

HELEN'S LOVERS.

Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed? Was he glad? Was he sorry?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain fact stared him over in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor, and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed."

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he puts to the wound that soothing slave, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile as he could never win, and kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after a lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so, by proxy, won Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of twenty, whose heart had seemed crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

In the long ago the Raymonds had held wealth, too, but Helen's father, to use the expression of his brother, had "muddled away two fortunes, somehow," and had died a pauper. Helen was but a child then, and her mother was sufficiently wise to "fit her for a teacher," by a course of judicious education, for which her uncle paid.

And Helen, nervous, sensitive, quick in feeling, impulsive in speech, was about as unfit for a teacher as a girl could be. Still she trudged about in all weather to instruct such pupils in music and French as she could procure, and helped her mother should the thousand and one cares of a boarding house when she was at home.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive, brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living in love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes dull and weary, her duties met with rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self.

And it made Will Spencer furious he could not break this icy calm. All in vain he brought her costly gifts, took her to every place of amusement where he could coax her to go, was her openly devoted slave. The few words of thanks she spoke were dull, her smile was on her lips only, and her eyes did not brighten. By no device could he call up one flash of her old joyousness. She sang for him, selecting difficult overtures that proved her proficiency, displayed a charming voice, nothing more. Never did she sing the old ballads that George Vanhorn had loved, when she threw her heart into every line, and made her eyes misty with her thrilling tones.

Yet she was grateful, and spoke often of her own regret that she so poorly repaid all Will's tenderness. She tried not to shrink from his caresses, to give back something of the warmth of his love, and then, in the privacy of her own room, wept scalding tears over her own faithlessness.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had brought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to in matter of fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he hoped to make her.

"If she never loves me," he thought, bit-

terly. "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?"

He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice, and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said, gently, yet with a shudder: "I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains. Write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him:

"George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily.

"Let me go, Spencer!" the cripple pleaded. "I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said, gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches, and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady, now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deep compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes! All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"

"But you may recover."

"No! I should be only a wreck if I could but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased, fatally."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, but saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding-house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed. "She will never marry me," Will thought ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding-house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen up stairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter, and quietly effacing himself.

It was far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me!"

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months, when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"The old lady sir, is dead," the servant told him, and Miss Helen's living in street. Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady, she's took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him: "It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her voice faltered, with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended. The ledger.

MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabella Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and kidneys so bad that he could not stand or get out of bed without assistance. Despite the skilled medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, sent free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. The New Ingredient works well. One bottle lasts over a month.

How Muskrats Breathe Under Ice.

W. Spoon, the naturalist, asserts that the muskrat when obliged to go beneath the ice from one side to the other of a pond has a curious mode of taking along his air-supply. Instinct teaches him to take in a deep breath before starting, but even this he knows will be insufficient for the trip. Accordingly, he halts occasionally and exhales the exhausted air from his lungs. This air, being confined by the ice in the shape of a bubble, and in full contact with the icy water, becomes almost instantly reoxygenated. When the transformation is completed the wise rat again takes in his old breath, which is now a fresh inspiration. Thus rejuvenated, he again dives out of sight and begins swimming for the other side, only coming up against the ice as often as it is necessary for him to refresh that valuable little breath of air. But few hunters and trappers are aware of the muskrat's odd plan of changing his poisonous breath into a fresh inspiration, but those who are take a mean advantage. By striking a heavy blow on the ice the air is dispersed, and the little animal dies of asphyxia.—Public Opinion.

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

TIRED?
Oh, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work.
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

DARK CLOUDS
ROLLED AWAY:

One of Death's Agents Subdued.

Paine's Celery Compound Brings
New Life to a Roxton
Pond Lady,

The medicine that can rescue and save a human being after the best efforts of medical men prove unavailing should merit the careful consideration of every sick and diseased man and woman. Such a medicine is a boon to the world, an anchor of hope, protection and joy to those who have been told that they are in a hopeless condition and incurable.

Up to the present, medical science has devised but one remedy that fully meets the wants and desires of all sufferers. This wonderful medicine is Paine's Celery Compound, to which thousands in Canada today owe life and good health.

Here is a statement from a lady, Miss Marilla A. Bullock, of Roxton Pond, P. Q., a sufferer from liver trouble, that is in every way sufficiently strong to convince the despairing, despondent and doubtful. She says:

"I think it a duty and a pleasure to write and tell you what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, a sufferer from liver trouble."

"Two years ago I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I still remained weak and ailing, and had another and more severe attack. I was under the doctor's care for four months, and received very little relief."

"I was very weak, not able to sit up more than a few minutes at a time. A little milk taken at meals would distress me, and I was nervous and could get but little sleep."

