

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

Aug 26, sep 1

An Indispensable Favorite Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXV. "Is it possible," Lady Nora demands, sharply and impatiently, scrutinizing Yolande's haggard face and patient, sad eyes, "that you don't know the result of the earl's will—that you are unaware that my son has lost the allowance which has been paid to him and his father, my deceased husband, for more than forty years?"

"Lost his allowance?" Yolande repeats rather vaguely, striving to concentrate her thoughts. "And does that make very much difference to him, Lady Nora. I do not know much of his private affairs, you see, and—" "I should think not, when you ask such a question, my dear!" Lady Nora interrupts, curiously, with a stormy, ill-tempered look on her pretty face. "But I thought you were made fully aware, at the time of your marriage with my son, that independent of the expectations he had—and most justly had—of a handsome legacy from his uncle, Lord Pentreath, he had only his allowance from the Pentreath estate besides his pay?"

"No—at least, I cannot quite remember," Yolande says, nervously, flushing; "but even if he has lost some money—"

"Some!" Lady Nora interrupts, shrilly and angrily. "My dear, I wish I could make you understand what I am saying. Dallas has lost everything. There has been some scandalous machinations at work. I am convinced—perfectly convinced—I know the quarter from which it has come. My son has not only not benefitted to the extent of one shilling by his uncle's will, but there was no provision made for paying him his usual allowance of five hundred a year, except as the generosity of his cousin, the present earl, should dictate, and consequently Dallas will not accept one farthing, though I believe Lord Pentreath, his cousin, wished to make some amends. He had sent in his papers also to the war office immediately before his marriage; so—now—he—there is a little natural choking sound of emotion in her ladyship's impetuous voice—"he has lost everything!"

"I am very sorry—very!" Yolande says, tremulously, pained at the thought of the trouble and disappointment he has been enduring, of which she has been unconscious, mingling with the selfish unselfishness of the generous love that longs to lay everything it possesses at his feet. "But then, my money, you know, Lady Nora—will it not be enough for us both? I am not at all extravagant, and I should be only too happy to deny myself anything to enable him to live as he pleased—I should, indeed!"

Lady Nora sees the tears in Yolande's eyes, and knows in her heart how sincere is her poor little daughter-in-law in her simple devotion to her son; but, for this very reason—like all unworthy natures—she re-

Autumn term begins Wednesday September 19th at 8 1/2 a.m. Boarders return on Tuesday, September 17th. W. L. GRANT, M.A., LL.D., Principal.

solved to break her anger and disappointment on her. "That you have some money I am of course aware, my dear," she says, coldly and resentfully; "but, under the marriage settlement which the trustees chose to make, my son, as you must be aware—this very sharply—"benefits very little—in a most trifling degree indeed. Even this small pittance, however," her ladyship adds, bringing out her words with a hiss of contempt, "he is deprived of, in consequence of the quarrel, or misunderstanding, or whatever it is, between you and him."

"How deprived?" Yolande asks, breathlessly. "Because my son declines to be indebted to you for even such a trifling portion of your fortune—thus scornfully does her ladyship speak of six thousand pounds, the interest of which Yolande's trustees had appointed to be paid to Captain Glyanne solely and entirely for his own private expenses—"when you failed so soon to live in amicable relations with him. I must say I cannot at all understand it, Yolande," Lady Nora says, haughtily. "I have respected my son's pride and delicacy of feeling too much to question him closely on the subject; but I must say it is simply incomprehensible to me how you could be guilty of such folly and extreme bad taste as openly to quarrel with your husband before you had been married a month. You have not yet been presented, and are, of course, therefore not known in society this season—the earl's recent death will account for it fortunately at present; otherwise, you know, my dear, in our class such conduct would mean your social ruin!" Lady Nora finishes with tragic emphasis.

This tremendous menace has very little import for Yolande, who is not "in society," and who sees "society" and all things else through one medium only. She clasps her hands nervously together and looks at her ladyship with imploring humility. "Is he—Captain Glyanne"—she has not courage to say "my husband" or "Dallas"; now—"displeased—very much displeased?" she asks, earnestly. "Dear Lady Nora, I will do whatever he wishes. I said so in my letter. I am very sorry I acted as I did. I was very unhappy, as I thought he did not care for me to be at Pentreath with him, and I felt so miserable that—"

"You were jealous of Joyce Murray—that was about the beginning and ending of it!" Lady Nora interrupts, impatiently; while Yolande flushes crimson at the coarse phrases with which so elegant and fashionable a woman as Lady Nora interprets the keenest and most secret emotions of her heart. "I was very silly of you. If you had consulted me," Lady Nora continues, with a slighting little laugh, "I should have told you that no well-bred woman takes any notice of her husband's petty sores toward an old flame. It is in bad taste to do so; and you ought to have known that my son is too thoroughly a gentleman to compromise himself or you in a flirtation with any one!"

