

KINDNESS.

Be kind to all. A gentle word will often lead the babe, And even when a loving smile is more than prayer or psalm.

THE BRIDE OF THE BRUCE.

BY DAVID BERN.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

At an early hour Claribel announced her intention of retiring, and told Inie if she liked to come she would be very useful, and, in an undertone, implied that they could have a little chat and so become better friends.

Douglas was beginning to speak when Inie by a swift glance stopped him and assented cordially.

She read Claribel better than he did. She saw that the beauty's cool appreciation of her services proceeded entirely from indolence and not from any love of being in a position to patronize.

Besides, Inie was essentially practical and helpful; it was a real pleasure for her to fold the crumpled satins and smooth out the ruffled lace, while Claribel lay back in her chair with half-closed eyes.

Exclamations of girlish delight from time to time aroused her as Inie came upon a glittering display of jewelry or some dainty trinket.

'What a pleasant maid you make me,' remarked Claribel lazily. 'You are so gentle and graceful in your movements.'

'Oh!' said Inie dryly; 'where shall I put these rings?'

She held up two—one of pearls and the other a sparkling ruby.

'Those—oh, toss them into the case with the others. I never wear them now.'

'Why not?'

'I have got tired of them. I even forgot who gave them to me.'

Inie looked up indignantly; but to Claribel it was too much trouble to say anything but the truth.

She was an enigma to ardent, quick feeling Inie.

'You may have either one you like,' continued Claribel carelessly; 'if they are not miles too large for you.'

'May I?' exclaimed the girl eagerly. 'Are you really in earnest?'

Even Claribel smiled at the girlish enthusiasm.

'You baby with a new toy,' she said; 'have you never seen a ring before?'

'I have never seen one so beautiful, and if I may really choose, I prefer this ruby;—and all unconsciously Inie slipped on her finger the ring Douglas had given his cousin years ago as a pledge of his intention at some future period of making her his wife.'

For the first time Claribel regarded her attentively.

'I envy you,' she remarked languidly. 'I believe I miss many of the enjoyments of this life by caring so little about trifles.'

'And also many of its pains.'

'Possibly. At present, at the risk of shocking you, I must confess, as long as I have enough to eat and drink I care little about anything else. I love no one, I even like very few, but I can endure everybody.'

This was a long speech for Claribel, and she seemed to think so. At its conclusion she leaned back sleepily.

'What a model wife you will make,' said Inie sarcastically.

'It will be such an effort to get married at all, that I shall put it off as long as possible.'

'Not very kind to your future husband.'

'What would you have me do?'

'Rouse yourself,' exclaimed Inie energetically. 'Teach yourself to be alive; even active pain is surely better than making existence a breathless matter of breathing sleep.'

'Oh,' said Claribel with a little shrug, 'Miss Chetwynde has a message. To hear you talk is like an iceberg coming in contact with a volcano. Let us say good-night before I dissolve entirely.'

They parted cordially.

When Inie got to her room she discovered that she had never taken off the earrings which Lady Marjorie had brought for Douglas. She took them off, and examining them closely saw that the golden hearts opened like a lock.

Woman-like she touched the spring of one and saw a striking miniature of Douglas painted some years before.

She tried to open the lock.

'This,' she said, with a curl of her lip, 'doubtless contains the portrait of his destined bride.'

But it resisted all her efforts, and at last she put them carefully away, intending to return them on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. St. Ruth put off Inie's visit to the Priory for a week, and that week was a trying one to our heroine. The terms on which Douglas and his cousin stood perplexed her. Of course it was nothing to her, she kept on saying to herself; their loves lay in different paths to the weary one she had to traverse; yet her headless Inie could not see what she termed such a change and barrier without fretting and puzzling over such a double state of things. To show Douglas how much she condemned him, she positively ignored all his overtures to friendship, and mercilessly criticized every action and nearly every speech.

Poor little Inie, she was very unhappy in those days, and she never guessed the reason why.

The statement of Claribel was the greater comfort to her troubled feelings; it pleased her exceedingly before Dou-

glas to believe to her as if she was a helpless victim. She would wait on her, amuse her, be her companion in drives, her assistant in shopping excursions. She took her part vehemently whenever Lady Marjorie hinted her latest character or inability to grasp the peculiar views adopted by her aunt.

