

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
once more established, we proceed with the singing of the hymn.
Will my fathers sermon ever come to an end?

I ask myself repeatedly, as I sit alone in the strange pew with continually changing countenance, and think of the ordeal awaiting me.

If only I can meet him when Roger is not present! and then perhaps he would never know aught of the affair; for honorable man as I believe him to be, I feel sure he will disappear from my path as soon as he has heard the truth from my lips.

And I vowed—oh, so much!—that the truth would be told before Roger's suspicions are awakened.

'Thirdly, my dear brethren,' remarks my father in his clear tones.

But how slow are these tones! I can bear it no longer.

Rising hastily, I gather up my sunshade and retrace my steps down the aisle, regardless of the astonished faces around me.

On till once more the sweet summer breeze is fanning my hot cheeks.

'If only Sir Hugh were here now, I would tell him all before—'

'Miss Travers! Can I render you any assistance?'

Even before I have well finished my mental wish, Sir Hugh is at my side with anxious face and extended arm.

'Thank you, Sir Hugh,' I murmur, allowing my fingers to rest on his proffered arm.

'Do not think me very foolish, I continue, 'but I believe I found the heat too great, and then my father's sermon is longer than usual this morning. I do not like too long a sermon; do you Sir Hugh? I question with a forced lightness of tone and quickly changing countenance.

My companion regards me with a slight astonishment on his face, then replies—
'I am glad your indisposition is no more than may be attributed to the heat, Miss Travers. It was certainly very warm in the church, and then that poor man's sudden illness may have—'

'Yes that and the heat combined made me feel that I could sit still no longer, so I came out.'

'And now, since I am so fortunate as to have this opportunity of rendering you a slight service, you will allow me to see you to your home, Miss Travers?'

Ah! I had not considered everything—had not considered that even though Roger might not meet us on the road to the vicarage, yet we must pass his house, and he may have returned from Farmer George! Still, I cannot well refuse Sir Hugh as an escort, be the consequences what it may.

So I murmur forth a few words in compliance with his request, and we turn off together down the hot and dusty road.

No sign of Roger at window, or on the smooth green lawn.

I sigh a low sigh of relief, and my spirits return in full force.

'I am expecting Lady Merton very soon, Sir Hugh,' I remark, as I note how near we are to the vicarage.

'Indeed? How charming she will find the country after the hot London streets! I am perfectly revelling in the fresh air and rural scenes.'

'Are you making a long stay in the neighborhood, Sir Hugh?' I ask.

My companion starts slightly, hesitates a second, then, bending his face towards me, replies, very quietly—

'My stay depends on one thing alone, Miss Travers.'

'What is that?' is the question that naturally occurs to me, but I dare not put it—cannot summon up sufficient courage to ask the question, when I knew so well from tone, words, and manner, what the answer will be—know so well that his stay depends solely upon me! No, I cannot ask it! And yet, he seems to expect that I shall.

'Yes,' Sir Hugh continues, after a brief pause, 'I shall hope that the one circumstance which will decide whether I depart or remain, may prove favorable.'

Then, turning to me, he pursues in quicker, but lower and more earnest tones—

'Miss Travers, will you not hope with me, that I may have the chance of visiting all the special bits of Oakdene scenery?'

This time I must give an answer of some kind or another. Too well I know what an affirmative reply would be constructed into, and so I am nonplussed.

'Give me your answer quickly, please Miss Travers. I see others are approaching, and I want a reply before we are overtaken by them.'

'I cannot give it now, Sir Hugh; but—'

'Thank you, Miss Travers, latter on will do. After service this evening perhaps? I shall attend it and will meet you in the churchyard, and then you give it me. Now—as the vicarage gates are reached—I will say good bye, for the present only.'

Bowing courteously, Sir Hugh opens the gate for me, and then turns away.

And I?—I scarcely know how to compose myself sufficiently to go forward and greet Roger, who just at this moment emerges from the dining room window.

'Roger, you here!' I exclaim, rather abruptly.

