

# HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

Christmas was to be very gay. There was to be a grand ball at Lynnewolde, and another at Bohun Court. Lord Lynne determined that this year at least he would be gay; no one should know that he was a rejected lover—rejected by a fair-haired, gentle girl, too, who seldom said, "No." He did not know where he should be next year—abroad most likely. Time was passing quickly, and all hope of his uncle's legacy died with his rejection. He was a Lynne and a gentleman. It did not enter his imagination to marry Inez without loving her, and so secure his fortune. He loved Agatha. He would have married her, even if in doing so he had lost instead of gained his heritage; but she had refused him. Love and money had failed him, and Philip began to make up his mind to the loss. He was too honorable, too noble to think of marrying without love. Not even to win a crown would he have done it; and Inez Lynne, who rode him right, knew that if she won him it would be apart from all mercenary motives.

He was pleased to see her again. He met her frankly, and kindly thanked her for her charming letters, which had cheered and amused his solitude. That very frankness and kindness were like a death-blow to her. If his face had flushed, his voice had trembled, or his hand had clasped hers more warmly as it lay in his grasp, she would have known that he loved her. That frank, open kindness, the clear eyes that looked into her own, the calm, steady voice that thanked her, all told the same story—she interested, amused, charmed him; but he did not love her.

"I will not lose heart," she said, "not even yet. I will succeed, or I will die." Lord Lynne showed that he remembered her words. During all the Christmas festivities he thought of her constantly. He was resolved that she should never feel lonely or neglected again. So they resumed their old familiar intercourse. She sang to him, rode with him, and poured out the treasure of her genius at his feet. She grew to love him. Oh Heaven! save us from such love—so wild, so idolatrous, so blind!

The grand ball at Lynnewolde was a great success. Inez was the belle. She had never looked more lovely. She wore a dress of rose-colored silk, shaded and softened by costly, cloud-like lace. She wore no jewels; a wreath of white starry jasmine crowned her queenly head.

There were many at Lynnewolde that evening who, in long years afterward, spoke of her as she looked then. Bertie Bohun was there, but he said no more of love to her. The bright sun did not seem further from him than this beautiful girl. She was undoubtedly the belle of the ball; and those who saw her that evening never forgot her. When the guests had all departed, she went with Mrs. Lynne into her boudoir. It was a charming little room, but one that was seldom used. On this evening Mrs. Lynne had ordered fire and lights there; she liked, when a ball or party was ended, to talk it over with her son.

"Let us rest a few minutes," she said, drawing an easy-chair to the fire for Inez. "I always require half an hour's quiet talk to make me forget the glitter of lights and the sound of music. Have you enjoyed the ball, Inez?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Inez always looks lovely when she reigns," interrupted Lord Lynne, with a merry laugh. "What are you going to do with Bertie, Inez?" he continued. "I never saw a more severe case in my life. Your beaux yeux have done mischief there."

"I am not accountable for it," she replied, coldly.

"How could you be?" he rejoined. "No amount of homage moves you. Have you no heart, Inez?"

She raised her eyes to his face. Was he blind that he could not read what they told? Was he blind that he did not see how the beautiful face, cold and haughty to others, softened and brightened for him?

When Mrs. Lynne went away, they were speaking of the coming spring.

"I do not say anything to my mother," said Lord Lynne to Inez; "but I have serious thoughts of going abroad in the spring."

"Abroad?" she said, "for how long?"

"I do not know," he replied; "for years, in all probability. Inez, I want something to fill up my life."

There was a profound silence for some minutes, and when Inez spoke again, Lord Lynne did not know her voice.

"It is into," she said.

Thinking she wished to be alone, he rose and held out his hand to say good-night. He saw her face perfectly white, with a startled look in her large, dark eyes.

"You are tired, Inez," he said, gently. "Good-night, pleasant dreams!"

He did not notice that the little jeweled hand he touched was as cold as death, he did not see the quiver of the white lips; he took the wax taper placed ready for him and went away.

Inez sat still and motionless for some minutes. Then she rose, intending to go to her room, but her strength failed her. She threw up her arms, and fell upon the floor on her face.

"He is going!" she cried; "and I love him so—I love him so!"

