

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

## CHAPTER X.

The twenty-third of September was of the fairest days that ever dawned, bright varm, with a clear blue sky. The wedding day had come quickly. Once,

and only once, had Violet mentioned her approaching marriage to the stern woman who heart had been seared in her youth. Aant," she had ventured to say, " when

girls are married, they have a nice wedding ess, do they not?" Some do, and some do not," she replied.

"They have new clothes, do they not Do you know, aunt, that I have but two

'Yes, I know," replied Miss Atherton but I cannot help it. I have found the money to educate, clothe, and feed you. I shall not attempt to defray the expenses of your marriage.

The tears rose to Violet's eyes. "Must I leave home, then," she said, "without even a decent dress to be married or to travel in ?

I am afraid so," replied Miss Atherton "If you were going to settle in any other way, I would part with half my income to be of service to you ; but I will not raise one finger to help you to get married." Violet said to her lover that same even-

ing : "Randolph, did you tell me one day that

you liked the blue dress I wear better than any you have ever seen ?" "Yes, a thousand times better," he replied

" better than the royal robes of a queen, or the court dress of a duchess.

"What do you know of queens or duch-esses?" she asked, laughingly. He checked himself just in time.

At least, Violet, I like it better that any dress I have seen worn by royal and stately

mes in a picture." "I am so glad," she said. Then looking at him with sweet, pained eyes, she whispered, "Randolph, I wanttospeak to you about some-

thing very important." He was delighted, charmed.

•What is it, my darling !" he asked. "You make me the happiest man in the world. What do you wish to speak to me about ?"

"I wonder if you will mind it very much, she said, clasping her white hands round his arm-the nearest approach to a caress that

she had ever given him. She looked up with such anxious, wistful eyes into his face that he thought she must

surely have some great favour to ask him. He gave a sudden start of alarm.

"Oh, Violet," he cried, "you are not sure-ly going to ask me to let Miss Atherton live with us! She laughed so heartily that her hands fell

from his arm, and all the pathos died from her

"It is not one-half so dreadful as that. Oh, Randolph, what an idea ! Why, Randolph, Aunt Alice would no more live in the same house with a man than she would fly! You could not dread her more than she dreads you; but it was not of her I wished to speak. Randolph, I am so dreadfully ashamed to tell

you." "You can surely say anything you like to me?" he replied. "Take courage, my darl-ing. If it be the half of my kingdom that you desire, you shall have it."

"What kingdom have-you except in the realms of fancy?" she said, with a laugh. "Randolph, it is about my wedding dress I want to speak to you." Once more she clasp-ed her white hands round his arm, and gazed with wistful eyes into her lover's face, \*Randolph, now tell me the absolute truth. Should you mind very much if I were married old blue dress ? in my

Not one whit," he answered, staunchly "To my mind, no other dress could suit you. so well

wish. "I cannot imagine any one married with-out a wedding cake," Violet had said, iteously. To marry without money or love might be venial offence, but without a wedding cake was not to be dreamed of. The eager young lover sent off to London and ordered a bride things for which she had longed, but which she had never possessed. With all these things spread around them, aunt and niece looked at each other. It was a necessity that they should return

in an old blue dress."

that ?

of heart.

CHAPTER XI.

"Those are the gifts of your lover, Violet." to the cottage after the ceremony ; even Miss Atherton owned, with a snap that almost an "Those are the zits of your lover, Violet," said the stern lady, with a slight relaxation of the face. "He is very generous, I must say, but equally imprudent. He must have spent all he has in the world." "He has sold a picture," said Violet, to whom the selling of a picture accounted for nihilated Lord Ryvers for a time, that Violet could not start for the Continent in a veil and vreath. "Ineverintended her to enter my door

after she was married," said Miss Atherton ; but in this case it cannot be helped." everything wonderful in a financial way. "Probably," said Miss Atherton ; "but, To her surprise, when they reached hom he squanders in this way all the money he makes by his pictures, what will you live the table in the pretty little parlour was set, decorated with beautiful flowers, the bride

cordar

ice with what he believed to be

frankly

cake being placed in the middle between-worst of all !--two bottles of champagne. "He will not do it again," said Violet; "it is only this once. Perhaps, after all, he did not really like the idea of my being married Lord Ryvers was amused at her expressed horror. He thought, and thought justly, that this was one of the most original of weddings. There was no kiss, "You have discussed the subject with him then ?" said Miss Atherton, dryly. "Oh, yes !" replied Violet, eagerly. "I told him I had little choice in the matter of no carress, no wishing of happiness or joy, not that that mattered for he was in an el

sium of love and Violet in a maze of delight. She laughed when Miss Atherton looked at dress, and he said nothing could suit me better than the old blue cashmere; he never the table, and, uplifting her hands, cried : "Bride-cake and champagne in my hinted even at making me this present. Per haps he has more money than most of the ar-tists who have come sketch St. Byno's."

