

Under a Banner of Black.

The library looked cosy enough even elegant that winter night—a grate fire, a screen of plants, a profusion of books and papers, and two easy chairs standing with a confidential air beside the table.

He had just risen to go and stood hat in hand talking to her in the doorway. He was the very acme of polish, a man a little past thirty, of extremely aristocratic bearing—night editor of the Post.

The lady edited a page of current topics on the same staff. She was certainly lady-like in appearance, but she had less of that air of distinction that stamped her guest. In fact there was something Quakerlike in her clear, sincere face. Perhaps she was best described in the words of her kitchen-maid long after: "She was just her own good self and no making her up into anything different."

That was about it. Such as she was, Irwin Chambers looked into her eyes with a reverence that he had never given to any other woman. Their hands touched for an instant, then he went out into the city street with the snow falling in great white patches all around him.

End Byrne went back to her writing, but her pen did not flow very freely that night. She was too interested in the real story she was weaving to work on the make-up one. It was but little over a year since she had come to the city to make her way as a journalist. But she had had the advantage of a name. When only twenty-three, a book she had dared to publish had sent her name up like a skyrocket. The book had died though like most of its kind, in a season, leaving its author more famous than enriched thereby. She had since contributed regularly to the Woodruff Magazine. Irwin Chambers had noted her writings and recommended her for the staff of the post. They had never met till her installation in her new office, but naturally his admiration for her work was the beginning of a firm friendship. Friendship—friendship! She never saw herself it must be friendship—always. In delicate little ways she let Irwin Chambers know it too. She was not free to marry like most girls; she was the only child of an invalid mother. The very hours-rent of this beautiful home was paid out of her income. The maid came to her for her wages; the coal man for his dues.

Besides, she had sought for her dowry but a long line of ancestors. She was a struggling young journalist and Irwin Chambers was wealthy, very wealthy. His sisters moved in the most fashionable circles of the city. He worked for pastime and for fame; she for bread. No, no, it must always be friendship, she said. But his friendship was more to her than other men's love. And so she kept on drifting—drifting—drifting—but there was music in the oars, and music in the billows, and lights along the shore. Her heart was beating with something half joy, half pain, and she let herself drift—drift. Sometimes a look, a pressure of the hand started her with the consciousness that it must end somewhere. Then she suddenly clanked herself in dignity and grew cold and Irwin Chambers was forced to a hasty retreat.



Down Sick with a Cold
If you could only breathe you how easily you could cure a cough or a cold by using

Gray's Syrup
of
Red Spruce Gum

These should be taken immediately and continued until you are completely cured.
All druggists 25 cents.

from afar off when he dared not approach her womanhood proud man though he was. As if sometimes she wished he thought of her a little less as a genius and a little more as a woman—if she wished—ah! well.

The tinkling of a little silver bell roused her from her thoughts. She gazed up the stairway, and pushing back the curtain, passed into a room half in darkness, half filled with a subdued rose coloured light.

What is it, little mutterchen? she said, kneeling down beside the couch. Have you been awake long?

Not long, dear.

An artist would have seized gladly upon the scene: the room was a perfect den of luxury massive pictures, white statuary soft-piled rugs and dainty brie-a-brac, and the rose shaded light turned low giving to everything an added richness. On the couch in the corner lay a woman of some sixty years, elegant in everything pertaining to her, from her profusion of silvery hair to her long transparent hands. The fire cast its reflection upon Enid Byrne bending over the couch, and lighted up her face—her plain, good face. The resemblance between mother and daughter was just great enough to make the contrast all the more striking. Enid was like her handsome mother. Only somewhere there was lacking in her that air of extreme elegance that was so much a part of the elder woman.

Was Irwin Chambers here to night, my child?

Yes, we have been reading manuscript all the evening.

Ho comes rather often of late.

We have much work to do together, mother. We shall have less now that he is promoted to the night editorship.

