

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

She really had a remarkably beautiful voice, flexible, and highly cultivated, so that Denzil was properly charmed, and, forsaking his allegiance to Lady Caroline for a while, went over to the piano to tell her so, and beg her to sing again. "The queen was seldom troubled with mauve spots, so she sang directly everything he desired, stopping between each song to carry on an animated discussion about its different charms, and also it must be confessed, a little flirtation as well. Mabel always flattered openly and with every available opportunity, and Denzil seemed well enough content to keep her in her favorite pastime to-night.

Sitting there at the piano, with fingers idly strumming musical chords every now and then, so as to give some excuse for the gay conversation she was holding, Mabel looked extremely lovely. She rose, graceful and girlish, from the folds of soft white gossamer that fell around her; her manner was gracious, her voice sounded sweet and friendly. It was small wonder then if Denzil lingered gladly by the side of the younger sister, and contrasted her kindly glance with the cold, almost haughty demeanor of the elder. And yet, even then, in that early hour of their acquaintance, Denzil Younger knew well that he would have gladly given all Mabel's pretty smiles for one gentle look from Mildred.

"Mabel, darling," said Lady Caroline, "will you bring me George's car to show to Mrs. Younger?" This broke up the tete-a-tete at the piano, as the picture in question lay in Mabel's room, and she ran away to procure it. George was the youngest among the boys, and, being an acknowledged beauty, was admired and idolized accordingly, and the fond mother could never refrain from showing off this private Adonis to her friends.

When Mabel had gone Denzil dropped back again into his former place by her mother, and tried manfully not to glance in the direction where Mildred lounged listlessly among her cushions. Lady Caroline, like all good-looking, middle-aged, amiable women, liked young men extremely—the younger the better. In fact, as then she could enter into such subjects as courtship, matrimonial and administrative, that she considered golden advice in a pleasant, motherly manner. In this she was aided, not only by her own, but by the sons of half the surrounding gentry, who generally confided to her in strict confidence both their numerous peccadilloes and their love affairs.

This was agreeable enough to Lady Caroline's soul, but to have a young man who had no college misadventures to relate, and who had two charming girls in the room with him, coming from choice and talk to her, struck upon her ladyship's mind as being something, to say the least of it, peculiar. Things did not often strike Lady Caroline, but this certainly did; and she looked across at Mildred indignantly when first Denzil Younger came and took possession of the seat by her side. Mildred, however, to the eyes of her wondering parent, had looked totally unconscious and innocent of wrong doing, and Denzil himself not appearing in the least put out, Lady Caroline was fain to say to herself, "This really had felt a desire to come and be agreeable to her alone, from no other motive whatever beyond common liking."

When she had fully satisfied herself that it was no unavailability of Mildred's that had driven him to her room, Lady Caroline leaned back in her chair and allowed herself to be amused. Experience doct; and her ladyship, who had plenty of experience and was a finished judge of young men's characters by this time, said to herself, "This is a young man to be greatly liked"; and when another quarter had gone by she said, "I am speaking to a gentleman," and when the third quarter had vanished into the past she said emphatically, "This is a young man after my own heart." Then had come Mabel's singing, and she was left alone to reiterate all these sentiments more fully to herself.

Mildred had been wrong in her estimate of this member of the family at all events, and indeed of the others also—at least, most of them. Miss Younger, honest as Lady Caroline could not say she liked, but Mrs. Younger was quiet and agreeable, and the old man, in spite of his heavy laugh and old-fashioned manners, was not without charm. Lady Caroline, had been accustomed to consider vulgar. In her good graces they stood as follows: Denzil first, his father next, his mother after that. With Mabel the father came first, the son next, and the woman "nowhere," with Eddie nobody in particular first, but Miss Rachel decidedly last; while Mildred only wished anxiously for all their sakes, that they were safely landed back once more among their bules of cotton.

When all these different opinions had been arrived at, the several owners of them found it was high time to part for the night, and so they went to their respective rooms—that is, the ladies did, while the men adjourned to the smoking room, and spent a useful hour or two endeavoring manfully to ruin their constitutions.

