# 

Mintle says, feeling just a littie bit impressed by this genealogical lessen. "And who is Sir James Damer.

Oh, the baronet " Lady Damer "Oh, the barenet?" Lady Damer says, are abret in the Damer side, Mrs. Deane. It is ony husband who is the next heir there."
"And who will succeed him, then, Lady samer?" he resists Minite, looking greatly interested. "Mr. Damer has no son, has he?"
"The title goes to a distant branch of the Damer family," her ladyship says slowly, with distinct and defiberatis enunciation, "as I have no son."

"Son." Regent street at engate that morning, and sees Gillian, genthal that morning, and

of the latter family," her ladyship only in her heart and is mixed on the rips, and the many the many

And then her helyship assumes a fresher it, pachaps are of her eleverest, considering now difficult its assumption must be.

Sumption must be.
Sumption must be grown for a black one, drapes herself in soft, dense black laces, and a few jet ornaments, and goes down to the drawling-room.

"Oh, my! What's improced?" Minte exclaims, starting vidently in the very same casy chair by the fire in the very same room where she had first met George Archer! She wonders if Pingham Lacy remembers it, and there is a pitcous mate inquiry in the wistful eyes upturned to his.

on, my! What's approved? Mustic exclaims, sarting violently in alarm, and nearly upsetting the teatable where she and cilian are excity chatting in the fire light as the states by, black-draped form glides into the shr room with sorrow-stricken mien, and

upturned to his.
"He hasn't com back, has he?

she whispers, swiftly, with a shrinking sense of pain and dread at the very thought of meeting again the beloved, cruel face which

had even scorned to look kindly on

"No, dear, he has gone to Amer-a. I'll tell you more another

time."
"Bingham, dear," her ladyship says,

answer:

slow, noiseless tread.

And her ladythip forgives the Am-And her lady hip lorgives the American Lady's vogar impulsiveness in her lady's vogar impulsiveness in consideration of her appreciation of her dramatic appearance. "What happens to all of us, one day or another, dear Mrs. Deane."

And her lady hip lorgives the American Lady scores and even scorned to look kindly on her American solution of her American Lady scores in the whiteness of her fair maidefly brow, and Lacy, "What happens to all of us, one down to her in a swift whispered

Late Damer says, sel maly, dropping into poetry like Silas Wegg: "the death of a dear friend."

death of a dear friend."
"Who is 1t?" Gillian asks, buskily, her heart paneing for the reply.
"Sir James, my dear child. Poor, dear Cousis James!" Lady Damer says, with her snewy handkepchief, daintily black embroidered, fluttering near her eyes; "and poor Sir Harry, my husband, feels it so deeply and is in such distress. They were like brothers, y or know."

She has not omitted to give her husband, his day-old, title in the midst

"Who is it?" Gillian asks, buskily, her heart pancing for the reply, "siy James," my dear child. Peer, dear Cousis James?" Lady Damer says, with her snewy headscrenief, daintily black embroidered, fluttering near her eyes; "and poor Sir Harry, my husband, fesls it so deeply and its in such distress. They were like brothers, you know."

She has not omitted to give her busband, his day-old title in the midst of her grif, Minti notices instantly, "Hum!" that shrewd young lady sys, mentally, "i guess that hand kerchi f isn't very wet."

"And so I must g back at once," dearest," Lady Damer says, quictly and sorrowfully to Gillian; "they are all in such trouble, you see, My husband and poor, dear Bingham, who has everything or his shoulders, as he says Sir Harry is quite overcome with the clock as your sudian dear," her ladyship says, in a lei arery way, noticing the momentary confidence with well pleased to mentary confidence with well pleased. They see, "how is your uncle Harry? Upset, of course, as you told me, by this sudden shock, but not ill—nothing serious, I hope?"

"Unde Harry has been very ill—he is better now. Aunt Jeannette—a la better—" he stammers, flushing oddly, and staring at her, one time-for a week or two—but nothing very serious, you know, Aunt Jeannette—nothing we needed to tring on home for an iwe managed and nursed him all right."

"Was he as bad as that? Very ill—for a week or two, an 4 you never has everything on his shoulders, as he says Sir Harry is quite overcome with the shock—a very sudden deata, Mrs. Deane, sad to say, and four poor, dear orphan rirels! One must think of them. Will you come back with me, Gillian, love, or—is it asking too much? I know that you have the pleasant alternative of a heart.

should not have let aunt and you come near me in that case."
"I didn't mean that I was afraid,"
Gillian says, angrily. "Do you think I am so selfish and cowardly?"
"No: I could never think either," he replies, gravely. "Uncle Harry has had an attack of inflammation of the

"Who did you say you had as his doctors, Bingham?" Lady Damer asks, in a faint, stifled voice. "Coghlan and Meyrick. Meyrick is very clever, you know, annt." he re-

him through, and they said there no immediate necessity to alarm you."

