

A SPOILT IDYLL.

CHAPTER I.

"Hallo! Excuse me, sir, you're not Mr. Hillier—Mr. Ben Hillier?" "I guess I am, though, stranger. But you have the advantage of me. I don't seem to recognize you."

"No! Not old Tom Ward, oh—eh? But—great scissiors! Now I look at you—why, of course it is! Here—shake!"

The traveler dropped his portmanteau and held out a big brown hand, which the other grasped heartily.

"I only landed in Liverpool this very morning," cried Mr. Ben Hillier, "and here it old Tom Ward isn't waiting to meet me at Euston as if he'd known I was coming!"

"I thought it was you. I recognized you the moment I set eyes on you," declared Tom, laughing. "If I had known you were coming I should have been here to meet you, you may bet your bottom dollar on that, as you Yankees say. And now I have met you, I'm going to stop and have a chat, if I miss my train for it. As a matter of fact, I wasn't waiting for anybody. I'm on my way to Manchester. Been living there these last three years. Eh? What a row that engine makes! Oh, yes. Capital appointment I've got in Manchester. Had to be something good to tempt me to leave the old city here, I can tell you. Been doing a fortnight's holiday and just going back. Let's come in here out of the crowd."

Well, Mr. Ben Hillier began, when the two were seated in the refreshment room on the platform, "I've been coming home for long enough past, but something always turned up to hinder me. I've written half a dozen times to postpone the visit, and now, at last, I've come in such a rush that I never even wrote to say I was coming."

"Take 'em by surprise, eh? And how have you been getting on out there? You are looking remarkably well, and not a day older than when you went away. Come over alone, have you?"

"That's so." "No Mrs. Hillier yet, then?" Mr. Ben Hillier shook his head with a quiet smile. And after regarding him curiously for a minute, Tom Ward broke into a chuckle, snatched himself on the knee-pan and, glancing round to make sure nobody was likely to overhear him, went on in subdued tones:

"I'd clean forgotten! Way, what did you go out for? To be sure! And who is there in the old country you'd come over to see it isn't her? Of course!"

Mr. Ben Hillier did not dispute the proposition. "Ten years ago?" ejaculated his friend. "You mean to say neither of you have changed your mind in ten years? My gracious, if it doesn't beat fairy tales! Young man, young girl, poverty—all the good old-fashioned ingredients—young man goes to Boston to make his fortune; young girl waits. How is the fortune, Ben? Made?"

"The foundation's laid and the scaffolding's up," laughed Mr. Ben Hillier, "and there's enough of it built to keep the rain out. Yes; I've done fairly well, Tom. I got into a solid business, and when the old boss died, three years back, I arranged to take over the whole concern, and I'm running it myself. I run it still in the old man's name. I've pretty well dropped my own. Only use it when I write to her, and, of course, she uses it when she writes to me; that's all."

Mr. Ben Hillier drew a somewhat faded photograph from his pocket and passed it to his friend. It was the picture of a young girl of seventeen, a graceful, dainty figure, standing, lonely, against a dark background that made the face look pale; there was a tenderness of expression on the sweet, half-smiling features, a shy wistfulness in the large dark eyes, that instantly won the liking of the beholder as well as his admiration.

"It she is as good as she looks, and I am sure she is," said Tom Ward emphatically, "no wonder you waited ten years for her."

"I don't believe there is a truer girl on earth," remarked Mr. Ben Hillier, "not without some touch of emotion. 'She's no doll, my boy! When that girl's mother died—her father was dead long before—she took her place in the shop, and she's been keeping it going for five years, and supporting herself and her two young sisters, with no help from any living soul. That's the kind of a girl she is."

CHAPTER II.

Having left his luggage at a hotel near the station, Mr. Ben Hillier went on as fast as a hansom could carry him to the eastern part of the town. Halfway along the Commercial Road he dismissed the cab, and walking a few paces on passed before an ancient low-browed coffee house, dingy and dull looking externally.

There was a shabby, inferior air about the shop that gave him quite a shock, and rather dampened his ardor. He wondered he had never been struck by the meanness of its appearance when he had been so familiar with it years ago.

He entered with a strange feeling of reluctance. Within the shop was close and dark, and filled with unencouraging odors of miscellaneous cooking. It was long and narrow, with gaily, high-backed boxes on either side for the accommodation of customers, and, at the end, a low counter behind which was a private space where the trying and boiling and washing up was done.

Hesitating and overcome by an unaccountable nervousness, Mr. Ben Hillier slipped aside into one of the boxes instead of going straight to the counter, as he had first intended, and when the frowsy waitress came to attend upon him he ordered a cup of tea.

