Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"We will show you what we have," he said.

They passed out into the hall, the old man gently patting the white hand upon his arm, and looking at the beautiful face as if he had already forgotten the presence of a third person. At the first stair she drew Sir Richard's arm under instead of over hers, so that he should lean on her, with a sidelong glance of loving devotion. Nothing escaped the keen eyes behind them. Having reached the gallery, Sir Richard turned to the visitor:

"But a poor collection, I fear, Mr. Wilton."

They paced slowly along the polished floor, Caryl making a remark now and then which showed his thorough appreciation of the paintings which Sir Richard had gathered. Sir Richard was delighted.

"You are a connoisseur, Mr. Wilton," he said. "That Kneller is a favorite of mine. There are two better specimens in the portrait gallery, but we won't trouble you with family portraits."

"On the contrary, please do. I should especially enjoy looking at your family portraits," and he glanced at Maida with a searching look. "I am fond of physiognomy; there is much to be learned from the study of faces."

Maida's eye? encountered his at this remark with the first touch of defiance which she had exhibited during the morning.

"True, true," murmured Sir Richard.

"Yes," went on Caryl Wilton; "one time, and not so long ago, I used to pride myself on the possession of a retentive memory for faces, and I think that even now I do not easily forget a face."

"Just so, just so," assented the old man. "Yes," he rambled on, pleased with the subject, "and yet identification is a ticklish thing. I have met with some strange cases in my time. I remember one at this moment, a successful attempt at impersonation. I forget the exact details, but the impostor enjoyed the fruits of his fraud, a large estate, until the day of his death. He would have been buried under his assumed title, but remorse compelled him to confess at his last hour. The rogue confessed also that he had never enjoyed a happy moment during all his years of wrongful possession."

"Fear of detection or the return of the right man, I suppose," said Caryl, with apparently placid curiosity.

"N—o: for if I remember rightly, he had murdered the right man, and had, apparently proved his identity so clearly that— Yes, my dear?" he broke off, for Maida had drawn her arm away, and had emitted a low murmur.

"Is it not very warm up here?" she asked, with a smile so ghastly that even Sir Richard could not help noticing it.

"Yes, yes. How thoughtless of me! And I have startled you with my foolish stories!" broke in Sir Richard, anxiously. "The window Mr. Wilton. Thank you."

For though his own face was no less ghastly than hers and showed evidence of a terrible shock, Caryl Wilton had not delayed to open the window and to return to Maida with a chair. She was going to sink pitifully into it, when she caught sight of his white, distorted face.

A look of startled inquiry shot into her eyes, and was instantly displaced by one of indignant horror. She realized in an instant that her weakness at that moment must have roused the suspicion in his mind that she had committed the awful crime of murder in order to gain the place she held in Hartleigh Hall. She straightened herself, without having touched the chair, and put them both aside, with an air of queenly pride.

"Thank you," she said; "it was only a momentary weakness. I suppose murder is hardly a subject to discuss before a woman. Indeed, I could suppose that a gentleman might find it difficult to even think of it in the company of a lady."

She cast a glance full of scorn and defiance at Caryl, who was too quick to comprehend her moods to misunderstand her meaning, as he answered apologetically:

"It is possible to dread for a moment what it would be impossible ever to believe, even in the face of seeming certain evidence."

"My darling!" exclaimed Sir Richard in a shocked whisper, for it was he and not Caryl who had been guilty of the offence so scathingly rebuked by Maida.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she realized that the shaft intended for Caryl Wilton had in fact wounded him, "I did not mean you; I was thinking of—of——"

"In fact," broke in Caryl, with a ready invention. "Miss Hartleigh was only rebuking me, and very properly for some views I held on the subject, which had unexpectedly come to her knowledge. The rebuke was really not deserved Miss Hartleigh, for what I said was rather an expression of horror than of belief. The woman I referred to in my mind is the loftiest and purest of women. I hope you will not hold this against me"

"Certainly not," answered Maida, turning from him with an expression of relief, and saying to her father, who was looking from one to the other with a puzzed look. "Forgive me, papa; I took up the cause of one of my sex, against whom I thought Mr. Wilton had been harsh, and I did not intend— indeed, I did not connect—what I said with anything you had been saying."

She put her hand on his arm so sweetly and humbly that Sir Richard forgot everything in the contemplation of her lovely face.

