

STRIVING FOR A NAME

"I do not see how we are going to manage it," she said in great perplexity to her brother, Dr. Ashton, when she informed him of the specialist's verdict. "She certainly cannot go alone in her feeble state, and I cannot go with her and leave Bess at home, while it is out of the question taking her with us, because Alice has conceived such an unconquerable dislike to her."

John Ashton's eyes gleamed. His opportunity had come at last. He had been working for this very result. He had tampered with Alice's medicines until they ceased to do her any good, and thus had caused this sudden interruption to her improvement.

Since he had failed in winning her consent to become his wife, that he might get the control of her fortune, he had been on the constant lookout for some other way to accomplish his object.

When he was called to her after her attack of brain fever, he had believed she would die, and thus his end would be gained. When, however, his sister had insisted upon calling a specialist to consult with him upon the case, he had had hard work to control his anger over the prospect of being foiled again; but he had worked secretly and craftily, and now this project of taking the invalid south would consummate his victory, he felt assured.

"Suppose you send me with her," he suggested, when she appeared perplexed regarding ways and means.

"But she needs constant attention; she ought to have a nurse," Mrs. Sherman objected.

"I will give her every attention, Sadie; you know I am almost as good a nurse as yourself, and I could do very well until we reached our destination, when it would be very easy to secure the services of a professional nurse."

Mrs. Sherman knew what he said was true; he could be as gentle as a woman in the sick-room when she chose, and she felt that he could do just as well as herself, and it seemed to her she could not go and leave Bess at home alone. Still the proposed arrangement did not just suit her.

"It seems heartless in me not to go with her," she said, musingly. "If I could only take Bess I would not hesitate an instant."

"That is not to be thought of for a moment," her brother said, decidedly. He was determined that neither of them should go if he could help it. "Indeed," he added, "I feel certain that Alice would refuse to go at all if she thought Bess was going to be her constant companion, as she would have to be in a hotel or boarding-house."

"It is very strange that she should manifest such a spirit," said Mrs. Sherman, looking very unhappy; and never suspected that she possessed such a jealous temperament.

"She never before had anything to bring it out like this," replied her brother; "but it is not altogether her temperament, either. Disease is partially to blame for it. The girl has never been really well and strong since that illness a year ago, and she is not wholly responsible for her whims."

"I am glad to hear you say that," Mrs. Sherman remarked, looking somewhat relieved. "For it gives me hope that, if she ever does fully recover, this dislike for Bess may vanish. But where shall we take her if she must go away?"

"Dr. Campbell suggested New Orleans for the present, then, as the season advances she could gradually come north. I think you might feel willing to trust her with me, Sadie," Dr. Ashton earnestly urged.

"We will see what Alice herself says to the arrangement," his sister replied, rising to go to consult with her charge upon the subject.

Alice seemed pleased with the proposed change, and liked the plan of going to New Orleans; but she would not listen to one word of going alone with Dr. Ashton. She had always shrank from him ever since his proposal to her.

"But you must have some gentleman attendant," Mrs. Sherman told her. "It is a long journey for a sick girl to take, you must remember the subject for awhile, and at last replied:

"Then you must go along with us, mamma, and see me nicely settled in some pleasant place, with a good nurse; or you can engage a nurse here to take charge of me, but I will not go alone with Dr. Ashton."

Mrs. Sherman thought it over, and at last decided to accompany them herself, as Alice suggested. She thought that she would feel more comfortable to know just how she was going to be situated; and thus the matter was finally arranged, while it was decided that Queen Bess should spend the time of her mother's absence with her intimate friend, Miss Van Soule.

Alice seemed brighter after this, and to look forward with something of real pleasure to her visit to the south. But there was one person who was decidedly unconvinced by her departure, and that was Laurence Fane, who, long ago, when they attended the public school together, had learned to love her with a strong and enduring affection, and though of late she seemed to avoid him, and he feared that she might be learning to love someone else, he still cherished the hope that he might eventually win her.

CHAPTER XXV.

Laurence Fane had been minding in his attentions during her recent illness—had come every day to make inquiries and to pay some daily offerings of either flowers or fruit for her.

When during one of these calls Mrs. Sherman told him of their plans to go south, he seemed greatly disturbed.

"Somehow I cannot bear to think of her going away," he said. "Mrs. Sherman, I may as well confess what, doubtless, you already suspect. I have loved Alice, and it has been the hope of years that I might win her some day to be my wife. I have never told her of this, because I have not been able to find the opportunity. Her illness has worn upon me more than I can tell you, and now the thought of her going so far away fills me with an unaccountable uneasiness and dread."

Mrs. Sherman had experienced some such feeling herself, and could not contemplate the trip to New Orleans without the most disagreeable sensations; but she could not fail to wonder why young Fane should express the same feeling.

Still she did not speak of it to him; she had told no one but Beth how averse she was to the whole arrangement.

"But we are assured that there is no hope of her recovery otherwise," she told him, while she regarded him with tender sympathy, for he did look worn and unhappy.

"I know her physicians think so, and of course you are aware that I would not lay a straw in the way of her getting well—it is my only hope of happiness. Have I your permission to win her if she comes back well and strong?" he concluded, appealingly.

"Indeed you have, my dear Laurence," Mrs. Sherman responded, heartily. "I have suspected your affection for Alice for years, and I should be only too glad to see you happy in each other's affection. I only wish she could realize how true your great heart is, and be willing to give you the promise you desire before she goes."

