

ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH CROUP COLDS Vapo-Cresolene

The Web; OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXIX. Only a Dream.

They shouldered the easel and things and climbed the beach, talking as they went, and Jack noticed that Cyril talked continuously, as if he were afraid of a pause.

They reached the house, and were soon seated at the meal which served Cyril as dinner and supper combined.

"And now tell me all the news, old man," he said. "Try some of these cigars; they are not bad. Lord, now you are here, I know how I have missed you!"

"That's nice," said Jack, parenthetically. "In absence the heart grows fonder. Yes, not a bad cigar. News—there is none. The House of Commons—"

"Hang the House of Commons!" broke in Cyril. "I've heard of your success, Jack, and I meant to write to you," he added, rather shamefacedly, "but, though I haven't written, you know I'm glad enough. I always knew you'd be famous. The paper I saw the review of your book in said you were the coming poet, and for once a paper did not lie. And I suppose you are the lion of the off season and will roar all through the next one. Dear old Jack!"

"Not much of a lion," said Jack, gruffly. "There was only one subject he hated more than another, and that was his books. 'I expect you'll do all the roaring, and none of the rest of us will be able to make ourselves heard.'"

Cyril shook his head. "My roar will be a whine," he said, moodily. "I'm good for nothing; a failure of the very first magnitude. But go on."

Instead of going on, Jack, after a glance at him, looked round the room, which was furnished like a fashionable hunting box, but lined with pictures, among them being some of Cyril's earlier ones, showing that Lord Newall had taken a very solid fancy to Cyril's work.

"Comfortable quarters you've got," he said. "But, by the way, where is Lord Newall, for of course this is his place? I beg his lordship's pardon for not thinking of him before."

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welsbach gas mantle.

The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it.

Contrary to the popular notion the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

July 17, m. w. f.

"Oh, he's gone," said Cyril. "He was to have stayed for a month, but he found a week of my genial society sufficient. He fled the gay and festive scene which my cheery presence was rapidly transforming into a third-class funeral."

"And how did he like the picture?" asked Jack. "I don't think he liked it at all," replied Cyril, "if I may judge from his remarks. He observed that it wasn't up to my usual form, and I could have forgiven him—if I hadn't felt that he spoke the truth, confound him!"

"A little off color," said Jack. "Yes, but I shall be all right now," responded Cyril, with a great attempt at cheerfulness, as he puffed at his pipe. "I wanted a glimpse of you. There will be some heart in the daub old man, that was what I wanted now, you'll see."

"And when do you come back?" asked Jack, making himself comfortable on a rustic couch, over which a costly tiger skin had been thrown. "Never," said Cyril. "That is, catching himself up, 'I'm not sure. I shan't hurry; I like Brittany. It suits me; it's—it's lonely and quiet now, you'll see.'"

"Better than Santleigh?" put in Jack, quietly. Cyril winced as if he had been struck, and his face grew red. "Yes," he replied, grimly, "better than Santleigh. Jack, if you love me, don't mention the place—not to-night, at any rate. There are chords in the human heart—"

"He tried to laugh mockingly, but the laugh died away, and he turned his head aside. "What's the matter with Santleigh?" asked Jack, in a matter-of-fact tone, but still watching the harassed face before him covertly. "I thought the presence of a certain young lady beautified it and made it a distinct and precious paradise."

Cyril choked back a groan. "For God's sake, don't chaff me, Jack!" he said, and his voice shook. "If you knew all—"

"Man, I can't!" broke in Cyril, in a smothered voice. "It's bad enough to think of; impossible to put into words."

"What has happened? Is she dead?" Cyril started. "That's a good word, Jack. Yes, she is dead—dead to me, at any rate. Jack, I've been almost-mad. I think if you had not turned up this evening, I really should have gone melancholy silly. Don't say a word, and I'll tell you—I've lost her!"

Jack was silent a moment as he slowly refilled his pipe. "You've lost her?" he said, quietly. "That bears rather a weird significance. What do you mean?"