"Let us go back," he said with a fond smile. "Mr. Wilton can see the portraits some other time."

A quick gleam of relief flitted over her face, but, as Caryl noticed, it faded away when the old man went on to say:

"And yet this is the shortest way to your room—for you ought to rest dear. Your exertions of last night have been too much for you."

"Well, I will go, to please you," she murmured, and they passed on.

In a few minutes they came to the entrance of the small gallery at the end of the corridor where the family portraits hung. Here a small corridor led to Maida's room. With a bow to Caryl Wilton, she was turning away on her father's arm, when suddenly, as if obeying an impulse, she stopped, and turning back, said, quickly but quietly:

"No, it is too warm in my room, and I am quite well now. I would rather go on with you, papa, for it is cool here."

"Come, then, Miss Wilful," said Sir Richard, fondly, and they entered the gallery.

Caryl Wilton half closed his eyes in the style of a connoisseur and looked up at the first portrait—a belted knight in armor, with his charger by his side and his squire in the background—and Sir Richard began the catalogue. Caryl seemed deeply interested, gazed, criticised, and admired; shading his eyes and stepping this way and that to get the best light, and appearing to have forgotten the fair presence by his side.

And she seemed as unconscious of him. But both were like a pair of wary antagonists in the arena, waiting for the decisive moment which each knew was coming, and which each was preparing to turn to his advantage.

Little by little they were approaching the pictures of the later Hartleighs, and presently, by all rules, they would come to the portrait of Lady Hartleigh. This Caryl said to himself. That portrait would be the likeness of the old lady he had seen in San Francisco if—if Waida Carringford were in truth the rightful Constance Hartleigh. In a few moments, he told himself that part of the mystery would be solved. For, though the portrait of Lady Hartleigh would have been made many years ago, it would, nevertheless, be sufficiently like the same person in old age to enable him to recognize her.

He longed to turn and look for the portrait at once, but he repressed the impatient desire, and followed the old man's words with every appearance of deep interest. He forced back every sign of impatience from his face, and furtively glanced at the face of Maida. She was pale, but there was an utter absence of emotion on her features; and to him, who by this time had learned to know her moods, this indicated the exercise of her greatest will power. He knew that she was prepared for the impending contest. He felt that he was being cruel, but he told himself that he must conquer or give up the prize.

Sir Richard, in his absorption, noticed nothing wrong with his companions, and rambled blandly on:

"Here we come to the men and women of a later date, Mr. Wilton. A difference, but not of face. The Hartleigh features remain all through. Here, for example, is my great-grandfather—he has the eye of the knight whose picture hangs first. And this lady, my grandmother—well, look on her living presentment!" and he touched the white arm next his heart.

Caryl Wilton turned and looked—looked straight and scrutinizingly at the fair face which, with a distinct touch of bravado, returned his gaze.

"Yes," he murmured, more as if in answer to a criticism of his own than to Sir Richard, "there is the likeness, undeniably."

"You see it," cried Sir Richard, with a tone of triumph in his voice. "I saw it the first night—I—I mean I have always noted it. Constance has the eye of my mother, and my father's mouth and chin. There he stands, as in the flesh, Mr. Wilton; and here, around the corner, my unworthy self."

Caryl turned, not quickly, but with graceful leisureliness; his eyes rested for a moment on Sir Richard's portrait, and then flew to the next. It was there Lady Hartleigh should be. There he should look upon the face of the woman he had seen dying in the little cottage in San Francisco—there he should see the face of that mother by whose side Maida Carringford had stood but a few months ago. And as he looked, a low murmur of surprise broke from his lips, and he turned with undisguised questioning to Sir Richard. Right across the face of Maida he glanced, and looked full at Sir Richard.

And there was something imperative in the look which was rather felt than recognized by the old man. He felt called upon to explain the reason of the closed doors over the face of her who should be looking down on them there.

"This—this portrait is—is closed, Mr. Wilton. It—it is my wife's portrait—Lady Hartleigh. I—I had it closed some time ago—I—I hardly know why, save that it is connected with a great sorrow. You look curious——"

"Pray pardon," murmured Caryl, bowing apologetically, but with no abatement of his air of curiosity.

Sir Richard's face was pale and troubled.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, you shall see it—why should you not? I—the key"—and a trembling hand went to the waistcoat pocket.

