

HIS REPENTANCE.

"I kept thinking," she turned her colorless face to Sara as she spoke—"I kept thinking at Houlford of Uncle Richard; that if the old days could come back again, and I were at home with him at Houlford, in the old home as it used to be, I should be well soon. The thought kept haunting me. And, Sara, I am sure if my uncle were alive, he could cure me. I shall never believe otherwise."

She paused. Sara knew not what reply to make. Miss Davenall did not catch the words, and Oswald leaned on the back of a chair in silence, only looking at her as she lay.

"Where was the use of its haunting me, this conviction? Uncle Richard was gone. Mark kept dining in my ears that there were other doctors as good as Dr. Davenall, and at last I grew to think so too, because they were English. So I came over; I should have had a fever or died if I had not come; and now I see how foolish the hope was, for they can't cure me. Nobody could do it but Uncle Richard."

Miss Bettina had been bending her ear close to the invalid, and caught the sense of the words. "Why do you think nobody can cure you?"

"I feel they can't. No, Uncle Richard's gone, and there's no chance for me."

They got her ready, Oswald helped her down to the carriage, and she was conveyed home. The only home she would henceforth know in this world. Dora stood in the passage, and looked on as she entered the house. That the blooming young bride whom she had received into the Abbey at Houlford little more than two years before!

Sara gave up her room to her as the most commodious one in the house, herself taking the chamber at the back of it, which had been occasionally occupied by Dick and Leo. Caroline looked round the room as she lay in bed, a curious inquiring sort of gaze in her eyes.

"Have I ever been in this room before?" she suddenly asked.

She had never been in it. Her visits to Miss Bettina's, when she was in prosperity in Grosvenor Place, were not sufficiently familiar to allow of her entering the bedroom. Sara told her she had never yet been in it.

"I seem to know it all; I seem to have seen it before. I suppose it is a sign that I shall die in it."

She spoke dreamily, alluding to a superstition that she heard in her childhood, and probably had never thought of since. It was not a very promising beginning.

Miss Davenall wrote a line to Mr. Welch, the surgeon, and he called in the evening. Caroline was better then, calm and cheerful. Her spirits revived in a wonderful manner; but it was in her nature to be subject to these sudden fluctuations.

"I shall get well," she asked, when his examination was over.

"I will do what I can for you. The pain I think can be very considerably alleviated."

It was not a satisfactory answer. To most ears it might have savored of condescension, but it did not do to Caroline's. "Must there be an operation?" she resumed.

"No."

She looked up at him from the depths of her violet eyes, passing before she spoke again. "Monsieur Le Bien said there must be an operation, if it could be performed. If he said so, he did not seem sure. It was the only chance, he said."

The surgeon met the remark jokingly. "Monsieur Le Bien's very clever—as he no doubt thinks. I will see you again to-morrow, Mrs. Cray."

"But—say, I shall be ready to go back. You can put me in the proper way of treatment, and I will pursue it over there."

"Not by any means, you must not think of returning to France."

She looked puzzled; there was a wild expression in her eyes. "Do you mean that I will not be able to return at all?"

"Yes, I do. I say that you must not venture upon the shores of France again. We can't think of trusting to the care of that clever French doctor, you know."

And before Caroline had recovered her surprise sufficiently to reply, Mr. Welch had left the chamber, and she was down in the drawing-room with Miss Davenall. She bent her head as she waited for his opinion.

"Do you wish for the truth, ma'am?" he asked.

"What for what?" repeated Miss Bettina, putting her hand to her ear.

"The truth."

"Do I wish for the truth?" she retorted, affronted at the question. "Sir, I am the daughter of one surgeon and the sister of another. I don't know to whom the truth may be told if not to me. It is necessary that I should know it."

Mr. Welch gave her the truth; that there was no hope whatever. At least, what he said was equivalent to that.

"And the operation that she talks of?"

"It cannot be performed. The case is not an ordinary one."

