THE ATRENS GERBERER, DEC 13, 1911

THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 13, 1911.

gane, and the twa wains wi' her. Iney're all gane, Maister Cyril, but auld Janet and me, and troth we'll gae oursel's afore lang; for, oh! it's a grewsome place and lonesome. And we've cam back, Maister Cyril, and we niver thocht

to clap ee on ye mair." The young man leaned heavily against

but I think the auld prior o' ghaistly memory stalks frae room to room, tell ing his beads and-"

ing his beads and—" The garrulous old keeper of Monks-wood was cut short by finding himself suddenly alone. The young heir had swung himself abruptly round and dis-

appeared. "Hech, sirs!" muttered McIver, star-ing after him into the twilight; "deil to mv saul, if he's no gane! He's no ua-like a speerit himsel', stalkin' up pale and dark and vanishing in the clapping o' an ee like a ghaist in the gloaming. Weel, I maun gang back to Janet and the parrich."

hoary head, and Cyril Trevanion strode down in the wintery starlight, solitary and alone as he had come. The moon had risen above the tree-tops-a round,

white, silver shield, with numberless

er, and the mystic glades of fern and

underwood black with bitter frost, the

aloud, between his set teeth. "A noble

heritage lost through the mad folly of

a mad boy! My pretty Sybil may take this with the rest; I will never return

to claim it. Seven feet of Indian soil, and an Indian bullet to do its merciful

work, is all I ask of Fate now!

"And even that you will not get, dis-honored son of many Trevanions!" said a shrill voice at his elbow. "A soldier's honored

honored grave is too fair a fate for your father's son. The curse of the

nurdered prior, shot down like a dog

He had turned round and found him self face to face with the weird witch

who had surprised him on his last visit

He walked away rapidly; but old Hes

"You again, Hecate?" he said. "You

old Hester.

relocked the doer, wagging his

cleaving clear and keen around

take one parting look, his heart



CHAPTER VI.

Lying back in the softest of lounging chairs, smoking an unexceptionable hubchairs, smoking an unexceptionable hub-Me-bubble—a supper worthy of the Trois Frere's before him—Cyrit Trevanion sat gazing out at the falling January snow and the lights of the town twinkling feebly through the white drift. For it, was January now, and the foam of the sea, seen from his window, was not whiter than the streets of Brighton.

It had been a sharp struggle between life and death, during those weary weeks of brain fever, but his strong, young manhood, his iron constitution, had van-quished death. He was convalescent now-the pale shadow of his darkly handsome self, but with life beating its own bitterness. The haggard strongly knew face looked very still and rigid-almost marble-like in its white caim. He was facing the inevitable, as all brave men must with stoical endurance and cuiet. The news had fled apace--borne on the very winds of heaven. The latest sensa-tion at the clubs and the mess-tables, among gossiping dowagers and chatter-ing young ladies, was the mad marriage of General Trevanion's only son. "Poor devil!" the men said, with a laugh and a shrug, "what an inconceivable idiot the fellow must be. He has sent her adrift, they say - no doubt the little ballerina has made a capital thing of it." It had flown down even to Moukswood Priory, to goad the fiery-hearted old seigneur to utter madness—to make him curse, in his passionate pride, the hour of that idolized a n's birth.

And Cyril Trevanion knew all this--they did their best, Major Powerscourt out of his power, but that is to be left and Captain Hawksley, in their friendly good nature, but they could not keep it from him. Did it not stare at num from the very columns of Bell's Life, with tell-tale initials and droll comments? If his pale face turned a shade more ghastly, if his teeth locked hard together if his teeth locked hard together-ne made no other sign. His six-shooter lay ready to his hand, but he never looked that way. In the first hour ef-his madness, those pistols, lying loaded on his table, were to have blown out his influend breins; but he had been saved, as by fire, and his thoughts never turned to that escape now. And not once, since he had been stricken down by that Unseen Hand, had the futal name of the golden-haired traitress escaped his lips.

caped his lips. He sat alone this evening. Major Powerscourt had left him, to enjoy his Manila in the keen Jamary air. He sat alone, smoking steadily—the book ne had been reading fallen on his knee—his dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the darken-ing sky and sea. It was quite dark when the Indian officer strolled in, filling the warm room with a rush of wintery air.