"They generally accompany love and mar-riage," said Lord Ryvers. "They generally accompany extravagance and ruin!" cried Miss Atherton, and she, steadfastly refused to touch one drop of the markling refu "He certainly knows how to spend it," said Miss Atherton; and she made many mental comments on the matter. She did not do what Violet feared—forbid her to keep the contents of the box; she acsparkling wine.

"This is my first glass of champagne," said cepted her own share, and was pleased to Violet. "I have often thought how deliciou it must be, but have never tasted it." "I hope your life will be as clear, shining,

It was was Violet Beaton's wedding day, and bright as the wine in your glass," crie the 22nd of September. The sun shone, as it had not for some days, with a radiant warmth he young husband. Miss Atherton gazed solemnly at her. "I hope it will be your last, Violet. You that gladdened the whole earth. "My wedding day !" was Violet's first

have married an extravagant man, who will never rest until he has ruined himself. I hope thought on opening her eyes; but there was no passionate rush of happiness through her heart; she was simply well pleased, well conyou will have more sense than to fall in with is absurd notions. tent. She liked to think of her handsome 'I shall try my best to be sensible, aunt,' young lover, to remember the loving look in

shart ty my best to be sensible, and, replied the fair young bride. She could laugh now that she would soon be away : but Miss Atherton's coldness and sharp-biting tongue had always been a great his eyes, to think of the music of his voice; it was pleasant to recall the lowing words he had lavished upon her, to remember how fond sharp-biting tongue had always been a great trouble to her. The beautiful face of the young bride on her wedding morning was

had tavisited upon her, to remember how tond he was of her. "And from to-day," said the girl to herself, "I shall be always with him; we shall never be apart again. I wonder if I shall like pale as a white rose. The novelty, the bright ife before her, were delightful, but she missed what enhances the happiness of most girls-a mother's kiss and a father's cheery blessing. After thinking over the matter for a short time she came to the conclusion that it would be, in her girlish mode of expression "very When the obnoxious champange was inished, and some little inroad had been made

nice." It would be "nice" in the first place, to have a companion who was young and light nto the bride-cake, it was time to go. Lord Ryvers had detained the carriage that they might drive to Carrington railway station. She thought of his kindness, of his indul-When Miss Atherton heard that, she subsided gence to her, of the caressing voice in which he had always spoken to her. She thought of nto stony silence; no other words were need

ed or used. her pretty dresses, of all the beautiful presents he had made her. The life lying before them seemed so fair. He was to take her to all the " The end of all this extravagance mus ome," she repeated to herself again and again; those people who would sleep upon roses nust feel the thorns,"-seeming to derive lovely spots of which she had read and heard, nust and then they were to settle in a quiet, beautiful home ; and then-well, her imagination reat satisfaction from the thought The moment came in which aunt and niece failed her-then there was something like a bade each other farewell; and then Violet ooked into the stern, cold face with weeping blank. She could not realize what was to

come, after all the excitement of travelling was over. There was no longing for home, and, above all, for home with him, in her heart; but it would all be nice, pleasant, cheery, sunshiny-different from the lonely life she had led with her grim old sunt. eyes. Give me one kind word, one kind wish, aunt," she said. "It seems cruel, that I should leave what has been my home without one kind word."

one kind word." "You have pleased yourself; you have married in defiance of my wishes, you have married a man who seems to think extrava-gance a virtue. I have a few words for you --words of prophecy--that you will find thorns, sharp and long, in your orange blos-Yet, pleasant as was the prospect before her, there was some sensation of pain at leaving to so many things-to the pretty cottage, to the bonny woods, to the rushing river, to St. Byno's, to stern, silent Aunt Alice, who, despite her severity, had a tender spot in her heart which Years afterward the words returned to Vio-

Violet had nover quite reached. It meant good-by to the dreams and visions of girlhood about which there had been a fragrance let's mind, and she knew that they indeed had een prophetic. Lord Ryvers overheard them and hastened sweeter than that which hung about this pre-

wedded wife?" but it did not strike her as being in any way peculiar, nor did she think any further of the matter. and he began his married life as blithely as if he had not had the proudest woman in En-glagd for his mother, and the most thoraugh Any further of the matter. There had been no preparations for a wed-ding breakfast. Miss Atherton would not hear of any; but Lord Ryvers had seen tears in Violet's eyes, and had acted in ac-cordence with later of all aristocrats for his wife.

TTRE WEEKAYAMAIL TODBONGO, THERESDAY, MARCH 220, 1984.

