

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

"I know it, dear; I will sing it. If you will try to go to sleep. Shut your eyes and listen."

The burning eyelids closed slowly, and Rupert lay still and motionless. There was deep, unbroken silence; then the sweet voice, still hushed and low, rose, singing the beautiful hymn. The boy listened as one soothed by an angel's song. Only once the blue-lipped lips trembled, and he said:

"You sing like my mother, too. She is singing amongst the angels now; but I am sure her voice is like yours. I will be quite still now and think."

While he lay thinking she knelt to pray. She prayed from the very depths of her broken heart that her son might be spared, and that she might be taken in his place. When the prayer was ended she knelt, watching him, while the dead silence grew deeper and deeper.

There was a faint murmur from the wind—a low whisper as though it had sobbed until it was exhausted. No other sound disturbed the profound stillness which reigned throughout that vast mansion. The stars shone in the depths of the blue skies; the pale moon gleamed and glistened; fleecy clouds passed over its face. Trees and flowers were all asleep; there seemed nothing living, nothing human to watch the tragedy going on in the Red Room.

And still Mrs. Rivers knelt, with her face bent over the boy, watching him so intently that her very soul seemed to have passed into his eyes. She was closed in deep, restless thought, but not in sleep.

So silent, so still; not even the creaking of a door, the sound of a footstep—nothing to break the charm—not even the faint sound of a mouse behind the wainscot. Silence deep and profound as death itself.

Would he sleep? Would heaven hear her prayer, and give him back to her? Was this his last night? Would the morrow's dawn find him beyond the sun? He moved his head restlessly; she laid her soft fingers on it, and he smiled. Looking earnestly in his face, she fancied the expression of it was more natural, the eyelids drooped more heavily. Could it be possible that, after all, he was falling into a natural slumber? Rupert murmured something; she bent down to listen; it was but a waking dream—a half-delirious fancy; no sleep, no rest yet for the active brain.

Silence again; and it seemed to the quiet watcher that the whole world must be asleep. She renewed her prayer—she begged for her son's life; and then she fancied she heard only the faint rustle of a woman's dress. She listened intently, then said to herself she was mistaken. She took out her watch; it wanted seven minutes to twelve, and at midnight she was to give the opiate.

Hark! Surely that is the sound of a woman's dress against the crimson hangings! Gently and noiselessly she rose from her knees, and stood with her eyes on the tapestry.

"What could it be? For one half-minute her heart stood still with a great nameless fear. Could it be the Angel of Death advancing with slow footstep? Would those crimson hangings fly open, and disclose to her the 'angel of the dark wings'? She covered her face with her hands and shuddered with mortal fear.

It was strange. She had watched by many death-bed, she had closed dying eyes and listened to dying words before, yet she had never felt fear; and now, for one minute, a more than mortal fear came over her; great drops stood upon her forehead, and her limbs trembled under her.

What was there to fear? There lay Rupert calm and still, with closed eyes. Supposing even that the angel of death were there, what need to tremble? Yet—she could not tell why; she could not explain it even to herself; she could not account for it—a shuddering, deadly fear convinced her that something was on the other side of the hangings.

She stood still as a marble statue, unable to move, unable to open her white, closed lips, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on those terrible hangings.

Then—how was it the shock did not kill her?—then she saw the tapestry move slightly, as though some one had touched it lightly on the other side. There was no sound, no stir.

Another moment, and from between the hangings, where two pieces of crimson tapestry met, she saw a white hand. She could neither move nor stir; she was rooted to the ground in terror too intense for any weak words to describe.

The hand was withdrawn, then it reappeared, holding, this time, a small vial, full of a clear liquid, like cold water. That was placed noiselessly on the stand, and the bottle containing the opiate was withdrawn—still without sound. It was so gently, so noiselessly done, that had Mrs. Rivers been looking another way—had she been engaged with her patient—she could not possibly have known what had been done.

In one moment it flashed across her who had taken the opiate that was to save the life of her son? without it he must die. Who had taken it? What was put in its place? Only a moment,

then the mother's mighty love that was in her came to her aid.

Casting one glance at the calm, tranquil face of her son, she opened the hangings just in time to see a figure of some kind disappear at the outer door. All nervousness, all fear died from her. Swifter than the wind, she made one noiseless, rapid rush after the retreating figure, and caught it in the corridor outside the Red Room.

Caught it, and held it fast with a grasp whose force came from her mighty love. A tall, stately figure, yet it shuddered, to shrink; and then she said in a low, hushed voice:

"Give me back that opiate! Whoever you are, I know not; give me back the medicine!"

There was no reply, and in the darkness of the silent corridor the two women could not see each other. The one was struggling with fierce force to get away; the other, with force even greater still, struggled to hold her.

