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GERALD S. DOYLE, Sales Agent



A QUEEN UNCROWNED
— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER VII

"I wish I could," said Disbrowe. "Perhaps she is your spiritual affinity, whatever that is. Frank says she looks like you."

"Who don't I look like?" said Jacquetta, looking up and breaking into a laugh. "I am the image of Captain Nick Tempest and little Orrie Howlet, and consequently, a cross between a demon and a goblin. I won't think of it, though; and now, that being gone, I am myself again. I'll race you home, Cousin Alfred."

She dashed off, leaving him to follow; nor did she draw rein till Fontelle was reached.

"You have beaten me, but I will have my revenge later," he said, striking an attitude, as Jacquetta, declining his aid, leaped lightly off her horse, and ran up the steps and entered the house.

With a saucy nod of her curly head Jacquetta disappeared, and passed on until she reached Augusta's room, and there she paused and knocked softly.

There was no response, and she knocked again, more loudly. Still there was no reply, and Jacquetta turned the handle and entered.

And there a terrible sight met her eyes.

On the floor lay Augusta, prone on her face, her whole form writhing like one in unendurable agony, her long, wild, black hair streaming, unbound, around her, her hands clinched till her delicate veins stood out like whipcord, every motion quivering with unbearable torture. Startled and alarmed—albeit both to her were unusual—Jacquetta went over, and, catching her arm, exclaimed: "Augusta!"

With a fearful shriek and maddened bound, she was on her feet, confronting her—her beautiful face distorted with anguish and remorse—her whole countenance so altered and terrible that Jacquetta involuntarily recoiled a step as she beheld her.

"Augusta! Augusta! Good heavens! What is the meaning of this?" cried Jacquetta.

But Augusta, with a wild, moaning cry, sank down on a seat, and, with a convulsive shudder, hid her face in her hands.

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes—

"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

was—could he believe his eyes?—the stately form of his proud cousin, Augusta!

Even in his surprise—and it was intense—he saw that they seemed to shrink from each other with a sort of dread, or horror, or fear; and that both were extremely agitated. Once he saw his cousin stop and make a frantic, passionate gesture, as if she would have hurried herself madly upon the stones at her feet, and the man put out his arm as if to catch her, and then drew it back and recoiled still further from her. Then they turned an angle of the wall and disappeared, and he was alone in the light of the bright, beautiful stars that looked serenely down on that strange meeting; as they looked upon many another since the world began.

With an irresistible impulse, he turned to follow them, but both were gone—vanished like phantoms of the night; and he turned to retrace his steps, wondering inwardly where the secrets of this strange old house were to end.

CHAPTER IX.

"The top of the mornin' to yet, captain darlin'!" said a voice, in a slightly foreign accent. And the next moment, Master Frank, with a whoop that spoke well for the strength of his lungs, sprang up the front steps, and stood beside Disbrowe, who was lounging indolently against one of the quaint old pillars supporting the doorway, looking at the north wing, and thinking of the little incident of the previous night.

"The same to yourself, my sprig of shillaly," said Disbrowe, lifting his eyes, but without moving from his lazy position.

"I say Frank," he added, suddenly, "do you know anything about that mysterious old tower or wing over there? I think there's something wrong about it."

"Why?" asked Frank, casting an uneasy look, first on the speaker, and then on the place indicated.

"Well, from nothing that I know of my own knowledge, of course," replied Disbrowe; "but it has a comfoundedly suspicious, ghostly look about it for one thing, and I saw something strange there a few nights ago."

And with a cry of despair, she sank down again, shuddering, and calling Jacquetta stepped back, and calmly regarded her.

"You are insane, Augusta, or in the delirium of a brain fever. I shall send for a doctor."

"Oh, leave me! leave me! leave me!" moaned Augusta in a dying voice.

"Not in this state. I should be as mad as you if I did. I will stay with you until you come to your senses," said Jacquetta.

"Will you leave me, Jacquetta? I wish to be alone, Go!"

With a sigh, Jacquetta left the room, and she heard the key turn behind her in the lock.

The proud heart of Augusta De Vere might bleed and break, but it could do both alone.

Captain Disbrowe waited in vain for Jacquetta to appear that evening. A last giving up hope of seeing her he set off for a stroll, with his own thoughts for company.