"Musing in the gloaming." the major said, cheerily; "romantic, dear boy, but uncommoly conducive to dismals and blue devils. We'll light the gas and send you to bed; invalids always go to roost with the chickens."

"Never mind the gas, Powerscourt," the younger man said, impatiently; "there is light enough for what I want to say. I have played invalid long enough-FII be off to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the major, taking a seat near, and lighting another weed. "You're off, are you? Well, I have no objection, provided your destination is Monks-

"Monkswood!" Cyril Trevanion re-"Monkswood:" Cyrn Trevanion re-peated, bitterly. "My list visit to Monkswood was so pleasant, that it is likely I will hasten to return. The role of Drodigal Son is not in the least in line, and General Trevanion is hardly soft of father to kill the fatted calf my line. and robe the penitent in gold and purple. No, Powerscourt, I have looked my last

enough, to drop your name and trouble you no more. She will hardly follow you to the interior of Iadia, Sikh-shoot-ing and pig-sticking. And now, my lad, I don't want to hurry your departure, you know, but I really think the sooner you quit Brighton and show yourself at Monkswood, the better. And the sooner you are off for India, the better still. The voyage—the new life—the chance to distinguish yourself, will do you a world

IL TERLECTORE THE BOS DONE STATES PARTIES

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may

distinguish yourself, will do you a world of good. I'll follow you myself in two or three months. I find this sort of thing very slow.' "I'll leave Brighton to morrow. The chances are fifty to one that my father will not see me-that I will find the door closed in my face; but still-and then I Iver his plans like a twa-handed crack. should like to say good bye to little

Sybil." Who may 'little Sybil' be?"

"Who may 'little Spoil' be?" "Lady Lemox's daughter. Ah! I for-get, you don't know Lady Lemox. She was a Trevanion—a distant cous:n or something—and she ran away with Lord Lemox at the age of seventeen. She had nothing and he had less-a title and a ruinous Highland castle, and the pride of the Miltonic Lucifer. He was good enough to give up the ghost a year or two ago, leaving, as the newspapers say, a disconsolate widow and two chil-dren to mourn their irreparable loss, Since then, Lady Lemox, little Sybil, and Charley have spent their time pretty evenly among their friends. They were at Monkswood on the occasion of my last visit, and my father was goo enough to inform me that Sybi. was to be his heiress. Every rood he possesses, every sou he commands, are to go to her. Monkswood, of course, is entuiled and

to desolation and decay. The Trevanions show themselves to be good haters, at least. "Then." the major said, with a half

laugh. "your plan is to marry the heir-ess. How old may she be?" "Four or five."

"That gives you thirteen years to for-get the falsest of the false. The Sybil is pretty, of course? The women of your race are and always have been, I be-lieve. Come home covered with scars and "Will I ever see it again?" he said glory in thirteen years, and marry the pretty Sybil out of hand. Girls of eigh teen are all hero-worshippers; she won't be able to say no. Courage, my friend! You will marry a high-born bride, and splendid dowry yet, and the worthless

little Rose may go au diable!" "I will never marry," Cyril Trevanion uietly. "I mean it, Powers-could never rust earthly woreplied, quietly. "I, ourt. man again; I could never place my name and my honor in the keeping of things so light and frail. They are what you men make them-toys of an hour. We'll drop the subject, if you like, Powers

in yonder green glade, will fall on the last of the race! And you and Sy-bil Lemox are the last!" court, and for good. I'll run down to morrow, take a last look at the dear old place, at my bright little Sybil-who will make a much better use of the Trevanion ducats then ever I would do -say farewell to the general, and de-And now, as I am about tired part smoking, and as you must be wearied

can trespass with impunity now, I sup-pose. But hadn't you better keep civil, nearly to death, playing sick-nurse, I'll be merciful and go to bed." "And don't quite go to the dogs with