He fumbled for a moment, and then, as if suddenly remembering, turned to Maida, and said:

"The key, my darling, you——"

She raised her eyes, slowly, and looked into Caryl Wilton's with an obstinate defiance, and she did not remove her gaze as she answered her father, in measured tones, as if she had weighed the meaning of each word, and was ready to abide by the result of what she said.

"The key? It is lost. Have you forgotten, papa?"

Sir Richard looked at her with an almost meaningless stare, as if struggling to grasp her idea. Then he said, with marked agitation:

"No, no, Constance, my darling. But it shall be as you wish. The picture, Mr. Wilton, is—is closed—forever."

"Pardon me; I have roused unpleasant memories," said Caryl, addressing the old man, but looking at Maida.

"No, no," went on Sir Richard as if in response to reflections of his own. "I—that is, the picture is closed, hidden—the key is lost. Come, look at Guy. Here is—where is Guy's picture? Oh, here. Is it not good?"

"Excellent," answered Caryl, as calmly as if nothing unusual had occurred. "Very good, indeed. But if I may ask, where is Miss Hartleigh's portrait? I do not see it."

"Not yet, not yet," replied the old man, recovering his composure the moment his daughter became the topic of conversation. "That shall be the crowning point of the gallery Mr. Wilton. I have not forgotten it. It shall be done, and soon. It shall hang next Guy."

Caryl bowed and turned to Maida, with a smile which she had learned to dread.

"I would like to ask a great favor of Miss Hartleigh."

"A favor? And what is it?" demanded Sir Richard.

Maida looked at Caryl with parting lips. She had defeated him once but the victory had been a sore one to her, and she felt as if she had after all, accomplished but little, so imperturbable was he. She felt that a snare lurked behind the request he was about to make, and she would have been glad to refuse at once any and all things he might ask. She felt herself wishing that Guy would come. Perhaps he would help her. She thought she would like to have the support of his true heart at this time. But he was not there, and she must fight it out alone with this terrible man, who seemed bent on having her in his power. So ruthless he seemed too, and yet she could not doubt that he loved her with a madness that only made him the more to be dreaded.

"It is presumptuous, I fear," said Caryl, "but I should deem it a great—a very great favor—if Miss Hartleigh will allow me to try my very mean skill in an attempt—a very poor attempt, I know—to transfer her face to canvas."

"Eh, Constance? What do you say, Constance?" said the old man, turning with a gratified expression to his daughter.

"Pray do not think me presumptuous enough to imagine that I can paint anything fit to hang beside these masterpieces," broke in Caryl before Maida could answer. "I leave that as a worthy task for the greatest artist of the day; but if you would grant——"

"Too modest, you are too modest, sir," said Sir Richard, interrupting him. "This is not the only place in which I would have my daughter's face. I want a portrait in my room—one I can claim as my own. What do you say, Constance?"

A faint flush passed over her face as she found herself obliged to decide a matter which she had no doubt was in some way a trap for her; but she recovered herself, and with a return of her defiant glance looked straight into Caryl's eyes, and answered:

"If you think it worth the trouble."

And his reply was, with an eager light in his dark eyes:

"And my first sitting—when?"

"Oh, we'll discuss that at luncheon, Mr. Wilton," said the old man. "I wonder where Guy is."

"I hear his step now," said Maida.

And, in fact, Guy came bounding into the room, as if unaware anybody was in it. He stopped short at sight of the group, and his frank face darkened when he saw Caryl Wilton standing by Maida, looking down into her eyes with a smile of conscious strength.

Then Caryl looked up, and it seemed to Maida, glancing from one face to the other, that she could see the two men measuring each other, for an impending contest.

And she thought she saw—and she shuddered as she saw it—that Caryl Wilton turned from Guy to her with a look of certainty in his whole manner.

To be Continued.

GIRL'S THREE-QUARTER COAT.

4 to 12 years.

The three-quarter coat is a conspicuous and deserved favorite for little girls' wear and is adapted to many materials. The smart little model shown is of black taffeta, with stitched edges and an additional collar of cream point de Venice, and is perfectly suited to the season's needs, but cloth or cheviot in dark blue, tan, grey or white can be substituted when preferred.

