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THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

The young lady eagerly apologized for her reproachful look. "Pray forgive me, I am indeed too impetuous; but I have been so anxious, so unhappy, that when I found you had not come for me, I lost all self-control. You have earned the promised reward, and as soon as you have taken me to the door of the house I shall be yours."

She signed to the woman to lead the way, and looked haughtily surprised on perceiving that she hesitated. "Pardon, mademoiselle, but are you sure you are prepared to proceed? It is true that for one we love we are often willing to make great sacrifices, but the house is late, mademoiselle is young, very young, perhaps inexperienced, although it is plain that the ladies of her country are reared differently to ours."

"I am sixteen, and accustomed to act for myself," she proudly told. "But sixteen!" the woman ejaculated, with a pitying glance at the delicately-featured features of the English girl. "Is mademoiselle quite certain that this monsieur is worthy of the great confidence she reposes in him when she resolves to visit him at his apartment? It is true that I am ignorant of English customs; but in this country, such an act would be considered—may I say it?—very indiscreet."

In spite of the darkness she could see the hot blood rush into the cheeks of the young lady, as she angrily demanded:

"Of what are you dreaming? It is my brother, my only brother, who I seek. Do you suppose I would be here unless it were for his sake?"

"The English monsieur is called Elmer or Harter," said the woman, who prudently evaded either replying or apologizing. She believed to be an artist, but lives in great retirement. In fact those who have told me this much assert that he has not been seen for some days, and his landlady, who is a man always coarse and brutal, has frowned and blustered when questioned concerning him."

"What do you infer from this—that Mr. Harter, as you call my brother, is in his debt?"

The woman nodded. "How could Aymer sink so low?" the young lady began to soliloquize, but checked herself on remembering that she was not alone. "Lead me to my brother," she said to her companion.

"I come prepared to settle all claims upon him," he did not know that his friends were still in Paris, or that in some confusion she left the explanation unfinished. She scarcely knew herself why Aymer, the young Earl of Esselby, was at Paris when he was supposed to be climbing the Alps with the tutor who had accompanied him abroad. She had been as much astonished as alarmed when the note, to which she had made allusion as having been secretly delivered to her as she was quitting the picture gallery of the Louvre, acquainted her with the fact. But more bewildering still was the fact that in it her brother warned her, in somewhat incoherent terms, not to betray his presence in the French capital to his step-mother, and finished by asking her to endeavor to obtain for him a certain sum of money, for which he would send at the first opportunity.

This money she had with much difficulty procured; but weeks elapsed, and Aymer neither came nor sent. The tidings of the rapid approach of the German army had warned the English residents to fly from Paris, and Lady Esselby would have been amongst the first to depart but for the, to her, inexplicable obstinacy of her step-daughter. Had she been a kind-hearted, sensible woman, the young girl might not have hesitated to say to her: "Aymer is here; it is for his sake I stay. The foolish, impetuous boy has involved himself in a desperate situation, and needs to be rescued."

But Lady Esselby had a cold, selfish heart, and a bitter tongue; she prided herself on strictly doing her duty by the brother and sister left to her guardianship, and they were too proud to confide to anyone how her enmities, her exactions, her carefully-veiled taunts and sarcasms, aroused their worst passions, and not only made their situation and defiant, but hurried them into many an act of which, in calmer moments, they were ashamed. Aymer

Esselby's sister might have loved him so passionately if she had not regarded him as a fellow-sufferer, whose errors must be hidden from the woman who would exaggerate and harp upon them till she drove him almost to madness. A few months and he would be of age, and free himself from the yoke; till then my lady's malevolence must be evaded.

"Lead me to my brother," she said, resolutely; but still the French bouquiere hesitated. Neither poverty nor frequent contact with the hardened and vicious had blunted her good feelings, and the rashness of this young creature, who evidently knew not how much she was risking, rendered her uneasy. Would it not be more prudent to let mademoiselle to content herself with sending a message to her relative? Will he be pleased for his sister to penetrate to such a quarter as he resides in?"

"I will not turn back," was the impetuous reply. "I cannot relinquish the hope of seeing, of imploring him to put an end to this strange concealment. Indeed, my good woman, I must see my brother," she added, still more positively. "He has no one to care for him, poor boy, but myself! I have braved mamma's reproaches, and endured everything, rather than go away while he is here, beset with mysterious difficulties. Shall I, then, let any personal consideration influence me now that I am so near, so very near, that in five minutes I may be in his arms?"

