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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

The House of a Thousand Candles

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. [Copyright, 1905, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

"But there are many reasons; and above all Sister Theresa needs me."

It was the voice of Olivia, a little lower, a little more restrained than I had known it.

"But think of the rose gardens that are waiting for us out there!" said the other lady. They were showing her the difference that elderly women always have for pretty girls.

"Alas, and again alas!" exclaimed Olivia. "Please don't make it harder for me than necessary. But I gave my promise a year ago to spend these holidays in Cincinnati."

She ignored me wholly, and after shaking hands with the ladies, returned to the other platform. I wondered whether she was overlooking Taylor on purpose to cut me.

Taylor was still at his lecture on the seeds of our American merchant marine, when Pickering passed hurriedly across the track, and began speaking earnestly to the girl in gray.

"The American flag should go—and the seas. What we need is not more battleships, but more freight-carriers!" Taylor was saying.

But I was watching Olivia Gladys Armstrong. In a long skirt, with her

half caught up under a gray toque, that matched her coat perfectly, she was not my Olivia of the tam-o'-shanter, who had pursued the rabbit; nor yet the unsophisticated school girl, who had suffered my idiotic babble; nor, again, the dreamy, rapt organist of the chapel. She was a grown woman, with at least twenty summers to her credit, and there was about her an air of knowing the world, and of not being at all a person one would make foolish speeches to. She spoke to Pickering gravely. Once she smiled dolefully and shook her head, and I vaguely strove to remember where I had seen that look in her eyes before. Her gold beads, which I had once carried in my pocket, were clasped tight about the close collar of her dress; and I was glad, very glad, that I had ever touched anything that belonged to her.

"As the years go by we are going to dominate trade more and more. Our manufacturers already lead the world, and what we make we've got to sell, haven't we?" demanded Taylor.

"Certainly, sir," I answered warmly. "Who was Olivia Gladys Armstrong, and what was Arthur Pickering's business with her? And what was it she had said to me that evening when I

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had found her playing on the chapel organ? So much happened that day that I had almost forgotten, and, indeed, I had tried to forget. I had made a fool of myself for the edification of an amusing little schoolgirl. "I see you prefer to ignore the first time I ever saw you," she had said; but if I had thought of this at all it had been with righteous self-contempt. Or, I may have flattered my vanity with the reflection that she had eyed me—her eyes, perhaps—with wistful admiration across the wall.

Meanwhile the Chicago express roared into Annandale and the private car was attached. Taylor watched the trainmen with the cool interest of a man for whom the proceeding had no novelty, while he continued to dilate upon the nation's commercial opportunities. I turned perforce, and walked with him back toward the station, where Mrs. Taylor and her sister were talking to the conductor.

Pickering came running across the platform with several telegrams in his hand. The express had picked up the car and was ready to continue its journey westward.

"I'm awfully sorry, Glenarm, that our stop's so short," and Pickering's face wore a hurried look as he addressed me, his eyes on the conductor.

"How far do you go?" I asked.

"California. We have interests out there and I have to attend some stockholders' meetings in Colorado in January."

"Ah, you business men! You business men!" I said reproachfully. I wished to call him a blackguard then and there, and it was on my tongue to do so, but I concluded that to wait until he had shown his hand fully was the better game.

The ladies entered the car and I shook hands with Taylor, who had intended to send me his pamphlet on "The Needs of American Shipping," when he got back to New York.

"It's too bad she wouldn't go with us. Poor girl! This must be a dreary hole for her; she deserves wider horizons," he said to Pickering, who helped him upon the platform of the car with what seemed to be unnecessary precipitation.

"You little know us," I declared, for Pickering's benefit. "Life at Annandale is nothing if not exciting. The people here are indifferent to marksmen or there'd be murder galore."

"Mr. Glenarm is a good deal of a wag," explained Pickering dryly, swinging himself aboard as the train started.

"It is my humor that keeps me alive," I responded, and taking off my hat, I saluted Arthur Pickering with my broadest salaam.

CHAPTER XV. I Make an Engagement.

The southbound train had not arrived and as I turned away the station agent again changed its time on the bulletin board. I was now due in ten minutes. A few students had boarded the Chicago train, but a great number still waited on the farther platform. The girl in gray was surrounded by half a dozen students, all talking animatedly. As I walked toward them I could not justify my stupidity in mistaking a grown woman for a schoolgirl of fifteen or sixteen; but it was the tam-o'-shanter, the short skirt, the youthful joy in the outdoor world that had disguised her as effectively as Rosalind to the eyes of Orlando in the forest of Arden. She was probably a teacher—quite likely the teacher of music, I argued, who had amused herself at my expense.