Claribel really cared for Inie in her positive way. She admired while she despised at her really cordial wish that she should be as good as dead, and she marvelled at almost envied her pungent power of repartee; the effective energy with which she expressed her opinion and generally forced her point.

'You surprise me,' she said one day to her; 'I must take a great deal out of you. I could never have any one as you have Douglas. When I see that you do not approve I am merely selfish.'

'I should be much better for both of you if you had a violent quarrel,' said Inie, perversely.

'I should never recover from the effects. I much prefer the present state of things, and so does he. The other day at the picture gallery you were pointed out as his fiancée from the assiduous attention he paid you.'

'I could easily have dispensed with it,' said Inie's reply. 'I always accept it under protest. I am not a martyr.'

'I know,' answered Claribel, half amused, 'I could not be jealous if I tried, and,' she added, reflectively, 'I believe you would suit him much better than I shall. He likes talking and being talked to. He would far rather quarrel than have no notice taken of him. He will never get me to entertain him.'

'Why do you not give him up?'

'Because it could not be done quietly, and I hate a disturbance.'

'Claribel, Claribel, you are a mystery to me.'

Yet Claribel was by no means devoid of a will of her own. She had not many ideas, but those she had she clung to fixedly. To attempt to alter her opinion once formed, was like trying to move a mighty rock. She got her own way by mere passive resistance.

She lifted her great, sleepy eyes to Douglas in a protesting way when he laid down the law masterfully, without uttering a word. Only, he always found to his great annoyance, that he had made no impression, and her conduct never swerved one atom from its imperturbable, good natured selfishness.

It was no good trying to argue with her; she let him do all the talking, as she sat placidly trying to win the beautiful bracelet on her still more beautiful arm, and when he had exhausted all his eloquence, she would say, in a voice that had not a particle of expression in it:

'If you have quite finished, Douglas, I will go and dress, I expect Jack to come and take us to a concert.'

Sometimes Inie felt sorry for him; she guessed how a man of his deep feeling, though despotic temper, must chafe at such exasperating behavior. On such occasions she would relax from that crisp tartness which veiled her woman's heart, and with delicate tact bring back the smile to his lips and the light to his eyes, only to be more capricious and wayward a few moments later, in order to satisfy her aggravating conscience.

Meanwhile Lady Marjorie, with the keenness of a passion indulged in after lying dormant for a period, theorized her victim, analyzed his mental, moral and intellectual qualities, reviewed each into its component particles, carefully weighed and measured the aforesaid atoms, and then proceeded to assimilate portions of each, according to her profound system of proportion. With renewed zest, she took up the half neglected study and forgot that failure might come.

Not that her powers of perception were entirely deceived by the absorption of her pursuit. She comprehended that Douglas was fascinated in spite of himself by her piquant, unconventional companion. She was not blind to the fact that the girl could and did drag him to emerge from the indolent attitude he adopted towards the fair sex. He would treat them as fashions of oratory, bursts of eloquence which surprised both his aunt and himself. The graceful, selfish habits of London clubs and ladies' drawing rooms would find himself absolutely going out of his way to perform some little act of kindness towards Lady Marjorie's dependant, for the sake of a few low-voiced words, or for the faint shadow of a smile that fitted over her moonlight countenance.

Lady Marjorie saw all this, but reasoned the result to the end pointed out, by her pronounced views.

'It is only a passing fancy,' she soliloquized; 'their ardent nature would dash when once the knot was tied. This will suit Victor, and I fancy into him some of her own energy. Claribel will never resent my nephew's love of mastery as Inie does, besides it is the only way in which I can provide for Inie's future. The study of the brain in relationship to marriage should be the occupation of every man and woman; put the heart out of the calculation altogether; it only leads astray. The coming generation will bless me for my foresight, and my example may be followed till it becomes a general rule. Then I shall not have level for nothing; posterity will benefit by my labor. What matters a little pain, a crushing of the heart's distaste, when so glorious a result can be achieved, though we live not to see it? If human beings would only be reasonable, and regulate their hearts by their heads. Though it is against my principles, I will consider my nephew's feelings, and try to draw his heart where his head is pledged. I will give a series of parties, and when he goes how much Claribel is admired, he will begin to appreciate her himself. Jealousy is a great impetus to rouse a lagging love.' So the old lady blindly took from Providence the destiny of her creature, and credulously believed that she could divine that most unobtainable of all mysteries, the human heart.

