

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

With noiseless touch she pushed open the yielding sash, and found herself part of the silent, star-lit night, with a faint wind fanning her and the deadness of sleeping nature all around. A tall, slight, dark-robed figure, she stood with one hand—scarcely less white than the rays that covered it—resting on the balustrade, her eyes wandering restlessly over the shadowy landscape. A perfect queen of night she seemed, or very-fitting Juliet, had there but been a Romeo.

Presently, with steady, eager steps, came Denzil Younge toward her, and took up his position by her side. "Dreaming, Miss Trevanion?" he said.

Mildred started perceptibly. Perhaps her thoughts—whatever they were—had been far away—perhaps too near. Whichever it was, she roused herself with a visible effort before she answered him.

"Almost," she said, "although the night is somewhat chilly for such romantic nonsense. However, you have shown me my folly, so there is little danger of my repeating it. Shall we return to the drawing-room?"

"In one moment," he answered, hurriedly; whereupon Miss Trevanion turned back once more, and, pausing with wondering eyes, laid her hand again upon the balustrade.

Denzil appeared a little pale—a little nervous perhaps—in the moonlight, but that was all; and his voice, when he spoke though low, was quite distinct.

"Why will you not be friends with me?" he asked. "Friends with you!" Mildred repeated, with calmest, most open-eyed astonishment, raising her face to his. "Why, what can you mean? I have offended you in any way? If so, I am sorry, and, believe me I did not mean to do so, I fancied I was treating you as I treat all my other acquaintances."

"No, you do not," she rejoined, with an odd repressed vehemence asserting itself in his tone; "you treat me very differently, as it seems to me. Why, on all the other occasions, at least, while on me—Miss Trevanion, I wonder—I wonder, if you could only guess how much your simplest words are to me, would the revelation make you a little less chary of them?"

"I do not understand you," she said coldly, closing and unclosing her hand with angry rapidity; "and I believe you yourself do not know of what you are speaking."

"Yes, I do," she affirmed, passionately; "I know, and would rather have your most careless friendship than the love of any other woman. I would almost have your hatred than what I fear now—your indifference."

The moon had disappeared behind a sullen dark-gray cloud and for a few moments they were left in comparative darkness. Miss Trevanion's heart was beating loud and fast; the cloudy drapery that partially concealed, and scarcely hid, her delicate neck and shoulders was strangely agitated. She could not see her companion's face, but felt that he was trying to pierce the momentary gloom to gain some insight into her soul. He should read no thought of hers, she told herself, with proud reliance on her own strength; he should not learn from her face how deeply his words had vexed her.

When once more the moon asserted herself and shone forth with retouched brilliancy, Denzil gazed only on a calm staccato figure and haughty unmoved features that gave no index to the heart beneath. She seemed a beautiful thing, a piece of nature's most perfect work—but a being hard, unsympathetic, incapable of any divine feeling.

He gazed at her in silence, wondering how so fair a creature could be so, and as he gazed, a man's step sounded lightly on the gravel beneath them. As she, too, heard it, Miss Trevanion's whole expression changed; her face was lit up with sudden animation, and took an eager expectant look that rendered her ten times more lovely than he had ever seen her. She moved lightly to the top of the stone steps that led to the grounds, and walked with impatience until a gray-colored figure emerged from the darkness, and, seeing her, took her gladly in his arms.

"Charlie!" she said, rapturously, and when he had half pushed her from his embrace, she put up her hands and smoothed back his sunny brown hair from his forehead, and kissed him three times fondly; after which she suddenly recollected Denzil's presence, and, drawing back, pushed Charlie gently toward him.

"Don't be alarmed," said the newcomer—"it's only me, and not so long expected come at last in the shape of the midnight marauder—I like my summer, don't you, Mildred? How are you, old boy? Glad to see you. Had no idea I should first come upon you speaking with my sister in the moonlight, but accidents will happen. So they all quite well, Mildred?"

"Quite well," Miss Trevanion answered, feeling rather disgusted and sore about the moonlight incident, and indignant that Denzil should stand there silent and allow it to pass for granted; "but you need not accuse me of flirting so soon, Charlie. I am not given that way, as you know, and Mr. Younge came out merely because he felt the night warm."

your father, Younge, and 'my pretty Jane,' and Sir George eloquent on Southdowns, and here, to excite my curiosity, the end of a blue silk dress, and there—I say, Mildred—come here. Who is the young person in 'tights'?"

