

A Scourge of Doubt.

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Kitty and Gretchen Tremaine are two most charming girls. Kenneth English, crippled in a hunting accident is staying with the Tremaines and is Gretchen's special charge. He marries her. Arthur Blunden, Sir John's cousin, is lured into the coils of a charmer by the name of Fanny Charteris, a flame of Sir John's fancy to his wife's rage.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Come in," says Kitty, quietly. She is standing before her glass, adding some of the last finishing touches to the already charming picture. "I really do not know what I am doing," she says, looking at the small mark lying on the couch beyond. Her maid, tired of admiration, which, though of the silent order, she takes care always to direct to her. She is at this moment quite alone.

"Sir John, opening the door, comes in, and closes it behind him. So many weeks have come and gone since those happy days when he would seek her room to sit and talk to her during her toilet, that Kitty, passing in her excitement, addresses him expectantly, and colors very distinctly. There is in her expression a marked surprise, hardly complimentary.

"Don't let me disturb you," says Blunden in a tone cold and formal. "I found this note from Gretchen, directed to you, in my pocket. It came enclosed in a letter to me this morning, but I quite forgot to deliver it until now."

"Her bosom, beneath the amber satin of her gown, rises and falls in quick pulsations, with some hidden agitation, surely caused by a feeling stronger than could be created by the mere perusal of Gretchen's letter. Yet, sweet as is the vision in the mirror, Sir John looks at himself as he reads, with a much less glow as herself is lovelier than all others."

About the House

OH, MY FEET!

Women who are obliged to be on their feet a good deal suffer from tired and aching feet to an extent few except the victims are able to realize. Especially is this true at this season of the year, when corns and bunions, if one has them (and how few have not!) seem the principal part of one's anatomy.

Sometimes the trouble is in part at least, due to ill-fitting shoes, those that are out of shape or are run over at the heels. Such shoes are a prolific cause of corns. Sometimes they are misshapen, or only half laced, and slip and slide when one walks. Never wear a shoe that will make you sorry if you over shoe. It is a strain on the feet to wear a shoe that does not deal with the general condition.

"I do see it. But for a mere whim of I am not going to behave disrespectfully to Cecil Launceston. There is no harm in what I am doing. I never knew it was wrong to accept a bunch of flowers from a friend."

"You are talking to me, after all I have said—after all you know—is a deliberate insult to me." "You will not come with me, then," she demands, she deliberately confronting him with a cold and steady light in her eyes. She moves a step nearer to him, and a gleam of the wax candles that illumines the room, her shining satin gown, her glittering in her hair and sparkling on her neck. Just now, with the passionate defiance and reproach upon her face, she looks like a queen.

"Blunden, almost as handsome in his own way, stands at a little distance from her, his face dark with anger, and, though acknowledging her beauty, is quite unmoved by it. He has told you my condition, and he replies, inmovable determination in his tone.

"And I have refused to comply with it." "Sir John bows. "That settles the question," he says, "refuse to come with me?" "I positively refuse to come with me?" "I positively do."

"Kitty, raising one hand, lays it impulsively upon her bosom. There is a gleam of something dark and angry in the gesture. The other hand rests, as though seeking support, upon the arm of the chair nearest to her.

Wise Ways of Women.

No "prizes" offered with common soap. The "prizes" offered with common soap, in the hands of a woman, are to be used as common soap. The wise woman soon sees she has to wash her hands in the best quality of soap, in the damage common soap does to her clothes and her health—so soon ruined if she were to continue breathing the air of a crowded room, or the air of a crowded street.

RICH WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

Fortunes that went a-begging for owners. An Opera Singer's Luck.—Sailor Ran Away From \$2,500,000.

A half share of \$200,000 was the prize waiting for Miss Norden, the famous opera singer. The other \$100,000 was to go to her brother. A consent had been given by the mother to her children, however, that neither could take a share without the participation of the other. The prima donna's brother had been lost sight of for years, and search had been made in vain.

For some months a young blue-jacket, belonging to the gunboat "Albatross," had been in the habit of writing to his mother, who was a widow, and had a family of half a million. This sum was acquired by a large manufacturer in the Midlands, who left it to his nephew as sole heir.

ALMOST IN DESPAIR.

THE CONDITION OF MRS. JOHN SEWITT, OF ORANGEVILLE.

Suffered From a Burning Sensation in the Stomach.—Food Became Distasteful and Retention of Urine. She had been in bed for several months.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. The Sun is enabled this week through the courtesy of Mrs. John Sewitt, of Orangeville, to give the particulars of a case of the most distressing nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured her.