From where he sat he could keep watch on part of the space behind the counter; there was an ancient female washing crockery in a large tub, and the frowsy waitress drawing his tea from an urn; from the invisible depths, whence the steam floated, arose a high-pitched feminine voice, monotonously scolding somebody in connection with a disaster in some baking operations.

All the while he was sipping his tea that scolding continued, the raucous, intolerant tones grating on his nerves like the snarling of a hand-saw. He was yearning for a glimpse of that face whose portrait had been his constant companion and comforter in the tedious years of his absence. He ad looked forward to this day with un-

utterable longings; in his sleeping and waking dreams he had lived through this hour, through this meeting that was now so near, more often than he could have said.

His thoughts were broken in upon by the sound of the frowsy waitress saying to a man in the adjoining box: "Oh, she's in one of her usual tantrums. It's sickening." She's been at it like this all this day 'vry near."

"Kiss!" It was the complaining voice raised to a higher pitch; and, answering the call, the waitress scuttled off, vanished round the counter, and could be heard, out of sight, involved in a dispute.

She reappeared, later, subdued and sullen, and presently the owner of the scolding voice became visible at the counter, and proceeded to make fresh tea in the urn.

At the first sight of her face Mr. Ben Hillier started, a peculiar choking sensation rose in his throat, and he shrank back as if he feared she might observe him. She was a stout, full-faced woman, with an anxious, disconcerted expression; a large, coarse, apron concealed most of her faded print dress, and her sleeves were rolled up above the elbows of her red, rough arms.

To a stranger, the resemblance between this more than human female and the photograph in Mr. Hillier's pocket would have been imperceptible, but to Mr. Ben Hillier himself it was at once apparent. He could even trace something vaguely familiar, now, in the altered voice; yet he made a despairing effort to believe that he was mistaken, that this robust, practical termagant and the dainty, tender hearted, sympathetic girl he had loved could not possibly be one and the same person.

The whole thing seemed so crushingly unreal that with a forlorn idea of assuring himself of its certainty, he remarked to the waitress as he was paying her for his tea: "Miss Walton seems—that is Miss Walton, isn't it?"

The girl nodded sulkily. "The eldest?" "Yes." "Oh! I thought so. She seems rather put out today."

"Always," snapped the girl. And as she evinced no disposition to prolong the conversation, and he was suddenly seized with a dread that the woman might see and recognize him, he went hurriedly away into the street.

He was dejected and miserable; but the more he thought of it, the surer he was that he had acted well in coming away without making himself known to her. He might have concealed his true feelings from her and have forced himself to redeem his promise, but was it likely that such self-sacrifice could tend, now, either to her happiness or his? He felt in his heart that it was not. It would have been brutal to have faced her and told her of his disenchantment; he could not write and tell her; yet, after what had happened, he could not write to her again as he had been used to.

He was in haste to get back to his work, and try to forget; he saw no hope for either of them except in forgetfulness. And on his voyage home again a way occurred to him by which he might remove himself from her life and leave her free to lose all remembrance of him. A thought of such a subtle ruse could not be other than repugnant to him, but he could think of no alternative, and argued that circumstances justified the deed. Already the girl he loved was dead to him; it remained only for him to die to her.

CHAPTER III.

Late one evening, something less than a month after, a postman came down to the coffee shop in Commercial Road and left on the counter a newspaper addressed to Miss Walton.

It was handed to her as she sat by the fireplace, busied over some accounts, and seeing by the stamp that it was from America, she opened it at once. She opened it with an indefinable sense of apprehension, for she had been expecting a letter, and the paper was addressed in a handwriting that was strange to her. Turning over the pages, she came to a marked paragraph in the list of deaths, which ran:

"Hillier—May 10, at No. 98 Kirtall street, Boston, Benjamin Hillier, formerly of London, England."

Nothing more. And she read it through three or four times before its full meaning took hold upon her, and she understood that he had been dead nearly three weeks. Then—for a habit of reticence had increased upon her, and she could not bear the thought of humiliating herself by giving way to her weakness before her dependents—she put the paper aside indifferently, and made a pretence of going on with her accounts till, finding it hard to maintain such unnatural self control any longer, she arose abruptly and went upstairs.

Her younger sister, whose curiosity had been roused by her demeanor, took advantage of her retirement to open the paper, and read the marked paragraph with the frowsy waitress peering over her shoulder; so that when Miss Walton came down again, they affected to be unconscious of the readiness of her eyes and the unaccustomed quietness of her manner. They involuntarily spoke to her with more than ordinary respect, obeying her wishes with a promptitude that was new to them, much as one humors and seeks to anticipate the whims of an invalid.

Next week brought a type-written letter from an unknown Edward Smith, of Boston. He inclosed a bank draft for £500, saying it represented the savings of the late Mr. Ben Hillier, who had desired that she should have them. He mentioned that he had forwarded a paper containing a notice of his friend's death, which had been rather sudden, and concluded his formal communication with orthodox expressions of regret.

