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E. N. HUNT,
120 Dundas Street.

No Terror for Him.

She was sitting in her favorite spot, an angle at the eastern end of the terrace, a quiet little nook sheltered by orange trees, when she heard a couple of Riviera habitués talking in the garden below. They were sitting on a bench against the terrace wall.

She had no idea of listening to their talk, till the hand of Lady Duayne's name attracted her, and then, she listened without any thought of wrongdoing, casually discussing an hotel acquaintance.

They were two elderly people whom Bella knew by sight. An English clergyman who had wintered abroad for half his lifetime, a stout comfortable, well-to-do spinster, whose chronic bronchitis obliged her to migrate annually.

"I have met her about Italy for the last ten years," said the lady; "but we have never found out her real age."

"I put her down at a hundred—not a year less," said the parson. "Her reminiscences all go back to the Regency. She was evidently then in her zenith; and I have heard her say things that showed she was in Parisian society when the First Empire was at its best."

"She doesn't talk much now."

"No, there's not much life left in her. She is wise in keeping herself secluded. I only wonder that wicked old quack, her Italian doctor, didn't finish her off years ago."

"I should think it must be the other way, and that he keeps her alive."

"My dear Miss Manders, do you think foreign quackery ever kept anybody alive?"

"Well, there she is—and she never goes anywhere without him. He certainly has an unpleasant countenance."

"Unpleasant!" echoed the parson. "I don't believe the foul fiend himself can beat him in ugliness. I pity that poor young woman who has to live between old Lady Duayne and Dr. Parravinci."

"But the old lady is very good to her companion."

"No doubt she is very free with her cash; the servants call her good Lady Duayne. She is a withered old female Croesus, and knows she'll never be able to get through her money, and doesn't relish the idea of other people enjoying it when she's in her coffin. People who live to be as old as she is become slavishly attached to life. I dare say she's generous to those poor girls—but she can't make them happy. They die in her service."

"Don't say they, Mr. Carlton; I know that one poor girl died at Mentone last spring."

"Yes, and another poor girl died in Rome three years ago. I was there at the time. Good Lady Duayne left her there in an English family. The girl had every comfort. The old woman was very liberal to her—but she died. I tell you, Miss Manders, it is not good for any young woman to live with two such horrors as Lady Duayne and Dr. Parravinci."

They talked of other things, but Bella hardly heard them. She sat motionless, and a cold wind seemed to come down upon her from the mountains and to creep up to her from the sea, till she shivered as she sat there in the sunshine, in the shelter of the orange trees in the midst of all that beauty and brightness.

Yes, they were uncaring, certainly, the pair of them—she so like an aristocratic witch in her withered old age, he of no particular age, with a face that was more like a waxen mask than any human countenance. Bella had ever seen. What did it matter, old age is venerable, and worthy of all reverence; and Lady Duayne had been very kind to her. Dr. Parravinci was a harmless inoffensive student, who seldom looked up from the book he was reading. He had his private sitting-room, where he made experiments in chemistry and natural science—perhaps in alchemy. What could it matter to Bella? He had always been polite to her in his far-off way. She could not be more happily placed than she was—in this palatial hotel, with this rich old lady.

No doubt she missed the young English girl, who had been so friendly, and it might be that she missed the girl's brother, for Mr. Stafford had talked to her a good deal—had interested himself in the books she was

reading, and her manner of amusing herself when she was not on duty.

"You must come to our little salon when you are off," as the hospital nurses call it, and we can have some music. No doubt you play and sing?" upon which Bella had to own with a blush of shame that she had forgotten to play the piano ages ago.

"Mother and I used to sing duets sometimes between the lights, without accompaniment," she said, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the humble room, the half-hour's respite from work, the sewing-machine standing where the piano ought to have been, and her mother's plaintive voice, so sweet, so true, so dear.

Sometimes she found herself wondering whether she would ever see that beloved mother again. Strange forebodings came into her mind. She was angry with herself for giving way to melancholy thoughts.

One day she questioned Lady Duayne's French maid about these two companions who had died within three years.

"They were poor, feeble creatures," Francine told her. "They looked fresh and bright enough when they came to Miladi; but they ate too much, and they were lazy. They died of luxury and idleness. Miladi was too kind to them. They had nothing to do, and so they took to fancying things; fancying the air didn't suit them, that they couldn't sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but I have had a strange dream several times since I have been in Italy."

"Ah, you had better not begin to think about dreams, or you will be like those other girls. They were dreamers, and they dreamt themselves into the cemetery."

This dream touched her a little, not because it was a ghastly or frightening dream, but on account of sensations which she had never felt before in sleeping of wheels that went around in her brain, a great noise like a whirlwind, but rhythmic like the ticking of a gigantic clock; and then in the midst of this uproar as of winds and waves, she seemed to sink into a gulf of unconsciousness, out of sleep into far deeper sleep—total extinction. And then after that blank interval, there came the sound of voices, and then again the whirl of wheels, louder and louder—and again the blankness, and then she knew no more till morning, when she awoke feeling languid and oppressed.

