LOVE HER

"But how did I get here, Cissy?"

"James fifted you up, dear, like a feather, and carried you out of church, and Olivia followed and everybody stared, and Mr. What's-his-name, the church warden, looked spasmodic, and made a dash at his pew door, but thought better of it, and returned to his singing, and the clerk rushed into the vestry and brought forth a decanter, and flew after you, and Jones, the schoolmaster, flew after him. And the school children began to behave themselves 'most dreadful' of which I was glad, for it enabled me to relieve my mind by frowning and shaking my forefinger. Then back came Jones, and cuffed Walter Primmins, and shook Sally Turner, and struck Jem Glies into the middle of the aisle. And then the clerk dame back and, seeing anxiety depicted on my countenance, paused at the pew door and whispered consolingly that the young lady was very bad, indeed, and had been taken to the vicarage. Whereupon I began to think of going to the vicarage myself, when, suddenly, the door opened and behold James and Olivia! James looking as well as could be expected, and Olivia considerably better than the same. Which reassured me. And now, are you really all right, my darling? Seriously, you had no business at church. How did you and Mrs. Edgecumbe get on together? Were you congratulated?"

"Oh, yes. She said she saw the state of things, and—how horrid all that part of titie!" said Gabrielle, impulsively. Cissy laughed.

"Never a rose without a thorn, my dear! But to me, the affair titself would in the proper in the same without a thorn, my dear! But to me, the affair titself would in the same laborbs, without text the structure of the simple was a step by which the heavenly love may be more of sitting down on the step and form getting that above it is another."

"Oh, yes. She said she saw the state of things, and—how horrid all that part of tite!" said Gabrielle, impulsively.

Cissy laughed.

"Never a rose without a thorn, my dear! But to me, the affair titself would like the sunshine—it absorbs, witho

of things, and—how horrid all that part of it is?" said Gabrielle, impulsively. Cissy laughed.

"Never a rose without a thorn, my dear! But to me, the affair itself would be the thorn, and the congratulations the rose. It would be such fun to see the various forms in which the various people would embody their various views of the correct method of wishing joy! I should put them all in a book, afterward, with illustrations. Here comes James, to fetch you and the pony carriage. Take care that you don't upset her, now, James. She has been sufficiently upset already."

Gabrielle was glad when evening came and she and James were alone. For a

and she and James were alone. For a time they sat silent, thinking only of one blessed fact—that they were to gethe: -peace between them, at last. James was the first to speak.

James was the first to speak.
"Gabrielle, I want you to explain something, something that you said yesterday. You caught me up—do you recollect? in the middle of a sentence; asked me, as if you asked with a purpose, when it happened."
"When what happened. James?"
"What I was alking of at the time. You know. If you have no objection I should like to hear what was in your mind."

mind."
Gabrielle hesitated.

"I don't like to tell you," she mur-mured, blushing deeply. "It might have

cy, in some way, Godfrey?"
"Yes," acknowledged Gabrielle in a

a little—"
"Jealous," said James.
She made no reply, but he saw that her silence meant consent.
"Well, Gabrielle, I confess, it was jeallousy that first opened my eyes. I have been jealous of him, desperately jealous. And I had cause to be so."
"Why! I always told you that we were brother and sister—nothing more."
"Yes, you did; and I believe, now, that, so far as you were concerned, it was true. But he——" James paused.
"Perhaps this is hardly a fair question, but—are you sure that you are nothing more than sister to him?"
Gabrielle burst into a fit of laughing.

Gabrielle burst into a fit of laughing.
'My' dear child, what is the matter?"

that I wish still, indeed. You shr_I hear my views in full, some day; but tor the present let us enjoy ourselves. I want you to answer my question."

"Well, James, I can't exactly look into Charlie's heart, you know; but I feel almost as positive about it as if I could. The bare notion of his liking me in that way seems quite preposterousnext to impossible."

"Why, Gabrielle."

"Why, Gabrielle."

"Why, because—because—"

Poor, simple child! 'As if he had ever, for one instant, imagined that she would! As if he had ever, in the highest height of his passion, so much as dreamed of making her the centre of his world, or anything like the centre! His conscience smote him. He felt almost like a hypocrite, sitting there, and holding her clasped to his heart, leading her—so, from her innocent talk and her innocent fears, it appeared—to suppose herself the first object of his existence, as he was, probably, of hers.