and hadn't you best not play cavesdrop-per? Suppose you go home, my venerable beldame, if you possess such a thing. These night dews are uncommonly pro-vocative of 'nheumatics." despair," Powerscourt suggested, strol-ling out. "You know what the most disconsolate of all poets says: 'The heart may break, yet brokenly live on,' It's exceedingly true, dear boy. The heart may break, yet we smoke our Manillas and enjoy our valse a deux temps, the stories at mess, our bitter beer and Cavendish as much as ever. ter stood where he had left her, shaking her bony fist after him impotently. "The curse will come! the doom will fall! I see it in the future-your fate and the little Lady Sybil's. I have read The heart may break,' but we eat, drink and be merry, and laugh at the peep-shows, the dancing dervishes, the Almes,

stars, and I know what they say, and the time is coming fast. The bat shall flit, the owl shall hoot; and the merry-go-rounds of Vanity Fair, with as keen a relish as before. Grim ruin stalks with haste; he doom shall fall when Mon There's nothing in life worth all this tremendous earnestness; and one may tope so much for young subalterns of nineteeen. Pardon the prosiness for the sake of the moral, and the consideration that it will be my last lecture. Be a good boy; go down to Monkswood and do the penitent to the governor. In the immortal words of the copy book, 'Be virtuous and you will be happy.'" immortal words of the And then this military moralist stroll. ed languidly out, rather surprised as his own eloquence, and went off to a game of evarte that would last to the very mallest of the small hours. Early next morning Lieutenant Treanion bid his friends adieu, and started or Monkswood, Very bitterly came back ti him the memory of that other jour-ney two short mouths before, when Rose had been his ideal of all that is true and pure and womanly. And now! "I would rather face the maddest built that ever gored the life out of a gladi-ator," he thought, "than my father. But I have promised Powerscourt, and I will keep my word." The January sky was all one living glow with the glory of sunset when the young man passed through the park young man passed through the park gates, and up the stately avenue of oak and elm to the grand portico entrance of The massive turrets of the Priory loomed above the tall tree-tops, s western windows guttering redly in the sunset light. But everywhere strange stillness reigned-no joyous barking of dogs, curling, wreaths of smoke, no passing of stable-boys or gardeners to be-token life. As solemnly still as that cas-tle of the Sleeping Beauty, Monkswood

"What's yer wull?" this old man ask-ed, in broad Gaelic, staring hard at the tall, dark figure looming up in the twi-**DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?** "Don't you know me, McIver?" Cyril If You Have Bladder or Urinary

> Kidneys---Read Below. Your backaches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and old alike. Even



one box proves their marvelous power Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vig orous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this: Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back. Mrs. W. U. Rossiter, wife of a well-

known merchant in Kensington, writes

as follows:⁹ "Ton years ago my kidney trouble started. I suffered dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin and very nervous. Cruel headaches, and despondency, added to my hurden

despondency added to my burden. Not until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills did I get any relief. They proved capital and helped me im-mediately. Eight boxes made me well, and now I do my own house-work, feel and look the picture of health."

dark expanse of beech and elm and oak looked wondrously beautiful in the solemn night. The discarded son turn-Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Refuse sub stitutes. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at al dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

the violet eves that gazed over the wide expanse of pleasaunce, of swelling mea-dow, of deep, dark woodland, of velvet lawn, filled with slow tears. A beau tiful girl of nineteen, tall, stately and delicate as a young queen; the graceful figure, with its indescribable highbred air, the small head held erect, with a hauteur that was as unconscious as it was becoming; almond eyes of deepest violet, that could soften or lighten, melt or flash, as you willed it, in the same instant; and waves and masses of rich dark-brown hair, some warmer shade of black, worn in coils and curls in a graceful negligent way that of itself might have bewitched you. A beautiful girl, a trifle proud of her long lineage, the sang azure in her patrician veina, it may be. A trifle imperious and pas-sionate in the assortion of her rights, or the wrongs of others, but sweet and True and tender to the core of her heart. Romantic, too, as it is in the nature of nineteen to be; given to dreaming over Tennyson, and Alfred de Musset, and Owen Meredith, and gentlemen of thet ill, a here working and alfred that ilk; a hero-worshipper and a dream er of dreams, all beautiful. and mostly impracticable. That was Sybil Lemon

of the angels. She was General Trevanion's legally adopted daughter and heiress ng his name and destined to reign mi tress over all these fertile acres of the Trevanions.

high-tempered, maybe, at times; fear-less and free, and lovely as your dreams

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST.