"That's young Mason, of the 10th," said Miss Trevanion, "and though he doesn't intend to, his clothes always do seem too small for him. The blue dress you see belongs to Frances Sylverton."

"Oh, does it!" exclaimed Charlie, turning away abruptly. "Come in and show yourself," suggested Denzil. "You can't think how awfully glad they will be to see you. It was only yesterday your mother was complaining about the short leaves of absence you get, and your coming now so unexpectedly will enhance your value doubly."

"My dear fellow, consider—I'm in morning costume," protested Charlie, eagerly. "Would you have me throw discredit on the house of my father? Why, these Deverills are so nice they would not know exactly how to treat a fellow who could so far discard appearances as to turn up at half-past 9 in gray tweed. Mildred, I will bid you a fond good-night, and be visible to you some time to-morrow, when you have gently broken the news of my arrival. Is my old room appropriated by any one? Can I have it?"

"Never mind your room yet," said Mildred—"do you think I can let you go again so easily? No, come in this moment when I desire you, and show yourself to the company in general. I would not miss mamma's look of surprise and delight for anything; so I insist on your obeying me—and, besides, you look charming in gray. Come, darling—do."

"Well, on your head be it, if Mrs. Deverill retires in confusion," Charlie murmured, and followed his sister obediently into the warm, handsomely-furnished drawing-room.

Miss Sylverton, sitting just inside the window, looked up with a sudden start as he passed her and, crossing the room to where his mother sat, laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

He was not a handsome young man—was, in fact, the plainest of Trevanion of them all—but the action he used toward his mother was full of such tender, beautiful grace as might have belonged to the most polished courtier of the golden days.

Lady Caroline turned, and half cried aloud in her intense surprise and joy. He was her eldest-born, the beloved of her heart, and she welcomed him accordingly; indeed, every one seemed only too glad to see once more Trevanion's fair, sunburnt face, and hear his honest, happy voice, unless, perhaps, Miss Sylverton, who, once her astonishment at his sudden appearance was at an end, appeared to lose all interest in his presence, and went back to her rather one-sided flirtation she was holding with "the man in tights."

"How d'ye do, Miss Sylverton?" Charles said, presently; and Frances put her hand coldly enough in his. "Have you been getting on pretty well? You cannot think how happy it makes a fellow to be heartily welcomed after a long absence, as I have been welcomed by you!"

"I cannot say how long or how short your absence has been," Frances retorted, "as I have had no means of remembering when it was you went."

"Whose fault was that?" he said, gently. "Was it mine?" There was just a suspicion of tears under the long dark lashes. "I don't think I ever forbid you to come and say good-bye at Sylverton, did I?"

"No, not exactly, perhaps; but there are more ways of forbidding than those expressed in words. I have a dim recollection, a faint idea, that somebody told me, a few months ago, that she hated me."

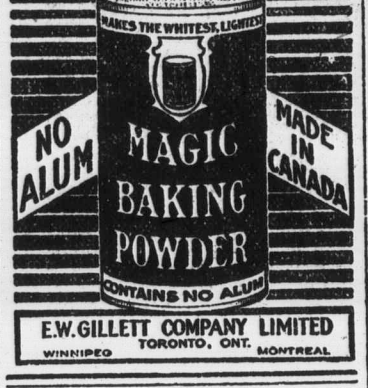
"And I dare say she will tell you so again before she dies," returned Frances, with a little low, happy laugh; "meantime I am very, very glad indeed Charlie, to see you home again."

"Are you, Frances?" said Charles, softly. "After that, the young man in close-fitting raiment got very little of Miss Sylverton's society."

CHAPTER VI. It was just at this period that Miss Trevanion became aware of a certain little failing of Eddie's about which she had hitherto been ignorant. It came to her knowledge in this wise: One hunting morning, during the chilly early breakfast, at which she always presided, her father having a card in favor of the coffee ad-mirrored by her fair hands, it so happened that the port arrived rather more than twenty minutes before the usual hour, and consequently, the various letters were handed to the assembled men to peruse at their pleasure, while getting through the agreeable task of devouring cold game-pie.

"Two for you," said Sir George, and he flung Eddie a brace of missives that fell a little short of his coffee cup, and lay with the blank sides turned upward. One had a large square envelope, and crimson splashing crest and coronet, singularly unfamiliar, which attracted general attention for a moment.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

King's Abbott for a few days' hunting. "Regularly knocked you over, eh? You look like it."

