

HIS REPENTANCE.

Reporting in quiet was all very well for Mark, who appeared to have some personal fund to draw upon somewhere; but in point of fact the man had not a penny in the world, and how he managed to get along in his tumble down luck, he could tell; but it was not well for Mark. Mark had not the grand genius of Barker—or whatever you may please to call it—the talent of extracting funds from a quarter or other for daily wants. If Mark was not "in luck," Mark stood a chance of starving. When Mark went back to London he had no home, no money, it may be said no friends; and but for his meeting Captain Davenal one day accident—

Mark could not, that he saw, have come out at all. Later, some real luck did come. His late wife's friends—who had never been made acquainted with the man—were the great Paris scheme—

to tell Mark that, through the unexpected death of one of the medical men in Barbadoes, an excellent practice might be secured by him if he chose to go out and set it.

By your very sure Mark Cray did not hesitate. Having the profession though he himself, an innate conviction within himself, that he was ill-qualified for it, he yet decided to embrace it again as his chance of competition in life. When it comes to starving with a man, there's not much choice. The decision was made, and Mark Cray was going out immediately to Barbadoes, to take charge of Leopold Davenal.

Once before you saw Miss Davenal waiting that abey for the return of a bridegroom bride from their wedding tour. She was so waiting in the manner now, Oswald Cray and his wife had visited Thordyke for a day or two on their return, as they were about to visit Hailingham, on their way to their new home in London.

Not as the guests of Sir Philip Oswald. Sir Philip had gone to that place where nothing is not, and Sir Philip had the estate of Thordyke. He had wanted Oswald and Sara to stay the whole of their holiday there; but they had preferred a better change.

Miss Davenal sat in her drawing-room. The October sun was getting low, but still the expected guests had not arrived. Near Miss Davenal, nursing a dancing baby that would not be coaxed to stillness, was a pretty, gentle woman, Mrs. Davenal, Leo Oswald at the window watching, and Mark Cray sat in a distant chair, reading, and looking back his hair as usual. Mark did not altogether relish the expected presence of his half-brother; but there was no help for it. They had not met since Mark went off to Paris in the spring, largely telling Oswald that his debt to him would be paid with interest as the year was out, for Mark had studiously avoided Oswald since then.

"Is not that a carriage, Leo?"

"No, Aunt Bettina, it's a baker's cart going by."

Miss Davenal caught enough of the reply to know that it was not what she expected. "Where's Richard?" she presently said.

"I saw him over there on an engine just now," was Leo's answer, looking towards the station.

"Rose, my dear, that baby is tiring you. Let Leo ring for the nurse."

Mrs. Davenal laughed, and was about to say that the baby did not tire her, but she rather kept him, when Dick burst in. "It's coming down the road; it will be here in a minute. Look, Aunt Bettina."

He dashed across the room to the window as she spoke. Example is contagious, and they all followed him. One of the Thordyke carriages was drawing up to the door. Pleasant Dick quitted the window and flew down again.

They were soon in the room. Sara, with sweet face at rest now, and Oswald greeting, and Sara had taken the baby, and Oswald was shaking hands with the young man. "I had no idea we should find you here, Mark."

Mark answered something that nobody could catch, and then Captain Davenal came. "Is Henry Oswald with you?"

"No," said Oswald. "He will be in Hailingham to-morrow. He's really wanted to stay longer with him, Miss Bettina, and go on straight to London from Thordyke. What would you have said to that?"

"Thank you," said Miss Bettina, hearing it was impossible to say what. "I shall be happy to see him."

"And you, too, we are about to lose you," whispered Sara, bending down to him.

"We stay to this to-morrow, Sara."

"To-morrow! So soon?"

"It's not soon enough," put in Mark. "I don't like being in Hailingham."

"Have you seen your old friends, Mark?" asked Oswald. "Have you been out much?"

"I have not been out at all, I have seen none of them," responded Mark, gently. "I don't want to see them."

"How a Mr. Barker? Have you heard from him lately?"

"I heard the day before I came here," replied Mark, a shade of brightness rising to his countenance. "Barker has all the luck of it in this world. He is in something good again."

"Again?" repeated Oswald, suppressing his indignation to smile.

"So he writes me word. It's something he has taken in hand, and is going to perfect. It comes to anything I shall return from Barbadoes and join him."

"You?" said Oswald. "Well, Mark, I hope you will have a pleasant voyage out there, and that you will find your journey all your own."

"Dinner would soon be ready, and Sara was shown to her room. It overlooked the abbey grounds. She took off her bonnet and laid down, lost in many reveries of the past, in the changes that time had brought, in the uncertain contemplation of the future. What would be poor Mark Cray's future? Would he abide at Barbadoes, applying himself, as well as his abilities allowed him, to the pursuit of his legitimate profession, or would his unstable, weak mind be dazzled by these legitimate and deceptive speculations to the point until they engulfed him?