TESTED RECIPES. Custard Johnny Cake.—Two well-beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 2/3 cup corn meal, 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup butter.

WIVES RULE HUSBANDS. In the Valley of the Barca, in Abyssinia, there is a community where the women, without holding meetings or assemblies of any kind, have emancipated themselves. All the women work hard, while the men are idle, but by the way of compensation, the house and all it contains belong to the wife.

GOLD AND SILVER SILK. Gold and silver silks are coming from South Africa. The fibres are spun by two remarkable spiders of the forest, and are of a quality that is found in captivity, and that the spider weaves for itself. The silks are stretched and washed, and then, often in a vast network. Both silks are very fine and strong, and the fineness of the golden silk being about that of the silver.

HABIT OF SPITTING.

The Public Health Department of the City of London is embarking upon a crusade in which it will have the sympathy of every decent man and woman and equally, it is to be hoped, the active support of public bodies and large employers of labor, says the Lancet. The department has issued a circular asking for co-operation in preventing so far as possible the growing habit of spitting in the streets and other places of public resort.

COMpletely LAID UP. A CONTRACTOR CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE. He is Better Now and Writes an Interesting Letter Telling of His Sufferings and How it Came About.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 18.—(Special)—There are few men in the west end of this city who are more widely and more favorably known, than Mr. W. J. Keane, 201 Spadina St., a successful contractor and business man as builder and contractor.

Mr. Keane found a cure where so many sick and suffering ones have failed. He writes: "I had been in bed for several months, and was unable to get up. I had been suffering from kidney trouble for some time, and had been advised by several doctors to try various remedies, but nothing had done me any good."

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Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Have you tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea yet? Put up Black Head & Ceylon Green. Wholesale Staple Clothing. Ask your dealer for these goods. WYLD-DARLING COMPANY, LIMITED, 120 BATH ST., TORONTO.

EMONS Extra Fine Stook \$3.50. 300 or 360 size, PER BOX. The DAWSON COMMISSION CO. Limited, TORONTO.

OUR BRANDS. King Edward, "Headlight", "Eagle", "Victoria", "Little Comet". Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands. USE EDDY'S.

LIBBY'S NATURAL FLAVOR FOODS. At the University of Chicago, Libby's Natural Flavor Foods were found to be the most nutritious and palatable of any food.

WHITE SLATES. It is the opinion of a German oculist that the use of ordinary slates by school children tends to produce eye short-sightedness. A substitute he recommends pen and ink, or an artificial white slate and black pencil. The latter have introduced in some of the German schools.

NESTING BETWEEN TARGETS. Quite recently, while the targets on the range at Glenora, near Perth, Scotland, were being examined, a partridge's nest with twelve eggs was discovered situated on the butt midway between two targets. The bird does not mind the noise of the shooting, which goes on daily, though some shots must go unpleasantly near it.

PAID FOR BURYING CABLES. An curious post in connection with cables is that of "cable burial." At different places, certain men are paid a small sum to keep the cable buried by which goes on daily from the cable station as far out at sea as it is possible to work. This is to prevent the cables from injury by exposure to land influences.

TO USE A COB BY OUR DAY. The Lattimore Family Quilt, Tabernacle, and other quilts are now on hand. They are made of the best material and are very durable.

Washerwoman's Trust.

Following the example of great financial potentates, the Japanese washerwoman at Vladivostok has formed a species of trust, the members of which agree to contribute to a fund for the purpose of buying a house for the washerwomen of the district.

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TOO MUCH TO STAND. The prisoner rose to speak in his own defence. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I know the man whom I am accused of killing for years, and I suffered much at his hands. He swindled me of the greater part of my fortune, ran away with my wife, and left me with three children, practicing the cruellest of arts on the corner for hours at a time in the room adjoining mine, and I was not allowed to see my children for years."

COULDN'T TELL ALL. "Harold," she said, "the letter you wrote me when you were away was beautiful. I was proud to receive it. 'Where you?' he responded, 'I am glowing with pleasure.' 'Yes, and yet—I can't help feeling that it was not from you.' 'Didn't you recognize the handwriting?' 'Yes, but I felt that you were not speaking to me in a frank, straightforward manner. You were certainly clever of you to discover that. You see, I couldn't tell you that it was not from me, but I was with a fountain pen.'"

MONKEY DEROSCE. Royal Keeper. St. Philip, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901. A little boy was asked by his Sunday-school teacher why a certain part of the church was called an altar. "Because it is where people lay their names," he promptly answered.

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