MODERN NEMESIS (By Margaret Kelly)

group of fomen who were sitting in of most pronounced Jewish physiogthe vicinity of the fire, some sewing, and one or two engaged in polishing specas and forks. In a very short with them all - her heautiful face and her gentle, winning manner finding their way straight to the hearts of those poor lonely creatures, whose lives saw but little of beauty or sun-

Dollio sat down amongst them, next to a very stately old lady, who was dressed in black, with a small black lace cap partially covering her snowwhite hair. She was a curious figure. Though engaged in darning some household linen, she had under her arm a bundle of about ten or twelve magazines and papers, whiist as many of the same as she could cram in bulged out of her capacious poc-

"Do you read much?" inquired Dol-lie, as a full in the general convercation occurred

"Yes, my dear," returned Mrs. Wilnow only for having to finish this

'Let me finish it for you, if you like I think I can darn fairly well " "To be sure, my dear I am not a great hand at darning, though I believo I have darned this same article until the original pattern has been entirely obliterated."

She handed over the towel with a sigh of relief, and to a few minutes Dollio had finished the darn

"You are quick — very quick," re-marked Mrs Wilcox "It would have taken me all the morning to do that, ning to assert herself, and already but of course I am not so young as I the trees were hudding and the spring used to be, and my eyes are not as birds singing Sybil Margrave was in

"You spoil your eyes, Mr Wilcox," interrupted Madame, "with poring over those stupid papers I am sure you have read those that you have a dozen times over."

"No no," replied the old lady, hastily; "it's not that at all - and I couldn't exist only for reading. Oh, no, not" and she drew her little shoulder-shawl tightly over her precious papers, as though to protect them against an enemy

"It would really be a charity if Mrs. Elsley took them away and burned them," responded Madamo, who had no sympathy for the idlosyncracies of other people. "I declare it is wretched to see you sitting in corners devouring them.

"You see how it is," said Mrs. Wilcox, with a sigh. put them down for one minute someone would snap them up and burn them. They are Goths-Goths!"

Dolllo was highly amused, but endeavored to console the poor old

"It's very kind of you to say so," said Mrs. Wilcox, fervently. It was tion he seemed to feel the tightening evident that sympathy on the score of a rope round his neck. He rose of her reading propensities was rare the last time I saw her. I was it. hopes she would have come in yester- pearance. "Give me something day, and I know she would have given me some more. She is a gem! God bless her!"

Dolllo echoed the last wish, and then a silence fell upon the party. It remained broken for some little time evaporated on the reception of the - long enough for Dollie to lapse into a deep reverie, from which she was presently awakened by hearing a rather shrill voice asking her "Do

you like cats, Mrs Bennett?" She arose with a start, then answered as she thought of her former pet, Minet. "Oh, yes, very much. At least. I have no particular love for cats in general, but I had one of my own that I was very fond of "

The questioner - a Miss Quick was satisfied, and continued to beam on Dollie for the rest of the day. Miss Quick was an old maid, rather sour of temper, and extremely hard of hearing. She had a hobby, and that hobby was cat-keeping. If she had been a rich woman, she often declared, she would have set up a home for neglected or lost cats. She was allowed to keep two at St. Margaret's These two were known as Tim and Zoe to most people, but their legitimate titles were Timbuctoo and Zoological Gardens, Miss Quick was one of the curiositics of St. Margaret's, and was one of Miss Marjory's permanent pensioners, she having been Sybili" connected with the Walton family as nursery governess in days gone by.

We will Icave Dollio here for a short time, where we may rest assured she will gain a little of that experience and knowledge of the world which she formerly lacked.

CHAPTER V.

"You mean to say you won't adance it? Well, you must be a -poll Why do you advertise yourself a a money-leader, theat'

The speaker was Alaric, Lord Sea-Suckingham street, Strand, interro-I voted flial attention, making much Sybil, overcome by the avowal she I Felix smiled again as the boy drag-

Madaine Conducted Dollle to a little gating Mr. Lionel Cohen, a gentleman

"Sit down, my lord. Do not excite sourself As for being a fool. — or otherwise, I think I know my busiti no Dollie was upon friendly terms | ness as well as you do yours - perhaps a little better."

> Mr Cohen began turning over various ledgers and examining papers Lord Scaford sat down angrily, and began smoking a eigar with victous

"No doubt what you say is true your respected father may be near his end. But then he has been at that stage for such a long time that he promises to go on indefinitely — and we must live, my lord, and we must have our money I don't see much prospect of getting what has been already advanced to you; and as for advancing more - well, it is a matter that requires thought-thought, my dear sir."

