# Remember The Name

ITS STRENGTH, PURITY AND FRAGRANCE ARE UNEQUALED

the bridegroom,

-"why, I neither know nor care."

"Mademotselle can be spiteful.

know," he responds, chuckling. "You

haven't been spooning her, have you,

tender little hearts on their sleeves

ly hazy and hilarious from too free

indulgence in sherry and champagne.

"I thought she had some dire cause

of offense against you!" A woman,

indifferent ...

warning have come too late. Mr. Or-

The Scaled Packet is your safeguard

# An Indispensible **Favorite**

## **Wealth and Beauty** at Stake!

CHAPTER XIL #7 M NT M "Chere madam," she calls, with some mockery, either—in her tones, "do you hear me? We are all waiting for you-

Bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all;

and your lord has sent up his commands that you are to hurry!" The dressing-room door opens sud-

denly, and mademoiselle's malicious smile fades in spite of herself. "Did Captain Glynne send you up with orders to me to hurry, made-

moiselle?" Yolande asks, coolly buttoning her long, dark tan gloves. to her beyond what I was obliged to "Orders! Well-really, I' beg a do," Dallas answers, sourly. "'Sh!" thousand pardons, madam, if I have he adds suddenly, as he raises his eyes for an instant.

offended!" Miss Glover exclaims, with scarcely velled impertinence in her sneering tones an dsaucy glance. She struggles hard to conceal her surprise is glancing, and he is, besides, slightand chagrin at her unexpected rebuff, with the lady's maid standing by and Kemurely enjoying it all. "I did not know I was intruding, dear," she goes on, in a low, reproachful tone; "and Captain Glynne is impatient, and bade me tell you how late it was."

"Captain Glynne has just been here on the same errand himself." Yolande rejoins, sitting down; then, turning to her maid, she says, "Pitts, will you change these boots for the other pair the room, and is standing at his elof Pinet's These are rather tight. bow, looking from him to her husband Captain Glynne knows, of course, we cannot go by the four o'clock train," with an inquiring smile. andde "It is absurd to even think

gayly. "And what sentiments to inculate in the mind of a newly married Pitts is buttoning on the other pair men! I shall take my husband away of boots, and Yolande seems absorbed from you," and she slips her daintilygloved hand within his arm and biting her lip, and feeling snubbed smiles radiantly up at him. and mortified, is obliged to take her-

and tugs at his mustache. "Your wife is not ready. Captain Glynne," she says, returning to the dining-room. Your first conjugal tleman, appreciatively. "Glynne knew lesson in patience!"-and she shows what he was about! She's a pretty

girl and a charming girl, and she ome fellows are!"

Captain Glynne smiles back at his oung wife, secretly amazed and pleased. She was deadly pale and shy and wiet to the verge of inspidity that orning in her bridal robes; and while he knelt by her side at the altar and sat by her side at the wedding breakfast, his heart went back with pangs of fierce regret to his false lost love-winsome, laughing, light hearted Joyce Murray.

But now the quiet, shy maiden Yo lande Dormer has been transformed and Yolande Glynne, his young wife the edge of her teeth in a spiteful little of a few hours, is as different from her smile. "She says you are absurd to as a fresh red rose is from a white think she can go by the four daisy-as different as a sparkling, o'clock train"—this quite loud enough handsome, self-possessed girl is from for half a dozen people to hear, ina dull, plain one. Her dark eyes are cluding Major Hutchinson and the alight with a strange brilliance, her "best man," George Ormond. "I think cheeks are softly flushed, her lips she is worried about tight gloves, or wreathed in smiles; her whole mantight boots, or something of that sort. ner is rather feverishly gay, but I know I was sent out of the room sans charmingly different from her usual ceremonie!"—and mademoiselle laughs tame placidity—so Dallas thinks. very merrily as she rustles off to an-