Down the broad corridor they went, the prisoner and the gentle woman whose mother-love gave to her soft hands the strength of a giantess. Down, struggling hand in the quiet darkness, until they came to a room where, for the convenience of those whom Mrs. Rivers might summon, a fire and a light both burned.

Silently and desperately Mrs. Rivers dragged rather than led her captive there, then turned and locked the door. "Now," she cried, "Beatrice Leigh, down there—down on your knees, and thank your God that you have been spared the sin of murder!"

There was Beatrice Leigh Selwyn, who had been caught, and forced into the room, her stately figure bent with rage and shame, her beautiful face white with fear and anger.

"How do you dare," she murmured, "how do you dare Mrs. Rivers, to treat me so? I will call Lord Selwyn. You are mad! You must be driven away from here; you are mad!"

"I am sane enough, Beatrice Leigh. I am sane enough, know why you have stolen that bottle, God watched over Rupert Selwyn, or you would have slain him. You had murder in your heart when you took it away—cruel murder! You hate him because he stands between your child and Selwyn Castle. You hate him because he is the son of the woman you taunted, and persecuted, and drove forth to death. You hate him because he would have won by false means loves him. You hate him, and you have said to yourself that he shall die!"

"It is false—all false; false as hell itself!" said Lady Beatrice. "I thought that medicine too strong for him, and did not care to disturb him by going into the room. If you think I am wrong take it back and give it to him."

"I will take it back," said Mrs. Rivers, "but none the less did you try to murder my only son!"

"To murder whom?" cried my lady; and then the two women stood, tall, erect, and stately, looking—with scorching eyes at each other.

"My son," repeated the clear voice. "You want to kill him. If he were left in your power you would kill him. To save his life I do that which I would not have done for any other human object. I claim him!"

"What object? asked my lady, with a sneer. "I claim him," was the calm reply, "for he is mine."

"Yours?" she cried. "In the name of heaven, you are you?"

"Can you guess, Beatrice? Whom did you torture? Whom did you persecute? Whom did you taunt and night? From whom did you steal the love of husband, the esteem of friends? From whom did you take every earthly joy, every earthly pleasure—even the light of heaven itself? Answer me that?"

She could not; she had gone whiter and whiter—she had crouched lower and lower, until she knelt deep—her scarred face buried in her hands.

"Did not the life of the mother content you?" continued the clear voice: "must you take the life of the child? You—a woman—to dream of murder?—to let hot hate, not anger, cruel jealousy drive you to this! Ask pardon from Heaven, Beatrice Leigh; for most assuredly, had not Providence watched over my son, you would have slain him."

"Your son," cried Lady Beatrice, rising suddenly, and standing before her. "In the name of Heaven, who are you?"

"I am his mother, Violante Selwyn." A low, mocking, scornful laugh was the only answer.

"I repeat it, echoed the clear voice: "I am his mother—Violante Selwyn!"

[To be Continued.]

Policemen at Hamburg, Germany, are instructed to watch the cars closely and if they find a car with a passenger more than the law allows the conductor is fined 75 cents.

Warsaw is the center of the watch trade for Russia, and Switzerland sells a million rubles' worth annually.

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TO BE SEVERELY DEALT WITH

A Proper First Warning to Boys Who Loaf Around Street Corners.

Magistrate Love States That Their An- noyance Will be Put Down With a Strong Hand—Police Court Notes.

This morning, Chas. McGowan, who pleaded guilty to deserting a child on King street last week, was sentenced to four months in the Central prison. In passing sentence the police magistrate said he would have been inclined to let McGowan go on suspended sentence had he not acted in a dishonest manner in certain dealings he had had with the Children's Aid Society.

Six young men were charged with obstructing Dundas street on Saturday night by congregating on a corner, and eight youths from the north end of the city were charged with congregating on a corner, annoying people going to and from church, and disturbing public worship. All were let go on suspended sentence; but Magistrate Love, in giving them a warning, expressed his intention of punishing heavily offenders brought before him on similar charges.

The practice of committing youths of loafing around corners, annoying passers-by and using profane or obscene language in the hearing of ladies, is to be put down with a strong hand. Four sidewalk riders were fined, two paying \$2 each and two \$1 each.

Mansfield Newmans was fined \$1 for driving over a bridge faster than a walk.

Chas. Bayliff paid \$1 and costs for being drunk and four other offenders with a similar complaint were discharged.

CONCENTRATION OF STOVE WORKS

Movement on Foot That Will Effect Many Manufacturing Centres—The McCallery Company Interested.