The mother smiled and sighed, but Enid did not notice it. She was preparing her things for the night.

Now if you will read to me Enid, I think I'll sleep.

But Enid lingered after the reading was finished, talking quietly, her hand in her mother's. They were very dear to each other these two.

You are not quite happy, little mutterchen, she said. There is something you are longing for. I can see it. Tell me what it is, little mother.

She laid her cheek fondly against her mother's, but drew back quickly.

Why mother dear, you are crying. What is it? Can't you tell me dearest?

Perhaps I ought not, child, you have sacrificed so much for me. But I do long to see England again before I die. If I could only see the old home again this summer, I think I should die satisfied. Do you think you could do it, Enid? I know I ought not to ask it, dear child.

Enid hid her face on her mother's breast in silence for a few moments. She might have told her that the rent had risen, that the maid had threatened to leave unless her wages were raised; that the doctor's bills had been nearly doubled, in short, that she did not know how to make ends meet as it were. But she only answered:

I think it can be managed, mother, we'll see.

My child, you are sacrificing yourself for me.

And laughed gaily.

Never fret, little mutterchen, I should never have been a social misfit. I am as well earning a livelihood for us both.

(To be continued.)

Non-sleeper—What's the reason that all the men who come around bearing now are such big, strong looking fellows?

Polite Pilgrim—The reason, lady, is that it's only strong looking fellows what kin leg nowadays want gettin hurt.

It's not cold may be used in a night by using Vaseline, which has been extensively used for twenty-four years. All druggists.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse, but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands with the best of the remedies for all the distressing ills of women.

Was it a fair fight? asked the French duellist's friend.

No, was the answer, I was foolish to be drawn in it. My opponent is in a business that needs advertising while I am not.

WHY SNIFFLE AND SNEEZE?

Don't suffer any more with a cold in the head, just carry a Catarrhone Inhaler in your vest pocket, use it now and again and you won't have colds. Catarrhone knocks out a cold in ten minutes, kills a headache in five minutes, and relieves coughs in half an hour. Inade the pleasant Catarrhone vapor five minutes four times daily and it will cure Bronchitis, Lung Trouble, Deafness, Asthma and Catarrh in any part of the system. Catarrh is the most direct, and most scientific method, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Complete two month's treatment costs \$1.00, trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Some men are forever talking shop, said Mr. Meekton's wife scornfully.

That's a fact, he answered. It's a great failing we have. A woman never does that way, he added approvingly. She doesn't stand around and talk about it when she feels like shopping. She just goes ahead and shops.

FOR A CERTAINTY I AM CURED

Mr. James Treisman, butcher, 536 Adelaide Street, St. John, N. B., writes that for 27 years he was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. He became depressed and his legs would swell so that he could scarcely go round. He never saw any medicine that did him so much good as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and knows for a certainty that this treatment cured him. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

This Paty de Claim that the papers are talking of, said the Little Neck, seems to have been strangely rained.

Why? queried the cherry stoper. He clearly belongs to the lobster family.

When it Hurts To Cough

The cough that hurts, the cough that gets tight in the chest is daily getting deeper and deeper into the bronchial tubes and is making directly for the lungs, to become pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs or consumption. Such coughs are sometimes referred to as "graveyard coughs," because they usually bring their victim to that last resting place.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has long been known as mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, coughs and colds. It gets in popularity every day and now has by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

It loosens the tightness in the chest, allays the inflammation, cures the cold and prevents pneumonia, consumption and other lung troubles. 25 cents, all druggists, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

She did not poison her husband, although he was 73 years old, while she was but 18. She was far too clever for that. Instead she kissed his brow and asked him would he no, for her sake, try to live to be 180. Of course he could not refuse. The effort to live to be 100 was at his advanced age necessarily fatal, and the young wife came at once into all his property.

GOT LAME BACK OR LUMBAGO?