"My dear Gabrielle," he said, "it is the other way. I fear that I shall disappoint you; not you me."

"Oh, no!" cried Gabrielle, confidently, "that could never be. I only dread being tempted to—to—""Well!"

"To love you too dearly, James."

must tell you just one thing

"Make haste, then; get it over."

"James, you may think it suly, but one of the chief reasons why I fear I love you too well is that the bare idea of death is so terrible to me. Now, I ought..." ought—"
"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, I can't stand

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, I can't stand this,"

"Only let me finish. I ought to be able to think of it calmly, even happily; because, I thought it would be leaving you, it would be going to God. But, James, I cannot think of it so, and that

dons?"

Charley unclasped two inky hands from a somewhat rough head of hair and

Charley unclasped two inky hands from a somewhat rough head of hair and looked up.

"We are not related—only friends," he answered. "What of her:"

"She is just engaged—so Edgecumbe tells me—to young Gordon. Settled on Saturday, it seems."

"Oh, I am not at all surprised," said Charlie; "I have had suspicions in that quarter for some time."

Then his head went down upon his hands again, and his eyes returned to the "judicious Hooker. A quarter of an hour later, however, he rose and closed the book with a bang. He had read enough, he said; he was getting muddled; he thought he should go out. It was possible, if Mr. Hawkins would excuse him, that he might not return to luncheon. Of course Mr. Hawkins would excuse him, and soon, greatly to his relief, he found himself in the open air.

stream trickled lazily down a bit of messy rock, falling at its foot into a natural basin formed of stones, which the course of years had collected. The music oi the dropping water fell soothingly on Charlie's ear. The tran-

soothingly on charie's ear. The tran-quility, the seclusion, of the place, seem-ed to cool his fevered spiritd. He paused in his aimless walk; he threw himself on the grass beside the stones. "Men"—says one speaking "out of

When we are sad; Or if perchance with us 'tis light, With them 'tis night!

From ways of men, Dear Mother, to thy breast I creep, And weep—and weep."
Thus the lines end. Thus, after a sea-

son, a passion of tears burst from poor Charlie's eyes, bedewing the grass and the sear leaves whose better days, like his own, he thought, were over.

"Catch cold! Sure to catch cold!" said a voice, abrupt but kindly, suddenly breaking upon the stagmant despondency into which Charlie, his outourst over, had subsided. He started to his feet and met the compassionate gaze of Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris.

"Godfrey! You'll catch cold, Godfrey," and in the tumult of his reelings the bulky manuscript which, as usual, he carried, fell once more from beneath his

vice in the work, stooped to pick up the scattered leaves. This adjuration was repeated at intervals until all had been

repeated at intervals until all had been collected and restored.
"Poor boy!" he murmured, then.
"Poor boy!" Blow fallen! Haw!"
"What do you mean, sir!" cried Charlie, turning inriously red, and pretending to be absorbed in his hat, the shape of which was somewhat disriguied. But Mr. Morris was not to be deceived.
"See how it is. Sorry for you. Very sorry. Come with me."
He thrust his arm into Charlie's, and drew him along in the direction of the creeper-covered cottage.

creeper-covered cottage.

CONVINCING ALIBI.

Detence for George Slack.

Toronto, May 7.—The trial of George Slack for assault and robbery at 601 Yonge street upon the evening of March 20th was continued yesterday before Mr Justice Anglin in the Assize Court, closing with the address of Mr. J. W. Curry on behalf of the prisoner. Mr. G. T. Blackstock, K. C., for the Crown, reserved his address until this morning. The positive assertions of witnesses.

the Crown as to the identity of Slack with the man who brutally as-saulted Mrs. Davis were met yesterday y equally positive testimony lack's family and their friends to the manner in which he spent the evening of the assault. Counsel for the defence pointed out that the only conclusion to be drawn was that the witnesses for the Crown were mistaken, or that those for the defence had

Glanders in Grenville.

Glanders in Grenville.

Brockville, May 6.—Three horses owned by John Whitely, of Roebuck, near here, were destroped yesterday, affected with glanders. For several days one of the animals had been ill, but was thought by its owner to have a disease of the teeth. Dr. Higginson, Government inspector, confirmed the diagnosis of Dr. Stephens, North Augusta. Several other horses in the neighborhood will be held in quarantine for thirty days, Mr. Whitely will receive from the Government two-thirds of the value of his horses.

