

SCHOOL-DAY STRAIN

A parent troubled over a child or a fast-growing youth, could do no better than to utilize the definite help that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

affords as a strengthening and nourishing factor. A very little of Scott's every day, during a time of stress, furnishes elements of nourishment essential to the blood and tends to confirm a growing child in robustness. For your boy or girl, you will not be satisfied with anything short of Scott's.

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER V.
THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Lady Ethel's rooms are on the first corridor, from which a staircase broad enough to take a coach and four, leads to the hall; so that when Kitty has commenced to descend at a breakneck pace, not two stairs at a time, for they are two wide for that, but in a helter-skelter sort of fashion, she is almost within sight of any persons who may be in the hall; she quite forgets that, hearing Lord Reginald's vengeful footsteps behind her, and laughing and panting, actually bounds into the hall, and is made suddenly conscious of her whereabouts by the appearance of half a dozen persons, who are on their way to the drawing-room, and who not unnaturally are brought to a standstill by this avalanche in white muslin, and stare with unmitigated astonishment; and thus Kitty makes her debut in the great world of fashion.

Scarlet and panting Kitty looks round; but Master Reginald, having achieved his purpose, having obtained his revenge, is hiding and exploding with laughter behind one of the numerous men in armor that line the stair-case.

With a sinking heart—the presence even of her enemy would have been a comfort and support—Kitty comes slowly down the few remaining stairs. Some of the guests, with ready smiles, pass on their way; two only remain—two gentlemen, who have been conversing in a distant part of the hall, and now come forward.

Kitty sees them approaching and looks up, to find the man she detests most in the world, the man who had humiliated her—so she puts it—twice already; the man with the cold smile and scornful gray eyes.

He comes forward with a bow, that is low enough to hide a smile, and a gesture of recognition.

But Kitty is not quite overwhelmed. With a catching at her heart she stares him haughtily in the face with a "I haven't the pleasure of knowing you!" look, and passes him without the slightest sign of recognition, with, in fact, as dead a cut as it is possible for even a Kitty to give.

CHAPTER VI.
IN IMPOSING COMPANY.

IN another minute Lady Ethel, who has sallied downstairs with all the polished grandeur with the Rosedale "deportment," in fact, is by her side, and the long drawing-room is gained.

Then Kitty understands, gets a glimmering idea rather, of the kind of grand company in which she is to mix.

The room, large as it looks, is al-

most full—a marchioness, who tonight occupies the position of mistress—Ethel scarcely being old enough for an occasion so important as the present—and the gently oscillating through pass up toward her and then fall back and disperse into groups. There are women—not many, for political dinners are only attended by ladies who have husbands, brothers, or fiancés blessed, or cursed, with political airs—ladies well known in the world of fashion and politics, all glitter in Worth's latest costumes and the family diamonds. Kitty as she looks at them—not the diamonds, but the ladies—remembers Reginald's parable of the scarecrow and feels, for the first time in her life, a little alarmed, just as one of the grand dames would feel if she was pitted against Kitty in a hayfield or a steeplechase; Kitty would be the mistress then, as she feels that she is certainly not mistress now. Instinctively she gets out of their way, turns from them, and looks at the men. They are worth looking at—when in a room full of English gentlemen not worth observation? There are young and old, tall and short, dark and fair, but about them all that unmistakable air of birth and breeding, and something more in this case, for these men were men of mark in the great world—men who kept the good ship of state sailing smoothly, and piloted her through the seas of a troublous time. They are gathered together in knots and groups, talking and laughing, and presently Kitty sees her father. He is standing in a group gathered round some one who is leaning with an air of easy grace against an alabaster pedestal, which bears aloft a bronze dancing faun.

Kitty could not see who this personage was because the faun hid him from her; but she feels that it is some one of consequence by the manner of the men that surround him; there is a lady, too, sitting by the pedestal, her face upturned to the central figure with an expression of wrapt attention.

After a few minutes her curiosity concerning this important personage grows too obstreperous for her quietude; she rises and makes her way behind one of the huge marble pillars that supported the painted ceiling of the saloon, and, unnoticed, gets quite close to the faun. The gentleman leaning against it is speaking in a quiet, cozy kind of way, as if he were assured of attention, and, her curiosity increased by the tones of his voice, Kitty comes round and looks at him; it was scarcely necessary, for she had almost recognized him; of course it is her special aversion.

"So," thinks Kitty, "he is somebody of consequence."

Some one touched her on the elbow, and, turning, she finds it is the Countess of Ellesford, an old friend of hers.

"What, Miss Kitty, you here among the brazen vessels, and listening to politics, too, with all your small

ears!" and the old lady smiles with a mixture of amiability and irony.

"Yes, I'm listening," says Kitty, "but I don't understand a word of it. What is it all about, Lady Ellesford, and why do they listen to that gentleman as if they were all in church and he was the clergyman?"

