THE OLD RELIABLE.

The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Almost infallible to cure dysentery, cholera morbus, and all manner of fluxes, choice cramps, cholera infantum, and every form of summer complaints.

TRUE WITNESS FOR

The TRUE WITNESS has, within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our cuorts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our renders will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We wantactive intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfer-

ing with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

A GEFERAL DEFEATED.

A Mrs. J. G. Robertson writes: "I was suffering from general debility, want of appetite, constipation, etc., so that life was a burden: after using Burdock Blood Bitters I felt better than for years. I cannot praise your Bitters to much.

INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS. LONDON, Aug 8.—The seventh International Medical Congress closed to day, and the members dispersed after a banquet held at the Crystal Palace to-night. The downpour yesterday afternoon caused much disappointment to the members of the Congress, and delegates who had been invited to attend the Baroness Bardett Cuatts' garden party at Holylodge, Highgate, one of the most beautiful residences on the northern heights above London. Yet, in spite of the rain over 1,000 delegates and their wives made the pilgrimage thither. They were debarred by the weather from enjoying the beautiful park, and were received by the baroness in one of the long conservatories. Her American husband paid special attention to the delegates from the United States and Canada. By invitation of the Messrs. Siemens, the Ocean Cable Manufacturers, 150 delegates of the Congress yesterday visited the cable

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING-"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until floating around us ready to attack wherever

construction steamer "Faraday" and inspect-

ed the new cable for the Anglo-American

Company.

nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled-"JAMES EPPS & Co. Homocopathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII .- CONTINUED . Mrs. Stoart rushed in with a scream, and found her husband lying on the floor, the message in his hand, in a fit.

Captain Hammond had made an appointment with Charlie to dine at St. James' Street that evening. Calling upon old friends kept the gallant captain of Scotch Grays occupied all day; and as the shades of evening began to gather over the West End, he stood impatiently awaiting his arrival. Mr. Stuart was ten minutes late, and if there was one thing in his mortal life that upset the young warrior's equanimity, it was being kept ten minutes waiting for his dinner. Five minutes more! Confound the fellow-would he never come? As the impatient adjuration passed the captain's lips. Charlie came in He was rather pale. Except for that, there But we want to extend its usefulness and was no change in him. Death itself could hardly have wrought much change in Char lie. He had come to apologize; he had not come to dine. He had come to tell the captain some very bad news. There had been terrible commercial disasters of late in New York; they had involved his father. His father had embarked almost every dollar of his fortune in some bubble speculations that had gone up like a rocket and come down like a stick. He had been losing immensely for the past month. This morning he had received a cable message, telling him the crash had come. He was irretrievably, past all hope of redemp-

tion, ruined. All this Charlie told in his quietest voice. looking out through the great bay window at the bustle and whirl of fashionable London life, at the hour of seven in the evening. Captain Hammond, smoking a cigar, listened in gloomy silence' feeling particularly uncomfortable, and not knowing in the least what to say. He took out his cheroot and spoke at last.

"It's a deuced bad state of affairs, Charlie Have you thought of anything?"

"I've thought of suicide," Charlie answered, "and made all the preliminary arrangements. I took out my rozor-case, examined, the edges, found the sharpest, and-put it carefully away again. I loaded all the chambers of my revolver, and locked it up. I sauntered by the classic banks of the Serpentine, sleeping tranquilly in the rays of the sunset (that sounds like poetry). Of the three 1 think I prefer it, and if the worst comes to the worst, it's there still, and it's pleasent and cool.

"How do your mother and sister take it? Captain Hammond gloomingly asked.

"My mother is one of these happy-go-lucky apathetic sort of people who never break their heart over anything. She said 'O dear me! several times I believe, and cried a little. Trix hasn't time to take it' at all. She is absorbed all day in attending her father. The fit turns out not to be dangerous at present, but he lies in a sort of stupor, a lethargy from which nothing can rouse him. Of course our first step will be to return to New York immediately. Beggars-and I take it that's about what we are at present-have no business at Langham's."

Captain Hammond opened his bearded lips s though to speak, thought better of it, replaced his cigar again between them in moody silence, and stared hard at nothing out of the window.

"I called this afternoon upon the Lordon agent of the Cunard ships," resumed Charlie and found that one sails in four days. Providentially two cabins remained untaken; I secured them at once. In four days, then, we sail. Meantime, old fellow, it you'll drop in and speak a word to mother and Trix, you will be doing a friendly deed. Poor souls! they are awfully cut up."

