

His Repentance.

When Neal removed the dinner things, he placed his plate and glasses in the pantry, and carried the tray with the other articles down to the kitchen. In going upstairs he was called to by Watson the upper woman-servant of the family, who was as old as Neal himself, and had lived with them for some years. She was in the apartment opening from the kitchen, a boarded room with a piece of square carpet tacked in the middle; it was used as a sitting-room by the servants when their kitchen work was over for the day. The servants' entrance to the house was on this lower floor; steps ascending from it to the outer door in the back garden.

"Did you call me?" asked Neal, looking in.

Watson had her hands busy darning some of the jam. She turned round at the question, displaying a sorrowful face with quick dark eyes, and pointed with her elbow to a note lying on the table before her.

"A note from Miss Sara, Neal. It came five minutes ago."

"Jessy might have brought it up," remarked Neal. "Letters should never be delayed below."

"Jessy has stepped out," explained Watson. "And I want to get to an end with this jam; Miss Bettina expected it was done and put away this morning."

Neal carried the note upstairs to his pantry, and there examined it. But beyond the fact that it was superscribed Miss Sara Davenal, Neal could gather no information to gratify his curiosity. The hand-writing was not familiar to him; the envelope displayed neither crest nor coat-of-arms. He held it up but not the most scrutinizing eye could detect anything through it; he gazed, but it would not come apart without violence. As he was thus engaged, he heard the dining-room door open, and peeped out of his pantry.

It was Miss Sara. She was going upstairs to the drawing-room. Neal heard her enter it, and after the lapse of a minute or two, followed her bearing a note on a silver waiter. She had shut herself in. Somehow that conference in the dining-room was making her nervous.

"Who brought it, Neal?" she carelessly asked, taking the note from the waiter.

"I am unable to say, Miss. It came when I was waiting at dinner."

Neal retired, closed the drawing-room door, and descended to his pantry. There he began making preparations for washing his dinner glasses, rather noisy preparations for Neal. He put some water into a wooden bowl, rinsed the glasses in it, and turned them down to dry. Having advanced thus far it probably struck him that a trifling interlude of recreation might be acceptable.

He stole cautiously along as far as the dining-room door, and there came to a halt, bounding down his head and ear. Neal could calculate his chances as well as any living spy. He could not be disturbed unwares by Sara from the drawing-room or the servants from the kitchen, and his sense of the hearing was so keen, partly by nature, partly by exercise, that no one could approach the dining-room door from the inside, without his getting ample warning.

Neal had not his hand on the handle for long years to be discovered at last.

There he remained, listening to anything there might be to hear in the dining-room, until he was aroused by that strange knock, so loud, long, and near, that it startled even him. A noiseless glide back to his pantry, a slight clatter there with spoons and forks, and Neal came forth to answer the summons with a far flatter foot than Neal in general allowed his stately self to put forth, for the knocker had begun again and was sounding loudly.

"Is all the time dining?" muttered Neal. He pulled open the door, and there burst in two fine ladies, sending their ringing shout of laughter through the house, and nearly upsetting him in their wild haste.

CHAPTER VI.

A TACTIC BARGAIN.

Dr. Davenal stood in the dining-room in consternation, wondering why all the time could mean that was upsetting the equanimity of his house. Its sound penetrated even the deafness of Miss Bettina, and she remained transfixed, until the room door was flung open with a loud commotion, and two boys leaped in.

Two merry-hearted boys of 11 and 12, bearing in their dark skins the traces of West Indian birth. They sprang simultaneously on Dr. Davenal, each clamoring for the first greeting from Uncle Richard.

"You greet me!" exclaimed the doctor. "What brings you here?"

They were too excited to explain. One day extra in a school-boy's holidays, especially at the commencement, will turn young heads crazy. Sara Davenal, disturbed by the unusual noise, came running to ascertain its cause, and they quitted the doctor for her, kissing her lovingly. Then they had leisure for Caroline and Miss Bettina.

"Why are you home to-day?" shrieked Miss Bettina, unable to recover her equanimity, and giving a cold kiss to each boy.

"We expected you to-morrow." The usher appointed to take charge of the boys whose homes lay this way, had received news that morning of the illness of a relative, and had to leave a day sooner so they left also.

"Nothing loth, I'll answer for it," cried Dr. Davenal and the boys laughed.

He placed them both before him, and looked first at one, then at the other, regarding what alteration six months had made. There was a general likeness between them, as regards eyes, hair and complexion, but none in features. Richard, the eldest, generally called Dick, was a good-looking boy, with a turned-up nose, Leopold had more delicate features and seemed less strong.

"You have both grown," said the doctor; "but Leo's thin. How do your studies get on, Dick?"