On the appointed day Inie went to the Priory, where she was welcomed most cordially. Inie was a great

relief to get away from the jarring influences of Lady Marjorie's, and to live in an atmosphere of such deep peace and true content as reigned at the Priory. At this time Mrs. St. Ruth was slightly indisposed for a day or two, and Inie quite naturally, though unconsciously, assumed the position of daughter of the house.

It was something to be petted and caressed by Mrs. St. Ruth, and to listen to the gentle lady's rather rambling tales. It was pleasant, too, to be worshipped by the dreamy, gullible foot, and to feel that her presence was an increase of happiness to both.

Victor was much of an invalid; in consequence, he had a half spoiled way of exciting attention, which was especially troublesome to Inie, who loved to sit on the couch where he lay with consideration. Her heart was moved with pity, too, when she saw the patient sufferer spend days on his couch, never uttering a complaint—always tender and loving to his mother, brightly cheerful towards her.

She was touched at the radiant light in his eyes, the fresh hue which dyed his pale cheeks at her approach, and was almost ashamed of her own trifling remarks. She was aware that he watched her every movement, that his eyes seldom left her face when she read to him in the gloaming, and her compassionate heart was drawn towards the angelic sufferer whose life was one long pain, unrelaxingly borne.

Under such influences her passionate soul became quieted—she let her will and boldness of her surroundings envelope her as a veil, and floated down the stream calmly and at peace. She would slip unseen into the little doorway, not to pry—she knew not how—but to kneel and drink in the harmony, the subtle, mystic power which attracted her, she knew not why. They never sought to change her views. Mrs. St. Ruth passed her head kindly and said, 'God would bring her to His fold in his own way,' and Victor, who had been the first and foremost to burn her, unhelped by human agency, but the struggle had warped her mind and left her defiant, restless, outwardly calm and showy, inwardly a prey to unassisted emotions and aspirations still unchecked. She wanted a rest; this was the hill between two periods of storm, and she revelled in its balminess, for one only.

As she sat at Mr. St. Ruth's feet and read aloud to her the visionary fancies of the high souled dreamer, a calm world stole into her soul which gave a restful expression to her countenance, approaching more really than Douglas would have believed the saint she sat to represent.

She did not make use of this time of peace to read her own heart or to draw up a set line of conduct for the future. She drank from the first and ignored the second. She did not want to think; she preferred to drift—something would take care of her; something always did.

So argued hesthen little Inie with a careless fatalism which actuates many in this world.

Her visit was prolonged far beyond its original limits. Victor looked so pleadingly at her when she talked of going, and Mrs. St. Ruth begged her so affectionately to stay, that Inie gladly acceded with a strong presentiment that when she emerged from this sheltered harbor she would have once more to breast the storm.

'I am not wanted at the Towers,' she said to herself, almost bitterly. 'I am an element of discord there, while here I am loved.'

'I make the most of my invalid's privileges,' Victor said one day as Inie sat down beside him with a roll of papers in her hand. 'It really is too bad to get you to sort all my scribbles.'

'I like it,' she said simply; 'I want to finish them before I leave. I really must go soon.'

'A cloud came over his fair boyish face.'

'I do not want to part with my St. Cecilia,' he said. 'Mother cannot we prevail on her to stay a little longer?'

'Not if it is against her duty to Lady Marjorie,' replied the lady, gently; 'it is very kind of her to have spared Inie for so long, and we will hope that she will come again to us at no distant period.'

'What time it must be forever,' he said in a low voice, intended only for Inie; then he added, aloud:

'Miss Chetwynde, this place will be very dreary to both mother and me when you are gone.'