Miss Bettina was for a minute silent. "My brother, Dr. Davenall, always said that Caroline had no constitutional disease."

"Dr. Davenall was right," returned the surgeon. "Mrs. Cray is one—if I may form a judgment upon so short an acquaintance—who could never, even under the most auspicious surroundings have lived to grow old."

He remembered a remark he made to Mr. Welch after Caroline's marriage with Mark Cray was fixed—that it was well she should marry a doctor, for she'd need watching. A fine doctor, indeed! continued Miss Bettina, frantically as she recalled Mark's later career.

"If my poor brother had but known I suppose it is all this disgrace that has brought it on!"

"It may have hastened it," said the surgeon. "But this, or some other disease, would inevitably have developed itself sooner or later. The germs were within her."

"And now what can be done for her?"

"Nothing in the world can be done for her, as regards a cure. We must try and alleviate the pain. That she will grow worse rapidly, there's not a doubt. Miss Davenall, she must be kept tranquil."

"Keep what? Tranquil? She had used to be one who would not be kept tranquil."

"Well, it must be tried. Of course the circumstances are unfortunate; here she and her husband abroad. She must be soothed as if she were a child."

It was all very well for Mr. Welch to say she must be kept tranquil; but Caroline Cray was one who had had an absolute right of her own all her life, and an excited one. When Miss Bettina went up to her room after the departure of the surgeon, she found her in a wild state. Her cheeks were crimson with impatient fever, her eyes distending. Sara, however, was holding her down in bed, begging her to be reasonable.

"I want to go back at once, Aunt Bettina," she exclaimed throwing her arms out to a sort of frenzy. "He says I can't go back to France, but I will go. What does he

know about it, I wonder! I was well enough to come, and I am well enough to go back! Be quiet, Sara! Why do you wish to prevent my speaking? You'll send me back to-day, won't you, Aunt Bettina?"

For once in her life Miss Bettina Davenall lent herself to an evasive compromise. She promised Caroline that she should go back when she was a little stronger, perhaps in two or three days, she said. And it had the desired effect. It soothed away the invalid's dangerous excitement, and she turned around on her pillow and went to sleep quietly.

But as the days went on, and the disease—the surgeon's forecast—rapidly developed as it became plain to Mrs. Cray herself that returning to France was out of the question. And then her tone changed. She no longer prayed in impassioned words that she must die away from her husband. One day, it almost seemed that her brain was slightly affected, perhaps from weakness. She started suddenly from the sofa in the drawing-room where she was lying, and seized hold of the hands of her aunt, her manner wild.

"Oh, Aunt Bettina! Aunt Bettina! If I had not to go over there to die!"

"Over where?" asked Miss Bettina.

"To France, you talking of, child?"

"There, Houlford. If I had not to go! If I could but stop in my own land! I should like to stay here for long!"

Miss Bettina, what with the suddenness of the attack and her own deafness, was bewildered. "I don't hear," she helplessly said.

(To be Continued.)

FALL FAIRS.

Western at London, Sept. 24-25.
Industrial at Toronto, Sept. 24-25.
Southern at Brandon, Sept. 24-25.
Wellesley at Wellesley, Sept. 25-26.
Central at Guelph, Sept. 25-26.
Great Northwestern at Goderich, Sept. 25-26.
London Township, at London, Sept. 25-26.
North Western at Hamilton, Sept. 25-26.
South Western at Belmont, Sept. 25-26.
Central at Woodstock, Sept. 25-26.
North Oxford at Woodstock, Sept. 25-26.
Mornington and Ellice at Millerton, Sept. 25-26.
Huron Township, Ripley, Sept. 25-26.
Mitchell at Mitchell, Sept. 25-26.
North Waterloo at Berlin, Sept. 25-26.
West Wellington at Harrison, Sept. 25-26.
North Perth at Stratford, Sept. 25-26.
North Bruce Union, Port Elgin, Sept. 25-26.
East Wawanosh at Delaware, Sept. 25-26.
The Golden Fair at Brudenell, Oct. 3-4.
Hansard at Kitchener, Oct. 3-4.
West Niagara, Thorold, Oct. 10-12.
Canadian Ag. Society, Brudenell, Oct. 12-13.
Highgate, Brudenell, Oct. 12-13.
Tilbury West at Comber, Oct. 17-18.
East Huron at Brudenell, Oct. 17-18.