"On—muddling," acknowledged Dick, a remarkably candid lad. "Uncle Richard, I'm the best cricketer in the whole school. There's not one of the fellows can come up to me."

"The best what?" said Miss Bettina, bending her ear to the lad.

"Cricketer, Aunt Bett," repeated Richard.

"Good boy! good boy!" said Miss Bettina approvingly. "Resolve to be the best cricketer always, and you'll be the best. You shall have a lot of fresh jam for tea."

Dick smothered his laughter. "I'm not a good scholar at all, Aunt Bett. Leo is; but he's a mull at cricket."

"Not a good scholar?" repeated Miss Bettina, catching those words correctly. "Did you not tell me you were the best scholar?"

"No, I said I was the best cricketer," responded Dick.

"Oh," said Miss Bettina her face assuming its usual severity. "That will do you no good, Richard."

"Aren't you deader than you were before, Aunt Bett?"

"Am I what?" asked Miss Bettina. "Darker? I never was dark yet. Not one of all the Davenal family has as fair a skin as mine. What put that fanny into your head, Master Richard?"

"I said deader, Aunt Bett," repeated Richard. "I am sure you are as dead again as you were at Christmas. Uncle Richard we had a boat race yesterday. I was second oar."

"I don't like those boat races," hastily interrupted Caroline.

"Glad never do," said Mr. Richard, loftily. "As if they'd like to bluster their hands with the oars! Look at mine."

He extended his right hand, palm upwards. Dr. Davenal spoke.

"I don't like boat racing for you boys either, Dick."

"Oh, it was prime, Uncle! One of the boats tipped over, and the fellows got a ducking."

"That's just it," said Dr. Davenal. "Boats 'tip' over when you inexperienced young gentlemen least expect it. It has led to loss of life, sometimes, Dick."

"Any muck can scramble out of the water, Uncle Richard. Some of us fellows can swim like otters."

"And some can't swim at all, I suppose. What did Dr. Keen say when he heard of the boatful going over?"

Richard Davenal raised his honest, wide-open eyes to his uncle, some surprise in their depths. "It didn't get to Keen's ears, Uncle Richard! He knew nothing of the boat race; we had it out of bounds. As if Keen wouldn't have stopped it for us if he had known. He thought we were off to the cricket field."

"Well, you must be a nice lot of boys!" cried Dr. Davenal, quietly. "Does he give a prize for honor? You'd get it, Dick, if he did."

Dick laughed. "It's the same in all the schools, Uncle Richard. If we let the masters into all the secrets of all our fun, my little lot of it we should get."

"I think they ought to be let into the fun that consists in going on the water. There's danger in that."

"Not a bit of it, Uncle Richard. It was the jiliest splash! The oar of trouble was getting the dry things to put on. They had been laid up in the boxes ready to come home with us, and we had to put no end of strategem to get at them."

"A jolly splash was it? Were you one of the immersed ones?"

"Not I," returned Dick, throwing back his head. "As if we second best fellows wouldn't manage a boat better than that! Leo was."

"How many of you were drowned, Leo?"

Leo opened his eyes as wide as Dick had previously done. "Drowned! Uncle Richard? Not one. We scramble out as easy as fun. There's no fear of our getting drowned."

(To be Continued.)

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Every man who allows a cough to become a year's throat or lung and run the risk of falling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unexcelled for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price, 25c and 50c, at all druggists.

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Gothamites Glory in a Swell Wedding.

Miss Martin Married to the Earl of Craven. Three thousand Guests Invited—The Altar Flled With Flowers—Opera Music in Pronunciation on the Grace Church Organ—The Bride's Dress.

New York, April 18.—William George Robert, Earl of Craven, and Miss Cora Martin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York, were married at 7 o'clock this evening by Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, at Grace Church, in the presence of over 2,000 of the elite of New York and English society with all the pomp suggested by the title of the bridegroom and with all the splendour allowed by the millions of the bride. Over 3,000 invitations were sent out for the wedding.

A platoon of police were stationed at the church door to keep the curious crowds back. Broadway, for blocks on each side of the church, was crowded before 12 o'clock. The floral decorations of the church were on a magnificent scale. The altar was covered with roses and lilies. An enormous arch of these same flowers spanned the broad aisle at the head of the church. Before the procession arrived the whistles played "The Jubilee" overture. Selections from "The Marriage of Figaro," from "Tannhauser," and "Aida," and "The Priests' March" from "Athalie."

The wedding was modeled strictly after the English style. The bride entered the church with her bridesmaids, the bridesmaids, Miss Ethel Davis and Miss Annie Rochester, cousins of the bride; Miss Sibyl Sherman, daughter of W. W. Sherman, and Miss Daisy Post.