She had been talking to herself more than to the shivering woman who patiently awaited her decision; but now, in firmer tones, she said to her companion: "If in kindness you raise these objections, but you forget that as soon as I am with my brother I am safe; and that the more promptly you lead me to him the more quickly shall he be shielded from the annoyances at which you hint. How far did you say that we have to go?"

"If mademoiselle will not be gainsaid she must keep close to my side, and not carry her head so erect, or walk so like an Englishman," the woman warned her. "And she must take off those rings that sparkle on her fingers. Who in their senses would assume the dress of a grisette and wear such ornaments as those? or a gold necklace such as I now see glittering above your ears?"

The young lady bit her lips, but hurriedly transferred the trinkets to her pocket, and making a tolerably successful attempt to imitate the gait of her companion, closely followed as she quitted the porch that had sheltered them while they conversed, she plunged into a network of courts and alleys so dark, so ill-paved, that it was only by clutching the sleeve of the bouquiere's doublet that she was able to find her way.

CHAPTER III.

There are moments when the excited brain draws mental pictures with astonishing rapidity, and in the few minutes that elapsed before the woman to whom she clung told her the welcome news that they had reached their destination, the Lady Vivien St. Orme's thoughts had flown to many scenes. She saw herself once more a happy child, sporting at the knees of her indulgent father, again she saw herself, as she had been, a bright, fearless girl, side by side with her only brother, or taking her first peep at society from Lady Esselby's opera box, laughing and blushing and her eyes full of tears. She leveled at her fair young face, or heard her opening loveliness commented on, and some sage bachelor predict that in the course of a few years she would be the Queen of the Season.

Why did these visions perplex her now? Was it to make the contrast more chilling between the past and her present garb and errand? What if she were delayed, and unable to return to the hotel before dawn? What if the countess discovered her absence? Or, worse still, what if others learned that she had been absent; in the night, too, and wandering in one of the worst quarters of Paris? When Vivien first resolved to seek her brother, it seemed the easiest simplest thing in the world to do, and she had smiled at herself when she stood before her glass in the robe of the nun, which she had contrived to abstract while the weary sister snatched a few hours' repose. But now that she stood in the land of the night with tall, grim houses frowning down upon her, with figures slouching past ever and anon, whose evil faces made her shudder, and without a creature at hand save the flower-seller who would protect her from them, her heart grew cold with dread. The delicately-nurtured, carefully-tended patrician comprehended at length how rash she had been, and could only mutely pray that she might be saved from the perils she had too heedlessly undertaken.

[To be Continued.]

The title of "majesty" was first given to Louis XI. of France. Before that time sovereigns were usually styled "highness."

When a baby smiles in its sleep it is because it is fond of being kissed. No woman attains the supreme joy of life until she knows the supreme sorrow of womanhood until she sees her baby in the crib and she can embrace it.

Thousands of women daily achieve womanhood's supreme joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supreme sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with the seeds of death already sown in their little bodies. If a woman would have healthy, robust children, strong and able to withstand the usual little illnesses of childhood, she must look before she leaps.

If a woman will take the proper care of her health in a womanly way, during the period of prospective maternity, she may protect herself against much pain, suffering and possible death, and insure the health of her child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the tortured nerves. It banishes the usual distresses of the expectant period and makes baby's advent to this world easy and almost painless. It insures an ample supply of nourishment. It is the greatest known nerve tonic and invigorator for women. All good dealers sell it. Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute said to be "just as good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I am married twice and was so weak I could not stand on my feet," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., of Lowell, Mass. Co. Green. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby and am stronger than for twelve years."

The quick constipation cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never gripe. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

MR. ROSS SCORES MR. WHITNEY

A Telling Speech by the Minister of Education.

Bluff Is Not Statesmanship and Rant Is Not Eloquence.

Mr. Whitney's Hysterics—Col. Matheson's Figures—Reckless Misrepresentation by the Opposition.

The following is the text of Mr. Ross' admirable speech at Mount Forest in support of Hon. Mr. Gibson's candidature in East Wellington:

There are two or three features of this campaign which are worthy of attention. Perhaps the most noticeable, and therefore the first in order of importance, if not of importance, is the hysterical wrath of the leader of the opposition. You have read his speeches in the newspapers, and some of you may have heard him in this hall. Now, his manner, I am bound to say, is most alarming, for I have learned by experience that his fiery declaration and violent gestures are far more disturbing than his arguments, and I would remind him, if he would condescend to listen to any words of mine, that bluff is not statesmanship, and that rant is not eloquence.