Lady Ellesford laughs, and shows the gold round her false teeth with charming frankness.

"Oh," says she, "they are all, or nearly all, of them the jacksals, and they are waiting for any scraps the lion is likely to drop for them—don't you know who he is?"

"No," says Kitty.

"What blessed ignorance," remarks the countess, with delightful candor. "That is our great man—the first statesman in the kingdom, and the proudest in the bargain—not to know him angurs yourself unknown; do you read the poets, Kitty?"

"Not one of them," replied Kitty coolly.

"You leave that for Cousin Ethel, eh?" says the old lady, with a grin; "but come I'll let in a little information to his benighted soul, my child," and with the same grin, the sarcastic old lady breaks through the throng with the greatest nonchalance, and raps the central figure pretty smartly on the arm. He turns with an expression of cold hauteur, which changes to a smile as he sees who has attacked him, and an expression of inquiry.

"Here, my lord, is a lady who permits me the pleasure of introducing you—Lord Sterne, my dear Kitty—Miss Trevelyan, Lord Sterne."

Kitty flushes a brilliant red and raises her head defiantly.

So this is the great man—the great Lord Elliot Sterne; and she had cut him dead! Lord Sterne looks at her with a curious smile, then bestows upon her that bow which his admirers liken to Talleyrand's.

Kitty makes a stiff recognition of his courtesy and is for gliding away; but the countess, who is either greedy for amusement or malicious with a purpose, will not let her escape.

"A young lady with ideas on political economy, my lord," she says, waving her fan to and fro.

Kitty turns her head indignantly, but her father, who has witnessed the introduction with well-concealed uneasiness, steps in to save her.

"I'm afraid my little girl," murmurs the Honorable Francis, with a conciliatory smile on his lips for Lord Elliot and the group generally, and an anxious eye for Kitty in particular—"I am afraid my daughter is little of a politician."

Lord Sterne smiles again with a set kind of significance.

"I am rejoiced to hear it," he says; "Miss Trevelyan, doubtless, finds more congenial studies—such as bird's nesting and field romping."

says the smile as plainly as a smile can speak, or so thought Kitty, and her lips shut with the old expression of bravado.

"No," she says, "I have no studies, I don't understand anything."

"Such ignorance is bliss," murmurs Lord Sterne.

"But, all the same," puts in the countess, completing the quotation, "Miss Trevelyan must make haste to be wise—that is to be foolish. Come, my dear, you shall sit next to me at dinner; I'll ask the marchioness to arrange it, and I'll give you your first lesson."

"Will your ladyship accept another pupil?" asked Lord Sterne, laying a long white finger on his breast with a profound air of humility.

"My lord, I could teach you nothing," retorts the old lady, and as Lord Sterne inclines his head with a fine assumption of disappointment, the countess, like the wicked fairy in the story-book, tucks Kitty's plump white arm within her own thin wrinkled one and carries her away to where there is a crush of silks and satins, a glitter of diamonds, an atmosphere of perfume, in the center of which sits Lady Ethel.

Ethel understands politics, knows her poets; she is talking the former and quoting the latter with eloquent eyes and rapt face, much to the admiration of the elders and the envy of her companions. Kitty stands beside the old countess, who listens with a smile sarcastic enough to have fitted the bust of Pope that stands at a little distance looking down on them, and then dinner is announced. The countess is as good as her word, and Kitty finds herself occupying a place next to Lady Ellesford's, to which she has been conducted by an old and wrinkled peer.

CHAPTER VII. THE SOCIAL LION.

WITH the glitter of a hundred candles, reflected in the polished oak of the walls and ceiling, and the Venetian mirrors, and cut-glass and plate on the long table, in her eyes, and the hum and buzz of the guests in her ears, the silent and perpetual passing to and fro of the gorgeously liveried servants, Kitty is too impressed to notice or take in anything distinctly; but presently she learns that opposite her is Lord Sterne, that next him is Ethel, and that a little farther down, on her own side, is her own father, placidly impassive, but still—she knows it—with an eye upon her. A bishop says grace, the servants close up behind the chairs, dinner has commenced.

The old peer, who has been studying the menu with the air of a devout dervish, lays it down with a sigh of anticipation—it is a great gourmand, but, of course, Kitty doesn't know it—and, after mumbled something in his ears about the weather, falls at his soup with the most perfect absorption.

Kitty attacks hers, has some turbid, and then, having listened to the talk about her, not a word of which she understands, begins to doubt whether, after all, she wouldn't have been quite as much amused at home with her dogs, for she would have understood them, at least!

But suddenly the countess wakes up from her fish, and, after casting a shrewd eye round the table, says in Kitty's ear:

"Where's your young Ainsley? I don't see him."

Kitty starts half guiltily—not for one moment has she given him a thought.

"No, he is not here; he has gone to see his uncle, who is ill."

