

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XXV.
BEBE KNOWS ALL.

PLEASE say no more now. Give me the address, and, for your own sake, say nothing to any one that you are not my wife. Call me Lilford before your servants—you will do that, Bebe?

'Yes.'

'Thank you. I will send Philippe to remain with you until my return. He hesitated a moment, looked at her long and hungrily, then, without a word, his whitened face giving evidence of the struggle in his heart, he left the room.

In the hall below Etienne Millet joined him.

'How is she?' inquired the Frenchman eagerly.

'Better, thank you. I must beg your pardon. In my anxiety for her I had forgotten you, even after the great service you rendered us.'

'It is nothing. Can I be of any use?'

'No, I thank you, unless you can tell me where the nearest cable office is.'

'I will go with you, if you will allow me.'

Loyd-Lostyn took his hat, and, with his new friend, went into the street. At the door of the cable office they parted, Millet with the invitation to call that he had sought.

'I am afraid I was ungrateful and ungenerous to you a while ago,' Bebe exclaimed to Loyd-Lostyn, when he returned to tell her the cable had gone. 'Will you forgive me. You have been so good, but I am very miserable.'

'I understand, poor little girl. You must not distress yourself about me. There is nothing that I would not do to insure your happiness, even to the giving up of my life.'

'You love me like that?'

The sweet, blind eyes were filled with tears, the lips trembled piteously. He hesitated for a moment, then answered:

'I can find no words to tell you. You are my restored honor, the life of my life, the soul of my soul. I am not fit to touch you, and all I ask is to be your slave. I want you to marry me for your sake, not mine. Listen, Bebe! You have been with me beneath my roof for months, surrounded only by the servants who believed you to be my wife, yet loving you as I do I have never kissed your lips. You have asked me to do so, believing me to be your father, yet never once did I take advantage of your sweet trust. Is not self-repression the greatest evidence of love, Bebe?'

'You are the only one who ever loved me!' she cried, unable to conceal the retrospective agony of her heart. 'The only one! Oh, God, what am I to do?'

The reply she would have made was prevented by a knock. A cable was placed in his hand.

Aloud he read:

'LOVE MOSTYN, RUE—Paris.

'Lansing and sister left weeks ago. No address.

'MELTON.'

Now Cured of Rheumatism

Cost him \$100.00 for medicines which failed—Cured by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

The Effect OF Scott's Emulsion

on thin, pale children is almost magical. It makes them plump, rosy, and active. Scott's Emulsion contains no drug, no alcohol, nothing but the purest and best ingredients to make blood, bone and solid flesh.

have given me a pattern for my life. We shall see how closely I can follow it."

"Duchess?"

"Much as my own folly has caused me to suffer I do not regret my life. Ah, Erie, it is wrong, wicked, but I know that your heart is mine! I know that, magnificent as your soul is, noble as are your acts, love for me has drawn them out; and, wicked, good for the complexion and at night are supposed to be quieting. Their digestibility if served mashed, surpasses nearly all other vegetables. A delicate stomach will get away with them when other vegetables would work harm."

"I cannot hurt her, your wife, for me to tell you this, because all that you can give her is here—your allegiance. The rest—your heart, your love—God gave to me."

"Duchess, do you know how hard you are making it for me to do my duty?"

"Yes, I know, for I know just how hard it is for me to do mine; but how can I be silent at a time like this? In a few moments you will be gone from me. You are leaving and fearfully. How do I know but that to-morrow you may be brought through that door wounded unto death? You are here now, to-morrow you may be in heaven. Do you think that I can see them dying about me, removed a minute after death to make room for another, without realizing the horrible uncertainty? Every time the door is opened to bring in a fresh victim my heart stands still with fear lest it may prove to be you. Erie, cannot you forgive my sin in face of my terrible fear?"

"I forgive you? My darling—let me go, Duchess! God knows what may be the result if I remain. I think my own misery makes me mad at times. I cannot restrain myself in your presence, and it is much better that we should not meet."