She told Dr. Parravinci of her dream one day, and on the only occasion when she wanted his professional advice. She had suffered rather severely from the mosquitoes before Christmas, and had been almost frightened at finding wound upon her arm which she could only attribute to the venomous sting of one of these torments. Parravinci put on his glasses and scrutinized the angry mark on the white, round arm, as Bella stood before him and Lady Duayne, with her sleeve rolled up above her elbow.

"Yes, that's rather more than a joke," he said; "he has caught you on the top of a vein. What a vampire! But there's no harm done, signorina, nothing that a little dressing of mine won't heal. You must always show me any bite of this nature. It might be dangerous if neglected. These creatures feed on poisons and disseminate it."

"And to think that such tiny creatures can bite like this," said Bella; "My arm looks as if it had been cut with a knife."

"If I were to show you a mosquito's sting under my microscope you wouldn't be surprised at that," replied Parravinci.

WHEELING TOURNEY

Fourth Annual Meet of the London Bicycle Club.

A Good Sized Crowd at the Races in Tecumseh Park.

Professional and Amateur Events—An Unusually Incident—A Leafing Race—Summaries.

The civic holiday was an ideal day for the fourth annual meet of the London Bicycle Club. The weather was bright and cool, the breeze balmy and refreshing. The attractions at other points around the city seemed to have little effect upon the lovers of cycling, and they appeared at Tecumseh Park yesterday about 900 strong.

The races were not all that many would have liked, but for this the participants alone are to blame, and not the energetic officers and club officials. The weary ride of Frank McCormick, F. Hobbs, C. Bowyer, C. Bernard and C. Reid in the two-mile city championship (amateur) race will likely have a pernicious effect upon future enterprises of yesterday's character. From start to finish they soldiered, and used up 8 minutes and 2 seconds of valuable time in covering the two miles. Words of condemnation were heard on all sides about the "snail's pace" the men were traveling, and every means were used to urge them to pump hard and fast, but without avail. They knew that the rules of the C. W. A. would not allow a time limit to be placed upon amateur events, and they took their ease. McCormick, Hobbs and Bernard passed the scratch amid a chorus of hisses. Visiting riders were disgusted with the action of the London riders; so were the officials, and the spectators most of all. "Riding of that class will kill the sport in London," remarked a prominent club official. "They should be ashamed," he continued. "If they would try as hard as the other fellows to reduce the time and give the people something for their money beyond a weary parade, like a lot of mourners in a funeral procession, there would be some sense in it." The prize for this event is a handsome trophy, presented by Mr. C. W. Davis, of the Tecumseh House.

The races for the most part were well contested and fairly exciting at the finish. The one-mile open amateur was a splendid race, and the riders, heats, but the third one was not so fast. No fault can be found with the riders in this race for their slow pace, as the winning depends on the spurt, and each laid for his neighbor to make the break, until the referee placed a limit of 2:25 on the heat. This caused a hot chase by the riders, followed closely by Axton, of Brantford, and Blayney, of Simcoe. As the time was 20 seconds over the limit, the race was declared off. This caused no end of disappointment and kicking, and when the race was over the riders gathered in a group and argued that they were entitled either to their entrance money or the prizes, but the officials didn't think so, and pointed out that the thesaurus had been the cause of the time limit being placed on the race, and that this was done in ample time for them to cover the distance in the time named. The riders threatened to boycott the track and do other desperate things.

In the final heat of the one-mile open race, the two opponents came poked back in the cross of the way into the dressing room. It is alleged that he struck Duncan Metcalfe, who is a friend of C. Elliott, one of the men whom he accused of trying to foul him. Hard words were spoken against him for this. Some of the wheelmen claim that McLeod is bound to win, and that if he does not the man who causes his defeat will suffer somehow.

On the home stretch T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, spurred past McLeod, and Elliott, Toronto, followed him closely. McLeod was unable to pass McCarthy on account of Elliott, but crossed the scratch a close second.

In the two-mile handicap P. F. Radway made a beautiful spurt past J. H. Gratz, of Toronto, when about 200 yards from the scratch. J. J. Harley, Petrolia, made a better one and crossed about two feet in front of Radway, Gratz getting third place.

The ten-mile Dominion championship race was a peculiar one. It was 20 times around the course, and for 29 of these Angus McLeod, Sarnia, Harley Davidson, Brantford, and T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, crossed the scratch in the order named. McLeod again became sandwiched between McCarthy and Davidson, and only got second place. Radway started in this race at the end of the second lap, and Roy Gordon paced him until he caught the procession.

The one-mile lap race was also one in which much interest was displayed. It was a race for points. Three points were given to the first man in the first two laps, two to the second, and one to the third. In the third lap the first man was given four points, the second two, and the third man one. J. Davidson, Toronto, F. J. Graves and C. Meehan drew for third place, having two points each, and Meehan won.

No very fast time was made, but with one or two exceptions the races were as good as any one could wish. Following is a

SUMMARY:
One-mile novice, amateur—1. F. McCormick, London; 2. A. H. Wilson, London; 3. J. Hutchinson, Toronto.

