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See Them in Our Window

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NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED

"And what do you intend to do, Lucille?"

"The answer came quick and decisive:

"Find her, Cecil. I repeat, what you

have just said of her history occurred

to me. I remembered how sad at times

she has appeared when I have come

unexpectedly upon her. Also, that

more than once she has referred to her

past life as if it had been of no pleas-

ant nature. I recollect she said that

one day she would tell me some of her

history. You, Cecil, confirm my sus-

picious, and I will discover her. She

shall find me a friend to help, to ad-

vise, to comfort, if necessary, for I am

certain no blame can attach to her."

"But, my dear Lucille," broke in the

marquis, alarmed at the turn affairs

were taking, "I scarcely think such a

proceeding justifiable. Signora Saprone

expresses a decided desire for secrecy."

"Only, my lord, because probably she

fears I might be offended at what she

seeks to hide."

"Tut, tut! Then, again, how could

you, a lady in your position, find her,

my love?"

"My uncle is right, Lucille," said

Cecil, decisively. "You could not well

do this." The marquis' features ex-

pressed pleasure—Lady Westbrook

proceeded: "Therefore, if you like to

put the affair in my hands, I will be

your detective, and discover Signora

Saprone for you."

"You will?" exclaimed Lady West-

brook, leaning forward with sparkling

eyes. "How very good—how very kind

of you!"

"Cecil forgets," and the marquis'

tones were suddenly very grave, "how

Maria Saprone's flight and his seeking

after her might be construed by the

world—hardly to the young lady's ad-

vantage."

His nephew colored, but added,

laughing, as he rose from the table:

"Do not fear, my lord, the world shall

have no opportunity to air its love of

scandal upon me. I will take care of

that. Turn it me with all the clues

you can, Lucille, and I will find the

runaway."

Saying which he quitted the apart-

ment. The marquis' face, however,

remained stern. Seeing it, Lady Westbrook

exclaimed:

"Oh! my lord, can there really be

any harm in Cecil doing this?"

"Great harm, my child—very great,"

was the grave rejoinder; "and you

must talk instead of aid him."

"My lord!"

"Yes, I see I must, after all, take

you into my confidence. Lucille, first

answer me: which do you love best—

your cousin or me?"

"My lord, can you ask?" and, with

some emotion, Lady Westbrook held

her hands impulsively towards her

companion. "Do I not owe all to you?

my lord, I fear you have done Cecil a

crueler wrong than you imagine. By

depriving him of such a wife, still,

the world may be of a different opin-

ion, and I have no right to make

things contrary to your desire. I will

not make the attempt. But pray make

me one promise. Unaware to Cecil let

us find Maria. I know she has few

friends—no relations; she is almost, if

not quite, alone in the world. Were

she in want she would, and justly, be

too proud to seek aid here. It is our

part, who owe her so much, to help

to watch over her future unasked."

Smiling, the marquis kissed her white

forehead.

"Your request is easily granted, my

love," he said, "for it echoes my own

intent. Your announcement of Maria

Saprone's departure took me by sur-

prise. I had counted to have had time

to take precautions against her so act-

ing—precautions unknown to her. But

now, rely on me that I'll use every

means to find her."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Meanwhile Lord Carlisle had hap-

pened to his own apartments, where he

rang for his valet and ordered his

horse.

The more he reflected the more cer-

tain he was that it was his duty to

which had driven the Italian away, and

the more determined he was to find her

—if for no other purpose, at least, to

clear away the stain which evidently,

in his eyes, rested on his honor.

As he dressed he thought whether he

should take his "tame cat," the cap-

tain, into his confidence. He decided,

finally, in the negative.

Since those hints and suggestions of

the officer he had scarcely felt so ready

to entrust his affairs to his keeping.

Consequently, before the hour when

Captain Lascelles "dropped in," Cecil,

his plan already formed, had mounted

his horse, and, unattended by his

groom, ridden off.

Reaching Hyde Park Corner he over-

took the Earl of Lethington, also,

like himself, proceeding westward.

Joining company, they talked of the

day's "on dits," during which Gerard

naturally inquired after Lady West-

brook.

"She is quite well, thanks," answered

Cecil, meditatively, smoothing his

horse's glossy mane with his riding-

whip.

He was in doubt whether to mention

Lucille's annoyance at the flight of her

maid, for men are as apt to chat trifles

even as the other sex; besides, some-

thing whispered him that the most

trivial of trivialities, where his cousin

was concerned, would be interesting to

Gerard.

