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To Whom She Said "Yes."

"Is the little one what you call shy?" asked Monsieur Valmont, putting out his watch. "She must take courage, and that quickly, or I lose my errand, for the time is flying. Sing, mademoiselle, I pray you, and let us have no more delay."

Thus adjured, and further stimulated by her mother's entreaties, "My dear child, do begin," Edén moved nearer the piano, and as soon as Mrs. Aubrey had played the opening chords of the song she had chosen as best adapted to display her daughter's voice, the young girl commenced the air. But her tones were so hoarse and tremulous, that Monsieur Valmont, shrugging his shoulders, buttoned his overcoat and picked up his hat; and Mrs. Aubrey, with a look of the deepest mortification, rose from the piano.

But Edén recovered herself when she saw the tears start into her mother's eyes, and was eager to atone for the anxiety she had cost her.

"One moment, monsieur," she pleaded. "Give me only time to collect myself, and I will do my best."

"There are but eleven minutes left," he retorted dryly, as he held the watch towards her. "How many of them do you demand?"

Edén did not answer, for her gaze was fixed on her mother. It was for her sake, and not to please this abrupt stranger that, recovering both her courage and voice, she broke into the first number that came to mind.

It was the "Sull" aria, from Mozart's Figaro—one of the sweetest, simplest airs in that melodious opera. The principal charm of Edén's voice lay in its freshness, and Monsieur Valmont's face, as he listened, lost its air of grim displeasure. Once or twice he frowned and sharply tapped the table by which he stood; but the flute-like voice trilled delicious cadences one after the other, each sweeter and freer than the last, he grew more and more placable; and when she paused he nodded approval.

"She must practice much, very much; there are inequalities in her voice that can only be conquered by hard work. I will send her some exercises that I have myself prepared for my pupils, and in six months—or perhaps sooner, according to my engagements—I will hear her once more."

He shook hands with Mrs. Aubrey, then, without stopping to listen to her thankful expressions, he turned to Edén, and accosted her with a growl.

"Peste! but you have used me badly, staying from home till there has not been time to sing more than a scramble—a rush through great pretensions. I shall take care to use me better when I come again, or I will wash my hands of you."

"You will please to remember that I did not know you were coming," the offended Edén began to say, but he would not hear her.

"Did I know it myself? Am I not overwhelmed with work, with business? And does it not make it the more provoking that I should be detained for a parricide, a little girl as idle as myself? Adieu; work hard, work incessantly, and we shall see—we shall see."

He was gone before Edén had recovered the surprise and amusement that had banished her annoyance.

"And so this is one of our greatest musical professors? Oh, mamma, what a bear!"

"My Edén, if you knew how clever he is—"

"And how ugly!"

"Peace, ma fille; a princess, hearing him play one of his pathetic pieces, kissed his brow; she could see no ugliness in a face that was lighted with the fire of genius."

"I wonder if his hair wanted cutting as badly when the princess kissed him as it does now," observed Edén, so irreverently that her mother turned from her in displeasure.

"You are silly and childish today, my daughter. You make sport of an affair that to me is of vital importance."

Edén's arms were around her neck directly.

"Dearest mother mine, have I vexed you with my nonsense? Forgive me, and tell me why this wayward professor has been here. Recollect that I am wholly in the dark. Does he mean, or do you think, that my voice will ever be good enough to be of any use to me? But no; I could not be a public singer, even if you would consent, which I am sure you would not."

"You shall never go on the stage—never. You are too young, and too—"

FRESH ARRIVALS:

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Kipperd Herring,
Herring in Tomato Sauce,
Herring in Mustard Sauce,
Herring in Shrimp Sauce,
Preserved Peas,
Barataria Shrimps,
Lobsters, Mackerel,
Anchovies, Salmon,
Full line Teyssonau Sardines.

