

An Indispensible Favorite Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Miss Glover says, gently, after thinks the name is not at all pretty. "I shall be gone early-perans before you are down in the morn-

With many thanks for every intreath, I say good-by; and Heaven Mess you and keep you from sorrow in days to come!"

She kisses the hand his lordship that Dallas Glynne and his wife rerives her, sulkily though he does so; ceive wedding cake and cards, and free of that one blood-red blot-Ah!" and her stately robes-Isabelle is al- learn that there is a new Countess of mstle and swirl as she curtseys deep- tess-the Right Honorable Lady Isa-

Yolande Glynne's baby daughter is just four months old at this time, and, as all such miraculously wise and beautiful first-born infants do, is daily impressing her admiring father and

hopes and ambitions that shrivel and

** ** ** **

lutter away from her grasp.

CANADIAN

MADE

mother with her great and varied ower of "noticing," "laughing," and marvelous general intelligence. She is a very fair specimen of babyhood certainly-a "Baby May" truly, as she

is mine." A sharp spasm contracted his feathas been baptized by her mother's ures. will say good-by to you now and wish "Maria Dallas," and her father

enough for his daughter, with her. "Sinless eyes of blue,

h many thanks for every you have shown me, Lord That is priceless every curl." And it is on the auspicious occasion

of celebrating the fourth month of the young lady's mundane existence

He gazed upward with clasped ways clad en princesse in these days- Pentreath. And it is the new coun- hands, and an agony of supplication

"Another whim," he muttered, then added, aloud: "The idea is preposterous in your present state of health. Are you entirely unmindful of the RO-PHY-LAC-TIC duty that you owe to Miss Sterne? Tooth Brushes c The girl is devoted to you. Surely three sizes - adults', youths', and children's; you will have no wish to drag her to and in three degrees of that pestiferous part of the globe?" stiffness-hard, medium,

and soft.

Sold by all dealers in cient for the journey, I shall be ac-Canada companied only by my valet, Markham." the baronet said. "He is honesty itself, and has been my compan ion for five-and-twenty years." When Dr. Denver was gone, a strange glow flashed into Sir John's

whispered, hoarsely. use me of any orime?"

n the pollows.

the old scenes."

The physician gazed at him wonder-

gly for a moment, then he said,

"I accuse you of a orime! What blishness is this, old friend!" He pressed the sick man's head back

"There is only one thing, Denver, hat I feel will bring me relief." Sir fohn said, presently. "I must revisit

The doctor gazed at him incredul-

"No; if I can gather strength suffi-

eyes, and his fingers worked convulsively. "Yes," he murmured, "dear Heaven, why have I not summoned up sufficient courage to do it before There may

yet be years of happiness before me, GERALD S. DOYLE, instead of rotting away like a useless St. John's. log. Elsie is a woman now-a wo-

man of independent will, a woman **Oddities in the News** with a strong, fond nature, ay, strong-

er than that of her sainted mother, or ELECTRIC LIGHT FISHING. a different story might have been told. As an aid to sea fishing operations At times I wonder that I do not hate by night, a visitor to the Isle of Wight her, and yet she is the very apple of is using electric light. He carries an accumulator in the boat, and lowers my eye-the idol of my soul! If I the light to the bottom of the sea near cannot leave my title to her, she shall the hait. He has made some good have every penny of the wealth that catches

> LARKS THAT LISTEN.IN. Two larks belonging to Mr. J. Cran-

shaw, water inspector, of Dartford. "Is it justice?" he argued. "Surely! Kent, are enthusiastic listeners-in What do I know of this kinsman of Their cage is near the loud speaker, mine? A barrister, or something of and before the human ear picks up the kind-a rascal if he is anything the first note they rush to a position like his dead father. I hate him for under the receiver.

entrapping my weak-hearted sister FRANCE'S FATTEST BOY. into marriage. And what of her? I The fattest boy in France is believ ed to be Paul Merlot, son of a labore swore that I would never forgive her, and D never will. No, Elsie shall be at Bruneliere. He is twelve years of my only thought; and if my soul is age, weighs twenty-four stone, and stands 5ft. 6in. in his shoes.

