drink, ma mere-it will put temper.'

deper drank her glass of state of the heart, my dear,' she said. Her try a little,' u can drink my glass as well for you must be tired, and I selp you lay the cloth. Don't best, for I am determined to at the bride. They won't ll stand behind the curtain, we had a peep I will go out which lead to the studio, and, in the other way.'

which lead to the studio, and, in the other way."

I have protested against this heart being warmed by the length gave way on the Mademoiselle Julie would fly intain the moment the bell stay more than a minute—enough to satisfy her curi-

nan having lit the gasrottedt tehen, leaving Juliao putt and giving the finishing touch on of the table.

In gleft alone stood for a gat herself in the oval glass oney piece.

Ich the glass reflected was certain atyle.

certain style.

he eyebrows were heavy and t the long lashes shaded the well be soft and loving. me, and vet he has tired of

uttered to herseli. 'I won-t would have taken, him to puppet. But then, she is is bound to her, and cande as he has me. Ciel, how lish woman! And he! He ha letter. Why he could ia dog out of the house . He should have known to think that I could live oother woman has taken my endure to die leaving him r woman to his heart. What

self up and turned from the

what they will,' she murwhat they will," she mur-nall not hear. Praise or il the same to me them! to the dinning-room, after flowers in a vase and re-table, took some bottles of thite, and proceeded to un-

e minutes over this, stand-

nced over her shoulder, as ad reached her ears; but t she turned again to the having finished her task, es on the table.
ne done so when the door

out of the girl's face, but her presence of mind.
she had seized her hat. chair, and had passed

a chair, and had passed n, and seemingly forget— to catch a glimpse of the ded past the old house-ined the little staircase ace, hobbling along in her ok her head in dispassionm men in general and the

threw open the door and e Srlrau and his lady with urtsies. ted Laura in due form. dame Godace,' he said. Godace,' has been to me keepers, and you will find llent cook. I hope she self this evening, andt hat

La Mere Godace is quite pot it she thought she nad u on this happy evening, to my poor home. he dining room by now, her travelling cloak on to

have little appetite,' she have little appetite,' she e dining-room, I suppose, a salon. How small the ow hot!' ttle inconveniences I am

the inconveniences I am ut up with, ma belle,' he slight sneer. 'But love, will change them to a e,' he added, stooping to

said petulantly.
ear, go and get ready for room is to the left of the

be curtain more fully to into the salon, and then, ble, poured hinself out a

ite wine.
itel!' he muttered, as he
ity glass. 'He has palmed
vine on me. To morrow
id make him understand
id has not spoilt my pal-

ming himself at the fire. ared, and then rang the dere Godace know that

or dinner.
or had excelled herself;
tasted the food, and, by Horace, drank some

ed, however, and somevity, the reckless gaiety tomed to in her, return-

in high spirits, and did Aere Godace's cooking; ad abused the wine, he

meal was over, the old ne table placed another om Page Fisters, j

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.) bottle of wine, which stood on the side-board with its cork drawn, on it, and then.

wishing mousieur and madame bon soir, took herself off for the night, saying that she should be back early the next morning if madame should wish for a cup of tea or Horace lit a cigar, and helped himself from the fresh bottle, pouring Laura out a

ond glass. Come. dear,' he said, 'a little wine will

'Come. dear,' he said, 'a little wine will bring back some color to your cheek, for I can see the journey has tired you. What Toast shall we drink? Our unceasing love?'
'That would be tempting Fate!' Laura answered with a laugh. 'No,' she added raising the glass to her lips, 'we will drink to forgetfulness. Let us live for the present, and forget that there is a past or a future.'

future."

'She emptied her glass as she spoke, and Horace followed her example.

'Bah!' he said. 'That bottle is worse than the others. I will have it out to morrow with the old sinner who sold it, and make him take it back. Deuce take it, it's strong enough, though; it makes

me feel sleepy.

He arrowsed himself with an effort, and He aruoused himselt with an effort, and drank more of the wine, but gradually ceased to talk, lolling back in his chair with a vacant look in his eyes.

Laura, too, was strangely weary, and, rising from the table, felt her head swim. What could it mean?

