Diamond Cut Diamond

THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued,

"Come here and sit down," she said, seeing the change in his face, with a small sad smile upon her lips, and he abeyed her meekly.

"Had she not always been in the right?" he said to himself, and then in some fashion he became all at once convinced that even in this thing that she told him to do she must also, of necessity, be wiser than he was.

She allowed him to take her hand, and he held it in both his own with a reverent tenderness.

"Yes, Geoffrey," she said very quietly, and with all her old manner—the manner of a sovereign to a subject—title.

She allowed him to take her hand, and he held it in both his own with a reverent tenderness.

"Yes, Geoffrey," she said very quietly, and with all her old manner—the manner of a sovereign to a subject—which always had the same absolute effect upon him. "Yes, you have guessed rightly; your uncle has spoken to me about it. He wishes it no deubt above all things, and his wishes are entitled to a great deal of respect from you, for your whole future career is in his hands, and he is disposed to treat you with a great deal of generosity and liberality."

"And for wordly advancement, you would advise me—"he broke in emphatically.

She smiled and held up her finger. "Please listen to me. Wordly advancement is not at all a contemptible thing, let me tell you. When you are a few years older you will understand this better, no doubt, than you do now. At present you are blinded to the relative value of things. Your

Selection of the select

no rapture of earthly passion. It was the kiss of an eternal farewell.

The damp dews of night were falling thickly about them as he rose at last, half delirious, from his knees, and wrenched his hands out of hers. There was no word spoken between them at the last; no tender "good-bye," no whispered "good night." He only walked dumbly away from her, staggering a little at the first as one who is stricken with a mortal pain, then by degrees steadier as he reached the house, but still blinded and dazed, with blanched face and wild unconscious eyes, like a lost soul that knows not whither it goes.

Is it any wonder that, brushing against his own sister upon the platform, of the station, he passed her by with a vacant, unconscious stare, as though his eyes had rested upon a stranger?

She chose the luncheon hour for her visit as offering a greater certainty of finding her aunt at home, and fortune certainly befriended her that day for her uncle also was in, having been detained in his own house by a slight touch of a foe whom not all his cleverness could circumvent, and which was apt at times to assert its power over him in an autocratic fashion.

use such expressions, uncle—"

"Rubbish! don't begin a sermon, girl! Answer my questions instead. Where's your brother? he hasn't been to the office for three days—wrote and said he was ill—he isn't there to-day, I've had a telegram from his fellow-clerk, Trichet, this morning, to say so. Where is he, I want to know? What do you know of him?"

"I know nothing, uncle," faltered Florence, fairly frightened by his vehemence.

"You said you saw him?"

"Only for a minute."

"Where was it?"

"At Riverside."

"At Riverside."
"Ah! What did he say to you?" "Nothing?" Don't trifle with

and suicide:—		
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EDITOR'S WIFE

THIS LADY SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM RHEUMATISM.

dats Begau to Swell and Twist Out of All Shape—Death Would Have Been a Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Re-store Her to Health.

From the Harriston Tribune.

From the Harriston Tribune,
After long consideration and much hesitancy about having her name made public, Mrs. John A. Copland, wife of the editor and proprietor of the Harriston Tribune, has resolved that the world should know how wonderfully her health was restored by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Our representative interviewed Mr. Copland and the following is his statement of the case. "Whilst we were living in Toronta at No. 99 McGill street, my wife took ill in the autumn of 1894, and had such racking pains that she could hardly stir. One of the best specialists is Toronto was called in and he diagonosed the case one of acute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given and he said that the case was a severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become misshapen. What this eminent physician predicted came true. At the end of a month my wife was worse than "Ah! What did he say to you?"

"Nothing." Don't trifle with me, "Nothing?" Don't trifle with me, all— he must have said something!"

"Indeed, uncle, he said nothing at all— he did not speak to me. I don't think he ever saw me. It was at the station—he was getting into the train. If tried to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop. He got into the train and went that he world be not stop. He got into the train and went to stop. He got into the train and went that he world be not stop. He got into the train and went to stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not stop. He got into the train and went to stop him, but he would not look at me so savagely, uncle Matthew. I am really not accustomed to be cross-questioned in this way."

He laughed gruffly. Something made him feel more amiable all at once, and he began to enjoy himself a little—it was evident that he coase one of accute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given and he said that the case was a severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become missapen. What this eminent physical products are twisted greatly out of the strong medicines and knuckles were twisted greatly out of the strong medicines and tho deader.

The Doncerning Facts and Figures Relating to Self-Desiruction.

In all countries suicide is far more common among men than among women, and those who are married are less prone to self-murder than those who are single. The class of men most liable to kill themselves is the millitary, says the London Leader. less prone to self-murder than those who are single. The class of men most liable to kill themselves is the military, says the London Leader.

The particular form of religion existing in a country seems to affect the number of its suicides. In Protestant States the deaths attributable to this cause are largely in excess of those similarly brought about in countries where Roman Catholicism prevails. Suicide, again, is relatively rare among the Jews.

Concerning the age at which persons appear most likely to destroy themselves, the suicidal tendency increases in direct ratio with the age till about the seventieth year, when it begins and continues to decline. Children under 10 have been known to commit suicide, as also have persons over 90.

The following table throws some curious light on this question of age.

Several of our neighbors in Toronto knew how sick she was, and can cor-roborate every word I have said. Either myself or my wife are willing to swear to the truth of these state-

ments. Mr. Copeland has been laughed at Mr. Copeland has been laughed at for the enthusiasm with whish he has sung the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but he believes that anything so valuable to mankind should get all the

valuable to mankind should get all the praise it deserves.

Mrs. Copland was seen at her residence on King street, Harriston, and she corroborated every word her husband has said. She reluctantly gave consent to have her name published, but said that she thought it proper that the efficacy of these pills should be made known. She was led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through seeing the accounts of cures in the newsing the accounts of cures in the

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Most people never stop to think that .108 not to get married.

When a woman thinks her husband could not live without her, it is for the same reason that a sick baby could not live without a nurse.

Successful marriage depends on how much each one can make the other believe he or she is giving up for the other without really giving up any-

thing.
It is hard for a woman to preserve her ideals when her husband refuses to water the petunias because he is in a hurry to keep a business engagement a hurry to keep a business engagement. If a man stays out till four o'clock in the morning, and tells his wife he was catching up work in his office, so they can take a little trip some day, she will believe him; if he is five minutes late to dinner and tells her it is because he went a block out of his way to put one of her friends on a car, she is suspicious right away.

HAD BEEN IN HIS ARMS.

Dora-Yes, Henry Huggleton cer-ainly is getting to be quite a social

Flora, blushing—Dear me, do you think sor It seems to me he acts more like a bear.

CRUEL REVENGE.

Mr. Bunk's marriage didn't come

What was the matter?
His tailor was an old rival and didn't get his wedding suit made in time.

A LIE NAILED.

The Dog-You've got to have a pull to get along nowadays.

The Horse-Nonsense! I've lad one all my life and it hasn't done ma any