Blue Kibbon

TEA. RED LABEL

Only ONE BEST. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

So he tried to dismiss the letter, and | him with a murmured word of endearstarted again, and again was stopped— this time by the appearance of the new viscount, who was pelting down the street on his bay horse, when, catching sight of Vernon Vane's stalwart figure, sight of Vernon Vane's stalwart figure, he pulled up at the gate, as if struck by— a sudden idea. Only a few hours ago, Vernon Vane had felt very much tempt-ed to pitch the Honorable Clarence over a balcony; but during those few hours things had happened which had softened his heart even to the Honorable Clarence, and instead of the usual curt, grim nod, he looked actually amiable, as the new viscount got off his horse, and held out his hand.

"Good morning, Vane," he said. And Vane noticed, as Jeanne had done, the difference in his voice and manner. "How do you do? I-1 wanted to have a word with you."

"With me?" said Vane. "You have been out early this morning,"
"Yes—yes," assented Lord Iane, looking rather embarrassed for a moment.

-poor Lane!" Vernon Vane looked absent for a mo-

ment, then he said:
"I am sorry to hear this, Lord Lane.

Can I do anything for you?"
Lord Lane started slightly at his title;
it was the first time he had been so adand commenced kicking the gravel with his fort 'Thanks, it's-it's very kind of you, and-well you could do something, if you would."

What is it?" asked Vane, with his usual directness.
"Well, you see, I've only just heard

the news, and they don't know anything about it up at the park, and, to tell you the truth, I rather shirk going through e truth, I rather shirk going through e whole story, and the regular good;," and—" Vernon Vane eyed him netly: "and I thought perhaps you outdn't mind walking up and letting tem know. I'm auxious to get to town, by," andand can catch the first train if I don't have to go back to the park, you know."
"And what about the young ladies?
Have you any special message for them?" asked Vane, with his old, cynical smile, "Message"—ne—no—of course not. Only the usual thing. Obliged to go sorry to leave so suddenly, and all that. Hang it, Vane," he broke out, abruptly,

"you don't suppose that anything of that kind can go on new; things are changed, and my people would go mad—"
"What is sauce for Mr. Fitziames is

much obliged to you," said his lordship, gratefully. "It would have been a ter-

Lord Lane nodded, and gathered up his

No lore to be thought of than the other young ladies. You understand a fellow, of course. Wouldn't do, you know, eh? Don't mention it, there's a good fellow," "No." said Vane. "I am not likely to "No," said Vane, "I am not likely to mention it," and without another word

look up at the red house which held his first visit, when he had watched this darling in the midst of her breath, she cries:

"Ideams is a child," she says, at last, and—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"Ideams is a child," she says, at last, and—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"It's all beautiful; couldn't be nicer!"

"And—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"And—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"It's all beautiful; couldn't be nicer!"

"And—and—oh. I can't believe it:

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"And—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"It's all beautiful; couldn't be nicer!"

"And—and—oh. I can't believe it:

"And—and—oh. I can

MERRICAN PROPERTY OF PARTY OF

"It is like the sleeping palace!" he said, with his quiet smile.

"Where are they all?" said Jeanne, shyly. "I was upstairs, Hal is out, and

"Am I so early?" he said; "I should have been here before, but have been detained, 'and as he spoke, he drew her into the garden. into the garden.

Jeanne was very silent and very shy as she walked by his side, but every now and then, as he stopped to pick one or other of the spring flowers, she stole a glance at the handsome face—a glance of mingled love and pride. For what girl—even a princess of the bled even a princess of the blood—would not be proud of the love of this stalwart, handsome artist and musician?

To Jeanne he has been from the first a hero of romance. Can he not paint, and sing, and sail a boat, and does he out look like a king? And he loves her. Suddenly he scatters her delicious reverie by putting his arms around herthey have reached one of the twisting.

treason. Bear with me, Jeanne; it is so hard for me to realize that I have such happiness within my grasp. Why, my darling. I shall have to keep you in my sight for the next few days to persuade myself that it is real, and that you aren't flown away, like a dream you wanted to know the world Here is a little piece of it for you! What do you think of it?" state invest that it is real, and that you aren't flown away, like a dream-child! Jeanne," he says, suddenly, with a rali-serious, wholly tender smile lurking under his moustache, "what will whisped whisped with the real state of the real state o

Vernon Vane shakes his head. "Poor men, and struggling artists in particular, do not meet with an effusive welcome when they come with the request I am going to make. And Jeanne," dark eyes; and Vernon knows that she he says, taking both her hands, and hold-ing them tightly as he looks with loving, longing scrutiny into her downcast face, 'are you sure of yourself A poor man's

"I have that, you can trust me," he says, quietly. "Jeanne shall be happy."