Surely it must be more then a coincidered the table of the strangely the strangely

dence for Horace and herself to be simil

arly affected in such a manner at the same She tried to shake off the feeling of

stupor which was fast overcoming her.
The effort was a vain one, however. All sorts of strange thoughts began to crowd upon her, and to chase each other through her mind. Could it be that she had been poisoned

and that Horace had already succombed to the action of some deadly drug?

If so, by whom had the poison beer administered? And for what reason? Surely it was not Horace himself who had drugged the wine of which they both

The very idea was preposterous.

There could be no advantage to himself in dooming both of them to death.

direction.
He must have wanted to live for many s year to come, and to share those years

What, then could be the explanation of the mystery?

Had there been a mistake—an accident?

She remembered now that he had com-plained of the taste of the wine, and had threatened vengeance on the merchant by whom it had been provided. Perhaps the latter had inadvertently

Or could he bave done so deliberately owing the artist a grudge, and resorting to such means to be revenged upon him? The girl's mind became utterly con-

fused at this point.

She could think no further.

She sank into a chair, and fell almost in-

stantly into a doze.

After a few minutes her eyes opened, and it seemed to her confused senses that there was a third person in the room—a woman—who stood by the table, looking down on Horace, who lay back asleep in

She tried to speak, to move, but both tongue and limbs seemed paralyzed.
Then she saw the figure standing by the table, take what seemed a packet from her bosom, and shake its contents into a glass, which she filled up with wine.

She saw the woman drink from the

glass, and then, stooping over the sleeping Horsce, kiss him passionately.

This was the last thing she remembered, for her cyclids closed, and with confused

CHAPTER VII. HONOUR RETRIEVED

Philip Lacy, after passing a few day of utter boredom in London, and finding that his regiment had landed, and were to be ed at Shorncliffe, made up his mind However, he determined to see Laura

once more, for the last time.

He told himselt it was tolly, worse than folly, utter weakness, and yet he could not bear to think that she had parted from him tor the last time in anger.
'I will ask her pardon, he said to himself

'and we will part as friends. I shall live it down, I daresay, but I should not be happy for a moment if I thought these ill chosen words of mine stood between us.

As he had left part of his luggage at the Peacock, he had an excuse to return to Moat; so having made up his mind, he drove at once to the terminus.

To his surprise, he met Sir Godfrey on the platform.

The knight was unusually gracious, and

The knight was unusually gracious, and as soon as they were settled in their compartment, he offered Philip a cigar.

'Yes,' he said, 'I am very giad to have you for a travelling companion. My return is quite unexpected. It was only this morning that I learnt a certain party I wished to see could not leave the Hague till next month, and, as we shall be in London by then, and I have nothing else to detain me now, I thought it best to re-turn to the Hall at once. It will be a little

turn to the Hall at once. It will be a little surprise for Lady Lyzztte, as I found hardly time to telegrapn.'

Sir Godirey and the young officer had not many subjects of interest in common; but they managed to keep up a desultory conversation till they were close to Church-

Then there was a shrill scream of the steam whistle, and, without any further warning, a tearful crash.

Philip was thrown violently across the

carriage, and, for a moment or more, lay

When, sick and dizzy, he managed to pull himself up, he found that the carriage was on its side, and that Sir Godfrey was lying huddled up in a fearfully contorted attitude, at his feet.

By, an effort of strength he wrenched open the upper door and with seintened.

By, an effort of strength he wrenched open the upper door, and, with assistance, managed to extricate the knight, but only to find that he was quite dead, his neck having been broken.

Dreadfully distressed as he was in thinking of Laura's bereavement. Philip felt that his first duty lay in doing what he could for others who had been injured.

Fortunately the accident hancened with

Fortunately the accident happened within little more than a mile of Churchlord, and assistance was soon ordained.

No sooner had he seen the body of Sir Godfrey decently cared for than Philip made all haste he could to break the news

to Laura.

Arrived at the Hall, his surprise was great when he learnt that she had left for Paris that morning to pay a visit to Miss Talbot, and that Sir Godfrey was to have

Talbot, and that Sir Godiev was to be joined her there.

Full of disquietude—for he remembered that the knight had spoken of his wife as being at the Hall—he hesitated what to do. If there was any mystery, telegraphing to Miss Talbot would only complicate matters, and if Laura was with his aunt—which seemed incomprehensible—she would

which seemed incomprehensible—she would have to make the journey back alone. At length he determined to go himself to The line would be cleared in a tew hour.

mail.

