

## LYDIA'S CHOICE.

Lydia could not help wondering why on earth Addenbrooke should be so anxious to marry her.

She was standing at the window, her eyes mechanically following the familiar, insignificant figure of the professor as he plodded down the gravel walk to the gate; and when he had passed from view she sat down in the nearest chair and continued her reflections. It was very strange. She had no love to give him, and had told him so, must know, as every one knew, of that miserable affair with Lawrence Fleming; was he not Fleming's intimate friend, the last person he had seen before he went to Africa?

And yet she had been aware of Addenbrooke's devotion from the days of the good but obstinate little boy, with a taste for chemical experiments, to those of the modest young man, who lurked unobtrusively in doorways for the purpose of saying good night to her, and was always at hand to fill up vacancies. She had been aware of it, but had given it little heed; now, in her sorrow, the thought of that devotion moved her strangely.

She had seen herself drifting on to middle age, haggard, loveless, unloved; the sorriest of spectacles, the emotional woman whose emotions had wrecked her. Addenbrooke and Addenbrooke's love interposed themselves like a shield between her and her fate.

She had given him no answer, but she knew by now what her answer would be.

The door opened and Mrs. Grey, her mother, came into the room.

She sat down in silence—a chill, comfortless, presence—and regarded her daughter from the distance.

These two women lived together without profit or pleasure to either. Mrs. Grey was capable of making sacrifices, but she lacked the priceless gift of home making; while Lydia, on her part, chafed beneath the restrictions of a relationship in which neither affinity nor affection bore a part.

So it was to be Johnny Addenbrooke after all," reflected Mrs. Grey, "a Gower street professor of no particular distinction. Well, Lydia was getting on, and if a girl means to marry she had better manage to do so before she is 25. And there had been nothing, it seemed, in that affair with young Fleming." Mrs. Grey was disappointed. It is true that Fleming's father kept a glove shop in Regent street, whereas the Addenbrookes had been gentlefolk for generations; but nobody minded that sort of thing in these days. Lawrence Fleming went everywhere, did everything; his new book from Africa had made him more of a lion than ever. Hence he was more to be desired as a husband than poor Johnny, who went nowhere to speak of, and did nothing but his work.

Lydia rose slowly and went over to the writing table. As she took up her pen the whimsical thought struck her that when the other children had carried their pence to the sweet shop Johnny had preferred to invest his capital in mysterious compounds at the chemist's. A faint smile hovered around her lips as she wrote. When the letter was finished she laid her head a moment on the desk and shut her eyes.

She rose stiff and cold, and went over to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, in her strange, pathetic voice, "Professor Addenbrooke has asked me to marry him, and I have written to say 'yes.'"

Addenbrooke was spending the evening, as usual, with Lydia at St. John's Wood. They were alone together, Mrs. Grey having discreetly retired to her own room, and the talk between them flowed with the ease of intimacy and affection.

It was now three weeks since their engagement, and already something of Addenbrooke's calm happiness was beginning to be reflected in Lydia's face. See appreciated, that only women can appreciate, the consciousness of making another's happiness by the mere fact of her presence. That is, I think, a pleasure too subtle for the masculine palate. Now, as she laid her hand lightly on his, she enjoyed, as it were, a reflection of the delight which she knew herself to be conferring by the act.

"Johnny," she said, "will you let me tell you to-night what I have always meant to tell you about myself—and that other person?" She finished her phrase thus vaguely, not doubting but that Addenbrooke had mentally rounded it off with greater accuracy; somehow her lips refused to utter the name of Lawrence Fleming.

"My dear," he answered gently, "tell me nothing which distresses you. I don't want to know. I know you have been very happy, but one day, I assure you, you are going to be happier than ever."

She smiled sadly. "Johnny, let me tell you. I think I ought. Perhaps, when you have heard, you will want to go away from me—from a woman who has been so cruelly humiliated."

He laughed, drawing closer to her in the delight.

"Since that's it, Lydia, perhaps you'd better tell me."

He saw that she would never rest till she had disburdened her mind of the old, unhappy things, about which personally he had small desire to learn.

They were so infinitely touching these poor women and their love stories; their anxious interpretation of looks and words and smiles; their pathetic, careful gathering up of crumbs so carelessly scattered.

So Lydia, with half-averted face, began her story in the strange, uncertain voice which, from his boyhood, upward, had had power to thrill John Addenbrooke to the inmost depths of his being.

