

# Sybil's Doom

"Never without your promise. Rose, Rose, I thought you loved me!"

The pretty face drooped against his coat sleeve.

"You know I do, in a reed-like whisper."

"Then be my wife. Instead of going to France to-morrow, come with me to Scotland."

"You really mean it, Cyril?"

"I shall blow my brains out if you don't! Say you will come, Rose. I love you madly. I can't let you go. Say you will come!"

"To Scotland? But a Scotch marriage is no marriage; and besides, you are a minor, and can not legally contract a marriage anywhere."

"In Heaven's name! how many objections will you raise, Rose?" the young man cried, flushed and impetuous. "If the Scotch marriage does not suit you, we can easily be remarried upon our return to England, and as for being a minor, there will be no one to dispute the legality of our union. Not my father—he never refused me anything yet. He is not likely to begin now."

"Oh, Cyril! But this is not like anything else. Men have disinherited only sons for less."

"My father will not. And, besides, he can not. Monkwood Priory is entailed—comes to me with the fertile acres, if I were disinherited to-morrow. I will listen to more objections, Rose. You must say yes—you must be my wife! I love you madly! I can not live without you. My beautiful Rose, look up, and say, 'Cyril, I love you, and I will go with you to-morrow!'"

He bent over her, his handsome face flushed, hot, red, his eyes glowing, slight with wine and love and excitement. She raised her dainty, drooping head at his bidding, and looked him full in the face, a glittering brightness in her large dark eyes.

"I love you, Cyril," she repeated, "and I will go with you to-morrow. Earth holds no dearer to me than to be your wife. But if you repent later, remember, I have warned you."

"I will never repent!" he cried, with a lover's rapturous kiss. "Our honeymoon will last until our heads are gray. In all broad England there is not another such happy man as Cyril Trevanion."

She turned away her head to conceal a smile—a smile strangely akin to derision. It was gone like a flash.

"And now I must turn you out," she said. "I have much to do between this and day-dawn. Whether one goes to France or to Scotland, one must pack up. It is shockingly late besides. Mrs. Granby will be horrified. For pity's sake, go at once."

She pushed him playfully to the door. The black October night was blacker and chillier than ever, and the bleak, wet wind blew damply in their faces. Miss Adair shivered audibly.

"I don't envy you your drive back," she said; "and the rain will overtake you if you don't hurry. We are likely to run away in a deluge to-morrow."

"Blissful to-morrow!" exclaimed Cyril Trevanion. "Come rain and lightning and tempest, so that they bring me you, I shall thank them. For the last time, good-bye and good-night."

A love-like embrace; then the young man sprang lightly into his night-coat and whirled away. Rose Adair stood in the doorway, until he disappeared, despite the raw blowing of the chill morning wind. In the darkness her pretty face wore a triumphant glow.

"I have conquered!" she said, under her breath. "I will be Cyril Trevanion's wife, as I knew from the first I would. Poor fool! And he thinks I care for him—a stupid boy of nineteen! The old life may go now. Mrs. Cyril Trevanion, of Monkwood Hall, may look upon the past as a horrible dream, over and gone!"

On the close of the third day a post-chaise rattled up to the door of an Aberdeen hotel, and Lieutenant Trevanion handed out his bride. The "Scotch mist" hung clammy over everything, the sky was of lead, the coming night was bleak and drear; but the face of the young officer was brighter than a sunset sky. Was he not a bridegroom of four-and-twenty hours' standing, and was not this radiant little beauty beside him his bride?

"They will show you to your room, my darling," he said. "I will join you presently. Here is your travelling-bag. It might hold the crown diamonds by its weight and the care you take of it. The servant will take it."

"I will take it myself."

She turned her back abruptly upon him as he spoke, and followed the servant upstairs. She dismissed the woman the moment she entered the room, and turned the key in the door. The boxes had been sent up. She knelt down at once to open one of them, and unlocked and unstrapped it.

"I will conceal it here," she said. "He is not in the least likely to find it, in any case; but it is safer here."