"There seems to be every likelihood," says the Canadian correspondent of the Iron Age, "that the efforts being made to amalgamate the stove manufacturing companies of Canada will be successful. Apparently the leading manufacturers represent solid men, for several of the former have set a value upon their works. Experts appointed by the promoters are taking stock of the several properties in Hamilton, which include the following: The Gurney-Tilden Company, Copp Bros., Burrow, Stewart and Milne, the Bowles-Jameson Company, and the D. Moore Company. They are also taking stock of the McCallery Company, of London; the Buck Company, of Brantford; Clare Bros., of Preston; James Stewart, of Woodstock; and the Smart Company, of Brockville. Besides these, the smaller foundries, which are numerous throughout Ontario, are invited to join. American and Canadian capital is behind the undertaking."

Such an amalgamation, it is understood, is a strongly probable possibility. Negotiations tending towards this end have been in progress for nearly two years. If the anticipated result is attained, it will affect largely a dozen or more cities and towns in Canada. In all likelihood the foundries in these places will be abolished, and pursuant to the recognized scheme, followed wherever there is an Americanized combine, they will be concentrated in one central place. Hamilton will probably be the city benefited, because of its proximity to cheap and abundant electric power, and the facilities offered by its situation for transportation. For the past two weeks a valuator has been at work on the McCallery property here. It is understood that this firm would not enter into the scheme if it meant a separation of its foundry and stamped ware interests.

The Burlington in January, 1899, made the run from Sliding to Arion, a distance of 2.4 miles, at a speed of 103 and 113 miles an hour for a distance of one mile. There are other short distance runs on record, but those named are the fastest. The Burlington also holds the record for long distance runs, it having made the run from Chicago to Denver in February, 1897, a distance of 1,025 miles at an average speed of 58.74 miles per hour, including twenty stops. It also holds the record for a distance of 2,000 miles under the Santa Fe holds the record, having made the distance from Los Angeles to Chicago in March, 1900, a distance of 2,265 miles, at an average speed of 44.5 miles per hour, a portion of the distance made at the rate of 60 miles per hour. The record for 500 and under 1,000 is held by the Lake Shore, it having made the run from Chicago to Buffalo, in October, 1895, a distance of 335 miles, at an average speed of 55.7 miles per hour, actual running time. The New York Central made the run from New York to Buffalo in September, 1896, a distance of 1,000 miles, at an average speed of 30 miles an hour. The Alton, for a distance of 168.1 miles, made the run at a speed of 60.7 miles per hour. This run was between Willow Springs and Springfield, in May, 1898. The Union Pacific, in August, 1897, made the run from North Platte to Omaha, a distance of 291 miles, at an average speed of 63.4 miles per hour. The Jarrett & Palmer theatrical speed, from Denver City to San Francisco, in June, 1876, made the run in 3 days, 7 hours, 33 minutes and 16 seconds. This record has never been equaled for a

fatal fall.

Patrick Drum, one of the oldest and best known residents of the village of Arva, London township, died yesterday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James Nelson, London township, aged 77 years. On Thursday evening he suddenly fell from his bed, and died in convulsion of the brain, and he did not regain consciousness up to the time of his death. Mr. Drum was widely known, both in the township and the city, his noted wit and unique personality making him very popular with all. He was a regular attendant at St. Peter's Cathedral, where his funeral service will be held tomorrow morning, after which interment will take place in St. Peter's Cemetery.

FROM THE CAPITAL

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Cables Canada's Thanks to New Zealand.

[Special to Advertiser per C. P. R.] Ottawa, Ont., May 7.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier sent the following telegram today to Premier Seddon, of New Zealand: "I am very glad to hear of the New Zealand Government's gift of the Ottawa and Hull fire sufferers."

"Ottawa, May 7, 1900.—Accept for yourself, government and people of New Zealand the grateful thanks of Canada for generous assistance to sufferers of late conflagration. (Signed) Laurier."

The Megantic Steamship Company of New York, has sent \$500 to Hon. Sydney Fisher, to be applied to the Ottawa and Hull fire relief fund.

The Canadian buildings of the Paris Exposition will be kept open on Sundays notwithstanding the protest of the Canadian Government and the imperial authorities on the subject. The only buildings that will be closed on Sunday are those of the United States. Mr. Tarte has had the Canadian section greatly improved by repainting and decorating. The only provinces that have accepted the offer of the Dominion to send commissioners at their own expense are Quebec and Ontario.

THE FASTEST RUNS ON RECORD

For Short and Long Distances. Grand Trunk Renewing Bridges—Future of the Wabash.

The Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway will lay four miles of heavy steel rails between Blenheim and Ridgeway.

On the Grand Trunk the new bridges between Montreal and Island Pond have been finished, a distance of 150 miles, and trains of maximum weight are now running over them. On the next 50 miles between Island Pond and Portland, the renewal of bridges is being pushed forward as rapidly as the deliveries of material will permit.

The following changes are announced in the freight department of the Wabash: N. R. Adlance, commercial agent at Denver, will be transferred to St. Louis, where he will succeed Mr. F. E. Singer, who has been appointed agent of the Wabash and Lackawanna Dispatch at Chicago, and George C. Osborne has been appointed agent of the Wabash and Lackawanna Dispatch at Detroit.