"And they have not eaten me, you see!" he says, half an hour afterwards, is as Jeanne and he are sitting on the arbor. "There is only Hal left."

"Dear old Hal!" murmurs Jeanne.

"And I do not greatly fear him. And now, my Jeanne, you shall be my queen, and I will be your slave. Now, what are your majesty's commands. By the way, I have received a comamnd already this morning," he breaks off.

Jeanne looks up eagerly.

Vane nodds with a smile.

"Early as I was, birds of a brighter feather were about. Who do you think the ribbe."

eather were about. Who do you think met in the village?" Jeanne thinks "Old Griffin ?"

"No, that was down on the beach; me one who deems himself of more importance than all the old Griffins in world. What do you say to the grable Clarence Fitzjames?"

Honorable Clarence Fitzjames ?"
What Jeanne says is—nothing; but
she starts and looks suddenly aside.
"Yes," continues Vane, leaning back
with his hande behind his head, "I met

Jeanne does not speak, but that unbeame does not speak, but that unlucky promise given so solemnly rises in her throat and keeps her dumb.

"He had cause to be upset," Vane goes on, more gravely, "for he had just received news of his brother's death, and he is now Viscount Lane."

e is now Viscount Lane."

He pauses, faintly surprised at the absence of any expression of surprise on Jeanne's part; she feels that his eyes are upon her, and Jeanne, open and candid Jeanne, who has never told a lie in her life, or known a concealment, is in

agony.

The tell-tale red dyes her face for one moment, then leaves it pale.

But Vane for a wonder is not looking at her, but is gazing musingly at the

"Viscount Lane!" he repeats; "it was

ing rather embarrassed for a moment. Tive been for a ride—that is—I say, Vane, I've heard bad news."

"I'm sory for that," said Vane.

"Yes," continued Lord Lane. "Fact is.

I've just had a lette—we get them an abour earlier up at the park than you, you know— saying that my brother Lane has met with an accident, and is dead."

Vernon Vane had been listening rather absently, but these hesitating, hurried words caused him to start.

"Lane—dead!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," he said. "Didyou know him?"
Vernon Vane's usual reserved manner enveloped him in immediately.

"I have met him," he said, coldly. "And he is dead!"

"Yes—was pitched out of his dogeart; so hard for me to realize that I have so for the twisting, sheltering walks in which the old garden abounds—and drawing her to him.

"Well, my darling," he says, in the low, softened voice which has haunted Jeanne during the night, "and have you going to tell me this, and that you had recoved luck—my happiness!"

You see, I can hardly believe in my good luck—my happiness!"

Jeanne smiled through her tears.

"Are you laughing at me? I am such a poor, insignificant little thing—"

"Hush!" he says, takling her hand and putting it to her lips and then to his own; "not a word more of such dark the news of his lordship's departure to the Lambtons. Poor Mand! here scape from a man who would have married them for their six months, one of them would have been the Honorable Mrs. Fitzjames. Ah, the princes with my grasp. Why, the says, suddenly, with a spark of scorn. "you wanted to know the world there is a little piece of it for you! What do you think of it?"

ing under his moustache, "what will Aunt Jane say when I go in and tell her I want her ewe lamb?"

Jeanne looks up for a second bravely.

"What can she say?"

Vernon Vane sheker!

"For just one month, darling," he whispers, "and then you shall see the world, with me by your side, to keep all harmful things from even touching the skirts of my little white dove."

"A—a month!" says Jeanne. "For just one month, darling," he

"A-a month!" says Jeanne, innocent-r. Then her face crimsons. "Oh, no-"A—a month!" says Jeanne, innocently. Then her face crimsons. "Oh, no—no! not so soon!" she says, catching her breath—"not so soon!"

