

tearful, wholly proud and adoring. Doris was an ugly child, and both parents idolised her. The morrow's silver cloud wore a heavy lining for that mother-heart. But the child had been denied nothing in all her spoilt and cherished life, and when she had openly and frankly declared in favor of the heroic young soldier, who had seemed so cold and distant an adorer—well, the heroic young soldier had been left in no doubt as to the fact. That he—or any man—could be blind to the charms of this lovely butterfly never entered the heads of her par-

ents or herself. All had gone smoothly. The wedding was fixed for the morrow, and then the young bride was to spend the winter in sunny and more favored climes than this of her native land.

She openly and passionately adored her soldier-lover. She faced the all-important future by his side, fearlessly and gladly. Love and marriage seemed to her but the completion of her life's fairy tale of joys. The one thing wanting—the one thing so soon to be granted.

By some subtle intuition, Kate

Perrin recognized these facts. Facts strung on the silver chain of that all encircling love which seemed to clasp this spoilt darling of fortune. Here was no strong nature to buffet with life's adverse winds. Only a tender, graceful, clinging plant; its tendrils twining round every offered support; its roots embedded in the soil of home and protection.

"It would kill her," thought Kate. "She could never face it. The agony of humiliation, the shame, the shock. Oh, no. No! I could not bear it myself in the same position. God for-

bid that I should give any other woman that fate."

Bravely and calmly she held up her head, and spoke to them all, and listened to their remarks. She heard the girl's tender raillery of her lover, her little innocent jests; marked her pretty ways. How sweet she was, and how lovely. Surely any man could not but grow to care for her once he stood in so close and intricate a relationship as Gerald would stand on the morrow. What madness had been his offer to break it off? To place this sunny, happy child in the sight of her wondering world as a jilted bride, and for no fault of hers. She was sinless, ignorant, happy. Well, so she must remain. It only needed an effort—a little firmness, self-control.

The pretty fairy was speaking to her. "You look so awfully pale and tired, Miss Perrin. How selfish of me not to think of you all this time. Come into the next room, and have some tea. Do!"

But Kate shook her head. She must get the ordeal over. She must leave this place. She must not speak to Gerald again or—

How her hands trembled, and how cold she was. If he would only go—only leave the room. At last he came forward hastily. He made some excuse. His voice was hurried and strained. Lady Carisford and Doris remonstrated. They spoke of final arrangements. Lady Carisford went away with him into the other room. The bridesmaid followed. Doris and Kate were alone.

Breathlessly, suddenly the girl seized the hands of the pretty fairy who was to be her lover's wife.

"Let me wish you happiness and— and all joy," she cried, brokenly. "As—as one girl who will never know such joy may wish it. My work is done now. I must go. You—you don't mind my saying—this?"

"Mind! Why should I? I am so happy myself that I should like every one in the world to love as I love—and to be loved as I am loved."

"God bless you," faltered Kate. "I—I am sure you will be happy. I shall pray for you to-morrow."

How pale you look. Tell me, is there—has there been anyone who cares for you, and you have—lost?"

"Yes," said Kate. "I was to have been married once, but—"

The little bride's face grew awed and solemn. "Is he—dead?"

"To me—yes," said Kate.

And saying it, she laid on that glittering table one wedding gift that bore no giver's name.

Cost of Wigs and Gowns.

In England military and naval officers are not the only men who are compelled to spend a considerable amount of money on clothes. Barristers and judges are put to a great expense in this respect. For his wig alone a barrister has to pay from five to eight guineas, and the K.C. who becomes a judge has to pay very dearly for his new dignity. His wardrobe is almost as big as that of the quick-change artist, and six hundred guineas is by no means an extraordinary outlay on his robes and other emblems of office. If he is attached to the King's Bench Division, he must have no fewer than five gowns. A Lord Chancellor's robe costs about a hundred and fifty guineas. Even the stockings forming part of the official wardrobe cost 10s. 6d. a pair!

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.
—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.



APRIL SHOWERS.

THE SHOWERPROOF OVERCOAT is your best friend this month. It will protect you and your clothes and save its cost many times over—if it is a good one.

20th Century Brand Showerproofs

are made in a great variety of thoroughly proofed cloths in plain goods, stripes and checks. Carefully tailored, roomy and stylish. Agents in 250 towns.

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