If the government is corrupt and incapable, as Mr. Whitney and his colleagues allege, why has he withheld his proof so long? Why has he not invoked the machinery of parliament, and either through the standing committee of the house or by a special committee asked for an investigation of our misdoings? Why has he not the courage himself or why does he not persuade some of his followers to make a special charge against the government, or the dishonesty of corrupt conduct, as was done by the Liberals at Ottawa when they were in opposition, and let this corrupt and dishonest government be exposed and driven from office as speedily as possible? That could have been done by Mr. Whitney, if he had manly and parliamentary courage for him to take, but I tell you beforehand he will not take it, as he dare not risk the consequences. His discomfiture would be too complete and he knows it.

COL. MATHESON'S FIGURES.

I observe, also, that whenever Mr. Whitney goes he is accompanied by that skillful accountant and expert in finance, Col. Matheson, of South Lanark. Col. Matheson insists that our public accounts are not properly audited; that we are running behind, and that direct taxation is the only way to meet the other consequences of the financial without emotion. Now we say, and we point to an act of parliament passed by the Liberal party to that end, which you will find on page 302 of the Revised Statutes of 1897, that this is the most ample provision for the audit of the public accounts, that the audit is as full and complete and searching as the audit of the public accounts at Ottawa, and that in every essential respect the provincial auditor of Ontario has the same power as the Dominion auditor. We say, moreover, that the public accounts committee, of which Col. Matheson is a member, and which consisted last year of the leading Conservatives of the house, has access to every paper and document affecting the public accounts of the province, with a right to examine witnesses under oath, and probe every transaction to the very bottom.

Now, Mr. Whitney is not satisfied with this mode of auditing the public accounts, let him make the charge that he believes the public accounts are framed to conceal and not to disclose the public business, or that there is some irregularity in the manner in which the public accounts are presented, or that the government has directly or indirectly profited by any transaction affecting the public interest, and I tell Mr. Whitney here that he can have a committee of the house, and can call in the best accountants in the land to examine our mode of keeping the public accounts, and can examine all other persons that can be reached by a subpoena of the house, and the government will stand or fall by the consequences of the investigation. If Mr. Whitney or Col. Matheson thinks that the government, for a sinister purpose, is attempting to conceal any public transaction, let them say so in parliament on their responsibility as members, and the government will stand or fall by the consequences of the investigation.

CHARGE OF CENTRALIZATION. Mr. Whitney charged the Liberal party with centralization. I admit that centralization is a somewhat disturbing word to most people, but when heard by an audience with the strong emphasis which it usually receives from Mr. Whitney, or in the ears of the ordinary sense of the term, and usually not amenable to criticism in the public press? I like power to be in the hands of men I can get at, and not in the hands of men beyond the reach of my vote and my prayers. Then, as further proof of centralization, he says we have taken the issuing of tavern licenses into our hands. Formerly, as you know, licenses were issued by authority of municipal councils; now they are issued by au-

thority of the government. Well, what of it? Can Mr. Whitney or any of his followers say that the public interests intended to be served by license laws have ever been better served than they are under the present license law? Charges of political partisanship have sometimes been made against commissioners and against inspectors, but these charges, when investigated, have amounted to very little; usually, nothing at all. Is Mr. Whitney prepared to say that any other board of commissioners that could be appointed would have no political or other bias? We are not asked to change the present system of issuing tavern licenses, because, in the opinion of our opponents, it does not promote public morality, but we are asked to change it because of a suspicion that it is not entirely free from politics, and yet we are not furnished with a tithe of evidence that the system which Mr. Whitney proposes would be less free from politics. It is therefore a question, taking him on his own grounds, between centralization by the Government, which is only objectionable in the score of its possible political bias, and a decentralization which, by past experience, has been found to be far more objectionable. And this, with any sensible and violent adjunction, we are asked to accept, as the statesmanship of the Opposition—the remedy for fanciful injuries to the liberty of the people.

MR. WHITNEY INCONSISTENT.