The butler accompanied him to Churchford, to see to Sir Godfrey's body being brought home, and after a dreary wait at the station, Philip found himself again in a train speeding back to London.

He was fortunate enough to catch the night express, and, on arriving at Paris, draws at once the above.

drove at once to an hotel, where he chang-ed his clothes and ate a hasty breakiast, after which, sithough it was still early, he made his way to the private hotel at which ne knew his sunt always stayed, He found Miss Talbot seated opposite a

commissioner of police in a state of great

Philip listened to the commissioner's tale with mingled teelings of sadness and relief.

What he had more than half feared had happened; and yet, even at the last mo-ment, Laura had been plucked from the

hand of her would-be-destroyer.

He gathered that an old woman, who looked after the rooms of M. Horace Salran, the artist, had been horified on entering the fist at her usual early hour, to find, as she thought, three dead bodies in the dining room, her master, a young woman named Julie Toldain, an artist's model, and his—her master's—newly-wedded wife, whom he had only brought home the even-

ing before.

She called the police at once, and on a doctor being aummoned, he found that had artist and the young woman, who had doubtless been his mistress, were doad, doubtless been his mistress, were dead, but that the wife lived; la fact, she had

already begun to recover consciousness.

She soon recovered enough to give the address of Miss Talbot, but refused to say anything more than that she and her husband had recently arrived from London, and that she knew nothing of the woman Julie Toldain; in fact she was too ill and weak to bear much questioning, so the commissioner had left ner in the hands of the doctor, and had hastened at once to interview Miss Talbot.

After a little consideration, Philp took the commissioner into his confidence, and told him all that had happened, as far as he knew it.

he knew it.

The police-agent supplied the missing links without difficulty.

'An old story, monsieur,' he said, 'But, as things have turned out, no one beyond yourself and madame here, who, I understood you to say, is your aunt, need know the truth. The lady is in no danger, having evidently taken but little of the poison, and can be moved here in the course of the day. Her evidence can be taken in her own room, and I will see that no particulars get into the papers.'

ner own room, and I will see that no particulars get into the papers.'

Philip thanked him warmly, and proposed at once accompanying him back to the flat, but here his aunt interposed.

'It will be much better for me to go, Philip,' she said. 'You can leave it to me to comfort her and bring some peace to her mind. You had better telegraph to the butler, or whoever is in charge at the Hall, and say that Lady Lyzatte is with me, but is too ill to undertake the journey to England, and that you will telegraph again in forty eight hours.'

Miss Talbot's maid soon had her dressed to go out, but before accompanying the commissioner she drew her nephew on one

commissioner she drew her nephew on one

'Philip, you had better not see her; at all events, not for some time,' she said. 'It will only make her feel her position more. Give me your address, and wait in Paris a few days, in case I should want you; but,

it all goes well, rejoin your regiment, and leave Lady Lyzette in my care.'

A week later Philip Lacy joined hir regiment, having never seen Laura since she parted from him on the fatal night of the

It was a September evening when Philip Lacy crossed the narrow meadow which lay beyond Miss Talbot's house, and vault-ed over the stile in the park tence. He remembered well that other

when he came there to say ye to Laura when he was ordered weign; and now he was there again to meet he Once move

Her face was thinner than had be, but its expression was of the young girl he he than that of Lady Lyzette. nan that of Lady Lyzette.

Her eyes met his tor a moment, and then sweetmeats and multitudino

sank, and the colour flickered up into her

sank, and the colour fickered up into her cheek.

'I have come as you asked me in your letter, Laura,' he said, gently. 'Perhaps I wrote prematurely perhaps I ought to have waited longer, but I did as my heart dictated. I own to you, Laura, that I fought against my love, that I trued to crush it but contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the contra so of the word that it is the word that it; but mouths ago I found that it was rooted in my heart for ever—that, without you, I must go through lite a solitary, un—

happy man.

