

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

I am sure your thoughts do my future wife great injustice. I once thought as you do, but I know now I was mistaken. I once believed her to be worldly-hearted, but I am sure now that no mercenary thought ever entered her mind. I believe she sings for the time that she may show the world its mistake in believing her to be so worldly. She longs to take my poor little motherless daughter to her heart.

days, weeks and months wearily waiting for tidings that never came. The detectives had now ample time to have investigated their case. One evening in June a letter came from them. Lord Wedderburn felt afraid to open the letter. He dreaded the contents. He secured the door, carefully, lest he should be interrupted during its perusal, and he nervously opened it and read: "We have traced every clue and have found one that seems probable. We have found that between Lymwick and Ashwywick there was a railway disaster, and many killed and wounded. The station agent remembers seeing a stranger, a stout man, walking about the station. He is not sure that he could identify them, but thinks it probable. If Lord Wedderburn could meet them at Lymwick station on June 8th they would examine the bodies that he might identify them."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "As sure as I live," she replied. "I trust you will not speak of this," he said. "You know I will not, my lord."

Lord Wedderburn continued his stroll alone. His mind was more unsettled than ever. He determined to follow every clue that was presented, and he did for many months, but there was none so probable as the one that it was his Dorothy that lay out in the village churchyard at Lymwick, and he thought of her as dead.

It was the evening before the close of Madame Brown's school. The girls had all assembled in the music room and were chatting gaily. In every easy chair, pale and languid, with great haggard eyes, sat Elsie Durravren. She had grown seriously ill now, and her head had grown very annoying. She had almost given up going around, but kept her chair, and was constantly attended by Dorothy. The devotion of the two was a most lovely sight.

"I shall go down to the seashore and rest until next season, then I shall be presented," said one. "I shall join a party for the continent," said another. "I shall spend my summer at the Isle of Wight," said another. Each one had hopeful anticipations. "What have you planned?" asked one girl of Elsie Durravren.

"I have no plans for the future. My future is very uncertain," she replied. There was a world of sadness in the tone which she uttered. There was no sadness in her voice. If her world was not as brilliant as it might be, it was through no fault of hers. She would meet her trials bravely.

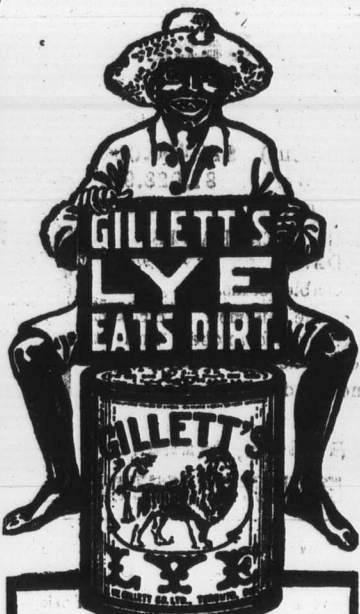
There was not even the faintest tone of sadness in her voice, and every one admired her bravery. Madame Brown's school being patronized by the daughters of the aristocracy there was always a crush at the closing exercises. Captain H. had insisted that Lord Wedderburn attend with him, since his sister was one of the graduates; but Lord Wedderburn did not decide to do so until late, and they were almost the last arrivals there. If they could have been earlier, they would have witnessed a scene long to be remembered. As the girls filed into the great hall every eye was turned upon the Earl's sick daughter leaning heavily on the arm of her companion. The Earl's daughter looked indeed ill with her pale, dark face and her great haggard eyes. She had been too ill, but had insisted on finishing all the exercises with the rest of her class. They were like pictures of sunlight and dewdrops. Elsie Durravren looked like a picture of death in her snowy-silken robe that showed off the great and death-like pallor of her face.

Dorothy was clad in a filmy, black silk tulle with a bunch of white clover at her belt. Her cheeks were like roses that blushed at the greeting of dewy morn. Her hair lay like coils of golden sunlight. A more beautiful girl than Dorothy Wynter was seldom seen, and every eye was turned upon the strangely mated pair as they slowly wended their way through the throng, and a strange hush pervaded the whole room.

Captain H. and Lord Wedderburn entered the room as the last notes of a song died on the air. Dorothy Wynter had sung a wondrous little Swiss song and her hair-like tresses floated on the air as if they were wings. The air was thrilled every eye, and the clear ringing of the voice sounded like that of some sweet, Swiss nightingale, that brought with it the clearness and chill as if just from some snowy Alpine peak.