The coat is cut in box style, with a slightly curved back and straight fronts, the fitting being accomplished by means of shoulder and underarm seams. As illustrated the sleeves are in coat style, but the pattern also provides for the Bishop model shown in the back view. At the neck is a big turn-over collar, that is quite complete without the lace, and pockets are inserted in each front and finished with stitched overlaps. The right front laps over the left, in double-breasted style, and the closing is effected by means of buttonholes and buttons, which, in the original, are of handsome cut steel.

To cut this coat for a girl of 8 years of age 4½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 50 inches wide, will be required.

WHY BABIES CRY.

Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little Ones.

Babies cry because they are sick or in pain, and in almost every case the sickness or pain is caused by some disorder of the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food produce a host of infantile troubles, such as griping, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, indigestion, etc. Proper digestion of the food is necessary to the maintenance of life, and evacuation of used up products and refuse of digestion is necessary to health. The lesson to mothers is, therefore, that the stomach and bowels should be carefully watched, and if baby cries or is fretful or cross, some simple vegetable remedy should be given. Mothers should never resort to the so-called "soothing" preparations to quiet baby, as they invariably contain stupefying opiates. Baby's Own Tablets will be found an ideal medicine. They gently move the bowels, aid digestion, and promote sound, healthy sleep, thus bringing happiness to both mother and child. They are guaranteed to contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with absolute safety (dissolved in water if necessary) to children of all ages from earliest infancy, with an assurance that they will promptly cure all their minor ailments.

For the benefit of other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lafave, Copper Cliff, Ont., says:—"I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated, and always cross. He is now four months old, has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always happy and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I enclose 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

NO. 17's Wife.

No. 17 sat in his cell, white and despairing. He had endured two years of prison life uncomplainingly, cheered by the knowledge that he was innocent of the crime with which he had been charged—and cheered also by the visits of his sweet-faced wife Elsie, who came regularly to the gaol as often as the cast-iron regulations of the establishment would permit. But of late Elsie's visits had ceased, and to-day the convict knew the reason for their cessation. She was ill—very ill—and the letter from her sister which lay in his hands told him that the doctors feared the worst. This is how the note ran:—

Dear Arthur,—I have some rather sad tidings to give you, but we must both be brave and hope for the best. Poor Elsie is dangerously ill, and though all that we could possibly do has been done, the medical man holds out small hope of her ultimate recovery. He states that she is suffering from no particular illness, but simply from a general debility, brought about by fretting over your absence. If only you could come to her, it would probably be the means of saving her life; but, alas! that is impossible. She is in God's hands, as we all are. I am praying to him to spare to us the life that we both love—it is for you to pray also. Good-bye, and God bless you. May he give us strength to bear the blow that seems so near.

Your loving sister-in-law—KATE.

Arthur Desparde was no coward—no weakling. The humiliation and suffering of penal servitude he had borne like a man, but those few simple words bowed his head to earth and brought the salt tears to his eyes. To feel that his absence was causing Elsie's decline—to feel that one short hour of liberty would in all probability be the means of preserving her, and to know at the same time that the prison walls stood between him and her—to feel and know all this would have maddened any man. The feeling and the knowledge maddened Arthur Desparde now.

"I will go to her," he muttered hoarsely, "come what may! Let them retake me afterwards—let them serve me as they will—but go to her I must, and . . . I will."

A file lay at his feet. He had found it the day previous whilst laboring in the yard, and he had secreted it in his clothing, believing that some day he might require its aid. Climbing the narrow wall of his cell, he discovered that the small window thereof was guarded merely by two iron bars of medium thickness. Without an instant's hesitation he proceeded to file these bars, hoping with ardent hope that no warder might intervene to abruptly terminate his labors.

Fortune favored him, and the work was completed without interruption. Two minutes later he was sliding down a pipe which led from the cell to the courtyard, and to scale the low wall of the yard was but the work of an instant. Then with a muttered prayer for the protection of Heaven on his journey he set out for the house where his wife lay between life and death.

* * * * *

"Arthur! Is it possible it can be you? How ever have you contrived to come here?"

It was Elsie's sister who spoke, and she stood, fully dressed, in the doorway, scanning the escaped convict's features with amazement.

"Yes. It is I, and you shall hear afterwards how I managed to make good my flight. . . . But tell me, first of all—how is she?"

There is little change. At times she is unconscious, and during such periods she mentions your name incessantly. When she is conscious she talks of you to me, saying that the one desire left to her is to see you at her side again."