Story and Standing

Siveet and strong. These words describe her. She is an embodied protest. Sight and graceful, and a dynamo. Gracious and winning, and a well 0 Her voice is clear, and it carries far

There are rich, deep chest tones very Deasant to the ear. She uses the choicest language and never a word of slang. Her face is oval and lightened by two bright grey eyes, beneath fine arched brows wealth of brown hair is parted the high brow and waved over Her boye

Her wealth of brown hair is parted above the high brow and waved over each ear. Sho wears her hair in a simple knot at the back; it may have grey threads in it, but they are not visible. She dresses well. She wore a metal grey chiffon broadcloth, habit style, the corsaye trimmed with one-inch bands of brack satin ornamented with silver bul-let buttons; the V neck of grey lace net; elbow sleeves, finished with white lace to the wrist. As she talks she gesticulates in a cer-taun, definite way with the right hand-her eyes brighten up and her straight little body is drawn up and bock. There is but little evidence. In her sweet, brave countenance of the great sorrow which has befailen her in the recent death of her only son, a promising young lawyer. Not many of the thousands who heard her were aware that this redoubtable metherly British matron earned the money to send her four fatherless child-ren to the university through her own unsided efforts.

her were aware inat this reads the metheris British matron earned the metheris British matron earned the metheris British matron earned the metheris British trained woman and has served on the Board of Guardians and on the School Board of Manchester. Dr. Pankhurst was a well-known practising physician in Manchester and during his iso-operation with his able and gifted wife in charitable and educational work. They leaped into national notice in con-nection with a battle for free speech. In Bragart Hole Clough. They won: but the victory cost Dr. Pankhurst much, and was not uncon-nected with his premature death. Left with a young family (three daughters and a son) Mrs. Pankhurst became Reg-istrar of Births and Deaths, a position which brought her into even more direct touch with the tragedy of the poor. In this, as well as in her previous works to better conditions are practically nul-lified by the lack of the ballot.

CROWS KILLED BY STORM.

After the terrible windstorm of las aturday night Mercer county should be rid of crows for some time to come About 5,000 of them were killed on the form of Wm. Logue, near Deep Creek, in the west end of this county, according to reports of people from that section The high wind did much damage in that ricinity, and seems to have struck the farm of Mr. Logue with more force than any other spot. All the shocks of fodder in a large field were torn down and scattered over the place, and roosting in the field and the nearby trees wa an unusually large flock of crows. The wind picked the birds up like thistle-down and tossed them against the fences and trees, tore them out of their roots in the branches, twisting their wings and scattering piles of dead and erippled crows in the trail of destrucleft behind .-- Harrodsburg, Ky. Herald

NEWFOUNDLAND TOO SENDS GOOD NEWS

Of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing

J. C. Green, a Sufferer From Rheumatism and Lumbago for Fiv Years, Find Quick Relief and Com Five Cure in Dodd's Kidney

'Clam Bank Cove, Bay St. George, Nfld. Dec. 11.-Newfoundland contributes its share of the splendid cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is a striking example at this place. Mr. J. C. Green, a well-known resident, suffered from Rheumatism and Lumbago for five years. To day he is a well man, and does not hesitate to give Dodd's Kidney Pills al the credit for the cure.

"My trouble was caused by strain and cold," Mr Green says, in telling his story "And for five years I suffer from Rheumatism and Lumbago. 1 was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing and the pain of neuralgia added to my distress.

ST. VITUS DANCE

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Chores, or as it is more generally known, St. Vitus dance, is a disease that usually attacks the young childthat usually attacks the young child-ren, though older persons may be afflicted with it, Its most common symptoms are a twitching of the mus-cles of the face and limbs. As the discles of the face and limbs. As the dis-ease progresses this twitching takes the form of spasms, in which the jerking motion may be confined to the head, or all the limbs may be affected. The pati-ent is frequently unable to hold any-thing in the hands or to walk staadily, and in severe cases even the speech is af-fected. The disease is due to debility of the nerves, and is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pnik Pills, which enrich the blood, tone and strengthen the nerves and thus restore the sufferer to good health. The following is a striking in-stance of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wil do in this trouble. Mrs. Charles Phipps, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "At the age of fourteen my eldest daughter, Ed-ith, became much run down, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus dance. First her left arm became affected, then the left leg and entire left side. She grew so bad that she actually could not hold anything in her hand, and could not with a silding inviting hold anything in her hand, and could only go about with a sliding, jerking motion. Notwithstanding that we were giving her medicine, she seemed to be growing worse, and finally her speech became much affected. We became so much alarmed about her that finally We became so much

