

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

By J. H. HUNTER.

My dear old friend, I walked to a window that looked out upon one of those dismal town views where wet clothes dappled in the wind excluded every other feature of the landscape. What right had he to question Miss Malvina as to the welfare of Clarence Westover's wife. He stood with his broad back turned toward Miss Malvina until his quick ear caught an unmistakable sob. He turned and came back to her, his face full of solicitude.

"My dear old friend! Why, Miss Malvina, tell me what troubles you. Can't you trust me, the last of the Broxtons, as entirely as you used to trust my forebears?"

Miss Malvina was in total eclipse behind a very large pocket handkerchief. Tom, bending his head low, could catch but one word, fractured by sobs, "Po-oor!"

"Poor! What, and you did not let me know? Now, do you call that being a friend? Why, haven't you heard what a famous old man my invention has made of? Come, now, dear old friend! How happy it will make me to become your banker! Who is there but you to share my good fortune?"

Miss Malvina emerged into view with eyes full of perplexity and astonishment.

"Thomas Broxtton, what are you talking about?"

"Didn't you say you were poor, and wasn't that what you were—poor?"

"Blubbling about? Well, upon my word and honor! Yes, I did say poor, but I wasn't talking about myself. Oh—she—would never let me lack for anything. She is as good as an own daughter to me."

"She?"

"M-mh!"

"I suppose you mean Olivia by 'she'?"

"Thank goodness, at last!"

She looked at him radiantly and pocketed her big handkerchief with a triumphant flourish. Tom looked perplexed in his turn.

"Thank goodness for what?"

"You will bear me witness, Tom, you did it—I didn't."

"I'll bear you witness to anything," said Tom, with a great laugh, "if you'll only be a little more lucid."

"Ollie said I wasn't on any terms to bring her name into the conversation unless you mentioned it first, and I began to think you never would do it."

A cloud settled on Tom's bright face. "Oh, why—why should we not mention her name? Does she suppose that I am going through life with bayonet set to run amuck of any man or woman who mentions Clarence Westover's wife in my presence? I have accepted life inevitable."

"Oh, my! Well, I just don't care—I just must—I am dying to—I'm going to!"

While Miss Malvina held this spasmodic colloquy with conscience in audible jerks Tom watched her anxiously. Was "Mother" Spillman's "queerness" going to descend upon her daughter?

"Tom, dear, if anything pleasanter than the 'inevitable' should be offered for your acceptance, would you embrace it?"

He knitted his brows comically.

"How very mysterious you are, Miss Malvina!"

"Wouldn't you—don't you know Ollie is not Clarence Westover's wife? Don't you know she's just been daff ever since she heard you were hurt?"

He turned very pale, but sent himself by her side before making any sort of reply. He had perfect control of himself when he answered:

"No! I had not heard anything. You see, I have been very much cut off from my old acquaintances out here. Where—Is she, then? You said you did not leave her on the other side of the water."

"She's down stairs." He bounded to his feet, then stopped irresolutely.

Miss Malvina laughed frolicfully and gave him a little shove.

"Mercy on me! What between you and Olivia I feel as if I was trying to work two mechanical toys with all their machinery out of order. It's a jerk forward and a jerk backward. Please go down stairs, Tom, and leave it all out with Ollie one way or the other. Take my word for it, she loves you dearly."

And there were no more backward jerks on his part to complain of. When he entered the dark, stuffy parlor, he could scarcely discern the slim figure seated in its farthest corner. He still limped slightly from his accident, but his progress was reasonably rapid.

"Ollie!" He stretched out his hands eagerly. "My little friend! Why, I thought you were on the other side of the ocean!"

Her hands were in his, and she was looking up at him with a light in her eyes that fairly illuminated the obscurity for him.

"And I thought you were in a sick-bed with broken legs and things, and I expected to kneel down by your bedside and whisper all sorts of contrite and comforting things into your poor ears, and here you are strong and well and bigger than ever!"

"I am very sorry," said Tom meekly, and then they both laughed. Still holding her hands in his, he drew her to a sofa by a window.

"So am I," said Ollie, catching her breath as one does when about to take a daring plunge, "for it makes it harder for me to say what I have come all the way back from Nice to say. But

perhaps you don't want me to say anything at all."

"The very sound of your dear voice brings healing with it, Olivia."