Captain Hammond started to his feet. He seized Charlie's hand in a grip of iron. "Old boy! ' he began-he never got further. The torrent of eloquence dried up suddenly, and a shake of the band that made Charlie wince finished the sentence.

"I shall be fully occupied in the mean. time," Charlie said, taking his hat and turning to go, "and they'll to a great deal alone. It I can find time I'll run down to Cheshire, and tell my cousin. As we may not meet again, I should like to say 'good-bye.'" He

There was no sleep that night in the Stuart apartments. Mr. Stuart was pronounced out of danger and able to travel, but he still lay in that lethargic trance-not speaking at all, and seemingly not suffering. Next day Charlie started for Cheshire.

"She doesn't deserve it," his sister said bitterly; "I wouldn't go if I were you. She has her lover-her fortune. What are we or our misfortunes to her? She has neither heart nor gratitude, nor affection. She isn't worth a thought, and never was-there !"

"I wouldn't be too hard upon her, Trix, if I were you," her brother answered coolly. You would have taken Sir Victor yourself, you know, if you could have got him. I will

He went. The long, bright summer day passed; at six he was in Chester. There was some delay in procuring a conveyance to Powyss-place, and the drive was a lengthy one. Twilight had entirely fallen, and lamps especially to the American and Canadian glimmered in the windows of the old stone mansion as he alighted. The servent stared as he ushered him in. at

his pale face ad dusty garments.

"You will tell Miss Darrell I wish to see her at once, and alone," he said, slipping a shilling into the man's hand.

He took a seat in the familiar reception room, and waited. Would she keep him long, he wondered-would she come to him-would she come at all? Yes, he knew she would, let him send for her, married or single, when and how he might, he knew she would

come. She entered as the thought crossed his mind, hastily, with a soft silken rustle, a waft of perfume. He rose up and looked at her; so for the space of five seconds they stood

silently, face to face,
To the last hour of his life Charlie Stuart remembered her, as he saw her then, and always with a sharp pang of the same pain.

She was dressed for a dinner party. She were violet silk, trailing far behind her, violet shot with red. Her graceful shoulders rose up exquisitely out of the point lace trimmings, her arms sparkled in the lights. A necklace of amethysts set in clusters, with diamonds between, shone upon her neck; amethysts and diamonds were in her ears, Astrong enough to resist any tendency to and clasping the arms above the elbows.

disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are Her waying dark hair was drawn back off her Her waving dark hair was drawn back off her face, and crowned with an ivy wreath. The there is a weak point. We may escape many soft abundant waxlights showered down upon a fatal shatt by keeping ourselves well her. So she stood resplendant as a queen, fortified with pure blood and a properly radiant as a goddess. There was a look on

Charlie Stuart's face, a light in his gray eyes, very rare to see. He only bowed and stood

aloof. "I have surprised you, I am sure—interrupted you, I greatly fear. You will pardon both, I know, when I tell you what has brought me here."

In very few words he told her the great tragedies of life are always easily told. They were ruined—he had engaged their passage in the next steamer --- he had merely run down as they were never likely to meet again-for the sake of old times, to say good-bye.

Old times! Something rose in the girl's throat seemed to choke her. Ob, of all the base, heartless, mercenary, ungrateful wretches on earth, was there another so ungrateful, so heartless as she? Poor-Charlie poor! For one moment-one-the impulse came upon her to give up all-to go with him to beggary if need be. Only for one moment-I will do Miss Darrell's excellent worldly

wisdom this justice—only one.
"I see you are dressed for a party I will not detain you a second longer. I could not depart comfortably, considering that you came over ir our care, without informing you why we leave so abruptly. You are safe. Your destiny is happily settled. I can give to your father a good account of my stewardship. You have my sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, and I am sure you will never quite forget us Good-bye, Miss Darrell."

He held out his hand. "My congratulations are premature, but let me offer them to the future Lady Catheron."

"Miss Darrell!" When in all the years that were gone, had he ever called her that before? She arose and gave him her handproud, pale.

"I thank you," she said coldly. "I will send Lady Helena and Sir Victor to you at once. They will wish to see you, of course. Good-bye Mr. Stuart. Let us hope things will turn out better than you think. Give my dearest love to Trix, if she will accept it.