"Several months ago," says the Indianapolis Journal, "representatives of both the Central and Pennsylvania Companies got together and concluded to make a thorough examination of the Wabash. They went over the entire system, and made as close an examination of its affairs as they could without the knowledge of the Wabash officials, and so as not to excite suspicion that the road might be wanted by the big trunk lines. They made up their minds that the Wabash was a very valuable property, and that it was being well managed, but they were apparently dropped into a couple of weeks ago, when the original plan was taken up where it was left off. What has happened in the meantime has already attained almost international importance, and has added interest on Saturday, when Martin Everett, an American citizen, was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for highway robbery, alleged to have been committed about a year ago at Grand Forks, B. C. Public attention was specially drawn to the case about six months ago, when the United States consul at Vancouver called the attention of the Canadian government at Washington to the fact that Everett had been confined for several months in the county jail at Kamloops, B. C., awaiting trial on the highway robbery charge."

Nature Has Provided A remedy for every ache and pain, and science, through ceaseless activity and experiments constantly wrestling the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerveine, or nerve pain cure, represents in very concentrated form the most potent pain relieving substitute known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerveine is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all dealers in medicine.

Outsiders desiring to become dentists in Belgium must not only have diplomas, but must pass a careful examination.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S COLIC, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES NERVOUS COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHÆA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Nicaraguan government is anxious to extend the railroad system to the Atlantic by way of Rama and Bluefields.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and croup in the throat, and as an inward specific, possesses most substantial results.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of cheap imitations, and ask for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. Removes tan, pimples, freckles, blotches, chaps, rash and skin diseases, and cures every blemish, restores beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 61 years and is so harmless we taste it as we use it. Accept no counterfeit. Dr. L. A. Barry sent to a lady of the haut ton a present: "As you ladies will use them I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful for all the skin preparations. It is the best for the face, and does not injure the hair."

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 87 Great Jones street, New York. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Railways and Navigation

Allen Line Royal Mail Steamships for Liverpool. Calling at Montevideo.

Parisian, May 12, 1900. May 12, 1900. Nipponian, June 2, 1900. Corinthian, June 9, 1900. From New York to Glasgow—State of Nebraska, May 8.

RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, \$22.50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$12.50 and upwards. Steerage, \$3.50. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets. London agents—E. De La Hooke, T. R. Parker, 7, R. Clarke.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose veins, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to their normal condition. Dr. W. F. Ryan, 385 East 12th street, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

The Old Fashion and The New

In Our NATIVE HERBS we throw aside all the mineral drugs and poisons which wreck human constitutions, and use only the powerful, but harmless, tonic which Nature provides. It is the natural way to renew health. Go back to Nature, she can cure you. Trust in the remedies she has provided in forest and field, extracted and blended by the highest skill of science. Your blood will be purified, system cleansed, and vigor renewed by

Our Native Herbs

Write for free Almanac describing actual cures of Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Tetanus, Blood Poison, Constipation, Fever and Ague, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disorders, Eczema, Catarrh, Diabetes, Syphilis, Nervous Affections, Scurvy, Headaches, etc., etc. A complete and reliable cure is guaranteed. A registered guarantee goes with each \$1.00 box of either tablets or powder. Sufficient for 200 days' treatment. If your druggist hasn't it, write us.

THE ALONZO O. BLISS COMPANY, 232 St. Paul Street, Montreal, Canada.

long distance, Engineer F. G. Gillett, with engine 1,510, hauling the Burlington fast mail, smashed all previous records Monday night in the run from Burlington to Chicago. The distance is 206 miles, and, including all stops, was made in 243 minutes, or, excluding stops, it was made in 189 minutes actual running time.

QUICKLY AND WELL SERVED

Our store is modernized in every department that properly pertains to the drug business. Our patrons are quickly and well served, and go away satisfied that we are worthy of their confidence.

As in the past, Paine's Celery Compound still ranks as our leading family medicine. Its marvelous curing record is sufficient to recommend it to every ailing and sick man or woman. A full supply of the genuine Paine's Celery Compound always in stock.

C. McCALLUM, DRUGGIST, London, Ont. 5th-4

FOURTEEN YEARS IN PRISON. Vancouver, B. C., May 7.—A case which has already attained almost international importance received an added interest on Saturday, when Martin Everett, an American citizen, was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for highway robbery, alleged to have been committed about a year ago at Grand Forks, B. C. Public attention was specially drawn to the case about six months ago, when the United States consul at Vancouver called the attention of the Canadian government at Washington to the fact that Everett had been confined for several months in the county jail at Kamloops, B. C., awaiting trial on the highway robbery charge.

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