Lord Wedderburn heard the last few words of the song, and it thrilled him strangely. He turned to get a view of the singer, but a great marble column obstructed his view, and he could only catch a sight of one tiny form draped in blue. The sight of those girlish faces made him ill. He could think of no one but Dorothy, his lost Dorothy, and he soon excused himself to his friends and left the room.

After the school closed, friends came for Elsie Durravren, and the parting game. Dorothy started out in the great, cold world alone. She went out and hunted her room, it was a small one in a second story. It contained a small, faded carpet and a tiny bed, but its cheapness had recommended it to Dorothy. The single, little window looked out on a small park, where the sparrows twittered from morning until night, but the green grass and trees sent up a dewy fragrance even to the small second-story room.



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Dorothy was happy. The little money she had was barely sufficient to pay her room rent, but she was full of hope and life. She rented her piano, and bought a few coals that she might light a fire on cool evenings, and sat herself down to her first meal alone. She had no thoughts that her money was almost gone, or that her landlady eyed her curiously. She ate her bread and butter, drank her cup of water since tea was too expensive a luxury for every day use, and she was happy as could be. Day by day went by and there was no call for her. Dorothy had only a few pennies left now—true, there were those gold sovereigns that Lord Wedderburn had given her in the old days at Lent-hill, but she would not use them if she stayed to death. She decided to go to Madame Brown, as there might be some names there for her. When she had gone tripping down the street in her neatly mended old dress and gaiters, and her old worn hat set jauntily on her golden head, she looked like some tiny princess masquerading. The landlady saw her leave the house, and she took a duplicate key and entered the room. There was a tiny black box that could not hold much clothing; there were a few books; on the fly leaves were written: "From Elsie Durravren to her friend, Dorothy Wynter." There were a few of the simplest toilet articles on the dressing table; in the closet hung a much worn black dress with a small crepe ruching at the neck; it gave evidence of long wear, and was neatly mended in divers places. There was a little worn pair of gaiters whose torn sides had been most carefully darned over black cloth.

Everything in the room plainly told a tale of poverty. There were a few of Madame Brown's cards also. These the landlady read. "Some poor school girl. I must be careful and get my rent," she said, and true to the letter at the end of each month she asked for her money.

To Dorothy's great delight she found three names awaiting her at Madame Brown's. Her moderate charges would just enable her to live, and her clothing must answer a long time yet. There was no one in the great city of London that was happier or lighter-hearted than Dorothy, and day after day, she walked early and late giving her lessons, and at the end of each week, when she had laid by her rents, she had only a few pennies left, but she ate her bread and butter, and drank pure water, and was as happy as the noisy little swallows that twittered in the park.

(To be Continued.) THE WHY OF POVERTY. The social reformer set out blithely upon his task of abolishing poverty. He came upon a politician and asked his aid. "I to bad," replied the politician. "I should like to oblige you, but poverty is not an issue just now, I'm afraid you will have to move on."

The social reformer went on a bit farther and met a physician. He asked the physician to help. "Really, good sir," said the physician. "You will have to excuse me. Without poverty I should have to go out of business, for it is the cause of many of the diseases I am called upon to treat."

"Can't do it at all, sir," declared the manufacturer emphatically. "It would be ruinous to my business. Without poverty I could not hire little children or get adults at such low wages. You will have to move on, sir."

The social reformer went on a bit farther and came upon a charity worker whose help he requested. "I cannot deny that it would be a good thing in a way," replied the charity worker, "but I cannot assist. You see, there is a vast quantity of capital invested in this and other charity organizations. Also they employ a great many people and give a great many others an opportunity to ease their consciences through contributions. Without poverty, of course, all this effort would be wasted."

The social reformer went on a bit farther and, meeting a pauper, asked him to help abolish poverty. "A splendid idea," declared the pauper, "and I should be delighted to help, but as I have neither job, money nor influence, there is nothing I can do." The social reformer moved on and at last reports were still moving.—From Life.

AFRICAN FARM.

Apples Main Crop—Slavery of Native Women. London.—Another story of an African farm is told by Mrs. H. J. Langridge, who has just returned to London after four years' residence in British Africa, where she has engaged in fruit growing. Mrs. Langridge is of opinion that the country offers one of the greatest fields in the world to energetic agriculturists who have capital of from \$10,000 to \$25,000.

She has had great success in her present enterprise and when she returns in a few months she is going to turn her attention to coffee, which she will grow on a tract of land which she has purchased, adjoining her husband's plantation, and sixteen miles from her present farm. Coffee, she says, is easy to grow, needs less capital than any other product, and is sure of a continuous and expanding market.

Mrs. Langridge's fruit farm is known as the N' Gelani estate, and it is near Manchako Town, about thirty miles from the Uganda Railway, in the Highlands of British East Africa. She has about a hundred acres and it is all under cultivation. The farm has been laid out for more than twenty-five years, but it is only recently under her management that it has been made a paying proposition.

