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OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XX.

"Mine That Was Once."

Lilian Devigne could not vault over the terrace and seek refuge from herself, and the prying eyes of her sex in the spring-leaved park.

With an effort, which a high-bred woman only can hope to be successful in, she crushed all signs of her terrible emotion from her face, and, after a moment to recover her strength—for passion of all kinds is fearfully weakening, mentally and physically—she pushed open the French window, and entered the drawing-room, smiling and serene, all the lovelier for the deeper light in her violet eyes, and faint flush on her pale cheek.

The ladies were scattered about the room, gossiping, playing at fancy needlework, trying some new songs; there were only two or three gentlemen; Lady Pacewell and the Honorable Mrs. Gorton were seated on an ottoman, with Lady Devigne—the latter, with her old, innocent, unsophisticated expression on her face, as of yore.

She looked up, rather anxiously, as her daughter entered, but, at a glance, fell back, with a little sigh of relief.

She could see by Lilian's face that she knew of Lord Vering's profligacy, but she also saw that, to use her own mental words, "she would not make a fool of herself," and she was greatly relieved.

Lady Pacewell made room on the ottoman for her.

"Where have you been, with nothing but that thin crepe shawl, too? Lady Devigne, your daughter still requires your watchful care!"

"I have been out on the terrace. Is it not warm for an April night? I could scarcely tear myself away." And, with a little laugh, she sank among the satin cushions.

At that moment Sir William entered, and looked round the room.

"Any one see Vering?" he asked. Lady Pacewell looked round.

"He was on the terrace, I think." Sir William went out, and returned, empty-handed.

"I can't see him anywhere; his hat's on the wall, or I should think he's gone off into the park. Tell him, if he comes in, that we've got a pool on in the billiard-room, and want him."

Lady Pacewell looked at Mrs. Gorton, with a smile.

"Isn't that like him? Of course, he has gone into the park—rambled off for hours, perhaps, and without his hat!"

Mrs. Gorton laughed softly.

Girl a Nervous Wreck at Eleven Years of Age

Was Tired Out, Pale and Sallow—Would Tremble Till the Bed would Shake—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cured Her.

In the schools of to-day there is found an alarming proportion of weak, nervous children who have little chance of developing into healthy, useful men and women. Nature requires the assistance of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to help them over a trying period and set them on their feet. There would be fewer wearing glasses if the nerves were invigorated less irritation in the school and home, more robust health and a greater pleasure in the school tasks. This letter bears a cheering message to parents whose children are weak, puny and nervous. It shows you what may be expected from the use of this great restorative. Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes: "My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no appetite, was lifeless and drowsy, and

der if he has any ulterior views concerning her? Such things have been! He is the sort of man to be fastidious about the women round him."

"So fastidious as to dislike them ready-made," smiled Lady Pacewell.

"Yes, and so seizes at such a chance as this to have one made to order, trained and educated to the model of his ideal. The world will see a miracle presently, who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed? But I must admit that I am strangely curious to see this little lady in the rough. I wonder where he has placed her?"

"Of course, as she is quite uncivilized as yet, she has gone to a school. Where would he send her now?"

There was a moment's silence. The two gossips had quite forgotten the presence of Lilian Devigne, and not by the slightest movement had she reminded them of it. She had leaned back, with half-closed eyes, half-parted lips, placidly serene, apparently lost in her own pleasant thoughts. But she had listened with an intensity almost painful, and her heart beat like an imprisoned bird in her bosom.

"Of course, he has sent her to a first-class school; he is not the man to take such a thing in hand carelessly," said Mrs. Gorton, taking up the thread again. "Where is there —" and she suggested one or two schools.

"No," said Lady Pacewell; "they would not be select enough for him. Let me see."

Lilian Devigne's heart was almost at a standstill. "I have it! Of course, he would choose the Penleys! Old Minerva House! We remember it, my dear!" and she laughed. "Yes, that is it, depend upon it!"

"Poor girl!" laughed Mrs. Gorton. "How I pity her! Oh, that blackboard and those endless forms and ceremonies! And so you think she is there?" with her tiny, little, well-bred yawn.

"Well, I shall dream of her all night, and it is time to begin. All the men have gone, my dear, to that horrid billiard-room, and Miss Devigne here looks bored to death with her gossip, and tired to death by her journey."

Lilian Devigne started slightly, with half-closed eyes and a little, tiny yawn for her part.

"Not bored, my dear Mrs. Gorton. I'm ashamed to say I have been half asleep, and have heard only a word here and there. Yes, I think I will go to bed now. Mamma must be tired, if I am not."

And so, with exquisite grace, she said good-night, and, followed by her maid, ascended to her room.

The billiard-room door was open, as the mother and daughter passed, and Lilian paused for half a minute. Lord Vering was not there; pool was in full swing, and he was fond of pool. Where was he? In the dark still, she thought.

In ten minutes she dismissed her maid, and, with her dressing-robe round her, sank into one of the many easy-chairs with which the luxurious room was furnished, her golden hair falling round her sweet, oval face; her eyes, large, wistful, and restless, fixed in deep cogitation.

A knock at the door aroused her. It was Lady Devigne, stealing, half fearfully, from her own room, hungering for her daughter's confidence.