"Look here, Cohen, I understand you and you understand mo What infernal scheme are you plotting now? Or what — usurious interest do you want?"

cox benignly. "I read whenever I got | Cohen smiled placidly. "You are the chance Indeed, I'd be reading fond of a joke, my lord," he said, softly "But you use hard terms. It must have occurred to you-"

"Hang it all, I have no time to waste in listening to your explanations Give me the money and put on what interest you like."

Mr Cohen smiled again, and after he had presented several forms for signature Lord Scaford took possession of his thousand pounds and departed, cursing loudly.

The dark, cold days of winter were almost spent, and though it was but early in the year, Nature was begin-London and her wedding was to take place shortly before the first drawing-room, at which she was to be presented

Lord Scaford had been busy since the night when he had left poor Dollie lying prostrate on the fluor of the little drawing-room in St. John's Wood. He had wooed and won an heiress - and had anticipated the hand of Death's Angel at Huntleigh. His father now lay truly, as he had stated in the money lender's office, at the point of dissolution. How close a hand that dissolution was he did not know, and was consequently much

startled, and even shocked, to receive a telegram at his rooms saying that the Earl had died suddenly Dead! The news came upon him with a sickening shock Dead! And by his hand! He realized to a small extent the horror of this fact, and reeling to a seat like a drunken man, he staggered into it and sat for some time in be the Countess of Huntleigh no

an agony of terror. His hair stiffened, his brown became clammy, and currence of the Margraves with Sycreature by saying that she would his hands fell limp and lifeless by his but schoice, but she herself had not help ter to guard the cherished pa- sides. He was a nurderer! Horrori been in the least swayed by any mo-His eyes almost started from his head as in a fit of nervous imaginatremblingly and put out his hand to 'Miss Marjory gave me these papers reach the be'l His valet appeared, much surprised at his master's apbrandy," he said huskily. Brandy was soon forthcoming, and a draught of that potent liquid went far to restore to the new Earl of Huntleigh some of the courage which had so rapidly

> telegram. Verner was ordered to prepare to leave town immediately, and with muttered imprecations as he thought of the money he had that day borrowed Alaric made ready to go down

to Huntleigh First of all he must call at Park Lane and see the Margraves.

Sybil burst into tears on hearing the news Sho was tender-hearted, and the sight of Alaric looking so really ill made her feel that this was a dreadful blow to him, and - as they were soon to be one - to her also. She threw her arms round his neck, saying as he took leave of her, "Do be sure, darling, to take care of yourself. How I do wish I might come with you and help you to bear up a

little! Poor Alarici' Alaric kissed the sweet face uplift-

ed to his. "That cannot be, my dearest, but some day - and this is my only consolation - I shall have someone who will be my very own to sympathize with and help me. Good-bye, my own

Sybil murniured good-byo through her tears and then flew to her moth-

er for comfort. Sybil was deeply attached to her own father. The thought of his death would have been to her most poignant; that his mind must have become unanguish, and so, measuring her lover | hinged since his recent bereavement, by herself, she mourned as she and that he was the victim of some thought that he must be plunged into delusion

excessive grief. Everything seemed favorable to Alaric. The state in which his valet found him upon the receipt of the telegram was favorably commented upon amongst the servants at Huntleigh, and the housekeeper who had been judiciously bribed and flattered ord. He was standing in an office in spoke in highest encomium of his de-

of the fact that Lord Scalord would had made so impulsively, hid her face | ged off his apology for a hat and

The Margraves spoke of his care of the Earl, of his constant attendance tat Huntleigh, and now of what apat the loss of his father.

Only Dr. Eaves was not quite satissed He gave the death certificate, for he had visited the Earl up to the day of his death, and however dissatisfied he might be, he must make the best of it. The ordering of a post-mortem examination on the Earl's remains would mean ruin to him and destruction to his practice. Besides, after all, the uncomfortable feeling which he experienced, and which at times had actually amount-

ed to suspicion, might he quite groundless. Then, again, nothing that he could have done he had left undone except the fact of his not having been firm enough on the score of having a skilled nurso brought in However, the housekeeper had proved herself most devoted and able, and last of all, nothing that could be done now would bring the Earl back

to life So Dr Eaves quieted his

conscience and resolved to leave matters as they were, but somehow ho could not be cordial to Alarlo - a fact which that gentleman remarked immediately, and which put him into such a state of trepldation as to render recourse to the brandy decanter a necessity in fact from the day on which he learned of his father's demise he developed into a drunkard Ilis progress towards this end was perhaps slow, but none the less sure He was trying to drown remorse, to

deaden the sting of a guilty conscience, but he could not Ever the thought remained with him, over this secret care gnawed at his very heart. He became weary, careworn and list-

Sybil sorrowed for and with him. thinking, poor child! that he had not as jet recovered from the first shock at the sad tidings of the Earl's The Margraves were, however, some-

what surprised to hear of Alaric's intention of disposing of the Huntleigh estato. "I never liked it," he averred. "It is a dismai old place, and associated

memories. If I retained the place I should never live there." This last statement he knew would overcome their opposition to his breaking the entail, for their only reason for wishing him to keep Bunt-

in my mind with nothing but sad

them for some part of the year "What does my darling think about it?" inquired the new Earl as he stood with Sybil on the balcony of the house in Park Lane one balmy morning in the spring. Their marriage had been deferred for a short

time and was to take place in June. "Your estate did not enter into my calculations when I said I would marry you," said Sybil, with a look of reproach in her deep blue eyes. "? did not think of you as the Earl of ford's client stepped from the dock Huntleigh, but only as - Alaric."