She unfastened her travelling bag and drew forth the contents, whose weight and her solicitude about it had puzzled Lieutenant Trevanion. It contained but one thing—a brightly burnished copper box, securely locked and clasped. The little bride thrust this box out of sight among the garments in the trunk.

"Safe hide, safe find." While you are secure, I am secure, don't think Cyril Trevanion will ever find me out. The day that brings you to light sees the last of Rose Trevanion, Rose Trevanion! I have borne a new alias! How many a home name! Rose Adair, Rose Dawson, Rose Adair; and now—last, bright and best—high-sounding Trevanion! What will be the next, I wonder, and which among them all will they carve on my tombstone?"

CHAPTER III.

"And it all ends here! My ambitious dreams, my boundless pride, my grand aspirations for him—it all ends here! In the hour when I loved him dearest, I would sooner have slain him with my own hands than lived to see him fall so low!"

He was an old man, yet grandly erect in his sixtieth year; straight as a Norway pine, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, royal browed and bright-eyed, as it was in the nature of the Trevanions to be. He was General Trevanion, of

## Back Fall of Aches

### Headaches and Depression

Much of Women's Suffering is Needless and Can be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Now he will see how a Trevanion - 179

The library door was flung wide as the thought crossed his mind. "Master Cyril, sir," announced the old, gray-haired butler, and noiselessly withdrew. General Trevanion stopped short in his walk, swung round and faced his son. The young man had advanced eagerly, but with the first look at his father's face, he halted, hesitated, stopped, and came to a standstill by the fire.

The old lion stood—a large writing-table between them—drawn up to his full kingly height, his head thrown back, his proud nostrils dilated, his dark eyes flashing. Cyril Trevanion, very pale, but altogether daintily encountered, that look unflinchingly. So they met—father and son.

"The young man was the first to speak. 'You have received my letter, sir?' he said, very calmly.

"I have received it. Here it is."

He crumpled it up as he spoke, and flung it straight in the fire. One bright flash of flame—then it was gone.

Cyril Trevanion turned a shade paler than before; but the bold, invincible look on his face was very like that on General Trevanion's own.

"You are deeply displeased, sir," he said, still very quietly; "I expected as much. But wait until you see my wife—my Rose. Earth holds nothing half so lovely—half so sweet as she! Even the crime of being an actress will be forgotten and forgiven then."

"I will never see your wife!" General Trevanion answered, the fierce rage within him only showing in the working of his fiery nostrils, the flashing of his stormy eyes. "I will never see your wife, never see you! I disown you—you are no longer a son of mine! For four hundred years you are the first of our race who ever made a messalliance, who mixed the pure blood with the filthy puddle in an actress's veins. No son of mine shall bring disgrace on his name and house, and still remain my son. I will never see you, and you will never see me, though I were on my deathbed. I will never forgive you! In the hour you cross your own threshold, through which women, with royal blood in their hearts, have stepped as brides—in the hour you go forth to your angel of the demi-monde—your seraph of the canaille—you are as dead to me as though the coffin lid had closed above you and they had laid you in the family vault. If I saw you where you stood, your low-lived blood would hardly wash out the stain of your disgrace!"

He stopped; but the lightning of his fiery eyes spoke more eloquently than words. He stopped, for the effort to hold his passion in rein and speak steadily almost suffocated him. And Cyril, drawn up to his full height, his handsome face stormily set, his dark eyes gleaming—tall, strong, princely—a son for any father's heart to exult in—stood like a rock, listening and replying not.

"I have let you come here," his father went on, "because from my own lips I would have you hear your fate. Take your strolling player, your painted ballet-dancer, and go forth to beggary, if you like—a stiver of my money you will never see again. Trevanion Park and all I possess—your mother's fortune included—is mine, to do with as I will, and not one farthing will you ever command, though you were dying of hunger at my gates. Monkwood is entailed—Monkwood must descend to you; but even there you will feel the weight of my vengeance. I will lay it waster than a warren—the timber shall be felled—the game hunted down like vermin—the house left to ruin and decay. When you and your wife come to hear of your mother's death, you will find a barren waste and four gawny walls to call your home—nothing more. I have said all I have to say—I will never forgive you! Sybil Lennox shall be my heiress—for you—I never want to hear of you, dead or alive. Go!"

