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THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

"There is something in your face, slightly like my mother's too," he continued, "only her hair was like a golden cloud, and yours is dark. When I was quite little I used to sit upon her knee, and she would veil me with her long hair. She was so sweet—my mother!"

The tender arms clung to him with a convulsive cry. She held him to her heart. Ah, heaven! it was hard to bear. He was her only son!

"If I die," continued the boy, "I am quite sure that I shall see my mother first. She loved me so; you could not think how she loved me. When I die she shall stand here by my side, with a shining face and golden hair, and a light all round her, a light like that upon the picture, when the light was crowned with thorns. She will hold out her arms to me, and we shall go higher and higher up, through the clouds and the stars until we reach heaven."

She laid him down upon the pillow. Not to have saved her life and his could she have borne it any longer. She laid him down and turned away. It seemed to her in that hour that her heart must break—that she could no longer live and bear the weight of her secret. While she stood hesitating where to go, what to do, Lord Selwyn entered, to see how Rupert was going on.

"No change—still no change," only the white face growing more shadowy; the eyes, so like his mother's, growing larger and brighter. The thought of his mother seemed to haunt the child; for when Lord Selwyn knelt down and asked him if he felt any better, Rupert whispered to him with his poor, gasping breath:

"Papa, I do believe I should get well if my own mamma were here."

She saw how he started at the words.

"My darling boy," he said, "that cannot be; your mother is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Everyone is kind to you."

"Yes," he said, faintly, "they are all kind; but I want my mother's face and hands. I am sure I should go to sleep if she were here."

And the pale-faced watcher heard him whispering—

"My punishment is greater than I can bear. Oh, Violante, you are indeed avenged."

She stood quite silent; the power of speech and of movement seemed to have left her. Who can describe the longing to fling herself down by her child's side and cry to him that she was his mother, and had come to save him? In after years she never knew what restrained her. Perhaps the few words that followed restored her to calm.

"Papa," she heard the boy say, "look at Mrs. Rivers. Do you not think she is like my own mamma?"

But his lordship did not even look at her.

"No," he said; "your mamma, my boy, was beautiful as an angel. She had the sweetest face I ever saw—the dearest and the truest. I have seen no one like her since she died, Rupert."

And then, lest she should betray herself—lest the longing impulse that urged her should be too strong—she quitted the room silently. Neither father nor son knew that she had gone.

It was bitterly hard, if when the temptation came to her first in the little village of Camp, she had foreseen this, she would never have fallen into the error which had led into such fearful complications.

If she had sinned, she had said to herself, she had indeed suffered. Was over fate so hard? Her dying child called for her; yet she could not comfort him; her husband was in mortal anguish, yet she could not help him. People told her she was doing too much, working too hard; for she grew thinner and paler every day. There were times when she felt she could bear it no longer—that she must go from them, and lay herself down to die. And she would have done it but for one great fear—if she died here at Creighton, in all probability her secret would be discovered. For the sake of both husband and child she must avert such a catastrophe as that.

So she struggled on, and no change for the better came to Rupert. The blessed sleep for which she prayed and hoped, watched and waited, was further off than ever; and Dr. Danvers, as he left the Red Room, wore a look upon his face that struck dismay to the hearts of those who saw him.

"It is only a question of hours, unless he can sleep," said the physician; and the three who listened to him were Lady Beatrice, Mrs. Rivers and Lord Selwyn. "I know of but one thing more as a remedy," he continued, "I will try a fresh plate tonight; if that fails, all hope is over!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Red Room at Selwyn Castle was

TEA.

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a most peculiar apartment; it was very large, having once been used as a ballroom, and contained three lofty windows. For the sake of perfectly understanding what follows, will the reader try to imagine a long, lofty room, by no means square, the three windows overlooking the park. One of the Ladies Selwyn—Gwendolyn, wife of Lord Bertrand the Cavalier—fancying the apartment too large to be either warm or comfortable, had ordered it to be hung with crimson tapestry was placed across the room, so as to make it seem smaller, thus making two apartments of one. That portion of the Red Room where the heir of the Selwyns lay was by far the largest; it held two windows. The part of the room cut off by the crimson hangings had one window, and was used as a kind of ante-chamber.

It was a room in every way suitable for illness. Nurse and attendants could remain in the ante-chamber without disturbing the invalid. All the paraphernalia of illness—medicine, bottles, etc., could be kept there.