> THE POPE'S PLUMS. Sixty thousand pounds of plus



M

jy18,eo

are h

withd

form

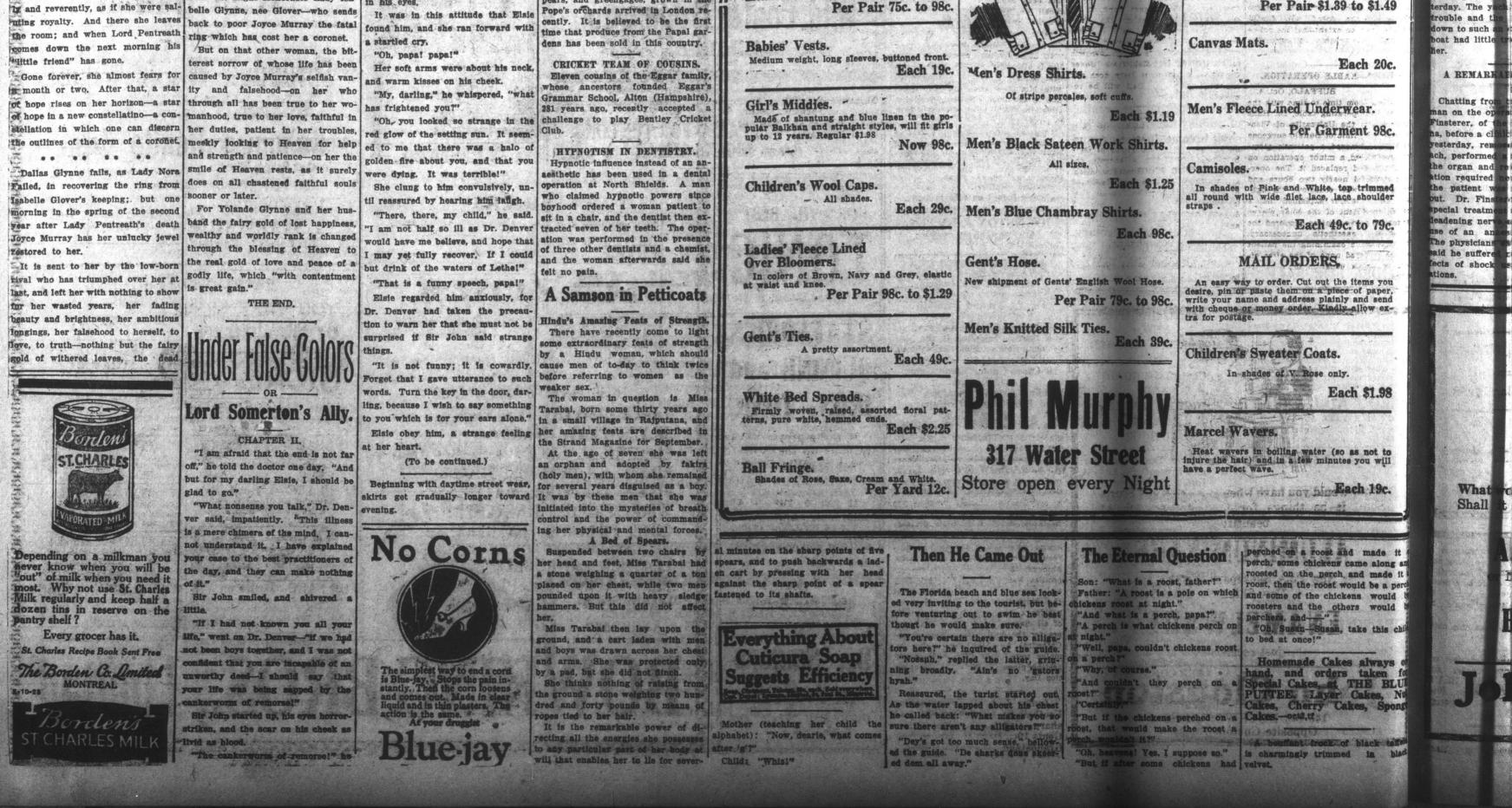
Bout

FAL

acht carryi

Low bust, four suspenders attached, in Pink

and White.



In Pink and Blue stripes, elastic at waist and