Once more, good-bye." She swept to the door in her brilliant dress, her perfumed laces, her shining jewels—the glittering fripperies for which her womanhood was to be sold. He stood quite still in the centre of the room, as she had left bim, watching her. So beautiful, so cold-blooded,

in books; in real life it was_like this! She laid her hand on the silver handle the door-then she paused-looked back, all the womanliness, all the passion of her life for the past twelve years, sir, and every day of stirred to its depths. It was good-bye for ever to Charlie. There was a great sob, and George! she ain't dead yet, you know. It's pride bowed and fell. She rushed back— wonderful—I give you my word—it's wonder two impetuous arms went round his neck; she drew his face down, and kissed him passionately-once-twice.

"Good-bye, Charlie-my darling-forever and ever l"

She threw him from her almost violently; and rushed out of the room. Whether she went to tell Lady Helena and Sir Victor of his presence he neither knew nor cared. He was in little mood to meet either of them just

Five minutes later, and, under the blue silvery summer night, he was whirling away back to Chester. When the midnight stars shone in the sky, he was half way up to Lon-don with Edith's farewell words in his ears, Edith's first, last hiss on his lips.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUMMONS.

The sun was just rising over the million roofs and spires of the great city, as Charlie's hansom dashed up to the door of Langham's He ran up to his father's room, and on the threshold encountered Trix, pale and worn with her night's watching, but wearing a peculiarly happy and contented look despite it all. Charlie did not stop to notice the look, he asked after his father.

"Pa's asleep," Trix replied, "so's ma. It's of no use your disturbing either of them. Pa's pretty well; stupid, as you left him; he doesn't care to talk but he'sable to eat and sleep. The doctor says there is nothing at all to hinder his travelling to Liverpool today. And now, Charlie," Trix concluded, looking compassionately at her brother's pale, tired face, "as you look used up after your day and night's travelling, suppose you go to bed; I'll wake you in time for breakfast, and you needn't worry about anything, Captain Hammond has been here," says Trix, blushing in the wan, morning light, " and he will attend to everything."

Charlie nodded and turned to go, but his sister detained him.

"You-you saw her, I suppose?" she said hesitatingly.

"Edith, do you mean?" Charlie looks at her full. "Yes, I saw her. As I went down for the purpose, I was hardly likely to fail." "And what has she to say for herself?" Trix asks bitterly.

"Very little; we were not together ten minutes in all. She was dressed for a party of some kind, and I did not detain her." "A party!" Trix repeats; "and we like

this! Did she send no message at all?" "She sent you her dearest love." "She may keep it —let her give it to Sir Victor Catheron. I don't want her love, or

anything else belonging to her!" Trix cries, explosively. " Of all the heartless, ungrateful girls-"

Her brother stops her with a look. These handsome gray eyes of Charlie's can be very stern eyes when he likes. "As I said before, that will do. Trix.

Edith is one of the wise virgins we read ofshe has chosen by long odds the better part. What could we do with her now? take her back and return her to her father and stepmother, and the dull life she hated? As for gratitude, I confess I don't see where the gratitude is to come in. We engaged her at a fixed salary; so much cleverness, French, German, and general usefulness on her part; on ours so many hundred dollars per annum. Let me say this, Trix, once and for good, as you don't seem able to say anything pleasant of Edith, suppose you don't speak of her at

And then Charlie, with that resolute light in his eyes, that resolute compression of his lips turned and walked upstairs. It was an unusually grave speech for him, and his volatile sister was duly impressed. She shrugged her shoulders, and went back to her pa's

room. "The amount of it is," she thought, " he is as fond of her as ever, and can't bear, as he has lost her, to hear her spoken of. The idea of his scampering down into Chester to see her once more! Ridiculous! She is heartless, and I hate her!"

And then Trixy took out her lace pockethandkerchief, and suddenly burst out crying. O dear, it was bad enough to lose one's fortune to have one's European tour nipped in the y's warm little heart. There was but one drop of honey in all the bitter cup-a drop six feet high and stout in proportion --- Captain

Angus Hammond. For Captain Angus Hammond, as though

proposed to Trixy. And Trixy, surprised and grateful and liking him very much, had hesitated, and smiled and dimpled, and blushed and objected, and finally begun to-cry, and sobbed out "yes" through her tears.