"Well, Caroline, how do you like them?" called out Sir George that same night from his dressing-room, while vigorously applying two brushes to his head.

Lady Caroline, in the room beyond, was just undergoing the same process at the hands of her maid, but stopped off further proceedings when she heard her husband's voice.

"That will do, Burton," she said; and Burton discreetly retired.

"You think so," returned Sir George, with the air of a man who feels considerably relieved at having found another person to agree with him in his most cherished opinion; "I am glad of that. He seems to me quite the thing, and very much to be liked." As he spoke he came from his own into his wife's room, and, finding her alone, continued the brushing of his hair at her glass.

Lady Caroline sat before the fire in her flannel dressing-gown, and warmed her feet meditatively. "He is quite everything a young fellow should be," Sir George went on presently—"handsome, clever and agreeable"—he was going to say "rich," but stopped himself in time. "If it were not for the cotton!" sighed Lady Caroline.

She was not blessed with a strong mind, poor woman, and generally clung with praiseworthy pertinacity to the first idea formed. The Youngers might be everything most charming, but still the atmosphere around them appeared to her ladyship's eyes heavily laden with innumerable bales of soft goods.

"Oh, bother the cotton!" growled Sir George. "Such old-fashioned prejudices are quite done away with now—and quite right, too. Is a man to be tobaccoed forever because his great-grandfather dabbled in trade? Money makes the man in these days. The young fellow, from his appearance, might be of royal blood—and I hear 'but it wasn't his great-grandfather their wealth is fabulous."

"It was his father, dearest," corrected Lady Caroline; and after that truceless ensued a pause.

Sir George gave up ill-using his head, and, coming over to the fire, drew a chair near to his wife's, and fell into a contemplative frame of mind which lasted, by the little china clock on the chimney-piece, precisely two minutes and twenty-five seconds.

"After all people may say what they will, but there is nothing like money, Carry," he said, a propos of nothing apparently, when the last of the twenty-five seconds had expired.

"He is certainly very charming," observed his wife, who seemed to understand her husband perfectly.

"Exactly so," returned Sir George, vaguely; adding, with a miserable assumption of careless gossip, "did he seem to admire either of the girls?"

"I think he seemed to admire Mabel," Lady Caroline answered; "at least, he talked to her a good deal at the piano when she had finished singing."

"I didn't notice him," exclaimed Sir George, as though wishing to disbelieve the intelligence.

"My dear, how could you? You were telling his father about those sheep," returned his wife, calmly, as though she would have said, "My dear, did you ever in all your life either hear or see anything going on around you when discussing your favorite topic?"

"I would rather it had been Mildred," he said.

"Mildred would not look at him," remarked the mother. "She is so dreadfully particular, you know; and indeed I would rather she made a grander match. With her beauty she might marry any one, and, besides, I feel sure she would never get over the trade blot on his name."

"That is all nonsense!" broke in Sir George, impatiently. "She ought not to be encouraged in such ridiculous folly. He would be an excellent match for her; and I hear he moves in the best society in London. Why, with Mildred's beauty, backed by his money, they might know whom they chose. I am very anxious she should be settled happily."

"But it is Mabel he admires," his wife reminded him.

"True, I had forgotten that; I am sorry for it, and surprised also. The child is growing marvellously pretty, but she will never be anything like Mildred. I could never imagine a more beautiful creature than she looked this evening when she came in before dinner, any man might be proud to win her. Even Younger himself was quite struck by her whole appearance, and said afterward that she almost took his breath away. I wish with all my heart that the son had admired her."

"Well, we cannot change things now," said Lady Caroline; "and perhaps it is all for the best if he does prefer Mabel, as Mildred, I feel sure, would not encourage his addresses." "Pooh!" exclaimed wise Sir George—"a handsome face had dispersed all such nonsensical pride before this." Then, after a few moments' pause, he went on in a rather saddened tone, "We are not so rich as we were, Caroline."