Since the old time mother and daughter had, to a great extent, changed places; it was the mother who obeyed, and was dependent upon the daughter's will now; it was the daughter who planned and commanded.

Lilian did not raise her eyes as her mother softly shut the door, and came up to the lace-covered dressing-table, eyeing her daughter askance.

"Aren't you cold, Lilian?" she asked, at last breaking the silence. "Cold!" echoed Lilian. "I am burning! What is it, mamma? I am worn out, exhausted."

Lady Devigne sighed, but refused to take this rather plain hint as a desire for her departure.

"And no wonder, dear, considering what you have gone through. Who could have dreamed that he would have been here?"

There was a pause. Then Lady Devigne murmured, plaintively: "It was a great mistake—an unfortunate mischance. But who could

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have foreseen? The poor marquise seemed so well."

A quick glance from the violet eyes stopped her. Then she tried another tack, with a perseverance that was almost touching.

"The old earl left him every penny, Lilian—an immense fortune!"

"I know it," was the rejoinder. "It is the best match of the season, dear."

"I know it," again—low, and clear, and curt.

"And quite untrammelled, quite free—so they say."

"They speak falsely, then," was her almost fierce retort.

Lady Devigne drew a little nearer, aghast and alarmed.

"What do you say, Lilian?"

"Nothing," she replied, slowly and firmly. "I say nothing, mamma. You know that this subject is a tabooed one for you and me."

"But my dear child can expect a mother to have an interest in her child's welfare. Do you forget all I have done for you—how hard I have toiled for your happiness—"

A smile, bitter and scornful, curled the lovely lips.

"Mamma, you are tired and out of

form. Do I forget! Do you think I shall ever forget how your anxiety and motherly exertions on my behalf have utterly ruined and wrecked my life? Oh, go, mamma, and sleep the sleep of the just, and leave me. I know all you would say, every word of it. You come to remind me that the Percy Chester I jilted—

"My dear Lilian—"

"That the Percy Chester I jilted is still unmarried; that he is an earl and a millionaire—and that it is my duty to lay all my charms to snare him—to call up the past, and all its advantages, and use them to win a coronet!"

She stopped, not for want of words, but for very weariness and contempt. "That is it, is it not? I know it all, mamma, you see, and so you need not exhaust yourself by going over it. I am wearied to death—to death—with this perpetual struggle. And you—nothing you can do can help me. I pray and beseech of you to go to bed."

Lady Devigne looked inclined to interrupt; she only murmured a weak, inaudible protest, however, and stooped to kiss her beautiful daughter.

Lilian took the caress—endured it, rather—without a word, and Lady Devigne left her.

(To be Continued.)

La Milady's Boudoir.



DEODORIZERS FOR DAINTY WOMEN.

Salt baths for the entire body are excellent deodorizers. Empty a bag of salt in a tub and have the body thoroughly, or make a strong solution in a wash basin and sponge the body surface.

Moist hands are an unpleasant affliction, and if summer months produce this condition adopt the practice of using a little spirit of camphor in the water. If the condition persists, rub into the hands a lotion made of four ounces of cologne and half an ounce of tincture of belladonna, afterward powdering with rice powder.

Excessive perspiration of the feet is apt to produce corns between the toes; in warm weather, after bathing and drying the body, powder thoroughly between the toes with cornstarch or good talcum powder. Perspiration also makes the feet so tender that they blister easily.

To ward off this catastrophe, bathe with a lotion made with two ounces of bay rum and four grams of tannic acid. A very offensive odor from the feet, which fails to correct itself with the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness of the body, may be mitigated by rubbing with the following compound: Powdered talcum, 5 ozs.; starch, 1 oz.; salicylic acid, 4 scruples.

Sometimes rubbing the feet with alcohol after the bath will destroy the odor of perspiration and tend to prevent its recurrence.

Don't forget that shoes, as well as hose, absorb the moisture from the feet, and therefore air them well after resting and dust them inside with a disinfecting powder.

Church Union Carried

By the Presbyterian Assembly 406 to 88—Minority Proposed to Continue as Usual.

Winnipeg, June 14.—As was generally expected, the Presbyterian General Assembly voted to-day to enter into organic union with the Methodist and Congregational churches.

The official vote showed that 406 voted for the motion and 88 against. Of the ministers present 225 voted for union, and only 45 against. Of the laymen 184 voted for union and 43 against. The east voted four to one for union, and the west five to one for union. The number absent or not voting was 117. There was no demonstration of any kind when the final decision was reached.

At the evening service, Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell read a statement recording his dissent from the decision of the Assembly on the Church Union matter, and the dissent of those who signed with him. The dissent stated that the small minority, 45 ministers and 43 elders, regarded themselves now as the true Presbyterian General Assembly, and that they did not regard any of the other ministers or elders as having any right in the Assembly. They proposed, however, to go on doing business as usual under protest.

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To the Ratepayers of St. John's.

At the request of a large number of my friends, both East and West, I have decided to place myself in Nomination at the forthcoming Municipal Election.

Owing to the limited time between now and Polling Day, and the possibility of not being able to call on every elector personally, I would kindly ask them to accept this card as a personal canvass. I promise, if elected, to use all my energies to see that the civic taxes are spent judiciously.

H. J. BROWNRIGG.

Jun 16, 16.

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