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WIFE-MURDERER SENTENCED.

Doubts as to the Sanity of Frederick E. Cook, of P. E.

E. Cook, of P. E.

Charlottetown. P. E. I., May 6.—The trial of Frederick E. Cook, formerly of Summerside, for the murder of his wife, was concluded at Los Angeles, Cal. The murder was committed in a Los Angeles street car in August, 1996, and Cook made his escape. Nothing was heard of him until October, 1907, when he gave himself up to the police. At this trial, which was held in Los Angeles, evidence was submitted, some of it from parties in Summerside, to show that he was insane. Pending expert evidence as to

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Do it now.
Don't be a by-and-byer
And a sluggish patience-tryer;
If there's aught you would acquire,
Do it now. If you'd earn a prize worth owning. Do it now...

Do it nowing.

Do it nowing and postponing,

Do it now...

Do it now...

Do it now...

There's but one right way to do it,

Do it now...

All we have is just this minute,
Do it now.
Find your duty and begin it,
Do it now.
Surely you're not aiways going
To be "a going-to-be," and knowing
You must sometimes make a abowing,
Do it now.

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been fancy."
"Forgive my asking, was not the fan-

"Oh, James, I beg your pardon. But only to think that such an idea should come from you!"
"Why not?" asked James, somewhat puzzled. "It is surely a very natural idea."

eome from You!"

"Why not?" asked James, somewhat puzzled. "It is surely a very natural idea."

"But you never used to think of such things, and you despised people who did."

"Ah!" said James, and as he spoke he sighed; "those days are over."

"The days when you disdained falling in love?"

"Don't say 'disdained.' Gabrielle: I only wished to keep it in its place. And that I wish still, indeed. You she's hear in one monemt James forgot, as yes

ment to impossible."

"Why, Gabrielle?"

"Why, Gabrielle?"

"Why, because—because—"
But when she came to search for reasons she could not find any.

"We have grown up together," was all that came at last.

"Well, there's something in that. And yet—Gabrielle, it is almost beyond my comprehension how any man, not otherwise engaged, could live in constant and familiar intercourse with you, as he has lived, for years, and not love you!"

"That is only because—"

"Well, my child,"

"Because you love me yourself. I think, James. I would be death to me, too!—
it would be hell:"

"Oh, James: hush!" she said, awed, and looked wonderingly up at him. His cheeks were glowing, a strange, passion ate fire shone in his eyes. Could this be the same James who, six months back, had seemed so cool and unimpression at fire shone in his eyes. Could this be the same James who, six months back, abd?"

"Less, my darling. Why?"

"I am so afraid of disappointing you, of your expecting more than I can give. When you live with me always you will find that I am much shallower than you think me now. And you are so deep. I shall not be able to satisfy you, I am sure."

"How ould not—He will not. Gabrielle, stop! I cannot listen."

Then, in a fever of anxiety:

"Have you had that pain in your side again." Do you feat washers."

"Then, in a fever of anxiety:

"Have you had that pain in your side again." Do you feat washers."

Poor, simple child! 'As if he had

"Oh, no—no," cried Gabrielle, eagerly, clasping his hand; "there the simile ceases at once. That heavenly love is like the sunshine—it absorbs, without extinguishing, lesser lights."
"Gabrielle, am I very wicked? I cannot resign myself to be to you merely as one among those lesser lights."
"First among them, James. By far, by far, the first."
"But no more."

More would be idealty, said elle, gently.
Still he was not satisfied. Still, deep within him, he felt that baffled craving.
"Well!" he said, stifling a sigh; "perhaps, all things considered, we are about on a par. Not that I am troubled by religious scruples..." religious scruples..."
"Don't say scruples, James. Fears."
"Fears, then. Those don't occur to
me. But I still think as I have always

me. But I still think as I have always thought as regards the intellect and the affections. And I should not venture, even now, to indulge my love for you, if I were not determined that, cost me what it may, this love shall be to me a secondary, not the primary object."

"I should never wish to see love the primar, on the man's side," replied Gabrielle. "You know what Lord Lovelace said to Lucasta

And if you were a soldier or a sailor, I could not be at that you should give up your profession for me, James; or, as matters really are, that you should stay away from your magisterial business, your writings, and so forth."

ey, in some way.