This was perfectly true. The fact that their daughter would one day doubt was a factor in the ready contives of future rank and station, or of wealth No She loved him for himself, with a strango infatuation It is wonderful that some of the most abandoned villains on this earth of ours have been blessed with the fairest, purest and best of wives, and here was only one instance more of a young, innocent life being sacrificed before the Moloch of shameless

deceit. "I believe you," replied Alaric. He did believe her, and in her candor and innocence he worshipped her. He himself would have said that he loved her, but we must regard with scepticism the love that would condemn its object, at no matter what distant date, to a nide awakening, to a possibility of degradation, to a knowledge of facts that would be worse than death to an honorable soul. Lord Huntleigh (for by this title he must henceforth bo known) looked down at the lovely face up-

turned to his "Sybil," he began, in gentle tones, "the course of true love never yet

ran smooth.' Sybil laughed a little and replied "Really? But I am afraid the mmortal William will be at fault as far as we are concerned '

Alaric did not smile. Whatever had been his villainies, whatever they might be in the future, he had one desire, and that was that he might always appear in Sybil's eyes as she would have him be

He took her hand now with a pressure that was almost painful to her "Sybil," he said, so earnestly that the laugh died away on her lips, "I want you to promise that, no matter what you may hear, you will never

believe evil of mo The girl started, and for a second the thought flashed across her brain

"Of course I will promise," she answered, however, noting his look of entreaty, "I can promise without the slightest difficulty to believe you always the best, and the truest, and what is more, the most lovable man in the whole world!"

They had withdrawn now from the balcony into the room beyond, and

not have strangers around his fath- on Ataric's shoulder. He stroked the went in unabashed to Mr. Marchison er's sick bed, but preferred to place golden head and pressed a kiss upon there the Parl's trusty servants, it; then, feeling that some explanation he had been accustomed to for the exaction of this promise promise was necessary, he said: "Everyone stood before him has enemies, my darling, and you may be sure I am not an exception to this rule, and I have reason to bepeared to be his overwhelming grief lieve"-a sudden intuition here guided him into saying the very thing that sufficed to satisfy Sybil as to his reasons for this strange interview — "that one who loved you vainly would desire nothing botter than to see obstacles placed in the way of our union When a man is mad with disappointed love one cannot answer for his actions or words, and certainly

he is hardly answerable for them him-In talking in this strain Aluric had no particular person in view He thought it extremely likely that dozens of men must have loved Sybil in their time and that when he was quite safe in his reference to "one who loved you," and he wished to guard against any whisper of his past career reaching Sybil s car Now that he had put her on her guard he knew it was sufficient - she would nut listen to one word against him People might begin a recital to her, but she would never allow them to finish it, and that was all he requir-

But though he referred to no particular person in his speech, a certain person, Felix Woodford to wit, shaped himself in Sybil's mind, and with her recollection of their last interview she felt that without a doubt he had been subjecting Alaric to some annoyance. She flushed angrily an' then I notices another cove just as she replied to Alaric's last words on in front He was a youngish chap will never listen to a word against you from either friends or enemies. How oh my! didn't he just go for him!" could I'' she asked, looking at ter flanco with such wide-open, innocent blue eyes that hall an instant he was struck with remorse and wished he were what she thought him to he But that instant passed without giving forth the fruit of a good resolution, and Lord Huntleigh contented himself with clasping Sybil in his aims and almost frightening her with the shower of passionate kisses which he rained upon her

"You are at least a loyal, faithful little sweethcart," he declared, setting her upon her feet half bewilder-

Meantime the object of Sybil's scorn - the man who she thought was trying to avenge his disappointed love. Felix Woodford - was dining with his friend Marchison upon the occasion of having received his first

ing had overwhelmed the opposing witnesses with confusion and his speech on behalf of the defence was spoken of in the daily papers as a masterly piece of oratory to begin with, and as a sound, common-sense argument in addition, At all events, so well did our counsel for the defence acquit himself that the "twelve good men and true" who listened to him were unanimous in their verdict of not guilty, and Felix Woodtriumphantly to pick up the thread of his liberty that had so nearly been broken.