CHAPTER XII. Never did life open so fairly. Lord Ryvers had taken his beautiful young wife direct to Paris; he knew that everyting there would be a novely to her-hotel life perhaps the greatest of all. He had taken her at once to Meurice's and Violet was as much astonished ice's and Violet was as much astonishe

as he had expected her to be. On the morning after their arrival he asked her what she should like best to see-park, palace, places of historic interest, cathedrals, grand old shrines-what should it be? And the looked with wender and interest in her

eautitul eyes. "Take me first to the site of the old Bastile," she said, " and to the streets where, in the time of the first revolution, the blood of he people ran like rivers."

The words struck him as being very forci-ble; but he yielded at once. She was a bride of twenty-four hours, and her least wish was

of twenty-four hours, and her least wish was sovereign law. ., Would you not like best to see the Tuil-eries, the Bois de Boulogne, or the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame?" "No; I prefer what I said. I should like to see the site of the grim old Bastile. My sunt gave me the 'History of the old Bastile'

to read, and I have shed many tears over it. Ah, what days they were! I think that, if ever 'God arose in history,' it was at the time of the French revolution, when the voice

of the people found hearing, and their 'wills worked woe.'" "What a fierce democrat you are, Violet !" he said, laughingly. "I should think you are the first bride who has made such a curious

"Other brides have probably had a differ-ent training," she rejoined. "They have been taught to admire what I have been taught to hate. I must say that Aunt Alice has succeeded perfectly well in imbuing my mind with her own ideas."

Lord Ryvers laughed; but there was some-thing in the sound of his laughter which suggested uneasiness. "I believe it is a mere theory on your part

Violet," he said. I am sure if a ha young earl or marquis had asked you to marry him, and you had loved him, you would not have refused him simply because he was an aristo-

crat ; now, would you ?" "Yes," she replied after a few moments ilence. "I would. I would have refused him even if my refusal had broken my heart. But then, you see, Randolph, I could never gave loved an aristocrat; my own instinct would have been all against him." And she wondered why a shadow fell over the face of her young husband, "I detest selfishness and self-indulgence, and those are the two great characteristics of the aristocracy. My own nstinct would keep me from loving a selfish

nan." "I do not think you judge fairly, Violet," he said. "I grant that among the aristoc-racy there are selfish, self-indulgent men and idle, useless women, perhaps worse; but I must say this also, that the finest, bravest, noblest men in the world are to be found in the ranks of the British aristocracy, where you may find also the grandest of women."

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile. "You do not know, Randolph; you have not been told so much about them as I have." Then her beautiful face brightened with laugh Then her beautinin face brightened with laugh-ter. "Do you know," she said, "that you are not agreeing with me? That will never do. We must love and dislike the same things. If I cry. 'A bas les aristocrates ! you must repeat the words," She wondered why his face darkened. He know that in uttering these words abo are the hour.

knew that in uttering those words she con-demned mother, sisters, relatives, and himother colour.

"You will not repeat it ?" she cried. "Al well, in time, when I have told you all the things my aunt has told me, you will think as I do !" For a moment a sudden deadly fear

For a moment a sudden deadly lear came over him. What if, when his secret were known to her, and she found she had married one of the race she hated what if she resen-ted it, and ceased to love him? He turned to his young wife, whose exquisite face glowed with the fervour of her own words. "I wish, Violet," he said, "that I could

of royalty spread over Paris. If she saw one

But her heart turned invariably from the

thoughtful face-"I wonder, Randolph.

when the great difference between man and

again with questions that he could neither

like nor answer. But in the meantime he tried to educate

her, to incline her to what he considered a more just and impartial mode of thought.

fectly consistent. Any revelations of cour-

age, of nobility of character in one of the

people, would draw forth expressions of ad-

niration from her, just as the sight of a cres

r a coronet would draw from her derision

and scorn. By degrees these things forced themselves on his mind, and he stood app lied.

He said to himself that before he told her

his secret he must bind her heart to his so

closely, so tightly, that nothing could even

detach it—so firmly that her prejudices would

That evening as they sat in one of the beau-iful saloons that look over the gardens of the

Tuileries, Violet sung to him, and this

"I wonder where we two shall meet, I wonder if old love still lives. If years must pass ere one forgets, If years must pass ere one forgives, If fate will lead our footsteps on Until the waiting hours be past, When Truth shall lead her golden light And heart shall best for heart at last? Sometimes, sometimes thus I wonder.

all die in the light of her love,

the song she chose :

He found that, right or wrong, Violet wa

oirth or wealth.

great ?

persuade you to be more t

"Tt

If time has flown on silver wing, Or brought the flowers that bloom and fad If you, like me, can still hope on, Believing we shall live again, Forgetting all the parted years, When pain was bliss and bliss was pain 1 Sometimes, sometimes thus I wonder, Love-I cannot tell you why. Once we loved long ago; That may be the reason Love must waken by and by."

