

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]

'You are not my wife, because—because I—I have a wife already.'

And then he told her the whole story of that first marriage truly enough, omitting, however, the fact that Lucilla was dead.

It was the only way out of it, he thought, and, after all, a lie to a woman was not such a breach of faith as it told to a man. Such was his reasoning.

To prove his words, he produced some of Lucilla's later letters demanding money, and signed, 'Your wife—LUCILLA.'

Mavis read as one turned to stone, then looked up at the man she loved as though he had stabbed her to the heart, and fell backward in a dead faint.

Martha carried her to her room. When she came to, she made no moan—only begged that Adrian might be sent to her before he left the cottage.

All that night Adrian Carolin paced restlessly to and fro.

His thoughts were unenviable. He cursed his weakness—his folly; his father's words in the woods of Carolin were before him.

He simply dared not tell the truth. Adrian was a coward. In the morning, early, he went to Mavis.

His heart smote him as he looked upon the fair face, so often pillowed on his bosom.

Her calm was unnatural, he thought. Martha had placed her on a couch by the window, and Adrian noticed, with a thrill of compunction, that her face was whiter than the wrapper she wore.

'Adrian,' she said, 'it was true—all true—what you told me last night? Am I, indeed, not your wife—or is it all a dreadful dream?'

'It is true,' he replied, in a low voice. 'Then God help me and the child!'

Her face drooped forward. Again Mavis Carolin had fainted, and Carolin took this opportunity to leave the house.

CHAPTER X.

Six months later. In a small room, in a tenement house situated off the Mile End Road, a girl was sitting.

It was Mavis. Closely clasped to her breast was an infant.

For the sake of this child, who bore upon its tiny face the likeness of the Carolins, Mavis had remained at the cottage in St. John's Wood till she was strong enough, as she deemed, to face the world.

Then, one day she had disappeared, leaving a vague note for good Martha Smith.

She now sat, hopeless, hungry, weak; her beauty dimmed by tears and close stitching.

A heavy step outside, and the man she dreaded—her coarse landlord—entered.

'Now, look 'ere, miss or ma'am, or whatever yer call yerself, I wants my rent. Yer can't pay it, can't yer? Then out yer goes this 'blessed munit! I've another lodger a 'comin' in right away. 'Urry hup! put yer rags together an' be hoff.'

Mavis obeyed him mechanically. In a few moments with her boy in her arms, she had quitted the miserable place.

'I say, my girl, what are you up to? Come never do that; life's sweet to the best or the worst of us. Lucky for you I came by just when. My stars! and a baby, too! Here, come with me; my place isn't up to much, but it's safe.'

Mavis—for it was she—obeyed passively.

In a moment of madness and despair, she had gone near to a great crime.

Had not this stranger passed when she did, Mavis and her child would have found a grave in the dark river.

Her companion opened with a latchkey the door of a quiet-looking house in a respectable side-street, and led the way to a sitting-room, off which a comfortably furnished bedroom opened.

'Now sit you down and make a right good meal, and then you just tell me what made you attempt so mad a thing.'

So saying, the woman—who, Mavis now saw, was fully ten years older than herself and handsome in a bold sort of fashion—bustled about, placing meat and bread before her.

'Now, out with it,' she said, when Mavis had finished, and, with the baby on her breast, lay back in an easy chair. 'Tell me what drove you to attempt a flying leap to night—a man?'

Then Mavis, as in gratitude bound, told the tale, not of her life, but only dating back three months.

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Britannia St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

Mrs. POLAND, Brunswick Street, says: "My husband suffered greatly with nervousness, complicated by heart troubles. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have cured him, and he now is well and strong."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

It was a simple tale, and not uncommon—want, hunger, despair.

'No man in it? Humph! how about that! I said the woman, sarcastically, pointing to the sleeping infant. 'Well, well, it's past one o'clock. Get to bed, and in the morning I'll talk to you, and you shall tell me—what you will.'

And roughly, but not unkindly, she pushed Mavis into the bed room, where, without more ado, she undressed her and put her into bed with her baby in her arms.

Long and earnestly did the girl's hostess gaze upon the lovely sleeping faces of mother and child, and presently she started.

'How like! But, no; 'tis absurd,' she muttered.

As she turned away from the bed, a packet of letters, lying on the floor, caught her eye.