"Thank Heaven," said the convict in a low tone; "thank Heaven she is still alive. I am not too late."

Then he explained to the wondering girl how he had contrived to escape from gaol, adding also that there was every chance of his being retaken in the morning. "But let them come," he said sullenly; "when once I have held my darling in my arms again, and cheered her sickness, I care little what happens. And now, it will be well for you to tell her I am here; but break the news to her as gradually as you can."

Kate nodded, and left the room on tip-toe. Presently she returned, her eyes swimming with tears.

"She knows all, Arthur, and is waiting for you. Pray God that your coming may woo her back to life——"

"Amen!" said the convict, huskily, as he went slowly up the stairs towards his wife's chamber.

She lay very white and very still, but there came a warm glow of joy upon her faded cheek as he entered. She put out her thin hand to him, and a moment later they were clasped in each other's arms.

"I knew you would come to me, darling," she sobbed, "for I have prayed day and night that I might see you once more—and Heaven has heard my prayer. Oh, Arthur, dear, dear Arthur, life has been very hard without you—without your love."

"Poor girl. Only too well can I realize what you have felt—knowing what I have endured myself . . . But, come. Let us talk of other things. You have been ill, they tell me, very ill."

"Yes, for I wanted you. Now that you are here I shall soon be well."

A terrible pang shivered through the convict's soul. How was he to tell her the truth? How was he to tell her that before many hours had passed he would in all likelihood be taken back to prison to be separated from her once more? He could not bring himself to confide to her the cruel truth, and he resolved to let her remain in ignorance of his peril. Perchance she believed that he had been released; he would not undeceive her.

All through the long night husband and wife went on talking in low, confiding tones, happy in each other's society, desiring no other joy on earth. Through the long night they remained with hands clasped, all-in-all one to the other. Then morning came and Kate entered. She whispered gently to Arthur:—

"The doctor is here, and he must not see you in your prison dress. Come away for a few minutes."

Kissing his wife, and telling her he would return soon, the young man quitted the apartment. The doctor entered, with a cheering "good morning. Well, and how do you find yourself to-day, Mrs. Desparde?" he asked briskly.

"Much, much better, doctor," she replied, gratefully; "in fact, I think I shall soon be off your hands."

"Bravo," cried the good-natured physician, as he felt the patient's pulse. "Do you know, my dear madam, I believe that your prediction is about correct. Your pulse has gone up most wonderfully, and already your eyes seem stronger—more healthy. My physic is doing wonders."

But it was not the physic that had wrought this mighty change in the invalid. It was the presence of a certain figure, clothed in the hideous grey that marks the garb of Her Majesty's prisons. It was the presence of that figure and the sound of his voice that had changed Elsie Desparde from a dying woman into one in whom the will and the ability to live were now predominant.

The doctor took his leave after a short interval, promising to look in on the following day. Then Arthur was allowed to return to the sick room, and once more he took up his position beside his wife. Towards noon Kate entered the apartment, trembling violently. Controlling her voice with an effort so as not to alarm her sister, she said:—

"Arthur, will you come outside for a moment? I want to speak to you."

Arthur Desparde guessed what it was that the white-faced girl had to communicate. He kissed his wife very tenderly and then turned towards the door.

"They have come for me, have they not? he asked in a whisper, as he followed her out of the room.

"Yes. They are in the parlor. I begged them to behave very quietly, as there was illness in the house."

"Good, brave girl. God will reward you for your devotion. Now listen to me. Elsie must not know that I have been retaken until she is quite strong enough to bear the news—until, in fact, her health is restored. Promise me that she shall not know."

"She shall not know."

"God bless you, Kate."

He wrung her hand, raised it to his lips, and then went downstairs with firm steps. A warder in uniform stood in the sitting-room, and another person was beside him. It was the Governor of the gaol, and with swiftly beating heart the convict wondered why this official had come to the house. It was not usual for the Governor of a prison to accompany his warders on such a mission as the recapture of a runaway convict.

"Gentlemen," he cried, in a low voice, "I surrender myself to you freely. I have only one request to make. Let me be taken away quietly so that my wife who lies ill upstairs may not know of my departure."

The Governor smiled.

"No. 17," he said, gently, "it is certainly my duty to have you taken back to the gaol, but at the same time it is my duty also to give you some very pleasant news."