Cyril Trevanion had spoken but twice since his entrance into the room. Now, at the fiery old martinet's thundering command, he turned without a word. He knew his father—not fiercer at the taking of Douro or Talera—not more deadly at the grand charge of Waterloo—had that clear voice of command led to the death or to the victory. He knew his father, and he knew himself, and without one syllable of entreaty or expostulation or defiance, he looked his last farewell upon his father's face, and went forth to brave his fate.

He left the library, crossed a tessellated pavement of white and black stone—down a sweeping stair-way of slippery oak, black and polished, and wide enough to drive up the proverbial coach and four—the vast baronial hall of the manor, with its gulls of chimneys, its carved stone chimney-piece, so lofty, that there must have been giants in the days when they could be used, hung with family portraits by Holbein and Van Dyck—with branching antlers of red deer, suits of mail that strong old warriors of the Trevanion blood had clanked in before the walls of Antioch in the Crusade days long since. A grand and stately old entrance hall, where the tide of wasail, the blaze of yule logs, had surged high many a merry Christmas. Massive doors of oak opened down the length of this interminable hall, and through some of these, standing ajar, the young man caught sight of long vistas of splendor and color, of glowing draperies, rich carving, and gleaming fire-light pictures of brightness and luxury, to dream of strangely in weary years to come. His hand was on the door to depart, when the shrill cry of a child arrested him—a wild cry of joy and surprise, and the next instant a little fairy figure came flying down the stairs, and plumped headlong into his arms.

"Cyril! Cyril! Cyril!" a perfect scream of childish ecstasy; "oh! Cousin Cyril!"

"Sybil!" the young man said, catching the fairy up, and kissing her; "my dear little pet Sybil! This is, indeed, an astonishing! I thought you had gone good to Scotland!"

"Mamma is here, and baby Charley—we are all come on a visit. But, oh, Cousin Cyril! I didn't know you were coming! Uncle Trevanion never told me. You will stay as long as we do, won't you? Oh, how tall and handsome you are!" with little rushes of impetuous kissing. "And how glad I am that you are here!"

"My dear little Sybil," Cyril said, with



That Stab-like Pain in the Back is Sure Indication of Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Anna Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia: "For a long time I suffered with falling strength and nagging headaches. My condition grew steadily worse, my limbs became limbed and shaky, was shallow breath, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately didn't suspect my kidneys, and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my sufferings. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me. Such a blessing of health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and their steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut."

No greater medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indigestion, constipation, flatulence, liver, bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes for Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

## MONUMENT TO MME. DE SEVIGNE

A statue of Mme. de Sevigne was unveiled to-day at Vitre in Brittany not far from where the Les Rochers, where she loved to live and the scenery of which she so extensively described, in letters. M. Paul Deschanel, the Academician, delivered the inaugural address, and the company paid a visit to the Chateau des Rochers, in which the Netumires family preserves many relics of its famous actress.—Paris correspondence London Times.

## WALKING STICK HANDLES.

Some of the Things That the Handles May Contain.

The ingenuity of the Frenchman has not been confined to the making of weapons out of apparently harmless cases. In fact there is quite a variety of uses which the cane is made to serve.

One of the canes is fitted with a coin box and a match box, these being contained in the head, which is provided with a carefully concealed lid. The coin box is arranged to permit of depositing and easily removing the coin by a slight pressure of the thumb, thus obviating the necessity of fishing for coins in the pocket.

Another cane handle shows a complete outfit of the game known as Petits Chevaux. When the lid is open betting can begin and the horse crossing the wire first wins the stakes. One of the latest Parisian novelties consists in a ladies' parasol handle containing a roulette wheel, which can be used for gambling at any place or moment.

These handles have become very popular. They are of fine workmanship and generally of gold or silver.

