

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

"Then I wish Lance were the eldest," cried Rupert.
"Heaven knows best," was his father's reply. "We are all born to certain duties, and we must learn to fulfill them. I shall never be afraid. You will take care of Lance, I am sure, Rupert."
"That I will," he cried; "and if I could do as I liked he should have half of all that is mine."
My lord bent over him and kissed the fair, frank face, so like his own. "I am glad you love Lance so dearly," he said. "It is not always that the sons of two mothers care so much for each other."
"I love Lance best in all the world, next to you, papa," said the boy, and then the speakers passed on.

Did those kindly words soften the proud, jealous heart of the listener? Did she love the fair-haired young heir for his tender thought of her son? Did she think of his generosity, his unselfish character? No! A thousand times! She hated him the more intensely that he had expressed in such plain words the thought which she had always thought of him as gnawing at her heart—that he and not Lance, was heir of Selwyn. Like a smothered fire, that hatred grew and smoldered.

No one knew better how to inflame a wound than Lady Beatrice Selwyn. She had a way of speaking to him—a quiet sarcasm, a killing contempt—that stung the boy; yet careful was she that there was no word ever passed her lips that could be repeated by his father.

She made his home so uncomfortable that he went often to the cottage. Lord Selwyn just at that time was busily engaged in some political business, and was very often from home. Lady Beatrice cared little where the boy spent his time, provided it was not with her. So, when his day's lessons were over, Rupert would mount his pony and gallop away.

Never tried to explain to himself the attraction that took him to Mrs. Rivers. He liked her gentle voice, ever hushed and low; her quiet, graceful manner, her soothing words. He liked her to pet him, to pat his hair, to sit, hour after hour, telling him tales that reminded him of his mother—he knew not why or how; stories of great men and brave deeds, true heroism and grand self-devotion. Those quiet hours in the summer glades, with the lonely lady whom he was growing to love so dearly, did more toward forming Rupert's character than all the hours of study.

He went there one day when Lady Beatrice had been very unkind to him. Lord Selwyn was away, and she had refused to allow Rupert to play with little Lance, or even to see him—refused him words that, if repeated, lost all their sting; yet the look that accompanied them was bitter as death.

It was not often that Lady Beatrice made Rupert wince—he was very patient under her scornful dislike; but on this day hot tears rose to his eyes and blinded him. The trace of the tears was quite perceptible on his face when he reached the cottage. The contrast between those two women was so great—the one indulgent, caressing and half worshipped him; the other was cold, proud and disdainful. Little by little Mrs. Rivers drew from him the story of his wrongs, each word stabbing her with deadly pain. How well she remembered that proud lady's power to inflict torture! Before her rose again the agony she had endured, and now her son had to suffer the same. She sat quite still and motionless while the boy sobbed out the story of his wrongs. He wondered at the pale face and white, compressed lips. He wondered still more at the strange voice and the strange words:

"Let her beware! She may go too far!"

"There," said the boy, springing up eagerly; "I am better now that I have told you, Mrs. Rivers; I only envy little Lance one thing in the world, and that is—his living mother. I would give Selwyn Castle twenty times over to have my mother again. You must think me a baby for crying—my heart was hurt."

Was it hard for her to sit silent and listen?—to feel that long longing, that hungry yearning to throw herself on his neck, and tell him who she was? It was harder, more bitter, than feeble words of mine can describe.

"How strangely you look at me, Mrs. Rivers!" he cried. "Ah, you think I am a coward! I am not, indeed; but I love little Lance, and it hurt me so deeply to be sent away from him."

"I think you a brave, good boy," she said; "and I admire your love for your little brother."

How her whole heart longed to go from her in that one mighty cry: "Do you not know me? I am your mother!"

She trampled upon it, drove it back, refused to listen. She steeled her trembling hands, she clenched the slight fingers; and then, as one weakened by a great struggle, went over to the window and stood there. She boy remained with her some time longer, then went home.

After he had gone the torrent of her grief rushed over her.

If—ah, if—by most bitter tears she could undo that most fatal deed, if, by prayers and repentance, she could obviate its cruel consequences! She had thought only of sacrificing her-

self, and of freeing her husband. Instead of that, it seemed to her now that she had sacrificed her child. Then some days passed and she did not see him. The summer was drawing to a close; the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees; the sweetest flowers were fading; the birds sung of their approaching departure.