"No, my love, we are not," she returned, and slipped her soft, white, gentle hand into his with a tender, comforting touch, after which they both sat silent for some time. Then Sir George rose with a sigh, and kissing his wife, went back once more to his dressing-room, while she sat motionless before the fire and thought of many things.

CHAPTER IV.
Miss Frances Sylverton, only daughter and heiress of Lionel Sylverton,



Esq., of Sylverton Park, was the most intimate friend that the Trevanions possessed. She was out Mildred's height, and was not altogether unlike that young lady in respect of features, though differing widely from her both in expression and general demeanor. She had handsome eyes and fair brown hair, a good-humored mouth, and a beautiful manner of holding herself. She was quick-witted, clever, and affectionate, could talk a good deal of slang without appearing in the least vulgar, and was rather fast and independent according to the usual rules laid down for the proper guidance of young women.

She had not always been heiress of Sylverton Park. Some years back there had been a certain Geoffrey Sylverton—the idol of his father's heart—a tall, handsome lad, a good deal older than his little fair-haired sister; but he had broken his neck when out hunting one winter morning, and they had raised him from the lamp brown earth, in his pretty scarlet coat, only to carry him back dead to the home he had left so gaily that morning.

After that old Lionel had raised his head no more in the county; his heart within him was broken, his genial spirits were buried in the grave that held his handsome boy, while the once loved music of the hounds, borne back upon the frosty air, now sounded in the old man's ears like the dying knell of things that once had been. In his desolation he turned to the only other creature left to him to love—the child Frances, and so he had been, if not neglected, at least barely remembered during her brother's existence to her he clung, and lavished upon her all the remaining affection that still belonged to him. Nothing was too good or too costly for her—to wish with her was to have; and so, as might have been expected, and as had been prognosticated by every old maid in the village, Miss Sylverton grew up spoiled, self-willed, vainly, and—what was not foretold—beyond expression charming. What was more—and this was what she did not care to mention—she did not care for three farthings for the private or expressed opinion of any of them.

"Once let me feel that I am right," declared Miss Sylverton on one momentary occasion, "and I would not alter my opinion for that of any old taily in Christendom."

She was a staunch friend to all the Trevanions, from Sir George down, except, indeed, Charles, between whom and herself there seemed to exist a perpetual warfare, a guerrilla sort of entertainment that smoldered occasionally only to break out again with a doubled energy. Just now the Trevanion and left her the last time as a rival enemy to Sylverton, but touch his enemy's hand before his departure. This was an unheard-of piece of inefficiency, and proved already that something more over than common had occurred between the belligerents, though what that something was history reported not.

Mabel was a prime favorite of Miss Sylverton's, his affected insolence just suited her rather excitable temperament, and—so they argued, and quarreled, and abused, and kicked each other persistently from year to year.

She had gone a week before the Younger's arrival at King's Abbott, to spend a month with an uncle of hers, an adjoining county, and so was not expected back for some time—a great source of regret to the Trevanions.

And Lady Caroline to her daughter Mildred about a week after the Younger's advent—

"Mildred, my dear, whom shall we ask to meet them the day after tomorrow?"

"You mean Monday," said Mildred—well let me see. We have shown them to the Grants and the Deverills, so I suppose we had better try the Deverills, and perhaps two or three other men from the barracks, and that will be enough."

"Yes, quite enough," her mother rejoined, though rather dejectedly.

"The only thing is, Mildred, those Deverill girls are so provokingly stupid. Mary is well enough, but Jane is—Oh, how I do wish Frances Sylverton was at home."

"So do I," said Mildred, "with all my heart. But where is the use of wishing? We all know Frances is worth half a dozen of them put together; but saying that won't bring her."

PILES.
You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.—We box.

Zam-Buk

"Won't it?" cried Frances Sylverton's own voice, gaily, and then the door was pushed further open, and Frances herself entered joyously, dressed in like clois from shoulder to foot, with the daintiest riding-hat imaginable, and proceeded to kiss them both immediately.