No need of that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in ten minutes by Poison's Nervine, which is five times stronger than any other, penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of suffering, drives it out and thus gives relief almost instantly. Not magic, but strength that gives Poison's Nervine this power. You will think it magic however if you try it, pain goes so quickly. Sold by dealers everywhere, in large 25c. bottles.

Patrice—Charley lost his head in the interview, I heard.

Patience—Well, he didn't lose much.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET WELL

You are offered Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the most perfect restorative, blood creator and system builder that was ever prepared. The name of the discoverer, Dr. A. W. Chase, is enough to guarantee this, and besides you have the testimony of scores and hundreds of cured ones in every part of Canada and the United States. You can use it knowing that it is bound to do you good.

She—Didn't you feel like clapping your hands while she was singing?

He—Yes—Clapping my hands over my ears.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Bill—I want something that will stick to my ribs.

Jill—Why not try some of that liquid glue?

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

He said he'd win her in a walk. We felt quite sure he'd fail. He took her in his pretty yacht And won her in a sail.

Instructor—What is the difference between positive and negative electricity?

Student—It is positive when it is turned on and negative when it is turned off.

Why was Mr. Sweet offended when they asked him to impersonate the sand man in that tableau?

He seemed to take it as a personal slur. You see, he's a sugar merchant.

So your uncle was 83 years old when he died? Did he have the full possession of his faculties to the last?

As to that—well, as to that we can't tell yet. The will hasn't been read yet!

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the month of June call for in great plenty?

Tommy (a jeweler's son)—Wednesday presents, mum.

Footpad—Money or your life!

Book Agent—Sorry I haven't a copy of my life, sir, but let me show you the Life of George Washington in full merooco.

That girl next door lost her pet dog. I feel sorry for her.

Well, I can't feel any real grief. She hasn't touched her piano since the dog died.

She—Do you see anything ridiculous about that hat?

He—No, dear, but I haven't seen the bill yet.

When greasy dishes, pots or pans won't wash, try Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 25

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.
The sticking of the iron—the scorching of the linen and the troubles and worries of washing day are things of the past if you use

BEE STARCH

No worry—little work and absolute satisfaction. Try it. SAVE THE COUPONS. TEN CENTS PER PACKAGE. SNOWDON, FORBES & CO., Apts. 419 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.

On hand and to arrive

500 tons, best screened house and steam coal, viz: Acadia and Drummond egg, Pictou, Old Mine Sydney and Reserve, Cape Breton, Albion Mines, (Blacksmith) Pictou.

Delivered from vessels at reduced rates.

Now weight scales in working order.
John Russell & Co.
Newcastle.

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Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending statement and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us received special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address, **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.,** (Patent Attorneys), **Evans Building, - WASHINGTON, D. C.**

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Slocum System of Treatment for the cure of Consumption, Pulmonary Troubles, Catarrh, General Debility, and nearly all the ills of life, is medicine reduced to an exact science by the world's foremost specialist. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been permanently cured. The Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is needed by some, the Tonic by others, the Expectorant by others, the Oxojell by others still, and all four, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the needs of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies illustrated here. Our readers are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer.



THE FREE TRIAL

The honor of this effectively arresting the progress of this fatal malady rests with the wonderful system of treatment which has been reduced to an exact science for the cure of Consumption and for the cure of Catarrh and other prevalent conditions which pave the way for Consumption—that successful method evolved by America's greatest scientific physician, Dr. T. A. Slocum, whose great liberality, through his Free Trial Treatment, sent broadcast throughout this broad land, has contributed most to the rest of the most potent agency in the destruction of human life in this hemisphere. His Free System of Treatment has arrested the hand of death in the cases of thousands of consumptives and has prevented the disease in countless instances. The Slocum Treatment consists of four distinct remedies for the cure of Consumption, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all pulmonary and wasting diseases, and is based upon principles essential to the correction of function, the rebuilding of the tissues, the overthrow of parasitic animal organisms and the estab-