Charlie slept until twelve-they were to depart for Liverpool by the two o'clock express. Then his sister, attired for travelling, awoke him, and they all breakfasted together; Mr. Stuart, too, looked very limp and miserable, and Captain Hammond, whose state would the thought that the ocean to-morrow would roll between him and the object of his young affections, thrown a damper upon him. He was going to Liverpool with them, however; it would be a mournful consolation to see them off. They travelled second-class. As Charlie said, "they must let themselves down easily-the sooner they began the better-and third-class to start with might be coming it | me." a little too strong. Let them have a tew cushions and comforts still."

Mr. Stuart kept close to his wife. He seemed to cling to her, and depend upon her. like a child. It was wonderful, it was pitiful, how utterly shattered he had become. His son looked after him with a solicitous tenderness quite new in all their experience of Charlie. Captain Hammond and Trixy kept in a corner together, and talked in saccharine undertones, looking foolish, and guilty. and

They reached Liverpool late in the evening, and drove to the Adelphi. At twelve next day they were to get on board the tender, and be conveyed down the Mersey to

their ship.

Late that evening, after dinner, and over their cigars, Captain Hammond opened his masculine heart and with vast hesitation and much embarrassment, poured into Charlie's ear the tale of his love.

"I ought to tell the governor, you know," the young officer said, " but he's so deucedly cut up as it is, you know, that I couldn't think of it. And it's no use fidgetting your mother—Trixy will tell her. I love your sister. Charlie, and I believe I've been in love with her ever since that day in Ireland. I ain't a lady's man, and I never cared a fig for a girl before in my life; but, by George | I'm awfully fond of Trixy. I ain't an elder son, and I sin't clever, I know cried the poor he was thinking; were all her kind like this? young gentleman sadly; "but if Trix will consent, by George! I'll go with her o church to-morrow. There's my pay—my thought of it. It was very pretty to read of in books; in real like it was like thin! could get along on that for a while, and then I have expectations from my grandmother. I've had expectations from my grandmother those twelve years she's been dying; and, by ful, the way grandmothers and maiden aunts with money do hold out. As Dundreary says, It's something no fellow can understand. But that ain't what I wanted to say-it's this: if you're willing, and Trix is willing, I'll get leave of absence and come over by the next ship, and we'll be married. I-I'll be the happiest fellow alive, Stuart, the day your sister becomes my wife."

You are not to suppose that Captain Hammond made this speech fluently and eloquently, as I have reported it. The words are his but the long pauses, the stammerings, the repetitions, the hesitations I have mercifully withheld. His cigar was quite smoked out by the time he had finished, and with neryous haste he set about lighting another. For Mr. Stuart, tilted back in his chair, his shining boots on the window-sill of the draw. ing room, gazing out at the gas-lit highways of Liverpool, he listened in abstracted silence There was a long pause after the captain concluded-then Charlie opened his lips and spoke:

"This is all nonsense, you know, Hammond," he said gravely, "folly--madness, on your part. A week ago, when we thought Trixy an heitess, the case looked very different, you see; then I would have shaken hands with you, and bestowed my blessings upon your virtuous endeavours. But all that is changed now. As far as I can see, we are beggars-literally beggars-without a dollar; and when we get to New York nothing will remain for Trixy and me but to roll up our sleeves and go to work. What we are to work at heaven knows; we have come up like the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin. It is rather late in the day to take lessons in spinning now, but you see there is no help for it. I don't say much, Hammond, but I feel this. I hold a man to be something less than a man who will go through life howling over a loss of this kind. There are worse losses than that of fortune in the world." He paused a moment, and his dreamy eyes looked far out over the crowded city street. " I always thought my father was as rich as Crow -Cree-the rich fellow, you know, they always quoted in print. It seemed an impossibility that we ever could be poor. Your family are weal hy, your father has a title; do you think he would listen to this for a me-

ment?" "My family may go—hang!" burst forth the captain. "Why the deuce have they got to do with it? If Trixy is willing.

"Trixy will not be willing to enter any family on these terms," Trixy's brother said, in that quiet way of his, which could yet be such letters across the ocean by the bushel, be en gravely and earnestly urged it. gaged as fast as you please, and remain constant as long as you like. But marriage; nc,

no, no l" That was the end of it. Charlie was not to be moved-neither, indeed, on the marriage question was Trix. "Did Angus think her a wretch—a monster—to desert her poor pa and ms, just now, when they wanted her most, and go off with him? Not likely. He might take back his ring if he liked-she would not hold him to his engagement-she was ready and willing to set him free-"

"So Jamie an' ye dinn wait Ye canna marry me.

sang Charlie, as Trix broke down here and sobbed. Then with a half smile on his face he went out of the room, and Trixy's tears were dried on Angus Hammond's faithful breast.