Summer Weakness.

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla like magic before the action of this great medicine. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills. They should be in every traveler's grip and every family medicine chest. 25 cents a box.

"John," whispered Mrs. John in the dead of the night, "there are burglars in the house. I heard them." "Very well, my dear," murmured John, sleepily, "I'll attend to it the first thing in the morning."

Nothing impure or injurious threatens the popular antidote to pain, throat and in general and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Smithing (meeting Fastboy in the early dawn)—Moses, you're a sight! What happened last night—were you waylaid? Fastboy (much dilapidated)—No. Midwayed.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Though doctors tell us we're afflicted with imaginary ills.

For treating them they never present us with imaginary bills.

A man who should always be the same especially to his family, but if he is nervous and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, he cannot be, for they will make him "feel like a different person," at least as they tell us, and their husbands say so too.

"You have a natural ability for acting, Vanchump. Whatever kept you off the stage?" The stage manager, my dear boy," replied Vanchump.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Calumet or Purgative Pills as they are extremely mild and gentle in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Charlie Bonelipper—There are moments in every man's life when money is a curse. Gus Fawcett—Yes, when he hasn't got any.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for the relief of the WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS CRIES, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"It remains to be seen," as the boy said when he split the ink on the tablecloth.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN.—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of NUTRIMENT & LYNN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keener relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT, (Signed.) General Merchant.

Wotton, P.Q.

The Tree-Planting Society of Brooklyn is trying to check the nibbling of trees by horses. It is certainly a-gawing.

The Four Cardinal Points.

The four cardinal points of the head are the nose, the eyes, the ears and the mouth. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Purifier cleanses the blood, drives out every poison of the blood, cures every skin disease, restores the system, and gives the system a new lease of life. It is the best medicine for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

"That's a fine baby, Virginia. How much does he weigh?" "Depends on the time of day. About 3 o'clock in the morning his weight seems to run up to about 80 pounds."

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Mamma—Now, Teddy, we must all try and give up something while times are so hard. Teddy—I'm willing. Mamma—What will it be, dear? Teddy—Soap.

Attender From Keweenaw.

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BUSINESS BRIGHTENING.

Big Mills to Resume Operations—Thousands of Unemployed Work.

HONOLULU, Pa., Sept. 3.—Notices have been posted in the Carnegie steel mills that all departments will be started in full Monday morning. The resumption gives employment to 2,000 men who have been idle for several weeks.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 3.—Agent Parker, of the Pacific mills, announces that the main cotton mill and yarn mill will be started Tuesday, Sept. 5. Lower mills will resume another week. Work will be furnished to 2,000 by the opening of the former mills.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 3.—The Wm. Clarke Thread Company, of Westerly, will resume operations in full Tuesday after a shut down of a month.

LOOKS BIG ON PAPER.

E. A. Macdonald's Great Scheme—Ship Canal and Great Water for Toronto.

TORONTO, Sept. 3.—A special committee of the city council Saturday recommended for acceptance by the council E. A. Macdonald's scheme for bringing water for power purposes to Toronto from Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay, and also for the construction of the Georgian Bay ship canal. The offer of Mr. Macdonald, who refuses to state who the backers of the project are, is to build a 900-foot dam at work before July 1, 1894. The project is regarded as visionary, and will be warmly opposed by the mayor, who says he is not prepared to give a franchise to anyone until it is seen whether there is any money behind the projectors.

"AFTER THE BALL."

The Latest Craze and the Author of It.—Wishes He Had Never Written It.

