

## Her Hidden Destiny

Lord Elsdale had sent them, dear, to his love," Mrs. Claverling said, in her most cheerful voice. "And Dr. Close says you are to get up for a fortnight today."

"To get up?" Mrs. Claverling questioned, and she said pettishly, "I can't get up—I am too weak."

"Dr. Close says not," Mrs. Claverling turned in her most matter-of-fact way. "And, Barbara, there are two gentlemen very anxious to see you who are not to be admitted until you are in your dressing-room. Lord Elsdale has some wonderful news for you, dear."

"But, Goody,—the frail little fingers that fall the snowdrops and closed over Mrs. Claverling's hand in a fierce, perishing clasp—"If I get up, will they let come—and take me away?"

"And the words told Mrs. Claverling that the girl had dreaded, and what had retarded her progress towards recovery."

"Dear," she replied, "I have been wanting to tell you, but I feel that I must wait until you are better. There is a terrible mistake, which has been cleared up; we need not mind it just now. When you are stronger I shall know all about it."

"And Mark?" murmured the sweet, quivering lips.

"Mark is well, and would be quite happy, Barbara, if you were better."

"Is he here?"

"Oh, yes; of course, he is here!" replied Mrs. Claverling, smiling as she looked and touched the sweet lips with her own. "As if he would go while you were ill! Besides, Barbara," she went on cheerfully, "Lord Elsdale has taken so great a liking to him that I do not think he will ever let him leave again."

"The bewildered look which crept over Barbara's face was presently replaced by a peace of expression, and a little later she said that she would like to get up, if they would help her. But her weakness was so extreme that she fainted when they lifted her on to the sofa, and Dr. Close was resolute in shutting out all visitors on that day, and on the next Lord Elsdale alone was admitted, and his visit was only long enough to allow Barbara to murmur some entreaties for forgiveness for the trouble she had caused, while the old man kissed her with quivering lips and assured her in tender broken words of his unaltered and unalterable love."

Thus it was only on the third day that Newell Hatton was allowed; and she was carried by her own earnest entreaty, from the sofa to a great armchair, in which the frail wasted form looked more fragile than ever. Lady Rose, looking prettier than of old with the softened sweetness which had replaced her animated coquetry of manner, had been admitted in the morning; and, though her lips trembled and her eyes had filled at sight of the changed face which met her, her bright words and tender kiss had done Barbara good."

After that Lady Rose and Mrs. Claverling had a cheerful discussion as to what Barbara should wear, and various dainty wrappers were brought out for inspection; but, when Lady Rose those one of white satin edged with costly dark fur, Barbara's face contracted with a quick spasm of pain, and she shook her head. She would wear anything but that, she said faintly, and turned her face toward the wall in silence; and Lady Rose, a little puzzled, chose a soft white garment profusely trimmed with lace. Then this too could have been more becoming to Barbara's delicate beauty, which, though it had lost its brilliancy, had gained in tenderness and expression, and which no illness or anguish could destroy."

As Newell entered, she turned and saw him, and by a great exertion of her feeble strength, she rose to her feet, steadying herself by a hand on either arm of her chair; then, as he came up to her, she fell with a little cry into his outstretched arms, and burst into a passion of tears upon his shoulder, while the young man's eyes were dim as he bowed his head away quietly, leaving them together."

Presently, when the passionate sobs which brought such relief to the overcharged heart had subsided, Newell but her back gently into her chair and knelt down by her side, looking at the sweet wasted face with eyes so full of tenderness and sorrow that the girl smiled faintly at him."

"You must not look so sorrowful," she said in her pretty, pathetic tones. "I am getting better, and stronger every day. Mark, and I am so ashamed of the trouble and anxiety I have been to you all."

"My darling," he whispered tremulously, "something new and is delighted feels like a boy."



