

In the Net.

The boat touched the beach, and its owner stood there wondering and dis-pleased. Marco made some excuse and paid him liberally. Then he went to the piazza and got into the diligence that was about starting for Albano. He was quite alone. At this season people were coming to the sea, not going away.

They drove off through the wood by which he had come the night before. The driver, finding that his passenger did not wish to talk, dropped the curtain between them and soiled himself with a cigar.

Marco was saying the rosary, and since he had no beads he said them on his ten fingers. At the Our Father he clasped his hands. He was praying for Vittorio.

At Albano he took the railway to Valmontone, and from there he went home on foot across the vines and fields by which he and Vittorio had passed two days before.

When he reached the old road, Rosa stood at the villa gate watching for him. She uttered a cry, and came to meet him.

"Papa! why didn't you come home yesterday? I waited all day, and I wouldn't go back at night, but stayed here."

Then, seeing his face, she added: "What is the matter?"

"I'm not very well. I think I may have a touch of the fever," he said, and leaned on her shoulder.

Silently she supported him across the road, and in at the gate. When they reached the crumbling jannu he staggered and fell against it.

"Don't cry!" he said faintly. "Go and get me some wine. It's nothing. And he thought: 'I can do nothing, because she must not know.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

To those of her friends who wondered that she should remain in Rome so late, the Countess Belvedere explained that she was waiting to see some friends from the east who could not possibly stop to visit her out of town. Her dear Gabriella had been for a long time in India, where her husband, the Marquis de Massy, had a French Government appointment. Now the marquis was sent to London, as an attaché to the French embassy, and Gabriella was obliged to go across the world from east to west almost as rapidly as the sun did.

The countess was very circumstantial in her account, and even told the whole story to persons who never asked her anything. There is nothing like the frankness and clearness of people who have a great deal of mischief to conceal. They are always prepared. It is only honest people who can afford to refuse to give reasons to everybody for their conduct.

To her father, who did not recollect to have ever heard of this suddenly-beloved friend since the days when she was his daughter's schoolmate, and when her favorite mother reason was given, Gabriella had a large collection of Indian shawls, and the countess hoped to persuade her to sell one at a bargain; and she had heaps of Indian embroideries, and had been especially commissioned to bring to her friend a gold-colored crepe shawl, heavy with embroidery, of which the countess supposed to make a tunic which should be richer than cloth of gold. With all these things she had in prospect, one could bear Rome in August.

These travelers from the Orient arrived the afternoon of the day on which Vittorio went to Paris. They were too much fatigued to leave their hotel that evening; but the next day Gabriella was to spend with her mother, and the marquis would come to dinner. In the evening they were to pursue their journey.

The Countess Belvedere had a bottle of chloral on her toilet-table. She very seldom took it, for her youth and health rendered it unnecessary as yet. She took some after her interview with Marco, having first had a hot bath, or rather having had a hot bath given her almost forcibly by her maid, for Marco's treatment had thrown her into such a fury that she was near breaking all the mirrors and windows in the palace. That that beast, as she called him, had received any provocation, or had an excuse, she did not for an instant own.

The hot bath and the chloral were not without their effect, and, before Marco had reached Albano she was sound asleep, soothed by her faithful Lucia, who sat by her repeating that she was not in the least to blame for what had happened, and that she need not be in the least anxious about the future. Bruno would be found, there were scouts out in search of him, and if, by ill-luck, he and Marco should meet, why, he would at least tell no tales.

With all these soothing cares, the Countess Belvedere slept like an infant, and when she awoke, refreshed. While Marco was passing through the poisonous "maochia" to Porto d'Anzio, and Bruno was crawling away from the reapers in the Agro Falestinese, Madame Adelaide was at her morning toilet. A rose-colored muslin, a faint touch of rouge to her cheeks, and a life into her pallid face; and when her friend arrived just after midday, she was apparently quite herself.

The two ladies breakfasted alone, and, after half an hour's chat, retired to their rooms for a nap, both of them having drunk wine enough to make

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Table Jellies
Just received.
Complete assortment
Of flavors.
Two packages—25c.

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lying down quite as easy as sitting up. The countess, who was still a little romantic, did not smoke, and her friend, who was past romance, enjoyed her cigarettes in private.

At 5 o'clock they went out for a drive, going up Monte Mario for the air, and at 7 they came back. The marquis had not yet come. He was to bring with him, to make a fourth at the table, a distinguished non-signore from the Vatican, who was given of this opportunity of seeing people just from the east who could give him the latest news, with all those particulars and corrections which one cannot hope to have from the journals, nor from less well-informed correspondents and travelers.

"And now let us go into the garden till they come," the visitor said. "I recollect that it used to be charming here."

The countess had not invited her guest into the garden, and had tried to lead her thoughts elsewhere, but she assented readily to the proposal, and gayly led the way out through the broad glass doors that stood wide open, and across the black and white paved terrace, where she had sat and watched Vittorio was watching her through the laurels.

They walked about among the flowers, talking gossip.