Next day, a gray, overcast, gloomy day, the ship sailed. Captain Hammond went with them on board, returning in the tender. Trix, leaning on her father's arm, crying behind her veil; Charlie, by his mother's side, stood on deck while the tender steamed back to the dock. And there under the gray sky, with the bleak wind blowing, and the ship tossing on the ugly short chop of the river they took their parting look at the English shore, with but one friendly face to watch them away, and that the ginger whiskered face of Captain Hammond.

Edith Darrell left Charlie Stuart, and rebud, without losing Edith, just as Edith | turned to the brilliantly-lit drawing-room, had wound her way most closely round Trix- | where her lover and Lady Helena and their where her lover and Lady Helens and their friends sat waiting the announcement of dinner. Sir Victor's watchful eyes saw her enter. Sir Victor's loving glance saw the pallor, like the pallor of death, upon her face. She walked steadily over to a chair in the curtain- mained-he went. to prove that all the world was not base and ed recess of a window. He was held captive mercenary, had come nobly to the front, and by Lady Portia Hampton, and could not join good-bye and watched him away. Ah! what

A second after there was a sort of sobbing gasp-a heavy fali. Everybody started, and arose in consternation. Miss Darrell had fallen from her chair, and lay on the floor in a dead faint.

ead faint. Her lover, as pale almost as herself, lifted her in his arms, the cold, beautiful face, lying, like death, on his shoulder. But it was not

death. They carried her up to her room-restoratives were applied, and presently the great have been one of idiotic happiness had not dark eyes opened, and looked up into her over's face.

She covered her own with her hands and 0.162 lover's face.

turned away from him, as though the sight was distasteful to her. He bent above her, almost agonized that anything should ail his idol.

"My darling," he said tremulously. "What is it? What can I do for you? Tell

"Go away," was the dull answer; "only that, go-go away everybody, and leave me alone. They strove to reason with her-some one

sought to stay with her. Lady Helena, Sir Victor-either would give up their place at dinner and remain at the bedside. "No, no, no!" was her answering cry, they must not. She was better again-she

needed no one, she wanted nothing only to be left alone." They left her alone-she was trembling with nervous excitement, a little more and hysterics would set in-they dared not disobey. They left her alone, with a watchful

attendant on the alert in the dressing-room

She lay upon the dainty French bed, her dark hair, from which the flowers had been taken, tossed over the white pillows. her hands clasped above her head, her dark, large eyes fixed on the opposite wall. So she lay motionless, neither speaking nor stirring for hours, with a sort of dull, numb aching at her heart. They stole in softly to her bedside many times through the night, always to find her like that, lying with blank, wide-open eyes, never noticing nor speaking to them. When morning broke she woke from a dull sort of sleep, her head burning, her lips

parched, her eyes glittering with fever. They sent for the doctor. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, asked questions, and shook his head. Overwrought nerves the whole of it. Her mind must have been over-excited for some time, and this was the result. No danger was to be apprehended; careful nursing would restore her in a week or two combined with perfect quiet. Then a change of air and scene would be beneficial -say a trip to Scarborough or Torquay now. They would give her this saline draught just at present and not worry about her. The young lady would be all right, on his word and honor, my dear Sir Victor, in a week or

Sir Victor listened very gloomly. He had heard from the hall porter of Mr. Stuart's flying visit, and of his brief interview with Miss Darrell. It was very strange-his hasty coming, his hasty going, without seeing any of them, his interview with Edith, and her fainting-fit immediately after. Why had he come? What had transpired at that interview? The green eyed monster took the baronet's heart between his finger and thumb, and gave it a most terrible twinge. He watched over her when they let him

into that darkened chamber, as a mother may over an only and darling child. If he lost "O Heaven!' he cried passionately, rebel-

liously, "rather let me die than that!" He asked her no questions—he was afraid. His heart sank within him, she lay so cold, so white, so utterly indifferent whether he came or went. He was nothing to her-nothing. Would he ever be?

Lady Helena, less in love, and consequently less a coward, asked the question her nephew dared not ask. "What had brought Mr. Charles Stuart to Powyss-place? What had made her, Edith, faint?"