One handle contains almost everything that one would be likely to need. A long sheet of paper is wound around the rod, from which pieces may be torn off for taking notes. When the lid is opened penknife, pencil, nail file, comb and looking glass are disclosed. These objects are small, but large enough for practical use.—Scientific American.

## BE PRUDENT WITH THE WHIP.

When a driver whips a horse, observes an exchange, he usually does so in anger or excitement, and does it unwisely. It is possible to punish a horse prudently and effectively, but that is not cruelty. Ninety-nine per cent. of the blows which horses receive are unearned and harmful. Many drivers whip a horse immediately after he has shied from some passing object, like an automobile, which he does not understand, and which fills him with terror. It may be necessary to ply the whip to the frightened animal in order to keep him from turning and upsetting the vehicle, or colliding with other objects, and thus bringing disaster, but once the terrifying object has been passed, the whipping of the horse for having been frightened is simply cruelty, which only serves to infuse greater terror in the animal toward the object, and causes him to be more frightened at the next meeting.—Farmer's Advocate.

## Croup is Deadly!

It must be stopped quickly. Nothing so sure as Nervine. Give it internally, and rub it on chest and throat—croup soon vanishes. No doctor can write a more efficient prescription than Polson's Nervine, which reaches the trouble and cures quickly. The marvelous power of Nervine will surprise you; it's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup and internal pain of every kind. Large bottles nearly fifty years at 25c.

## RED HAT IS WORN ONLY ONCE.

The red hat which the Pope himself will place on the heads of the new Cardinals is the crown of a prince of the Church. It is chief among the insignia of the office of Cardinal.

It is a small hat with two tassels on the brim. Hanging from the hat on either side are five rows of tassels, each row symbolizing a step in the religious life of the Cardinal; priest, vicar, bishop, archbishop, cardinal.

The red hat is never worn after the first time and is kept to be placed over the body of a cardinal when he is deceased.

The cardinal's beretta is also made of red material. It has three semi-circular mounts on top, with a cord loop in the centre. It is worn on unofficial occasions.

New Zealand condensers and powders great quantities of milk.

## 3 Ways to Cook ROUND STEAK

MOCK PORTERHOUSE STEAK—Put one pound of round steak through the meat-hopper, and add a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of water. Mix thoroughly and form into a cake the shape of a sirloin or porterhouse steak. Put an iron pan on the stove and grease it, and when hot put in the steak. Cook the steak for a moment on one side, turn it with a cake-turner and sear the other, and then push it over a moderate fire, or put it in the oven to cook slowly for fifteen minutes, turning once or twice. Transfer it to a second platter, baste it with a little butter, and send it at once to the table. This may also be served with brown, sweet pepper or tomato sauce.

STANLEY STEAK—Make chopped round steak into round cakes and broil on a pan. While they are cooking rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, add half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling. Add a tablespoonful of dry horseradish, or two tablespoonfuls of horseradish pressed from the vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour this mixture in the bottom of the platter, stand the steaks in it, and put half of a baked banana on each steak.

SALISBURY STEAKS—Season one pound of chopped round steak with a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of half a lemon. Mix and form into round cakes half an inch thick. Broil or cook in a dry pan for eight minutes. Transfer to a heated plate, and baste with a little butter.

## CURED HIS WIFE SO HE TRIED THEM

Leon Sergest found new health in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Suffered With His Kidneys and Was Very Feeble, But Now He is Feeling Fine.

Saint Walburg, Sask., Nov. 20. — (Special).—One healthy, happy family in this neighborhood are always ready to speak a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sergest, and here is the reason in Mr. Sergest's own words:

"I suffered with my kidneys and I was very feeble. My urine was thick and had a brick-dust sediment. As Dodd's Kidney Pills had already cured my wife I bought three boxes. Now my urine is normal and I feel fine."

It is statements such as these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They are no cure-all. They simply cure diseased kidneys and the ills that come from diseased kidneys. But no matter what neighborhood you visit you find some man or woman who has been sick and in pain and has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. For a score of years this work has been going on and to-day in every part of Canada Dodd's Kidney Pills are known as the one sure cure for Kidney Disease, Urinary Troubles, Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, and Bright's Disease.