They had evidently fallen unnoticed when she had undressed Mavis.

The handwriting was familiar! Without hesitation she opened them, and quickly made herself mistress of their contents.

With the morning came the inevitable reaction.

Mavis was ill—the result simply of semi-starvation and trouble.

She lay ill in the house of the woman, who bade her call her Mrs. Clare.

By her she was tenderly nursed, and brought back from the gates of the grave.

Mrs. Clare was strangely reticent about herself, and Mavis was not curious.

All she knew was that her benefactress was a widow, that the house in which she lived was her own, and that she eked out her living by letting part of it in lodgings, although she admitted that she had a small annuity, and was not entirely dependent on her lodger.

So Mavis asked but few questions. As she became convalescent, her weakness was such that she was content to lie with her baby by the open window, quiet and thoughtful.

She wondered vaguely how soon she should be well enough to go forth and take up the burden of her life again.

One day she said as much to Mrs. Clare, who smiled oddly, as she answered—

'Oh ay! time enough for that. Anyhow, I shall look upon you as my lodger for the present. You can pay me when you are able.'

'But, indeed, dear Mrs. Clare, I fear that will be never. I have no money, or prospects. I must not stay with you under the circumstances. If you will only help me to get work—'

'Work! Yes; you look like work!—and 'never' is a long day. Suppose you tell me your story, now that you are stronger? You only gave me the story of three months, and you were too overstrained for questions then; now it is different, and—and I may be able to help you.'

'Indeed, indeed you have been so good to me, Mrs. Clare, that I think—yes, I will tell you all—everything!' replied Mavis, suddenly making up her mind to tell this capable woman the whole story of her life—the entire truth, holding back only the name of him who had been her betrayer and her ruin.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS CLARE sat silent until Mavis had finished the sad story of her betrayal.

During its narration she made no remark but a frown gathered on her brows, and a keen observer would have noticed the flash in her fine, dark eyes.

'That is all,' said Mavis, at length. 'You will not turn me out, now you know that I am no wife? that I have no claim to the title that I once—ah! and still do—deem the most sacred upon earth, and my child—my bonny boy—has no name—'

Mrs. Clare saw that she was crying quietly.

The woman was deep in thought. 'And you will not tell me the name of that villain—that scoundrel?'

'I cannot. I do not even know the name of it, or the street in which it stood. I only know it was in the city. Adri—he took the certificate.'

'What a fool you are were!' exclaimed Mrs. Clare, abruptly, but not unkindly, and she left the room.

When she returned, she was dressed for walking.

Mavis thought what a very handsome woman she still was.

'I am going out,' she said, 'and may not be home till late. It is now two o'clock. I will ask Mrs. Dunn, who has the drawing room, to look in upon you and give you your tea. Here are some papers, amuse yourself with them till I return.'

Mavis assured her that she would be all right, and in a few minutes heard the hall door bang.

Mrs. Clare had departed. Mavis idly turned the pages of the papers over, reading a bit here and there.

The fashions, and the doings of the outside world did not interest her much.

Presently, however, her eye became arrested by a name; a name, alas! all too familiar, the name of Lord Carolin!

With strained eyes she read thus—

'The marriage of Lord Carolin to his cousin, the Lady Celia Mountjoy, is now definitely fixed for October 1st. It will be remembered that the ceremony was postponed for six months owing to the sudden death of the bridegroom's father, the late Lord Carolin.'

What did it mean? What new horror was this? Was ever man so base? Oh, great Heaven! was she dying? When Mrs. Dunn came in to give the invalid her tea, as requested by her landlady, she found Mavis in a dead faint, a society journal clutched in her cold hand.

'But this person, my lord—this woman—is—is so like—'and Boyd floundered hopelessly.

'Who? inquired Lord Carolin, with dry lips.

He feared he knew not what.

'Like—like—'and Boyd whispered in his master's ear.

A look of relief passed over Lord Carolin's handsome features.

'Send her away, Boyd; it is but a chance resemblance. I thought—'

'You thought it was another, my lord, didn't you?' and Mrs. Clare entered the room, waving the terrified Boyd on one side.

'You thought it was your lawful wife—the girl you had deserted in her hour of trial, bidding her believe she was no wife—leaving her and her helpless babe, your son, at the mercy of the world. Fate brought her to me, when she would have ended her young life from short despair. Fate gave her into my keeping, you pitiful coward, and she is safe—she and your son, your heir.'