There was a pause. Desparde stood rooted to the floor, his eyes on fire. What was coming next? What was the news that the Governor had come to communicate?

"My tidings," continued the latter, "are simply these. A man named Charles Morrison died last night in Chilton Gaol. Before he passed away he sent for the chaplain and made a confession. He confessed that the forgery for which you were condemned was committed by himself, and that he alone was guilty. The confession was sent by special messenger to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, with the result that a telegram reached me two hours ago authorizing your release as soon as the necessary papers can be made out. You will return with me to the gaol, but not as a prisoner—and I think you may take it from me that before the week is out you will be a free man."

Then very simply and very courteously the white-haired Governor held out his hand and Desparde grasped it with a mighty grip of gratitude, whilst from his lips there came the choking words:—

"At last—at last—thank God—thank God!"

* * * *

Three days later there arrived at the gaol an important-looking document bearing at the top the magic letters, "V. R.," and beneath those letters it was written that Her Majesty had been pleased to grant a free pardon to Arthur Desparde from that day forward. And within a little space he who had been known as "No 17" stood once more upon the threshold of his home.

Kate met him at the door—a smile upon her bonnie face. "Elsie has heard all," she said, gently; "and she is nearly well. The good news has saved her life. She is asking for you at this moment.

Desparde waited to hear no more. An instant later Elsie's face was pressed close to his own; and husband and wife were re-united after their bitter separation.

"God has been very good to me," she whispered through her sobs, "and He has given you back to me."

"Yes," said Desparde, gently—"to remain together till death shall part us."

"And afterwards," whispered Elsie; "God willing."

UP-TO-DATE GRINDSTONES.

Made With Ball Bearings Now and With Other Improvements.

"If," says a dealer in such things, "anybody had told our grandfathers that the time would come when we should have ball-bearing grindstones I suppose they would have thought he was crazy; but we have them now and they are not very costly either.

"If the grindstone is one that is worked with a treadle there are ball-bearings on the crank, where the treadle-rod is connected, as well as on the shaft on which the grindstone turns. Really, it is a pleasure to see that homely old tool, the grindstone, mounted on ball bearings, and it is a positive delight to see how easily such a grindstone turns.

"But the ball bearings are not the only modern improvement in grindstone equipment. There are nowadays grindstone frames and attachments that are patented. The old, old way of turning a grindstone was with a crank, or a single treadle; but nowadays we have double treadles, one for each foot, and the frame that supports the grindstone has upon one end of it a seat like the seat you see on a mowing machine or anything of that sort, this being by no means a device for a lazy man, but a convenient means of enabling the man using the grindstone to get at it to the best advantage.

"If you, knowing the grindstone of ancient times, will picture to yourself a man sitting in a comfortable seat so placed on the end of the frame that he can get square at the face of the stone, which he turns by means of two treadles, one under each foot, the stone itself turning on ball bearings throughout, a grindstone yet to be sure, but with every working part distinctly modernized, you will get some idea of the difference between the old grindstone and the new."

OZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

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MEN WHO HATE MONEY.

SEE SO MUCH OF IT THAT IT LOSES ALL VALUE.

The Croupiers Employed at Monte Carlo Lose All Sense of the Value of Cash.

The croupiers are the most remarkable people in Monte Carlo. Apart from their wonderful powers of mental arithmetic, which are the result of years of patient training, they may be said to be the only men on the face of the earth who hate money.

They handle thousands of pounds in gold, silver and notes every day of their lives. They see it flung down on the green cloth by gamblers and raked to and fro as though it were so much dirt. In a few years after a croupier has been employed at Monte Carlo he loses all sense of the value of cash. He is absolutely indifferent to the sight of it. He performs his duties of gathering in, or paying out, with the mechanical calmness of an unthinking machine.

Every croupier is searched carefully when he leaves the Casino, to see that he has not stolen anything. The searching, however, is a mere formality, for nobody has ever been known to attempt to carry off even the smallest coin. The croupiers have plenty of chances of stealing, but they never think of taking them.

"Swell mobsmen" who have gone to Monte Carlo for the Express purpose of swindling the bank have over and over again tried to bribe the croupiers.

ONLY ONE INSTANCE

is on record of anyone having succeeded. A man called Ardisson enlisted the aid of a croupier, and induced him to deal out a previously-arranged pack at the "Trente-et-Quarante" table. "Trente-et-Quarante" is played with a big pack of cards which are shuffled in the presence of the players, and therefore no cheating is possible. In this case, the substituted pack was introduced on to the top of the real one after the shuffling was over.

