

Uneffectual Fire.

Judith had sat perfectly still as she listened to the girl. She had grown pale, but had neither moved nor spoken. It was as if the fierce arraignment had proved her guilty. "When summer makes friends of winter strangers," was saying itself over and over in an undercurrent of thought. Now she rose and led Trena back to her chair.

"Sit down," she said, gently, "and tell me all about it. If Ben has gone, you shall have him back again—I promise you that. There was something in the low voice that quieted the other women. "Yes, he shall come back," repeated Judith, insistently. "It would break my heart if he did not!" she exclaimed.

"Your heart?" asked Trena, in dull surprise. "Yes, mine," answered Judith. She story was not long in the telling, but Judith listened to it with a variety of sensations. It was startling to learn of the espionage to which she had been subjected; to know that while she had supposed herself alone with Kane's words and actions were scrutinized by another human being. It was impossible not to resent; but it grew upon her, as Trena went on, that their personalities were nothing to this imaginative creature; that Judith, Van Wert had been but a woman with a lover; playing a part that had fascinated the observer who had longed to imitate it. This removal of personality from the scene made it offend her less. When Trena finished, with the same abrupt question, "Why should it have seemed so real, if it was not?" Judith tried to explain it to her, and found herself faced by impossibilities. It was as if she spoke another tongue. She leaned forward and sought for the right words, her hand with its sparkle of gems on the dark plush of her chair. The glint of the diamonds drew Trena's eyes. With a sudden throb of recollection, "He kissed your hand," she interrupted. Judith colored vividly.

"You should not have watched us!" she exclaimed, quickly. "I did not think it was any matter," said Trena, almost indifferently. The words did not touch her as it would afterward. Then Judith went back to her impossibilities. How trivial it sounded to tell this eager, passionate girl that the language she had held to be the language of love had been but that of a well-to-do, sentimental emotion? Idleness? Yet it had meant something—a good deal perhaps. It had not been all affectation, indeed it was genuine—after a fashion. Only it was not expected to last forever; they saw the end from the beginning, but they did not say so—no, of course not. Judith found herself in a maze of contradictions, and yet there had been no ambiguity, it had been clearly understood. Had it not been? For an appreciable space of time a quiver of doubt weakened her position. Was it possible that the difficulty had been with the conception of the part, hers as well as his? No, no—the trouble was with Trena herself. "Ben was right," she said, when Judith stopped speaking, "it was all just a lot of words that don't amount to anything, so that a man, don't know where he is nor what he is."

What use to say to a girl like this that "whom summer made friends of, winter might be permitted to estrange?" "If she were," if she were an inhabitant of another world," Judith said to an interested listener afterward, "it couldn't have been harder to make her understand. I felt as if I was being visited by a missionary from Mars."

CHAPTER V.

The next evening Trena walked into the little kitchen where her mother was frying fish. The fish smelled so cheerfully, and there was a trifling access of cheerfulness in Mrs. Polton's manner.

"Well," she remarked, with the usual lack of demonstration in persons of her reticent sort, "do you come back? I hope you got to see your aunt—you was so anxious to. I never knew you set so much store by your father's relations before."

"Yes, I saw her, mother," said Trena, smiling an instant, as she came and stood by the fire. "Where's the father?"

"Ashore, thank mercy!" said the skipper's wife. His boat's sprung a leak and he's looking after it. I suppose next time it springs one it'll be in the middle of the sea!"—she sighed—"and that'll be the end on him!"

"Oh, maybe not," said Trena absently. She was still depressed. "Find out where Ben is," had been Judith's last words, "and let me know. But what could she do? Judith had failed her once, and a great despair had come upon her soul."

"For the land's sake! you're whiter than a clam-shell!" said Trena's mother suddenly. "Sit down, and I'll give you your tea."

When Captain Polton came in Trena was more like herself.

"Where's Ben Shelton gone to, father?" she asked, abruptly, as they sat at the supper-table.

"Captain Polton was a man to whom anything that happened on dry land was as trees walking. At sea his eye was alarmingly keen; he knew the special quality of a breeze while it was yet undeveloped; his instinct of the whereabouts of the blue-fish was unerring; his acquaintance of the monsters of the deep was both wide and reliable, but the shore limited his investigations. Therefore he saw no particular significance in Trena's question, which was not so lost on her mother."

"He's layin' over to Riverton, I guess," he answered between mouthfuls. "Got some kind of a job over there. They say he's doin' well—well as you can on dry land."