The sentence was interrupted by a light tap upon the door followed by the entrance of a little nun in her night-like robes.

Your pardon, Soeur Mathilde, she said softly, 'but the wounded soldier who was brought in to-day has heard that Colonel Childes is here, and has requested to see him.'

Very earnestly Miss Beaufort turned to her visitor.

'You heard?' she exclaimed. 'Will you not go to him?'

'With pleasure.'

With sword clanking behind him, his handsome face pale from the emotion his interview had occasioned, Colonel Childes followed her from the room.

To be continued.

Don't stitch skirt seams all in one direction; the bias side should be held under the straight edge, which means that the seams of that side of the skirt should be stitched from top to bottom and the other half from bottom to top.

A beautiful quilt for the mahogany bed is made in the rose design, full-blown roses with green leaves and buds being applied on large blocks of linen. These blocks are put together with bands of one of the rose shades.

"Duchess, don't!" he cried, passing his hand across his eyes. "Can't you see that my whole life is given up to clearing my soul of the crime I committed in the telling of a cruel lie? Oh, Duchess, what have I made of your existence?"

"Hush, please, hush! We were never to speak of that again, you know. I might have been the happiest woman upon earth to-day but for my stubborn pride. I have been justly punished, Erie, most justly."

"You break my heart. You take the blame when it all belongs to me, all! You think you might have forgiven me now, because there is an eternal barrier between us, but were it removed the remembrance of my deception would come to you with cruel force. You would remember that my brother was hanged for murder, and that I was suspected of being his accomplice. Ah, no, Duchess! The shadow of murder has darkened my life for years, and must go on doing so to the end."

"You are bitterly cruel, but I deserve it. Do you think that I believe that of you? Why, if you declared your guilt with your own lips I should say you were dreaming or mad. Murder and God-like nobility do not dwell in the same heart, Erie. You

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There is only one medicine that can prove thoroughly satisfactory in complicated ailments of the liver and kidneys, and that is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Rev. G. J. Bond Will Go to Halifax.

Rev. G. J. Bond has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Grafton Street Methodist Church, at the commencement of the next conference year. Rev. Mr. Bond is exceedingly well known in Halifax, having been pastor of the Brunswick Street Methodist Church, as well as Editor of the Wesleyan for four years. Mr. Bond has also been editor of the Christian Guardian of Toronto. He has travelled extensively in the East, particularly in China and Japan and has taken a great interest in the Layman's Missionary Movement. Mr. Bond's many friends in Halifax will be glad to welcome him back to the city.—Halifax Chronicle.

Eat More Carrots

"If people did but know it," said a man who has made a study of the food question, "carrots are among the most nutritious and delightful vegetables that grow and yet it is almost impossible to get them in the average restaurant."

"Mashed carrots to my mind make a delightful dish, tasty and healthful. Carrots are splendid for the blood, good for the complexion and at night are supposed to be quieting. Their digestibility if served mashed, surpasses nearly all other vegetables. A delicate stomach will get away with them when other vegetables would work harm."

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An Epoch-Making Invention for PIPE SMOKERS.

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YOUNGER'S ALE and STOUT. This celebrated Revolver Ale and Stout, is World Famed for invalids and others of weak digestion.

Remember Our Telephone, No. 432.

Two Little Children Burned to Death.

OTTAWA, Oct. 24.—Two children of George Tremble, a farmer living four miles from North Gower, one a babe of five weeks and the other a boy of three years, were burned to death on Friday in a fire which destroyed their home.

Three children were alone in the house at the time, Mrs. Tremble having gone to the barn for a few minutes. The baby and the youngest boy were asleep upstairs and the oldest child, a boy of five, was left playing in the kitchen. He found some matches, lit them and threw them into the wood box, setting the house on fire. Then he ran to tell his mother. By the time she reached the house entrance was impossible. Mr. Tremble arrived a minute later, but the frantic father and mother could do nothing but watch the raging flames. The charred bodies of the two children were later found in the ashes.