"Not quite so bad as that," Eddie answered, the dejected expression disappearing altogether from his countenance with such rapidity that Miss Trevanion, still watching, concluded her fears had been groundless, and dismissed the incident, as meaning nothing, from her mind.

Later on toward the evening, however, wandering leisurely up-stairs to dress for dinner, and having occasion to pass through the picture gallery, beyond which lay many of the bedrooms, her own amongst the number, she beheld Eddie at a distant window, his head pressed against the painted glass, his entire attitude suggestive of despair. Even as she looked there arose before her a vision of broken bread and half-cut pasties, with much plate and china, and a gaudily-crested envelope lying in their midst.

She went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Anything the matter?" she asked, lightly enough, not anticipating any real trouble.

He turned and faced her, thereby displaying a countenance betokening anything but that inward peacefulness commonly supposed to come from the possession of a quiet conscience.

"Why, Eddie," Miss Trevanion exclaimed, "what is it? What has happened, 'what is it? What has happened? Why are you standing here alone?"

"Nothing has happened," returned Eddie, in a voice that perfectly suited his face, and so was lugubrious in the extreme; after which he most ungratefully turned his back upon her.

"Surely you will tell me!" she expostulated. "It can be nothing so dreadful as your manner seems to imply. Come, Eddie, speak to me; perhaps—who knows? I shall be able to help you."

"Nobody can help me," said Eddie. "Nonsense! It isn't like you to be so down-hearted—is it? and I can generally assist everybody, you know; so let me try with you. You will confide in me, dearest, will you not? Indeed I cannot be happy when you look so miserable."

"Just so," broke out Eddie at last with the reckless scorn people generally indulge in when conversing with their best friends—that is when their best friends have succeeded in driving them into a corner—"and of course you will have no difficulty whatever in putting your hand in your pocket now this moment and giving me three hundred pounds on the spot."

"Oh, Eddie, what is it you mean?" Miss Trevanion asked, now thoroughly frightened, ready money being an article very scarce and difficult of attainment in the Trevanion household, and Sir George's private affairs and general "hard-uppishness" being well known to the older members of the family.

"I mean that I have been gambling and have lost three hundred pounds," Eddie said.

"And then Miss Trevanion felt that the trouble was a very real trouble, indeed. She could not speak to him for a moment, and so kept silence. Presently he spoke again. "There is nothing to be done, Mildred, that I can see," he went on—"nothing. I have no means of paying this money, and so I suppose the sooner I proclaim myself a blackguard and get out of this country the better for you all."

"Do not say that," Mildred said in a low voice. "Is there no way of managing it? Let us think well before we give up in despair."

"There is no way," he said—"none. I have long overdrawn my year's allowance, and the governor is too hard up to advance, even if he would, another fifty—to say nothing of what I want. Besides, Mildred, I—I could not bear to tell him of it; he has so often warned me against gambling on account of that wretched old story about Willoughby Trevanion. I think it would almost break his heart if he fancied the family curse had broken out again in me, and—oh, Mildred, I swear to you I never meant it; it all came about so suddenly, so miserably. I had always been proverbial for my luck, until that evening at the viscount's rooms, and then I lost my head, I think; and the worst of it is Powntz is just now so deucedly tied up himself that he can't afford to wait."

I am now, hopelessly in debt and dishonored, and—and so throat.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" sung bonny Mabel, at the top of her clear sweet voice, the words, singularly appropriate, albeit unmeant, as they were, echoing merrily through the chamber as she came swiftly toward them through the gathering gloom.

Her advent, unexpected as it was, left Eddie and Miss Trevanion speechless.

"Why, you two," she said—"are you struck dumb that you both stand there so silent in the twilight? Has the 'holy friar' of our establishment appeared unto you and deprived you of the organs of speech? Mildred, you remind me of some stricken saint, leaning in that position, with the painted light of that window falling full upon you in such a dim religiously ghostly sort of manner; while Eddie—Good gracious, Eddie, what's the matter with you?"

Miss Trevanion glanced at her brother, and he said—"Oh, tell her—there is little good in keeping it secret now, when every one will know it soon; and so 'the queen' was enlightened forthwith, and, contrary to all expectations—as she was generally the most easy-going of the Trevanions—was supremely indignant on the spot.

