--Landa waadan ex ix thi -- Now

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A Romance of a "Cure."

Temple Bai.

It was the gargiing inclosure at Royat Any one wishing to fathom the abyse of humiliation which can be reached in this humiliating which can be reached in this humiliating existence has only to join the band of throaty pilgrims at Royat. Perhaps gargling in the public garden with the inhabitants of Royat and Chermost Perrandy is one of the lower rounds. Nature, who is nototiously rather vulgar in every day life, is odiously utigar at Royat to hear the expansive foreigner gargio there is a thing one can never forget, sven in one's dreams.

Suddenly the left-hand music ceased. Crash! Flop! The performer on 15 flat had lost her balance and tipped over. The bassoon performer in the fixt compartment reached his glass hastily on to the shelf bestde him and articd gallantly to the rescue. He was only in time to see a windmill-like movement and witness the lady sunside on the back of her head onto the fragments of her class mug. To his horror he saw a gash appear in her witst and hereld human gore—a sight which usually made him very ill—recking illerally from it.

"Mon Dien! Yous yous etes hierse?" he inquired.

The woman, who was a stout-hearted British gui, sat up and produced a

the woman, who was detected a type pocket handkerchief.
"Nothing to make a fuss about," she plied. "Have you a handkerchief in can lend me?"

quetion. Can you arise yourself up?" he

ied. Perfectly well," she said. "Give

Madeliene beamed. "Ah ia voila qui pale encore, she illes not yet, she has a necourage, the pretty one, she will acke a bath, hein? While the hand blirds to tear the heart she will go on with her traitement. Mademoiselle shall go down to the etablissement between Madeliene and monsieur, and there we shall find the doctor, who will bind up the arm of mademoiselle, and she may perhaps pulverise—but bathst No?"

The portly Madeliene had tucked one of Miss Charlotte Fortune's arms into hera, while monsieur had kandlesure to observe that the patient was a very pretty girl, and remained to hp bind up the wound. He was a buy man, being a professional singer, and could hardly afford to lose a morning of his cure, but monsieur had experienced a feeling in helping the brave mademoisele quite differing from anything he had known since the days when he was eighteen and loved a lady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to be verge of a unity artistic soul) to be verge of a licity of the had to make the hair creep in the province of a rully artistic soul) to be verge of a licity of the had to make the hair creep in the province. The sum of the licity of the had to make the hair creep in the province of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne which does out the steam alady of thirty-two (with all the fervor of a rully artistic soul) to prevent the furne fu

had all but tested on his shoulder he had telt an at percewith all the world sort of feeling steal over him com-bined with a desire to at a k terestons by any one who infrastence to disturb blin d with a desire to ato e k treetous is any one who infraction to dist in his say one who infraction to dist in his say one who infraction to dist in his say intransfer in the say in the his say in

many jagged gash which had secored some small ven or artery above the wrist.

"Mademoische must do nothing more this morning," deelded the doctor, whe must go home and rest, and surtout have breakfast, this afternoon, perhaps' (as Brough it were a great treat) "the pulverization—but baths! No! Mademoiselio must content herselt to lose a day. She will be carried home in a sedan chair."

Inter a sealan could, therefore made morsele was duty compiled, but in more the was duty compiled, but in morsele was duty compiled, but in morse permitted to show the door but monstair himself. "I will accompany her in case sho fonds." he amouraged, and the procession wended its way upolitically and the procession wended its way upolitically morned to true the top of care's spine out at the Jop of care of skull, but in spite of this Miss Chartotte had a neep pink colour as monsieur bade her good-bye, utterting a protection of reperts and sympathetic specehes, and announcing his intention of inquiring for her personally in the evening. She washed up statis pietty truly, wasting her sound hand over the bankiers to him, and he began to feel that Homes's part was an even more soul-filling role than he had been r, the hall of considering it. And yet more soul-filling role than he had been r, the hall of considering it. And yet made a habit of considering it. And yet mon-sieur was considered to have made a very fervent Romeo before this—on the