He did not come. Wearily, hour after hour, she stood at the little gate, looking down the high road. There was no chestnut pony, no bright face smiling under a Gungary cap. She missed him with a pain that frightened her. A week, ten days, two whole weeks, three weeks—and no word of him! On the third Sunday she saw Lord and Lady Selwyn at church. He looked pale and anxious; she radiant and more beautiful than ever. Rupert was not with them. Her heart grew sick with pain and fear. One of two servants in the Selwyn livery lingered in the churchyard. She longed to go up to them and ask for news of the young heir, yet she did not dare.

Perhaps Lady Beatrice had prevailed, and he was sent away. Perhaps Lord Selwyn had changed his mind and had sent him to school. She thought of a hundred different things. She woke up in the night, fancying she heard the quick gallop of the chestnut pony, then went to sleep with a prayer on her lips—a cry from her worried heart to the foot of the Great White Throne.

Still the days passed on and he did not come. She stood one day at the window, thinking to herself that she heard nothing of him she would summon up courage and ask the rector for news. The sound of footsteps in the little garden outside aroused her. There stood his lordship, looking pale, scared and anxious.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rivers," he said, gravely. "I have come to ask a great favor. Will you grant it?"

"My son Rupert is very ill, indeed," he continued; "so ill that he is all frightened over him. He cries incessantly for you. Will you get someone to take your place in the school and come and nurse him?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Rivers," he said, gravely. "I have come to ask a great favor. Will you grant it?"

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TERRIBLE DEATH OF A CONDUCTOR

A St. Marys Man Mangled by a Train of Cars—Mother and Babe Run Over and Killed—Swimming Fatality.

Port Huron, Mich., April 30.—Michael Fleming, a Chicago and Grand Trunk freight conductor, met death in a distressing manner at Goodells Saturday morning. He was taking out a westbound train, and had got off at the station for some purpose. After it had again started he attempted to board one of the cars in the middle of the train, but lost his footing and was thrown underneath the wheels. Fleming was a heavy man, weighing about 300 pounds, and the train passing over him threw three cars into the ditch. The body was shockingly mutilated. Fleming was about 40 years of age, an old railroad man, and unmarried. His former home was at St. Marys, Ont., where he has a mother living.

MOTHER AND BABE KILLED. Millington, Mich., April 30.—The northbound Michigan Central train of the Bay City division ran over and killed Mrs. Irene Simmons and child, who was about 2 years old. Mrs. Simmons was insane on religion, and had been in that condition for three months. She was standing near the track and dove under the train.

STUCK BY A TRAIN. Detroit, April 30.—A man believed to be Patrick McGoldrick was struck by a Michigan Central train at the corner of Michigan avenue and Twentieth street at 2:55 yesterday. The body was found by Patrolman Sterling, the head being severed from the trunk and lying 75 feet from it. In the pockets was found a grocery book bearing the name Patrick McGoldrick.

LEG AND ARM CRUSHED. Bay City, Mich., April 30.—A train on the Michigan Central ran over Gust Rheinhart, an ex-soldier in the Spanish war, at West Branch Saturday afternoon. Rheinhart had a leg and arm crushed.

SUICIDE BECAUSE HE WAS SCOLDED. Escanaba, Mich., April 30.—William Pettin, aged 15, committed suicide on Saturday evening by shooting himself in the forehead with a bullet from a Stevens 22 short revolver. The cause of the act is on account of a scolding from his mother.

HANGED HIMSELF. Pembroke, Ont., April 30.—Andrew Young, a highly respected farmer of North Monaghan, living about six miles from the town, hanged himself in his barn on Friday. Deceased was about 54 years of age, and leaves a wife and one son. Young had not been enjoying very good health, and it is supposed that this caused him to take his life.

SWIMMING FATALITY. Battle Creek, Mich., April 30.—Floyd Kien, the 9-year-old son of Fred Halladay, went in swimming on Saturday in a small pond near his father's residence. The water was so cold that he was seized with cramps, and was drowned in the presence of his playmates.

ELEVEN HURT—TWO KILLED. Birmingham, Ala., April 30.—By the collapse of the framework of the main building of the Dimmick Pipe and Foundry Company, in the course of erection at North Birmingham, two men are dead and two will die, and eleven others are injured. The building was 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. About 30 men went down in the wreckage. Those on the ground floor escaped through the windows.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF SHOT. Wadsworth, Vt., April 30.—Deputy Sheriff George W. Hoffman was shot on South Hill, near Pittsfield, while pursuing Dunstan and Frank Shaw, father and son, who had escaped from the Windsor county jail here. The deputy died during the night from the wound.