'Oh, no!' she replied cheerfully; 'you of all people ought never to feel dull. Your imagination can employ itself picturing.'

'It is the reality I want now,' he interrupted, feverishly. 'You have wakened in me thoughts that can never slumber, hopes that will expire only with my life.'

His breathless voice and flushed face amazed Inie.

'Hush!' she said, in the soothing tones one addresses to a spoiled child. 'Do not talk of such things. Let us make the most of the time before us, and look not forward to the future.'

'He said no more then, but night after night Inie knew that the pure, warm-hearted poet spent hours of prayer in the darkness, hushed chapel, but she did not know the fervor with which he poured out his soul to One who lovingly inclines to us in answer, nor how he fervently offered his life to the God he worshipped.'

'It was arranged that Lady Marjorie should send the carriage for Inie on Tuesday afternoon; but about two o'clock Douglas arrived at the Priory, saying that Claribel had applied to take her somewhere. Lady Marjorie had accompanied her notice, so he had volunteered to escort Miss Chetwynde back. He did not object to the walk.

Miss Chetwynde did not object; in fact, her foolish little heart bounded very unconsciously at the mere idea. She was more glad to see Douglas than she dared to own to herself.

He came in powerful and strong, with a cool, prompt way of intending to take his own way despite her remonstrances, which sent a thrill of pleasure through her heart as he rebounded by so masterful a man.

After all it grew to be slightly monotonous to be considered quite perfect; it was enervating to be loved blindly as Victor loved her; and instantaneously she recovered that vivacity of manner, that piquancy of tone which had dropped into mild torpidity during her stay at the Priory.

For the first time in his life St. Ruth carried his friend—his robust manhood and muscular superiority. For the first he felt painfully puny and insignificant, as he compared his slender frame with the athletic form of the other. He was curiously depressed when he bade adieu to Inie.

'You have escaped me this time,' he said wistfully, with his great blue eyes burning brightly, 'but you must not be cruel. Do not sour out of my sight, St. Cecilia. I want you, and I cannot let you go.'

'If I was but half as good as you think I am,' exclaimed Inie involuntarily, with a deep sigh. 'Life is so dark; I cannot see beyond.'

'When will you come again?' inquired Victor eagerly, as he held the tiny, fluttering hand in his. 'Be merciful, Miss Chetwynde; remember it is life or death to me.'

'We are going over on Sunday,' they heard Douglas tell Mrs. St. Ruth at that moment. 'Claribel is coming then, so this is a very short good-bye.'

'She shall miss you, Inie,' said the old lady, affectionately, as she kissed the girl several times. 'But it may not be for long, one never can tell.'

'No,' replied Inie, with a wistful, puzzled expression; 'one never can tell.'

Did his mother know what question her son was going to ask at their next meeting, and did it meet with her sanction and approval?

Inie could not tell.

Douglas and she set out homeward. It was a sweet, breezy day towards the latter end of May; nature, with the buoyancy of youth, seemed refreshed and brightened by her long death-like slumber.

Douglas had never been so pleasant. He had missed Inie terribly; he was beginning to understand why he had such an antipathy towards making a definite arrangement with Claribel.

He intended to keep his promise; his honor bound him, and a Bruce always responded to that summons; meanwhile he would not debar himself the pleasure of having Inie all to himself, for one only.

'I hate me,' he said to himself, 'and I know it; she never made any pretence about it.'

Almost every hour of the day he had missed her, from the moment when they quarrelled over their coffee at breakfast to the time when, as often as not, they parted for the night with but a stately inclination of the head. A prickly piece of horse he had styled her when first they met; now she was 'a heartily agreeable to his true man's heart.'

And Inie never asked herself why her spirit was so gladome that sunny May afternoon, as they walked through mossy lanes beneath the fragrant Hawthorn. She had sternly taught herself to expect no pleasure in this life; she thought she looked calmly forward to a future of arduous duty, yet for once she gave vent to the feelings of her heart and refused to question the wisdom of it.

'Only for Sunday,' she said, exclaiming; 'after Sunday my freedom will be gone.'

'I wonder why in spring all young and old, feel curiously revived?' remarked Douglas, thoughtfully.