It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to approach her with an apology or a farewell, but those few inches added to her skirt, and that pretty gray toque substituted for the tam-o'-shanter set up a barrier that did not yield at all as I drew nearer. At the last moment, as I crossed the track and stepped upon the other platform, it occurred to me that while I might have some claim upon the attention of Olivia Gladys Armstrong, a wayward schoolgirl of athletic tastes, I had none whatever upon a person whom it was proper to address as Miss Armstrong—who was, I felt sure, quite capable of snubbing me if snubbing fell in with her mood.

She glanced toward me and bowed instantly. Her young companions withdrew to a conservative distance; and I will say this for the St. Agatha girls: Their manners are beyond criticism, and an affable discretion is one of their most admirable traits.

"I didn't know they ever grew up so fast—in a day and a night."

I was glad I remembered the number of beads in her chain; the item seemed at once to become important again.

"It's the air, I suppose. It's praised by excellent critics, as you may learn from the catalogue."

"But you are going to an ampler ether, a diviner air. You have attained the beating state and at once take flight. If they confer perfection like an academic degree at St. Agatha's, then

I had never felt so stupidly helpless in my life. There were a thousand things I wished to say to her; there were countless questions I wished to ask; but her calmness and poise were disconcerting. She had no air of being the slightest curious about me; and there was no reason why she should have. I knew that she was enough! Her eyes met mine easily; their azure depths puzzled me. She was almost, but not quite, someone I had seen before, and I was not my woodland Olivia. Her eyes, the soft curve of her cheek, the light in her hair—but the memory of another time, another place, another girl, lured only to baffle me.

She laughed—a little murmuring laugh.

"But I don't see how that helps me with you?"

"It certainly does not! That is a much more serious matter, Mr. Glenarm."

"And the worst of it is that I haven't a single thing to say for myself. It wasn't the not knowing that was so utterly stupid—"

"Certainly not! It was talking that ridiculous twaddle. It was trying to flirt with a silly schoolgirl. What will do for fifteen is somewhat vacuous for

me. She paused abruptly, colored and laughed.

"I am twenty-seven!"

"And I am just the usual age," she said.

"Ages don't count, but time is important. There are many things I wish you'd tell me—you who hold the key of the gate of mystery."

"Then you'll have to pick the lock!" She laughed lightly. The somber Sisters

patrolling the platform with their charges headed us little.

"I had no idea you knew Arthur Pickering—when you were just Olivia in the tam-o'-shanter."

"Maybe you think he wouldn't have cared for my acquaintance—as Olivia in the tam-o'-shanter. Men are very queer."

"But Arthur Pickering is an old friend of mine."

"So he told me."

"We were neighbors in our youth."

"I believe I have heard him mention it."

"And we did our prep school together, and then parted."

"You tell exactly the same story, so it must be true. He went to college and you went to Tech."

"And you knew him—?" I began, my curiosity thoroughly aroused.

"Not at college, any more than I knew you at Tech."

"The train's coming," I said earnestly, "and I wish you would tell me when I shall see you again."

"Before we part forever?" There was a mischievous hint of the Olivia in her tone.

"Please don't suggest it! Our times have been strange and few. There was that first night, when you called to me from the lake."

"How impertinent! How dare you remember that?"

"And there was that other encounter at the chapel porch. Neither you nor I had any right to be there. I admit my own culpability."

She colored again.

"But you spoke as though you understood what you must have heard there. It is important for me to know. I have a right to know just what you meant by that warning."

Real distress showed in her face for an instant. The agent and his helpers rushed the last baggage down the platform, and the rails hummed their warning of the approaching train.

"I was warning you on my own account," she said hurriedly, and with a note of finality. "I was there by intention, and—there was another hint of the tam-o'-shanter in the mirth that seemed to bubble for a moment in her throat—it's too bad you didn't see me, for I had on my prettiest gown, and the fog wasn't good for it. But you know as much of what was said there as I do. You are a man, and I have heard that you have had some experience in taking care of yourself, Mr. Glenarm."

"To be sure; but there are times when—"

"Yes, there are times when the odds seem rather heavy. I have noticed that myself."

She smiled, but for an instant the sad look came into her eyes—a look that vaguely but insistently suggested another time and place.

"I want you to come back," I said boldly, for the train was very near, and I felt that the eyes of the Sisters were upon us. "You cannot go away where I shall not find you."

To be continued.