She did not hear Lord Lynne returning, she did not hear him open the door, she did not know that she saw her pas-

shock of surprise than did Lord Lynne when he awoke on the morning following the scene in the boudoir. It rushed upon his mind as soon as his eyes were opened to the light of day. He was only yesterday thinking of going abroad, and now the betrothed husband of one of the loveliest and wealthiest women in England, and she loved him. Ah, how she loved him. The remembrance of the joy that had flashed in her face, the silent happiness that entranced her as he spoke, came vividly before him. This glorious beauty, with her wealth and talent, her genius and grace, loved him who had never felt anything but the coldest, brotherly affection for her. The young heir of Bohun loved her; the gay and gallant Captain Marchmont had laid his heart and fortune at her feet; but she cared for none, loved none save him. A hundred resolutions of love and devotion crowded into his mind. He would make her happy. She should never know that her passionate tears and sighs had moved his heart to pity; she should think he loved her above all else, even when she had ceased to love him. Agatha, whose sweet face haunted him, after all, was he not to be envied. Who was more beautiful than Inez? Who had her Southern grace, her wondrous genius, her rich voice, and her warm loving heart? He remembered her at the night he had played Romeo, how those dark eyes fell before his gaze and he wondered how he could have been blind so long. He seemed to rear again, in love him so!

Yet in some way he shrank from telling his mother the news; nor did he seem in any violent hurry to descend to the breakfast-room. When he did so, his first thought was of one word only—Inez. For there she sat, her mother sat a fair and radiant girl whom any man would have been proud to claim. The rich flush that crimsoned her face, the shy, sweet glance that half met his, stirred his heart and he felt that he was on a prize. He remembered her, her, for the Countess of Strathdale and Lady Victoria had remained for the night, and were now seated in great state at the breakfast-table. His almost undivided attention was given to them. Her ladyship's carriage was ordered at last, for she had promised to lunch at Bohun Court, and Philip, despite his impatience, could not leave until both ladies were seated and the coachman had received his orders. Then he turned to look for Inez, but she had vanished.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Lynne, "will you walk up and down the lawn with me? I have something to say to you."

"Find me a shadow," said Mrs. Lynne, with a smile, "and I will walk as long as you please."

But when her son had fastened the cashmere over her shoulders, and had placed her arm in his, he walked by her side in perfect silence for some minutes. "I thought you wanted to talk," said his mother, with some amusement. "What is it? Have you settled anything about your journey?"

"No," he replied, "I had forgotten it."

"Ah, my dear boy," interrupted Mrs. Lynne, "I wish you would renounce the idea. I would give all I have in the world to see you settled and happy. Do not be very angry with me if I ask you one question."

"Ask what you will," he replied.

"Tell me," she said, "how it is you do not ask Agatha Lynne to marry you? If I know anything of the young girl's heart, I am sure she is not indifferent to you."

Lord Lynne attempted to speak, but the words died away upon his lips.

"I would never advise you to marry Inez," he continued, "and I would not wish to see you marry her. I think your uncle's will both cruel and unjust; still, Agatha is so sweet and gentle; out of all the world, she is the girl I should have wished most to see your wife."

Mrs. Lynne waited for a reply, but none came; her son was thinking that, at any price, he would keep his cousin's secret.

"I cannot understand your indifference," said Mrs. Lynne. "I used to think you loved Agatha. Now with Inez the case is different—Inez is so very beautiful; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy one loving her."

"Hush, mother," he cried; "do not speak so. I brought you here this morning to tell you that Inez has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Lynne dropped the arm she was holding, and looked up into her son's face with astonishment almost too great for words.

"Inez?" she cried, at last; "why, Philip, how can that be? I thought you loved Agatha, and she cared for you."

"That was a mistake, mother," he replied, lightly; "Agatha has always thought of me as a dear cousin and a true friend, but nothing more."

"Of course you know best, my dear," said Mrs. Lynne, meekly. "I will never pretend to any judgment again."

"But you do not say one word, mother," he replied, half impatiently. "I thought you would be so delighted to know that I was going to marry and settle, as you call it, at last."

"So I am, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne. "Do not mistake me; I forgot my presence in the greatness of my surprise. But I never saw any sign of love for Inez."

"You will welcome her as your daughter, will you not?" he asked.

"That I will," she replied, warmly. "You know, Philip, I have always thought a little in awe of her; she is so beautiful and stately; so reserved, and unlike our English girls. But I will go to her at once; she shall find no want of love or welcome in my mother."

Philip watched his mother as she re-entered the house. Perhaps for half a moment something like a sigh trembled on his lips as he thought how differently both he and Mrs. Lynne would have felt had Agatha been his promised bride; then he reproached himself for his injustice. Had not one reason while the other had lavished a world of love upon him. Even Mrs. Lynne reproached herself, and felt that she had never done Inez justice, when the young girl clasped her arms around her, and, laying her beautiful head upon her mother's shoulder, promised that she would always be for a devoted and most loving child.

"I cannot see any reason for delaying your marriage, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne to her son. "We shall soon have May here; indeed, it is spring now. I saw a cause and a violator this morning. You must ask Inez if she has any objections to being married in May."

When Lord Lynne proposed that question to his beautiful fiancée, she smiled, and said in reply, that she considered it the brightest and fairest month in the year.

"But you know the old superstition"

## 5 DOCTORS GAVE HER UP!

Ulcers and Sores Cured all Treatment.