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beautiful mother was going to say, but she altered the word to "thoughtless." But, my Edén, if you are gifted with a fine soprano, is it not my duty to have it cultivated? In the concert-room or the oratorio, you may achieve triumphs as well as in the opera house. I dreamed the other night that I was in Exeter Hall, waiting with a crowded audience to hear one of Handel's sublime compositions; and that you, robed in white, with your hair floating on your shoulders, and your face calm and sweet as an angel's, glided forward, and sung till your hushed hearers scarcely dared breathe, lest they should lose a note; while your proud and happy mother sank on her knees, and wept in her gladness at her child's successes."

"Mamma, you are weeping now; you have excited yourself. Ah! dear, sweet mother! Don't let me have to think that I have vexed you! Only tell me what you wish me to do, and I will do it."

Mrs. Aubrey wiped away her tears, and embraced her daughter, who had led her to a chair, and was kneeling beside her.

"My dear Edén, I ought, perhaps, to have told you sooner, that I have long been cherishing hopes of securing to you a brighter career than mine has been; but I was afraid to trust my own judgment, and there was no one here in whom I could rely. I have therefore thought it wisest to be silent till I could secure, through an old acquaintance, an introduction to Monsieur Valmont. I know that he has trained some of our finest singers, and that if he were pleased with your voice he would advise, if he could not aid me. A few days since, therefore, I wrote to him, promising to take you to London."

In the first place, much depends upon the size of a visitor's trunk. When a trunk is a necessity, and of course it is if the family goes out much, we should take with us the smallest one we own.

It is nothing that sends a welcome down to zero so quickly as the sound of a great clumsy trunk going bumpety, bumpety over one's best stair carpet.

The man who carries it always glares at it with evil intent, and as the spare room is apt to be three and even four flights skyward, he works off his feelings by scraping the wall paper, hitting the gas fixtures and letting the huge thing down here and there for a breathing spell.

Then it is that the hostess shivers superstitiously, clenches her hands on the quiet and goes off in a corner and says "things" about people who will visit.

And the man who has done his prettiness with wall paper and carpet and there is a general search for fiddlers' change. And when it is found and the dreadful trunk man is out of the house and the dreadful trunk is in place the hostess sweetly sails into the room where the guest is placidly seated and promptly proceeds to gush over her.

A woman always gushes over another woman when she feels that she hates her for being around. And the guest wakes up from her trance and asks, as if almost flooded by the idea:

"Did the man want to be paid for carrying that trunk up?"

The amiable mistress of the house smiles like a seraph and insists that it was a mere trifle. The guest remembers she has left her purse in her traveling bag upstairs, but begs to be allowed to go for it. She is not allowed, and then there the hostess bids an everlasting adieu to the quarter that the trunk man has gathered in.

It is to be hoped that the trunk has not been stuffed with duds that might have been left at home. It does require such nice discrimination to select clothing for a visit.

The hostess is always flitting about and if she happens to catch sight of a motley outlay of garments, that look as if preparations for an indefinite stay had been made, she is ready to anatomize the fate that has brought her this particular guest.

While folly of the worst sort to cram a trunk to the point of bursting, it is equally fatal to omit articles of actual use. For instance, a pair of rubbers and a sensible rain cloak. I have known an entire household completely convulsed by a tornado of feeling because a visitor needed at the last moment these two articles. Of course they were forthcoming, but somebody had to go without, and the somebody was as mad as a hatter.

And the traveler with a well-regulated trunk.

Our Spare Room Guest.

Is any one of us going to run away from home for a few days? There is generally a regular stampede after the holidays. Restlessness seizes woman-kind and if there is any place in decency we can visit we take all risks and make for that place.

Most hostesses have a genteel horror of the spare bedroom type of visitor. Company of any other sort is not so terrifying. There is a great deal in being able to secure a welcome.

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MR. M. MILLER, BENSFORD, ONT.

Says Laxa-Liver Pills made a new man of him.

Cured him of Indigestion and Pains in the Back.

We don't make absurd or extravagant claims for Laxa-Liver Pills.

Tell you in a plain, simple way what they will do, and prove what we say by the testimony of those who have used them. We say they cure dyspepsia, indigestion and all stomach disorders, and renew the health and strength.