His heart is very sore for that false other group of guests, and leaves the lost love who is now, when it is all men glancing at each other and at too late, within his reach. He despises her, he almost hates her, for "Mademoiselle has a grudge against her falseness; but he hungers for her Yolande as well as against me, I sweetness and brightness and her fancy," Dallas says to George Ormond fickle girlish fondness-now lost to him forever. George Ormond grins rather know-

Knowing, however, that she is lost to him, his heart is on the rebound toward the girl who loves him truly and passionately, his fair little bride, who is standing beside him now, with old boy? Governesses carry their all the men admiring her and envying him., His slighted love and wounded pride are yearning for the comfort and the consolation of the unselfish, adoring tenderness of Yolande's heart; but, alas and alas, she knows this not!

And little does he know or imagine But George Ormond does not look that the pretty dark-haired girl who in the direction in which the other is looking so elegant and attractive that he feels for the first time a thrill of pride at possessing her—little does he know or imagine that she, with her "I thought so!" he says, laughing. dainty gloved hand resting confidingly on his arm, is writhing in a secret agony of jealous wrath and miserysir, would rather you beat her than be that she is counting the weary minutes and the lagging hours that must He stops adruptly; but Dallas Glynelapse before the time comes when ne's flashing glance and frown of she can be revenged on him for his treachery and baseness and cruelty. mond sees that the bride has entered Hapless girl! Revenge on him whom her soul loves, who is her demigod and

her darling! But Captain Glynne does not even "We are not quite such fools as we dimly suspect that there is anything wrong-and not merely wrong but woe fully strained—in the relations between him and his newly wedded girl love, until at the moment of their departure, when mademoiselle presses forward among relatives and bridesmaids to kiss the bride.

George Ormond stares admiringly Yolande, who has kissed and been kissed by almost every one else ex-"By Jove," mutters the young gencept her husband-draws back from mademoiselle with a haughty smile, and extends her hand.

says, coolly; "we shall see you at the first Sunday, rather puzzled by however, never appeared. A business Pentreath next, I suppose?" And Anglican rites as practised by the man conversing, during the luncheon then she pauses on the threshold. looking back at all the laughing the 'squire' and his family walked up crazy about 'Poms,' and that he would bridesmaids with their handfuls of the aisle to their pew. Simultane-rice. "You shan't throw any of that ously the congregation arose (upon could only find it. A Jew standing by ridiculous stuff over me and spoil my the entrance of the clergy), but the advanced towards the speaker and, bonnet!" she says, curtly; and, before standing up in his honor, not only opens a large umbrella, and, catching up her velvet skirts, darts out to the carriage, the showers of grain rattling harmlessly off the umbrella; while Captain Glynne, following her, receives her share and his own of the rice, which lodges on the brim of his felt traveling hat, about his neck and shoulders, and glides irritatingly What Lydia E. Pinkham's down inside his collar.

His face s red with rage, and smarting from the pelting he has received; and he utters some ugly explotives in smothered tones as he leaps into the brougham. He shuts the door with a bang ere the footman can touch it, throws himself back into a corner, and flings his rice-laden hat upon the opposite seat.

"Disgusting tomfoolery!" he mutters, savagely.

Yolande laughs carelessly. "Why didn't you put up an umbrella as I did?" she says, coldly, while her very fingers are twitching to help him o adjust his collar and to brush off the grains of rice from his dear broad lesire to put her arms around his neck, and praise him and pet him and

does not want her words or her bowed his acknowledgments, but aresses: he wants nothing of her but her wretched money for which he has from his parishioners!" sold himself! She and her love are only tiresome adjuncts to thirty thou-

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"Because I wasn't as clever as you," Captain Glynne replies, crossly, for

word until Victoria is reached. (To be continued.)

## Stories for all Moods.

HARRY DE WINDT'S YARNS. (John O'London's Weekly.)