Zam-Buk Has Worked Complete Cures.

Miscellaneous indeed is the cure which Zam-Buk has worked in the case of Mrs. Jane Beers, of L'Original (Ont.). "I began to suffer," she says, "from ulcers and skin sores. These broke out on my legs and different parts of my body, and spread to an alarming extent, causing me great pain. They defied all remedies I applied to try and heal them, and remained suppurating open wounds."

One medical man after another gave my case up until I had consulted five different doctors, and they were all baffled by my case. Then I went into hospital and was there five months, and came away very little better. The sores were so extensive and were so weakened that I had to walk with a stick and crutch. This was my condition when first I began to use Zam-Buk. I applied it to the sores, and in a few days I thought I was an improvement. I persevered with the balm and in a long weary season, the wonderful balm did what all the doctors could not do—healed my ulcers. I have now put away my stick and crutch, the ulcers and sores are healed, and I take this opportunity of strongly advising all who suffer from sores, ulcers, or open wounds to give Zam-Buk a proper trial."

It is by affecting such impressive cures as this that Zam-Buk has established its own high reputation. In every country to which it has been introduced it has become the leading family balm and emollient. This surely is proof of exceptional merit!

Purely herbal in nature it supplies the household with a handy and effective cure for the burned-and-scalded injuries to which the children or the husband are liable.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, scabies, itching, chapped hands, sores due to blood poisoning, piles, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries. It is a sure cure for all insect bites, and for a sore throat. Beware of cheap and harmful imitations sometimes offered as "just as good."

## Cankers on Apple Trees

Many Ontario apple growers have complained that an unusually large number of branches are dying on their older apple trees, and not a few of the younger trees have been killed outright. The trouble has usually been attributed to Sun-Scald and Oyster-Shell Scale. Investigations this autumn, however, have shown that the greater part of such damage can be traced to cankers, caused either by a fungus disease known as Black Rot or a bacterial disease known as Pear Blight, Fire Blight, or Twig Blight. The Black Rot attacks also the leaves and fruit, causing the latter to rot. On the surface of the rotten fruit little black pustules or pimples appear one-third the size of a pin-head after a few days. These pimples contain spores which when set free are carried by the wind from tree to tree and help spread the disease in the summer. Either one of these may cause diseased areas on the trunk and large branches or at the main crotch. It is not easy to tell in every case to which disease a canker is due.

A Blight Canker, however, often begins by attacking a water-sprout and running down it into the trunk, crotch or main branch and forming a large dead area there. This time of year such areas caused by Blight are usually distinctly marked off from the healthy bark by a crack between the two, and by the diseased bark being darker brown in color than the healthy bark and slightly shrunken. As a rule the surface of Blight Cankers is fairly smooth, and is free from pimples except in old cankers where other diseases have set in and caused decay.

The Black Knot Canker, on the other hand, is as a rule not distinctly marked off by a crack between it and the healthy bark. The central part, especially if more than a year old, is usually somewhat swollen and the bark is rough, black and checked. On part of the another surface there will nearly always be found numerous little black pimples or pustules about one-third the size of the head of a pin. These are the places where spores are produced that spread the disease in the spring of the year.

## THE PANGS OF SCIATICA

Fierce darting pains. Pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh, perhaps down the leg, to the ankle—that is sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture of this trouble. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged, for there is a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills enrich the blood, feed the starved sciatic nerve and thus relieve the pain. Mrs. Joseph L. Brown, Wilmet, N.S., was a victim of sciatica, and found a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For a year I was laid up with sciatica from my side to my foot. What I suffered was at times awful. I could not touch my foot to the floor, and had to hobble about with a cane. My right leg was drawn up, and I never expected to have the use of it again. I was attended by our family doctor, and tried several other remedies, but with no benefit, and I felt very much discouraged. One day I read of the cure of a similar sufferer through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. I got six boxes, and by the time I had taken them I was completely cured, and have not had the slightest twinge of the trouble since. I feel, therefore, a very enthusiastic friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommend them to all who are similarly troubled."

## FLOWERS IN SEALED BOXES.

A Scheme of the Florists Which Prevents Leakage in Delivery.

Florists have hit on a new wrinkle in delivering flowers. Formerly the flowers have been packed in boxes and the boxes are tied up in fancy style with ribbon, the ends of the ribbon are sealed to the box with wax and the florist's private mark stamped thereon.

This is not to add style to the package, but serves a strictly useful purpose. It is not an uncommon occurrence for flowers to leak on the way. Two dozen American Beauties would shrink to one dozen. Sometimes the cause of detection was slight, as the recipient would not know how many flowers were sent in the case of a gift, and in the case of a large order few persons would take the trouble to count them, and a half dozen might well slip away unnoticed.