"Do you?" cried the young man, eagerly, and somewhat surprised to receive so much encouragement. "Would it do for me to say anything to her?"

"I don't know that it would be best," Mrs. Sherman said, doubtfully; and yet she felt that Alice would be very much happier if her thoughts could be turned into a different channel, now that there was no hope that she could ever be anything to Kenneth.

"At least, I may see her and bid her good-bye before she leaves," the young man pleaded, with trembling lips.

"Certainly, if she feels able to receive you. Would you like to go up this morning?"

"I wish I might, if she is well enough," he said, earnestly.

"Yes, I think she is; but, of course, it will rest with her. I will go and see," said the lady, rising to leave the room.

[To Be Continued.]

General debility—failure of the strength to do and the power to endure—is cured by the great tonic—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Financial Consolidation.
New York, Dec. 15.—A banking consolidation is announced, which will bring into harmony the large insurance and financial interests of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Equitable Life Assurance Society,

A.D. 2003

Hustle and Pie

Away back in the nineteenth century there flourished a great nation, which became great, as it were, in a day or two.

And the watchword of that nation was "Hustle." They lived up to the watchword. They hustled when they worked, they hustled when they ate, they hustled to play and they hustled to sleep, and it is said they hustled in their dreams.

And they hustled their stomachs and hustled their nerves. At breakfast they hustled down fried pork and cold pie.

At noon they hustled in corrugated sandwiches, black coffee and pie. For supper they hustled — and pie.

They hustled night and day until they hustled their nerves into prostration and their digestion into dyspepsia.

Fads.

And withal they were a great people. Whatever they did they did with their whole hustle.

Whether it were eating or wearing or doing, they all did, or wore, or ate the same thing at the same time—if it were but "new."

And being inventive they had many "new things." When a new thing "caught on" it immediately became a "craze" or a "fad."

And in course of time many inventions were sought out to cure the dyspepsia and restore the shattered nerves of the pie-eaters.

And among other inventions came the "health foods." Their names were legion, and the manner of their making marvellous to think on.

They pre-digested them by machinery, they pre-cooked them by the ton, they peptonized them, vitalized them, ossified them, they flaked them and they faked them, they rolled and they ground, they roasted and boiled them—they served them cold for breakfast.

And behold these clever quack foods "caught on" with a vengeance, and the beginning of the twentieth century has come down in history as the era of the greatest of all fads—the food fad.

And if the ads of these fads had been true our forefathers should have been men of prodigious mental and physical strength, for these fad foods were guaranteed to do wondrous things.

Some were brain foods, some were nerve tonics, some were muscle makers, some built new tissue, some saved the stomach the trouble of digesting, and most of them were "ready to eat served cold."

They came to Canada, and loud was the noise of their coming.

Tillson.

Then came Tillsons, of Tillsonburg, Ontario, and said to the Canadians:—"Here is porridge—made of Oatmeal, and it is not a fad."

For ten centuries it has been chief of Scotia's food. Did not Bruce and Douglas and Scott and Burns and all the mighty men of Auld Scotia eat it?

Has it not nourished some of the best brains and brawn in the world?

Now, Tillson's Oats are the oats of Scottish centuries without the hulls and foreign seeds of ancient oats, but with the same old nourishing, health-giving, vitalizing elements—with the Pan-dried flavor that ancient oats could not have had.

In fact, Tillson's Oats are Scotchmen's oats Canadianized, grown in Canadian soil, made in a Canadian mill by Canadians.

Destined from this day to be the breakfast of all Canadians who want a warm, nourishing, sensible breakfast, who want none of the "eat-it-cold" fad;

Who want a food that is all food, not a cross between a food and a quack nostrum;

For those who want a food that gives the stomach its natural and legitimate work of digestion to perform;

A food that nourishes out of existence the ills of "stomach troubles."

A bowl of Tillson's Pan-Dried Oats is a soothing, refreshing, substantial beginning for the day.

Nothing "faddy" or medicinal about it. Just a good, wholesome, well-made, nutritious, pure, old-fashioned food made by Tillson's Pan-dried process.

Will you have the cold fads or the hot food—Tillson's Oats?

And the people with one accord answered, saying: Our stomachs are not dyspeptic, Our nerves are not shattered,

We want a hot breakfast, not cold fads—we will have Tillson's Oats, Pan-Dried.

And they did.



Made in Canada 50 Years.

Ready to Cook--Served Hot.

All
Grocers.

Tillson's Oats

Packages
only.

Pan-Dried. A Food, not a Fad. Ten Cents

Financial Consolidation.
New York, Dec. 15.—A banking consolidation is announced, which will bring into harmony the large insurance and financial interests of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Equitable Life Assurance Society,

and the Morton Trust Company. Some months ago interests which control the trust company acquired the National Bank of the United States, and now have voted to amalgamate it with the Western National, and to make the combined capital of the two banks

\$10,000,000. The directors of the latter, in which the Equitable is largely interested, voted to fuse with the National Bank of the United States upon a basis mutually agreed upon. The new bank will continue under the manage-

ment of Vice-President Snyder, president of the Western National.

"Christmas Money" Sent Away.
New York, Dec. 15. —Over half a million dollars, or, to be exact, \$616,324, is now in the strong rooms of

the big ocean steamers, Kron Prinz Wilhelm and Umbria, which cleared money by former residents of those countries who now make the United States their home. Never before has such a large Christmas shipment been made.

Europe, and sent as "Christmas money" by former residents of those countries who now make the United States their home. Never before has such a large Christmas shipment been made.