The dark sombre eyes turned from the twilight prospect, seen through the open window, and met her ladyship's suspicious eyes stendily. "Mr. Stuart had come down to tell her some very bad news. His father had failed—they were ruined. They had to leave England in two days for home-he had only come to bid her a last farewell."

Then the sombre brown eyes went back to the blue-gray sky, the crystal July moon, the velvet, green grass, the dark murmuring trees, the birds twittering in the leafy branches, and she was still again. Ludy Helena was shocked, surprised, griev-

But-why had Edith fainted? "I don't know," Edith answered. "I never fainted before in my life. I think I have not been very strong lately. I felt well enough when I returned to the drawing-room-s minute after I grew giddy and fell. I remember no more."

"We will take you away my dear," her ladyship said cheerfully. "We will take you to Torquay. Changes of air and scene, as the doctor snys, are the tonics you need to brace your nerves. Ah! old or young, all we poor women are martyrs to nerves."

They took her to Torquay in the second week of July. A pretty little villa near Hes-koth Crescent had been bired; four servants from Powyss-place preceded them; Sir Vican obstinate way; and what I mean to say is tor escorted them, and saw them duly inthis: a marriage for the present is totally and stalled. He returned again-partly because absolutely out of the question. You and she | the work going on at Catheron Royals needed may make love to your heart's content, write his presence, partly because Lady Helens

"My dear Victor," she said, "don't force too much of your society upon Edith. I know girls. Even if she were in love with you" -the young man winced-"she would grow tired of a lover who never left her sight. All women do. If you want her to grow fond of you, go away, write to her every day—not too lover-like love-letters; one may have a surfeit of sweets; just cheerful, pleasant, sensible letters—as a young man in love can write. Come down this day three weeks, and, it we are ready, take us home."

The young man made a wry face-much as he used to do when his good aunt arged him to swallow a dose of nauseous medicine. "In three weeks My dear Lady Helena, what are you thinking of? We are to be

married the first week of September." "October, Victor-October-not a day sooner. You must wait until Edith is completely restored. There is no such desperate baste. You are not likely to lose her.

"I am not so sure of that," he said, half sullenly under his breath; "and a postponed marriage is the most unlucky thing in the

"I don't believe in luck; I do in common sense," his aunt retorted, rather sharply. You are like a spoiled child, Victor, crying for the moon. It is Edith's own request, if you will have it-this postponement. And Edith is right. You don't want a limp, pallid, half-dying bride, I suppose. Give her time to get strong-give her time to learn to like you -your patient waiting will go far towards it. Take my word, it will be the

wiser course." There was nothing for it but obedience he took his leave and went back to Cheshire. It was his first parting from Edith. How he felt it no words can tell. But the fact re-

a different tarewell to that other only two short weeks ago. She tried not to think of that honestly and earnestly; she tried to forget the fact that haunted her, the voice that rang in her ears, the warm hand clasp, the kisses that sealed their parting. Her love, her duty, her allegiance, her thoughts-all were due to Sir Victor now. In the quiet days that were to be there, she would try to forget the love of her life—try to remember that of all men on earth Sir Victor Catheren was the only man she had any right to think

And she succeeded partly. Wandering along the tawny sands, with the blue bright sea spreading away before her, drinking in the soft salt air, Edith grew strong in body and mind once more. Charlie Sinart had passed for ever out of her life—driven hence by her own acts; she would be the most drivelling of idiots, the basest of traitors, to pine for him now. Her step grow elastic, her eye grew bright, her beauty and bloom returned. She met hosts of pleasant people, and her laugh came sweetly to Lady Helena's ears. Since her nephew must marry-since his heart was set on this girl-Lady Helena wished to see her a healthy and a happy wife.

Sir Victor's letters came daily; the girl smiled as she glanced carelessly over them, tore them up, and answered-about half. Love him she did not; but she was learning to think very kindly of him. It is quite in the scope of a woman's nature to love one man passionately, and like another very much, It was Edith's case -- she liked Sir Victor. and when, at the end of three weeks he came to join them, she could approach and give him her hand with a frank, glad smile of welcome. The three weeks had been as three centuries to this ardent young lover. His delight to see his darling blooming, and well, and wholly rectored, almost repaid him.
And three days after the triad returned together to Powyss-place, to part, as he whispered, no more.