"Well, I have never heard anything so disgraceful," declared that august young personage, when the recital was finished to the last word—"never! And if any one but you had told me of it, Mildred, I should not have believed them. I think—to Eddie—"you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself when you know poor papa is in such difficulties, and so earthly way of getting out of them. No, Mildred, I won't stop; it is useless to shake your head at me behind his back; I mean to say just what is on my mind—and I think too much could never be said on such a subject. You may spend your life glossing over other people's faults, but I am not an angel, and cannot; besides, what is to be done? How the money is to be paid I cannot imagine, I'm sure; and, in fact, I have no patience with him!"

concluded Mabel, slightly out of breath, but with a finishing touch of scorn that would have done credit to a Parliamentarian.

"I don't suppose you have," said the scapegoat, very submissively, being so far "down on his luck" just now as to render him patient toward any indignity, even when administered by a younger sister. So he took his scolding with meekness, and made no open show of resistance or disapproval, though in his inmost soul he resented the treatment hotly, only he turned away from Mabel, and addressing himself once more to his first confessor—"Why don't you abuse me, Mildred?" he said. "Am I beyond your censure, that you refuse to say anything to me? Have you given me up altogether? If you have, I know it is only what I deserve."

Miss Trevanion moved abruptly away from the side of the oaken window-frame, against which she had been leaning, and went up to where he was standing rather apart. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

(To be continued.)

Manitoba Woman Sends Message TELLS SUFFERING WOMEN TO USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. F. J. Garlis, Who Suffered With Backache, Says That the Results She Got From Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Wonderful.

Stewart Valley, Sask., April 3.—(Special)—Mrs. F. J. Garlis, wife of an estimable resident of this place, is enthusiastic in her praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have helped me wonderfully," Mrs. Garlis says in an interview. "A year ago I was so bad with my back I could hardly move. I took four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped me more than I can tell you."

Mrs. Garlis is now able to attend to her household duties as well as nurse her fine big baby boy and she feels that she cannot recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly.

Backache is the bane of the average woman's life. It is accompanied by a weakness and lassitude that makes life a burden. But thousands of women all over Canada are telling their suffering sisters that relief and cure is to be found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure the kidneys and nine-tenths of women's ills come from diseased or disordered kidneys.

THE SONG OF THE PLOW. I cut through the furrows, The brown foam springs high; The sunlight is golden, The blue of the sky Belongs to the summer, Of fruit and of grain, I cut through the furrows, It's springtime again!

I cut through the furrows; Is sword-like, but peaceful; How happy I feel! The winter is over, The summer is near; I cut through the furrows, For springtime is here!

I cut through the furrows As if in a dream— I'm busy and hurrying, The faint gleam gleam That blooms in the summer— I cut through the furrows, The springtime has come!

I cut through the furrows With joy in my soul; I cut through the furrows Might be happy and whole, I wish that the sword Of the nations might be Just sown—and the springtime Might come o'er the sea. Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in The Christian Herald.

AFTERNOON GOWN.



A particularly distinctive afternoon gown is illustrated here. It is of a satin and metal striped material, in combination with ecru lace and chiffon. The colors are silver and helio. The metal striped material is confined to the tunic in back, while the lace and chiffon forms an apron effect in front.

RUNNING NOSE COLDS CURED SNEEZING STOPPED INSTANTLY

The worst of a cold is how suddenly it comes. No time to hurry to the drug store, croup develops, the lungs are affected with pneumonia or tuberculosis and it's too late. Keep Catarrhazone on hand—it kills colds instantly. Something magical about the way it cures catarrh and bronchitis. Catarrhazone is the best remedy because it cures in nature's way; it heats, soothes and restores permanently. Carry a Catarrhazone inhaler in your pocket, use it occasionally and you'll never catch cold; that is worth remembering.

Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for GENUINE CATARRHAZONE, which is sold everywhere; large size, containing two months' treatment costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

Winter's Poem on the War

In the Sunday edition of the New York Times unusual space and prominence are given to a poem by William Winter, entitled "My England." The fact that he is an American, of course, makes his utterance upon the war the more remarkable. This is his poem:

My England! Not my native land, But dear to me as if she were— How often have I longed to stand With those brave hearts who fight for her!

Bereft by Fortune, worn with Age, My life is all I have to give, But freely would that life engage For those who die that she may live.