"The Lord made the dry land for men, and the water for fish," said Mrs. Polton, seeing her way to a point; "and didn't do so to put understandin' into the men, so they'd know their place as well as the fishes do."

"These here fish's understandin' must have played 'em considerable of a trick," remarked her husband, with a gesture, nearly related to a wink, for Trena's benefit.

"Well," said Mrs. Polton, with her sex's readiness in changing her ground, "I do like to see a man eat with an appetite."

"Ben Shelton's comin' over next day after tomorrow night," volunteered the captain. Trena sat up straight in her chair. "I know because Stoddard's boys borrowed a car of me. He's comin' late one night, and going to catch the early boat over to the P. & N. morning, and Stoddard's boys' goin' to pull him over. He's had to have 'bout daybreak, I reckon. His business ain't going to hinder him long. That's how I happen to know—by the car," he concluded, conscious that this unusual supply of information needed some explanation.

"Next day after tomorrow night," said Trena to herself.

The two following days went slowly, but when the evening of the second came, pressed, and deepened into night, without

bringing to Trena any sign of Ben's presence, she felt that they had flown. One more chance of seeing him remained, and she determined to seize, half in desperation that it was but once more; half in faint-hearted hope aroused by Judith's confidence.

She was to leave at dawn; she knew the little place where Stoddard's boy's boat was moored; it was overlooked by the very rock where they had parted; she should be there to see them go. She dressed, and as it was still too early to expect to see him, seated herself in the small window of her room and looked toward the glowing glory of the east, watching the "day fill its blue urn with fire." The sky was red and purple and green, with a grand waste of color and pulsing radiance, as though this were the last day and the final sun-rising, and all the beauty that was left in heaven should be lavished upon it. The earth was still, in awe, but beneficent expectation. Trena could not see the surf, but she heard its monotonous beat as it rolled in solemnly under the glorified sky. Its sound was in a different key from that of the later day. It was as if it too was hushed into a reverent waiting for the advent of some great power that was to come, and listened for its footsteps, even as it broke in places and washed down the shore. As the glory faded into a concentrated brightness low down in the east, Trena rose and went out, and as she seated herself on the rock "up leaped, of a sudden, the sun." It was day, and the mystery of dawn departed, and the ordinary sights and sounds began to be. From one of the chimneys, as Trena looked landward, a trail of smoke. From a neighboring house a man went from the kitchen-door for an armful of wood. The working of the miracle was over—the angel had troubled the waters and had gone. But the day was still new, its freshness yet unspoiled, the clear mirror of its hours was yet unbreathed on by human care and greed and selfishness. Trena looked up suddenly and saw Stoddard's boy, with the oars over his shoulder, come to his boat. Then she turned her head in the other direction and saw Ben coming toward the shore. He would have to pass very near her. In the stillness of the morning content she folded her hands and waited. As he drew near he saw her and paused; then, with a long, quick stop she knew, he came toward her. How handsome he was! She had not seen him for so long—so long. Stoddard's boy had gone in to the house for something—it was as if they were alone in a new world.

"What made you come here, Trena?" he said, looking down at her.

"Oh, Ben!" she said, with tender impatience, "you know why I came—it was the only place I could find you."

"So you wanted to find me?" he said. "Yes," she answered, looking up at him steadily. Then she laughed a little; "I don't care so much about parting as I used to, Ben."

Stoddard's boy came out of the house whistling as Ben sat down by her side. Suddenly he stopped whistling and went into the house again, and left them alone in the early morning world. Only their voices were in their ears, with the ebb and flow of the water growing louder as the tide came in, as if it were deepening into the turmoil of the day.

(THE END.)

THE VIENNA MYSTERY.

Did Mrs. Robbins Write the Letter Found After Sealey's Death.

VIENNA, Ont., Aug. 17.—The people of South Bayham have become deeply interested in the mystery surrounding the death of George Sealey since the developments at the inquest, when it was announced that arsenic had been discovered in the dead man's stomach. It appears that when Mrs. Robbins was taken from the room where the inquest was held, owing to a fainting spell, she became rigid and unconscious. When she revived she was placed in a buggy by her sister, Martha Best, and taken home. Therefore, when recalled to give evidence, she was not on hand. Martha Best then called, but she, too, had gone. The similarity between the handwriting on the letter found in Frank Whitesall's pocket and that of Sarah Jane Robbins, as written in the inquest room, is said to be very striking.

The Way to Get There.