THE BRIDE looked extremely youthful, even for her tender age. She wore a white gown of Worth's and strictly tabooed jewelry.

The bridesmaids were attired in pink silk and crepe. They wore big Gainsborough hats. The ushers passed down the side aisles and stood in double file on either side of the chancel steps, allowing the bride party to pass between them. The wedding march from "Lohengrin" was played as the bridal party moved up to the chancel.

The groom was attended by his brother, Hon. Robert Cecil Craven, formerly of the royal navy. Rev. Dr. Huntington read the wedding ceremony according to the ritual of the Church of England. Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played as the bridal party returned. Then the chimes rang out suddenly and the "event" was over.

The earl and countess were driven to the Martin House, in West Twentieth street, where a reception was held. A large number of guests attended. There were lavish decorations and an elaborate wedding breakfast.

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Have you seen this great universal life-giver? Have you tested its mighty powers? Have you made it your choice as a banisher of suffering? If not, we say you are courting physical destruction and death. Do not longer remain in doubt and perplexity; be assured that this wonderful medicine, and nothing else is able to cure you. Time is hurrying onward, the moments are precious, your life is in danger and you will lose it if you fail to follow the example of thousands of saved ones.

Change in Time for New York via Erie. The Erie Railway are running a very fast train from Buffalo. The time has been cut down two hours. By leaving London at 12:15 p.m. you will arrive in Buffalo at 5:50 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7:50 p.m. arrive in New York next morning at 7:50 p.m. You can also leave London at 3:45 a.m., 6 a.m. and 11:40 p.m. The latter is a magnificent train, solid vestibule; not a single change between London and New York, and dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. SHARP, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Contributor—What ought I to get for this poem? Editor—You ought to get about fifteen years.

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THE SUCCESSFUL MINISTER. Rev. Walter Rigby Tritley Enumerates His Qualities—Some Kinds of Frenchmen Who Are Not a Success.

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Rev. Walter Rigby Tritley Enumerates His Qualities—Some Kinds of Frenchmen Who Are Not a Success.

A paper which created a great deal of interest and comment at the last meeting of the Ministerial Association was one prepared and read by Rev. Walter Rigby, entitled, "Ministerial Success—What and How?"

The author of the paper stated that he looked upon a minister as one whose soul had been touched by divine love, and under that impulse desired to help others to God and heaven. He referred particularly in his paper to the human side; in doing so he excluded the priestly idea entirely, as temples and altars and sacrifices are no more since Christ has offered one sacrifice for sinners forever. Among other helpful influences which make a successful preacher he mentioned a good presence, fine voice, the power to grip an audience, compelling attention, keeping in touch with the young, and a great aid to success the counsel and criticism of a good wife, and the result of a minister's work should be seen in his own character and family. In summing up he said:

Call not that man a successful minister who founds his claim upon the fact that the apostles lived and labored; and that he is one of their successors; even though it be true call him not on that account a successful minister.

2. The man whom the gaping crowd follows, who make their gratification to him, may have learned the secret of success which the priest never offends sinner or saint can hardly be called a success. A doctor would be as wise to expatiate about the nature of the Spanish fly when his patient needed a blister as a minister to "talk" about the Gospel when the people needed its application. The sermon at Pentecost had prickles, and they reached the heart.

3. The orator, whose beautiful diction appeals to our higher faculties, but who only soothes and pleases, is not a success. 4. The preacher who never offends sinner or saint can hardly be called a success. A doctor would be as wise to expatiate about the nature of the Spanish fly when his patient needed a blister as a minister to "talk" about the Gospel when the people needed its application. The sermon at Pentecost had prickles, and they reached the heart.

5. He who never had the joy of leading a sinner to Christ cannot call his ministry a success.

6. He who is not more beloved in the cottage of the poor than the mansion of the rich is not a successful minister.

7. That preacher whose grip of spiritual truth does not become more firm as he advances in years has not succeeded.

That man may be said to have succeeded who most nearly resembles the Master, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, even though his work should sometimes result in what our Saviour declared to be true, strong opposition, for he declared, "I came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword."

The successful preacher will have positive convictions of truth and drive them home, and be a reformer in the lives of others. Sometimes the results of his work may not at once appear. Death may close his labor, even under a cloud, but some who are dead yet speak. The reward will be given, not according to apparent success, but according to work done. Many an obscure worker, like the coral builder in southern seas, is doing work that shall endure. The time shall come when the faithful one shall hear the Master's "Enter there," in the palace of the King.

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

STATEMENT OF MR. WM. MCNEE.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg would swell to twice its natural size.

ELEVEN RUNNING SORES developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would make my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a sledge and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth week my leg was entirely healed up; the pieces of bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken off since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly, WM. MCNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.

Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNea and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

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