'Because our spirits sympathize with nature,' she replied. 'The birds and the flowers all seem to rejoice, and our hearts throbb in unison with this ceaseless flow of thanksgiving.'

'An idea borrowed from St. Ruth,' remarked Douglas, smiling kindly; 'has made you poetical, Miss Chetwynde? I agree with you that spring is the sweetest season of the year. Even in town there is a breath of freedom, pure air, reminding us mortals that life need not be all toil and strife.'

'And yet I prefer the autumn,' pursued Inie, respectfully. 'The spring is bright, but there is something restless in it; the spirit craves for change and the season awakens unsatisfactory longings. The autumn, with its weird night winds and scent of dying leaves, reminds one calmly that nothing lasts forever; and that rest is coming to every weary heart.'

'That is a sombre thought for one so young, the rest you know, means death. There are few indeed, who look forward to that with pleasure.'

'And do you not think that the certainty of death is the one happy thought of our lives?' questioned Inie, looking up at him with grave, searching eyes. 'It is only the immembrance of death that renders life tolerable. Misery must come to an end some time, who can tell how soon?'

'But the judgment, how do you dispose with that?' he inquired, much surprised.

'Why should we fear the judgment, when the world is so full of it? We should have justice, which is never meted out to us in this world. If we have sinned we are not scored, but the power of the temptation is balanced with our powerlessness.'

'And sternly?' again questioned Douglas.

'The strictness of the question from his countenance no reply.'

'I have not yet made up my mind,' he answered, warmly; 'and they were silent for a few minutes. The clever, reasoning critic and the ardent feeling, much tried woman, were both sounding in a sea of grace, refusing to wade to the shore.'

'You are an odd girl,' he remarked, presently, wishing to banish earthly temptations, reflections.

'I have an odd life,' was the reply, in her usual guarded tones.

A look of repressed pain passed over her features, instinctively he forbore to question her further, and the remainder of the way was passed in total silence.

'There are some people coming this evening,' he remarked, as they ascended the stone steps leading to the house. 'Put on your pink frock, Inie, I like you best in that.'

She ran upstairs, pretending not to have heard, but the pink dress was laid on nevertheless.

Lady Marjorie was almost demonstrative in her welcome of Inie. She had greatly missed the loving, genial spirit which had prompted so many kindly acts hardly noticed except by their absence. Claribel also was not sorry to have some one who was always ready to entertain her, and who took all trouble off her hands.

'It has been horribly dull without you,' she remarked. 'Douglas has been something fearful, so abstracted and preoccupied—even I noticed it.'

Inie was far from being inensible to all these marks of esteem, and responded by an unusual gentle deference to the wishes and words of others. Douglas seemed to think it was his province, in spite of the presence of many distinguished visitors, to hover round her, and pay her the honor due to a highly esteemed guest. She tried to shun such marked attention; there seemed treason in it now.

While she was accompanying Claribel's songs he insisted on standing by her side and turning over the leaves.

'I cannot play,' she said, petulantly, when any one is close to me.'

'The sooner you learn, then, the better,' was his cool rejoinder, as he took a low seat beside her.

Claribel laughed; their warfare amused her. Inie dared not resist further; he saw the tiny fingers tremble as they fluttered uncertainly for a moment over the keys, and he enjoyed her agitation. It was delightful to have some one again to tease, and to have Inie look at him, and to have her not object to the tyranny.

At the same time he watched over her comfort, as poor Inie had never been watched over before. A frown darkened his handsome face if any trifling indication that people did not forget that position she really held in that house.

He was the first to notice the deadly pallor that came into her face, and insisting on her taking rest, he brought her to the library, and ordered her to lie down till he came for her again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors declare; hence the increased demand for Alternative. It is now well known that most of the ailments which afflict the human body, but to impurity of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

'One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

'I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be a simple remedy, for while thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We consulted a doctor, who told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned.'

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder is very pure. A mixture of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold pure in Canada.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., LTD.

Sold at Wholesale by Mr. Fenton T. Newbery.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, etc., are cured by Carter's Liver Pills. They also correct all derangements of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Headache and all the troubles incident to a bilious condition, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervous