<u>sakakakakakakakakakakakakakak</u> LOVE'S EXILE.

!!*****************

you an intelligent and with most kind and loving-hearted girl, who would condescend to console me

for the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in return for my very best endeavors to make her happy. Well, is the mistake past re-pairing? I am not too old to learn

philanthropy under your guidance; you. I am sure, are too sweet not to forgive me for preferring a walk with you alone to interviews with all the architects who ever desecrated nature. I cannot come back with the carriers now to see Manual control of the carriers now to see t

with the carriage now to see Mr. Finch; but if you will, in the course of the afternoon, let me have another ever so short note telling me to come and see you. I shall take it as a token that you are willing to give

me another chance, and within half an hour of receiving it I will be with

an hour of receiving it I will be with you to take my first serious lesson in philanthropy, and to pay for it in what love coin you please.—Believe me, dear Lacy, if I may, dear Miss Farington, it I must, yours ever most fatthfully and sincerely,

"Heary L. Maude."

I saw the groom drive off with this note, and spent the carly part of the atternoon wandering about the

When I got to the end of this warm-hearted effusion I rushed off to make up my parcel; seven notes, a smoking cap, and a pair of slippers,

which last I regretted giving up, as they were large and comfortable; a book on "Village Architecture," and another of sermons by an eloquent and unpractical modern preacher, completed the list. I fastened them

up, sealed and directed them, and

arranged them on the table in a row, spread out my returned letters (which had all been neatly opened with a pen—or small paper-knife), and considered the well-meant but disastrous venture of which they were the relies with much thought-fulness. It had been a failure from first to last; not only had it failed to draw my thoughts and affections from the little pale lady who was now the wife of my friend, but it had also unhappily resulted in ren-

had also unhappily resulted in ren-dering her by contrast a lovelier and

more desirable object than before. There was no doubt of it; the only unalloyed pleasure my fiancee had af-

forded me was the increase of delight I

Then, with a long sigh, she stood up, twined her arms within mine and let me lead her upstairs. The door of her room was open, and the two candles, flickering and smoking in the draught, cast moving shadows over a di-order of dress and dainty woman's clothing flung in confusion abou the room. Babiole glanced inside and then looked up at me in bewilderment and alarm, like one roused out of sleep to see something strange and terrible. I wanted her to go to rest before her memory should overtake her. So I took off her bonnet and clonk, and profiting by the utter decility she showed me, glanced into the room and said, in a tone of authority, such as one would use to a child—"Now, I shall come upstairs again in exactly five—minutes and shall knock at your door. If you are in bed by that time you are to call out "grocd-nichth." If you are not shall with would condescend to console me for the 'slings and arrows of out-

bed by that time you are to call out "good-night." If you are not, I shall wake your mother up, and send her to you. Now will you do as I tell you?

"Yes, yes," said she meekly. "Then good night."
"Good-night, Mr. Maude."

She knew me then; but I somehow fancied, from the old-fashioned de mureness with which she gave her hand that she believed herself to be once more the little maid of Craigen-darrock and matter darroch, and me to be her old mas-

darroch, and me to ne ner ou master.

Next day Babio did not appear at breakfast, and her mother said she was in a state of deep depression and must, her mother thought by her manner, have had a fright in the night. I was very anxious to see her again, and to find out how much she remembered of our nocturnal adventure. So anxious was I, in fact, that I forgot all about my appointment at Oak Lodge about my appointment at Oak Lodge at eleven, and it was not until Mrs. Ellmer and I were having luncheon at two that I was suddenly remind-ed of my neglect in a rather sum-many fushioners better the ed of my neglect in a rather summary fushion by being presented by Ferguson with a note directed in my flancee's handwriting, and told that a messenger was waiting. To opened it, conscience stricken, but levity which characterizes your note hardly prepaged for the blow it can define the constitution of th

opened it, conscience stricken, hardly prepared for the blow it contained. This was the note:

"Dear Mr. Maude," (The opening whose respect and esteem he smearthus formally a gentleman in whom I once thought I had had the good fortune to discover a heart, and more especially a mind, to which I could in all things submit the control of my own weaker and more frivolous shades of Aristotle and Bacon! Shades of Aristotle and Bacon! The for a moment mean that you intendence heat, I deceived for a moment mean that you intendence heat, I deceived friend,

Lucy Farington."

admits a memory could so admits and esteem he single the submode respect and esteem he submode receively wished to retain. I therefore return your letters and the various presents you have been kind enough to make me, and beg that you will return me my share of our correspondence. Please do not think I bear you any ill-will; I am willing to believe the error was mutual, and shall rather increase than discontinue my prayers on your behalf, that your perhaps somewhat pliable nature may not render you the victim of designing persons—I remain, dear Mr. Maude, ever sincerely your friend,

Lucy Farington." the dearest wisnes of my heart, cul-minating in your positive non-appear-ance this morning (when I had pre-pared a little surprise for you in shape of a meeting with Mr. Finch, the architect, with his designs for a model self-supporting village laun-dry), leave hardly any room for dry), leave hardly any room for doubt that our views of life are too doubt that our views of life are too hopelessly dissimilar for us to hope to embark happily in matrimony. If this is indeed the case, with much regret I will give you back your liberty, and request the return of my perhaps foolishly fond letters. If, on the other hand, you are not willing that all should be at an end between us, I beg that you will come to me in the point carriage which will await your orders.—I remain, dear—Mr. Maude, with my sincerest apolawait your orders.—I remain, dear Mr. Maude, with my sincerest apol-ogies if I have been unduly hasty, yours most sincerely, Lucy Faring-

My first emotion was one of anger against the girl for being such a fool; my second was of thankfulness to her for being so wise. I should have liked, in pique, to have straight

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

A Family Event That Does Not Always

Bring Unmixed Joy. Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoca while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became / serious.

The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box, and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon II. He is now a big, healthy baby whenever he gets fretful or does feel well I give him a Tablet and

he is soon all right again.' Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweetforced me was the increase of delight I had felt, after nearly three weeks of her improving society, in meeting my little witch of the hills once more. On the whole, my conscience was pretty clear with regard to Miss Farington; I had been prepared to offer her affection, and she had preferred an interest in domestic architecture, which I had en the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opkate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mall, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams. Medicine Co... Brockville. Medicine Co.. Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

then sedulously cultivated; the question was, what was to be done now? I decided that the most prudent course would be to say nothing of my rupture with my lady-love, and if I should be anable to subdue a certain unwonted, hilarity at dinner time, to ascribe it to other causes.

her time, to ascribe it to other causes.

I had scarcely made this resolution, however, when I heard light sounds in the half and a knock at my door, and I said "Come in" with my heart leaping up, and a hot and feverish conviction that it was all up with the secret; for the outspread letters which I convulsively gathered into a heap, the lace pocket-handkerchief, the chased gold smelling-bottle, and other articles for which a bachelor of retired habits would be likely to have small use, told their own tale; while, to make matters worse, To-to had got hold of the engagement ring, and had placed it on the top of his box for safety while he minutely inspected its morococ case, and chewed up the velvet lining with all the zest of a gourmand.

One helpless glance was all I had time for before the door opened, and Babiole came in.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On hearing the soft tap of Ba-blole's fingers on the door of my study, there had sprung up in me quite suddenly a feeling that my anchor was gone and the tempest anchor was gone and the tempest of human passions which I had controlled for so long burst out within me with a violence which made me afraid of myself. There, on the table before me, lay the eloquent relics of my rejected suit to the woman I had tried to love.

And here, shut out from me only

And here, shut out from me only by a scarcely-closed door, was the woman I loved so dearly without the trying, that just that faint sound which told me she was near thrilled through every fibre of my body as the musician's careless fingers every the level of the level. gers sweep the keys of his instrument in a lightly-touched prelude before he makes it sing and throb before he makes it sing and throb with any melody he pleases. I had sprang to my feet and begun to toss my returned letters one by one with shaking hands into the fire, when I heard Babiole's voice behind me.