BOTH LEGS CUT OFF. Ann Arbor, Mich., April 30.—Grant E. Bilks, better known as "Jack" Bilks, fell under a Detroit and Ann Arbor electric car while trying to alight at the corner of Main and Washington streets on Saturday. Both legs were cut off. He lived but a few hours after the accident occurred.

BRIDGE GAVE WAY. Prescott, Mich., April 30.—While Mesdames Adams and Dockham were crossing the bridge over the Rifle River the structure gave way, precipitating the women with their team, into the water, twenty feet below. Both women were seriously, perhaps fatally, injured.

JUMPED OVERBOARD. New York, April 30.—The steamship Lucania lost one of her passengers on the last trip from this side. John Wyatt, a stevedore passenger, jumped overboard in mid-ocean on April 11, and was lost. The man lived at Wilkes-barre, Pa., and was on his way to visit his wife and children in England.

AT DAWSON Trade Is Steady and Good and Prices Have Fallen.

Toronto, April 30.—Reports appear to have been circulated by the American coast papers that Dawson is practically dead from a commercial standpoint, says the Globe, and largely a deserted mining camp. The correspondent desires to give the statement an emphatic and unqualified denial. Dawson is more soundly prosperous today, commercially speaking, than since its inception. Trade is not such of a general slump, but is steady and good. During the past winter, prices in merchandise and real estate have dropped from the fictitious value of a boom camp to reasonable rates. Money has been much freer, 5 per cent. per annum being the highest interest paid, where last year it was 10 per cent. More active mining under better methods is going on this winter. Last year men were staking claims and waiting for the boom to come. It is true that Dawson has decreased very much in population during the past year, and there are a large number of vacant cabins, but this is not as much due to the boom as it is to the ebbing of the wild rush into the Klondike of 1897 and 1898. Some will undergo a similar experience during the coming year.

CHICAGO'S CANAL A BOOMERANG. Chicago, April 30.—Much interest is being taken here in the proposed effect of the drainage canal on the Lake Michigan water level. The sanitary officials in charge of the canal were considerably gratified this morning to receive a wire from Detroit saying that the

depth of water on the Kilia showed no falling off. The general belief here now is that vessel men may worry less about the Lake Kilia and more about the port of Chicago, where the increased current and decreased depth are causing unforeseen trouble. Where the matter will end no one knows at present. But meanwhile Milwaukee is claiming all kinds of advantages for herself in the way of port conveniences, hoping to profit by Chicago's difficulties. They cannot be any doubt but this port will suffer in trade this summer on account of the drainage canal, but how much this will help Milwaukee and other ports is a matter that can only be told at the close of navigation.

NERVY GIRL

Swung From the Trestle to Escape Being Run Down by a Train.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 30.—Annie Brown, a 14-year-old girl, living two miles from English, attended Sunday school at that place yesterday afternoon, and started home about 5 o'clock, taking the railroad track as the shorter way. As she started across a trestle that spans a ravine about 300 feet wide, and had just reached the center, a fast freight turned the curve. She saw that it would be impossible to reach the further side before the train would be upon her, and she stepped to the edge of the trestle, and as the train came up swung herself down by the hands, holding on to the cross ties.

The engineer saw her, and as soon as the train cleared the trestle he jumped from his cab and hastened back toward the girl. She was struggling to raise herself, and was almost exhausted when the engineer caught her by the hands and pulled her up. The ravine over which she was suspended was 75 feet deep.

FOOLED THE THIEF

He Got 25 Cents and Lost a \$20 Bicycle.

Detroit, April 30.—The bicyclist who snatches purses for a living won't attempt to snatch another lady's pocketbook in the future until he ascertains whether his wheel is in good condition. A lady was standing on Mack avenue at 9 o'clock Saturday night, when a bicyclist appeared at her side and snatched her purse. He got too near the curbstone, however, and in running against the hard stone his chain snapped and broke, throwing the bicyclist in the street.

The thief scrambled to his feet and ran with the lady's purse. "Had he looked behind he would have noticed a triumphant smile on the lady's countenance as she picked up the wheel and wicker basket," she had reason to smile. Her purse, valued at 15 cents, contained only six coppers and a street car ticket. For 25 cents she got a \$20 wheel.

