are a mild and gentle laxative—and the only permanent cure for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Headaches, Bad Stomach and Kidney Troubles.

All druggists have them.

50 cents a box.

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