"Do you want the proper word in all its vulgar brutality?" asked Cyril, almost savagely. "Have it, then! She has jilted me! There, now you know what the matter with me, and why you can't find any heart in my picture. I've no heart to put into it. Yes, she has jilted me, thrown me over as she would cast aside a worn-out glove, and I'm such a miserable imitation of a man that I'm wearing myself into a shadow over her."

He laughed bitterly. "You know what the Spanish proverb says, that 'man was made for woman, and woman was made for herself. And it's true, by Heaven! For if she is false—and she is—there is not a true, unselfish woman in the world.'"

"That's rather a large order," said Jack, under his breath. "Why has she thrown you over, lad?"

"Ask of the winds that blow at even," retorted Cyril, with a bitter laugh. "Why, shouldn't she, you mean? Why should the daughter of an earl be faithful to a man who she thinks is only a poor devil of an artist? I know it all, I can see it all. Heaven knows I've thought enough about it to enable me to arrive at the truth! It was all very well while I was with her, but when she was left to herself, to think of what she had done, to face the fear of her father—and yet—oh, Jack, I believed in her up to the hilt!"

"Why don't you write to her?" asked Jack, after a moment's pause. Cyril laughed.

"Why don't I? Oh, my good Caesar, what a question! I have written to her—twice. I put my heart into the letter, though I haven't into the picture. I implored her—there, that's enough! I begged her to write me one word, and—the rest is silence, as Hamlet says."

"She would not even write?" "She would not write even a word," said Cyril, grimly. "Not even the word 'Go!' Great Heaven, when I think of her I wonder whether I have not been dreaming; so true she seemed, so pure—the driven snow seemed not so pure, so unselfish as she was. And so brave—nothing should separate us, she said over and over again. I can hear her now."

He looked before him with fixed eyes, as if, indeed, he heard Norah's voice, and his head sank upon his breast. "Yes, it was a dream, and sweet enough while it lasted; it's the awaking that is so bad. And it is bad, old man."

"You are in love with her!" "Just so," retorted Jack, philosophically. "I was. I forgot all the rest of the people. I was deaf to the noise of the idiots cackling and laughing; I ceased to hear the man at the piano who had been making life a burden to me. I thought of nothing but this beautiful creature with the face of an angel—angel he hanged; a woman!—and I thought: 'Jack, my friend, if ever you fall in love, fall in love with some one like this, if you can find another like her. For here, enshrined in this lovely casket, is a heart of surpassing tenderness and truth. Here is the great prize for which mankind is ever and ever striving. Here is a pearl and a ruby, not to say a diamond, above price. If ever purity and unselfishness, and innocence of all sordid emotions dwell in a human heart, they dwell in the heart of this exquisite specimen of womanhood. Her smile is as the perfume of Shiraz; her voice is like that of the turtle that flies over Damascus; her face is a dream and a delight—'"

Cyril groaned again. Norah flitted before him. "And then I spoke to her, and she smiled. I thought I would try and win her good grace, for—oh! my friend, I happened to know the man who loved her, and I thought, cunningly, that his name would bring a blush to her face, and I said something like this: 'I trust that you will not receive me altogether as a stranger, for I hold as friend the man who loves you, Lady Norah—Cyril Burne.'"

Cyril sprang to his feet. "What! You have seen her! It was Norah?" "It was Lady Norah Arrowdale," said Jack, slowly, and dwelling insignificantly upon the full title. Cyril strode forward and grasped him by the shoulder.

"And—and what did she say?" he demanded, almost inaudibly. Jack Wesley looked at him pityingly. "She said—in her musical voice," he said, grimly, "You are mistaken; Mr. Cyril Burne is no friend of mine."

Cyril's hand fell from Jack's shoulder, and he dropped back into the chair and hid his face into his hands. Jack rose and stood over him, and laid both hands on his shoulders. (To be Continued.)