The swindler, who of course knew in what order the cards would appear, placed his stakes accordingly, and managed to win no less than 180,000 francs, or $36,000. Immediately afterwards he cleared off, and was never seen again. When the cards were counted at the end of the game it was of course found that there were more than usual, and the fraud was revealed.

Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. The croupier who had committed the fraud had not gained a single penny by it. He had substituted the forged pack simply as a favor to his friend. He hardly realized what he was doing. His friend had not paid him anything to do it, nor had he proposed to share his spoils. The croupier actually did not want to share in them. He had

NO USE FOR THE MONEY.

The Administration of the Casino only sent the offending croupier to prison for two months, though his action—done with childlike innocence—had robbed them of such a large sum of money. They knew it was no use punishing him heavily. And, strange to say, they gave him work again when he came out of prison, though not at his old employment.

The croupiers at Monte Carlo receive a salary of from $2,500 to $3,500 per annum, according to the length of time they have been in the Administration's service. No croupier has even been known to ask for a rise in his salary. As long as they have enough they don't care for more. When they receive money they often mislay it, because they are as careless of it as gamblers.

But the croupiers never gamble. It never occurs to them to try and increase their money by any means whatever. They are so tired of seeing money that they literally hate it.

Their life is a curiously uneventful one. They never travel. Monaco, which is the loveliest land in Europe quite satisfies them. There are no drunkards amongst them. Their life costs them very little. They pay no taxes. Their children are educated free of charge, the boys generally become croupiers like their fathers.

The croupiers have a kind of club room where they can meet to talk and play chess. Many of them spend their whole lives either in this room or at their work. The only time they are out of doors is when they go home at night. Notwithstanding the quietness of their existence, they rarely live to any very great age.

THE MODERN MACHINE SHOP.

A Far Less Noisy Place Than Its Old-Time Predecessor.

"As compared with the old-time shop, with its incessant clatter and din," says a shop superintendent, "the modern machine shop might almost be described as noiseless.

"You used to hear in such places a constant rattling of wheels and a more or less continuous pounding. Now you might go through a big shop from top to bottom and never hear a hammer stroke; and instead of a general jangle of sounds you would only hear a smooth, uniform hum; a noise, to be sure, but not half so much in volume as that heard in the old-time shop, and actually musical as compared with it. All this is due to vastly improved modern methods of work and enormously improved modern machines.

"In old times they used to chip and file all flat surfaces. You can imagine what sort of racket such work as that must have made. Then we got the metal planer, which did the work better and, of course, at far less cost, and which gradually did away with most of the chipping and filing. The planer can screech some now; but that doesn't begin to make the noise it used to, and the noise it does make is not to be compared with that of the chippers and filers.

"The old-time gear wheels were far more rattly and noisy than those of to-day. Extensively used in machine shops in one way and another, such wheels were formerly all cast. Nowadays gear wheels for use where such accuracy is desirable, are made by automatic gear-cutting machines, which cut the teeth on them with mathematical accuracy. Such wheels as these are themselves beautiful productions of machine tool work; and when they come to be brought to use they make, of course, with their perfect form and their nice adjustment, one to another, far less noise than the old-time ordinary cogged wheels.

"Another common source of noise in the old-time shop was found in the pounding of work of any sort that was to be turned on arbors in the lathes. There is nothing of that sort, or next to nothing, done in machine shops nowadays, that is, in the shops with modern equipment. Such work is pressed on the arbor, noiselessly, with a compound screw; or by hydraulic power; or by steam power; the work being pressed off the arbor, when finished, in like manner.

"In old times when they wanted to cut off a bar of steel they used to send for the blacksmith and his helper, who would come in with sledges and chisel and pound away at it. Now they would send such a bar to the cutting-off machine and have it sawed off, with no noise at all.

"In short, the work in machine shops is nowadays more and more of it being done by wonderful labor and time-saving automatic machine tools that are comparatively noiseless in operation; and, in handling the work, power is brought more and more into use, and used more and more noiselessly; and so, with these improved methods and appliances, the modern machine shop is far less noisy than its old-time predecessor."

SCOTCH CRAFT.