Do not confuse the use of the darning egg to stockings. When it is necessary to repair a rent in a sleeve slip the egg under the torn place. The work will then be done more expeditiously and satisfactorily.

To draw threads easily in articles for hemstitching, first soap the goods where threads are to be drawn. Make a father and apply with a shaking brush. When the linen is dry the threads will pull out easily.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

New York Press on Crippen Trial.

New York, Oct. 24.—Commenting editorially on the Crippen trial, the Tribune says:—

The celerity with which the English courts have disposed of Crippen cannot fail to be contrasted in many minds with the course which such a case would probably have run here. In England the criminal procedure is admirably direct and simple. The court tries to get at the facts and does not allow the main issue to be confused with technical and largely irrelevant embroidery. The spirit of the common law is still honored, for it was the intention of that law to get a common sense judgment on the evidence presented, and not to turn the ascertainment of guilt or innocence into an elaborate technical battle between hair-splitting lawyers and speculative expert witnesses dealing with hypotheses, not with facts.

It can easily be imagined that if Dr. Crippen had been tried here and had been able to raise a sufficient defence fund, his lawyers would have been able to parallel the discreditable manoeuvres of the Thaw trials. Our criminal cases are conducted more with a view to encouraging sophistication and sharp practice than to striking a just balance between guilt and innocence. A simplification of our procedure is greatly needed.

"Conducted in Masterful Way." The Times says:—

The trial in London of Hawley H. Crippen for the murder of his wife was conducted in a masterful way, with the dignity that should pertain to all criminal courts, and with expedition. It began last Tuesday and ended yesterday, with the conviction of the prisoner and the pronouncement of the sentence. He will be hanged within three weeks. There is no likelihood of an appeal, less likelihood that a motion of prisoner's counsel to suspend sentence will be entertained. Under the best laws in the world, and the best enforced, Crippen has had a fair trial, and there is no doubt that jury found him guilty strictly on the evidence.

The Lord Chief Justice presided at the trial, which was a model of its kind, and vastly different from the protracted and "sensational" murder trials so common in this country.

Old England's New Heavyweight.

London, October 25.—At last England has a heavyweight who can fight.

Bombardier Wells is the heavy, and while he could not at this time wrest Jack Johnson's laurels from him, he is an exceptionally good man, as his victory over Sergt. Sunshine proves.

Wells is 22, and weighs but 183 pounds. As he stands 6ft. 2½ inches, he is lathy in appearance, but he has a frame which will fill out, and with his reach of 79½ inches, a wallop in either hand and considerable natural skill as a boxer, he is really the most promising looking thing the heavyweight brigade has produced in many months.

Wells lacks experience. In beating Sunshine he defeated the most formidable man England could send against him, for Sunshine but recently won from Ian Hague.

Wells played with Sunshine for two rounds, but in the third Sunshine whipped a right hook to the jaw, which he never would have landed had Wells not grown careless. But he did place it, and Wells took nine before he arose. In the nine seconds he recuperated in a way that spoke volumes for his condition. Four times he was dropped in this round, but gameness and stamina carried him through, and the gong saved him. He was carried to his corner unconscious, revived and came back for the fourth, through which he managed to stall. In the fifth he had almost recovered his normal condition, and in the sixth put Sunshine to sleep with an uppercut that sounded like a pistol shot and kept Sunshine out for ten minutes.

The Wells-Sunshine bout was the first of Hugh McIntosh's so-called "elimination" series to find England's best heavyweight. Wells will be matched with Bill Lang, if McIntosh's plans are carried out, and if he wins he will meet Tommy Burns, then Al Kaufman and other American heavyweights. If his performances result in victories he will in a couple of years challenge Johnson, providing the pace the champion is traveling does not end in his defeat by someone else.

Wells won the heavyweight championship of the army in India, and sought his discharge. He came to England a few weeks ago to follow the fighting game. He put Private Smith to sleep in three rounds before meeting Sunshine. All of Wells' fights have been won with knockouts, and critics say that with his gameness proven, all he needs to become a great fighter is the coaching and experience, to be gained in successive battles.

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