But, mingled with her fear is a tremuwill yield.

CHAPTER XII

"Are you so very poor?" aske Jeanne, cagerly. "I am—so glad!" she says, drawing a long breath; "I am so glad!" she says, "Why—why?" he asks, keeping back the swift, glad light which flashes to his cores.

It is a month since vernon vane sat on Aunt Jane's kitchen table among the flour, and the June sun, as it sinks slow-ly and regretfully to its rest, turns the red bricks of the old house into a vivid crimson. Every door and window is rests against his heart.

"Because, because," she says, softly,
"we shall always be together, like poor
people, and you will not learn to forget
me: because I shall be company for you
while you work, and you will need me
and be glad of me ever so, much more
than if you were rich! Yes, I am glad
you are poor!"

He does not gook let be "What is sauce for Mr. Fitzjames is not sauce for Viscount Lane, I see," said Vane, grimly, and with quiet scorn. "Well, you want to catch your train; I will go up for you to the park—anything against his heart.

"And you will never be sorry, darl-" unwonted air of movement stirring about the place; something is going to happen. Up in the room, from which the voices hand over the golden head that lies against his heart.

"And you will never be sorry, darl-" are gathered around the bed, wrapped are gathered around the bed, wrapped is an entered or movement stirring about the place; something is going to happen. Up in the room, from which the voices against his heart.

"And you will never be sorry, darl-" is explained, for a small group of ladies are gathered around the bed, wrapped are gathered around the bed, wrapped to the place; something is going to happen. The place is something in the place is something and the place is "No, nothing—and 'pon my life I'm ing?" he says, "and never look back and at the vision of a white satin bridal think what might have been if another think what might have been if another the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with the vision of a white satin bridal dress smothered in lace, together with

"No. nothing—and 'pon my life I'm much obliged to you." said his lordship, gratefully. "It would have been a terrible bore, you know. Awfully obliged, I'm sure."

"Don't speak of it," said Vane, coldly, "Good-morning, Lord Lane."

"Oh—half a moment." said his lordship, "I say, Vane, just one thing more you—of course you won't think anything about our chat last night—about the other little lady, you know?"

Vernon Vane's lips tightened.

"Ingr ne says, and never look one and the mother if another thad found my queen, and laid a title thad you had been eater?" No!" he says, "I know my Jeanne—my Jeanne."

Then they go slowly back—very slow—Just as they are in sight of the house you won't think anything about our chat last night—about the other little lady, you know?"

Vernon Vane's lips tightened.

Ingr ne says, and never look one and the tight have been if another thad found my queen, and laid a title thad you have been at the lady who will be the usual paraphernalia considered necessary for those young ladies who are Then they go slowly back—very slow—Just as they are in sight of the house you won't think anything about to change their condition.

At the centre of the group is Aunt Jane, half triumphantantly, half tearfully, holding up the veil and orange-blos-soms, and clustered around her are Georgina and Mand and Mrs. Lambton.

It is also a month since faithless Clarence, now Viscount Lane, rode away and deserted them, but Mand and Georgina deserted them.

Vernon Vane emits his short laugh and makes for the foe.

"Good-morning, Mr. Vane," says Aunt Jane, holding out a floury hand and withdrawing it with a laugh. "Wasn't that Jeanne with you?"

"Yes," says Vane, with a smile. "May I come in?" and he follows her into the kitchen.

"You'll get all over flour," she says, as he sits himself upon a broad table and looks at her with a quiet smile on his handsome face. "Do you want to peer into the mysteries of puff-paste. Where is Jeanne?"

"Jeanne has fled," hessays.

"Yernon Vane emits his short laugh and makes for the foe.

"Good-morning, Mr. Vane," says Aunt deserted them, but Maud and Georgina have borne up well, and have been both never could endure him, and that they fondered why papa would persist in tsking him so often. They had been for a month. There had never been a case in the kennel and none of the other dogs have universal is a complete change of chartant they teach themselves, to endure such descended to perform the part of bridesmaids for their deaf Jeanne.

"Joanne has fled," hessays.

To-morrow commences with new life which spreads before here."