"So I am worth half a dozen of them," she exclaimed. "Poor creatures! How I do wonder who they are!"

"Good gracious, Frances," cried Mildred, "who could have expected you?" "My dear," said Lady Caroline, "I am so very glad to see you. You have come just at the very time we most wanted you, and were beginning to feel your loss most severely. But how is it that you are here? I fancied you had had you safely for a month to come."

"Oh, we quarreled, as usual," explained Miss Sylverton—array—"all but came to blows, you know, and separated by mutual consent, which was a great relief for all parties concerned. I cannot thank you for coming down there to see me, but I am glad you persist in doing once a year regularly—as it always ends in the same way. We are at daggers-drawn now, but, bless you, I shall get a long attractive invitation from him, if he is alive, to his time next year precisely. I suppose he feels that a downright good 'blowing-up,' such as he gets from me, is beneficial to his constitution—some think like a tonic, or a douche—and that is why he continues his obstinate hospitality."

"I am afraid you are a terrible child," laughed Lady Caroline; "but I am sufficiently interested in your return to make all manner of excuses for you, as I want your help next Monday night to entertain some friends we have staying with us."

"Oh, yes—papa was telling me of them," said Frances; and then she stopped.

"They are cotton merchants, old friends of papa's, and of no family whatever," Mildred explained, calmly; and, though she neither blushed nor looked confused, Miss Sylverton could see plainly that it was a sore subject. "What a comfort," said she, briskly. "I am so sick of all this cold, good blood that surrounds us. You need not look shocked, Mildred, because I am, and feel quite gay and festive at the mere idea of being in company with anybody who cannot remind me of what is due to 'birth and position,' as Dame Deverill has it. Being strangers, too, they cannot be up to all my frightful crimes and misdemeanors just yet, you know; and so I dare say they will be grateful to me until I frighten the laughter and young Younger—there is a young Younger, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes," Mildred answered, with a shrug of her pretty, uncivil shoulders, which showed plainly that she wished there was not.

"Oh, well—who knows?—perhaps he will condescend to fall in love with me," chattered on Miss Sylverton; "only I forgot—of course he is head over ears in love with one of your girls long before this. Which of them is it?"—appealing to Lady Caroline.

(To be continued.)

SPRING IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

A Tonic Medicine is a Necessity at This Season.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an all year round tonic, blood-builder and nerve-restorer. But they are especially valuable in the spring, when the system is loaded with impurities as a result of the indoor life of the winter months. There is no other season when the blood is so much in need of purifying and enriching, and every dose of these Pills helps to make new, rich, red blood. In the spring one feels weak and tired—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills develop the appetite, tone the stomach and aid weak digestion. It is in the spring that poisons in the blood find an outlet in disgusting pimples, eruptions, and boils—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily clear the skin because they go to the root of the trouble in the blood. In the spring anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, erysipelas and many other troubles are most persistent because of poor, weak blood, and it is at this time when all nature takes on new life that the blood most seriously needs attention. Some people dose themselves with purgatives at this season, but these only further weaken themselves. A purgative merely gallops through the system, emptying the bowels, but it does not cure anything. On the other hand, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, which reaches every nerve and organ in the body, bringing new strength, new health and vigor to weak, easily tired men, women and children. Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this spring—they will not disappoint you.

You can get these health-renewing Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In an Egyptian Hotel.

Soft rugs—real Oriental rugs—comfort one's feet, vistas and glimpses of doorways soothe the eyes. Oh, those half concealed nooks behind screens or tall palms, where one finds a luxurious couch and inlaid taboret and sips his tiny cup of Turkish coffee! A dragoman comes into the lobby with a bunch of luscious La France roses in his bronzed hand. The porter, in gorgeous livery of green and gold, motions him to an Arab servant in starch white, with broad red girdle and tarboosh and golden hoops in his ears. On the second floor, as you go along the corridor rises and salutes as you pass, and you feel you really are somebody worth while—you get a little better opinion of yourself.—Suburban Life.