Only her immediate acquaintances know why Miss Walton still wears the mourning she has worn so long, and not all of them know who erected in the crowded East London Cemetery the little marble cross to the memory of "Benjamin Hillier, who died at Boston, aged 36," nor whose name is one day to fill the space left vacant under his.—Household Words.

Two Thousand a Week.

An expert employed by a New York house earns a salary of \$8,000 a year for just four weeks' work—two in the autumn and two in the spring. His business is to go to Hamburg, and, out of thousands of designs made there and submitted to him for "edgings," to select those that shall be manufactured for the American market.

THE NEED AND THE SUCCOUR.

In a long drought—when not a drop of rain has fallen, perhaps for weeks—every living thing in the land, animal, and vegetable, cries out for water, the hills, the valleys, the flowers, the grass, the cattle and human beings, most of all, pray for rain, each in its own language; for without it they must surely die.

Just so when a man is hungry. Every part and parcel of his body calls for food. It is a regular starvation chorus; not the stomach alone, but every other organ, every nerve, muscle, bone, tendon, every drop of running blood, every bit of gray matter in the skull, every square inch of skin, &c., they all want it and must have it. For the body you move about in and breathe and feel, is nothing under the sun but the stuff you eat and drink, moulded and vitalized by the mystery of digestion.

How ridiculous and unnatural, therefore, is the idea of any kind of good victuals "going against" a person; it is like the idea of the sweet rain from heaven "going against" the dry grass—something that never happened, nor ever will, as long as Nature has her own way in the meadows and among the clouds.

Yet here we have a good friend, who says there was a time in her life when her food seemed like to kill her. If a withering rose bush, full of roses falling to the ground, were to turn away in fear from the soft snow, it would be doing what this woman did in turning away from the food placed upon the table before her. Do you think it easy to account for? Is it enough to say that she had no appetite? No, for what do you mean by that? Why should nature have refused her an appetite? The answer isn't half so simple as you fancied; is it?

Here is her own way of putting the case:—"Sixteen years ago," she says, "whilst living in service at Halifax, I fell into poor health, everything seemed a burden and trouble to me. After eating I had dreadful pins at my chest and sides; my food appeared to be killing me. By-and-by I got so dreadfully low and weak, that I had to leave my situation and return to my home at Malton. I consulted a doctor and also a chemist, but their medicines did not help me. After being at home six months, I took a turn for the better, and got on fairly well up till August, 1891, when I was troubled with dizziness and dimness of sight. I spat up a quantity of sour, frothy fluid, and had great pain at the pit of my stomach. I used to break out into cold, clammy sweats, and what food I forced myself to take did not nourish me. Then I saw two more doctors, who gave me medicines, but, in spite of all they could do, I got weaker and weaker day by day. It was at this time that I came to hear of Seigel's Syrup. I began to use it, and found relief at once. It did me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took. At every dose I got stronger and stronger, and soon felt myself renewed in health, as I was before my long illness. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think it may be useful to others—Yours truly, (signed) Mrs. Elizabeth Appleton, 33 Cross Row, Bratton, near Saltburn, Yorkshire, May 26th, 1893."

Today Mrs. Appleton can eat whatever comes her way. Her food no longer injures her and gives her pain, but nourishes her as nature means it shall do for everybody. But why did her needy body so long reject the very thing it needed? Why did the parched grass shrink and suffer, as it were, at the touch of the gentle rain?

The reason (you know it by name if not by nature) was indigestion and dyspepsia. The stomach went wrong (the stomach is the body's treasury) and the whole system went with it. For this dire malady Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is the remedy, tried and proved all the world over. When you're tired of experimenting with things that do you no good, try the one thing that will help you. It makes you thankful for hunger and thankful for food to satisfy it.

ON A FAST ENGINE.

How the Man at the Lever Feels and Acts on a Ye y Rapid Run.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead.

The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out the stops.

The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but it is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view of the engine can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has the best of it.—Railway Gazette.

Comparative Value of Foods.

Professor Atwater's exhaustive studies and experiments in this line have led him to the conclusion that the greatest nutritive value in any kind of food of the same specific cost is to be found in cornmeal. He finds that in ten pounds of the latter there are slightly over eight pounds of actual nutriment; in eight and one-third pounds of wheat flour there are over six and three-fourths of nutriment; in five pounds of white sugar there are four and one-half pounds of nutriment; in five pounds of beans there are four pounds of nutriment; in twenty pounds of potatoes there are three and three-fourths pounds of nutriment; in 25 cents worth of fat salt pork there are three and one-half pounds of nutriment; in the same value of wheat

bread there are two and one-fourth pounds; in the neck of beef a pound and three-fourths; in skimmed-milk cheese the same as the latter; in whole-milk cheese a trifle more than one and one-half pounds; in butter one and one-half pounds; in smoked ham and leg of mutton about the same; in eggs at 25 cents a dozen about seven ounces, and in oysters at 35 cents a quart about three ounces.—New York Tribune.