To get there, young fellow, the way that is best. The method of methods, the world has confessed. Is to roll there on rollers, to skate there on wheels. With the balance of power all coated to the heels. But if you are tired and you cannot tell why. If your liver is wrong, and the breath of your Is the weary complainings of lungs that are sore. And the remedy used doesn't seem to restore. If ghastly consumption, grim, leaning on wild. The unyielding fountain of health hath defied. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will put an end to your troubles.

It's not like the saraparillas or ordinary Spring medicines. Their claim to do good in March, April and May. All the year round, and in all cases, the "Discovery," purifies the blood as nothing else can. Every blood-taint and disorder, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings—the most stubborn Skin and Sculp Diseases, and the worst forms of Scrofula, are completely and permanently cured by it.

Buy of reliable dealers. With any others, something else that pays them better will probably be urged as "just as good." It may be for them; but it can't be for you.

Mr. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much. Mr. Sparedon—Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see.

Asks for Minors and take no other. Complimentary friend—Very striking woman, Mrs. Van Short. Mr. Van Short—Yes; she hit me for ten this very morning.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all sections of throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

She—Boys will be boys. He—So would the girls, if they could. Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

SAD END OF AN ACTRESS.

Carrie E. Potter Dies Unattended in a Hotel.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 17.—Carrie E. Potter, aged 25, an actress in the "1492," came from Boston Tuesday and was taken ill in a store and declared that she had been drugged. The proprietor to get rid of her took her to the Harris House, and paid for her lodging. There she caused some commotion by dancing before the parlor mirror.

In the morning she was found dead in her bed with her face bloody, and looked as if she had died in great agony. The police kept the matter quiet until today, thinking she had taken strychnine, but a post mortem shows that she died of hemorrhages.

She left the hotel office a note for C. A. Morton, who is supposed to be a Boston theatrical man. In it she said she could wait no longer and was going on to Concord, N. H., where she had an engagement as nurse in an asylum.

It was found last night that she has relatives in Danville, Que., who will care for the body.

TORONTO.

Industrial Fair Notes—Premier Thompson Will Open the Show—A Brilliant Programme of Attractions.

TORONTO, Aug. 17.—Sir John Thompson has consented to officiate at the formal opening of the Toronto Industrial Fair, which takes place on the 4th of September. A large number of societies and organizations having a Dominion or Provincial membership, have arranged for the holding of their annual conventions here during fair time. The programme of the fair has just been issued. It includes a great variety of special attractions in addition to the features already mentioned, among them being the horsemanship and chariot driving specialties of the noted Kemp combination, balloon ascensions with parachute drop, Kinner's Ohio trotting dog team, living pictures, being reproductions by means of the Kinner system, the famous master, Edison's latest invention, the kinograph, concerts by musical organizations of European celebrity, etc.

The exhibits of Northwest products by the C. P. R. will be supplemented this season by open air lectures, with stereoscopic views, illustrative of life in the Northwest.

The Holstein-Friesian Cattle Association have duplicated the prizes offered for dairy tests, and in addition give special prizes for Holstein cows.

The magnificent fireworks spectacle, the "Siege of Algiers," preparations for which have been going on for some time at the grounds, will, in addition, be brilliant and startling effects, anything heretofore witnessed.

LUCKY FORESTERS

Who Will Have a Trip to the Old Country and Their Expenses Paid.

PETERBORO, Aug. 17.—At the concluding session of the High Court of Foresters here the following were elected to represent the natives to the Supreme Court meeting to be held in London next July: A. H. Beckins, Aymer; Rev. A. Macgillivray, P.H.C.R., Toronto; Neil McCrimmon, Toronto; Major Sanders, Stuyvesant; Judge Fitzgerald, P.H.C.R., Welland; L. T. Barclay, Whitby; W. K. Hickey, P.H.C., Bothwell; Rev. E. Davis, London; D. E. Cameron, Toronto; C. C. White, high secretary, Toronto; J. Gilmour, Toronto; William Griffith, Hamilton; ex-Mayor Drinnan, Kingston; Atwell Fleming, high treasurer, London; J. B. Helkett, high secretary, Ottawa; George Challis, Toronto; William Green, Toronto; Dan Lewis, Kingston; D. T. Milne, Toronto; Thomas McGillivray, Toronto; Rev. Robert Kerr, St. Catharines; George Kappelle, Toronto; A. R. Milne, Toronto; C. L. Coulter, Toronto; D. J. Hearn, Toronto; George A. Proctor, Sarnia; Dr. R. W. Bell, Peterboro; W. H. Wardrop, Hamilton; Geo. L. Wilson, Toronto.

THE HARRISON CASE.

More Serious Than Was at First Suspected—At Times He Was Prostrated by His Sufferings—Now He Is Cured.