'It is difficult to read a woman's heart, to understand a woman's motives. I make no effort to do so. I just ask you, Laura, to try and care for me enough to become

to try and care for me enough to become my wife.'
Philip, dear Philip,' the girl answered, 'it is like you to be good and generous, and I must try to do likewise for your sake. It is like you never to have mentioned the past, but how can I torget it I was a coward, and gave you up, loving dearly all the time. Then I went mad, I think, but that is no excuse for my sin and folly. One thing I can say tryly and that folly. One thing I can say truly, and that is that Horace Sairan was nothing to me. I even hated him, but I could no longer go I even hated him, but I could no longer go go on living the lite I was doing. All was as Dezd Sea truit in my mouth, and as I saw you despised me, I longed—loving you all the time dearer that lite—to make you share my agony. There, Philip, you have all the truth. How can you ask a woman such as I to become your wile?

'I ask it all the same, dear, he answered questly. I know how drawn work.

quietly. 'I know how dreary your lonely life must have been, and I fear my own names words urged you to utter reckless-ness. Come, dear, and let us strike out together a new life for the future.' He telt her tremble like a bird, but still she struggled to do what she thought was

right for him.
'Philip, consider again,' she murmured.
'It is true God saved me, and no one, no one but you and your dear aunt knows of my folly; but supposing anything was ever said, I should die it you had to blush tor your wife; and people wondered and whispered when I retused to accept my

marriage settlement, and returned all the jewels Sir Godfrey had given to me My darling,' he said drawing her to his heart, 'those are idle fears. You showed me by what you did how false you had been to your own self when you married the man your mother torced upon you. You told me, here on this spot, that you You told me, here on this spot, that you had not courage to resist her all unaided, and I ought to have gone and told her formally of our engagement before I left; the first false step you see was mine so now let me make atonement. Kiss me Laura; let the past be buried between us forever, and let us from today begin a new life and if we are poor at all events we have learnt that riches do not make bappiness.'

Laura's heart was very full as their lips met, and her eyes were dim with tears of bappiness, but the whole world seemed changed to her as they returned to the park and across the meadow.

The grass they trod on gleamed like gold The grass they trod on gleamed like gold in the rays of the setting sun; the rooks cawed overhead, as in long lines they made for their nests; the sir felt light and buoyant; all Nature seemed to throb in unison with her own heart, and in the fulness of her happiness, she looked up shyly into Philip's tace and murmured— 'I always loved you, dear, even at my

'And I you. darling,' he answered. 'So may our love last!'

The Land of Cocksyne

There seems to be no particular reason why anybody should work in Naples. To loaf in the sun and to play the lottery is as much as anybody but a severe moralist can be expected to ask of himself there. It may be true that honest labor wears a lovely face, but about Naples and the South Sea Islands one is almost justified in trying to get handsome in some easier way. Matilde Serao's 'The Land of Coc | black chiffon. kayne' (Harper & Bros,) is a gloomy and powerful story of the ravages of lottery gambling at Naples. Perhaps the ruin seems a little too general, the retribution too evenly distributed. Outside of books Fortune dosen't always play the part of Justice. But the fever and fury of gambling, the growth of the passion until it masters its victim, the absolutely selfishand hopeless monamania which it comes to will not be told more graphically or grimly than in this book. Here are several tragedies, real, visible, without hint of melodrama. Bianca Cavalcanti, her father, the Marqu's, incorrigible gambler for the good of the family; his batred and her love for Dr. Amati; Carmela, a girl of the people and her 'mucker' lover; the miseries of her sister; middle-class prosperity and smash-up in the Fragala household; the professor who sells examination papers; professor who sells examination papers; the lawyer who forges; the doctor who ruins his peasant parents; the stockbroker driven to suicide; the sisters, one a money lender, one the propieter of a lottery gams in love with honest workmen who will not marry them unless they will give up their money grubbing; the duping medium who pretends to give winning numbers mystically; his wife the witch; the masterful ustim of the victure the masterful ustim of the victure the masterful with drawing—a lime of the victure the drawing the drawing

Once more the drawing—a li are rrile deposition or chiffon.

The drawing—a li are rrile deposition or chiffon.

People who wade to day should read this footsep, and held out her hands.

It was eighteen months since he had seen her.

the

rom to ou , at h

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MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

6++8+8+8+8+8+8+8+8+8+8+8 How to be cool yet stylish is the probwins in the contest for supremacy as a topic of conversation.