"It is nearly a year ago," she began "at the Meades' place in Warwickshire, I arrived on March the 28 and stayed a week. I began from the beginning. When I walked into the drawing room, where he was standing by the tea table, it seemed that I had walked into a new and strange and wonderful world. I lived in that world for a week, and it was like a lifetime. Looking back it astonishes me how every one else accepted the situation. That I no more questioned it than I questioned the rising of the sun. The day came when I was to go, and he had said nothing definite to me. I, living in my tool's paradise, was neither surprised nor ailed. At last, at a hour before I left, he took me in his arms, yes, Johnny, yes—he took me in his arms and kissed my lips, and told me that he would follow me the next day."

"That's enough, said Addenbrooke, in a low voice, "he was a brute. Let us hear no more about him."

"There is nothing more to hear," she answered, with bitterness, "This is the end of my story. A week later I heard he had gone abroad."

Addenbrooke put his arm about Lydia and, drawing her head to his shoulder, stroked her hair backward with his kind hand.

Her recital had pained him. He knew the perfidy of his sex, but this particular offender had gone beyond all recognized limits; limits which, in his own person, Johnny had always refused to recognize. The thought of the misery inflicted on his proud, sensitive, passionate Lydia made him sick with anger and speechless with sympathy. He rose at last, and, buttoning up his coat, tried to speak in tones of reassuring cheerfulness.

"By the by, Lydia, Fleming has come back. You remember Lawrence Fleming? They are making quite a lion of him on account of his new book. He is just the sort of man to enjoy being lionized."

Lydia looked at him, speechless, and he went on.

"I expect that he will be turning up at my rooms in the course of a day or two. He left a portmanteau with my landlady before he sailed. Good night, my own dear girl." And he held out both his hands.

Lydia looked at him sharply with rising vexation.

She had found out long ago that subtle hints were quite thrown away upon Johnny; but surely, surely he must know the truth. Either he was the most consummate actor or the densest person living.

It was impossible to entertain seriously the idea of Addenbrooke as a consummate actor.

Addenbrooke had rooms in Gower street—a sitting room and a bedroom, divided by folding doors. The whole apartment had begun life as what house agents call a spacious drawing room, and bore yet the marks of its former state of existence.

The mantelpiece, which now supported a host of bottles, variously shaped and filled, was of white marble, heavily carved, summed up to the imaginative mind visions of gilt clocks and chandeliers under glass shades.

The walls, hung with white watered paper, were divided into panels by stripes of gold beading, and from the ceiling a shrouded chandelier depended from a twelfth-century decoration in white and gold plaster.

Addenbrooke had drawn his writing table, with the lamp on it, close to the fire, and had settled down to a long night's work. It was the evening following Lydia's confession, and he was too busy to get up to St. John's Wood. He sighed at the thought of this, then plunged into the pile of papers, which not only covered the table, but overflowed into several neighboring chairs.

He had not been long at work when the door was flung open and a man entered the room.

"Still in these gilded halls, Johnny?" said a voice, which was not quite so drawing nor so full of quiet humor as the speaker seemed to intend.

"Fleming, by all that's wonderful!" cried Addenbrooke, rising with extended hand.

The newcomer was a large, heavily built young man with dark hair and a complexion originally florid, burnt crimson by the African sun.

He was distinctly handsome, through the lower part of the face was a trifle heavy and there was a lack of finish about the ears and nostrils.

"Sit down," said Addenbrooke, clearing a chair and resuming his own seat.

"Examinations, ugh!" Fleming flicked with his larger finger at the papers on the desk. "It's not your own exams. It's other people's, poor old Johnny!"

Fleming had the greatest contempt for examinations, in which indeed, he had conspicuously failed to distinguish himself; the less brilliant Addenbrooke having a commonplace knack of getting into the first class, which is often the way with your dull, plodding fellows.

These two men had been friends, at a fashion, since their first term at the university. In those days Fleming had been a bright, unhappy, self-conscious young man, subject to miserable, hideous fits of shyness, and secretly ashamed of the paternal glove shop.

Now, perhaps he was too fond of talking about the glove shop, or drawing jocular comparisons between himself and a well known glover's son of Stratford on Avon, and the only remaining mark of his shyness was a certain emphasis of self confidence. Addenbrooke's earlier days than anything else though Johnny, it must be owned, was uncritical, and, like many persons, imposed a far less severe standard of conduct on his friends than on himself.

"Where do you hang out?" asked Addenbrooke, gathering together the despised examination papers.

"I have been down at Twickenham with my people. Can't stand much of that, you know. I am looking out for chambers somewhere Bond street way; and Mrs. Baxter is going to put me up here for a night or two."