So the reader sees this room in his fancy; the crimson tapestry, in which many a faint figure was worked, stretched across a large and very handsome bedstead, with crimson hangings, stood with the head against the tapestry.

Anyone in the ante-room could part the curtains and look in at the sleeper, without disturbance or sound. By the side of the bed stood a small, round stand, whereon Mrs. Rivers kept what was immediately necessary for the boy's use.

Near the stand was placed an easy chair for the nurse; there was a large oaken wardrobe, a superb cheval glass, a mantel-piece, magnificently sculptured; it was altogether cheerful, warm and pleasant.

The doctor's sad, almost hopeless words were soon known throughout the house: "Unless the oplate sends him to sleep he must die; nothing but sleep can save him!" Lord Selwyn sat for Mrs. Rivers, to tell her and arrange with her whom, on this night, should keep watch by his son's side.

His lordship was in the dining-room; my lady, holding her beautiful child in her arms, was by his side. The servants had been in twice to see if the lamps should be lighted, but Lord Selwyn had dismissed them; the dinner had been carried untasted from the table. There was gloom, desolation and misery everywhere. Lord Selwyn, with his head buried in his hands, looked the very image of despair.

The fire-light played over the room, over the beautiful lady clad in costly velvet, and wearing gleaming jewels, her lovely child leaping for joy in her arms. There was no sorrow in her face, only when Lord Selwyn turned toward her; then there was an attempt at sympathy—but not a very successful one.

Suddenly Lady Beatrice rose and laid the boy upon the sofa, thick with cushions. She went up to Lord Selwyn and put her arms round his shoulders.

"Vivian," she said, "I am truly grieved for you. But do not sorrow as one who has no hope; remember, even should you lose poor Rupert, you have little Lance and me."

"I know," he said, "you are very kind, Beatrice. Of course, I love little Lance and you. This is a different matter. Rupert is the child of my first love, and she—I can never bear to think of it—she was not happy. I do not do my duty, and it seems to me that heaven is punishing me by taking my son!"

He had never, since Violante's death, uttered such words, and his proud, beautiful wife looked at him in surprise.

"What shall I say in another world, if I meet Violante, and she asks me about her son? Beatrice, I am not a man of many words, but I would give my life to save my boy."

Looking at him, she saw that all words were unavailing—that she must put aside the angry jealousy that object, if ever she was to keep her influence over him.

[To be Continued.]

Light and Shade.

A VERNAL MOON.

"Tis spring, when all prospects
Two warm for one's fannels,
Too cold for ice cream."

He—Yes, when I get interested in any subject, I never rest until I have thoroughly embraced it.

She—I wish I was an interesting subject.

"They eat and held hands all the evening."

"How silly!"

"Oh, I don't know. You have to in what."

"That was a mean trick Sheriff Mor-

re played the other day, he arrested a man for nothing."

"Now, I don't think that Sheriff Morrell would arrest a man for nothing."

"Well, he did. You see he was standing down in his office in Campbell's store, and a man came in, and he past and he ran out and nabbed him and put him in the cooler."

"Now, surely that man must have done something to be arrested for."

"He hadn't done a thing," said Morrell, "but he was a man who designs on him."

Mother—So you have made up with Johnny Jones? Did you find out that you had misjudged him?

Bobby—Yes'm; I thought I could lick him.

"I would rather vote for a long-eared donkey than for you," said a voter to a candidate last election time.

—Come now, you ought not to allow yourself to be influenced by family ties," responded the candidate. And the voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed.

THE SYNOD ADJOURNS

Interesting Final Session of the London-Hamilton Body.

The Subject of Trusts Discussed—Other Papers—Committees Appointed—Appeals Heard.