Mr. Melville Miller, Bensford, Ont., corroborates this in the following statements: "I have used two bottles of Laxa-Liver Pills and I must say they made a new man out of me, after taking them for three weeks. My trouble was indigestion, heart fluttering and pains in my back. Laxa-Liver Pills have completely cured me and I think they are the best medicine in the world to set a man up."

You take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring, 'twill work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, and make you feel better in the morning.

These pills never sicken or weaken, and leave no bad after-effects of any kind.

that he might hear you; and the result has been that he comes here, hears and approves! But oh! Edén, willful one, when you excused yourself from singing, and then made such a fiasco, I thought my heart would burst. How could you be so provoking—so cruel?"

"Aren't you blaming me a little unjustly, dear mamma? You forget that I did not know of how much importance it was that I should propitiate this long-haired arbiter of my destiny; and I told you truly that I was not in condition for doing my best."

"Ah! you said that you had been running," Mrs. Aubrey observed. "You should not stay with your friends so late."

"Let me tell you how it was, mamma."

And Edén laid her crimson face on her mother's shoulder, and nerved herself for that confession in which Frank Lyndell's name must figure.

But her mother, whose thoughts were still busy with her child's future, checked her.

"Not now, dear, not now. Some other time I shall be pleased to listen to you. When did Monsieur Valmont say he would send those exercises? Don't you think it would be as well to practice your scales diligently till they arrive? We must be more economical than ever, and put by every penny that is not absolutely wanted in the house for the expenses of our removal to London."

Edén stifled a sigh as she heard this. The new gloves and trimmings for her hat, which she had intended to ask for, must be done without; and rather dearly she echoed Mrs. Aubrey's last words:

"To London, mamma?"

(To be Continued.)

In Woman's Interest

Our Spare Room Guest.

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ed mind would as soon think of leaving home without her Bible as an umbrella. There are a few things, and they really are a few, that do a great deal for the comfort and convenience of those of us who will visit.

Better remain at home, however. A few embers on one's own hearthstone are worth all the roaring logs that blaze on the hearthstone of a stranger. But those who delight in stretching their dainty limbs beneath a hostess' mahogany table, and who are not averse to any will simply laugh at such advice and call it the ravings of a sore-headed pessimist.

Summer Shirt Waist Here.

The cotton shirt waist has made its annual appearance. Some say the shirt waist is especially suited to the needs of the poor woman, but experience has proved that her rich sister finds just as much use for it. There is nothing startlingly new about the first display of waists. For the most part they are made of fine gingham and chevrons in delicate colorings, and are somewhat less fancy in design than those of last year. Most of the materials are striped, either vertically or in the bayadere effect. White waists promise to find even greater favor than formerly, and some of the shirt waist girls have already declared their intention of wearing other.

The white waist certainly has some advantages. It does not fade, and as a rule takes starch well, which those made of too soft gingham refuse to do. On the other hand, white is not so becoming as some of the soft shades, and it is especially trying in thick cotton goods, such as are used in the swell waist. Most women who last season tried shirt waists made of washable silk say they will never wear cotton ones again. The silk waists seem extravagant to one who looks no further than first cost, for silk at less than 75 cents or \$1 a yard cannot be depended upon to wash well. But such silk wears at least three seasons, and does not fade in the least. Added to this, it has the merit of being soft, cool and becoming, and is to be had in the most exquisite colorings. The plain silks make quite dressy waists, while those that are striped have no end of style.

Tying Up Parcels.

The English method of doing up parcels for the mail containing books or calendars is quite worthy of adoption here, and would save running the risk of having the package opened at the postoffice to show its contents. The books are placed in the wrapper, leaving the ends open, so that there is about a half-inch of paper left beyond the book at each end. Next they take the cord and pass it around the sides of the package, but after crossing in the center, instead of tying down the ends, they pass them either by the sides, using a coarse needle or by punching a hole and putting the cord through. This holds the contents of the package firmly in place, but allows the postmaster to note them without the delay of unwrapping, which has spoiled so many Christmas parcels.

Plum Custard Tartlets.