tage.
Miss Charlotte Fortune—she Miss Charlotte Fortune—she was never able to forgive her parents for the Charlotte—was going through (%), cure at Royat, where she was not a penied by an old governess, to get to of the had effects of reading for hours a day to an old grandmother, an arres-ter whose tecent death had only ocof the bad effects of reading for hours a day to an old grandmother, an amoster whose teeent death had only occurred just in time to save Charlotte's votre from an utter extinction. She hed lived very quietly with the cross old lady, who finally left her enough when she died to live fairly and combratily. Then Charlotte started off 'n see the world, but she was obliged to begin with livyal, so as to get her volce and health restored that she might be able te egion life properly. And it was thus she began, by inflicting a severe wound on her own arm and on the heart of monsieur.

When Miss Fortune appeared on the stairs, going down to dinner, with her wrist artistically bound up, the first person her eyes beheld was monsieur.

"You are better; you do not suffer?" coming to her side as they passed down the hair.

"Not a bit, thank you. Are you dining here."

An ingenuous blush tinged the cheek of monsieur.

An ingenuous blush tinged the caree of monsleur.

"I come to stay." he explained. "I liked not the Sauce Piquante. My bed asa hard, there was a baby who gquealed, and in the next room was a derman who sang all the time out of tune. Dieu! what a voice! and what ear! and what noise! It would have prevented by cure. I must have the mind content, peaceful, so I came here to you."

mind content, peacetain of you.

Well, I hope you will find peace here," said Miss Fortune; 'but I can't say we are very quiet, there are such a lot of us."

"I think I shall find what I want,"

a lot of us."

"I think I shall find what I want," and a very serious ogle took place at this juncture, unfortusately lost, as the lady was looking for her duena, who was already at table, and she blowed and went her way.

Conversation at bathing places is not irilliant. How can it be when you have been soake! and steamed and sprayed over all day?

"How did you get on to-day?"

"I how did you get on to-day?"

"I wan tathing woman knocked me lean over with a douche. Just look at my arm: it's black and blue. I'm like that all over."

"There's Sir Thomas down again. It has had gout for a week, and I heard him swearing through the wall—"Charlotte!"

"Charlotte!"

orange of timed out they hold a Usde-ler art in common. If he could slay like en angel, Mr. e Parliete centil play something better those in set annature, in spite of her no detail her accompan-neer of a Russiao etolinist fort mobilio, to be lesse of on no zide. The Rus-siae played us lead and as fast as he could. Morebul was encharged points that and mores he was a mudelan. I saw in your face this morning that an access sympathetic for me—he sald.

u Well I think it 4 × I who ought to Well I think it 4s I who ought to say that, remarked middenodedle-but for you I might even now be opening J(t) by lyling on a hear of broken glass. What a lucky thing you were there—and able-bodded—for I am retty heavy. It was too stupid of me-i felt rather giddy as I went down to I lett rather gidd, as I went down to the well. I supplese it was from having had no breakfest. It is tild ulous to allow one mothing before one goes out I shall rebel."

I often have pain in the stomach when I take not anothing to car before

over 1 take not anything to eat before I go out," said monsteur, quite simply and naturally.

Miss Fortune felt monsteur was too much a child of nature, so she enabged the subject.

music ?"

'It is my profession—I adore it. I sing all day, every day, but here I rest, and I take the try atment to make strong the throat."

'Are you really a professional singer?" asked Miss Fortune, delightedly.

'But perfectly I sing for profession."

"But perfectly a sung responses ston."

"Oh, how delightful! Will you sing to us some day?"

I never sing in hotels, but I will sing some ni₀at to you alone, if you will allow me."

"Do you ever sing at the Casino or le it too intage a hall?"

Moust ur laughed gayly.
"It is too smath," he replied. "The Folls I sing in are rather different, but sometimes, if there at two of three of us here, we give a concert or a little opera for some local charactery."

I never knew any one who sang fessionally. Are you ever ner-

"As I begin my heart is usua; in my ices, confessed monsieur, candidity and modestly, but after one forests one cannot remember one's set hen one sings great music."
"Can you? I could. But, then, I am only a very poor anneteur."
"On the centrary, mademoiselle has the true artistic feeling. Ar- you going already? Do you do the gargarine to tourney worrning."
"Of courrs—and you?"
Monsieur bowed.