LIQUID CATARRH REM. DIES USELESS

ONLY RELIEVE—NEVER CURE
They go direct to the stomach, have very little effect on the linings of the nose and throat, and entirely fail to cure. Only by cleansing the air passages, by relieving the inflammation and killing the germs is cure possible. No combination of antiseptics is so essential as Catarrhose. In breathing it, you send the richest pine balsam right to the seat of the disease. Irritating phlegm is cleared out, hoarseness, coughing and hacking are cured. For a permanent cure for catarrh, nothing equals Catarrhose. Get it to-day, but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhose. All dealers sell Catarrhose, large size, containing two months' treatment, costs \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c.

Verdun

(New York Tribune.)

What is the motive behind the German attack on Verdun? Is it a military operation undertaken with a purely military purpose? Or is it a demonstration intended primarily to influence opinion outside Germany and to strengthen the logic of German arguments in favor of an early peace?

From the strictly military point of view the capture of Verdun would materially improve the German position on the western front. It would break the great French salient which has stretched since September, 1914, to the northeast, east and southeast about Verdun—running in the form of a half circle from Brabant, on the Meuse north of the French fortress, to St. Mihiel, on the Meuse south of it. The most easterly point of this semicircle is almost within artillery range of Metz, the chief German base in Lorraine. So long as this French salient is held the safety of Metz is compromised.

At St. Mihiel the Germans drove late in 1914, a long, thin wedge into the French line. At the tip of this wedge they held the banks of the Meuse. But they are cramped into an uncomfortably narrow space by the French forces holding the southern curve of the Verdun salient and other French forces stretching east from below St. Mihiel to a point directly south of Metz. Pressure on this German wedge would be relieved if the French should be advantageously straightened and shortened if the French should be obliged to retire from Verdun and take up new positions to the westward of the line of the Aire.

Perhaps as an offensive-defensive operation the capture of Verdun or its particular reduction, would repay the sacrifices made by the Crown Prince's armies to clear this section of the Meuse. The British made just as heavy sacrifices, relatively, for gains much less important, at Neuve Chapelle. The French and British had to submit to losses just as severe in their offensive last fall about Lens, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

But Germany does not need to follow—the policy of "sibbling" on the western front. She is playing the Allies' game in engaging in a war of attrition. She holds both French and Belgian territory, and for fifteen months' past has been satisfied merely to attack on the Russian and Balkan fronts, economizing her strength by remaining on the defensive in the west. It is not probable that she would have undertaken a task so costly in lives as the capture of Verdun if she had had no other object than the local successes involved in a straightening of her long line along the Meuse. She must have had in mind the moral and political effect at this juncture of a victory on the west front and have been willing to gamble on that victory, however limited in values its strictly military consequences might be.

The operations about Verdun seem to be therefore to have had a political rather than a military motive. They are a protest on Germany's part against the theory that she has been reduced by falling numbers to a permanent defensive on the western theater. She must be eager to show the military strength has not been impaired to that extent. She wishes both neutral nations and her enemies to think that she is still capable of pushing her invasion of France—of breaking through the French defense and threatening Paris.

She has no longer the superiority in men and guns which she had when her armies made their first drive for the French capital. But if the attack on Verdun means anything it means that she is again trying to strike terror into the hearts of the French—to convince them that her power is not yet exhausted and that they may have to do over again in travail and strength what they were enabled to do at the Marne in September, 1914, only by a supreme effort of self-devotion and heroism.

According to the German view the Allies are unreasonable to see that prudence counsels them to accept the terms of peace which Germany is now willing to offer. The Kaiser's armies have won victories on every front. They hold tens of thousands of square miles of every territory. The German government is naturally willing to make any settlement which will enable it to cash a respectable share of its winnings.

But the Allies will not confess themselves beaten. They still cling to the theory that members must tell in the end and that German resources must fall before their own begin to fail. That is an argument which Berlin despises. It can be met in only one way—by violent efforts in the field, to prove that Germany can still defy the Allied overweight in numbers.