Any good-flavored plum will do, but greengages are the best. If canned, drain off the juice and pulp through a sieve. To one pint add a large cup of sugar, two beaten egg yolks. Beat until light and foamy; fill baked patty-pans shells; beat the whites, add two tablespoons powdered sugar, put on the tarts and bake until set. This is a luscious dainty. Cherries or apricots may be used the same way.

Cures While You Breathe.

It is so simple and so certain in its action, so mild, yet cleanses as by fire. Catarrh of the nose, absolute cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, and other throat and nasal maladies. Disease germs cannot live when Catarrhoxone is inhaled, and it penetrates wherever air can. You breathe—it does the rest. Of course, you can scarcely believe this good news, but to convince you we will send prepaid a trial bottle of Catarrhoxone and inhaler free. Write at once to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties.—E. Thomson.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, which ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was do weak I could not even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble. 50 cents and \$1; for sale by W. T. Strong & Co. Every bottle guaranteed.

WOMAN INTO SAINT

It Takes a Long Time to Canonize a Heroine.

This is Shown by the Process Used With Joan of Arc—When Completed the Maid of Orleans Will Wear Long, Flowing Robes and Above Her Head Will Set a Halo.

The people of Orleans, France, headed by the Bishop of Orleans, are endeavoring to secure the canonization of the greatest woman that ever lived in their midst. Joan of Arc, known in history as the Maid of Orleans, succeeded in bringing about certain important historical events, the result of which have lived into this day.

The romantic story of the Maid of Orleans is ever new. The tale of how, in the spring of the fifteenth century, there was born in Lorraine a peasant girl who, while in her teens, heard voices calling her to fight for her country, has been often told.

Joan of Arc went to her king at Chinon and told him that she was commissioned to fight for him and to take him to Rheims to be crowned. The King, for there was something very magnetic about this maid, gave her a command, placed all his army at her disposal and so successfully followed her that she led the French to victory and had her King crowned at Rheims, as she promised.

But her triumph was short, for when only 20 years old she was taken a prisoner by the English and burned at the stake. The event took place on the 31st of May, 1431.

Although almost 500 years have passed since then, Joan of Arc has not been forgotten. She has been remembered by her church, particularly for her deep religious belief, which in the fifteenth century was limited to few women. In those times Joan of Arc stood alone as a believer in God; she did everything under Divine inspiration, and for years was the only woman of prominence who was not ashamed to speak of her religion. Records of her deep religious belief during all her warlike career have been faithfully kept, and it is upon these now that her claims to canonization are based.

Canonization or the making of a saint is a long, difficult process. Owing to the slowness of the Vatican and the extreme deliberation and caution with which it moves, it takes many years from the time the candidate is first mentioned before canonization can be obtained.

Monsieur Touchet presented Joan of Arc to the Vatican many years ago, and has been promoting the question of her beatification ever since. He has recently

returned from Rome and reports a very interesting interview with the authorities of the Vatican, in which he was assured that the case of Joan of Arc was being examined as rapidly as possible.

The process of canonization is divided into three parts. The first must show that the subject has never told a lie. This must be vouched for by reputable witnesses. Records of their testimony can be kept from generation to generation and, if well authenticated, are used for evidence.

The second consists of proof that the subject was positively unselfish in her deeds; pure, kind and unworshipful, without one taint upon her personal character. This must also be vouched for by a number of witnesses who have known the person intimately during life. Records of this kind are difficult, as few of them are kept during the lifetime of a heroine. But in the case of Joan of Arc there are many written records of her unselfish deeds, so that this ordeal of canonization is easily passed through.

The third is evidence of at least one miracle performed by the person, through faith in God. Joan of Arc is alleged to have performed many miracles, a great many of which are as well authenticated as possible.

The Bishop believes that the only obstacle now in the way of beatification is the question of the reality or non-reality of the "voices" which it is said the Maid of Orleans heard from heaven. Should she pass through this step successfully, she may become a saint.

A good woman or a heroic woman is a subject of admiration through all ages, and the Maid of Orleans is prominent in romantic history whether she becomes canonized or not.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE JEW.

In Spite of a Disparity in Social Conditions Israel Is Long Lived.