"Then—then—oh, Tom, it's perfectly horrid of you to make me say it! But I deserve some sort of punishment. Did you think I asked you to take me—just because I was sorry for you? Did not you know I—I love you?"

"You see, Tom, I've always loved you? No. You poor dear, how could you when I only found it out myself that day after you got up and went from me without once looking back? You see, Tom, you treated me too well at first. But—but—if you love me, Tom, it will all come right at last. I said 'No' to you once when I did not know my own mind, and you said 'No' to me when you wanted to punish me for being such a frivolous weathercock. I did a silly thing, Tom, and you did—a cruel one. But all the world knows, Tom, that two negatives make an affirmative—that is, you know, dear, where they really and truly love each other. If you love me, Tom—"

"If I love you? Ollie, my own little Olivia, at last! Your lungs has never

grown dim in my faithful heart. You are the one thing in life that I have longed for with a longing unappeasable and unutterable. All things else I have said I would have. You alone were the unattainable through force of will. The supreme good of my life had to come to me as a free gift from this beloved little hand."

And a golden silence fell between them.

When Clarence Westover, then wintering in Florida with his handsome Clementine, read in the Mandeville papers that Thomas Broxtton and Olivia Matthews had been quietly married at the home of the bride and immediately removed to their future residence, Broxtton Hall, he laughed and rolled the paper up to mail to Jeanne. On its margin he wrote:

It was Tom, and not me, she cared for all along, only it took her a phenomenally long time to make the discovery. Love has found the way to make good all losses to splendid Tom Broxtton.

THE END.

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plete settlement of the Chinese troubles. It gives him authority to make any terms according to his own discretion without referring them to the Emperor. This is unusual authority, and is said at the Chinese Legation to meet all the objections heretofore raised as to his power to negotiate for peace. The edict is dated two weeks ago, but has just been forwarded from Li Hung Chang.

To Produce the Emperor.

Peking, Aug. 31, via Shanghai, Sept. 8.—It is unofficially but reliably stated that Prince Ching will produce the Emperor. The situation seems to hinge upon this. If Prince Ching can discover the Emperor His Majesty's rule will probably be re-established, as there is no other like candidate. Prince Ching comes under the Imperial edict, and two other leading Chinamen will be deputed to assist the negotiations for a settlement, one of whom will probably be Li Hung Chang.

The British, the Americans, the Japanese, and the Russians are posting proclamations defining the jurisdiction of their respective districts for the preservation of order, promising protection to the inhabitants and inviting a resumption of business. The purpose of restoring confidence. The streets, however, are still deserted.

THE MURDERED CHANCELLOR.

Japanese Found the Body of Their Dead Representative.

Peking, Aug. 29, via Shanghai, Sept. 8.—A member of the Japanese Legation, guided by the secretary of the Tsung Li Yamen, yesterday found a body outside the southeast gate, which was identified as that of Sugiyama Akira, the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, who was murdered by Chinese in June last. The body was cremated and the ashes prepared for shipment.

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icans and French, 400 each; Germans, 250, and the Austrians, the Italians and the marine detachment. They will enter the south gate at 8 o'clock in the morning. All will be dismounted except the generals and their staffs.

ALL COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Reported Death of General Yung Lu and His Family.

Tokio, Friday, Sept. 7.—Advices from Peking dated Sept. 1 say that Emperor Kwangsu was then at Hsienhsuifu, in the Province of Chihli, 130 miles north of Peking. It is reported that General Yung Lu and his entire family committed suicide. A similar report has been received regarding Hsi Hui (possibly Emperor Kwangsu's tutor).

Li Ping Heng, at one time Governor of Shantung, who was reported fatally wounded on August 10, is said to have been killed in the engagement at Yungchow.

Chinese Savagely Burned.

Peking, Aug. 28, via Shanghai, Sept. 8.—A fire occurred last night in a pagoda where a company of British and American heliograph operators were at work. When the smoke of the fire was first discovered efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but they proved futile, and the large wooden structure was totally destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Washington's Hands Died.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The following despatch has been received at the War Department:

"Taku (no date).—Two, afternoon, fourth.—Evidence accumulates that diplomatic relations will not be resumed here for a long time. Russian legation leave very soon for Tien Tsin. Appears to me certain Chinese Government will not return here whilst foreign army remains, and I this is not an act to be considered. My opinion is that it is not to be considered. Foreign army pending settlement by powers at other points. (Signed) Chaffee."