"Indeed? What a good thing Coghlan found such a good nurse." Lady Damer says coldly, almost scornfully. The day of the funeral! she can be any dectors and mirrors of expenses and heavy dectors and mirrors bills." she thinks bitterly, "because my wretched husband celebrates his succession to his baronetcy by a lit of delirium tremens! How soon does the train leave? Pray let us get home as quicking leave? Pray le she is more grateful to poor dead Sir James than ever, the next morning, when she steps into the Pullman car of the London & Northwestern line, gracefully attired in feach cleans. western line, gracetuny attreet in fresh, elegant mourning, sent express from Regent street at eight that morning, and sees Gillian, gentie and thoughtful for her as a daughter could be, seated opposite to her, returning with her for an infinitely long visit to Mount Ossory.

dame de compagnie,"
"No. I don't think you will," Lacy
agrees, calmly, and Gillian cannot
quite restrain a glance of disdaluful surprise at him.

## THE CARE OF BABIES.

A Great Responsibility Rests on All Mothers - Baby Should Always be

Bright and Cheerful. Pabies that are well, sleep well, ca well act well and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and playful, needs immediate attention or the results may be serious. Prudent mothers should always keep ready at hand a safe yet effective remedy to administer to their little ones as administer to their fittle ones as emergency arises. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets do not act as the so-called "sooth-ing" medicines do. They do not have a deadening or superying effect, but on the contrary go right to the seat of the trouble and by removing it are the child and prevent a recur care the child and prevent a recurrence of the difficulty. All mothers who have used this medicine praise it and always keep it in the house. Mrs. G. Baines, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says; "The Baby's Own Tablets which I ordered came just in time. My baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, but I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses and he is now doing splendidly, with just a Tablet now and then when a little restless. I am the mother of eight children, and I must say I have never had a

ments of children, such as constipa-lion, sour stomach, colic, diarrhoea, neligestion, and simple fever. They areak up colds, prevent croup, and dlay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are for poor, dear orphan girls! One must think of them, will you come back with me, Gillian, love, or—is it asking the first through her sating the must of them will you come back with me, Gillian, love, or—is it asking the must of them will be the pleasant alternative of a large that the steel armor of her heart.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure, E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 250.

Indiv. With her dainty han kerchief fluttering about her face, but some fluttering allout her face, but some the cutting of teeth. They are for children of all ages, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Yes, he was very ill," Bingham safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

white gite in the similarity yonder with a fast-beating heart.

Then it was sweet summer-time over the land, amid the sunshine and the green leaves, and the song of birds. Now it is, as it should be, in the cold, gray, dead time of the early year, when there is not a bud of promise to be seen.

Even Lady Damer's keen, discontented eyes can detect no "horrible disorder" in the smoothly-rolled drive, the freshly-ellpped shrubberies, the spotless coorsteps, the snowy, lowered blinds, and gleams of well-draped crimson and embroidered cartains which meet her gaze.

She comes over to Lacy's side, dressed in her long, graceful trailing gown of black cashmere and velvet, with Medici ruffles of black lace high about the stately throat, and one pensant of jet and diamonds flashing on her breast; a stately, right royal-looking woman; this girl who had been her hardly-used dependent for years.

"My wife, Aunt Jeannette," Lacy says, composedly, drawing the white

snys, composedly, drawing the white hand within his arm. "Anne O'Neil is my beloved wife now, and we have peen married for two weeks!"

CHAPTER XL.

A wild evanescent throb of joy and hankfulness thrills through Gillian's thankidness thems caroons of the breast as Captain Lacy speaks, for in the first passion of selfish gladness she can think of nothing else ness she can think of nothing else than that George's free still— George's life is not utterly sundered from her life yet, though the wide world life between them! "On Anne, I am so glad," she cries,

in that passionate impulse, with smiles on her sweet, wet eyes, and on her tremuleus, red less, as she stretches out her hands to Anne in eager greeting, and then her loving arms clasp the tall, stately figure in an embrace of sisterly tenderness.

Anno resists for a moment and then yields, and stoops for an instant in a horried kis.

"Thank you, dear!" she whispers, fervently; and then they both

fervently; and then they bot simultaneously look at Lady Damer Gillian timidly and apprehensively, as she suddenly remembers all, and Anne with proud yet earnest en-

arm the mother of eight.

aral I must say I have never had a modicine I thought as much of as Baby's Own Tablets, and I have tried all the old remedies. I think mothers ought always to keep them in the house in case of emergency."