Despite the appearance of physical degeneracy which we have noted, the Jew betrays an absolutely unprecedented tenacity of life, writes Professor W. Z. Ripley in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. It far exceeds, especially in the United States, that of any other known people. This we may illustrate by the following example: Suppose two groups of 100 infants each, one Jewish, one of average American parentage (Massachusetts), to be born on the same day. In spite of the disparity of social conditions in favor of the latter the chances, determined by statistical means, are that one-half of the Americans will die within 47 years, while the first half of the Jews will not succumb to disease or accident before the expiration of 71 years. The death rate is really but little over half that of the average American population. This holds good in infancy as in middle age. Lombroso has put it in another way. Of 1,000 Jews born 217 die before the age of 7 years, while 453 Christians—more than twice as many—are likely to die within the same period.

WHAT IS CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. It cures Diarrhea, It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

EVERY WRAPPER BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

OZONE—A Health-Giver.

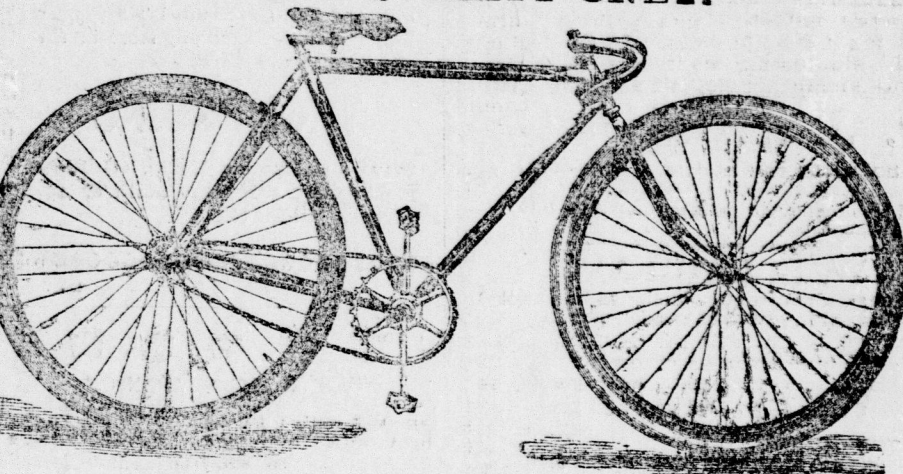
Ozone destroys disease germs, builds up the waste places, tones the blood, clears the system. For nervousness and depression following La Grippe, it is a wonder-worker. N. H. Walker, 1 Christie street, Toronto, says: "Some time ago I had a very severe attack of La Grippe. It left me all run down and nervous. I had used Ozone successfully to break up La Grippe, and I continued using it until all the bad after-effects had disappeared. I think it is a wonderful remedy." Ask your druggist or the Ozone Company of Toronto, Limited, Canada Life Building.

Ask Your Druggist, or THE OZONE COMPANY of Toronto, Limited, Canada Life Building.

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New Winchester, with 30-inch Wheels, The Handsomest Wheel in America, Price \$60.

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LA CARENITA

A DELIGHTFUL CIGAR

That Makes A Friend of Every One who Tries it

J. RATTAY & CO. MONTREAL.

THE BISMARK MAUSOLEUM.

Appearance of the Vault in a Woody Corner of the Sachsenwald.

The mausoleum built for Prince Bismarck and his family is situated on a hill in a woody corner of the Sachsenwald. It consists of a round tower and a nave. The tower contains the bodies of the Prince and Princess, while the rest of the building is reserved for the general family vault. On the hill opposite to that on which the mausoleum stands is the well-known group of stags, which was presented to the Chancellor on his 80th birthday. The site was of Bismarck's

own choosing. Last August Emperor William, it will be remembered, suggested the vaults of the new Cathedral in Berlin as a fitting resting-place for the great statesman, then recently dead; but Count Herbert Bismarck, feeling bound to respect the wishes of his father, decided that the mausoleum, which is not a national memorial, yet not a private one, should be erected by his Hamburg friends on a wooded knoll of the park at Friedrichsruh, in the glades of his beloved Sachsenwald.

Dietetical Wisdom.

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