Real Estate in Ontario

A few days ago there was a long article in the Toronto Globe in reference to the depreciation of land values in Ontario, and particularly east of Toronto. Mr. Burrows, the manager of the Western Real Estate Exchange of this city, says that farm, city, town and business properties west of Toronto have been more in demand this year than any year since the Exchange started business, seven years ago.

Mr. Burrows claims that this demand is owing in a large measure to the extensive advertising which the Exchange has given to all kinds of real estate in Ontario. Although the Exchange has advertised extensively in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, it has devoted its energies to selling and exchanging real estate and business properties, west and north of Toronto. It has spent over \$25,000 in advertising and establishing its business, and it intends increasing its capital to \$100,000, in order to enlarge the scope of its operations.

The individual real estate dealer generally reaches only local buyers. This is the owner of the property himself can generally do about as well as an agent. To reach the buyer who lives perhaps a hundred miles away, as well as the local buyer, has been the problem which the Exchange has so successfully accomplished. It has a district manager, and several valuers and inspectors, as well as general and local agents, in every county west and north of Toronto, and it expects to establish its business in the same way over the eastern part of the Province before another year. The Exchange has the assistance and co-operation of over two hundred newspapers, magazines and periodicals and over 200 agents and representatives in advertising, selling and exchanging real estate and business properties in Ontario.

For Farm Laborers.
\$12 good going from London, Aug. 14, to points in Manitoba and Assiniboia, via Grand Trunk Railway. Special arrangements for returning. Secure tickets from E. D. Hooke, C. P. and T. A., or at Depot Office. 95c

SPECIAL NOTICE
Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Grass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond street, Phone 97.

LOW SUMMER TOURIST RATES WEST.
During the entire summer the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will have in effect very low round trip tourist rates to Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia points. Choice of routes going and returning with favorable stopovers and time limits. Very low excursion rates to the Pacific coast from June 25 to July 7. For further particulars, illustrated folders, etc., write or call on B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont. Mat-13a

IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Kidney Pills is an elixir before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that the curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism and all bodily pains.

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calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

When a person is bilious, the liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly—and some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, the liver is in a weakened, unhealthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver at all. They merely irritate the bowels, and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one true LIVER TONIC. They act directly on the liver—strengthen and invigorate this vital organ—and put it in a normal, healthy condition.

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin—and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches.

No other medicine known to science is so reliable and so effective in curing Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit juices with tonics added—and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs. See box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

THE TRADE REVIEW

Bradstreet's Reports Excellent Conditions Throughout the Dominion.

Toronto, Aug. 3.—Bradstreet's trade review (weekly summary):

London reports say: There is a feeling of buoyancy regarding the trade outlook here, although the movement of stocks at the moment is quiet. Orders for fall lines, however, are good. Collections are coming forward fairly well.

Montreal reports say: Wholesale trade generally has shown more activity during the past week. Seasonable lines of drygoods are moving more briskly, and there is continued activity in the delivery of fall lines. Manufacturers' agents are seeking wholesale orders for dressgoods, and are meeting with encouragement despite the fact prices are so high.

Groceries are quiet, with the exception of sugars, for which there is a heavy demand. Collections continue generally fair to good. Trade in dairy products continues active. Shipments of cheese are very heavy, and prices hold fairly well, although an easier tone is reported at country points.

Butter is also easier. The general outlook for trade is very satisfactory, reflecting the promising outlook for crops in all parts of Canada.

Toronto reports say: All lines of wholesale and retail trade here continue active. In drygoods the demand for fall lines is brisk, and good orders are being placed covering a wide range of lines. It is reported the pack of peas will not be above 65 per cent, and they are firm. The back country trade is quiet, as is usual during harvest, but crop prospects are bright, and with higher prices for all kinds of country produce, the farming community is in a position of prosperity such as has seldom been known.

Winnipeg reports say: There has been a big business in retail trade here during the past week, and there has been a good reorder business in almost all lines of wholesale stocks. The movement in fall lines continues active, and the trade outlook continues bright. The weather has been favorable for growing crops. Stories of rust are not well borne out, and trade is stimulated by the bright prospects for a very heavy yield of grain. Collections are generally fair.

Wholesale trade along the coast continues very active. The trade of the interior is moving well, and provincial industries show continued activity. Prospects favor a good pack of salmon.

Ottawa reports say: There is little change to trade conditions here. Farmers are busy taking in crops, all of which promise well. There is continued activity in dairy products.

Stockholm has slot machines which for a copper yield a glass of warm milk.

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