"Well, here's to Lord Chancellot Woodford," said Marchison when they were enjoying a glass of rare cld wine after dinner, "and may be always remember old friends, even though he sits enthroned high and mighty on the woolsack!"

Felix was not in very good spirits. Only that day he had heard that Sybil was soon to become Lady Huntleigh He knew, of course, of the engagement, but had hoped that, as Sybil was young, it might be a long one. He was continually thinking of her, and was haunted by schemes of snatching her from this young scion of nobility, whom he cordially dis-

liked and mistrusted But his schemes and plans were generally dismissed as wild, fruitless and impracticable. "By the way, Marchison," he said, instead of responding to the toast, "how is the masculine Venicsis getting on? Is he still satisfactory?"

"He is a treasure - a jewel, my boy! You ought to try and invest in just such another

"But you find his hobby - or I should call it his mania - rather inconvenient, don't you? "No, indeed, it is a very comfort-

able one, and causes no no expense Mrs. Marley's mania was one of incessant trickers and trying to circumvent me - and naturally I was as constantly trying to circumvent her I am sure she made a small fortune out of me before I grew wisewhich I did in time Ah! my boy, you have no idea of the wisdom stored up in this old hoddle!"

"Glad the old chap has turned out so well I hope he will be successful in his-"

Just as Felix uttered the last word there was a knock at his door, and a street arab was heard without inquiring for Mr Marchison.
"Who is it?" inquired Marchison,

as Felix went to the door "Who are you?" asked Fellx, smiling down on a small, ragged urchin

who stood on the threshold. "B'lieve I'm knowed as Ned Smith," was the reply, "an' I've come to see Mr Marchison on business connected with the law," winked knowingly and attack his hands in his pockets, vouchsafing the further information "It's perticular

an' immedyut." "You had better come .n, as you are such an important personage and your business seems so very press-

"Well?" olaculated that gentleman questioningly, and gazing with surprise at the young "unwashed" who

"Please, sir," said Ned, a little more deferentially, recognizing the fact that he was in the presence of one from whom he had expectations, "please, I've come to fell you that your valet's been and got himself run

"My valeti" repeated Marchison, lumping to his feet, but not realizing what the boy meant "He said he was your servant, so I

thought that-" Here it dawned upon Marchison that Brownedge - his old man-was the person referred to, and he began to shower questions upon the messenger in such overwhelming numbers and with such lightning like rapidity that the boy, after answering one or two, gare it up and sent Felix into

convulsions of laughter by turning

upon the interlocutor and saying

take me lir a bloomin witness. I

ain't used to enswerin' questions at

'Here, guy'nor, perhaps you-you

that rate" "Let him tell his story, Marchison, and then we can question him," said

Felix "Yes," replied the youth. "I'll try er the story-truth too-the whole truth and nothing but the truth and that's wot you ain't much used to gettin', I'll bet! Well, I was goin' along down Kensington way when I sees an old bloke running along full speed. I runs arter him an' says 'Go it, old un! Ten to one on you!' "Dear Alaric, you may depend that 1 - a regular Westender Well, present-will never listen to a word against you ly, the old un catches him up - an' Hero the boy went through a series of pantominic gestures representing a sort of free fight His listeners were open-mouthed with astonishment. Ned continued with great gusto. "Old chap knocks the gent down afore I had time to get near He was game, I tell yer, and only a bobby came up just in the nick of time—my heyel that young un would have copped it! The bobby said he saw it all-unpro-

voked assault - and run the old fellow in. Old man kept a-callin' out for you all the time; so, as I beerd him givin' your address an' all, I thinks to myself I'll just go down and tell the gent all about it "

Ned Smith stopped out of sheer breathlessness. "Did the young gentleman say any thing?" inquired Marchison.

"He looked reg'lar scared at first, brief Fellx had proved himself a but so would you if some one comed leigh was that Sybii might live near | brilliant lawyer. His cross-examin- up sudden-like and half-choked yer and knocked yer down, but when the bobby asked him about prosecuting he said as he would call an' see the Inspector, as he thought the old fellow was a lunatic. The old man was bustin' with rage all the time, and cussing and swearing too. Oh, myl ain't he a plucky uni"

"Well, here's a shilling for your trouble, boy. Thank you.'

(To be continued.) EDDY'S MATCHES

The Resson is not that they may not, but that they will

not be free. 1 Storyofa Woman who made up Her Mind that she had Suffered leve Enough-The Means Employed to

Euro Mor have Unred Thousands Rock Dale, C. B., April 7 -(Special.)-Mrs. David Riley, of this village, suffered for over eight years be-

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thing dreadful. She could not lift anything and was

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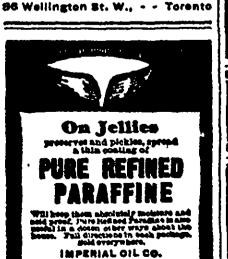
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