Monsieur bowed.

1, too, of course," he replied, laying his hand on the left side of his valsteeat.

walsteost.

After that monsieur was always observed to heave in sight when Miss Fortune appeared. They gargied together, they drank together (Madeleina, member, them still cust well-mondeur was always tipping her quite innecessarily), they talked and laughder and together, and they drove side by dide in the brake which took the hotel company to its picines. It was when they were at the Chateau Tourneel that monsieur but his fate to the when they were at the Chateau Tour-neel that monsieur but his fate to the tuch. He had done list less to pre-tare Miss Fortune by showing her in every possible way how deeply and he was touched by his charming de-ferential manner and by the unaccura-tomed foreign ways if him. Without being aware of it, she had grown to depend on him and on his considerate care both of herself and of her duen-



health;

Mr. Isaac B. Down of morby Valley. Rock-land Co. N. V. writes. "For three years I saf-fered from that terrible mace, consumption, I had wasted away to a relation." To day I the Colden Medical Discovery cutch me."

on for whem he was so beautifully created in foding out of these ay con-ners where she could sharter peace-fully tends evel. Miss Fortur inc-ver had no quite none the length of askirs, herself what she would say

tech woods need Mes Forfus in heart with a many quite rone the being heart what he would say if he prepared, and it was with some thins of a shelp heart he heart he ment have the prepared to be the prepared to the being heart he been tide heart with mondeur hedding her hand to his and inviting her to be come madagne.

It is to yet, perhaps, a too squident siding, he was easing in his quadrate lengthsh, that I loved you from the first infacts when your head so small and so dear was almost on my shoulder. I have never loved any one life that before woil are for me so good, so sweet, so dear. Ah, it is so difficult to make understand. If I could sing to you I should earry you away I would leave you not a chance to dear my, you wall sow you will be a chance to draw you will be my to will be a considered to my so the sound love my yote and I would sing all my heart to you, and you know in love my art—our art you would love my yote and I would sing all my heart to you, and you know in love my art—our art. Thin not have so aske. I have all faults, but I love you, you and my art. Thin not three is nothing good but my art. Now there he you and even my art is not dearer than you!

Miss Fortune looked up and down and cust and west. She was not quite prepared with an answer.

"I never thought of your earing tike that, already." Is it not two weeks, fourten days and ever so many hundred hours since I have you in my armival first day. Ah, I could have kept you in them even then for ever! "Already!" It is an eternity. Ah, think, we have only another seven days here, at the very longest. I must go back to my work, and are we to lose those seven days of happiness because you think you don't know me well enough? For you love me a little, I am sure of it."

"Already!" If you loved me as I kved you, you would think I should have spoken lone before to-day. "Al-

of it."

""Already!" If you loved me as I
feved you, you would think I should
have spoken long before to-day. "Already!" " * *

leved you, you would think I should have spoken long before to-day. 'Already'! 'Already'

"Tiens! c'est tol, Tou-tou!" it ex-"Tions! o'est tol, Tou-tou!" It exclaimed, and throwing both its arms round his neck it gave him a sounding kiss on each cheek. Poor Miss Fortune stopped short and turned deadly pale; then, with a slight bow and murmaring something, she knew not what, she walked blindly on toward the well. In two minutes she heard steps coming quickly after her. "Attende me mile, je te prile," she heard him cry, out of breath. But she made no sign of bearing. This ing the mug from the woman, she hurried to the little gargling shed. Monsieur stayed for no mug nor other ceremony. "Why didst thou not attend?" he

womavur stay in for no mug nor other ceremony.

"Why didst thou not attend?" he asked, panting.

"You did not seem to want me, monsteur," replied Miss Pertune, in an unsteady voice.

"When two such dear friends meet and—and—and—emirace so cordially, there is no room for an outsider?"

"An outsider? Thou? What dost thou mean? Thou? "Mr da ling, my wife, an outsider? That was only Billin, my dearset, we have sung together for years"

Miss Fortune looked straight before

her.