It is at present the only actual fruit-bearing farm in the colony, although there are many other farms which contain 7,000 apple trees, besides oranges, lemons, pine-apple, tangerines, peaches, plums, figs, apricots, guavas, guineas, pomegranates and vines.

She has on it fifty ostriches, thirty head of cattle, a small flock of sheep and a poultry farm. The main crop so far, however, comes from the apple trees. It was best at present to push this crop because it can be easily packed and shipped to Uganda, German East Africa, Zanzibar, Aden and other parts.

"The apple crop is truly remarkable," said Mrs. Langridge. "We start picking apples in December and continue until about break until August. In August I strip the trees of their leaves and white-wash the bark all the way up in order to give the trees a forced rest. The trees are blossoming, fruiting and ripening all at the same time. You can see the bud, blossom, small and large fruit on the tree at one and the same period."

"The simple economy of climate accounts for this remarkable fertility. The sun rises at 6 a.m. and sets at 6 p.m., with unswerving regularity, and every night a cool mist comes down on the hills, so that every morning everything is moistened. There are two rainy seasons in November and March but the elements are very obliging and the rain descends only at night."

Mrs. Langridge says that there is not much difficulty as regards labor. The natives work very well and are very quiet and teachable. Only male help, however, is possible, as the female natives work only in their own allotments. In their ordinary life the native woman is an absolute slave to the man.

She rises at 4 a.m., milks the cows, fetches the wood and water, cooks the food, and then goes to work in the fields from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening. At 6 she again fetches the wood and water, again milks the cows and prepares the evening meal. But her duties are not over even then. Her lord and master, who spends his time between sleeping and drinking, wants a midnight meal, and this she has to prepare, so that her average allowance for sleep is from 1 to 4 a.m. These women are enormously strong and are frequently seen carrying on their backs burdens considerably over a hundredweight, supported by straps fastened round the forehead so that the main weight is borne by the head.

Girls are sold at 16 years of age to the highest bidder in cash, the natives trading entirely in cattle and goats. Girls are never allowed to enter domestic service, and the British Government will not allow Europeans to purchase girls for that purpose. The best native male servant is found in the boy who is taken away from his surroundings at about ten or twelve years of age and given a thorough training in European ways. He is then very quick and willing to learn.

Eight Years of Bad Eczema on Hands



Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating and gradually became worse so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. 'Well, I must keep on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications the burning sensation was disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies and over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, I deserved a fair trial with a seven dollar bottle. I used the Cuticura Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say I have had no more of the eczema. It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me."

WASTE PAPER. Accumulation of a Chicago Office Sold for \$1,331. The management of one of the largest office buildings in Chicago made a profit of \$1,331.67 last year by selling the waste paper which the janitors removed each night from the offices of tenants. Comparatively few persons ever stop to think that there is any value to a scrap of paper that has been used. For example, they really don't when a single sheet or even a basketful is considered. But when thousands of basketfuls are dumped into one big pile it is worth considerable.

Removing the day's accumulation of waste paper is an obligation which the management of every big building must perform for its tenants, so a profit of \$1,331.67 is really just like finding that much money. Handling waste paper has been reduced to a science, and tons and tons of it is sold each year by the proprietors of the hundreds of skyscrapers in Chicago. This scrap paper is purchased by the second-hand paper companies, who in turn dispose of it at profit to concerns that make it up into cheap grades and perhaps sell it to the persons who originally threw the scrap away.

The office building management that clears \$1,331.67 annually from this source employs a man at \$60 a month, whose sole duty it is to look after the waste paper. After it is brought down in his big sacks to the basement each day the paper is carefully sorted and then packed into bundles similar to baled hay. The bundles are sold by weight, and the market price of waste paper is about \$6 a ton. To realize a profit of \$1,331.67 over and above the salary of the man who handles the waste paper this office building must dispose of more than three hundred tons a year.—From the Chicago Tribune.

ENGLISH VIEW OF WAR OF 1812. Preparations already afoot to celebrate the centenary of Anglo-Saxon peace in 1915, writes a Daily Chronicle correspondent, add interest to the circumstance that the war whose termination will then be commemorated began 100 years ago to-day.

In order to find crews for the great fleet that was necessary for the check-making of Napoleon, British captains were authorized to search any American warships or merchant vessels if they suspected that there were deserters on board. The United States submitted to this indignity for fourteen years, during which thousands of Americans were taken from under their own flag and forced to serve in British ships; but war at last became unavoidable, and was declared on June 18.