These tablets cure all the miner allments of children, such as constipation, sour stomach, coile, diarrhoea, indigestion, and simple fever. They indigestion, and simple fever. They always and his wife with flercest auger and scorn. They just glance over Lacy and his wife with a' flash like a blight, and then, without tuttering a word, Lady Damer out uttering a word, Lady Damer.

think even your presence was not necessary, Aunt Jeannette."

"Well?" she asks, sharply, wincing a little, "and now?"

"He was getting much better," Bingham answers, "and the shock of Sir James' death—he dropped in a fit of apoplexy, and never spoke again—completely upset Uncle Harry, and brought back the—the delirium; but he is much better again this afternoon, both Coghlan and Meyrick say."

"Delirium!" exclaims Gillian, with innecent cyes of pity and distress. "He has had fever, then, Bingham? What sort of a fever?"

"Oh, nothing infectious. Gillian, dear," he says, with a faint smile. "I should not have let aunt and you come near me in that case."

"I didn't mean that I was afraid." more and bid him good-bye, as I meant to go to America! I did, indeed, Lady Damer; I meant to go I was on my way to Queenstown; I had even paid the deposit on my cabin passage, and then when I met him again, I could not leave him. I

"Not at all," Lady Damer says, icily, drawing her skirts aside. "You only acted according to your instincts, naturally enough raise yourself in the world. You were always ambitious and designing, and you had an easy prey in a weak, self-indulgent man. He has been to me as my own son. He has been to me as my own son. He has had power to wound me to the heart by his ingratitude and treachery. You have both insulted me and outwitted me! Much good may it do you both!"

Much good may it do you both!"
There is malediction in the vengeful, sibilant tones of her clear, deliberate voice as she glances at the
wedded lovers with a baleful smile
of bitter contempt, and the blood
flushes darkly back into her white
face as she looks at her nephew and
the girl to whom he has linked his
late for life.

fate for life.

She hurries swiftly out of the room, as if she cannot endure the sight, and up the stairs to her own

sight, and up the stairs to her own rooms, where she locks herself in, and no one dares to follow her.
"Anne, you have disregarded my wishes, dearest!" Lacy says, with tender reproach, as Anne turns back tender reproach, as Anne turns back hopelessly from the door, and the tears she has tried to restrain fall test now. "You had no right to expose yourself to her anger and insults. You know that I told you I wished to speak to her first, and I meant to, whether she would hear me or not! Don't cry, my darling wife; surely her insults have no power to wound you—you to whom she is, or ought to be, so deeply indebted!"

His arm is round her in the un-

debted!"

His arm is round her in the unquestioned right of their new relations, and both her hands are classed on his shoulder, where her

clapsed on his shoulder, where her head is resting.

They have quite forgotten gentle, loyely Gillian, looking at them with sad smilling eyes of sympathy.

"Yes, they wound me, for I de-served some of them?" Anne says, stifling a sob. "I was ambitious and designing, for I yearned and long-ed, and prayed, and hoped for what I have got! I was selfish and treaed, and prayed, and hoped to what I have got! I was selfish and treacherous, for I thought of nothing but my own happiness when you said you meant to marry me; that you meant to look for me and marry you meant to look for me and marry me, and that you had told Miss Deane how you loved me, and wished me for your wife! I thought of nothing or nobody then, in the greedy selfishness of my happiness; after those weary years—four years after those weary years—four years. nearly since I met you first-oh, Patrick, my darling!"

(To be Continued.)

#### THE CHEST CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF THE STA **HUMORS OF**

THE SCHOOLS. gos sameras and and and and Last Christmas I was distributing

I: Now, boys, see that when I come again next Christmas I shall hear an excellent account of you, and shall not have to be told that you have got into any trouble or mischief."
"Same to you, sir,' shouted the whole school with one account the whole school with one account the clocks of the little observatory in the many variety of the little observatory in the many variety of the little observatory in the ther this was quiet humor or a michanical reply to the time-honored 'Merry Christmas, boys," which they had taken my first words to imuly, I cannot say. But I am trying

to live up to the injunction. But no doubt, unharmily, rests over the answer of the little chap who was being examined in mental arithmetic by an inspector of schools. "If," said the inspector, "I had three glasses of beer on this table, and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied the youthful Babbage. "But you don't understand my question," retorted the inspector, my question," retorted the inspector, proceeding to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering assurance, "None, sir." At last he said. "Ah, my boy, it is clear you don't know mental arithmetic." But I know my father," answered the boy.