It is impossible to thrust into the background anything which can so persistently impress itself on our physical being; so fashion may propose to the tullest extent but it is the thermometer that regulates the disposition of our clothes. An abbreviated bathing suit is the only costume which really appeals very strongly to our sensibilities. Nevertheless, the ruling passion is strong, even in torrid weather, and the fashionable woman never looses sight of the fact that she must have style, whether her gown is a simple muslin or a mos elaborate creation

It she were quite as determined about cultivating an expression to harmonize with her clothes, smiles would dominate the feminine summer, for the gowns are pretty and dainty enough to go with the most bestific of faces. It is a laudable smbition just to live up to your clothes, and it seems like sacrilege to look sad and dejected in a dainty mull or a gay foulard. The thinnest muslins have most seducive charm at the moment, and in the guise of the most absolute simplicity is a new model made of pale blue trimmed with rather wide bands of muslin in a paler shade. A darker tint is sometimes quite as effective but the color employed should govern the choice. Three circular flounces, giving the effect of a triple skirt, each one edged with a two inch band of the paler shade, made with a full bodice and reves shaped fichu of muslin in the pale shade. There are two ways of applying the bands, the prettier of which is by joining them to the edges with an open stitch. In the other case they are stitched on after the usual manner of using bands this season.

A pretty effect is made by alternating shaped bands of the two shades and joining them with the cross stitch to form the deep circular flounce so much used. The chic touch for this variety of muslin gown is a tancy buckle, or a hemstitched sash of

ating this season. They come in pretty, graceful designs and soft colorings, and they are quaintly trimmed with a little old fashioned ruffle corded at the top and edged with lace. Groups of vertical tucks with rows of lace insertion between all around the hips, and extending down almost to the knee, are the modern addition' to this style of gown, while the bodice shows the gathered and corded effect in puffs, outlining a bolero and encircling the elbow sleeves. The remaining portion of the hodice is in tucks and insertion. An odd feature is the belt of green taffets silk with black velvet ribbon in the centre crossed at intervals with medallions of ecru guipure.

The simple frock of white mull, very much on the order of the gown worn by our grandmothers in their youth has come around again for the young girls who can affect this style with becoming grace. One difference between now and then is that it is worn only by the discriminating maiden who appreciates that she possesses the peculiar artistic qualifications which lend the charm to its simplicity. The necessary Very small and as easy accessories to this kind of dress are the leghorn hat with a wide brim, and a real

of music seed with a frill. bem. Rows of narrow satin ribbon head

seements is seen in the combination of two kinds of lace, for example, Valenciennes and Irish lace, the former in a medium wide insertion, outlined on each edge with a narrow insertion of Irish lace. Two bands of this trimming encircle the skirt with medallions of Valenciennes lace between. The corselet belt and and voke em under consideration in the world of are also formed by the same encircling fashion just at the moment, for with the bands. A feature of the muslin costume weather in the 80s, it is the weather that is the hat with a ribbon ruche around the brim. This is an old fashion revived and carries with it no end of chic if it is worn with the simple thin gown

Apropos of simple hats there is one in a ort of sailor shape trimmed with two birds the wings wide spread and arranged so that there is one underneath and one on top of the brim hugging it close at either

A very noticeable feature of summer dress is the simplicity of color or rather the predominating use of neutral colors in delicate shades of gray and beige besides every possible tint of white. Even the foulards are delicate in coloring and are toned down still more by the use of stitched bands of cloth or taffeta in the predomnating color of the silk.

White linen bands are also used on foulard, and another fancy in the line of linen decoration on silk is the cut out design in conventionalized flowers or scrolls. Almost any combination of materials seems to be permissible as a means of extending the present craze for applique. White cloth. in bands or scrolls, on guipure lace is one very effective application. The hands heing stitched on the edge and trimmed close o the stitching.

Show This to Your Husbaud. 'What would you do if your wife should go out with the girls and come home at an inseemly hour of the night the same as my husband does with the wild and rollicking boys, and hang her boots on the hat rack and shove her bonnet under the lounge," writes Abigail. That is a diffcult qu stion to answer. We should never have a wife of that kind, and if we did have we should do just the same as Abigail ought to do by her husband. We'd - Well, we'd tell her if she ever came home in that condition again we'd give her away and then we would do it. We shouldn't have any use for such a precious partner and we would not waste words upon her.

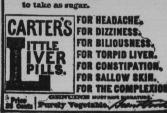
RICH AND POOR ALIKE use Pain-The printed flowered muslins are fascinating this season. They come in pretty, the season. They come in pretty, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

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