"I don't know what a well-bred woman without heart, or mind, or feeling does," Lady Nora, "Yolande retorts, turning on her hotly and passionately, "all I know is that I will not share my husband's society or attentions with any one!" "No, no—certainly not," Lady Nora agrees, looking a little startled. "But of course there was nothing serious, nothing which could really displease you, Dallas assured me, on his honor; that ought to be quite sufficient for you."

"It is not," Yolande declares, sharply and hurriedly; "but he can make it sufficient if he will only come back to me again."

"Dallas has decided, I believe, to go—for a time, at least—abroad."

"Oh, has he?" Yolande exclaims, in dismayed tones and with startled eyes. "Yes, yes; and of course you couldn't

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Says Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

Glens Falls, N. Y.—"For over two months I was so sick I was not able to stand on my feet, and my husband did my housework. The doctor said an operation might be necessary. I read testimonials about Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and began to take it. Before I had finished taking the first bottle I saw what good it was doing me. I am now well and strong, doing all my work for a family of four, all my washing and my sewing, which I think is remarkable, as I had not dared to run my sewing machine, but had done all my sewing by hand. I truly feel that I owe my life to your medicine. I would not be here today as my case seemed very serious."—Mrs. GEORGE W. BORNHALL, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Free upon Request. Lydia E. Finkham's Private Text-Book upon "All Women's Peculiarities to Women" will be sent you free, upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

Just Folks.

By ADGAR A. GUEST.

WHEN YOU KNOW THERE'S A BIG BASS ON YOUR LINE There's a thrill to the whirr of the partridge in fall and a thrill to the hoat of the duck, and a thrill to the And a thrill to the sportsman, whatever the game, when he knows that his bullet has struck. Oh, the wide out-of-doors is a red-blooded man to enjoy! With the sun beating down and the wind in his face he's a man with the heart of a boy. And it's that boy that I am, though my temples are gray—it's that boy though I crowd forty-nine. And the thrill that I crave is the thrill that you get when you know there's a bass on your line! There's a time when forgetfulness wipes out your care and shuts out the world from your view. When the wrongs you have borne are erased from your mind and none is existing but you! There's the high peak of bliss where no stranger intrudes and where nothing distracts you. Where from sorrow and heartache and hurt and despair and hunger and thirst you are free! There's that brief space of time when your're conscious of naught, but a glorious thrill down your spine. And a tug you have felt and a leap you have seen, and you know there's a bass on your line! It is seldom we're blinded to wrongs that exist; it is seldom our senses grow numb; By countless distractions we're buffeted round, except when the big moment comes. And but few of the minutes life gives us are big; yet oft we're allowed to forget! The burden we carry, the pain that we bear, the failures and sorrows we've met. But they all disappear in a flash when it comes—that time when the minutes are fine. When you see the rod bend and you hear the reel click and you know there's a bass on your line!

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AND LITTLE BOYS SENT UP TO CLEAN THEM.

There is not a fortune in chimney sweeping for anyone, though the business offers good openings for the right man in most districts. The scandalous way chimney-sweeps were treated in the old days, when the only way to sweep a foul chimney was for someone to climb up it, is well known to all. It resulted in Acts of Parliament to prevent cruelty to children in the practice of this business, as well as to insure that chimneys should be built on safer lines. This led to the offer of premiums for the best methods of cleaning chimneys by mechanical means. Various ideas were brought forward, but the most successful was the one in general use to-day—that of having a number of rods fitted with screws, so that they could be joined together, the brush screwed on to the top. Chimneys were the means of supplying money to kings once, as well as to chimney-sweeps. A tax of two shillings per chimney was imposed by Charles II. in 1683. This was called the "Hearth Tax." It was greatly detested and soon abolished. The chimney men were the bery men of the housewives of those days. An old ballad, preserved by Pepys, of diary fame, referring to the hearth tax, reads: The good old dames, whenever they The chimney man espied, Into their nooks they hank away, Their pots and piggins hid. There is not one old dame in ten, —And such the nation throned, But, if you talk of chimney men, Will spare a curse or two.

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We have a few Gingham Dresses left over. These have to get out to make room for the Winter Goods. We are sacrificing at the prices given here. Each, 79c. 98c. and \$1.98

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Ladies' Sweaters of pure Wool in Tuxedo, Balkan, Jacquet and Slip-over styles; assorted shades. Each, \$2.49 to \$6.49

A SPECIAL SALE OF Ladies' Tuxedo Style Sweaters.

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Advertisement for Asaya-Neural, a remedy for nervous exhaustion, with a list of symptoms and benefits.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment, a remedy for piles, with a list of symptoms and benefits.

Advertisement for Piles, featuring a large illustration of a person and text describing the condition and treatment.

Advertisement for To Try Froggart at Washington, featuring a large illustration of a man and text describing the case.

Advertisement for Wash Dresses, featuring a large illustration of a dress and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Men's Boots, featuring a large illustration of a boot and text describing the product.