## A BRITISH VETERAN.

(From the London Standard.)

The oldest soldier in the British army is said to be Samuel Parsons, the King's gunner at Windsor Castle, who to-day celebrated the fifty-second anniversary in the House of Lords of Windsor Castle. Although nearly 87 years of age, he is still on the active list and has drawn full military pay for sixty-five years. Parsons retained all his faculties, including very good, and enjoys good health. He was born at Morval, East Lothian, in 1824, and at the age of 13 years joined the Royal Artillery as a recruit. He was at Quebec with his regiment for six years, and after three years home service was despatched to the Crimea. After being laid up for a while by fever, Parsons returned to the seat of war the day before the charge of Balaklava, although he did not take part in that memorable charge, but was present at the battle of Inkermann. After the Crimea he went to Woolwich, and was appointed Royal Gunner at Windsor Castle on October 17th, 1859.

Parsons possesses six medals, including the Crimean medal, with bars for Sebastopol, Inkermann and Balaklava; the Queen's Coronation medal, and King George's Jubilee medal. King Edward's coronation medal, with bars for the diamond jubilee, King George's Coronation medal. During the fifty-two years Parsons has been at the Royal Tower there has never been an accident. It is his duty to hoist the flag at sunrise and haul it down at sunset. When on duty in his residence at the Royal Standard flies from the masthead, with a small one at night. Since 1852 the Union Jack has been hoisted during the absence of the court.

## MOTHERS PRAISE

### BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Every mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets readily admits that there is no other medicine to equal them. They are a never-failing cure of all stomach and bowel complaints, and many a precious little babe owes health and even life itself to their use. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Fred Dove, Broadview, Sask., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and have found them of such great benefit I would not be without them. They are truly a wonderful remedy for little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. each a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.

(Boston Transcript.)

Salesman—These are our best spring mattresses, madam.

Mrs. Younchide—Haven't you any winter ones?

Eight hours off and four hours on. Shivering cold till the voyage is done. Striving the flame till the race is won. Sweat the coolies who make her go!

Not even a name on the ship's pay roll. Only a number to take its toll. Just a nameless in the human whole—Naked coolies who make her go!

No hint above of what's below. Keeping alive the fiery glow. Driving the engines fast or slow—Yellow coolies who make her go!

Tumble 'em up from the hell in the hold. See how they shiver out in the cold. Eyes like a cat, and faces like gold. These, the coolies, who make her go.

—Don C. Seitz, Harper's Weekly.

## THE SHADOW OF POOR HEALTH

### Dispelled Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

When the shadow of poor health falls on your life, when hope begins to fade and friends look serious, then is the time you should remember that thousands just as hopeless have been cured and restored to the sunshine of health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which brings a glow of health to anaemic cheeks, cures indigestion, headaches and backaches, drives out the stinging pains of rheumatism and neuralgia, strengthens the nerves and relieves as no other medicine can do the aches and pains which only women folk suffer from. In any emergency of poor health give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will not disappoint you. Here is a case that will bring hope to many a weary sufferer.

Mrs. F. K. Sanders, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "About four years ago I took a severe cold which I neglected, thinking that I would soon be all right again. But instead I found myself in a weak and run-down condition. I seemed to have no ambition to do anything and my head and nerves became so bad I was forced to bed. The doctor who was called in said the trouble was chronic anaemia, but in spite of his skillful attendance I was unable to sit up and eat, but had to be fed with a spoon. One day a visiting friend suggested my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for a half dozen boxes. In a short while I began to eat better and feel better, and by the time the pills were used I felt altogether different; my heart did not bother me, my lips and cheeks regained their natural color, and everybody who saw me remarked on how well I was once more looking. Wishing to be on the safe side I took two more boxes of the pills, which made a complete cure. As I have had neither ache nor pain since, and I now weigh 140 pounds, I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I hope that this letter may be the means of suggesting relief to many of my sisters who suffer as I did."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes, for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.