How strangely, wonderfully had they come brought through changes and their accompanying trials! In this very room, where she now stood, Oswald had seen him. The poor little boy, sent adrift, as it were, without a home, motherless, as was said, had worked out his own way in the world, striving always to make a thing of God. But when did it ever fail? It is the only sure help in life.

And what had her own later troubles been? Her career, a sad one, to be sure, but she had seen so given way to despair? It is true that she had never, in a certain sense, a degree, lost her trust in God; but she had not believed that there could be this bright ending. A little ray of

the setting sun was reflected on the tombstone formerly noticed; it fell on the significant inscription, "Buried in misery." Sara wondered whether he, the unhappy tenant, had never learnt that great truth.

So long was she in thought that she did not notice any one had come into the room, until a hand was laid upon her shoulder. It was her husband's, who put some letters down in the broad, old-fashioned window seat.

"They have been sent on to me here from the office," he explained, as Sara glanced at them. "Business letters all. In one there's a bit of gossip, though, in Allister's."

"Is one of them from Allister?"

"Yes. Jane's going to be married. They have met with some Scotch gentlemen out there, an old acquaintance of Jane's, and things are settled. Frank says his tongue is broad Scotch, and he can't understand half he says. Jane does, however, so it's all right."

A smile played upon Sara's lips as she thought of the old jealousy. She might tell her husband of it some time. "Does Mr. Allister keep well?" she asked.

"He has been quite well ever since he went there; he says very strong. I hope it has set him up for life. What were you thinking of, my dear, that you did not hear me come in?"

"At the moment I was thinking of that evening when you and I met there, in the graveyard," she answered, pointing down to it. "What a miserable evening it was?"

"Don't dwell on it, love. I cannot without a pang of shame."

"But it is pleasant to look back upon now, Oswald. If only to contrast that time with this."

He shook his head with a sort of shiver, and relapsed into silence, his hand clasping hers.

"Oswald," she resumed, in a low tone, "won't you tell me what your suspicion was?"

"I will tell you sometime, Sara, not now. Oh, my wife, my wife, how much is there in the past for many of us to repent of!" he continued, in what seemed an uncontrollable impulse. "And it is only through God's mercy that we do repent."

She laid her hand upon his shoulder and let it rest there, its safe abiding-place, so long as the world, for them should last. Only through God's mercy! My friends, may be shed on us all throughout our pilgrimage in this checkered life, and ever abide with us unto the end. Fare you well.

THE END.

When Do You Take Medicine? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what you eat, but what you take, that tells the story of your health. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Fully 5,000 People Listen to the Liberal Leader.

Warm Words of Welcome From the South Grey Electors—The Temperance Question Referred To.

DURHAM, Sept. 18.—Nothing could have exceeded the cordiality of the reception tendered by the people of Durham and of South Grey to the leader and suite of the South Grey Liberal Party yesterday.

They presented him with addresses, telling of their loyalty to the cause he represents and of their devotion to him, and they cheered to the echo the patriotic language employed by him in presenting the policy of the Liberal Party.

The leader never spoke more eloquently or forcibly than he did yesterday, and the 5,000 people who listened to him were deeply impressed by his utterances. Mr. Laurier, accompanied by Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., and Mr. James McMillen, M.P., arrived here at 11 a.m. An enormous crowd was on the station platform to welcome the leader, and such a welcome he never had before in his life.

When Mr. Laurier stepped from the train Dr. Landarkin, jovial and smiling, was there to receive him. Mr. Gilbert McKee, M.P., was also present, and a large number of the last echo of the cheers sent up for Mr. Laurier had died away Mayor Browne stepped forward and presented him an address on behalf of the municipal authorities. On behalf of the South Grey Young Liberals, Mr. Arch. Roberts read a complimentary address.

When Mr. Laurier had said a few pleasant and graceful words in acknowledgment of the kindness of his reception, he welcomed the people who had presented the addresses to him, a procession was formed. It was headed by the Thirty-first Battalion Band, and following it were a score of Young Liberals, and a large number of the people who had lined the streets was a representation of Canada, the Provinces and Territories of the Dominion, by nine pretty little girls, dressed in immaculate white.

The procession passed under no less than seven triumphal arches, which had been erected by the energetic committee of the Young Liberal Club, who had the arrangements in hand.

The meeting was held in open air. The chair was occupied by President Binnie, and he discharged the duties of the post with satisfaction to the meeting and credit to himself.

After speeches by Mr. McKee, the representative in the Ontario Legislature of South Grey, and Dr. Landarkin, M.P. for South Grey, the chairman announced the leader. He gave the address, and he did it with some time before Mr. Laurier could commence his address. He paid a well-deserved tribute to Dr. Landarkin, for whom he has the highest regard. "He is a jolly son of a gun," said Mr. Laurier, "and a warm friend."

Mr. Laurier went on to say that the Conservative Party were always ready to accept their policy from their leaders. He did not say that the Conservatives were to have their policy laid down for them or to be treated like men and have a voice in framing a platform acceptable to the rank and file of the party. The Liberals framed their own policy. He had looked at the programme of the Patrons of Industry, and if there were any of the Patrons who were not satisfied with the present condition of things, he had looked at the programme of the Patrons and he could not see what was the difference between their platform and the Liberal policy.