These are the two respects in which for the moment it occurs to me that we are guilty of centralization, and in neither of them has it been shown that harm has come to the public, but, on the contrary, much good. Now, if Mr. Whitney is such a foe to centralization, why did he not object to the action of the Dominion Government when, under the McCarthy act, it took the control of the license laws of the Dominion, until it was told by the Privy Council that it had no right to interfere with matters of purely provincial jurisdiction? I have never yet heard that Mr. Whitney denounced either Sir John Macdonald or Sir Charles Tupper because of their invasion on provincial rights in this instance. Again, we had a Dominion franchise act, by which the right to prepare voters' lists for every constituency in Ontario was vested in the Dominion Government, to the exclusion of the local municipalities. Here was an extraordinary act of centralization, which struck at the very foundations of representative government, but so far as I can remember, not a word of complaint was uttered either by Mr. Whitney or Mr. Matheson in opposition to this mode of centralization. Then we had the Dominion gerrymander act of 1882, the avowed principle of which, as Sir John Macdonald said, was "to give the electors the right to elect the electors," that is, to centralize the franchise of county lines or any other consideration whatsoever except one—the political advantage to be gained. And yet not a word against this centralization by our modern exponents of rights, Messrs. Whitney and Matheson.

And what has been the cause of the various contests between the Local Government and the Dominion Government with respect to license laws and our rights to the control of the timber and minerals on crown lands, but a fight against the centralization of a Government that Mr. Whitney practically supported all his life, and supported to the great loss and ruin of the Province of Ontario, which he now seeks to control?

A REPLY TO MR. CARSCALLEN.

Again, it is said that the Education department has centralized in itself greater powers than it formerly possessed. Mr. Carscadden has gone so far as to say that my only object in retaining the right to centralize in myself the control of the school system of the country. Now, I am under the painful necessity of telling this gentleman that any allegation that the Education department exercises more power now than it did in Dr. Ryerson's time is untrue, as a matter of fact, and if Mr. Carscadden is not aware of this he ought to be. In regard to examinations and the appointment of examiners, and the regulations respecting the courses of study, text-books, etc., etc., indeed, in almost every particular, the Education department is less centralized than it was 25 years ago. The details of this I am prepared to discuss down to the minutest item of administration when I meet this gentleman and his leader in their accustomed and proper places in the House.

RECKLESS MISREPRESENTATION.

In answering this charge of centralization you will allow me to express my astonishment that men occupying the prominent positions of leaders of public opinion should so constantly engage in the most reckless misrepresentation of their opponents. I never engaged in a campaign since I entered public life, 25 years ago, in which there seemed such a premeditated and malicious determination to misrepresent and overstate, which ever serves the purpose best, well-known facts bearing upon the case under consideration. When the answer which we make to the charges cannot be demolished, suspicion is raised that all the evidence has not been forthcoming. When we point to the success of our administration it is hinted that if the truth were known our record would not be paid our way. When we say we have paid our way, we are charged with the development of the country, we are confronted with imaginary liabilities and Mathesonian deficits, and if anybody is disposed to pause in his criticism of the government or its policy, then the leader of the Opposition calls for the big drum, and immediately the air is filled with noise, and there are gathered-

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Blouses, new tucked fronts, pointed yoke back, lined throughout, white linen collar; Saturday and Monday, special price \$2.95.

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Ladies' and Children's Plaid Hose, in all sizes.

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Boys' Heavy Ribbed School Stockings, 25c pair.

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ings of committees, and fiery appeals to passion, and a terrible distortion of the truth, until it is hard for one to identify himself amidst it all, so general has been the malodorous fusillade.

THE AUGUST SESSION.

I notice that Mr. Whitney at Arthur the other night wanted to know why we called Parliament together in August. I am surprised at his asking this question. I think that during the three weeks Parliament was in session it was made very plain to him why Parliament was called. It is not an unusual thing for a man who has wondrously caused a fire to ask why the fire bell is ringing. Mr. Whitney and his party attempted to get possession of the Government benches by questioning the right of constables to vote, although for fifty years their rights in this respect had remained unchallenged, and when he was caught in the very act of storming the treasury benches indirectly through the courts, we met him on his own terms, and we called Parliament, and we authorized the courts to say once and for all what were the rights of constables under the law. We went further, and we proposed to protect men who had won their seats under the conditions on which their predecessors had held seats in Parliament on both sides of the House since the union act of 1841. We did this openly, with the approval of the majority of the people of Ontario, and we say we would be unworthy custodians of the trust committed to our care, and we would be unworthy representatives of the great Liberal party if we did not repel any and every attack upon the integrity of the franchise, no matter whether it came through the election courts or from a discomfited opposition. I am sure Mr. Whitney has not yet discovered why Parliament met. I think we could find a newsboy on the streets of Toronto who could tell him all about it. It is astonishing how long it takes some men to find out what is going on even in this land of newspapers and telephones.

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