"Jeanne has fled," hessays.

"Then I must say 'yes?" says Aunt Jane, suddenly.

"And not a word about myself and my position?" he asks, with a faint smile.

"Well, not now" replies Aunt Jane.
"Jeanne does not know what it is to be rich. If you have enough to make her happy—"

"I have that, you can trust me," he good-natured lady. "And as to his not being rich, and all that, why, I'm sure it don't make any difference to people's happiness. Why, I remember when I was married, Lambton was only in a small way—"

"And, oh! do look at this beautiful dress, mamma!" interrupts Maud, rather

"And, oh! do look at this beautiful dress, mamma!" interrupts Maud, rather hastily. "Isn't it really too sweet?" "No." says poof Mrs. Lambton, who is always looking back to the old times before the pill maker had made his fortune and became an old country gentleman. "No, riches don't make happiness, Mrs. Dostrell; I'm sure Mr. Vane is wonderfully clever. What was it your pa was reading about Mr. Vane's picture in the exhibition? They say it's a wonderful picture, any your pa said Mr. Vane would make a pot of money—"
"Ma!"
"Well, that's what he said, my dear. And I'm sure I hope he will for Jeanne's sake—and I hope they'll be happy!" she winds up, and there is a suspicion of moisture in the simple, kind-looking eyes, which immediately causes Aunt Jane to wipe hers, for it is as true that weeping is contagious as that there are often more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears than swills at the entry of the more tears.

weeping is contagious as that there are often more tears than smiles at a wed

ding.

And, indeed, now that the time has she starts and looks suddenly aside.

"Yes," continues Vane, leaning back with his hande behind his head, "I met him riding down the street excited and agitated—for the first time in his life, poor fellow! I wonder you did not see him."

And, indeed, now that the time has come for Jeanne to spread her wings, it is wonderful how many hearts are wrung in regret for her going. To say nothing of poor Bell, who has "never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek," there was every dog about the come for Jeanne to spread her wings, it in the bud, feed on his damask cheek," there was every dog about the place who got a kind word and a caress from her; old Griffin. who sat for hours and stared at the Nancy Bell, puffing at his pipe, and sighing his heart out; and, lastly, there was Hal—Hal, who during these last few days, would scarcely let her out of his sight, and, for all his whistling and shouting, looked doleful whistling and shouting, looked doleful whenever mention was made of the long journey which would follow hard upon the marriage ceremony.

(To be continued.)

WORK-WORN MEN

Can Obtain New Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Edgard Martel, 98 St. Peter street, Quebec, is one of the thousands of workingmen throughout Canada who cheerfully admit that they are /kept in health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Martel said: 'The present condition of my health contrasts strikingly with what it was nine months ago. Then I felt that I was almost at death's I felt that I was almost at death's door, while now I am strong and well. This happy change is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Bills I almost a door and well. Williams' Pink Pills. I am a workingman and it is little wonder that after years of diligent toil my system was gradually run down. My blood got as thin as worker and I. ually run down. My blood got as thin water, and I grew so poorly that the least exertion would leave me weak ly said so.

Least exertion would leave me weak ly said so.

Least exertion would leave me weak ly said so.

Least exertion would leave me weak ly said so.

Least exertion would leave me weak ly said so. and trembling. I consulted a doctor, who said that I was run down acity to come and force yourself upon through hard work, but his medicine did not help me any. A few weeks later, I was forced to quite work, and shortly after that had to remain in bed most of the time. One day a fellow workman called to see me, and induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before the second box was finished I had a better appetite and relished my meals, and with this came new strength. In a few weeks I was able to go out again, and in about six weeks from the time I began using the pills I was able to return to work, my health. completely restored and my strength as vigoratious as ever it had been. I attribute my complete recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I think every hard working man would be better for using a box of these pills occasionally.

Mr. Martel's advice should be taken

by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IF YOUR DOG GOES MAD

Rabies, acording to reports, has had an anusual prevalence this spring. Some twenty cases have given me a chance at observation in two or three dog hos-

pitals and kennels.

In view of prevalent beliefs, it is curious that I can discover but one case which resulted from a bite. Nearly all of the others preceded from obscure or unknown causes. One Boston terrier de-

Edith Melville-22-blond, pretty and scinating.