"I heard a good story of a resplendent 'Nouveau-riche' staying at the Hotel de Paris who had recently purchased a mansion in the south of England, where he posed as the vil- ing one of our noctural expeditions, lage squire. Having been brought and which my friend intended to pub-"An revoir, mademoiselle," she up as a Dissenter, the latter was, on lish in a work on America, which, vicar, who, with the choir, happened to be issuing from the vestry just as 'squire,' assuming that people were

# MIDDLE AGE

Vegetable Compound Did for Her

Kansas City, Mo.-"I was left in a very serious condition after childbirth

afterwards wrote to thank the vicar for this gratifying tribute of respect

Mr. de Windt tells two stories of

that clever Frenchman who understood the English so well-Max O'Rell:had never met with such native humour as in the Western States of Amer-"Oh, I think you are—quite!" Yo- ica, especially in Texas, where even popular of this season's dresses for lande rejoins, in a curious tone and public notices, although seriously young girls. It has a comfortable with a disdainful smile; and neither meant, are jokingly displayed in the ragian sleeve, which may be finished latter, when I passed through while ty collar. Dotted percale with facmotoring near the Mexican frontier, ings of white linen is here illustrated. the following warning to 'chauffeurs' met my eye:--

THE JEW AND THE POM.

"Max O'Rell used to delight in the following story, which we heard durobserved to another that his wife was stating that he had overheard the conversation, declared that he could at once supply the desired article, but that the price would be at least 300 dollars, also that the prospective buyer would never get one cheaper. "'All right,' said the latter; 'bring it around to-night to my house, and if it is all right you shall have the

money.' The Jew then hurried off to his office, and, meeting on the way another Israelite, cautiously drew him aside to whisper: 'Ikey, old man, just do me a favour! Tell me what is a The author tells a story about George Chetwynd, the famous sportsman, who used to frequent the "Chat-

or money. And this tactless renark, for obvious reasons, at once 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size

ut Chetwynd's back up. "'May I ask how old you are, sir?" juired the latter, in a freezing tone, to the ingenuous youth. 'I am twenty-two to-day,' beamingly responded the ther, adding: 'And only this morn-

Police Closing Foreign Schools.

Scores of special schools have been tarted in industrial centres throughout Canada by foreign interests. The eachers are foreigners-in some few ases British converts. In certain disricts they have got control of public chools, the teachers in public schools working under their inspiration. Some schools have been so bad the police had to close them ,and recently several of them have been raided. Among the principles being instill-

d in the children's minds are these: That theft from an employer is not morally wrong, because it is taking what belongs to the people ,and is preliminary to the "revolution" which will restore property stolen from the proletariat, but care must be taken at presen to avoid being caught; that marriage is a capitalist institution which reserves the most beautiful girls for rich men; that a girl may have as many lovers as she desires; that children belong to the state and are to be put into a state institution at birth and brought up at public ex-

What conditions will be five or ten vears from now when these boys and

## Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pat-tern Cuts. These will be found very seful to refer to from time to time.

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Bits About Dress.

Cuffs-and Other Facts.

We still have buttons, but no but es, on the cuffs of overcoats. were originally introduced in nteenth century when coa were intended to turn back. stripes down the sides of some ers are a survival from the time reeches were made so close in that they had to be buttoned The buttons are forgotten, the

swallow-tail coat is the desit of that which was buttoned o save the lining from getting rubbing against the hide of

s alone remain.

pockets on coats were the outof the slash made to permit the on of the sword handle. riginal reason for cutting the coat in front was to display the wearing of which was

ings were once made from piece of material. The clock the sides are the survival o

Buttons were at one time regarde as ornaments, and many people, be

cause of this, refused to wear at buttons but those which were abo lutely necessary to keep their clouds

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Women and Children Prepared by BAVIS & LAWRENCE OF

nam Bar" in Paris, a favourite resort narked dislike of the rising genera- be made up in cretonne or chints with tion, and I foresaw trouble when, one crepe or sateen or in jersey cloth lay at the 'Chatham,' a young Guards- with flannel or suede for trimming. nan was loudly expressing his wond- Ratine in plaid and plain, or plain

new Bof an aroba in the such the Bof a received a contract of the Bof a received a recei HAID SAL

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