"Hem!" said the countess—"Sir William Ainsley, eh? Only that poor, miserable Henry Ainsley between James and the title. Nice boy, James; he's a favorite of mine, my dear."

"Ye—s," says Kitty, "he is very nice."

The old lady looks at her keenly; Kitty feels it, and looks straight before her.

"Looking at Lord Sterne, my dear?" says the countess, "I promised to teach you something, didn't I?"

"Yes," says Kitty; "but I am afraid you won't succeed—no one else has."

"Hem!" grins her ladyship. "You're a strange girl; you'll learn when you like, and not before, eh? And not till you get some one you like to teach you. Still looking at Lord Sterne?"

"He is just opposite," says Kitty coolly. "Papa wouldn't like me to sit with my eyes shut."

(To be Continued.)

Mother! Is Child's Stomach Sour, Sick?

If tongue is coated or if cross, feverish, constipated give California Syrup of Figs.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of California Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit-laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so "treaty look and see that it is made by the California Fig Syrup Company." Don't be fooled!

At the City Hall.

The Municipal Council held its regular weekly meeting last evening. The Mayor presided and all the Councilors attended. After reading of minutes, etc., the following matters were disposed of:

The Colonial Secretary wrote that His Excellency had been pleased to appoint Hon. F. J. Morris and Arthur Hiscock, Esq., to be a Court of Revision on the appraisal of City Property and Vacant Lands.

H. Tessier called attention to trees overhanging the sidewalk on the north side of Topsall Road, and asked that they be trimmed to remedy matters there. The Road Inspector is to call on the parties owning these trees and request them to have the matter attended to.

Snow complained of water overflowing the drain on Monroe St. and flooding his premises. The City Engineer will make a report on the matter.

J. R. Johnston asked permission to repair house on Pennywell Road. He asked that the use of the sidewalk, and the cost of removing it back to the street line would be about \$100.00. The City Engineer will go in to the matter and make a report.

J. Kelly asked permission to install a small motor in his boot and shoe shop, Barnes' Road. Permission was granted on the report of the Engineer.

J. T. Nash was awarded the tender for the building of a hose sled.

W. P. Shortall's tender for uniforms for the City Inspectors for winter wear was accepted.

J. Burnstein's request to re-aligning house on New Gower Street was accepted, provided water and sewerage is installed.

The City Engineer reported that work on the diversion of the Forest Road sewer was commenced; Road Inspectors were trenching suburban roads; new services laid and others repaired; also a leak in the 16-inch main, Howley Avenue, repaired and a number of fountains repaired.

The City Engineer made a report on the Rock Crushing Plant, East End. He said the old boiler might be sold and a new plant, electrically operated, installed for an inconsiderable amount. In the meantime the boiler will be advertised for sale.

The Health Officer's report for the week was read, and showed a decided improvement in the condition of the health of the city during the past week.

Order was given for the repair to snow-cart at present on hand, and for the building of two others on an improved pattern.

With regard to George Butler's application for sewerage under the Home Act, further enquiry is to be made.

The requisition for repairs to Water Store, Barnes' Road, is to be reported upon by the City Engineer.

After a lengthy discussion of the mandamus proceedings taken by Jas. Murdoch in the Supreme Court, it was decided to instruct the Solicitor of the Council to take an appeal to the Privy Council.

A Sanitary Committee of three, viz: Councillors Brownrigg, Tait and Mulhally, was appointed.

After passing pay rolls, bills, etc., and disposing of some routine business, the meeting adjourned.

Ladies' N.I.W.A.

At last evening's meeting of the Ladies' N.I.W.A. speeches were delivered by Mr. Warwick Smith and Mr. E. J. Whitty. It was decided that the girls members be permitted to share in the benefits of the Co-operative Stores at a cheaper entrance fee than the men. Next Thursday night Mrs. Easton, the President, will lecture in the L.S.P.U. Hall. In December a sale of work will take place, the object being to get funds to pay the expenses of a club room for the members. A large number of applicants for membership were admitted.

Hymeneal.

SYMMONDS-ROBBINS. Last evening, at Cochrane Street Parsonage, Rev. Dr. Bond joined in holy bonds of matrimony Mabel Symmonds and John G. Robbins, of Bishop & Sons Hardware department. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. W. J. Symmonds, while the groom was supported by the bride's brother, Arthur. The bridesmaid was her cousin, Miss Jessie Volsey. A large number of presents were received by the bride, and the groom's present to the bridesmaid was a gold birthday ring and to the best man cut links. They will reside at No. 7 Bulley Street.

Here and There.

For Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc., a good supply of Throat Pastilles and Lozenges at STAFFORD'S.—oct14,tf

"SEAL" SOUTH-BOUND.—Messrs. Baine Johnston and Co. received word to-day that the S. S. Seal had passed Nipper's Harbour this morning, on her way south.

The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE.

That is where we shine. Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

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