Bobby Melville-5-ber small brother Captain Roy Featherstone 33 -fornerly engaged to Miss Melville.

Captain Featherstone, who is walking along the street, feeling very disconso late, suddenly encounters Bobby Melville, who is out with his nurse. Captain F.-Hello Bobby! How are

Bobby-Oh, Captain Fevverstone! I'm ever so pleased to see you. I'm having a birfday to-day.

Captin F.—That's great. And am I going to be invited to help cut the birthday cake?

vou?

Bobby (enthusiastically)-Why, Captain F.—All right, Bobby! What's the matter with our buying a box of chocolates, eh?

Bobby-0, thank you ever so much, Captain Fevverstone.
(The chocolates are duly purchased, and Bobby comes out of the shop hold-

and Bobby comes out of the shop holding Featherstone's hand.)
Captain F.—And how are they all at home, Bobby?
Bobby—Oh, the mater's all right, thank you, Captain Fevverstone.

Captain F. (with elaborate carelessness)—Ah! And your sister? Is she all

Bobby- Well, sister's been having headaches this morning; an' I fink her eyes looked rather cry-baby, too! Captain F. (with sudden interest)—

By Jove. I'm awfully sorry to hear that. I hope she's not ill?

Bobby (cheerfully)— Oh no. She's comin' to my birthday party this afternoon, any how; so you'll be able to ask w she is. (While the tea party is in full swing, Captain Featherstone contrived to get Miss Melville, with whom he has only exchanged very chilly greetings, into a secluded corner, where the following en-

sees):

Edith (with dignity)—Really, Captain Featherstone, I am surprised to see you here after what occurred yester-

Captain F. (weakly)—The fact is, Bobby dragged me here, and I couldn't Bobby dragged me here, and I couldn't very well escape.
Edith (sarcastically)—Of, course. Put all the blame on a child five years old. Captain F. (penitently)—Well, I'm awfully sorry if I've really done wrong in coming here to-day.
Edith (scornfully)—If you've really done wrong, indeed. Didn't I tell you yesterday that I hoped never to set seyes on you again?

through hard work, but his medicine me in this way?
did not help me any. A few weeks Captain F. (coldly)—Pardon me. I ac-

producing blood is through the use of deal of the contagion yesterday. Perhaps producing mode is through the use of deal of the contagion yesterday. Perhaps Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because the microbes have developed already. they actually make new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, make tired, worn out men and women vigorous and strong. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent when the product of the contagion yesterday. Perhaps deal of the p fectly horrid, Captain Featherstone.

Captain F. (calmly)—You will find

Miss Melville, as you grow older, and

Captain F. (calmly)—You will find

Miss Melville, as you grow older, and fiords. But to slip between inumerable have a little more experience, that being rocky islets and over others only just jilted very seldom tends to bring out submerged, caled for the knowledge of a a man's most fascinating qualities. Edith (peevishly)-That's the second

have used that horrid word. ime you have used that horrid word. Captain F. (innocently)—What, jilted? Well, isn't that the right one?

temper.

Edith (sweetly)—Oh yes, it you mae, standing of to jump.

Captain F.—And you will always be to jump.

The next moment we rolled away to the next moment was fifty feet.

DANGEROUS DIARRHOEA

Prevalent in Summer Months-What a Mother Should Do.

Children are more likely to be attacked by diarrhoea during the summer months than at any other season. It is ed by diarrhoea during the summer months than at any other season. It is one of the most dangerous symptoms of illness in a child of any age. But it should be remembered that diarrhoea is a symptom, not a disease. Never try to stop diarrhoea, because it is an effort of nature to cleanse the bowels and get rid of the decayed food-stuffs in them. Diarrhoea is bad—but things would be worse for the child if diarrhoea didn't come. While a mother should never try to stop diarrhoea, she should stop the cause. Diarrhoea is a symptom of indigestion having set up decay in the food that is in the bowels, and the way to cure it is to cleanse the little tender bowels with Baby's Own Tablets. It would seem strange to treat diarrhoea with a laxative, if we didn't remember the cause of it. Both diarrhoea and constipation are the results of indigestion assuming different forms, and both are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. But the Tablets are more than a mere laxative. They are absolutely a specific for all the minor ills that come to infants and young children whether a new how here lutely a specific for all the minor ills that come to infants and young children, whether a new-born babe or a boy or girl ten or twelve years. Here's a bit of proof: Mrs. Geo. McGregor, Hamilton, Ont., says: "When my baby was teething he had diarrhoea, was very cross and did not sleep well. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and there was no more trouble. I now always give him the Tablets when he has any little ailment, and he is soon better." At this season no mother should be without ment, and he is soon better." At this season no mother should be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. You baby's Own Tabless in the Rouse. To a can get them from medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SWORDFISH.