"Who made the world?" snapped out a rether tasty inspector. Years

out a rather testy inspector years ago to a class of very small boys. No answer, Sweral times he repeated the question, getting louder and more incensed each time. At last a poor little fellow, kneading his eyes incorrection with his kneedles, blubvigorously with his knuckles, blub-bered out, "Please, sir, it waddn

A little child was saying her pray ers aloud beside her mother's knee, and added a prayer on her own account: "Oh, please, dear God, make me pure-absolutely pure as ——'s cocoa." Two children being awakened one morning, and told that they had a new little brother, were keen, as children are, to know whence and how he had come. "It must have been the milkman," said the girl. "Why the milkman?" asked her little brother. "Because he says on cart, Families Sapplied," replied sister. The little son once voluntee

to this circuit ?"-D

Steps 1 Verks

## HINTS FOR GIRLS.

## How to Preserve Health and Good Color.

Pale, Sallow, or Anaemic Girls Restored to the Bright Freshuess of Youth by Natural Means-Good Health Within the Reach of All.

(From The Sun, Orangeville, Ont.)

Miss Maggie Brownlee, of Orange-

ville, is a young lacy well known to

the residents of the town and greatly

esteemed by all her acquaintances. Like thousands of other young girls throughout Canada, Miss Brownlee fell a victim to anaemia or watery blood, and for a time, as she says herself, feared she would never again enjoy robust health. Experiences like Miss Brownlee's cannot fail to be of benefit to other pale and anaemic girls, and for this reason she kindly consented to give a statement to the Sun for publication. "My illness," said Miss Brownlee, "came on very gradually, and at first it merely seemed as though it was a feeling of depression and tiredness. I kept getting worse, however, and blood, and for a time, as she says on very gradually, and at first it merely seemed as though it was a feeling of depression and tiredness. I kept getting worse, however, and finally had to give up a good position. I was at times troubled with a throbbing, racking headache, my appetite gave out; the least exertion tired me, and my lieart would beat painfully. My limbs seemed to feel like weights, and at other times there was a sinking sensation which I can scarcely describe. I was treated by a good doctor and took a number of remedies, but without any improvement in my condition, and I began to fear that I was doomed to be an invalid. One day, a friend who called to see me spoke very highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and what she said interested my mother so much that she bought a few boxes. I began taking them, and in the course of a few weeks there was no room to doubt that they were helping me. I continued taking the pills for a couple of months or more, when I felt as well and strong as ever I had been. It is about a year since I gave up taking the pills, and I have not since felt the need of any medicine. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a grand medicine, and should be taken by all pale and feeble girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood with every dose taken, thus restoring the bloom of health, and the brightness and freshness of youth to pale and sallow cheeks. Through their action on the blood needs of their cure was and sallow cheeks. Through their action on the blood heart troubles, diseases of the kidneys, etc. These pills also cure the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists, or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## WHO SETS THE CLOCK. ?

The Sources of Standard Time in the United States,

R. G. Aitken, of the Lick Observatory, corrects in l'opular Astronomy some prevalent errors as to the sources from which the United States people get their standard

time. He says: The sources of time for the pub-Lane Board School. I wound up with an exhortation to the boys to be good during the coming year. Said

> of the little observatory is the navy yard at Mare Island, Cal.
> At present only three other observatories—the Alleghany, the Goodsell and the Lick—distribute time signals over any considerable territory. The Pennsylvania lines territory. The Pennsylvania lines east of Pittshurg receive their time from the Allegheny Observatory, which sends continuous signals through the 24 hours of the day. through the 24 hours of the day. This system covers the entire State of Pennsylvania, and also Eastern New York. The Goodsell Observatory sends two time signals daily to the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Great Western and the "Soo" lines, amounting in all two about 13,000 miles. The noon signal from the Lick Observatory reaches all points on the Southers Pacific system as far east as Ogden.

> den.
>
> In addition to its regular time service, the Naval Observatory office has established at several points on the coast a time-ball system, at on the coast a time-ball system, branch hydrographic offices, for the purpose of assisting masters of vessels, as well as men-of-war, in regulating their chronometers. The time is indicated by the dropping of a ball at the hour of noon, or it may be obtained by application at the office.

> > Rules for Diet.

1. Eat when you are hungry.
2. Drink when you are thirsty.
3. Eat enough and then stop.
4. Eat what your appetite calls

for.

5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shirk; why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as cysters; hence, unless you try a thing several times, yen do not know whether you like it or not. Hence, never say you ghelike a thing till you have eaten dislike a thing till you have eaten

late the comparison of you work ou do ank. All behan House-