"Oh, that war only lilbi, was it?"
she said, duils, and then there was a
blank silence.
"Darling one, art thou angry because of Bibl?"

cause of Bibl?" To all singers embrace each other in that robust way when they meet?" asked Miss Fortune, coldly.
"But art thou angry at Bibl's caress?"

"Barting at the property of th

you embraced by many artistic la"Darling, thou art vexed. Bib! is
only Bibl. I have known her for years.
Artists are all impulsive, you know."
"Are they?" Another slience. Then—
"I have smade a mistake, I am afraid,"
said Miss Fortune. "I don't think I
am suited for an artistic life."
"Not suited, my darling, my angel?
Thou makest mistake. Thou will be
the descrett artist's wife in the world,"
"I mean I don't think I should care
to live with a number of Bibls bussing

Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

Sickness

Sickness, Jan, 18th 1897.

Meany, Edmanson, 18th 18 Co., Toronto, Centlemen, — Fort of Co., Toronto, Centlemen, — Fort of the mortal I was confined my lock, on the more than 18 the mortal to move. The best medical shall as a called in, all urations of the more than 18 the mortal to move. The best medical that have a called in, all urations are shall be shall as a called in, all urations are shall be shall as a called in, all urations are shall be shall as a called in, all urations are shall be shall b

round my husband and embracing

round my husband and embracing him."

Sweet, thou art Jealous; but what is there to be Jealous about? Bibl's Klases mean nothing."

Don't they? Bibl seems unique in every way. What would you feel like if I jushed up to that Russian man who plays the violin, and saluted him in Bibl's fashion?

But that is very different."

"Why?"

Because Bibl is only Bibl. Besides, I have known her for years."

"Well, the Russian man may be as unique as Bibl; I haven't tried as yet, you see. But I will."

"Thou art talking nonsense."

So art thou."

Lottchen, do not be angry; trust not an internal to man, artists are so dear to me."

And those who are?"

"Of course artists aren't so stiff and sticklike as other people."

"So I see."

"Art thou not going to put thy dear hand in me name and su thou under-hand in mine and say thou under-

"So I see."
"Art thou not going to put thy dear hand in mine and say thou understandest and forgivest?" "I understand."
"I understand."
"How cold thou art! Et tu picurs! Ah, de grace, ne picur pas, cheric. Balses moi encore une fois, speak to me something tender from thy heart, thy sweet heart, that can love and can forgive."

"See, then, what can I do to please thee?" he asked gently. "I cannot give up Bibi, but what thou willest otherwise.——"

give up Bibl, but what thou willest otherwise.——"

"Shall you mind much accing me embrace the Russian, do you thinh?"

"But, my darling, be reasonable."

"But, my darling, be reasonable."

"Why, should I not, when tilbl kisses you in the public gardens?"

"That is different."

"I don"

"So I see. Well, I will make a concession; I will not do it so publicly as Bibl conducts her affairs."

"Mille sacres nome de diables! Do you think I would let my future wife kiss any man under the sun?"

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Lottchen, wouldst thou like me to be pleased if thou didt kiss another man?"

Miss Fortune raised eyes dark with

Miss Fortune raised eyes dark with unshed tears to his face.

unshed tears to his face.
"Good bye, monsieur," she said, firmly. "I see I am not suited to be an
artist's wife. I am —" smining gently
—"too unreasonable and too jealous.
I could not bear it."
And she was gone before he could
stay her, leaving two great tears upon
the hand which had rested on her
arm.

stay her, leaving two great teats upon, the hand which had rested on her arm.

Two more miserable beings for the next three days lived not in Europe. Several times did monsieur try vainly to induce Mirs Fortune to grant him an interview. On the evening of 'he third day a note was handed to her. It had no format beginning or ending, and ran thus:

"You promised you would come to hear me sing. I have arranged for a concert in the Casina to-morrow evening. Will you keep your promise?" There were some tickets enclosed and a pithted programme, which stated that he manage ment had pervalled on the world-tenowned operatic singer, who had been undergoing the treatment of Royat, to give a short concert, with easistance of Mine Beatrice Hiltornella, accompanied and astated by the states of the desired velects it was ad-

Boyat, to give a short concert, with the assistance of Mme. Beatrice Bittor nella, accompanied and asisted by the Cusino Orchestra. Tickets, it was advised, should be immediately secured, as many had already been bespoken by the unhabitants of Ciermont Ferrand by telegram. Trembling Misser Fortune entered the coom at the hous appointed. "Monsieur has given orders that these two seats shall be reserved formademoistle," said the superintendent. "And desired me to see myself that she had a place which pleased her. If she likes any others better she is to have them."