I turned abruptly, and it seemed to myself almost definatly. But

I turned abruptly, and it seemed to myself almost, defiantly. But he sooner had I given one glance at the slender figure dressed in some plain dark stuff and one into the little pale face than all the tumult within me began to calm down, and the roaring, ramping, raging lion I had felt a moment before transformed himself gradually before the unconscious magic of ally before the unconscious magic of my fairy eyes into the mild and meek old lamb he had always been with her.

"You seem very busy, Mr. Maude," said she smiling.
Surely it was my very witch herself again, only a little thinner and whiter, who spoke to me thus in the old sweet voice, and held out her hand with the half-frank, half shy demureness of those by-gone, pain-ful-pleasant days when we were engaged, and when the new and proud discovery that she was grownup, had given a delicious piquancy to her manner of taking her les-sons! I shook hands with her, and sons! I shook hands with her, and she pointed to her old chair; as she took it quite simply and thus had the full light of the windows on her face, I noticed with surprise and pleasure that, in spite of the excitement of the night before, the atmosphere of her old home was already taking effect upon her, the listless expression she had worn in London was disappearing from her face, and the old child-like look which blue eyes were meant to wear face, and the old child-like look which blue eyes were meant to wear was coming back into them again. "You are better," said I gently, taking no notice of her remark

my occupation. "You have lazy, madam. I am sure ight very well have come down upon my you might very well have come down to breakfast. You had a good night, Ta-ta, who had followed her into

the room, pushed her nose lovingly into her old companions hand, and Babiole hid a sensitively flushing. face by bending low over the dog's sleek head, I think she must have found out by the confusion in her room that something had happened the night before, the details of which she could not represent the second not represe she could not remember; perhaps also she had a vague remembrance of her expedition downstairs, and wanted to find out what I knew about it, But of course I knew no-

wanted to find out what I knew about it, But of course I knew nothing,
"Yes, I—I slept well—thank you.
Only I had dreams."
"Did you? Not bad ones, I hope?"
She glanced at me penetratingly, but could discover nothing, as I was fighting with To-to over the fragments of the morocco ring case.
"No-o, not exactly bad, but very strange. Do you know—I found—my travelling hat and cloak—lying about—and I wondered whether—in my sleep—I had put them on—thinking I was—going back to London!"
All this, uttered very slowly and with much hesitation. I listened to without interruption, and then standing up with my back to the fire, nodded to her reassuringly.
"Well, so you did, Mrs. Scott, and

up, sealed and directed them, and sent them out to the under-gardener from Oak Lodge, who had brought the note, and had been directed to wait for an answer. Then, with a sense of relief, which was unmixed this time, I went back to my study, lit my pipe, and sat down in front of the parcel my late love had sent me. I was struck by its enormous superiority in neatness to the ill-shapen iority in neatness to the ill-shapen brown paper bundle in which I had just sent off mine; and it presently occurred to me that the remarkable deftness with which corners had been turned in and strives leastled and turned in and string knotted and tied could never have been attained by hands unused to any kind of active

labor. Miss Farington, either too much overcome by emotion to tie her parcel up herself, or from an abof sentiment which might or might not be considered to do her credit, had entrusted the task of sending back my presents to her Mechanically I opened the parcel and, not being deeply enough wounded by the abrupt termination of my
engagement to throw my rejected
gifts with passion into the fire, I
arranged them on the table in a

lips with apprehension.

"Yes; and when I saw you, you muttered something I couldn't understand, and then you half woke up, and you went back quickly to your own room again, leaving me considerably wider awake than before.

"Is that all?" asked Babiole, the

faint color coming back to her face again.
"It was quite enough for me, I as gure you. And I hope you will take your walking exercise for the future in the day-time, when my elderly nerves are at their best.".

Babiole laughed, much relieved. She evidently retained such a vivid impression of the thoughts which had preyed upon her excited mind on the previous evening that she was tormented by the fear or the dim remembrance of having given them expression. She now looked with awakening interest at the odd collection on the trible.

(To be Continued.)

The conf ding woman should study the doctrine of selection.

A Christmas Ghost Story

My Strange Experience at a Dramatic Rehearsal

Was with the a track the

EXPERIENCE I. I, Elizabeth Benbow, have led an eventful, colorless life for the main part, yet it has been my fate to have been a participator in two weird experiences—one a tragedy, the other only one of those unaccountable things which no one can understand, one can only wonder and cogitate over them, not daring to doubt their veracity.