In response to the inquiry as to the position of himself and his party in regard to the liquor traffic, Mr. Laurier said that the question was one of the most important that the country would have to deal with. The convention at Ottawa had dealt with that question and had put a plank in the platform in regard to it. In the plank put in the platform the Liberals pledged themselves, whenever they went into power, that the very first thing they would do would be to consult the people to ascertain whether they would have prohibition or not. If he happened to be at the head of affairs at that time and if the will of the people would be to have prohibition they would have it. (Applause.)

Mr. James McMillen, M.P., Mr. Wm. Mulock, M.P., and Mr. Wm. Patterson, M.P., gave characteristic addresses, after which three or four cheers for the Queen and three for Mr. Laurier concluded the meeting.

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A VISIT TO HANOVER.

HANOVER, Sept. 19.—The busy manufacturing village of Hanover turned out almost to a man last night to bid welcome to the distinguished leader of the Liberal party, and they did so spontaneously. Mr. Laurier, accompanied by Dr. Landarkin, Mr. William Patterson, M.P., and Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., drove over from Tinsman, eleven miles distant, and when within three miles of the village a chorus of factory whistles greeted him. Dr. Knechtel & Co.'s immense furniture factory, which employs 105 men, was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the distinguished visitor. Mr. Knechtel, like his enterprising partners, is a manufacturer who has sufficient confidence in himself and the war he produces to be willing to compete against the American goods in the open market. Cheers after cheers were sent up from the crowds by the wayside as Mr. Laurier passed on toward Dr. Landarkin's residence. An informal reception was given Mr. Laurier, and he was the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Landarkin last night.

THE MARITIME LIBERALS.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19.—The Maritime Liberal leaders are conducting a successful and enthusiastic campaign. Everywhere they find the people alive to the important political issues at stake, with a general conviction among many Conservatives that a change is desirable and inevitable. Messrs. Forbes, Jones, Davies and Fielding addressed a rousing meeting at Barrington on Saturday, and had another excellent one at Shelburne yesterday. The latter, convened at short notice, was, in some respects, the best of the series. Mr. Davy is making an excellent impression wherever he speaks.

A wonderful new combination is Dr. Stark's Headache, Neuralgia and Liver Powders, nice to take and perfectly harmless. Mrs. Mary Keane, of Monaghan, Ireland, writes: "I was in fact all my life have been troubled with severe headaches, and I have been treated by many doctors, but with very little good result. A friend sent me a box of Dr. Stark's Headache and Liver Powders some time ago, and I have found them to be the greatest blessing to me. In fact, I feel truly as if they are perfectly wonderful. I would not be without them for more than I can get. Dr. Stark's Headache and Liver Powders, Grand Trunk Railway, Hamilton, Ont. They cured my most severe headaches, which I had for at least three years." Price, 25 cents a box. Sold by all medical supply stores.

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TRAGEDY AT GOWANSTOWN.

An Old Lady and Probably a Boy Buried to Death.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 19.—At an early hour this morning the community in the neighborhood of Gowanstown were aroused by the cries of "Fire," when it was discovered that the dwelling of Mrs. Martin, widow of the late Samuel Martin, was in flames, but before assistance arrived the fire had gained such headway that there was no possibility of saving it, and with the house and contents, poor old Mrs. Martin, a lady of nearly 80 years, was consumed. It is now expected that a lad from the home who was living there is burnt, as he is nowhere to be found. Mr. S. Martin, jun., who runs the farm, was away visiting his sister in Elmhurst. The whole thing is enshrouded in mystery.

A DRUGGIST'S STORY.

An Ontario druggist, doing business in a large and flourishing city, recently remarked to one interested in Paine's Celery Compound that the sale of that medicine was something extraordinary.

He asserted that the combined sales of all other remedial remedies would not equal the demand for Paine's Celery Compound. When asked for a reason for the great demand, he said: "Paine's Celery Compound gives more general satisfaction and better results than any other medicine I handle. People are influenced by results and cures, and will not spend money the second time for worthless preparations. I am firmly convinced from observation and experience that Paine's Celery Compound accomplishes all it promises. The great remedy is at the head of all others and must prove the most popular with sufferers. I recommend it to my customers every day."

In carrying a gun the great point is to point the muzzle the other way.

Severe Diarrhea.—I was troubled with chronic diarrhea for over three years, and received no benefit from all the medicine I tried. I was unable to work from two to four days every week. Hearing of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I bought a bottle and used it all night. I was cured, and I have not since. Mrs. Brownson—"So you have been to the Chicago fair? You took the through-by-daylight palace train, I presume?"

"Oh, yes—yes, of course; that is—let me—I took it going."

Creditor—"Don't you know that it is using up a deal of my time to have to keep dunning you as I do?" Debtor—"And that isn't the worst of it. You use up a deal of my time also."

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kingdon, Conway, Ark.

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as a quack product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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