"Oh, good. You know Mrs. Baxter has that portmanteau of yours?"

"Yes; she's letting it now, I believe, from the lumber room. There are some papers in it I want to look at tonight."

Fleming leaned back in his chair, his eyelids drooping moodily, as they had a trick of doing. Then he said discontentedly.

"Haven't you got anything to tell a fellow? You London people are all the same. One goes away and lives what seems a lifetime—It's so cram full of experience—and when one gets back not a soul remembers if it was last week or last year that they met you at the Jenkins' dinner party."

"From what I hear, you've no cause to complain, Fleming."

"Oh, of course, one's pestered with invitations from a lot of silly women one never heard of," grumbled the lion; "but isn't there anything in the shape of news?"

"Well," said Addenbrooke, slowly; "there is one piece of news, but I don't know that it's interesting. I am thinking of getting married."

Addenbrooke had never been a shy man; he was only very modest, and he had not accustomed his friends to take an interest in his affairs.

Fleming opened his eyes full and stared

his friend in the face. There was always something in his appearance under these circumstances; perhaps because his eyes were so rarely shown—perhaps because of some quality in the eyes themselves. They were curiously bright and very brown—not a black manque, but a beautiful, unusual brown.

Looking at them, it was easier to realize the power, such as it was, which Lawrence Fleming possessed over his fellow creatures. "Addenbrooke," he said, leaning forward and speaking with sudden intensity, "as you value your peace of mind, have nothing to do with women."

He flung himself back, laughing a little and letting fall his eyelids. In a few minutes he burst into a fierce tirade against the whole female sex, taking Addenbrooke's announcement merely as a text.

Even Johnny was disappointed at this lack of interest on the part of his friend, but remembered having heard that Lawrence had been hit hard before he went to Africa—that nothing less, indeed, than a broken heart had sent him forth to those distant shores.

Then, before Addenbrooke knew what was happening, Fleming plunged into the heart of his own particular grievance.

"It was last year, he said, 'at a country house. It began from the moment she came into the room. I don't pretend that she was the first; but it was different, somehow. I am not even sure she was good looking; out there was something about her—it you cared at all—well you cared. She stayed a week, and at the end of the time I told her more or less directly, that I loved her. I was to see her the next day, as it happened, I was prevented by my mother's serious illness. I wrote and told her this, begging her to fix a day for my visit. She made no reply, and four days later I called at the house, to be told she was out of town. The next day I accepted the offer of the Waterloo Place Gazette, and went off to Africa. I'm sure I don't know why I cared. She wasn't worth it; she had given me every encouragement—had even allowed me to kiss her. I suppose there was a richer fellow on hand, or one whose father didn't happen to keep a shop."

Fleming rose, shrugging his shoulders. Addenbrooke remained silent. The voice of Mrs. Baxter, announcing that the portmanteau was in Lawrence's room, came as a relief to both.

"By the by," said Johnny, in a low voice, as the other left for his keys, "all this took place at the Meades' in Warwickshire, from March the 28th onward."

"Oh," answered Lawrence, with some vexation, pausing on his way to the door; "I suppose you know all about it, like the rest of the world!" And he went from the room.

Addenbrooke remained behind, pacing the ridiculous, incongruous apartment, while an unwonted storm raged within him. The parts of the puzzle lay, fitted together, in his hand; it only remained for him to step forward and proclaim the solution of a most commonplace enigma. An inefficient postman, a careless housemaid, on some such undignified trifles, had the whole complication hung, like many another complication before it.

No doubt, sooner or later, the missing clue would come to light when he himself had made its discovery of no importance whatever.

Had he been of a melodramatic turn of mind, Addenbrooke might have laughed aloud at the irony of the situation. His own dream was shattered forever, but of that for the moment he scarcely thought.

When he saw most clearly was this: That, by his own act, he must make Lydia over into the hands of a man unworthy of her—unlikely to make her happy—to think of whom in connection with her seemed contamination.

But the man whom Lydia loved withal! There was the sting, the shock, that for the moment took away his breath and made him pause, pale, motionless, in his walk.

Then suddenly, before the modest and uncritical mind of Addenbrooke flashed in vivid colors the image of two men—of himself and his friend.

He saw Lawrence Fleming, with his shyness, unreliable cleverness, his moral coarseness; the man stood before him revealed in all his second rateness.

And he saw himself, John Addenbrooke, as he had always been, in the dignity of his irreproachable life—of his honest, patient labor.

He looked on this picture, and on that, and knew each for what it was worth.