On second thoughts, however, he re-

frained from the communication, thus

preventing the earl learning a circum-

stance which he might have gleaned

with his adventure of the previous

night.

At Oxford Circus, separating, each

MAN EATERS AS PETS

Sir Henry Rawlinson Possessed Won-
derful Taming Power Over Wild
Beasts.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great author-
ity on Persian inscriptions, wrote his
"Memoir" in a summer house overhang-
ing the Tigris, where the outside heat of
120 degrees was reduced to 90 degrees by
the action of a water wheel which poured
a continuous stream of water over the roof
of the house.

For recreation while writing this book
Rawlinson indulged in petting wild ani-
mals. He had a tame leopard named Fa-
had, which he brought to England and
presented to the zoological gardens at
Clifton, near Bristol. Whenever Rawlin-
son was in England he would visit Fa-
had. As soon as the beast heard his cry, "Fa-
had!" it would rise from the floor of its
cage, approach the bars and then, rolling
on the floor, extend its head to be
scratched.

Once the keeper, who did not know Sir
Henry, on seeing him patting the leopard,
exclaimed:

"Take your hand out of the cage! The
animal's very savage and will bite you!"

"Do you think so?" said Sir Henry. "I
don't think he'll bite me. Will you, Fa-
had?" And the beast answered by a purr
and would hardly let the hand be with-
drawn.

He also had at Bagdad a pet lion, which
had been found when a kitten on the bank
of the Tigris, its mother having been shot,
and brought to Sir Henry. He alone fol-
lowed him about like a dog. One hot day
the lion moped and rejected its food. It paced
about the master's room, and he, being
very busy, called two servants to take the
lion away.

The lion would not go with them, but
drew nearer its master and at last sat
down under his chair, with its head be-
tween his knees.

"Oh," said he, "if he won't go, let him
bide."

The servants went out, and Sir Henry
wrote on. The lion sank from a sitting
position into that of a "lion couchant."

All was quiet for several hours save the
scratching of a pen. When his work was
over, the master put down his hand to pat
the pet. The lion was dead.—Youth's
Companion.

VENETIAN GONDOLIERS.

The Life Is One of Hardship, Continual
Exposure and Fatigue.

The gondoliers of Venice have again
and again risen against the "black devils" of
the world, but force is at once called in,
and they are brutally silenced, flung into
prison and deprived of their license—i. e.,
their daily bread. Because it is so pic-
turesque a calling, and the balancing of
the oar looks so easy a work those who are
outside do not realize its hardships. In
fact, the life of the gondolier is not only
unpleasant, but a fair though never a high
wage, but in the other seasons it is a life
of great and continual exposure and fa-
tigue. In cold weather—and Venice is in-
tensely cold in the winter solstice—the
long vigils on the traghetto are most ted-
ious and trying, especially through the long
chill nights. When the icy winds blow in
from the Alps or the Adriatic, the gondol-
ier stands exposed to all their fury, while
the passenger he carries sits warm and
sheltered under the felze.

Strong and lithe in form, often hand-
some in feature, almost invariably intelli-
gent and acquainted with legend and
verse, invariably courteous and well bred,
the gondolier should have received the most
attentive consideration from his rulers. It is pain-
ful to know that no body of men has ever
been so slighted, so injured, and so wantonly
outraged.

There is nowhere any more interesting
and deserving community than the Venetian
gondoliers, and few more worthy of
regard, yet they have been dealt with as
though they were no more than so many
scum of the sea. Their long established
rights receive no consideration, and their
injuries no compensation.

If the vote of Venice could have been
honestly polled, no steamboat would ever
have been allowed on the Grand canal, just
as if the vote of Florence could have been
honestly polled the center of Florence
would be now standing untouched and
would have remained untouched for many
a generation.—Ouida in Fortnightly.

Disappointed.

A little anecdote about Mr. Gladstone
in The Chap Book makes itself welcome
by touching the great man's humorous
side.

The premier was invited to attend one
of Punch's famous dinners. He was to
meet Mr. Harry Furness, who had, as you
might say, discovered the Gladstone collar
and was in the habit of caricaturing the
statesman weekly by representing him al-
most buried in his own collar.

Mr. Furness had of course been told that
he was to meet Mr. Gladstone, and the
entire company looked forward with
amusement to the night when the ideal
and the actual should thus confront each
other.