The garden was looking a little neglected that day. Two days' inattention at such a season tells. Nothing had been watered, and the opening flowers of today had pushed yesterday's flowers aside. The grass under the camellias was strewn with blossoms that were still fresh, though fallen. They had no stems, but the petals were bright. The colors were varied; some were white, others red, others mixed red and white. A pink carpet was spread under the oleanders, and the rose-trees stood in a rosy morning cloud of plied-up petals.

"What a profusion of flowers!" exclaimed the visitor. "You must have a good gardener."

"Excellent!" was the reply. They walked on. Here and there, near the walls, a green lemon or a wild mandarin had dropped on the path.

"There is quite a little forest of oranges," said the visitor, pointing across the garden and turning her steps in that direction.

"The camellias are rather fine," said the countess hastily. "Don't you want one to put in your hair?"

The lady returned: "If you will give me a white one," she said. "That farther tree is white. But where is the gardener, dear? You will hurt your fingers."

"Not at all. I like to gather flowers." The countess pulled a low branch toward her, breaking out breaking one of the beautiful white flowers with which it was thickly set, when suddenly she cried out, and let the branch swing back.

"There was a bee in it, and I believe that it has stung me," she said, her face very red, as she pressed her finger in her handkerchief. And she hurried away, leaving the camellia ungathered. She had seen a dark red stain on one of its waxy petals.

She followed toward the oranges unconsciously, her face still red, her finger still held in her handkerchief, finally, they found out that the bee had not stung her after all.

"But what is the matter, my dear?" the visitor said, for the countess, finding herself beside the oranges, stopped abruptly, her color fading.

"Oh, nothing! But, really, I had such a start. I am afraid of bees."

The other, who thought her friend affected and uninteresting, tipped around the orange-trees with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Passion-flowers! There is nothing that I like so much as another toward her with her slender gem-laden fingers, and to look into their mournful faces to see which was the faintest."

The countess, after hesitating one instant, pressed her lips together tightly and followed, standing at a little distance.

[To be Continued.]

ANXIOUS.

Optician—Yes, you see double. I can correct the fault with my spectacles. You don't exist anywhere else. Talkative stranger—Why not? Miss Gotham—Oh, I couldn't live without excitement.

Stranger—If excitement is all you want, just come to Port Burwell, and see of them have taken their camp equipments with them, intending to remain during the Chatham Presbytery.

At a meeting of the Chatham Presbytery held at Blenheim on Tuesday, Rev. Mr. Beckett, of Thamesville, resigned his pastorate.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the St. Thomas street railway, J. H. Still, president; J. Stacey, secretary-treasurer; J. Farley, M. A. Gilbert, and C. B. Haslam, directors.

Mr. C. E. Haslam, of St. Thomas, who purchased 150 lots between Douglas and Bruce avenues, south of Caroline street.

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A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday at New Hamburg, when Miss Nettie Mermer, third daughter of Senator Mermer, was united in marriage to William H. Seyler, a member of the firm of import brokers, Toronto. The ceremony took place at the family residence.

The other day a cow belonging to Archibald McKinnon, St. Thomas, attacked Mrs. E. Rollings, knocked her down, and would have gored her but for Mr. E. Davey, miller at Adcock & Barnard's mill, who ran to her assistance. Mr. Davey himself was knocked down by the animal.

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When last seen he wore a smuff-colored coat, light pants, light gray cap, shaker flannel shirt, and a pair of striped socks. He is about six feet tall, very slim, and has dark eyes.

An interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. Charles Grant, Jun., Ridgeway, on Monday afternoon, July 11. Mr. John Smith, of the firm of Messrs. Hagaman & Jule, of Chicago, 23 of Mr. Grant's infant class and himself, the children surrounding him. Twenty-six years ago Mr. Smith was a pupil of Mr. Grant's Sunday school scholars.

Miss Amelia Shoemaker, of Church-

bury, who was still a little romantic, did not smoke, and her friend, who was past romance, enjoyed her cigarettes in private.

At 5 o'clock they went out for a drive, going up Monte Mario for the air, and at 7 they came back. The marquis had not yet come. He was to bring with him, to make a fourth at the table, a distinguished non-signore from the Vatican, who was given of this opportunity of seeing people just from the east who could give him the latest news, with all those particulars and corrections which one cannot hope to have from the journals, nor from less well-informed correspondents and travelers.

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THE RAILWAYS

Endeavoring to Stop the Rate War—Victory for Port Huron and Detroit Railway Promoters.

Mr. E. J. Downey, C. P. R. agent at Port Huron, has been promoted to the charge of the agency at Chatham.

At Osgoode Hall, the master in ordinary of the Port Huron and Detroit Railway, M. Neelon, on the purchase of the St. Catharines and Niagara Central Railway. The bid was for \$55,000.

Mr. William Keating, who for several years has been city passenger and ticket agent of the Grand Trunk Railway in Toronto, has accepted the position of passenger agent in Toronto for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Port Huron and Detroit railway promoters have carried their point against the St. Clair Plate people. The Union Station war department has ordered that the construction of the railway across the northwest corner of Lake St. Clair must proceed. The railway must be put in a drawbridge with 125 feet clear on each side of the pivot pier, and must pay all costs of inspections and other incidentals.

An accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway at Thamesville Tuesday, resulting in the wreck of eight cars, besides injuring a conductor.

Wrightman, of Windsor. The train broke in two near Thamesville, and the rear end ran into the front section. Conductors were thrown over the side and received injuries that rendered him unconscious. Traffic was blocked for several hours.

Representatives of several American railway lines were in Washington on Wednesday, and had a conference with the interstate commerce commission.

The subject of the western rate war. This contest has been going on for some time between the western American lines on one side and the Canadian Pacific on the other side. The war has reached a ruinous state for all parties concerned, and embarks rates on the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, but the lines west of Chicago are most largely affected.

The representatives of the American lines did not file any petition with the commission, but explained to the commission the situation. The Canadian Pacific Company, by its general passenger manager, D. McNeil, and attorney, A. C. Nichol, also conferred with the commission, and gave their views of the rate war. There were also conferences between Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Nichol, and a meeting like an understanding has been adopted.

WESTERN ONTARIO

Chatham's tax rate has been struck at 22 mills.

Albert Chevalier was given three years at Chatham on a charge of bigamy, the victim of a charge of bigamy.

The frost around Tilbury Sunday night did considerable damage to corn and potatoes.

Fire of \$200 damage to the premises of Nelson Walker, Ridgeway, on Sunday. The firemen did good service.

Mr. J. Finney has completed the construction of the new bridge between Bayham and Middleton townships.

Sixteen new members have recently joined the Sons of Scotland at West Chatham. A. MacIntyre has also been recently started.

While engaged in loading hay recently on a farm on the St. Catharines, a man named McCart received a sunstroke and died the same evening.

Rev. Mr. Hibbert is settled on his new charge in the Methodist Church at West Chatham. In the place of Rev. Mr. Fauser, who goes to Ayrmer to reside.

While working in the field near Bridgeton last Saturday, Thomas, a hired man, was killed by a runaway, completely wrecking the machine by colliding with a tree.

Quite a number of Tilsonburgers have moved to Port Burwell, and some of them have taken their camp equipments with them, intending to remain during the Chatham Presbytery.

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Montserratt

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"Builds Up the Run Down."

ville, passed away on Saturday at the early age of 25 years, after several years' illness. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Wagner. Deceased leaves a host of relatives, and mourn her loss. Her remains were interred in the German cemetery. Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved.

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Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps and Colic Come on Without a Moment's Warning.

Keep on Hand Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and Be Prepared to Check Them at Once.

There is no disease overtakes one so quickly and with so little warning as Colic or Diarrhea. You are at once seized, and perhaps, when you least expect it.

You retire at night feeling in the best of health, and in the morning you may be seized with cramps and prostrated with Diarrhea or Dysentery.

Everybody should be prepared for such an emergency as this with a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. You cannot tell when you yourself or some member of your household may need its timely assistance.

Mrs. George West, Huntsville, Ont., speaking of this great remedy, says: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for years, and can highly recommend it for Summer Complaint, Diarrhea, Cramps, etc."

That is the universal note of praise that comes from thousands of Canadian homes where Dr. Fowler's Strawberry is always kept and recognized as a remedy that can be relied on to promptly check and cure Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic and Summer Complaint. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at 35c a bottle.

The relative size of the earth as compared with the sun is, approximately, that of a grain of sand to an orange.

Maypole Soap

Washes and Dyes

Any Color or Shade at One Operation.

Quickly Cheaply Cleanly

Druggists Sell It.

Ask for it and if you can't get it elsewhere send 10 cents for a full sized Cake, any color, or 15 cents for Black, to

CANADIAN DEPOT,

8 Place Royale

MONTREAL.

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E. D. LA HOOKE, City Agent, London.

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Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season. Fare, one way from London, \$2. Trains leave London 10:30 a.m., 2:30, 5:30 and 8:30 p.m.

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Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the season. Fare, one way from London, \$2. Round trip, \$3. Saturday to Monday trip, only \$1.50 for round trip. Boat leaves on arrival train leaving London 6:50 p.m. Get tickets "Clock" Corner and G. T. R. Station.

WHITE STAR LINE

Royal and United States Mail Steamers for Queenstown and Liverpool.

GERMANIC, July 20, noon
ADRIATIC, July 27, noon
CYMBIC, July 28, noon
ELECTON, July 29, noon
BRITANNIC, Aug. 1, noon
MAJESTIC, Aug. 17, noon

"Superior second-cabin accommodation on these steamers."

Saloon rates—On Tentative and Majestic, \$100 upward; second-cabin rates, Majestic and Tentative, \$45 and \$47.50; Adriatic, \$40 and upward, according to location of berth. Round trip reduced rates. Saloon rates on Germanic and Britannic, \$75 and upward. Steerage at lowest rates. Company's office, No. 9 Broadway, New York.

For further information apply to EDWARD DE LA HOOKE, SOLE AGENT FOR LONDON.

Office—"Clock," corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

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