Then ensued in the peaceful breast of Addenbrooke a terrible war of thoughts and emotions.

Life, which had hitherto been a simple matter enough, a mere case of doing your duty and minding your own business, had assumed a complexion of cruel difficulty.

And yet he knew the more obvious aspect of the matter was not a complicated one.

Lydia no more belonged to him than a dog who had followed him home and had been claimed by its master.

He was bound, in common honor, to reveal the facts of which he had accidentally become possessed.

Should he go to Lydia and say: "This man, whom you prefer so infinitely to myself, is far less worthy of you than I. He has not led a bad life, as men go, but he has not led a good one." Men of the world do not do such things, but then Addenbrooke was not a man of the world.

And if he had no other right over Lydia, had he not that of his own lifelong love and her three weeks' tolerance of it?

The door opened to admit Lawrence Fleming. He had changed his coat, and bore a bundle of papers and a pipe in his hand.

"Any tobacco?" he said, taking the empty seat at the writing table.

Addenbrooke nodded toward a jar on the mantelpiece, continuing his troubled promenade across the room.

It was dawdling painfully, but surely, on his mind that his hands were indeed tied, that it only remained for Lydia to choose between them.

"But it is I who would have made her happy," thought poor, obstinate Johnny.

"Any matches?" said Fleming, with his fingers in the tobacco jar.

Johnny made no answer, and the other lumbered in the pocket of his coat.

Then there was a sudden exclamation. This time Addenbrooke was roused, and came over to the table. "What's up?" he said.

Fleming pointed in silence to a stamped

and addressed envelop lying at his feet.

Johnny picked it up, with a dull sense of relief that matters had been more or less taken out of his hands. He knew, before he looked at it, that it was addressed to Miss Grey, and that it was Fleming's customary carelessness in the matter of posting his letters that had wrought the mischief.

Lawrence was much excited. "It had slipped behind the lining of the pocket! I have just taken the coat from my portmanteau. Oh, that poor girl! What must she have thought of me all this time?"

Addenbrooke faced him suddenly. "Do you intend," he said in a low voice, "endeavoring to repair the mischief?"

It is possible that he had a low opinion of Fleming's constancy.

"I will go to her tomorrow!" cried Lawrence.

A sudden pang of personal anguish, an intolerable sense of bereavement, shot through Addenbrooke.

He thought: "After all, perhaps, I am nothing but a jealous devil who begrudges my girl her happiness."

Aloud he said: "There may be difficulties at first. In fact, Miss Grey is engaged to be married."

Fleming rose with an exclamation. The two men stood facing one another; Lawrence flushed, excited; Johnny, pale, with tense eyes and nostrils.

"Lydia engaged! Lydia! The women are all alike. Could she have no patience, no trust, but she must needs throw herself away in a fit of pique on some fellow who is not worthy of her!"

"She engaged to me!" cried Addenbrooke, with sudden passion. "And, by heaven, I think it is I who am too good for her!"

The passion of such men as Addenbrooke is a terrible thing.

Fleming quailed before it. He gathered up his papers in silence and went from the room.

Mrs. Grey swept up to Addenbrooke as he stood with his hands on the knob of the drawing room door.

"Oh, Professor Addenbrooke, I am so sorry," she cried.

"So am I," he answered, curtly.

It was two days after the events of the last chapter. Lydia had made her choice, and now, at her own request, was to take as well of Addenbrooke.

As she came forward, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, to meet him, it struck him that she resembled the picture of a Bechante he had seen somewhere—a Bacchante in a tailor made gown, with the nearest of cuffs and collars. Poor Johnny!

"I wished," she said, when their greeting was over, "to thank you with all my heart."

"And I," he said, "wish to tell you this. do you think that I merely took advantage of you. I believed that I could make you happy—I believe it still."

She smiled sadly, and Addenbrooke broke into a sort of laugh.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" she cried. He had no intention of being pitted, even by Lydia.

"Don't distress yourself about me Lydia," he said. "I have had my chance. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I do not think you have chosen the better man."

They talked a little aimlessly; then Addenbrooke held out both his hands in farewell. It was Lydia who, drawing him toward her, kissed his face for the last time.

She knew, as he stood there facing her, that he was passing out of her life for ever. For the moment he seemed transfixed, no longer insignificant; a tender but inscrutable presence—pitying, ironical. Some inarticulate voice in her heart cried out to him not to leave her; unconsciously she put out her hand, and then he was gone.

Not long after Fleming was with her. He had his arm about her waist and was kissing her lips as Addenbrooke had never kissed them—Belgravia.