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low; the sort that steals over you and sets your heart aching with pleasure and pain nicely mixed." Cyril stifled a groan. "Heaven and earth!" he muttered. Every word recalled Norah, and he seemed to see her float like a vision before him.

"She was dressed," Jack went on, slowly, "well, I suppose she was the best dressed woman in the room. I'm not a painter; but if I were, I'd try to paint that girl, and when I'd succeeded—but I never should succeed—I'd remark, 'Finis,' and lay down my brush."

Cyril laughed grimly and wearily. "You are in love with her!" "Just so," retorted Jack, philosophically. "I was. I forgot all the rest of the people. I was deaf to the noise of the idiots cackling and laughing; I ceased to hear the man at the piano who had been making life a burden to me. I thought of nothing but this beautiful creature with the face of an angel—angel he hanged; a woman!—and I thought: 'Jack, my friend, if ever you fall in love, fall in love with some one like this, if you can find another like her. For here, enshrined in this lovely casket, is a heart of surpassing tenderness and truth. Here is the great prize for which mankind is ever and ever striving. Here is a pearl and a ruby, not to say a diamond, above price. If ever purity and unselfishness, and innocence of all sordid emotions dwell in a human heart, they dwell in the heart of this exquisite specimen of womanhood. Her smile is as the perfume of Shiraz; her voice is like that of the turtle that flies over Damascus; her face is a dream and a delight—'"

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Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL.



1900—Ladies' Dress. Mixed novelty suiting in gray tones is here shown. The waist of lining is overlaid with material, and covered with other portions, that are lapped in front in surplice style. A smart cape collar and a round rolled collar finish the neck edge. The sleeve is new and attractive. The skirt has shaped pockets and is cut with ample fullness. This style is nice for satin, taffeta, serge, duvetyne, broadcloth, velour, gabardine and velvet. It would be effective and pretty in combinations of cloth and silk or satin. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The Skirt measures about 3 3/4 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A STYLISH CREATION.



Waist—1899. Skirt—1898. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1899, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1898. Blue serge was used for this style, with a finish of soutache braid in rows and motifs. The waist is finished with a smart collar of ecru gimpure lace. The style is new and attractive. A very practical dress for ordinary wear may be made in this style, by omitting the tunic on the skirt. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size for the entire dress. If made separately, the waist would require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch crepe or silk, the skirt 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material, and the tunic 3 3/4 yards. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

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The Prime of D

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

TERDAY. The following is a report of Lloyd George's speech delivered before the House of Commons yesterday. We are indebted for it to Hon. McGrath, Reuter's correspondent Newfoundland:

LONDON, Dec. 19.

In opening his speech in the House of Commons this afternoon, the Right Hon. David Lloyd George said that he appeared before the House with the most terrible anxiety that could fall upon the shoulders of any living man, as adviser of the Crown in this gigantic war in which the world was ever engaged, a war upon events of which its destiny depended. Not only was it the greatest war waged, but its burdens were the heaviest ever cast upon this or any country, while the issues were the gravest ever attached to any struggle in which humanity had been involved. The responsibilities of the new Government had been suddenly centuated by the declaration of German Chancellor. "The statement made by the latter in the Reichstag continued," "has been followed by note presented to us by the German States without comment. An answer will be given by the Government in full accord with our honorable Allies. Fully there has been an interchange of views, not upon the note, but it has only recently arrived, but the speech which propelled it, and as much as the note itself is probably only a reproduction, or certain paraphrase of that speech, the substance of the note itself has been discussed formally. I am very glad to state that we have each separately and independently arrived at identical conclusions. I am glad that the first answer was given to France and Russia, for they have unquestionably the right to give the answer to such an invitation, and enemy is still on their soil, and sacrifices have been the greater. An answer has already been published and on behalf of the Government give a clear and definite support to any man or set of men who would without sufficient cause, to provoke a terrible conflict like this, would on his side a crime that oceans are not cleanse. On the other hand, equally true that any man, or set of men who, from a sense of weariness

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