"Hearing what Paine's Celery Compound had done for a friend, I gave up doctoring and used your medicine. I have taken six bottles and received much good. I am able to eat a good meal, I sleep well, seldom lie down during the day, and can drive six miles over rough roads without getting tired."

CANARY CULTURE.

Training American Birds to Become Good Singers.

Milwaukee supplies the United States with the bulk of the Hartz mountain canaries, and there is no great crime in the deception, for the Milwaukee bird is really an improvement on the imported article, having just as fine a voice and being much harder, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Experience has shown that the imported singer loses the power of transmitting his voice to the young after passing through an American winter. This is the case also, it is said, with the Tyrolean singers who come to this country, their voices losing the peculiar Alpine yodling quality when they have been here a year. The native canary is harder than the imported one, and with the proper training is every bit as good a singer.

Before they are mated the hen birds are kept in separate cages in the music-room, carefully fed and made to listen to the music of the singers and the machine used in training their voices. In this way the hen is enabled to transmit the best musical quality to its offspring. The music-room is a large one with a south exposure, and is kept with the same scrupulous neatness as the breeding-room. In the corner of this room is the bird organ, and with it the little birds are given their vocal training. When the machine is started the notes emitted are wonderfully like the song of the untutored canary. These notes are known to bird trainers by the term pfeifen. Gradually the whistle on to a different line. It is an improvement over the pfeifen, and is called klingel rolle. A higher step still is called hohl klingel, and a still higher step hohl rollen. Lastly comes what is called hohl rollen, and a bird whose voice has been developed up to that point is worth \$50 in the market any day.

There are innumerable small cages, made of wood and wire, in this room, and also two or three large cages, in which a number of the birds are placed together. Near the bird organ is what appears to be

an ordinary cupboard. The two front doors have an ornamental opening cut in them, quite similar to the openings in the body of a violin. Examination shows that the affair is really built on the principle of a violin, the front covers serving as sounding boards. When the birds are having their voices trained they are placed in this dark cupboard and also in some smaller ones, constructed so as to just take in one of the little wooden cages each. Kept thus in the dark they have nothing to distract their attention from the notes of the bird organ, and so long hours are spent by the little pupils in piping up their little voices to the lead of the mechanical teacher. When their education has been completed they are shipped in the little cages to New York, Cincinnati and Chicago market.

Purchasers suppose that when they buy a bird in one of these little cages it is a guarantee that they have been imported. Not so, however. The cages are made in Milwaukee, even to the little earthenware drinking jug that is fastened within. And just here a word of advice to buyers of canaries. The male birds are, of course the singers, and it is important to be able to tell the male from the female. The female has a white shade or shimmer across the feathers on the top of the head.

The eye of the female is also surrounded by a little white rim of flesh, easily detected by the fancier.

Warned.

A gentleman who spent last summer in the country with his family has two little boys, who one day wandered into a pasture in which a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer was grazing. Although no harm was done, the gentleman the next day received the following note from the owner of the bull:

"Sir.—You better not let your little boys go into the pasture with my bull creature for he is not a amiable bull creature and he might do considerable damage if he test them twenty or thirty feet into the air which I would not be responsible for him not doing if he took a notion to. So please take notice and beware of the bull hereafter."

Canadian Women Consume Millions of Packets.

Millions of packages of Diamond Dyes are used by the women of Canada every year. The sale of these household friends is increasing so fast that at times the manufacturers have difficulty in filling the orders that pour in from the wholesale and retail trade.

The enormous and fast increasing consumption of Diamond dyes indicates immense popularity, due of course to quality, strength brilliancy and fastness of colors. Diamond Dyes give colors that last till the materials are worn out. Every color is true to name; the results are always pleasing and satisfactory, and they are sold at the same price as the common imitation dyes.

When buying package dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes, the only guaranteed dyes in the world, the only colors that give you value for your money and time.

A Good Reason For Wonder.

The country editor, so says the Cincinnati Enquirer, laid down with impatience the great city daily that he was reading in the bosom of his family, and exclaimed:

"Mighty funny!"

"What is funny, John?"

"Why, this here paper has this paragraph: 'Eva Hollis-Whopper, the charmboutrette, has just purchased a new bulldog.'"

"Such items are quite common in the big papers, John."

"Yes, I know it; but why do they laugh at me for publishing the information that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn?"

ITCHING, BURNING, CREEPING.

Crawling, or Stinging Skin Diseases Relieved in a Few Moments by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Price 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures tetter, salt rheum, scald head, eczema, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all baby humors, irritation of the scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.

Papa, are we descended from monkeys? asked a small boy, who had heard someone expounding certain scientific opinions. "No, my son, not on this side of the house," was the father's very improper answer.—Exchange.

Weather-beaten—The Signal Service forecasts.