Germany's first rejoinder to the arithmetic argument was the Galician-Polish campaign. Her second was the campaign in the Balkans. Her third is the attack on Verdun. She

may make a fourth or even fifth rejoinder. But all the time the axiom that 3 plus 3 cannot equal 3 plus 5 confronts her. She may lavish her strength on many fronts and she may win many victories which may still leave final victory beyond her grasp. As a guarantor of the victory which she must have to win the war—to get the peace which she desires—even the capture of Verdun would prove illusory. It would probably turn out to be as barren, in the large strategic and political sense, as was the occupation of Poland of the overrunning of Serbia.

DUTCH TRAMP A SUB-FEEDER

But British Destroyer Found Her Out, And Sank Three German U-Boats.

Submarines were very busy on a certain trade route, and the admiral in charge was very keen on rooting out their base of supplies. Every niche and opening in the coastline was thoroughly searched, but nothing was found.

The commander of the destroyer was in a very unamiable mood, and swore he would not return to the Fleet empty-handed to be glibed at by the admiral, who was evidently, I gathered, a man of pungent and profane tongue. To all appearances it looked as if they were doomed to cruise about till the day of judgment.

But the cherub that sits up aloft, and the luck of the British navy, intervened. One morning a disreputable-looking Dutch tramp hove in sight, wallowing along westward at the rate of eight knots, and the skipper decided to interview her for news. But he learned nothing, and found the ship's papers in perfect order. Still he hesitated to leave her; he had an intuition that something was wrong, and ordered a party of men to search her. The vessel was loaded with barrels of dairy produce; nothing incriminating was discovered, and the Dutchman began to get impatient at the delay.

And then the unforeseen happened. In restoring the cargo one of the barrels slipped, and the vessel, led by a very heavy lurch of the vessel, rolled up to a bulkhead and smashed. Lo and behold! the innocuous dairy produce proved to be tightly packed and carefully wrapped—tins of petrol!

Others barrels were then staved in, and all the contents were the same—tins and tins of petrol. The commander at once captured the ship. "What did the admiral say when you brought her in," the narrator of this story was asked.

"Well, we didn't take her in," said the sailor, "not just then. We made the Dutchman produce his secret instructions; then we locked all the Dutchies below, dressed ourselves up in their togs, shipped a gun from the destroyer, and proceeded. After two days were reached a certain latitude and longitude, and cruised about. It was just getting dusk when we popped a submarine—a German one—for petrol from her supply ship."

"We got her. Next day we got another, and the day after that a third. We waited about for a week, but no more turned up, so we had evidently got the lot."

He Feels Like a Young Fellow

WHY MANITOBA MAN PRAISES DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

After Experimenting With Other Medicines Max Hanjok Found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the Cure That He Sought.

Pleasant Home, Man., March 20.—(Special)—Mr. Max Hanjok, a well-known resident of this place, who, after an extended period of ill-health, is feeling strong and hearty again, is spreading broadcast the good news that he found a new lease of youth in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I tried all kinds of other pills, but they didn't help me very much," Mr. Hanjok says. "But Dodd's Kidney Pills have made me feel like a different man. I want everybody to know that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me everything that has been claimed for them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make men and women feel young again because they spread good health all over the body. Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. They make the kidneys strong and healthy and put them in condition to strain all impurities, all the seeds of disease, out of the blood. The cleansed blood circulating all through the body gives new strength and energy everywhere. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills are popular all over Canada.

A Church in Wales.

Wrexham parish church is known as one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates as a structure from the fifteenth century and is cathedral-like in its proportions. A "chained" Bible, now kept under lock and key, is among the curious relics, and besides it is a handsomely bound "visitors' book," sent by the students of Yale university, United States, for the use of Yale students visiting the church. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Eliza Yale, with its quaint epitaph. The soldiers' chapel, which is a beautiful memorial window to the Welsh fusiliers who fell in battle.—London Mail.

Even if at first you do succeed it is just as well to try, try again.