It was the middle of August now. In spite of Edith's protest, grand preparations were being made for the wedding-a magnificent

trousseau having been erdered.

"Simplicity is all very well," Lady Helens answered Miss Darrell "but Sir Victor Catheron's bride must dress as becomes Sir Victor Catheron's station. In three years from now, if you prefer white muslin and simplicity, prefer it by all means. About the wedding dress you will kindly let me have my OWN WAV.

Edith desisted; she appealed no more; passive to all changes, she let herself drift along.

The third of October was to be the wedding day—my Ladies Gwendoline and Laure Drexel, the two chief bridesmalds—then three others, all daughters of old friends of Lady Helena. The pretty picture-que town of Carnarvon, in North Wales, was to be the nest of the turtledoves during the honey-moon—then away to the continent, then back for the Christmas festivities at Catheron Roy

Catheron Royals was fast becoming a pai ace for a princess—its grounds a sort of en-chanted fairy-land. Edith walked through its lofty, echoing balls, its long suites of sumptuous drawing-rooms, libraries, billiard and ball rooms. The suite fitted up for herself was gorgeous in purple and gold-velvet and bullion fringe-in pictures that were wonders of loveliness in mirror-lined wells. in all that boundless wealth and love could lavish on its idol. Leaning on her proud and happy bridegroom's arm, she walked through them all, half dazed with all the wealth of color and splendor, and wondering if "I be I." Was it a fatry tale, or was all this for Edith Darrell?-Edith Darrell, who, such a brief while gone, used to sweep and dust, sew and darn, in dull, unlovely Sandypoint, and get a new merino dress twice a year? No. it could not be-such transformation scenes never took place out of a Christmas pantomine or a burlesque Arabian Night-it was all a dream -a fairy fortune that, like fairy gold, would change to duil slate stones at light of da She would never be Lady Catheron, never be mistress of this glittering Aladdin's Palace. It grew upon her day after day this feeling of vagueness, of unreality. She was just adrift upon a shining river, and one of these days she would go stranded ashore on hidden quicksands and fonl ground. Something would happen. The days went by like dreams-it was the middle of Sentember. In a little more than a fortnight would come th third of October and the wedding day. But something would happen. As surely as she lived and saw it all, she felt that something would happen.

Something did. On the eighteenth of September there came from London, late in the evening, a telegram for Lady Helena. Sin Victor was with Edith at the piano in the drawing-room. In hot baste his aunt sent for him; he went at once. He found her pale, terrified, excited; she held out the telegram to him without a word. He read it lowly ; "Come at once. Fetch Victor. He dying-Inez "

CHAPTER XIX. AT POPLAR LODGE.

Half an hour had passed and Sir Victor did not return, Edith still remained at the plano the gleam of the candles falling upon her thoughtful face, playing the weird "Moonlight Sonata." She played so softly that the shrill whistling of the wind around the gables, the heavy soughing of the trees, was plainly audible above it. Ten minutes more, her lover did not return. Wondering a little what the telegram could contain, she aross and walked to the window, drew the curtains and looked out. There was no moon, but the stars were numberless, and lit dimly the park As she stood watching the trees, writhing it the autumnal gale, she heard a step behind her. She glanced over her shoulder with a half smile-a smile that died on her lips si she saw the grave pallor of Sir Victor's

"What has happened?" she asked quickly. Lady Helena's despatch contained bad news: It is nothing "-she caught her breath-" no thing concerning the Stuarts?" "Nothing concerning the Stuarts. It is

from London-from lnez Catheron. It isthat my lather is dying."

She said nothing. She stood looking at him, and waiting for more.

"It seems a strange thing to say," he went on, "that one does not know whether to call one's father's death ill news or not. But considering the living death he has led for twenty-three years, one can hardly call death and release a misfortune. The strange thing, the alarming thing about it, is the way Lady Helens takes it. One would think she might be prepared; that, considering his life and sufferings, she would rather rejoice than grieve; but, I give you my word, the way in which she takes it honestly frightens me."

Still Edith made no reply-still he thoughtful eyes were fixed upon his face. "She seems stunned, paralyzed-actually paralyzed with a sort of terror. And that terror seems to be, not for him or herself but for me. She will explain nothing; she seems unable; all presence of mind seems to have left her. No time is to be lost; there is \$ She drew a long, deep breath as she said train in two hours; we go by that. By day.

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