"A sweet song and a sad song," said Lord yvers-"not a song that suits me, Conere, Violet !"

"Here" meant to the balcony, from which they could see the grand old palace where kings and queens had reigned, suffered, and enjoyed, the grand old trees that stood serene and calm, although the kings that had once admired them had died in exile, and queens who had loitered under their shade had laid their heads on the block.

The moon was shining bright as day. "Why not sing to me," he cried, passion-rely, "of happy love-love perfected as is ately, ours?"

'Is it perfected ?" she asked. "I read yesterday that love is made perfect by suffer-ing. If that be true, our love, Randolph, is far from being perfect yet." "If that be true, may it never be perfect !" he said. "I would rather never have love than win it through suffering."

In after years the words came tack to him and to her-to her, in the brightness of day. light and in the silence of night.

To be continued.

## WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A Mother's Yearning "If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe And scariet stocking lying on my knee. I knew the little feet had pattered through The pearl-set gates that lie 'twirt Heaven and me I could be reconciled, and happy, too, And look with glad eyes toward the Jaspen see.

"If, in the morning when the song of birds Reminds us of a music far more sweet, I listen for his pretty, broken words, And for the music of his dimpled feet, I could be almost happy though I heard No answer, and saw but his vacant seat

I could be glad if, when the day is done, And all its cares and heart aches laid away, I could look westward to the hidden sun. And with a heart full of deep yearnings

say, \*To-night I'm nearer to my little one By just the travel of a single day.'

If I could know those little feet were shod

In sould know those ittle feet were shod In sandals wrought of light in other lands, And that the footprints of a tender God Ran side by side with his, in golden sands, I could bow cheerfully and kies the rod, -Since Benny is in wiser, safer hands, "If he were dead I would not sit to-day And stain with tears the wee sock or

And stain with tears the wee see knee, 'Brink back again my little boy to me!' I would be patient, knowing it is God's way, And that they'd lead me to him o'er death's

"But O 1 to know the feet, once pure and white. The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in 1 The hands that should have battled for the

right. Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin, And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night, I fear my boy could hardly enter in." Fashion Notes.

Taffeta glace is the incoming Lyons novelty The Anne Boleyn cap is the head-dress

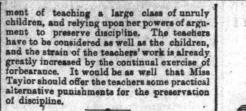
The princess dress is once again coming into vogue, Green cloth is said to wear better than any

Gray-brown is a popular shade in the new pring velvets.

The debutantes of the season now have their portraits painted on ivory. Aprons are now worn by fashionable ladie everywhere except in the kitchen. Large plaids and small checks will be

qually fashionable in the early spring. Artificial flowers are now so exquisitely scented that they are mistaken for natural flowers.

Little bolsters of satin or silk, daintily



Bangs and High Foreheads It is rumoured that baugs are surely going out of fashion this spring, and that the hair will be worn brushed plainly back from the forehead. While bangs are not necessary for Normead. While bangs are not necessary for women who possess low, pretty foreheads, they are an absolute necessity for women who possess high, ngly foreheads. There can be no denying the fact that when the hair is arranged prettily and becomingly over the forehead, it greatly softens the outlines of the face, and lands an additional charm to it. It face, and lends an additional charm to it. It

is all nonsense for people to say that the most sensible women wear their hair brushed smoothly back from their brows. The most sensible women are those who know what is becoming to them. If they look well with their hair banged or curled they wear it so ; if they do not they fail to follow the prevailng fashion, and dress their hair plainly. The recian knot has gone entirely out of fashion except for street wear. It is almost impos sible to wear the hair on the top of one's head with the fashionable hat of the period. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair. Those that are worn are mostly silver or amber hairpins.

Fashionable Women

Fashion kills more women than toil and sor-row. Obedience to fashion is a greater trans-gression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental con-stitution than poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her tasks will live and grow and east two or threa generations of her old and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless, for all the ends of human life ; they have but ittle force of character ; they have still less power of mental will, and quite as little phy-sical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll forms in the hands of millions and successful the second sec milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They write no books ; they set no rich examples of virtues and womanly life. i they rear children, servants and nurses do all save give them birth, and when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibit-ing any virtue or power of mind from which is became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They THE REMEDY FOR CURING

nearly all sprang from a strong-minded woman, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds. The CONSUMPTION, COUCHS,

trite saying, "A man may say too much, even on the best of subjects," will answer here. "If I had not lifted up the stone you had not found the jewel." All Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and