PETERBOROUGH, Aug. 13.—The case of Richard Harrison, mentioned in these columns last week, was a more serious one than appeared at first sight. He was afflicted for some years with backache, the direct result of kidney disease. In damp weather especially his sufferings were intense, and frequently prevented his doing any work. To an active, energetic man, such an affliction was most grievous, and he tried many alleged remedies without relief. J. D. Tully, the well-known druggist here, recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills, which Mr. Harrison used and is now thoroughly cured. He only regrets that he did not use Dodd's Kidney Pills before, for he knows that if he had he would have been well long ago.

Louis XIV. had more than 100 nicknames, of every degree of respect and contempt, from the Sun God to Louis Babbalan.

At Death's Door—Dyspepsia Conquered—My medical adviser, and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have gained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, and I am well known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its value as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. J. VAN VALCOCK, (Signed) General Merchant.

Every year the King of Italy receives a present of 10,000 picked Virginia cigars from the Emperor of Austria.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. It takes no less than 2,600 red cedar trees to supply the wood for the pencil manufacturers in the United States.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTHERN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it, and cures immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. Callard, W. T. Strong, C. C. Cross & Lawrence, and all druggists in the Dominion.

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Exhibitors should make entries at once and secure space and stabling. Many have made theirs and are located. Don't be late. Programmes will be ready about Aug. 20.

CAPT. A. W. PORTE, President.

THOS. A. BROWNE, Secretary.

WALPOLE ISLANDS PARISH HALL.

New Name Given to the Bishop of Huron—"Wah-sa-Skung."

ALGOA, Mich., Aug. 17.—The dedication of St. John the Baptist parish hall, Church of England, on Walpole Island, was made the occasion for a gala-day among the Indians. Among the noted divines present were the Right Rev. M. S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron; Rev. Raral Dean T. R. Davis, rector of St. George Church, Sarnia; Rev. John Downey, rector of Walford; Rev. G. M. Franklin, of Walpoleburg; Rev. J. Jacobs, missionary in charge of Walpole Island Indians, all of Canada, and Rev. Mr. Freese, of Algoma. During the forenoon services were held in the church, which consisted of advice given to the confirmation class of 45, and the confirming of said class by the Right Rev. Bishop of Huron. There were 200 present at church.

At noon a splendid dinner was served in the parish hall by the Indian ladies and gentlemen, which cost about \$150. After this the parish hall was formally opened by the Right Rev. Bishop of Huron, and the delivery of the keys to the incumbent, Rev. J. Jacobs, and the church wardens, Ziba Brigham and Lewis Fisher took place. Then there was a greeting of the Indians to the bishop, read by Warden Ziba Brigham, expressing the love of the Indians for their pastor and also the bishop for his assistance to them. This was feelingly responded to by the bishop, while addresses were made by the other divines present.

A new name was given to the bishop, "Wah-sa-Skung," meaning "shining light." The Indian church choir sang many beautiful songs, and the Walpole Island Chippewa Brass Band and St. Clair Reserve Indian Brass Band helped materially to the enjoyment.

The parish hall is 60x30 feet, with a gallery for the choir, and is the only one of the kind on the 30 Indian reservations in Canada. Its construction was suggested by the bishop two years ago, and its completion is due to the untiring exertions of Rev. J. Jacobs and the churchwardens. It cost \$1,700, and is all paid for except about \$400. All these great improvements in church affairs have been brought about by the exertions of Rev. J. Jacobs, who is greatly beloved by the Indians.

At 6 p.m. a fish supper and tea meeting was served in the hall, and the exercises did not break up until about 10 p.m. There were about 2,000 people in attendance, and it was pronounced the greatest event ever held on the island.

A WELL KNOWN HAMILTON MERCHANT

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'Tis the Only Food that "Saves Babies' Lives."

Mr. E. Chester Fearman, the well-known merchant, of Hamilton, Ont., gives strong and positive testimony regarding the great superiority of Lactated Food over all other brands now sold.

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From every quarter of Canada joyful and happy reports are continually coming in about the wonders worked by Lactated Food. No other food in the world can equal Lactated as a nourisher for the weak and sickly baby.

In the Argentine Republic drunkards are sentenced to sweep the streets for eight days.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

You can't go wrong when you buy from us, because we have just one way of doing business, and that is to give a dollar in good quality for a dollar of everybody's money. Try us. KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

Take your prescriptions and send your recipes to Symonds' new drug store, 464 Dufferin avenue, corner Maitland street.

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