Fo monsieur had not forgotten to arrange for her specially. Weil, she knew he was kind and thoughtful always, but down in her heart she knew, too, that it was more than kindness that had prompted her gifted lover. Gifted! Ah, she had never guessed how gifted he was till she heard his first notes, he had always been so modest and reticent about his great talent. When he came onto the stage a silence reigned that stung the air.

were keen, her activity sense onlivated and critical, but his voice and styl-delied critical. Forgetting everything but how and his keloluse singung, the gared spellbound as he same as even he had rever syng before. It was for love he was eluging, not for hire. His eyes were thed on her, his heart was beating as he rewas beating, but it only gave a the 1 to his exquisite voice and a perfection of pathos to his song. What a voice! What a method! So pure, so etc.), so artistict. The tears were rolling down her faco as she listened. Slie eat as in a dream till he song again, scarcely aware that I'bl was the other performer, and each till he sang again, scarcely award that Fibi was the other performer, and each time he sang she felt the he was singing only for her with his whole soul bent on conquering her. There were two great English ladies sitting beside her who had evidently heard him often in that select world to which they be-

her who had evidently heard him often in that select world to which they be longed.

"I never heart his voice so a 'orable," stid one of them, "and you know how mad and cracked I am about it."

"He is good enough to sing for us sometimes," said the other.

"Do you know him? He is quite charming, the gentlest, most unseilish soul alive."

Miss Fortune listened with a beating heart It was after his last song; applause and encores rang through the little building, and it became evident that he must be good-natured and sing again. A guiter was on a chair beside him. and taking it up and running his hand over the strings he seemed to pause to consider what he should sing. He looked across at Charlotte anxiously, eagerly, besechingly. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing she raised her head shyly and smiled across at him. It was a smile of perfect love and trust, and he understood in a moment. He flung his head bock with a quick gesture and swept his hands down the strings in a long, triumphant major chord, and then his beautiful voice pouned forth a little limpassioned song, unfamiliar to her, but every word of which she thinks she will remember to her dying day:—

So dumb a wretch am I. I. I do hut allege, whit.

So Jumb a wrotch am I,
I do but silent walt,
While at thy feet I lie
And, trembling, hear my fa
Stood I that I am worth
Will only measure by
The thirps which are of care

So dull a wretch ain I,
I know but one thing well—
I love thee, and defy
All that could change compel!

So sweet, my love, thou art, so tender, sweet and true. Thou canst make every part At thy dear touch anew.

At the dear toon anew.

At the dear toon anew.

At the dear the repeated, "Thy touch anew," striking the chords tumultuously, victoriously and bowing hastily he ran down the stage stair, hardly waiting to even make this brief recognition of the frantic yells of applause which followed the last note. Charlotte

which followed the last note. Charlotte remembered nothing of how she sot away. Bhe was sensible of nothing till she found herself in his arms in the now quite! garden, with the happy tears running down her face.

"Now, now, darling; nay, nay, nay, thou shalt not cry-or if thou dost, it must be in my arms. No, thou nust not sob so-am I not with thee? Did I-not say thou wouldst love me wheat thou shouldst hear me sing? Ah, I never was so nervous in all my life, nover was so nervous in all my life, for was I not singing for my love? But then thou didst smile. Ah," and he stooped to kiss the pretty lips which had ceased to quiver, "what a heaven-

had ceased to quiver, "what a heavenly smile!"
"Was it a nice smile?" wsked Miss
Fortune, who was fiddling with his
shirt stud and feeling quite at home
and cheerful. "After I had done it I
felt as if it had stretched from ear to
ear, as if every one in the universo
must see it stretching all over the
earth. But it did the business, didn't
it? No, your voice did that. But I
loved you before I heard it, you know.
I loved you before, just as I love you
now, for your dear, dearest self."