When the conference of the Presbyterian Synod was resumed yesterday afternoon, Mr. W. B. Wood, of Brantford, read an exceedingly interesting paper on the subject, "Trusts: Are They Immoral?" In his introductory remarks, he defined some of the current erroneous conceptions of what trusts are, one of these being that a trust is a huge aggregation of capital, the object of which is to secure the monopoly of some particular branch of trade, industry and commerce, and so stifle wholesome competition. Conduct was designated as moral or immoral according as it directly or indirectly tended to promote or retard the well-being of society. All trusts could not fairly be placed in one class, and viewed as either moral or immoral in character. The opinion could not be avoided that some trusts tended to prevent competition in its broad and general sense, and to control and thus enhance prices to the detriment of the public, hence were immoral. Some of them oppressed the workingman, strangled competition, corrupted transportation companies, and otherwise perverted truth and justice, but they were not all guilty. A peculiar feature of the industrial history of society had been that all movements towards a concentration or association of industrial forces had always been viewed with alarm, and been adversely criticised, although no argument was needed to prove that primitive methods of doing business had to go. Very few doubted the propriety or value of co-operation in business. It was not necessarily opposed to healthy competition, which was essential to industry, because it promoted economy in the prices. In order, however, that it might develop trade instead of destroying it, competition must take place under conditions that made success reasonably possible. There is no hope for any of us, but the weakest must go first, have been the experience of many men slain by excessive and unreasonable business competition. It was fallacious to believe, though, that competition in itself was strength with the number of competitors.

But it was more on what trusts might do than on what they had done that much of the opposition was based. Their object, if ever they were to monopolize the market, but to come to an industrial institution because its promoters' object was to undersell and supersede traditional methods, was economic insanity. It was not the motive of capitalist, but the economic effect of his action, which should be determined in judging the solid utility of industrial methods, and institutions, and whether or not they were immoral. "The trust is a form of the property of the men who own the property, and the method of doing business. It was the universal testimony of history that the aggregation of capital was indispensable to modern progress."

The assumption that competition was impossible unless the competitors were actually present on the market was responsible for the view that all trusts are monopolies, but the immense store of capital, waiting for investment, was a powerful factor in the field of competition, especially where there was a tendency on the part of a trust to go beyond a certain distance in the raising of prices and the lessening of production. The combined capital could only hope for such profits as the public were willing to pay. The combination of capital under proper conditions was a good thing, because by the use of improved methods, it lessened the cost of production, cheapened the necessities of life, and placed the consumer in a position to purchase more than he could do otherwise. "It is evident, then, that the interests of capital and labor are one, and a proper recognition of this great principle would add much to the well-being of both. The 'trust' must understand that it has absolutely no claim upon public consideration apart from efficiency of service and the welfare of the community. If it moves in that direction it should not be held back, and the consumer should know that anything that tends to lessen the cost of living and increase the reward of labor must be to him a very great blessing."

The writer was of the opinion that where trusts exercised undue influences, as upon transportation companies, the law should interfere, although it was a serious question if such a company could be effectively controlled unless owned by the government. Trusts that control and practically own all the raw material in any particular line, are a menace to the public, and should be formed or continued apart from the direct and constant supervision of the government.

"I conclude, then, that in our study of the question we must recognize that there are two great classes of trusts. One class proceeds honorably in the great field of competitive business, making proper use of the co-operative principle in the wise concentration of capital and skill. As a business or organization it is perfectly moral, and should be encouraged. The other class proceeds upon the free-trade principle. By the use of the most unscrupulous means it seeks to monopolize competition. It stoops to all forms of bribery and corruption, and robs humanity of all that is noble and pure. It is a

crnel monopoly, and should be driven from the face of the earth."

The subject was further discussed by Rev. Dr. W. H. James, of Brantford, who defended trusts on the ground of cheapened production, and resultant benefit to society. They were the result of economic necessity. He defended the Standard Oil Company.

Rev. J. H. Connelley, of Port Stanley, who followed, remarked that while Rockefeller could endow a great university, he could not endow a poor university a professor of political economy who did not teach his subject "according to the gospel of Rockefeller."

Rev. Dr. Robertson then addressed the synod upon the work of the Home Missions and Agitation Society.

Rev. John Ross, M. A., of Brantford, read a paper on the implication of the question in rules and forms of procedure for admission to full communion. "Do you believe the Scriptures teach you ought not to allow yourself to be influenced by family ties?" responded the candidate. And the voter has been puzzling his head ever since to find out why the crowd laughed.

The following standing committees were then appointed:

Church Life and Work—Rev. R. M. Hamilton, convenor; the convenors of presbytery committees: Revs. John Crawford, Niagara; Alex. J. McGilvray, London; Robert Haddo, Watford; Dr. Battisby, Chatham; E. A. McLeod, Attwood; Robt. Henderson, Manchester; Jas. Malcolm, Teesdale; Isaac McDonald, Mossa; M. McGregor, and Messrs. T. Nesbit, F. Reid and A. T. McGregor, elders.