No, their truthfulness is only too real to me who was in a measure connected with them.

It is a funny thing when one thinks of it, that in both cases it was at Christmas-tide that the events occurred, when we had met together for days of frolic and merry-making. That was some years ago; the chief actress in one drama is lying in a peaceful little hillside graveyard, within sound of the Cornish sea; the wail of the sea birds, the moaning of the wind through the caves, and the dull warning-bell on the dread the dull warning-bell on the dread Deadman's Rock, are her perpetual dirge. Poor child! Here was a short and happy life, but for its tragic end. The other heroine is now the happy wife of an Indian civilian, a small queen in her way, in the little coterie over which she reigns; half French, her pretty little foreign ways and gracious manners make her a favorite always, her iers make her a favorite always, her tact and insight into character keep



APRICENT LYALL her from becoming involved in the social bickerings, heart-burnings and jealousies which so often mar the peacefulness of an Indian station life. The funny thing is that to this day she is ignorant of the curious part she played in my ghost story, is most unlikely, I doubt if she could recognize herself.

As each Christmas draws near one is apt to dwell on the memories of lormer seasons with their joys or corrows, their gay or gloomy hours. For my part I think that one is apt to feel depressed, or at least very do herself justice and take her serious in one's musings, not neces-sarily on one's own account but sarily on one's own account but in thinking over the life-stories of one's friends. As I sit by my lonely hearth, in the pretty but solitary "chez-moi," the two Yuie-tides of which I will tell you stand out in sharp relief from the many ordinary and prosaic seasons I have passed in various lands and among diverse folk. The first tale especially haunts me, it is so difficult, in a way, to me, it is so difficult, in a way, to realize that its tragic events ever really happened, so strange and so utterably unaccountable, I can only tell you about it all in a plain, ungarnished fashion, and leave you to make what you are of all the statements. make what you can of it.

I was invited this particular year to spend my holidays—did I say I was a governess?—in the lovely Corn-"You did," cried she, pale to the lips with apprehension.

"Well, so you did, Mrs. Scott, and a nice fright your sleep-walking propensities gave me, I can tell you. It was by the luckiest chance in the world that I didn't brain you with the poker for a burglar when I heard footsteps in the hall in the middle of the night!"

"You did," cried she, pale to the lips with apprehension. been spent in the south of France, to have the final renearsal in the work my invalid mother. At her death I was not endowed with many worldly goods, and I was glad to accept the post offered to me in the most refreshing preparation for one of the best schools, at Neully. The evening's exercises. I offered the wore nyglenic underciothes to get the bulge on fate. Thus science served him faithfully, And made him microbe-proof, but yesterday he met defeat, By falling from a roof.

My perfect knowledge of French, as of my mother tongue, was in my favor. Those were happy days; never can I forget the kindliness of my dear madame, who was ever a mother to me, nor the affection showered on me by my girl-friends, English, American and French—yes, and Canadians, too!

adians, too!

Lanhydrock was a most fascinating old place, with lovely lawns, and paths innumerable sloping through the most delicious woods down to a dear little bay, with a sandy beach, hemmed in with grand old cliffs. Even nemmed in with grand old cliffs. Even in winter it was a joy to sit on the rocks, bathed in sunshine, looking at the blue, blue sea, the red-and-orange sailed fishing boats, and the coasting vessels passing up and down, the lovely gulls with a silver glint on their wings, and the rich brown sea-weed-covered rocks. weed-covered rocks; you felt you could never gaze at it long enough, nor drink in sufficient of the soft salt air. The grand old avenues were bordered with hydrangeas—blue, pink and cream—rhododendrons, as well as bamboos, and other tropical plants, for in the balmy West Countree, aven in winter-line there is a wealth even in winter-time, there is a wealt! of blossom and greenery to charm the eye and make one feel one had almost cheated winter, and were not so much worse off than those who had flown to the Riviera for salubrious air and sunshine.

rious air and sunshine.

We were a merry house-party. Besides my girl friends there was a pretty young married daughter, with her soldier-husband and darling baby boy, also a young exford cousin and little Adrienne Lyall, an orphan niece of my host the Squire, who lived in this hospitable home except when visiting her father's needle in Jersey. this hospitable home except when visiting her father's people in Jersey. Sne was a pretty little thing, with graceful, siender limbs, brown eyes which could look very pathetic and grave at times, and wavy hair rolled high in French fashion on her patrician little head. She was sensitive and highly strung—I often wondered what would have become of her had her lines been cast in less pleasant places. Her young mother's life had had a tragic story in it, and if there be anything in heredity it is no wonder that Adrienne was hypersensitive and nervous.

sensitive and nervous.

As a variety to the usual Christmas ball given at Lanhydrock it was decided that this year the county should be amused and entertained with theatricals, followed by a dance.

The young Cymian was been on The young Oxonian was keen on them belonged to the Oxford Univer-sity Dramatic Club and knew all about it. He could get two other un-dergraduates, good amateur actors, who were staying in the county and would think it no end of a lark to bicycle cver for rehearsals.

So it was all settled; we quickly got under way. I say "we," for I was pressed into the service as prompter, dresser and maker-up in chief. There were parts for all "la jeunesse." Adrienne's did not exactly suit ther, in my opinion, but I do not know that she would have been better in any of the others. She was no ac-tress, too nervous to remember her cues, or the injunctions—oft repeated of the store memory he could not oues, or the injunctions—our repeated—of the stage manager, she could not throw herself into her part nor do it throw herself into her part nor do it con amore. It was from no indifference nor indolence, poor little girl! At all odd hours I saw her with her play-book. walking up and down the paths, or sitting in the summerhouse perched on the cliffs, murmuring her part. I strongly suspected her, too, of passing wakeful hours during the time she should have been having her heavty sleep. during the time she should have been having her beauty sleep. My observant eye took note of the dark circles round her lovely eyes, when she came to breakfast, and though usually rather pale, the pretty oval cheeks were now absolutely colorless.

As time went on she grew worse and worse, Each rehearsal was a as far as she was concerned. We were all in despair, dumb despair, for we feared to dis-courage her and make her more do herself justice and take her share in the general success of the comedy. Well, there was no one else to take her part, so we could only trust that if a hitch occurred the other actors would rush into the breach and so cover any deficiency, that it would not be observed, or at any rate fiercely criticized, by the good-humored audience. The girl herself looked the picture of misery, but she had a proud, reserved little nature, and rarely confided in any one. Would that she had! rarely confided in any one. that she had!

Often and often have I since proached myself for not making an effort to get at what was in her mind. Something might have been done to make matters better, mais -que voulez-vous? We can recall things of that sort; they are taken out of our hands, and for some wise purpose!

The day arrived. We had arranged

to have the final rehearsal in the morning, so that after luncheon

to help the hostess and Mrw Grant, the married daughter, with final arrangements and disarrangement of the reception rooms and impromptu theatre. Mrs. Grant was not acting, so she and I were to be general helps behind the scenes.

We met in the hall for tea at 5 o'clock. The ofd hall looked lovely, the dark oak furniture and paneling formed a charming background for the wreaths of holy and mistletoe, the old armor gleamed in the firelight — some sacrifegious sprit had insinuated a sprig of mistletoe into the mouthpiece in the helmet of a gallant Crusader—on the huge open hearth burned a real yule-log. Some one asked where Adrienne was, and some one else volunteered that she had said she should go for a long ride, probably over the gorse-lad moves They are ideal to be delegated the said she had said she she was the said she had said she she was the said she had said she she had said she she was the said she had said she she was the said she said she said she she was the said she said she said she said she sa was, and some one else volunteered that she had said she should go for a long ride, probably over the gorse-clad moors. They said she had looked very tired after the rehearsal, Probably she was now lying down in her own room, with Jenefer, the old Cornish nurse, in attendance, to administrate they forwrite nances

old Cornish nurse, in attendance, to administer her favorite panacea, "a cup o' tay."

We were all rather silent at the mention of Adrienne. The last rehearsal had been a sorry performance, as far as she was concerned. Had it been any one else, the Oxonians would probably have thought her "a duffer," or "a stick," but one and all liked her, and were sorry for her. For her sake, we should be glad if it were over.

Well, the mystic hour arrived, the play began, and to our astonishment, Adrienne's small part in the first scene was better than anything we had yet seen her accomplish.

"It is generally the way," whis-pered Mrs. Grant, "people always play up when the night comes, you can't judge a little bit from rehearsals.

You certainly cannot if this were a case in point. Each time Adrienne came on she acted better and more easily, and she received a great deal of applause. She looked lovely, but that was to be expected, a little pale perhaps; in fact, she grew too white as the blay went on.

as the play went on.

Mrs. Grant murmured anxiously.

Wish' I could get at Adrienne to put
on a touch of rouge, and she seems
so cold, I suppose it, a new oursess,
but when I touched her hands just now in giving her her cloak,

were icy."

"She will be all right when it is over," I said; "are you not proud of her?"

Well! she was clapped and applauded, and won golden opinions from her fellow actors as well as the from her fellow actors as well as the spectators. It was all the more delightful to us for being so unlooked for. When it was over we all crowded together to exchange congratuations, and for a few moments no one missed Adrienne, who had apparently left the room.

"Just run up, Elizabeth, and see where she is, like a dear," said Mabel Grant, "she may feel faint. And do get her to come down and refresh the inner man; a little champagnecup will put some color into those rose-petat cheeks of hers."

I was leaving the room, when at the door I encountered old Jenife; looking so white and startled, the

ooking so white and startled, the I exclaimed,

"Why, nurse, what is it, you as if you had seen a ghost?"
"Tis a whisht business, Miss bow," shas aid, "where are my tress and 'missie"—as she still c. Mrs. Grant.
She bedrond to the still of the stil

She beckoned to them, say "Please, ma'am, come up to M Adrienne's room at once, there something wrong, I'm thinking."

We hurried upstairs as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm guests.

Adrienne's room was dimly lit by a waning fire in the grate. Across the bed lay a little figure in a dark riding habit. One slender white hand hung down over the coverlet, her hat lay on the floor beside the bed "Heart diease," pronounced an army doctor, who came up from among the company at our summons, "She has been dead some hours."

No one had ever dreamt that she nervousness over her expected fail-ure may have hastened the end. Who had relieved her of her part nd played it to such perfection?
A little Christmas ghost?

"I hate to be contradicted," "Then I won't contradict you returned.

"You're a hateful thing," she eri "I am," he replied.
"I believe you are trying to te ae," she said.
"I am," he conceded.

'And that you do love me.' "I do."

For a moment she was silent. "Well," she said at last, "I do hate a man who's weak enough to be led by a woman. He ought to have a mind of his own—and strength." He sighed. What else could he do? -Chicago Post.

Requiescat in Pace. Columbus Citizer He boiled the water that he drank, By rule he slept and ate; He wore hygienic underclothes To get the bulge on fate.

And You Need Have No Fear of Appendicitis, Peritonitis and Other Droaded lils-Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, the Great Family Medicine.

When the bowels are constipated or sluggish in action the human body seems an easy prey to nearly every ailment to which human beings are likely to attack a person subjected to constipation, but appendicitis, peritoritis. inilammation of the bowels and chronic dyspepsia are the

subject.

The immediate result of inactivity of the bowels is the clogging and obstruction of the action of the divert essent of neglecting to keep the bowels is the clogging and obstruction of the action of the action of the divert essent of the divert essent of the divert essent essent

No merely cathartic medicine can do more than relieve constipation.

The bile which is poured into the intestines by the liver is nature cathartic and consequently heal liver action is essential to registry of the bowels. Dr. Chase's K Liver Phis have a direct need the liver and kidneys, as well bowels, and for this reason as bowels, and for this reason e. tiorough cure of constinut Dr Chase's Kidney-Liver hoof inestinable values as for of inestimable value as a fam'i cine. Only one pill a dose 2 a box. At all dealers, or Edr Bates & Co., Toronto.