When Angered It Often Attacks Vessels

and Boats. When angered, the swordfish, owing to its

and Boats.

When angered, the swordfish, owing to its great strength and terrible weapon, is able and anxious to inflict serious damage upon its persecutors. Many Instances have been reported where if has attacked vessels and boats. In 1871 the English ship Queensberry was struck by a swordfish, the sword penetrating to a depth of thirty inches, causing a leak which made necessary the discharge of the cargo. One of the Gloucester fishing schooners, while on a trip to George's Banks in 1875, was attacked by a swordfish in the night time. He assalled the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of the planks some two feet, and after making fearful struggles to extricate himself, broke the sword off, leaving it hard and fast in the plank, and made a speedy departure. Even with the sword in the vessel leaked badly, requiring prefty lively pumping to keep her free. The brig P. M. Tinker in 1876 was struck by a swordfish. The sword penetrated the copper sheathing, a four-inch birch plank, and through the timbers about six inches. The crew had to pump steadily until port was reached.

Was reached.

Was reached.

September, 1903, the Gloucester fishing should be should be swordfish. While going should be should be sufficed the counter fish a swordfish. While going should be sufficed to reach the main the "pulpit," but, being unable to do so, he charged at the vessel, and, diving and until her was defined the vessel, and, diving and until her was defined the vessel, and, diving and until refer that we was deriven directly through the spot where he sait directly through he spot where he sait directly through he spot where he sait directl

Some years ago I was approaching the rocky coast of Norway in a barque-rig-ged ship. As it was blowing a heavy gale and as the sea ran high the captain depilot, and for a pilot, accordingly, we

signaled. In about an hour's time an open boat was seen approching, lifting and drop-ping over the high running seas, and as Well, isn't that the right one?

Edith (decidedly)—No, certainly not.
Captain F. (composedly—Then, in that cast I am still engaged to you?
Edith (hastily).—On no account.

We soon saw, manned by two young Norwegians and steered by the pilot we sought. The boat was not more than eighteen feet long and her low freeboard seemed level with the water amidships. Captain F. (eagerly)—But I didn't do It was a marvel that such a boat could my consenting.
Edith—Well, anyhow, you lost your

Edith—Well, anyhow, you lost your emper.
Captain F. (calmly).—Oh, that's quite nother matter Harry 15 T. Captain F. (calmly).—Oh, that's quite another matter. However, if I really did. I ought, of courseto apologize for it. Edith (penitently)—Well, if it comes to that, I was perfectly horrid, so we are about quits.

Captain F.—Then we part on quite amicable terms?

Edith (sweetly)—Oh yes, if you like, Captain F.—And you will always be a sign to make the constant of the pilot put it around his body, and, standing up in the tossing boat, prepared to imm.

Don't mention it, there's a good fellow, "No," said Vane," I am not likely to mention it." and without another word he strode off. I am not likely to mention it." and without another word he strode off. "The well not it all. The sight of the pillmaker would finish me after this morning's work; "In well not it all. The sight of the pillmaker would finish me after this morning's work; "The well took a fact this morning's work; "The well took and the made for the station." The well not heaven I was in town," and he made for the station. The sight of the pillmaker would finish me after this morning's work; "So," as a feel," heaving what is it?" she way in which she way in which she way in which she way in which well is necessary, so it appeared that he should be will not be with a state of the way in which the way in which well is necessary, so it appeared that he should be will not be Edith (doubtfully)-Y-yes, if you leeward and our yardarm was fifty