Two-mile city championship (amateur)—1. T. B. McCarthy, Toronto; 2. Angus McLeod, Sarnia; 3. C. Elliott, Toronto. Time, 2:27 1-5. T. W. Van Tuyl, Petrolia; Fred Dunbar, Stratford; F. F. Radway, London; F. Young, Toronto, also started.

Final heat—1. T. B. McCarthy, Toronto; 2. Angus McLeod, Sarnia; 3. C. Elliott, Toronto. Time, 2:17 2-3. Two-mile handicap, professional, amateur—Won by Frank McCormick. Time, 5:51 2-5. R. A. Craise, Petrolia, and A. H. Wilson also started.

They mile city championship, amateur—Won by F. McCormick, London. Time, 8:02. The other starters were F. Hobbs, C. Bowyer, C. Bernard, C. Reid, London.

Ten mile Dominion championship, professional—Won by T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, in 23:08 4-5. F. F. Radway, London; A. McLeod, Sarnia; C. Manville, Clinton; Harley Davidson, Brantford; C. Greatrix, T. B. McCall, A. Young, F. Young and J. H. Gratz, Toronto, also started.

One mile lap race—First lap—1. R. O. Blayney, 3 points; 2. McCarthy, 2 points; R. Axton, 1 point. Second lap—R. Axton, 3 points; R. O. Blayney, 2 points; C. Meehan, 1 point. Third lap—R. Axton, 4 points; F. J. Graves, 2 points; C. Meehan, 1 point. R. O. Blayney, 5 points; C. Meehan, Toronto, 2 points. Time, 2:29 4-5. Won by Axton.

One mile tandem, amateur—1. Moore and McGill, Toronto; 2. McCormick and Hobbs, London. The other starters were Thomson and Meehan, Toronto; Reid and Horton, London.

Two mile handicap, professional—1. J. H. Harley, Petrolia, 150 yards; 2. F. F. Radway, London, 175 yards; 3. J. H. Gratz, Toronto, 75 yards. Time, 4:42 2-4. Other starters were C. Manville, Clinton, 225 yards; T. W. Van Tuyl, Petrolia, 225 yards; Fred Dunbar, Stratford, 175 yards; Fred Westbrook and B. Cooper, Brantford, 150 yards; C. Greatrix, 120 yards; Ray Gordon, Toronto, 100 yards; J. Mills, F. Young, A. E. Young, T. McCall, Toronto, and George Grant, Detroit, 75 yards.

The scratch men were T. B. McCarthy, Toronto; A. McLeod, Sarnia, and H. Davidson, Brantford, but these did not start.

The following is a list of the officials who did their best to make things as pleasant and successful as possible:

Referee—B. P. Corey, Petrolia.
Times—J. Gillean and F. H. Beltz, London.
Judges—R. A. Robertson (president C. W. A.), Hamilton; C. W. Wells, C. W. Davis and H. E. McBride, London.
Starter—J. D. Balfour, M.D., London.
Clerk of Course—O. B. Leslie, London.

Assistants—O. Thilman and F. White, London.
Scorers—J. McCormick, R. A. Bayley and W. M. Goodwin, London.
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Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....one cup
Lukewarm water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle, place in a warm place for 24 hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons. ywt

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Time, 2:38. L. B. Forsythe, St. Thomas; W. Forbes, Toronto; C. Reid, T. Nixon, and A. Walters, London, also started.

One mile open, amateur—First heat—1. F. A. Moore, Toronto; 2. R. O. Blayney, Simcoe; 3. R. Axton, Brantford. Time, 2:38 4-5.

Second heat—1. C. Mehan, Toronto; 2. H. A. McGill, Toronto; 3. J. Davidson, Toronto. Time, 2:38 4-5.

Final heat—1. J. Davidson, Toronto; 2. R. Axton, Brantford; 3. R. O. Blayney, Simcoe. Time, 2:45. Called for 20 seconds and declared no race.

One mile open, professional—First heat—1. T. B. McCarthy, Toronto; 2. C. Greatrix, Toronto; 3. G. D. Grant, Detroit. Time, 2:44 3-5. H. Davidson, Brantford; J. A. Harley, Petrolia; J. Mills and R. A. McCall also started.

Second heat—1. A. McLeod, Sarnia; 2. C. Elliott, Toronto; 3. Fred Westbrook, Brantford. Time, 2:22 1-5. T. W. Van Tuyl, Petrolia; Fred Dunbar, Stratford; F. F. Radway, London; F. Young, Toronto, also started.

Final heat—1. T. B. McCarthy, Toronto; 2. Angus McLeod, Sarnia; 3. C. Elliott, Toronto. Time, 2:17 2-3.

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When Your Cake Is All Dough

When your cake is heavy, soggy, indigestible, it's a pretty sure sign that you didn't shorten it with COTTOLINE. When this great shortening is rightly used, the result will surely satisfy the most fastidious. Always remember that the quality of COTTOLINE makes a little of it go a long way. It's willful waste to use more than two-thirds as much as you would of lard or butter. Always use COTTOLINE this way, and your cake and pastry will always be light, wholesome, delicious.

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