DANGEROUS CONSOlation.

All Right in a Day or Two, But the Day Never Came

"All right in a day or two" is the thought that consols every one who is suffering from any indisposition that does not prostrate him. In the case of a person bed-ridden for months with disease of the Kidneys being asked, "Did you not have any warning of this condition you are now in?" "Yes, I was bothered at first with back-ache, with occasional brachiaches, but did not consider myself sick or the necessity of medicine further than a plaster on my back or rubbing with my favorite liniment. It was months before I began to realize that it was useless to further force myself to ignore my condition. The back-ache had become a pain in the back and sides, weak and tired feeling, high-colored urine with obstructions and stoppage, pain in the bladder, palpitation of the heart, poor appetite, indigestion, and a dull, languid feeling, with entire lack of energy."

Had the first signal of distress from the Kidneys—Back ache—received the assistance of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the latter state of misery and suffering would have been avoided. A few doses dispel first symptoms; delay results in liver, heart and stomach becoming affected. It is useless to expect to overcome this complication without a persistent and regular use of Chase's K. and L. Pills. Price 25c., sold by all dealers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Druggists Read Anything. They were standing on the corner of Seventh and Vine streets not many nights ago. One of them had just received a telegram and he was making a great effort to read it. He tried it for several minutes and then handed it to his friend with an air of disgust.

The second individual gave it up after struggling with it a quarter of an hour. "I never saw anything to beat that," he remarked as he handed the message back, "and I've seen some pretty bad writing in my time, too."

"Well, I can't read it, and I'd like to know what it says, badly."

"Let me see. Ah, I have it. Drug clerks can read most any kind of writing. Let us go and see."

They went to the nearest pharmacy and handed the message to the prescription clerk. Before an explanation could be made he darted to the rear of the shop and disappeared behind a screen.

After an absence of fifteen minutes, during which time both men had grown very restless, the clerk appeared, and, as he handed a bottle to one of the men, he said: "Sixty cents, please."

Rather stunned for a while, the man opened the package, and read on the label: "Oh, tea-spoonful to be taken three times every hour."

When an explanation was made the clerk set up the soda water.—Evansville News.

NEAR TO DEATH'S DOOR.

This Was the Condition of the Young Son of Mr. John English, of Lakefield, Ont

Extremely Nervous, Debilitated, Seemingly Without Vitality or Vigor, the Highest Medical Skill was Unable to Battle With His Disease.

Whatever may be the cause, it is unfortunately too true that large numbers of children are afflicted with nervous troubles. These in many cases assume aggravated conditions and develop into what is really a feature of paralysis.

A result of severe sickness some years ago, Robert B. English, the son of Mr. John English, who conducts a large co-operative business in Lakefield, Ont., became the victim of what seemed like chronic nervousness. The child was taken with severe twitchings accompanied by fits that were doomed to speedily wreck the whole system. Naturally the best medical skill was brought into requisition but no relief was secured. South American Nerve was used, and with the result that after six bottles had been taken the boy was restored to perfect health and is to-day one of the most robust and healthy children in his section of country.

The case of Minnie Stevens, of London, Ont., daughter of Mr. P. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., is a somewhat similar case. Twelve bottles of the medicine cured a severe case of paralysis there.

The great secret of Nerve is that it cures at the nerve centres, and for this reason is a panacea sure, certain and lasting, in all cases, of nervous troubles, general debility, indigestion, sick headache, and like difficulties in old and young. It removes these troubles, and besides, builds up the system, for it is one of the greatest flesh-producers that the age has seen.

The Cat That Didn't

A South Brewer resident will never again attempt to take the nine lives of a cat when one fell swoop of a broom. He arrived at this conclusion one evening last week. When he struck with the broom the cat dived beneath the dress of a man's wife, who got the full force of the blow intended for the cat. The man fell over his wife, upset the table and with it a lighted lamp. While he was engaged in putting out the fire, and his wife in nursing her wounds, the cat escaped, but she never came back.—Kenuebec Journal.

An Albany grape grower says that in the packing houses children eat grapes all day at any time they like, and he never saw one of them separate the seeds from the pulp. He swallows the seeds himself, and in twenty years he has never heard of a case of appendicitis.

Use Soap on wash day. It Saves money. READ the directions on the wrapper.

ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS:- THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

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Give me Progress please. Progress New York Ad. Boston Ad. Harper's Ad. Century Ad. Souths Ad. Cosmopolitan Ad.