her father got a supply of Dr. Willlams' Pink Pills, and we began giving her these. In the course of a few weeks she was much better, and before all the pills were gone she was again enjoying perfect health. This was in 1908, and as she has not had a symptom of the trouble since I feel justified in saying the cure is permanent.'

Be sure you get the genuine pills, which are sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had at 50 cents a box or six for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROMISING HEIFERS SAVED FROM THE BUTCHERS.

The importance of keeping samp and having the milk tested regularly to determine the quantity of butter fat produced by each cow in the herd is quite as important as to know the quantity of milk given by each animal.

The following are the returns 'from four two-year-old heifers in the same herd during the months of September and October at the Kensington, P. E. I., Dairy Record Centre, conducted undirection of the Dairy Division der the Ottawa. Cow. Ibs. milk. Test. Ibs. fat. val

 milk, Fest. Ibs. fat. val

 Pounds
 Pounds
 Value
 fat

 Milk, Test.
 Fat.
 at
 25c.

 ...
 1475
 2.9
 43.3
 \$10.82
 4

 ...
 1400
 2.7
 37.8
 9.45
 1
 Cow

ference of \$1.70 in the value of butter fat in favor of D, also C, with 225 pounds more milk returned her owner one dollar and fifty three cents worth less of butter fat. These four heifers freshened about

the same time, and are all half sisters and from a pure bred sire. A, B, and C, are from grade cows, while D is from a pure bred Jersey that has produced since March 10th, to October 30th. 4,-458 pounds of milk containing 229.9 pounds of butter fat, an average test of 5.15 per cent. Her grand dame was im-ported to Prince Edward Island years ago from the herd of Mrs. E. M. Jones, Brockville, Ont.

Had the owner of these been keeping records of both the milk and butter fat from each cow in his herd no doubt D would have been looked upon as the poorer one of the four on account of the quantity of mill is giving in comparisons with quantity of milk she the

the granite archway, very pale. He was weak still, and he had not expected this. "Do you know where my father has one?" he asked. "Deil tak' me if I do! He was of a high stomach and a proud temper al-ways, and it's no like he'd tak' auld Mcinto his confidence and tell him dinna ken, Maister Cyril, where ony ane o' them's gane; but Mistress Telfer she's awa' to Trevanion Park, and a' the sairvents wi' her, clapt on board wages. teel a time as the gineral see feet to come back. And Janet and me, we're left here teel further orders; and deils in it,

"Don't you know me, Melver?" Cyril said. "Where is the housekeeper? Where is Mrs. Telfer?" "The Lord be gude till us!" the old man gasped; "deil's in it if it's no Mais-ter Cyril himsel" The housekeepers gane, the auld gineral's gane, me leddy's gane, and the twa wains wi'her. They're under Maister Cyril hur auld lange **Troubles and Weaknes of the**

ikswood. I am the first of the race who ever disgraced the mane of Trevanion—a name that never was ap-proached by shome until I have it. I know how my father freeived me last— one hardly cares to brave that sort of thing twice."

major listened very quietly.

The major listened very quietly, "What, then, do you mean to do? You have some plan formed, I suppose?" "Yes, I shall exchange -go out to in-dia. One always finds hot work out yonder, and the sconer a Sepoy bullet sends one more fool out of the world, the better. I was accord means that the better. I was coward enough, that first night, to meditate self-murder. I am thankful, at least, that this dastard ly deed was spared me. It would be a fitting end, no doubt, for such a besot fe as mine has been."

"Don't give it such terrible carnest-ss, my friend," Major Powerscourt ness, my friend," Major Powerses said, paffing calmly at his eigar; "n 71. 42 ing is ever worth a scene. You will go out, of course on any case you could hardly do better; but let us hope for a more agreeable ending than a Sepoy built And one's father is one's father if I were you I would run down to Monkswood and say adieu. Even General Ewes Trevanion may have been guilty of follies in his life-time-if not, guilty of follies in its file-time in ho, then he has been most confoundedly slandered. Let him think of the past, turn so fremendously Sp: and stiff-necked. We all have our little weaknesses where pretty women are con-cerned-the best of us."