The evening came, and Mr. Gladstone
with it, but he wore a little band of white
linen behind which not even the lobe of
the ear could be concealed. He had appre-
ciated the situation and provided for it.

The boy turned and replied, "Aw, you
bring your regiment up to the flag!"

His Definition.

"What is a flirt?" asked the small boy.

"A flirt," replied the old bachelor, "is a
pretty woman."

"But what kind of a pretty woman?"

persisted the small boy.

"Any kind of a pretty woman," an-
swered the old bachelor.

"And you think she must be?" the
younger insisted.

"Oh, pretty enough to have a chance to
flirt!" returned the old bachelor irritably.

And still the boy was not satisfied, but
as he grows older he will understand it
better.—Chicago Post.

Sam Jones in one of his spiritual dis-
closures spoke of a clergyman's wife who
was a better preacher than her husband,
because he always required a text for a
sermon, while all she needed was a pretext.

Christmas cards first came into fashion
in 1844.

DISCIPLINE

Its Perfection Shown in Time of Dan-
ger on Board a Man-of-War.

After lunch, writes Stephen Bonsal, in
McClure's, as I walked with an officer
upon the spar deck an orderly came up
and said just as if he were announcing
supper or eight bells, "I have to report a
fire in a coal bunker." "All right," re-
plied the officer; "will be down imme-
diately." Then, with a parting whiff, he
threw away his cigar, and we went down
the companionway together.

There upon one of the lower decks a
sentry, with the most quizzical expression
of curiosity upon his face that I have ever
seen, stood before a great dial like those
in use in modern hotels, the indicator of
which pointed steadily to the little face
of the dial marked "B 21."

My companion, the officer, went down
still further into the bowels of the ship,
while I stood with astonishment at the in-
dicator, with wonderment as great, if not
as open mouthed, as the sentry's. "It's a
wonderful thing, this here machine," he
said. "It keeps me awake at night, it's
so darn human. It rings up a fire in some
spooky way, just as if you or I might
touch a bell and order up a mint julep.
Yes, it do, sir."

Where B 21 was neither he nor I knew,
but we agreed in the hope that the burn-
ing bunker might be far from the mag-
nifying glass. There was some talk about playing
that number and that letter in the next
game of chance upon which we entered
until gradually the consciousness dawned
upon us that we were even at this moment
engaged upon a game of most serious haz-
ard and that the cards might go against us.

I smoked my cigar for an hour upon the
signal tower, wondering all the while
how the invisible flames were growing
and whether they were gaining headway,
and so, having given evidence of what I
considered almost Spartan stoicism, I
grabbed the officer as he came up from be-
low, covered with coal dust and sweat,
and said with as cheerful mien as I could
muster: "And how about B 21?"

"Let's go up on the bridge; it's cooler
there," was the only reply vouchsafed. So
we climbed up to the fighting tops, I draw-
ing a certain satisfaction from the thought
that if we blew up we should still be on
top, and never from that day to this have I
heard a word of how the fire in coal bun-
ker 21 was put out, and for all I know, it
may be burning to this day.

Repairing Clocks.

"Watch repairs have a horror of touch-

ing a clock that has been tinkered by amate-

urs," explained a watch repairer to a re-

porter, "and they would rather get out of

such a job if they can do so, for the loss of

one of the smallest parts means consider-

able work to reproduce it, and much more

work than the general customer expects

or wants to pay for. They try to get rid

of such a job when they can, for in nine

cases out of ten the result is not entirely

satisfactory. People who have a good

clock, unless they know something about

the way clocks are made and how they

should be taken apart, will do the wise

thing to let it alone when it gets out of

order. Experimenting with it often

means the ruin of the clock. It is abso-

lutely dangerous to try to unwind a main-

spring, as men have discovered for them-

selves, unless the proper tools are handy.

Now, a clock repairer has a contrivance

known as a spring controller, which grasps

the spring and holds it while being taken

out or put into the clock, so that there is

no danger. The spring for an eight day

clock is often two yards long, and when

suddenly let free it flies out with nearly

the force of a charge of shot from a gun.—

Washington Star.

The Best Parts of Lamb or Mutton.

In buying lamb or mutton you may

choose the saddle or the whole hind quar-

ter, the leg, loin or shoulder. The saddle

is roasted, the leg is roasted or boiled,

the loin is roasted or cut into chops and the

shoulder is roasted. The hind quarter