Godfrey?"

"Yes," acknowledged Gabrielle in a half audible tone.

"You thought I was—"

"I thought you seemed a little—only a little—"

"Gealous," said James.

She made no reply, but he saw that her silence meant consent.

"Well, Gabrielle, I confess, it was jealousy that first opened my eyes. I have been jealous of him, desperately jealous.

And I had cause to be so."

"Why: I always told you that we were brother and sister—nothing more."

"Yes, you did; and I believe, now, that, so far as you were concerned, it was true. But he—" James paused, "Perhaps this is hardly a fair question."

"But he mean to reply but he saw that ing," said James. "However—"

"Do explain it to me," cried Gabrielle, some indefinable misgiving agitating the surface of her mind.

"No; we won't waste our time in splitting hairs," he answered, rather impatiently. "Besides, for the present—till you are well, at any rate, I mean to relax all rules, and to do as if I went by my feelings only, I should do always, think of you and delight in you, and live for you. every day, and all day long."

Gabrielle smiled. These words unfolded to her so beautiful a vision that she felt as little inclined, as obliged, to spoil it by dwelling on changes which might may a proming." and she way a solution to the present—till you are well, at any rate, I mean to relax all rules, and to do as if I went by my feelings only, I should do always, think of you and delight in you, and live for you. every day, and all day long."

Gabrielle smiled. These words unfolded to her so beautiful a vision that she felt as little inclined, as obliged, to spoil it by dwelling on changes which might

never come. So she asked James no more questions, but, after a brief pause, he heard her sigh and her sigh an he heard her sigh, and looking down, saw in her face a shadow, an expression

of pain.
"What is is, Gabrielle?" said he, ten

"He would not—He will not. Gabri-elle, stop! I cannot listen."
Then, in a fever of anxiety:
"Have you had that pain in your side again? Do you feel weaker?"
"I think not." began Gabrielle, "but
____"

He cut her short with a hasty gesture. "That's enough, Gabrielle. So long as you are not worse, you may have every hope that you will soon be better. Now let me hear no more of this, and promise me that you will think no more of it either." either."
"I will promise not to worry about it; at least, to try," said Gabrielle, gently.
"I sha'n't rest till I have got you away out of this wretched climate, and all to myself, to watch and manage as I like. I shall soon cure you. I am sure that I shall cure you. Say you think so."

And again as he spoke he drew her nearer, with that strong, withhelding clasp.

"I will say I hope so, with God's blessing. But, James—don't be angry with

grieves me."

"If you could that would grieve me, I fancy. Well! you have unburdened your mind, so let us drop the subject. You are a great deal too scrupulous, as you will acknowledge when your health comes back. Now, should you like to hear those lines from George Herbert!"

Gabrielle gladly assented. He opened the quaint old book, and read until peace, fuller than before, returned to her, and tranquility to himself.

CHAPTEA XXXI.

peace, fuller than before, returned to her, and tranquilifity to himself.

'CHAPTER XXXI.

'Godfrey," said Mr. Hawkins, entering the study where Charlie sat poring, sorely puzzled, over the "Ecclesiastical Polity," 'Godfrey, how are you related to that Miss Wynn who lives with the Gor-dons!"

his relief, he found himself in the open air.

Mechanically, walking as in a dream, he took the road that led to Farnley, steering straight toward the ostentatious-looking pile, which, with its jark and grand old woods, formed so prominent a feature of the landscape. Presently he reached the gates; they stood open, he entered, without knowing why, wandering off under the trees. Beneath his feet the dead leaves lay in shoals; he rustled through them, scaring now a stray deer, now a rabbit, but seeing neitner, until a sudden dip in the ground-brought him to a little hollow, overshadowed by a sycamore. Here a tiny stream trickled lazily down a bit of mossy rock, falling at its foot into a

the deep"—
"Men will be light of heart and glad

"Kind Nature! but 'tis ever thus, With thee and us!
But thee, in all our moods we find Unto our mind."
So also it seemed to Charlie, as he lay alone in the hollow; the mossy rock above him, the sycamore boughs rustling gently, the water dropping.
"Oh, Mother kind! to this fair glen, From ways of men.

"Never mind them. Never mind them,

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Lingerie Dresses.

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by a finished belt. The waist portion,