Bibl embraces indiscriminately both Bibl embraces indiscriminately both monsieur and madam now. They settled it so. As gentlemen (in England, at least), do not kias ladies (publicly), monsieur does not embrace many of madame's female friends, though I understand it is in the marriage petimenents that whom one kisses, to him or her the other also tenders a willing check, be the sex what it may. Monsieur and madame receive on Sunday evenings. Any one who has been at Royat ts welcome without special invitation.

ENGLISHMEN AND HOME RULE.

ENGLISHMEN AND HOME RULE.

The Earl of Crew has been making a thome Rule speech. He be dship said he had seen no occasion to alter the opinion he formed, partly from sympathy and partly relying on men whom termsted on this subject a dozen years ago, that it would be a safe and renseable this to ognative the tribute of their o on affairs through an Irish Parliament (teherra). He had never seen anything either in this country or from the seen the seen anything either in this country or from the seen the seen anything either in this country or from the seen the seen anything either in this country or from the seen the seen anything either in this country or from the seen the seen anything either in the adonnment and been able to acquire had confirmed and attendate, he claimed to be a good Home Ruler at that moment (cheers).

Faogus Outr.—None but these who

Home Ruler at that moment (cheers).

FAGORD OUT.—None but these who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, mirrarbin feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the rulerers. They first at though horse is sothing to live for. There, however, is a cure now how of the ruler is restored to the ruler in the ruler is restored to the ruler is restored to the ruler is restored to the ruler is relied to the ruler is relied to the ruler is ruler in the rule ruler is ruler in the rule ruler in the ruler is ruler and Dandelion are two of the ruleir schedule in the the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

R l light of a perfect day

"Nothing to make a fuss about," sne replied. "Have you a handkerchief you can lead me?"
Costume at garglink time (7 a.m.) is apt to be superficial, but he produced one from the recesses of a huge ulster, which formed, I fear, the chief of his stitre. It was not very clean, for it was the stock morning supply of somety, and the woman eyed it doubtfully.

"Attend but an instant," he said in horrid English, and with a mighty tug he wrenched off the cuff of something underneath. When a gentleman cheerfully offers up a shirt in your service that surely serves as some sort of introduction.

"Can you arise yourself up?" he asked.
"Perfectly weil," she said. "Give me your hand, will you?"
"Bless me, I m all right," she said. "It's only a cut." But unfortunately as she rose to her feet she sot very white, the earth gave a terrible lurch beneath her, and she stumbled against her preserver, rearly landing him, too, on the floor. Seeing sho was cery giddy and faint—she had had no breakfast—he put his arm quietly around her waist and with a "pardon, je vous prie," half helped and half lifted her across to the well to enlist the services of the pink-howed woman who ruled despotically over the mugs and the tubulent spring Eugenie.
"Mais 'Gest la demoslele de l'Hotel Brica-Braci Qu'at-eile done, la pauve demoiselle? Dieli qu'eile est pale! No, monsieur, you cannot put her down inside; it is too wet. I will bring out a chair—and she so amiable, so beautiful, so charming! Here are five days she come down so gay from the hotel, before all the others, so neat, and saying in her French so pretty and so bad. "Bonjour tout le monde: les matins sont si frolis; que je deteste gargariser, and has the monsieur not eny to go and get some cognace."
"Nonsense, Madeleine." Said the young sith, whose colour had been gradually returning: "I shall be all right in the tuhnkling of an eye. Yous dites des betises, comprence? Je ne want pas cognac; je vals a rono bain dans un second."
Madellone heamed. "Ah la volla qui pale encore, she dics not yet, she has some courage, the pretty one, she will take a bath, heli? While the hand blevids to tear the heart she will go on with her traitement. Mademoiselle shall go down to the etablissement between Madeleine and monsieur, and there we shall find the doctor, that he will have here and there we shall find the doctor, and here may perhaps pulverize—but baths.

The portly Madellene had tucked one of Miss Charlotte Fortune's arms into