Formal Calls. Whatever may betide, men have good

cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institu-CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED tion. It is the invention of the sex, and the sex When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure. groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Dur ham in beatific peace, whilst the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the sotio voce prayer that parties will be out, and that the matter can be despatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of re-lief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes that the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL-It contains no OPIUM in any temper it invokes, and the hypocrisy and the total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to cuspleasure for all this slavish adherence to cus-tom, and then dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thrai-dom, and it maybe takes comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on, those who have made him pay the piper is other freaks fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavour to mitigate the nfliction of the formal call by convenient ibs furnishes the masculine monster with some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted if he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond-cut-diamond -women annoying women. In such a trans-action the wise man holds aloof and lets the action the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty belligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against one prottary instead of against the common tyrant mother instead of against the common tyrant -man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each other in a style atterly unlike the fancy pic tures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn' get some wholesome enlightenment he is hope-lessly stupid. The formal call is an eye opener. In its inception, progress, and seque it illuminates the dull brain of man to the infinite variety, versatility, and grim elasti-city of that delightful compound of puffs, powder, and passion known as woman. Our Canadian Silk Industry s prosperous. Considering the short space of time that the Montreal factories have been stablished we have reason to congratulate them on the success achieved. The great drawback they have to contend with is the ow grade of goods desired. In nothing this more apparent than in the comparatively small article of sewing silks. The great de mand in Canada seems to be for a cheap quality, buyers forgetting that a cheap thread must necessarily be a fine and consequently a weak one. If our ladies will but take the rouble to ask for Belding, Paul & Co's own brand, and see that their name is on the end of each spool, they will be sure of getting the best made. This is the same thread that heir American house, Belding Bros. & Co. have achieved so enviable a success with. their sales of it far exceeding any other make



AGRICUL

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ordinary dose of some p

BEACONSFIELD.-I have old; one of her hind legs is joint down to the iotlock two joints is a small lump wise in good condition an

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POSSIBLY 6

BEACONSFIELD.-Please THE WEEKLY MAIL wh horse. He is aged, has nose (the right nostril mo two lumps underneath u each side (the one on righ

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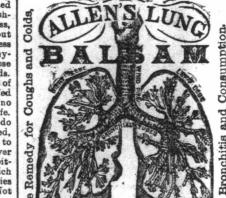
DEATH OF

## THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS.

His Outspoken Opinion

The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other centlemen of intelligence and character to value of Warner's SAFE Cure, published the value of Warner's S.IFE Cure, published in the caliborial columns of our best new-papers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen T know, and reading their testim my I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's S.IFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, scalloo-ing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney troub. and will frankly add that if I jound muscly the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truch is, the medical profession stands dazed and belpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hun-dreds of intelligent and very roputable gen-tlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr. H. Harner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.





COLDS. ASTHMA. CROUP.

Pulmonary Organs.

BY ITS FAITHFUL USE

commended by Physicians. Ministers, and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It never fails to bring relief.

It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child.

Form.

AT Directions accompanying each bottle.

Burdock

"It seems a very shabby thing to be married in an old dress." she said ; "but I have no sent hour. money of my own, and my aunt is so angry with me that I am afraid I shall have no more dresses until-

'Until I buy you some," he interrupted. "That will be delightful."

Violet's mind was greatly relieved; she felt more blithe and happy than ever. Very likely, she thought to herself, when she was married, if Randolph were really successful with a picture, she might have even three new dresses at once-almost as many as she had ever dared contemplate in her whole life. The next day was a dull one for her. Randolph said that he had business to attend to in town ; he must run up for a day or two ; he wanted some fresh materials for painting; and the tradespeople made such mistakes, it would be better for him to go himself.

Violet was very unwilling for him to leave her. It would be so dull, she said. Her aunt was so cross with her, and, if he went away, what was she to do? Still it was only for two days ; and they parted with kisses an tears. It was the first time she had shed tears over him, the first time she had kissed him ; and the young lover's heart was aglow. He returned with plenty of new material for work, he said, and happy because his wedding-day was drawing near.

morning, auntand niece were sitting at the window. Miss Atherton a little grimmer than usual.

"The carrier is coming here, Violet," the latter observed suddenly. "What can he want?"-for the visit of the carrier was a great event at the pretty, secluded cottage.

"He has brought the grocer's parcel, I should think, aunt," replied Violet. "Why, my dear," cried Miss Atherton, surprised beyond measure, "it is a box-two -two large boxes ! Dosee what it means,

ere is anything to pay." No, there was nothing to pay; and the car-rier brought in the boxes. They were too large to stand in the entrance hall, so Miss

Atherton ordered them to be brought into the dining room, an innovation that caused Violet "From London !" cried Miss Atherton.