Cyril laughed sardonically

"But you don't marry them, my boy. I might have been enamored of all the grisettes and ballet girls in London: so griselles and benergins in hondon; so that I did not stoop to the madness of wedlock, my rigidly moral father might have disapproved, but he assuredly would not have discarded me. However, world not have discurded me. However, as you say, a father ones, a father al-wars; and the dear old governor has al-ways acted like a trump to me. Th go down, if you insist very strongly, Pow-erscourt-I owe you more than that."

He stretched forth his hand

darkness, and his friend grasped it in a strong grip.

man, and live down the present. Be We will laugh over it together out there in India, when you win your cole And she-have you no curiosity about her, Trevanion?"

You dealt with her," Cyril responded, very quietly: "I ask to know no more. I think the day will ever come when 1 can hear her name quite unmoved."

"It was as quiet as possible," the major said; "we had no scene. She went lily long time-a key turned in the lock, at once, and she consented, readily and an old man's face looked out

Priory lay, "Already," Cyril thought, his heart sinking-"already the desolation has be-gun. My father keeps his promise begun.

He paused in front of the massive faade and looked up. Deathly stillness everywhere, curtains drawn, blinds clos

to face at any of the windows, no twinkling lights behind those multioned Dead silenceolitude as eep as though he stood in the heart of

icep as though he store ... As he lingered, some primeval forest. As he lingered, spellbound, a loud clock, over the dis-tant stairs, striking six, aroused him. tant stairs, striking six, aroused him. "There must be some one let ought; "Mrs. Telfer, at least."

thought: He made his way round to a smaller door deep in a stone archway, and rank No one came. He rang again a bell.

more loudly, and after a time-a wear. Hall

changed to Monkswood Waste!" And with the ominous crooning of this loary old raven. Cyril Trevanion look-ed his last on Monkswood Priory. ed his last on Monkswood Priory. Two weeks later, among the crowd assembled on the pier, watching the steamer bearing the troops to the trans-stood a little woman, closely veiled, port further down the Thames, there whose eyes were steadfastly fixed figure standing a trifle apart on the -a conspicuous figure, the lofty deck—a conspicious figure, the folly head towering erect, even among those stalwart old veterans—a figure that stood with folded arms, the military cap drawn over his moody brows, fooking his last on England—Lieutenant Cyril Trecention Trevanion.

As the steamer puffed its way and returned, the band playing giving "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the iiithe aut oman on the pier, with a sudd in mo tion, flung back her veil and male ner way to the front.

People made room for the pretty, girlish face, lighted with its brilliant azure eyes, and shaded by glittering amber

As by mesmeric force, the dark eves of the solitary gazer on the deck turn ed that way and encountered the bright ly smiling eyes, the dimpled, roseate

"Bon voyage, Cyril!" called the clear, silvery voice of the siren. "Until we meet again, adieu and au revoir!" He never moved. The steamer snort-

ed and puffed her noisy way across the Thames, until the pier and the crowd were but black specks against the sun-lit February sky. But the last sound Cyril Trevanion heard was the musical voice of the woman who had driv an outcast and an exile, from his native land; the last face he was doomed to see on English soil, the fatal face of Rose, his wife.

CHAPTER VII.

"And after fifteen years of absence-fifteen years of boarding-school, of sunny France and Italy-it is home again to dear old Trevanion to gain by prance and itely—it is home again to dear old Trevanion, to reign as mistress of an inheritance to which I possess not the sha-dow of right. Oh, Cyril! hero of my shildheed dear of will be of my childhood, dream of my life, will you ever return to claim your own-those broad acres which I would so gladly re-sign, your long-lost birthright? Where, weary wanderer that he is, in all the wide earth is Cyril Trevanion to-day ?" She leaned against the casement, and

In the Parisian boarding school where she had been "finished," the gay little pensionnaires, had dubbed the haughty English girl "La Princesce," and the name became her well. But no fawn of the forest was ever gentler, ever more those whom she loved; and, like a true Trevanion, she could love and hat ith a terrible intensity of strength.