'Yes dear. I could not be of much service to poor old Farmer George. I have prescribed for him, and his friends will see that my orders are carried out. But, Elsie, I am very sorry that I shall not see anything more of you to day; for on my return I found a note awaiting me saying that Mrs. Milton's eldest child is much worse, and so I must go at once. But I could not set off without seeing and telling my dear little Elsie how disappointed I am not to be able to spend Sunday afternoon with her.'

'I am very sorry, too, Roger,' I reply.

But even as I utter the words, my face gradually clears, and I am afraid I show my sudden sense of relief—relief for what?—too plainly, for Roger replies, very gravely—

'I hope you are, dear. I shall think of you all the while, and, perhaps, I may be able to get back in time to spend an hour or so with you in our favorite spot.'

'I hope you will Roger.'

The words are not heartily spoken for I remember Sir Hugo Staunton's question and my promised answer.

Ah, well! Fate is deciding for me.

'Good-bye, my darling!'

And, with an earnest farewell kiss, Roger turns away to his own home.

Dinner is partaken of.

The long afternoon hours pass by all too quickly to me, and then once again, the old familiar church bell strikes out, and warns me that I must prepare to meet Sir Hugh, and that the moment is drawing nearer when I must explain all.

With trembling fingers and anxious heart I array myself in my outdoor apparel, and then set forth down the dusty road.

I am very early, and when I enter the church there is no sign of Sir Hugh in the Ellerton pew.

The bell ceases, the building fills, and the service proceeds—but still no sign of Sir Hugh.

I breathe more freely, and begin to regain confidence, and almost flatter myself that he has altered his mind, and that our church will not number him as one of its worshippers this evening, when, just as the first hymn is given out, his tall form appears down the aisle and enters the Ellerton pew.

Ah, for me!

I am only dimly conscious of what is being sung.

I cannot see the words, and their sense is borne to me from afar, so it seems.

So confused I become as I reflect on the ordeal awaiting me.

But the service ends at length.

And then to my great relief, just as my father is about to leave the pulpit, I see the clerk approach him, and in a loud whisper, inform him that he is wanted in the village.

Roger away at Mrs. Milton's, my father safely within some cottage, what a chance is mine!

I rise, and, with one swift glance at Sir Hugh, I mix with the outgoing congregation, and so pass out in the evening air.

Sir Hugh joins me presently, and then, silently, we turn off down a narrow lane, leading to my home just below the church gate.

Half-way down there is a stile, giving entrance to a field, and just across the field is the residence of Farmer George, whose illness so disturbed us all earlier in the day.

I think of this as I walk silently along by Sir Hugh Staunton's side, and mentally determine that there—at the stile—shall the explanation take place.

We are fast approaching it, when suddenly the silence that had fallen between us is broken by my companion.

'Miss Travers—Miss Elsie! What a contrast these two interviews will present.'

'What do you mean, Sir Hugh?' I ask.

He draws nearer to my side, and lowers his head.

'Do you not remember that night in May, when you and I were alone together on the balcony?'

'Oh, Sir Hugh! I have brought you here purposely to tell you how wrongly I then acted. I am very sorry, indeed I am!'

I rush impetuously into my explanation, for I am dreading a renewal of his protestations of love for me—for me, the affianced of Roger Elston!

'Why should you thus blame yourself, Miss Elsie? I was anxious, of course, to hear your decision, but I could not but expect that you would require a little time; and I am here now to repeat all I then said, and to receive my sentence. I put it in your power, in another form this morning. Do you recollect, Miss Elsie?'

'Oh! if you please, let me tell you how wrongly I have acted, and then—then you—'

I can get no further my agitation is too great.

The friendly stile is reached, and leaning on its topmost bar, I lower my face to hide my fast falling tears.

'Miss Elsie, what is it? Ah, I see this has been too much for you. I should have remembered your indisposition of this morn. Forgive me, please; I will not expect your answer tonight. To-morrow, perhaps, or another time when you—'

'No, no, Sir Hugh! You must hear all tonight, now—this very minute; and when

you have heard all, you will no longer care for me!' I hurriedly exclaim, lifting my tear-stained face to him.