Britain and Germany Together.

London, Sept. 11.—A special from Berlin says Great Britain and Germany have agreed not to consider the recent outrages has been obtained.

BULLER'S VICTORY.

Sir Redvers Captured a Boer Position—Enemy Retreats Over a Narrow Causeway and Lost Heavily.

London, Sept. 11.—The War Office has received a report from Lord Buller saying Gen. Buller September 8 attacked and captured a position at Spitzkop. He adds that the Boers retreated over a narrow causeway, losing heavily. The British had 13 men killed and 25 wounded.

Too Drunk to Get Away.

A despatch from Johannesburg reports that a British force, consisting of 100 men, captured a Boer position on the railway yesterday and surprised twenty of them. The Boers, who had captured and looted a train of liquor and champagne. They were drunk and nine of them were killed or wounded, and the rest were captured.

Baden-Powell's New Job.

Pretoria, Sept. 10.—Gen. Baden-Powell has been appointed chief of the Transvaal police.

The Transvaal Concessions.

London, Sept. 11.—The Colonial Office says that the British Government issued a notice in South Africa, Saturday, Sept. 8, to the effect that every concession granted by the late Government of the Transvaal Republic will be considered by Her Majesty's Government on its merits, the British Government reserving the right to decline to recognize or to modify any concession. The commission having the matter in charge will begin its sittings Oct. 1.

SEIGT. CLUNIE IS DEAD.

Heart Failure Took of a Canadian at Herbert Hospital.

Ottawa, Sept. 11.—The following cablegrams have been received at the Department of Militia and Defence:

London, Sept. 10.—To Militia, Ottawa.—Regret to report the death from heart failure, Sergt. Clunie, 7,646, Herbert Hospital, Woodwith on the 6th inst. (Signed) Strathcona.

7,646 was Pte. R. Clunie. He was in the Ottawa Co.

Cape Town, Sept. 10.—To Governor-General, Ottawa.—8th Sept. 10, 1899. Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst. regarding the death of Pte. R. Clunie, 7,646, Herbert Hospital, Woodwith on the 6th inst. (Signed) Strathcona.

London, Sept. 10.—To Governor-General, Ottawa.—10th Sept. 10, 1899. Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst. regarding the death of Pte. R. Clunie, 7,646, Herbert Hospital, Woodwith on the 6th inst. (Signed) Strathcona.

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Boiled Down Facts

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills

Iron is the vital element of the blood. Too little iron means weakness, lack of spirit, pallid cheeks, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervousness, nervousness, loss of vital force, ending in general break-down. The iron in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is in the soluble form you need, in combination with other curative agents, in such a manner that disease cannot resist their action.

The blood becomes rich and red, strength returns, spirits revive, good health comes back again. You feel yourself getting well when you take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

50c. per box, five boxes for \$2.00.

For sale by John E. Richards, Aylmer, Ontario.

Large brick house and ten lots for nothing. See how it is done: Buy 10 acres just outside the city of St. Thomas on the south side of Wellington street, which is offered for \$4,000. Subdivide it, which will make 50 lots, sell 40 lots at \$100 each, which is very cheap. Here is your \$4,000 with 10 lots left with good buildings, good speculation. Look after it quick. Enquire of C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

Fruit farm for sale—6 acres of land with good brick house and good outbuildings on the east side of Fairview avenue, just outside the city limits of St. Thomas. There is now in full bearing 300 plum, 50 pear and 50 cherry trees, and 2 acres of berries and a lot of other small fruit. The above property is on about the highest point in Yarmouth, overlooking the city. Reason for selling is on account of the owner's health giving out. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—A FARM—30 acres of choice land, all cleared and well improved, east quarter of the south-east quarter of Sec. 2, and the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of Section One, and the north half of south-east quarter of south-west quarter of Section One, in Township 18, North Range 1, East of 1st Range, in the County of York, Ontario. The above property is offered for sale on easy terms, and on easy terms. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of choice land, all cleared and well improved, east quarter of the south-east quarter of Sec. 2, and the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of Section One, and the north half of south-east quarter of south-west quarter of Section One, in Township 18, North Range 1, East of 1st Range, in the County of York, Ontario. The above property is offered for sale on easy terms, and on easy terms. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

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