"Now, Violet, lose no time. Stay, do not cut the cords, they may be useful. I will untie them.

Miss Atherton knelt down by the great trunks, and, after long and patient labour, the knots were untied, the lids thrown back. In each lay a white card bearing this inscription-"To my sweetheart." "Aunt," cried Violet, "what does this

mean?' "We shall soon see," replied Miss Ather-

ton, beginning to unpack with vigorous The first thing she took out was a beauti

ful wedding dress made of pale blue silk the very facsimile of the blue dress Violet had, except that it was made of silk instead of cashmere and prettily trimmed with white lace and orange blossoms; there was a simple and ele-gant white vail; there was the wedding wreath, all orange blossoms ; and, when Miss Atherton took it up in her hands, all uncon-

sciously her tears fell upon it. "Aunt Alice, do you see your tears have fallen on my orange blossoms?" Violet ex-

Miss Atherton looked at her with wistful

eyes. "My dear," she said, gently, "believe me, there is nothing so sad or so pitiful in life as the sharp. cruel thorns the orange blossoms

Then they found dainty silk slippers, white gloves, a lace handkerchief—in short, every-thing requisite for a bridal toilet, not magnificent, but simple and beautiful. The next thing was a complete travelling costume, com-posed of fawn coloured velvet. Then there were two evening dresses, over which Aun ok her head in undisguised horror, one of dark, the other of light silk. Ther were also too or three pretty walking costumes and a morning dress.

and a morning dress. But there was something more wonderful still—a parcei addressed to Miss Atherton. She opened it, and found a black silk dress, a shawl, a cap of point lace, and many other

In short although she admired her lover, and thought him almost perfection, although she liked him very much, and the prospect of a life spent with him was pleasant to her, al though she had promised to marry him, she was far from passionately in love with him.

the old life. It meant good-by

He had hoved to waken her heart from its childlike sleep; he had stirred it, but had not roused it to life. There seemed nothing wanting to her, as to take place at the parish church of St. Byno's. Of the many weddings that had taken place in the old church, none had been quieter or simpler than this. Indeed, no one

borange blossoms." But, when they had gone, when the las seemed to know there was a wedding. As a rule when any one was married the inhabit-

ants of St. Byno's flocked to see the ceremony. But on this occasion the church was empty. No little crowd, with wondering eyes, stood round the old stone porch; the bells that had rung for the marriages and deaths for so many generations were silent now. The young lover, thinking of his darling's

fine lace vail and dainty dress, had insisted upon a carriage-not from "The Barle Mow" at St. Byno's, but from "The Ratcliff "The Barley Arms" at Carrington ; then the people of St. Byno's would know nothing of it. That was the last "straw" to Miss Atherton ; a veil and wreath had been enough, but a carriage was more than she felt could bear. Miss Atherton declared that she had a keen

sense of the fitness of things, and for the orphan daughter of a poor doctor, a veil, wreath, and a carriage were absurd. In fact, such things belonged to the order she detested, the aristocrats; and she would have none

of them. "But," said the young lover, "how my beautiful bride walk through the fields and the high-road in a dainy wedding dress, which would be caught by the brambles and thorns?'

Miss Atherton's sense of economy came to her aid. The dress being expensive and beautiful, it certainly would be foolish to allow it to trail over the grass and the dying

So the carriage came from "The Ratcliffe Arms" at Carrington, and the wedding party consisting of Lord Ryvers, Violet, and Miss Arms" at Car Atherton; drove to church. "To think," said Miss Atherton, "that at

my age I should be present at a wedding-I, who have protested against love and marriage all these years." Her manner was a protest still, for nothing

could have been more grim and stern. The Reverend Maurice Thorn, to whom oth aunt and niece were well known, looked

lolph"-in great letters.

in astonishment at the wedding party. But Miss Atherton herself knew only too well the secret of her presence there. She had come that with her own eyes she might see every precaution taken as to the validity of Violet's

narriage. One of Miss Atherton's fixed ideas was that, sooner or later, every man grew tired of his wife, and would be glad to free himself from altar by men who were not worthy to touch even the hem of their garments; yet, their her in any way he could. This she was quite determined the young artist should never do, if by any means she could prevent it. He was taking her nice away, just as she had grown not merely a useful, but pleasant com-panion. He should not have it in his power to leave her when he was tired of her.