Probably most people in this country remember the war for the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake. As a matter of fact, however, the Americans had five sound triumphs over their credit before the Shannon came along to vary the monotony of our disasters. Before the end of 1812 we had lost thirty-eight gun frigates, Guerriere, Macedonian and Java and the eighteen gun Frolic, while early in 1813 the eighteen gun Peacock fell an easy victim to the American Hornet. Altogether there were fifteen of these single ship encounters, and the British ship was beaten in ten of them. In every case save one, however, the American vessel was superior in force. The war comprised only sixteen vessels, while Great Britain possessed over 600. The war lasted over three years, and we lost twenty-one ships before peace was proclaimed.

Lieutenant Provo Wallis, who was an officer in the Shannon at the time of her fight with the Chesapeake, died an admiral of the fleet in 1892, at the age of 100. From the London Chronicle.

SEND IN NAMES Ex-Members of Thirteenth: May Now Register for Semi-Centennial.

Arrangements have been made for the registration of names in connection with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Thirteenth Royal Regiment, and it is hoped that all ex-members of the regiment will be made at North-brook's music store, 18 King street west. This is the only music store where officers have of getting into touch with ex-members, and it is hoped that the members and ex-members who know of the celebration will inform any ex-members whose whereabouts they know, so that they may accept this notice of the affair as an invitation to send in their names. As soon as names are received, personal invitations will be sent out and information given regarding the celebration. Through the co-operation of all members and ex-members who know of the arrangements that are being made, the affair can be made the success of the officers' hope, and as elaborate arrangements are being made, it is believed that the Thirteenth will be very large on September 13, 14 and 15.

A SHY BRIDE.

Miss Violet, 35 1/2, Mishawaka, Wis., is to be married July 2. "There was a strange man here to see you today, papa," said little Mary, as she ran out to meet her father. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa, he had just a plain nose."

THOSE POPULAR AIRS.

In a certain office a fitted youth was waiting "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" when the bookkeeper, safe behind his screen, answered with "Everybody's Doing It." The scene was of heavy wire, no fatalities.—Atchison (Kan.) Champion.

CHAPTER VII. Lord Wedderburn went to town and told the story to his solicitors. These men were greatly astonished. It certainly was a strange story, and Lord Wedderburn's face glowed with them for help. They could plainly see that he had suffered greatly. "It is certainly a strange story. I can not understand how the young lady could drop so completely out of existence," said Mr. Miller, the senior of the firm.

"Who is Dorothy Wynter? There must be some mystery concerning her, since Lord Wedderburn remembers, on one occasion hearing Dame Wynter remark that she was no kith nor kin of hers. It is probably our best plan to ascertain who Dorothy Wynter is. I am sure our only possible way is to trace the man Boughman, he certainly knows something to give us a clue whereby we may set to work," remarked Mr. Wiggins.

"I agree with Lord Wedderburn that the most probable solution of the difficulty lies in the supposition that she is dead. There are many railway accidents about this time and they both may have been killed in fact, I feel very nearly convinced that such is the case. It is a grave situation for our young friend. He must set about ascertaining if a man who performed the ceremony is really a clergyman or having power to perform such a ceremony.

"Then having proved this, the next step will be to trace the whereabouts of the girl or Boughman. I am inclined to believe that the ceremony was legal, and was actuated by some motive that I cannot understand in the dame. Perhaps she had a good reason for wishing the girl, Dorothy, to be Lady Wedderburn. At any rate, as the matter stands at present, it would be most unsafe for Lord Wedderburn to contract another marriage that is now impossible. If it can be proven this marriage is no legal marriage, then it will be a most fortunate thing for our young friend. Mr. Miller held so strong to the belief in the railway accident that he resolved to employ detectives to trace the matter up.

Mr. Wiggins had a theory of his own that he firmly believed in. Lord Wedderburn was almost convinced that he should hear that Dorothy was dead. She must have met with an accident. She was a child as innocent as the flowers that grew on the meadow lands, and as innocent to the world. She knew that she was to be found at Castle Royal. If she had lived, thrown as she must have been, on the merciless world, with nothing to battle with but the mounting heat of childhood, she must have come to land, or he must have heard from her. He thought of her last words to him: "I want you to remember it is not my fault that I am forced upon you. I did not want this marriage."

"She had gone from him thinking he claimed her for his, and she had gone out of his life, feeling that she had in some way wronged him.

How his heart smote him, and every eye act in his life turned into demons that mocked him. He could not bear to leave Castle Royal for any length of time. He knew if word ever came to him, it must come here. If he wandered were alive and ever came back, she would come here. So he waited

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