So the florists seal the packages now and temptation is removed from the path of those who deliver them.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Never Heard of One.

"What is your name?" asked the police justice.

"Kollok, y'r honor," answered the seedy vagrant.

"How do you spell it?"

"K o l l o k, y'r honor."

"Why, you're a regular palindrome, aren't you?"

"A what?"

"A palindrome, the same as Gillig and Jedge," interrupted the hobo, with emotion. "I don't mind bein' called a bum, a snoozer, a guttersnipe, and an ornery skunk, but I'll be everlastingly ligged if I'll stand fur that! If y'r honor'll come down fm that pliform, by gravy, I'll lick y'r right here!"

You would discover that most men are all right if you would only trouble yourself to ask them.

using it for any other purpose. The best way to disinfect the wound with corrosive sublimate is simply to tie a little sponge or a small pad of cloth on the end of a stick, and, after dipping it into the liquid, wash over the surface of the wound. This will kill any kind of worm whatever.

To ward off cankers for the future it is necessary (1) To prevent as far as possible injury to trees by such means as tearing off the bark by whiffletrees or other implements, or by boots in climbing. If wounds are made in this way they should be disinfected and painted at once, otherwise they let in the germs of the disease. Cankers usually start from wounds of some kind, though sometimes these may be very small. Sun-scald injuries also allow canker germs to enter, hence young trees should be protected against sun-scald by some one of the well-known devices for this purpose.

(2) Water sprouts should be kept off the trunks and main branches, because, as said above, the blight disease often runs down one of these and starts the canker below. A few minutes will usually suffice to remove all the water sprouts from any ordinary tree.

(3) The trunks must be carefully sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, and special pains taken to see that the trunks and main branches are thoroughly covered with the Bordeaux. The first spraying should be done just before leaf buds burst; the second a few days before the blossoms open, and the third within a week after most of the blossoms have fallen. Half a pound of Paris green should be added to each barrel of Bordeaux, and the white kept well agitated while spraying. The spraying will then not only do a great deal to keep off cankers, but will also kill most of the codling moths (which cause the wormy apple), the cigar case bearers, pistol case bearers, canker worms, bud moths, and many other insects, and in addition will keep the apples free from scab, so that orchardists should thus get a return for the time and money spent in the form of healthier trees and more and better fruit. Care should be taken in every case to see that the spraying is thoroughly done at the times mentioned. Orchards that are kept properly pruned and sprayed have been found to be very much less affected with canker than those that are neglected.

L. Caspar.

Agricultural College, Guelph.

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DEATH IS PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and is as Welcome as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they are those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes.

While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only painless, but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbling tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twin brother," sleep.

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A Joke That Failed.

The smart cockney tourist-thought he would have a joke with the gendarme, and handed him the restaurant menu instead of his passport, while his friends stood by to laugh at the puzzled "Frog."

But the Frenchman took the document with grave politeness, glancing keenly at the cockney as if to verify the description.

Then he read and translated slowly from the menu: "Calf's head," "pigs' feet," "pass on, m'sieu—quite correct."—Exchange.

Not Infectious.

I used to be very much afraid that my children, while playing with others, would be exposed to some contagious disease, and they were constantly on the lookout for trouble of this kind.

One day little Louis, aged 4, came rushing in from the street where he had been playing with a crowd of children. In a very excited manner she burst out: "Well, mamma, two of the Meyers children have something, but sister says she doesn't think we'll catch it, though."

"Well, what is it, darling?" I asked.

"It's the pigeon toes," she replied.—The December Delineator.

Information.

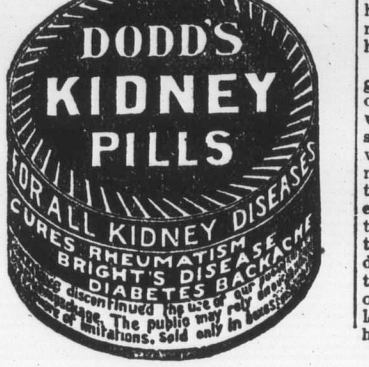
A well known novelist was touring through Lancashire in order to learn something of the lives of the inhabitants, when he came upon an old man breaking stones on the roadside, and, thinking he might gain some knowledge from him, addressed him thus: "How far is it to Fleetwood, my man?"

"You'll see a milestone a bit farther on," was the gruff reply.

"What's the use, if I can't read?" said the novelist, eager to draw the old man into conversation.

"The use, if I can't read?" said the old fellow, "is to suit you, for there's nowt on it," said the old fellow.—Exchange.

Prof. Adam Shortt has declared that trades unions are indispensable to the political life of the democracy.



It is not only that I love him," she cried, "we are penitents and obscure I would endow him with all my wealth; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy one loving her."

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Perhaps no one ever felt a greater