Lord Ryvers had felt embarrassed about his name. One day, when they were speak-ing on the subject, he had told Violet that would not have married him had she known ing on the subject, he had told Violet that his name was Randolph. She had thought if who he really was, for the teachings of Miss Atherton had sunk deeply into the heart and odd that he should be called Randolph Ran

tain name as surname; and she had scarcely given another thought to the matter until a smi'e on his lips to Violet's denunciations of he aristocracy. How little she dreamed that there had been a question of packing and directing her trunks, when she had blushed the very class she abhorred !

the very class she absorred : He was young, and the world lay bright before him. He never thought of the day in which she would learn the truth, and perhaps Lord Ryvers was no less anxious than Miss Atherton that everything should be perfectly legal and in order, even to the name. He resent having had such deception practised upon her. He did not look beyond the happy present, this beautiful wedding morn, gave it boldly as "Randolph Ryvers Ran-dolph." no one paying any attention to the intermediate name. Miss Atherton heard it the honeymoon that was never to end, when the minister asked, "Randolph Ryyers Randolph, wilt thou have this woman to thy He was too young to anticipate trouble: the never ceasing melody of its sweet love

see, even if there must be a differe o look horrified or turn aside. He took Vioween classes, that there need be such bitter let in his arms before her very eyes and kissed her. She was his wife, and no one prejudice, such hatred." "I do," she replied, resolutely. ould interfere.

"Do not listen, darling," he cried ; " there because the vices of one class demand it. is not one single thorn in your orange blos-soms, and, if there were I would take it away. If Aunt Alice cannot say good-bye eems to me, in reviewing the history of the world, that there has always been a class set aside who have demanded the wealth and the services of their fellowmen as a right, even from o you kindly, we will leave her with the very olden times down to these, when an Miss Atherton did not yield ; she was firm irish landlord racks his tenants for rents and to the last ; and they parted from her with

to the last; and they part of a good wish. spends the money in England." He looked at her with new alarm in his "She will come back to me yet," face, such alarm as would at any other time omment, as the carriage drove away ; and "Why, this is worse than ever, Violet ! then-then I shall see the thorns amid the

hope you will not turn out to be a Fenian and a Home Ruler, as well as a perfect demosound of the carriage wheels had died away, and no echo came of the horses' feet, then the "I am not quite sure if I understand the blighted embittered heart bled. Oh, why term rightly," she said; "but"-and she gave him a most loving glance-"'I hope I shall always be a Home Ruler in the proper ad heaven been so good to this girl, fair o ace, and so cruel to her? Why had love een sent to her as a fever of pain, as a madden dream of happiness, realized for the present, even if it ended in the blackness and sense of the word.' The beautiful eyes were so eloquent, the

mile seemed to mean so many things, that he forgot everything else for a time but his tterness of death. She paced up and down he forgot everything else for a time love for her. He took her wherever she asked to the garden paths, by which the hollyhocks grew, and her whole soul revolted against the decree of Heaven. Why was she old, worn He showed her the sight of the old Bastile where so many hundreds of innocent people and haggard ? Why had she no fond husband, had undergone all the tortures of long to sweet children ? Why had she missed all that was fair and pleasant in life? The old prisonment and death : but he showed her ilso the grand old Abbey of St. Denis, pain and passion that had once slept awoke with bitter clamour, bitter anguish. where sleep the most chivalrous race of mer -the kings of France. He showed her all the

"Why is it ?" she cried, with clasped hands and upraised eyes. 'Why is it? Merciful Heaven! Why the cross for me and the crown for her? Why for me the bittertrophies and monuments of the people ; he also made her examine all the ancient glories side, he said to himself, she should see the ess of gall, for her the sweetness of honey ?

Why for her the wine of life, for me ees ?"-forgetting that there are secrets that will be known only when the whole of life ies bare before us, that life of which we now see only part. Meanwhile, the happy bride and bridegroom

ad left care and trouble behind. The day man began. They must have been equal for was glorious, the bride beautiful and well sontent, if not in raptures, the bridegroom beside himself with delight. He was so deep-y, so utterly in love himself that he did not bserve any deficiency in her. That she was delighted, smiled at all she

aw, enjoyed everything with such sweet simplicity, seemed enough to him. A man who is dazzled by the light of the sun does not es not see the faint light of a star. He was so dazed with his own love, "so mighty, so pure, and true," that he did not see any deficiency in

He thought himself the most fortunate man n the world that he had won so fair and innocent bride. He knew that in his sphere the rule was to marry for money, rank, or posi-tion, but seldom for love. He remembered how often he had laughed at barefaced angling for a coronet, and how with his laughter had been mingled contempt. He had seen some of the fairest girls in England led to the

vices and sins being well gilded, no one ever resented them. He remembered this, and ongratulated himself that his marriage uld be one of a thousand ; he was married or himself, for love, married to one who not only was ignorant of his claim to birth and ortune, but actually detested both, and would not knowingly have married an aristocrat-

nind of her niece. dolph ; still, many people had the same chris-The happy young bridegroom listened with

she was speaking to a representative man of and laughed to see her name-" Mrs, Ran-

Sometimes, sometimes thus I wond Love-I cannot tell you why. Once we loved long ago: That may be the reason Love must waken by and by. I wonder where your life is passed. Or if in sun or if in shade.

d. make the latest satchels for handker chiefs or laces.