(To be Continued)

THE MAGISTRATE'S STORY

What He Owes to Zam-Buk

Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's 'o., N. S., a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick, says: "I have used Zam-Buk for piles and found it a splen-did remedy. It cured me."

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank yo for the benefit I have received from th "I must thank you

use of Zam-Buk. Last summer I had a fever, which left me with piles. I start-ed to use Zam-Buk, and found it gave me relief, so I continued with it. After

using three or four boxes it effected complete cure." Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, vari-cose sores, scalp sores, ringworm, in-flamed patches, babies' cruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50e box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon re ceipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every

package before buying.

"MAMMOTH BEEHIVE."

The biggest beelive in the world is a natural one in Kentucky known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a buce cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, the floor covering ten acres. The roof of this cave has been entirely honeycombed by bees.— Bucston Globe.

THEY KNEWI

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?" "We've tried a mayor and we tried a ommission." "Well?"

"Now we're talking of offering the management of our city to some good magazine."

"I was in very bad shape indeed when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills other three. but they soon gave me relief. It is be cause I found a cure in Dodd's Kidn that I recommend them to my

friends. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney ills no matter where it is found on in what stage it is in.

NEVERTHELESS.

He heard the fifes at the end of the street. He heard the marching of thousands of

feet: The rush and the murmur and the beat of the drum.

The sudden strange delirium; He saw the gold banners and flying

flags. The rapturous faces of lads and hags; The light romance and the glean

The wonder, the magic, the dream of i

But he did not see the lonely campfire

But he did not see the lonely campfire burning On distant fields; and he forgot the yearning Of aching hearts when nights were filled with drad; He did not see the pitcous, helpess dead. He did not see the pitcous, helpess dead. He did not think of sorrow and alarms, The empty years that mocked his empty arms; He did not think of many a blood-stained hill. Yet rad be thought he would have foi-lowed still She heard the story-old as the years;

Yet ran be thought he would have foi-lowed still She heard the story-old as the years; She waited through nights of girlhood fear For the dream to come, as come it must, And make a glory of the dust. She said, "No love shall be like ours-Life's roadway bright with eternal flow-ers." She saw the beauty, the light of it all. And the terrible splendid might of it all. But she did not know of days and nights of weeping Heart-breaking absence and slow shad-ows creeping Around her couch to hide love's blazing light but know Love has its day -and her but her same she her same she weeping

She did not know Love has its day —and night And she forgo the thorns and the roses. Forgot that sometimes Love's book soft-iv closes: She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill. cnwfyp arthe She did not know Love's sorrows blind and kill. Yet had she known, she would have fol-lowed still!

An electric crane in a Scotch shipyard has handled loads of 187 tons to a height of 143 feet.

The owner had decided to beef these heifers until his attention was drawn to the butter fat they gave compared with mature grades in his herd.

By the keeping of individual records valuable information is acquired in reference to the herd which if taken advantages of means a better herd and more dollars in your pocket. A card to the Dairy Division, Ottawa, will give you full instructions how to proceed.

A FAMILY NECESSITY

It's a remedy capable of affording immediate relief to the hundred and one ailments that constantly arise. It may be a cold, perhaps toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back-use Polson's Nerviline, it is penetrating, pain subduing and powerful. Nervilue is at least five times stronger than ordinary remedies and its worth in any household can't be over-estimated. For man or beast Nerviline is a panacea for all pain and costs only 25c per bottle. Buy Nerviline to-day from your druggist.

JOYS THAT ANDREW MISSED. New York Herald)

You ve had a lot of comforts,
You ve had a lot of comforts,
You had a lot of comforts,
You had could take the place of A night out in the rain?
You never beat a keyboard
Tutil your hands were sore.
You never had an editor
Trying to get your 'grat'
A blue pencil never sterillezd
The the filling cheques you wrot
Of course you're disappointed,
But we fill have our carcs;
If reporters had their wishes
They would all be millionaires. wrote

HOW HE DID IT.

Redd-Did you near about my wish-bor lexing control of his automobile ? Greene-No. I didn't. Hedd-Well he did. The sheriff's got it