I Was Cured of Rheumatism in Twenty-four Hours.

I, George English, shipbuilder, have lived in Chatham, N. B., over forty years. Last spring I took severe pains in my knee, which, combined with swelling, laid me up for six weeks, during which time I endured great suffering. I saw South American Rheumatic Cure advertised in the Chatham World and procured a bottle. Within twenty-four hours I was absolutely free from rheumatism, and have not been troubled with it since.

Longest in the Language.

Which is the longest word in the English language?" as Kid Rid.

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly.

"No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there is a whole mile between the first and last letters."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" said Rob, faintly.

"Beleaguered," said Tom.

A Well-Known Roman Catholic Priest of Hamilton—Rev. Father John J. Hinchey, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ontario, Testimony to the Undisputed Worth of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the person of the Rev. T. Hinchey of St. Joseph's Church (R. C.), Hamilton, is found one who does the highest credit to the self-sacrificing work in which he is engaged. His kindly heart constantly prompts to deeds of love and goodness, and in the city of Hamilton all who know him are ready to bear testimony to his high character and active generosity. A result of neglect, thinking more of others than himself, he has been a sufferer from cold in the head and its almost certain associate, catarrh. Recently he made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and has found in it so great relief that he deems it a pleasure to tell others of the good it has done him.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps S. G. Detchon, 44 Church-st., Toronto.

Boston's Woman's Orchestra.

Boston boasts of an orchestra of women which numbers forty-five, and with the aid

of a few men to play the bassoons, horns, oboes, and trumpets, they acquire themselves with great skill. Miss Lillian Chandler is at the head of the stringed instruments, and as the women has overcome the difficulties of the flute, clarinet, and trombone, they soon expect to master those of the horns and trumpets.

For 13 Months Unable to Lie Down in Bed—A Toronto Junction Citizen's Awful Experience With Heart Disease.

L. J. Law, Toronto Junction, Ont.: "I consider it my duty to give the public my experience with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I have been sorely troubled with heart disease and unable to lie down in bed for eight months owing to smothering spells and palpitation. Each night I would have to be propped up by pillows in order to keep from smothering. After treating with several medical men without benefit, I procured a bottle of the Heart Cure. After taking the first dose I retired and slept soundly until morning. I used one bottle and have not taken any of the remedy for seven weeks, but the heart trouble has not reappeared. I consider it the grandest remedy in existence for heart disease."

With a Square Boddice.

Marie—Mrs. G. Wyman, says that she will outstrip you in the social swim this summer.

Mamma—Well, from her opera-going, I judge that she has done so already.

## BORN.

Truro, June 9, to the wife of Daniel Holmes, a son.

Truro, June 20, to the wife of Nelson Blois, a son.

Truro, June 21, to the wife of W. F. Linton, a son.

Halifax, June 18, to the wife of Charles S. Barrs, a son.

St. John, June 20 to the wife of J. Clarence Clark, a son.

Woolville, June 20, to the wife of Prof. Kierstead, a son.

Westville, June 22, to the wife of R. R. Patterson, a son.

Amherst, June 20, to the wife of Arthur Coates, a son.

Woodstock, June 23, to the wife of Henry Jamieson, a son.

Halifax, June 20, to the wife of Charles H. Schwartz, a son.

Chamcook, June 15, to the wife of D. F. Campbell, a son.

Parishboro, June 10, to the wife of William Dickson, a son.

Parishboro, June 10, to the wife of John W. Yorke, a son.

Halifax, June 15, to the wife of Peter Little, a daughter.

Yarmouth, June 12, to the wife of Lionel Marsh, a daughter.

Earmouth, June 17, to the wife of A. H. Tretry, a daughter.

Lockport, June 17, to the wife of Frank A. Bill, a daughter.

Eastville, N. S., to the wife of Samuel T. Ellis, a daughter.

Aylesford, June 5, to the wife of A. E. McMahon, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, June 5, to the wife of A. W. Archibald, a son.

West Head, June 9, to the wife of William T. Atkinson, a son.

Springville, June 17, to the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Turner, a daughter.

Carlton, N. S. June 16, to the wife of Edward Walton, a daughter.

West Pabodie, June 16, to the wife of Louis E. Morton, formerly of N. B., a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, June 19, Michael Kline to Alice Wash.

Macean, June 11, by Rev. Mr. Davie, Neil Barclay to Nellie E. Ripley.

Newcastle, June 12, by Rev. W. J. Blakney, Burt Newell to Eliza