Neck chains are altogether out of fashion and women who have handsome ones are converting them into bracelets. Plain dark colours, such as brown, navy iue, myrtle green, and seal have grown to be standard, and always in good taste.

Crush bags for holding cloaks and wraps at evening parties are made of coloured serge, with a spray of flowers of very large initials worked in one side.

Titian red, a lovely shade verging on auburn, bids fair to become the most fashion-able bright colour of the incoming season. Ladies whose hair is of that hue will be right in style. Black gloves are again fashionable for even-

ing wear. They make the hand look so much smaller and last so much longer than lightcoloured gloves that the fancy is scarcely e wondered at,

For and About Women.

ompleted her log cabin quilt with 6,168 pieces in it. "Yes, Augustus, I love you. Now you uust go and see father." "No, dovie, not must go, and see father." yet; that is father than I want to go at present."

Miss Mary Jane Teriff, of Belmore,

A Des Moines youth who received the present of a hand-painted white satin hat-crown from his girl didn't know what it was and had it tramed. "It is a beautiful thing to see a husband

"Yes," replied Fog, "but then it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."

Mrs. Brown : "And so your husband lost his leg. Isn't it awful ?" Wife : "You may trophies of kings to the annals of the people. "I wonder," she said to him one day, with well say it. And it was only last week that he bought a new pair of boots-a pair, Mrs. Brown. A Bloomington (Ill.) woman wants a

many years." "I do not know," he replied : "I hardly think so. I should imagine that, so soon as men began to understand one another, the divorce because her husband tried to cut on her tongue. It is said that she gave him " a piece of her tongue " so often that he wanted it all at once. trongest and wisest began to rule the

An experienced married man in Plattsburg "I can understand that," she said, her "If there is one time more than says : face brightening. I could yield reverence to an aristocracy of strength or virtue. I object another when a woman should be entirely alone it is when a full line of clothes come to an aristocracy whose claim consists only down in the mud,' No man has the ruling of Maryland seeks to encourage matrimony where he shall be born, in what class. Why reducing the license fee to fifty cents. At herefore, should he be either despised if he be

that figure almost any man can afford to let love enter his soul and bob his heart against lowly or exalted if he be what the world calls So she puzzled him at times by questions his ribs a few times. "Fifty young and good-looking women have sailed from New Caledonia to be marthat amused him by their simplicity, and

ried to well-behaved convicts," says a recent London letter. As it is leap year and the prisoners can't escape, they will probably be accessful.

Corporal Punishment in Schools, A contemporary thus calls attention to the recent attempt of Miss Helen Taylor to persuade the members of the Southwark Teachers' Association to altogether abolish corporal punishment in their schools. The attempt was a courageous one, but it was not successful, the unanimous opinion of the teachers being that they could not altogether lispense therewith. It is a matter of satisaction that the old brutal system of indis-

criminate flogging for almost every little offence has been changed. If public school teachers had only to deal with as limited a number of pupils as a nursery governess there would be but little difficulty ; but, seeing that they have to control classes of thirty or forty children, otten of a most unruly kind, it is absurd to expect them to rely solely upon absurd to expect them to rely solely upon argument and persuasion, as Miss Taylor re-commends. One of the teachers who took part in the discussion, told Miss Taylor that her speech was simply the utterance of a theorist, and that if she occupied the place of

theorist, and that is school her opinions would be different. Miss Taylor has the courage of her opinions, and has invited the teachers to a second discussion of the subject. It would a second discussion of the subject. It would be desirable that she should make the experi-

A lady residing near Reno, Nev., says that he story published a month ago about a bear the story published a month ago about a bear taking care of a little six-year-old boy all night and holding him in his arms to keep him warm is literally true. The bear had scratched his clothes all off, and apparently intended to adopt him. The boy's parents lived in Inskid, on Feather river, in Pluma county.



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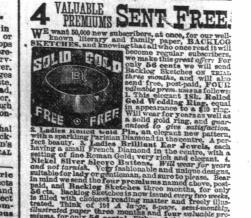
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weeks. As many peop with the proper mode of cine to dogs we give from a recent issue of t tor :--"Al Watts says, gras the muzzle with the left covered by his upper lip bitime Ar he opens biting. As he opens the medicine quickly p tongue with the head elevated fied it is swallowed, to close his mouth so easily. One person may dogs, but some large do by one person while an cine. Back a large dog him, and take a firm above. Liquids may 1 pouch of the side of t



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