'Who am I? Look well. Do you not remember me? I am like her, am I not? Ha! It brings back to you things you would rather forget! I swore an oath that I would avenge her death for to her death you drove her! With your haughty, aristocratic ways, your coldness, you drove her to drink, to evil-living, to death! And I, her sister—her twin sister—who loved her, swore to be even with you—and Fate has done it. You shall not ruin another—'

'It will kill Celia,' was all Adrian, Lord Carolin, could say.

'I am sorry for her,' said Mrs. Clare; 'but it was part of my revenge to leave you in your fool's paradise as long as possible—I have known your black treachery for some time past. Bah! she will get over it! The pride of race, of which you brag, will support her, I doubt not,' and the woman laughed, sneeringly.

'Where are your proofs? How do I know that you do not lie, woman?' said Adrian. 'Where is she whom you say is my wife—where is she, I say? As to the marriage, where is the proof—where is the certificate?'

'I expected that,' answered Marion Clare, quietly. 'Here it is—laying a paper before his startled eyes. 'You see, my lord, the game is in my hands. She, poor child, did not even know the name of the church, but, in her innocence telling, she described it to me so vividly, that I at once recognised it. It was as I thought. My quest was a short and easy one. She, Mavis, Lady Carolin, is your lawful wife.'

'Now, go; break the news to your high-born bride. My task is done—my revenge complete. I go to tell the glad news to Lady Carolin.'

'Fiend, that you are! Do you not know it will break her heart, Lady Celia's?'

'And you thought nothing of another heart—nay, of two—that you would have broken for your selfish pleasure? I am in time to save Lady Celia Mountjoy a lifelong disgrace. Tell your own tale; but, remember, I have my tale also—and—the proofs.'

Saying this, Marion Clare left Adrian Carolin alone with his thoughts.

The following morning, the daily papers announced to the world at large that no marriage would take place on Thursday, the 1st of October, between Adrian, Lord Carolin, and Lady Celia Mountjoy.

No reason was given at the time, but gradually it leaked out that there was a mystery connected with these noble houses, and tongues clacked, and society was all agog to know the truth, which, it is needless to say, it didn't.

It was understood that Lady Celia and her parents were abroad.

No one knew where the Lord of Carolin was.

It was verily a strange tale to which Mavis Carolin listened from the lips of Mrs. Clare.

That her child was not nameless, was the joy of her life.

For herself she cared nothing.

If Adrian would not return to her, of what availed anything?

The lawyers called upon her, and urged to take up her residence at Carolin Towers. But in vain.

'I will take a small income for my boy's sake,' she said; 'but until my husband comes for me I will not go back.'

So she lived quietly with her child in a pretty retired cottage on the banks of the Thames, and Mrs. Clare was a frequent visitor.

'From Boyd, Carolin Towers, to Lady



PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING 25c AT ALL SHOE STORES L. H. Packard & Co. Montreal. ALL COLORS BLACK, TAN, BROWN, Etc.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every grain is pure and develops LIQUID FRAGRANCE. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON. The Seal is our Guarantee. Accept none without it.

Carolyn.—His lordship seriously ill, wishes to see you.'

So ran the telegram placed in Mavis's hand some six months after the events narrated above.

Needless to say, Mavis travelled to Carolin as fast as steam could take her.

Once more was she to look upon Adrian—her lover, her husband.

Boyd met her at the station, and briefly informed her how things were.

Lord Carolin had returned unexpectedly one night about a week ago; it was plainly seen that he was far from well, but he would have no advice.

All his time he spent roaming among the woods and along the riverside, and only that very morning he had been found by one of the keepers by the haunted pool, drenched through, as though he had been in the water, and unconscious.

What the villagers were saying, Boyd in pity withheld from the weeping girl.

'Mavis—Mavis, you forgive me? Kiss me, darling, and tell me so. When I am gone—live here—you—and—the boy.'

It was all over. Adrian Carolin, his errors, and his sins were alike buried in the big family vault which held so many dead and gone Carolins.

And Mavis mourned him as truly as though he had been to her all that husband could be. Had she not loved him with a great love?

But there was one who mourned him deeper than even his young widow. Lady Celia never married.

She embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and became the bride of the Church.

And sweet Carolin? Did no happiness come to her in the 'long years to be?'

That question is soon answered. Five years later, Lady Carolin remarried, the proud and happy bridegroom being that same Arthur Bartie, who had seen and never forgotten the beautiful face at the Odeon Theatre, Paris.

SOFT SHELL CRAB FARMING. An industry in a Maryland Town That Yields a Half a Million Annually.

Less than a quarter of a century ago when James Kyle, James Landon and other citizens of this place originated the system of impounding crabs and caring for them until after they shed, and then shipping them to market, they were laughed at and ridiculed and sneeringly referred to as 'crab breeders,' but the idea proved a most important one, and it has spread and grown until to-day it is a source of income to the people of Crisfield and this immediate vicinity of \$500,000 annually.

It is difficult for one who has never visited Crisfield to imagine the commercial importance of the soft crab fishery, and the very large scale on which crab breeding is carried on. Its growth has been phenomenal, and largely instrumental in making this section one of the wealthiest in the State of Maryland. The people here can match dollars with any class of laboring folk in the United States.

Collecting the soft and 'peeler' crabs is the main industry at this season, from May to September, inclusive, and it affords profitable and easy work to thousands who would perhaps otherwise be unemployed. The soft crab, which is so abundant throughout the Chesapeake Bay, is found on the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Mexico, but at no place in the world has so much attention been given to its cultivation as at Crisfield. The crab is the Beau Brummel of crustaceans, and indeed no living creature gives so much attention to his wearing apparel. Compared with him in this regard the extreme dude leads a careless and easy life. If he were a member of the human family his tailor's bills would consume his entire earnings.

From the time he leaves the shell he passes through more frequent transformations than probably any other member of the animal kingdom. On emerging from the egg he looks somewhat like an impossible combination of those omnipresent products of New Jersey, the flea and the mosquito or, to speak more definitely, he has a flat, irregular body, with a long proboscis, a longer tail, long, swimming appendages, with spine-covered, toe-like branches at the ends and small eyes, not attached to stalks, as in later life, but fixed flat upon the head.

All these peculiarities are compressed within a small space, and in this stage he swims around mostly at the surface of the water.

At an early age he begins to shed his skin, and, having accomplished this feat a few times, he has increased in size, his eyes have appeared on stalks, legs like those of shrimps have developed, and nippers have been added to the pair of float legs. The tail and proboscis have nearly, if not entirely, disappeared, and he begins to grow at a rapid rate. Being nearly ready to begin business as a crab, he abandons swimming as a profession and takes to the bottom, goes foraging along the shores, or attaches himself to floating seaweed. He literally grows by shedding.

As fast as his garments become too small for him he casts them off and appears in a larger suit. After he reaches the edible size he sheds once a month, and men who make a business of hunting him say there is no regular time for shedding. After the attains his full growth he ceases to shed and indications are not wanting that he reaches a ripe old age, as specimens have been taken with full-grown barnacles and oysters attached to their shells. When a crab is about to shed he seeks shallow water and secretes himself in the roots of he grasses or under bunches of sedge, so as to be as much as possible out of the way of large fish, which are very fond of at this stage of his career.

A crab approaching the shedding process variously known among fishermen as a 'peeler,' 'shedder,' 'buster,' 'comer,' 'long comer' or 'short-comer,' 'A 'peeler' or 'buster' is one whose shell has begun to crack, while a 'comer,' 'long-comer' or 'short-comer' is preparing to moult, and the shell is loosening, but has not yet split. It is a matter of considerable importance with the fishermen to be able to determine whether a crab has or has not completed the shedding process. Unless the crustacean is taken in hand immediately after moulting, it quickly becomes a hard shell or hard crab, passing through the stages known as 'papershell' and 'buckler,' and as such not possessing the market value of a soft crab, or one that has not undergone moulting.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

The Skipper's Rebuke.

The skipper of a sailing vessel had as passengers an estimable but not very courageous minister and two careless young men given to little but mischief.

A severe storm came up, and although the young men were frightened enough, their terror was nothing to that of the poor minister, who was indeed a pitiable object.

'See here, sir,' said the skipper at last, with kindly severity, 'do you want me to think you're more afraid of going to heaven than those young men are of not going there?'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.