FOR WELL PEOPLE.

An Easy Way to Keep Well.

It is easy to keep well if we would only observe each day a few simple rules of health.

The all-important thing is to keep the stomach right, and to do this is not necessary to diet or to follow a set rule or bill of fare. Such pampering simply makes a capricious appetite and a feeling that certain favorite articles of food must be avoided.

Prof. Wieschold gives pretty good advice on this subject. He says: "I am 68 years old, and have never had a serious illness, and at the same time my life has been largely an indoor one, but I early discovered that the way to keep healthy was to keep a healthy stomach, not by eating bran crackers or dieting of any sort; on the contrary, I always eat what my appetite craves, but for the past eight years I have used a daily practice to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal, and I attribute my robust health for a man of my age to the regular daily use of Stuart's Tablets."

"My physician first advised me to use them because he said they were perfectly harmless and were not a secret patent medicine, but contained only the natural digestives, pepsines and pancreas, and after using them a few weeks I have never ceased to thank him for his advice."

"I honestly believe the habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is the real health habit, because it brings health to the sick and ailing, and preserves health to the well and strong."

Men and women past 50 years of age need a safe digestive after meals to insure a perfect digestion and to ward off disease, and the safest, best-known and most widely used is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They are found in every well-regulated household from Maine to California, and are rapidly pushing their way into popular favor.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full-sized packages, at 50 cents, and for a weak stomach a 50 cent package will often do \$30 worth of good.

The little town of Turner (Kan.) with its 400 inhabitants, supplied three soldiers when the call for volunteers was issued, and all of them died with disease.

NO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. B. W. Groves' signature is on each box.

The largest library of small books in the world belongs to a Frenchman, who boasts that he can pack 700 volumes in a single portmanteau.

Mothers are assured that LAXATIVE CATHARTIC Tablets are a very superior laxative for children's use. Mild, thorough, recommended by doctors. At druggists, 25 cents.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan, pimples, freckles, and all skin blemishes, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 51 years and is the best of its kind. A perfect counterfeiter of the beautiful skin of a lady of the East. I recommend "Gouraud's Cream" as the least harmful of all the skin preparations used. It is a perfect skin beautifier without injury to the skin.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF TURNER (KAN.) WITH ITS 400 INHABITANTS, SUPPLIED THREE SOLDIERS WHEN THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS WAS ISSUED, AND ALL OF THEM DIED WITH DISEASE.

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ONE OF MANY WHO WERE CURED

Our Native Herbs

Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of \$1.00 per box, containing 300 day's treatment.

THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO., 232 St. Paul St., Montreal, Can.

Eight years ago I was taken sick with typhoid fever, after which I had pleurisy, with water in my side, and a bad cough—raising blood. This left me helpless, so that I could not work for two years. My case seemed to puzzle the best physicians. I became somewhat better, so that I could do some light work, but last winter I was taken with a severe attack of grip which left me unfit for work again. On the 5th of May, 1899, I began taking OUR NATIVE HERBS and in a fortnight I felt better. After taking it one month, my cough and blood raising stopped altogether. Now, I am able to do my own work and my recovery is due entirely to Our Native Herbs.

TIMOTHY GAUDER, Melbourne, Can.

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Price, \$85.00, Spot Cash.

Typewriter Supplies. Machines Rented. Stenographers Supplied.

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Free Cure For Men.

Railways and Navigation

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Jan. 14, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto, (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except Saturday, at 11:30 a.m., and on Sunday at 11:55 a.m., for Halifax, St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 5:30 p.m. The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and arrive at 4:30 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.

The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, ducks, and other waterfowl common to this part of the continent. For information as to game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of "Hed and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, Wm. Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 804 Yonge street, Toronto.

H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 143 St. James street, Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships for Liverpool, Calling at Mowille.

From Montreal, Quebec, 9 a.m. 8 p.m. Parisian.....May 12, May 20 Tunisian (new).....May 22, May 28 Noumian.....June 2, June 9 Corinthian (new).....June 9, June 16 From New York to Glasgow, May 3.

RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, \$32.50 upwards. Second cabin \$36 and upwards. Steerage, \$23.50. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$23.50. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets.

London agents—E. De La Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

WHITE STAR LINE