Augmentation—Rev. Alex. Henderson, convenor; the convenors of presbytery committees and Messrs. W. B. Wood, D. K. McKenzie, C. R. Somerville, Dr. Hodge and Geo. Malcolm.

Sabbath School—Revs. E. R. Hutt, convenor; A. McWilliams, E. W. Pantou, C. Fletcher and J. McLaren, and Messrs. John Meyers, Robt. McQueen, J. A. Eckford, and Messrs. convenors of presbytery committees.

Young Peoples' Societies—Rev. J. S. Henderson, convenor; the convenors of presbytery committees: Revs. Jas. Wilson, Brantford; J. S. Connelley, Watford; T. B. Bell, Brantford; Grant, St. Marys; John Young, Hamilton; A. A. Graham, Petrolia, and Messrs. Joseph Richardson, Woodstock; John Lochhead, London, and L. P. Ross, Exeter.

The synod then resumed its hearing of the appeal of Rev. Mr. Larkin and Mr. Young against the Presbytery of Chatham. Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Chathamville, spoke on behalf of the presbytery, and Mr. Larkin replied. A synodical committee, consisting of Revs. Dr. McMullen, Dr. Johnston, A. Henderson, E. Cockburn, with I. Ruthborn and C. R. Somerville, will investigate the matter at Brantford on Tuesday, May 12.

The thanks of the synod were tendered the minister and office-bearers of St. Andrew's Church for the use of the church, also to the railroads and the press for the courtesies extended to the synod.

The synod then adjourned to meet next April in Stratford.

Western Ontario.

Woodstock council granted \$350 to the Hull fire sufferers.

The St. Thomas customs collections for April were \$10,481.22.

Chas. Geddes, Morpeth, has purchased the Beattie farm for \$3,200.

The St. Thomas city council voted \$200 towards the relief of the Hull and Ottawa fire sufferers.

At Kingsville, over twenty pieces of town property have changed hands at good prices in the past two weeks.

The German measles are epidemic among children in Waterford. Very few are escaping. The attacks are invariably mild.

Mrs. Sarah Swisher, of St. Thomas, died Monday at Old City while on a visit to her son, Walter Swisher. She was 80 years old.

John Gentle, of Kincardine, has purchased 21 horses, among the number being the pacer, Dr. Jim, owned by W. O. Pollock, and a chestnut team from T. Horton.

T. L. Lindop, St. Thomas, city assessor, returned his roll today. The assessed population of the city is 11,908, an increase of 193 for the year. Last assessment the population was 11,715, an increase of 561 over 1898.

The Wm. Henry Company, of Kingsville, are sending away fine specimens of dressed fowl for cold storage shipment, and great numbers of live hogs and cattle. Many thousands dozens of eggs have thus early gone forward.

British army representatives were at Chatham on Saturday, purchasing horses for the South African field force. They bought some 30 horses, all splendid specimens of the class required. The sales of horses are brisk and prices good.

The Bloomsburg Baptist Church is endeavoring to affiliate with Waterford Church, having their services in the afternoon. G. M. James has supplied the pulpit for the past few weeks, since the former pastor, Rev. Mr. Mann, went to his new field in Rodney.

Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m., at the residence of Mr. Daniel Russell, just west of Shelden, Miss Eva Russell was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Hunter of Detroit. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Henderson, under an arch composed of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, in the presence of about 80 invited guests. Little Miss Alva Gould, Detroit, niece of the groom, acted as flower girl, and also carried the ring on a silver tray.

The death took place on the 3rd con. of Southwold on Tuesday, of Mr. Frank Cole in the 25th year of his age. He leaves beside his wife, his mother, three brothers and seven sisters. The sisters are, Mrs. C. A. McCorkell, St. Thomas; Mrs. Brooks, Cleveland; Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Koye, Frome; Lillian, Beatrice and Flossie at home. The brothers are William, Walter and Fred. His father, the late Philip Cole, died about six weeks ago.

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Railways and Navigation

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Railways and Navigation

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Jan. 14, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Alexander's Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except Saturday, at 11:00 a.m., and on Sunday, at 11:55 a.m., for Halifax, N. S. 84 John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John, and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 6:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.