"Touchstone" writes: "Everybody has gone crazy over 'After the Ball.' If you drop in to see a fair charmer on a summer afternoon, ten to one you will find her teaching herself to play the insinuating melody on her lute, or her piano, or her guitar. If you go to any social event nowadays before the evening is over the same tune is heard from the orchestra. If you wake up in the middle of the night you hear some hilarious person shouting the song through the empty streets. If you arise early in the morning you find that the young apprentice enlivens the journey to his daily labors with an exuberant whistle, and his tune is always 'After the Ball.' If anyone has formed any idea of what the author and composer, Charles K. Harris, looks like, they will not be surprised at the information I have to offer about the gentleman. I had pictured the poet who described the pathetic relationships between breaking one's heart and breaking a glass of water (with a shattering thud) as a long-haired person with a cut in his eye. But this world is full of surprises. Harris is a trim young fellow, with crisp curling hair, a diamond, a brown mustache and natty clothes. He comes from Milwaukee, the city of humor, and no wonder, for the comedy of his life is a comedy. He wrote 'After the Ball' eight months ago for an amateur minstrel show, and composed it after coming home from a week's music to take down after a stereographic fashion the melodies that drip from his sensitive fingers. He has already sold 800,000 copies of the song. By the golden locks of Godiva these facts, and this also is true. Harris wishes he never wrote the song, because where he will be heard nothing but 'After the Ball,' and it has become to him as the great which worried the ear of a certain biblical king. His only solace is that all things die, songs as frequently as other things."

A Lunatic's Suicide.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 3.—Several hundred men and women—inmates of the Hamilton asylum—were given an excursion this morning down the inclined electric railway from the mountain and on the steamer Macapra to Hamilton Beach. In spite of the utmost vigilance exercised by the attendants, an insane man named Lunacy Lafortune jumped overboard from the steamer and was drowned. La Fortune comes from Port Royal, near Port Rowan.

True Economy.

No matter how many hundred doses of any other medicine are ordered for \$1, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the cheapest blood purifier sold through druggists, because it's guaranteed, and your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure.

With its use you only pay for the good you get.

"Can you ask more?"

"It looks serious with Kate and Charley. There they go now hand in hand." "It is always a serious matter for a man to take his 'life' in his hands, and that's what Charley tells Kate she is."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

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TO TACKLE THE TARIFF.

Congress Will Begin Inquiry at Once—Closure on the Silver Debate Extended.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 3.—Hearings on the tariff will begin before the ways and means committee of the House to-morrow (Monday). The committee is manifesting an intention to proceed with the public hearings as expeditiously as possible, and to prepare a tariff bill to be submitted to Congress and passed through both houses as expeditiously as possible early in the regular session. The applications for hearings by manufacturers and dealers interested in the tariff continue to come in rapidly, and days are being set apart for the arguments on the various industries affected.

Senator Sherman has expressed his willingness to vote for the passage of a closure rule on the silver question. He is said to be now of the opinion that in this manner only can the majority of a legislative body best assume and exercise that responsibility with which it has been clothed by the people.

BLACK BECOMING WHITE.

Remarkable Change in the Condition of a Kansas Colored Woman.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 3.—Mary Tiber, colored, who lived at Sixth and Charlotte streets, was declared insane by the county court about a year ago and sent to the county farm. She was about 25 years old and very black. Since she has been at the farm she has changed from a black woman to a white woman. The change has been gradual, and now her body and neck are perfectly white. A black band extends around the head from the chin to the top of the forehead, and then meets with a perfectly white scalp. This portion of black skin is now rapidly disappearing, and in a few weeks the woman will be perfectly white. She is whiter than the Caucasian people, and her color is much the same as that of an albino, without the natural look of healthy flesh. The color is a dead, dry white, like paper. Her case is considered most remarkable, and has created much surprise at the poor farm and even fear among the inmates. The woman is still insane and cannot talk intelligently.

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