But the tender look in my companion's eyes renders my task more arduous than I at first imagined it.

Of course, I knew he would be sorry, but I did not dream him capable of such love for me—for me, a little country-bred maiden, and he an habitue of, and dweller amid, the fairest and most aristocratic of the Belgravian monde!

I deemed him cold, and indifferent, and callous to love's imageries, because he had not poured into my ears such speeches as the generality of Cousin Maude's men guests had been wont to treat me to; and now the face bending down to mine is radiant with the light that love alone can produce and that love is for me!

'Miss Elsie,' he replies, slowly, but so earnestly, 'the moment when I shall cease to care for you will never arrive. The moment when I may no longer love you may come—if I am fated to be too late, but that I earnestly hope is not the case. I have been behind the scenes a little, and Lady Merton led me to believe that I need fear no—'

'But she knew nothing of it, for I never told her! I wish I had done so, and then we should not be here now, Sir Hugh!'

I have spoken plainly enough this time. I see, at a glance, that my meaning is understood by my listener.

The bright look on his face fades quickly, and a pained and troubled expression replaces it.

'Miss Elsie,' he whispers hoarsely, 'you do not mean I am too late? You can't mean that.'

'Sir Hugh, I am already engaged to another, and I have acted very, very wrongly in not telling you so at once, that night when you first spoke to me—when we were on the balcony. Oh, Sir Hugh, please forgive me, for I am very sorry!'

Again my face falls forward on my clasped hands—again the tears course down my cheeks.

No answer comes from the man at my side.

The seconds pass swiftly by, but nothing disturbs the silence save the deep sigh that wells up from the heart of my companion.

His silence is more terrible than any reproachful words.

I can bear it no longer, so once again lifting my head, I turn and confront the man whom I led to believe I—

'Oh, Sir Hugh! Do speak to me, please—do tell me you will forgive me; for I have been so foolish!'

'She has been so foolish!' I hear him murmur, as his eyes glance upward at the pale stars, just beginning to appear in the blue vault overhead.

'So very foolish,' I repeat, 'and I am so sorry!'

'And I am sorry, too, Miss Elsie!' he replies. 'So very sorry, that I shall not care to stay another hour in the neighborhood, but shall now take you home, and at once return to town.'

The words are bitterly spoken, and a hard and set look crosses his face.

I am thoroughly frightened at what I have done, and stand like a chidden child, with bent head.

'Come, Miss Travers,' he continues, 'it is getting late and I am afraid your friends will miss you.'

His coldness and apparent indifference are too much for me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN BABY HAD SCALD HEAD—WHEN MOTHER HAD SALT RHEUM—WHEN FATHER HAD PILES.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and surest cure. These are gems of truth picked from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in any and every kind of skin disease—eczema, tetter, skin eruptions, blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating piles, scalds, burns, old sores, etc., etc.—and its 35 cents a box. Sold by E. C. Brown.

His Chief Concern.

A party of excursionists visiting a large city on one of the Great Lakes during the summer went out one fine morning for a sail. There were several enthusiastic amateur photographers on board, and in their zeal for taking 'snap-shots' of the shore scenery as they sailed along they did not notice that the wind was freshening and the lake becoming rough.

At last, however, an unusually high wave rocked the boat, and one of the

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

'B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it.'

'Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure.'

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young men standing near the gunwale lost his balance and pitched headlong into the water.

He was a good swimmer, but it was several minutes before the boat could be rounded to, and when he was finally reached with the aid of a line and dragged on board he was almost exhausted.

'That was a narrow escape, Charley,' said one of his friends, after the young man had partially recovered his breath, and was able to speak.

'Yes!' he gasped. Another lurch like that, and my camera would have gone overboard!'

THANKS THE BRIDGE

Carried Safely Across the Chasm of Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Robert Moore of Indiantown, St. John, N. B. Lives to tell the tale—Suffered for Seven Years with Kidney Disease—Cured by a Few Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 13 Robert Moore of this place is famous as the man who escaped death from chronic Kidney Disease by means of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He likens Dodd's Pills to a bridge which has carried him safely over the chasm of death.