It was a clear, starlit night, mild and warm as June; and, tempted by its quite beauty, he walked on and on, returning, at last, by the north wing, that, in its gloomy silence, had a strange fascination for him. While he stood leaning against a broken pillar, looking up at it, he became conscious of voices near him; and a moment after two dark forms appeared from within the shelter of a low, ruined wall, overrun with ivy. One was the tall form of a man, muffled in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat drawn down over his face, completely hiding it from view, and the other

FOR JOY OF GOOD HEALTH

Manitoba Woman Thanks Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Crandall, Manitoba.—"When I was a young girl at home and working I had terrible pains, almost more than I could bear, and I was not regular. These troubles kept me so tired all the time that I had no strength and no ambition to join in with my friends and have a good time. I was just tired and miserable always and life just seemed as if it wasn't worth living. I saw so much in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then I had a friend who had taken it and told me about it, so I got some. Every month after taking it I got stronger and I soon did not suffer every month. It stopped the pains and helped me in other ways. Then when my babies were coming I was tired and worn out the first three months and ached badly. I took the Vegetable Compound right along and must say it made a new woman of me and able to do my work, and it helped me through confinement. You see I am a farmer's wife with a big house to look after, and three babies now. I have told ever so many women about your medicine. Just last week I got a letter from my old chum in the East. Her baby was born fifteen days before mine, and she told me she was not feeling very well, her back aches so much, and that she is going to take the same medicine I took. You can use my letter if you wish." Mrs. J. M. Kimb, Box 58, Crandall, Manitoba. C

The Song of the Bank

(With apologies to "The Song of the Shirt")

From "The Caduceus," Staff Publication of The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

With fingers weary and worn, from counting bundles of "ten,"
A bank clerk sat, in threadbare clothes, busily plying his pen.
Scratch, Scratch, Scratch. He looked so hungry and lank,
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch, he sang the Song of the Bank.

Work, Work, Work. All day I rush and toil,
And work, work, work. I burn the midnight oil.
It's to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk
Where men have never a soul to save, if this is Christian work.

Work, Work, Work. Till the brain begins to swim,
Work, Work, Work. Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Cheque upon cheque he lays, cheque after cheque he pays,
Till over the blotter he falls asleep, and enters the cheques in a daze.

Work, Work, Work. In the dull December light,
Work, Work, Work. Till the tears lose their bright
As they shiver in their cages, one sometimes hear them sing,
"If — will make us warmer, O death, where is they sting?"

But why do I talk of death, that phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep.
Alas that bread should be so dear, and bank clerks held so cheap.

Have the Directors no pity? Have they not children and wives?
It is not books they are wearing out, but human creatures' lives.
Scratch, Scratch, Scratch. In poverty, hunger and dirt,
The bank clerk works with coat removed, displaying his threadbare shirt.

With fingers weary and worn, from counting bundles of "ten,"
A bank clerk sat, in threadbare clothes, busily plying his pen.
Scratch, Scratch, Scratch. So poor, so hungry and lank,
And still his weak voice bravely soared,
Would that its tone could reach the "Board."

He sang this Song of the Bank.

13th The Century of Best Dressed Women

To be well dressed, women should copy the fashions of 700 years ago. That is the opinion of Mr. W. Hughes Jones, who lectured at the City of London Vacation Course in Education.

He produced drawings of wonderfully dressed ladies in different times,



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For Boys' and Misses'. Fine and heavy makes

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BOYS' DARK TAN CALF BLUCHER

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and especially praised the thirteenth century.

"Look at this monstrosity," he said, holding up a drawing of a lady in elaborate crinolines skirts. "Would you place that in the thirteenth century? No, for in that century there was not very much money and material was expensive."

"The skirt at once indicates the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. People were getting rich and extravagant in the sixteenth century, and Queen Elizabeth was probably the most vain woman who ever lived. She had 800 dresses.

"England," he added, "is going back with sure instinct to the effort and achievement of the gem of the centuries, the thirteenth. All the best-dressed ladies of the twentieth century approximate more to the style of the thirteenth century than to those of any other women in English history."

The Envy of the Architectural World

A tablet has been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Architectural League of New York "as an expression of the deep admiration and indebtedness felt by the Architects of America to the illustrious British Architect, Sir Christopher Wren."

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, in presenting it to the Cathedral authorities, said:—

"As to-day we stand beside the very heart pulse of the throbbing life of this great city, in our imagination we carry back our minds to this same city in the days when the genius of the city declared by plague, shattered by death, devastated by fire, and from the ashes of its despair he raised this giant monument of the Hope of Immortality.

"Many generations have passed through the life of the Cathedral each adding its tribute of praise, yet our words are but rippling waves passing over the unfathomable depth of his greatness. Indeed, so great a master was he that one might almost say of him, as was said of the greatest of all his followers: 'He went before, and they were amazed, and if they followed they were afraid.'

"In that dark hour of our history the genius of Wren took wing, hovering like some great spirit over the scene of desolation, surveying its ruins and conceiving its massive reconstruction. Generation followed generation, each exelling its neighbour in strength and grandeur, in grace and fidelity of execution, and so our city became the envy of the architectural world."



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