A drunken Irishman was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hob-nailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little, and said:

"Man, ye micht pit off yer buits, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable-like when ye come up afore the bailie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied, and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as lang as ye like."

COMPLETE SUCCESS.

AFTER MANY FAILURES W. C. ANDERSON MAKES HIS DISCOVERY AT LAST.

Treated in Vain by Five Different Doctors for Kidney Trouble—Took Many Medicines Without Success—Dodd's Pills Succeed Where Other Things Fail.

Waterside, N. B., Sept. 2.—W. C. Anderson, of this town, is a remarkable example of persistence. For years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble, and for years he has been tasting the bitterness of disappointment. But tried again and now at last he has succeeded. ...His trouble was Kidney trouble, by no means uncommon in this province. Indeed some physicians go so far as to say it is the most prevalent malady in Canada. At any rate, it was the affliction of Mr. Anderson.

Five different doctors have attended Mr. Anderson in his time. None of them touched the root of his suffering. The amount of medicine Mr. Anderson has swallowed would doubtless surprise that gentleman himself could he see it all poured out together.

One year ago, Mr. Anderson told his friends he had found a sure cure at last. His friends smiled, but said nothing in reply. His continued hopefulness was proverbial, but everybody had long since paid little attention to the remarkable remedies he was continually discovering and subsequently proving failures. But this time it was no failure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. C. Anderson considers himself to-day as successful a man as there is in New Brunswick. He has found good health after many disappointments. Dodd's Kidney Pills have raised the burden off his life. Six boxes cured him of every symptom of Kidney Disease and he acknowledges he owes his success to them.

EARS NEVER STOP GROWING.

Luckily Most Human Noses Have Not the Same Peculiarity.

The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life; in fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. If one will take the trouble to look around in any assemblage of people, as at church, he will discover that the old folks have ears considerably larger than those of the middle-aged. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at 20 years of age will be very apt to possess medium-sized ears at 40 years and larger ears at 60.

Why ears should go on growing all one's life, any more than noses, is a mystery. There are a good many other points about them that are instructive, their shape being markedly persistent through heredity. An ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation after generation with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognized by an expert in such matters.

There is probably nobody in the world who has a pair of ears perfectly matched; in most people the two differ perceptibly, not only in shape, but also in size. Frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head. The age of a person may be judged with great accuracy by the ears, which, after youth is past, assume an increasing harshness of contour. A pretty woman whose first youth has departed may not show the fact in other ways, but these tell-tale features will surely tell the story of the flight of time. Then there is the little wrinkle that comes just in front of each ear during the 30's—a fatal and ineradicable sign.

Near the top of each ear, just within the down-turned edge and slightly toward the back, will be found, if one feels for it, a small lump of cartilage. This is a remnant of what was originally the tip of the ear, when, ever so long ago, that organ in our remote ancestors had a point to it. Most of the apes to-day have pointed ears, but in human beings the upper edge of the organ has, in the course of ages, been folded over so as to cover the real tip.

JUDGING FROM THE SALE OF
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA it is clear that the public recognize the superiority of this popular blend.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to
The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

QUITE ALARMING.

A countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in an hotel and, after having a room assigned to him inquired at what hours meals were served.

"Breakfast from 7 to 11, luncheon from 11 to 3, dinner from 3 to 8, supper from 8 to 11," recited the clerk, glibly.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the countryman, with bulging eyes. "When am I a-going to git time to see the town?"

The world's tobacco crop of 850,000 tons is grown on 2¼ million acres.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Glamis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

PERTINENT IMPERTINENCE.

A certain Sunday school superintendent always conducts the lesson review in his school. He spends about five minutes in explaining the lesson, and then asks:

"Now, has anyone a question to ask?"

A member of the boys' junior class raised his hand.

"Well, what is your question?" asked the superintendent.

"Please, sir, are we going to have a pic-nic this summer?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Wife (with a determined air)—"I want to see that letter." Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!" Husband—"Here it is. It's your milliner's bill."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A traveller riding in an unfrequented part of Scotland came to the edge of a morass which he had thought was quite safe. Hailing a peasant lad who was standing close by, he asked him if the bog was hard at the bottom. "Ou, aye, quite hard!"

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband, after the minister had pronounced them one, "I am not worthy of your love." "Of course you're not," she replied, "but at my age a girl can't afford to let even an opportunity like this go by."

Minard's Liniment