Mother of Freedom! Pledged to Right! From Honor's path she would not stray, Be surely faithful, use her might To lead mankind the nobler way.

Her task was hard, her burden great, But round the world her edict ran That reared and ruled a Sovereign State, Securely, on the Rights of Man.

No vandal foot should tread her land, No despot hold her realm in awe, The noblest peasant should command The shelter of her righteous law.

In vain her lion port was braved! Her pennant streamed o'er every sea, And where'er her ensign waved All fetters fell and Man was free.

To-day be all her faults forgot— Our home below, where freemen dwell, Columbia, grandest born of Time, That Teuton malice burns to quell.

My England! should the hope be crost In which she taught the world to strive, Then all of Virtue would be lost, And might of Manhood left alive.

But 'tis not in the Book of Doom That Justice, Honor, Truth should fail, That earth be made a living tomb, And only brutal Wrong prevail.

9 YEARS

I suffered with an abscess on my face," writes Mrs. Herbert Cox, of West McNichol, Ont. "I tried everything and received medical treatment for some time, but in vain. Finally the doctor advised an operation, which was performed, but instead of improving, the sore became worse. I had despaired of ever finding a cure, when a friend recommended Zam-Buk. I tried it, with the result that before long the poison was drawn out and the sore began to heal. Perseverance effected a complete cure, and now not even a scar remains."

Zam-Buk is equally good for eczema, blood-poisoning, ulcers, boils, piles, burns, cuts, and all skin injuries. All druggists, 50c. box, \$ for \$1.25, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

WORK OF A VOLCANO.

Result of an Eruption in Alaska Fourteen Centuries Ago. Every traveler on the Upper Yukon River has noted a conspicuous white bed, four to six inches in thickness, that occurs on the river banks. This is made up of volcanic ash derived from a volcano located in the northern margin of the St. Elias range, more than 100 miles to the south. Though, geologically speaking, the material is of recent age, yet it was probably erupted 1,400 years ago.

There are, of course, no historical records of this eruption, but in the course of explorations in Alaska much has been learned about the distribution and thickness of the material ejected. It originally covered an area of over 140,000 square miles, and some of it was carried over 450 miles from the volcano.

The deposit varies in thickness from 300 feet near the volcano to an inch or two at the margin of the area covered by it. A rough estimate indicates that over ten cubic miles of material was ejected at the time of this eruption. During the eruption of Katmai volcano in southwestern Alaska June, 1912, about five cubic miles of ash was ejected and about the same amount fell from the Krahatoa eruption in 1883. This Yukon eruption is therefore comparable in intensity with some of the larger eruptions of historical time.—Geological Survey Reports.

They Paid the Price. The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness. "Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

REPLENISH YOUR BLOOD IN THE SPRING

Just now you are feeling "out of sorts"—not your usual self. Quite exhausted at times and cannot devote real energy to your work. Sleep does not rest you and you wake up feeling "all tired out." Perhaps rheumatism is flying through your muscles and joints or may be your skin is disfigured by rashes, boils or pimples. Headaches, twinges of neuralgia, fits of nervousness, irritability of temper and a disordered stomach often increase your discomfort in the spring.

The cause—winter has left its mark on you. These troubles are signs that your blood is poor and watery, that your nerves are exhausted. You must renew and enrich your blood at once and restore tone to your tired nerves, or there may be a complete breakdown. The most powerful remedy for these spring ailments in men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because these Pills cleanse bad blood and strengthen weak nerves.

New, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring—is plentifully created by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with this new, pure blood in your veins you quickly regain health and increase your strength. Then your skin becomes clear, your eyes bright, your nerves strong, and you feel better, eat better, sleep better, and are able to do your work.

Begin your spring- tonic treatment to-day for the blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the Pills that strengthen.

These Pills are sold by most dealers, but do not be persuaded to take "something just the same." If you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealers they will be sent you by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GO TO CHURCH. (Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette.) No man ever suffered, socially, morally or financially, through going to church, but many who have passed out of the influence of the church have fallen into evil consequences of a life which knows not moral restraint.

The church offers succorance from worldly worries and business cares; it offers a social diversion of a beneficial character; it broadens the view and strengthens the fellowship of man. It awakens the soul to its obligations and responsibilities to God and self. Go to Church.

My England, strike! Droop not, nor cease Till triumph on your banners shine! Then take a grateful world's applause— Millions of hearts that beat like mine.