## A Toronto Man Tries Something New and Is Delighted Feels Like a Boy.

Mr. M. N. Dafe, manager of The Duffell Bros. Co., 29 Colborne street, Toronto, is telling his friends how he found health after years of illness and pain. He says: "I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for many years. I have been treated by local doctors and have only temporary relief, if any at all. I have used Anti-Pill I can eat anything the same as when a boy. I have been taking one Anti-Pill at bedtime for the past three months, and find they regulate both stomach and bowels. My old time vigor has returned, so that my spirits are buoyant and I feel normal. As a result of this untried for experience I am in duty bound to give all credit to this wonderful remedy, Anti-Pill."

Every drug store sells Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill, or a sample will be sent free by The Wilson-Pyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The remedy that cured Mr. Dafe is completely sure, it is surely worth a trial. The remedy that cured Mr. Dafe is completely sure, it is surely worth a trial.

lously, raising her hand to his lips. "Ah, you were always good to me, dear," she said, putting her hand on his head and pushing back the thick dark hair into which had crept many a silver thread during the last few weeks. "Your love has been a tower of strength to me all my life almost. Have you been very anxious, Mark? Was I so ill?"

"You have been very ill, dear," he answered, and we have been very anxious; but our anxiety is almost over now, and we are only waiting for you to be a little stronger before we take you away to some warmer clime, where your roses will come back to you."

"Who are 'we,' Mark? You and Goody, or you and Uncle Norman?"

"Does it sound very strange to you to hear me say 'we' when I mean the earl and myself?" he asked, smiling. "He has been very good to me, Barbara—far kinder than I deserved."

She shook her head with a faint, wistful smile.

"Then you are friends, Mark?"

"True friends, dear, for always."

"Ah, how good it is to hear that!" she whispered tremulously. "You know how good he has been to me, Mark."

"He loves you very dearly, Barbara."

"He must love me very dearly to overlook my shame," she said, almost bitterly.

"No shame touches you, darling."

"Not in your eyes," she responded, with a sweet smile at Barbara.

"Nor in his, dear Barbara."

"Ah, but—" she began; then her voice failed, and she turned her face toward the window in silence, while two great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Will more than a woman's tenderness the man at her side dried them and drew the pretty head upon his shoulder."

"Are you able to receive any news, Barbara?" he asked then, forcing himself to speak lightly. "Did Goody tell you that there were some wonderful tidings which you had yet to learn?"

"Yes," she answered languidly. "What are they?"

"He told me the sad story of the death of Lord Elsdale's eldest son, dear?"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, turning her face to him with sudden interest.

"There was a mistake, dear. Newell Hatton was not killed in that railroad accident."

"Not killed?" she repeated in astonishment.

"No; he had lent his overcoat to one of his fellow-travelers, and the poor fellow was mistaken for him. Newell Hatton was impossible. Newell Hatton escaped almost without injury."

"Then why did he not return?" Barbara asked, wondering.

"Because he was mad, restless, wicked," was the answer.

"And, when he came to his senses and to a knowledge of his sin, he felt that it was too late. His father had married again, and there was a son, who was welcomed as the heir. Would it have been right then for him to come back and bring disappointment to the young wife and her boy? Besides," he continued huskily, "he had not the faith in his father's love he ought to have. His father misunderstood each other. And Newell—he was young and foolish, remember, dear—liked the new life he had adopted better than the one he had left."

The wonder deepened in the girl's dark eyes. It seemed a passing strange to her that anyone should prefer toil to ease, obscurity to rank and wealth.

"So he kept away until he heard—heard of his father's trouble and anxiety about the little daughter he held so dear, and then he came back."

"I am glad," said Barbara. "Lord Elsdale must be very happy, Mark."

"He would be very happy but for his anxiety about you, my child," the young man rejoined, stroking the frail hand which lay upon his broad strong palm.

"He need not be anxious now," she said wistfully. "Have you seen Lord Hatton, Mark?"

"Oh, yes, dear," with a smile.

"Is he nice?"

"You will judge for yourself, Barbara."

"When I see him?"

"Yes, my child."

"Is he not very angry with me, Mark?"

"What for?"

"For the disgrace and shame I have brought upon his name," she murmured, and her trembling lips.

"Newell Hatton has no thought of you but what is most kind, Barbara. He thanks you for your goodness to his father with all his heart."

"His father will not want me now," she said, with a faint smile.

"He wants you more than ever, my dear."

She shook her head as it lay against his shoulder, and was silent for a space.

"You have more good news for me, Mark," she said softly then. "Will you give it to me now? And when I have heard it, will you listen to a prayer I have to make to you, and grant it, if you can?"

"There is nothing I will not do for you, Barbara," he whispered fondly. "But have we not talked long enough for today, dear? Goody will be coming back soon to scold us."

"I shall never scold you, Mark. Everything you did was right in her eyes. She used to scold me sometimes for being careless and discontented, and she was quite right, Mark. Ah, if you will only let me go back to Rose Colborne street, she said suddenly, pressing her hands together in her earnestness. "She shall never have to scold me again."

A strange gleam flashed into Newell Hatton's gray eyes.

"I will let you go back again, dear," he said softly. "Would you care to go?"

The heavy tears gathered in the sweet eyes which could not meet his. "I think I can never be happy anywhere else, Mark," she replied brokenly. "That was what I wanted to ask you and dared not. Will you let me go back there and be poor again? I have no right to be here; I feel that with all my heart. I never felt that I had no right there."

She had bowed her face and rested it on his arm, hiding her eyes there and trembling violently. There was a brief silence; the strong hand holding hers was a little unsteady.

"And you would go back to Rose Colborne street?" he questioned, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Oh, so willingly, so gladly!" she whispered.

"And I not poor now?" she asked in reply. "Mark, when I was with you I lived upon your alms, but—forgive me, she broke out wildly, as he made an impatient movement—"don't turn from me, Mark. I never felt my dependence upon you; and, when I am well again, I shall be able to work, you know."

"And the earl, Barbara. Are you content to leave him?"

"He has his son."

"But his son cannot take the place of the daughter whom he loves so tenderly."

She answered nothing, but pressed her face closer to his arm.

"Lord Elsdale loves you truly," the young man went on. "He told me—and he spoke but the truth, I am sure, Barbara—that the mistake I had made had been a blessed one for him. He only regretted it because it brought you suffering. It will be an ill return for his love if you leave him, Barbara. He is a good man, he has given you a most unselfish affection, and it is difficult at his age to make new ties. I think it is your duty to stay with him, my child!"

"And you?" she queried, raising her eyes, bright with tears, to his face.

"How am I to do without you, Mark? I am always mad, wicked, foolish, away from you. Think how nearly my life has been wrecked because you were no longer with me!"

"The earl wishes me to stay, Barbara," Newell answered, but his eyes did not meet hers as he spoke. "I shall be at the castle for a while at least, and when you are stronger, my dear, we will talk over the matter, and now are you too tired to receive a message from someone who has been very anxious and very unhappy all this dreary time?"

"Who is that, Mark?"

"Can it be not you, Barbara?"

"I am too tired to guess," she answered languidly, letting her head fall against his cushions with a long, weary sigh. "Tell me, Mark."

"He has been very unhappy, Barbara, and you must be merciful."

She turned her eyes upon his face with a quick, questioning look; he was rather pale and moved himself just then. A faint tinge of pink crept into the girl's thin cheeks, and she turned her face toward the window.

[To be Continued.]

## ANTS THE MOST CLEANLY TRIBE

### Are Pre-Eminent for Care of Themselves, Rather Than Industry.

Strasberg, May 11.—According to Dr. Escherich, a learned entomologist, of Strasberg University, Solomon erred in commending the ant to the sluggard as a shining example of wisdom and industry. The German savant thinks Solomon would have better justified his claim to be regarded as the wisest man that ever lived, had he extolled the ant as an exponent of cleanliness. He has just published the results of an exhaustive study of these wonderful insects. He combats the views of those investigators who assign to them almost human intelligence. But as exponents of that virtue which stands next to godliness, he maintains that ants stand pre-eminent, and if the human race would pattern after them in this respect, half the diseases on which doctors thrive, would vanish.

Ants, he declares, abhor dirt in any form about their persons. Nature has provided them with implements that serve the same purpose as combs and brushes in the hands of civilized folk, and they make far more effective use of them. They are never too busy to clean themselves. No job is so important to the ant that he won't stop off work to clean himself. He does not wait until his day's labors are finished to perform his ablutions. He is never too tired to lend another ant a hand—or rather a leg—to effect a thorough scouring. He will tolerate loading occasionally, for the professor asserts it is a mistake to suppose that ants are everlastingly hunting up jobs, but he won't put up with dirty neighbors. Cleanliness is the supreme law of the community.

But the professor rather detracts from the credit one would otherwise be disposed to give them for the practice of this most exemplary virtue, by telling us that ants are deceived to it by the conditions of their existence, he says, "they could not recognize each other nor communicate anything. The cohesion of the individual ants is maintained solely through the medium of the sense of smell. If the ant is covered with dust, the possibility of its being recognized is diminished to an extraordinary degree. The cohesion, in particular, must always be kept clean, for it is only with their aid that the ant remains in close communication with its tribe."

It is their highly developed sense of cleanliness, the professor says, which also explains the ants' "funerals," about which so much has been written. Ants, it is well known, carry their dead to definite burial places, where they arrange the bodies in most careful order. The little creatures do not, however, do this with the object of providing their dead comrades with a last resting place. Dr. Escherich states, citing their dead comrades with a last resting place, "they are the instinct of cleanliness, which impels them to remove all refuse from the nest and carry it away to a definite spot."

There are 303 schools in Canada for Indians, who number 107,637.

## FIFTY "SEMI-READY" STORES

### Extending From Coast to Coast in the Dominion of Canada.

In the cities of Canada "Semi-ready" stores have been established to the number of fifty. Nelson, B. C., is one of the last additions to the Semi-ready family.

So popular have they become with the best-dressed men that it is the intention of the Semi-ready Company to open more than one store in the larger cities. This has been thought necessary in view of imitators, who come with names with which they hope to make capital out of the Semi-ready reputation.

In this city and district the exclusive franchise for the sale of Semi-ready is held at 143 Dundas street, London.

## BABY WAS TRIPLETS

### Sued Because Three Hopefuls Arrived Instead of Expected One.

New York, May 11.—Should an \$18 baby-to-be suddenly have its price raised to \$50 just because it happens to be triplets, is the question that is to be decided in a Jamaica, L. I., court.

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"Doctor, we're expecting another mite of an addition to our family. How much will you charge?"

"Oh, \$18," said the physician.

The mite of an addition came. But it wasn't a mite. It was three little Rubenses. Whereat there was much joy in the home. That is, until the doctor presented a bill for \$50. Rubens protested.

"But," said the physician, "there were three."

"Don't I know that," the proud father replied, hotly.

"Pay," said the doctor.

"Nay," said Rubens. "You'll get \$18."

The physician began suit before Justice McLaughlin. Rubens obtained a stay. Three legal counsels developed, and finally a sheriff went to Rubens' home to seize property. Former District Attorney John B. Merrill was engaged by Rubens to fight the case.

When the facts were made known in court, the justice had trouble in keeping order. He snickered some himself, and set the trial for May 18.

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Paris, May 10.—The police authorities continue to make active investigations and are seeking to connect the recent bomb explosions with a widespread nihilistic organization. This has led to a number of confessions, reports that these bombs were intended to be used on the occasion of the opening of the Russian Parliament today to blow up the new Russian ministers and other distinguished Russian personages.

The police do not confirm these reports but continue to search the quarters of the Russian students in Paris. They have found with the effects of Strizka, the Russian student of the Paris School of Mines, who was recently killed while carrying a loaded bomb, a large quantity of explosives, and chemicals, and many cartridges.

The inquiries will continue to connect the revolutionary centers to the Russian nihilists.

Eimburs has been arrested, a socialist, collecting for the cause of the Russian system.

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