He was travelling on a road still traversed by far too many people in this country—the road to the grave from one of the forms of Kidney Disease, including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Affections, Women's Weakness, and Blood Poisons. There is only one way of crossing this dark gulf and Mr. Moore speaks of it in the following letter written in answer to a correspondent:—

'For seven years I have been a victim of Kidney Disease, at times suffering the most excruciating pain. I had almost considered my case hopeless and had given up medical treatment. One day while I had been to get a plaster to apply to my back, a boy handed me a paper about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I came home. My wife undressed me, for I could not undress myself and went to bed. Then my wife got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills at Mr. Hobbs the druggist on Main St. I used them and two more, when I was able to go to work.

'If any man mis doubts me let him come to me or any of my neighbors and they or I will soon convince him. I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills, the bridge that carried me over and lots of others to whom I have recommended them do the same. I wish all Kidney Disease victims could find the relief I have.'

PUBLIC SIGNS UNHEEDED.

Cautions and Warnings That are Disregarded as Mere Bluffs.

'Anybody who makes a study of the various phases of metropolitan life,' said the wide-awake man, 'can testify that while all the rules regulations pasted up in well known places for the guidance of the public are supposed to be vested with the sanctity of genuine laws, many of them are in reality nothing more or less than gigantic bluffs. The uninitiated, as a rule, are unable to detect the gold from the dross and unwittingly putting all on the same basis, but the man with experience can tell at a glance which means business and which does not.'

'Perhaps the sign with which the public is most familiar is the one seen in restaurants warning patrons that the management will not be responsible for hats, wraps and umbrellas. This notice is all very well in a way and really does good service, inasmuch as it predisposes people to be more careful of their belongings than they would be were there nothing in sight to remind them of the penalty lack of vigilance frequently exacts. But if you should be so luckless as to suffer the loss of either of the above mentioned articles, and cared to push the matter, the proprietor would probably make good the loss, nine times out of ten, notwithstanding the placard to the contrary.'

'Hotels are equally prodigal of assertions which are not founded on the solid rock of truth, as you will find out if you ever attempt to test them. In the set of rules found in each room of these big hostleries many houses insert a clause to the effect that the host, will be in nowise responsible for a guest's mail. Yet in spite of this declaration, I know for a fact

the proprietor of a Broadway hotel recently paid one woman a neat little sum of money which she said had been sent her in a letter which had been lost through the carelessness of the clerk. The man, did this, too, without any positive proof that the woman had lost the money. He settled rather than run the risk of having trouble.

'Another bluff is found in the elevators of many big buildings. A goodly number of these lifts are decorated with a notice informing passengers that if they do not call their floor before reaching it, the elevator positively will not return to the landing after having passed it, to let the dilatory offender off. 'Every elevator boy, every janitor and every real estate agent firmly believes he means what he says when the notice is put up, yet the man is a sorry tactician, indeed, who cannot get whisked up or down the height of a half story and put off on the desired floor.

'Passengers on street cars and elevated railroads encounter a variety of bluffs. They are positively forbidden to stand on front platforms, yet they calmly ignore the order. They are forbidden to expectorate on the floors, yet to the regret of every fair-minded person, they do that too. On some of the lines the cars are fitted out with a sign half a yard long informing passengers that if they do not get their transfers when paying their fare, or at certain designated places, the conductor will not furnish them with passes. But this also is a bluff, and the conductor who adheres to that rule is a hardened villain.

'There are many places, such as libraries and museums, where it is announced in glaring letters that 'silence must be preserved here,' yet scores of inconsiderate, thoughtless people come into these places daily, who not only talk, but raise their voices to a shriek when so doing. It isn't right of course, but they do it because the sign is a bluff

'Scarcely a day passes that a man in business does not get into stores and factories and offices where the notice, 'No admittance' stares him in the face. If he is a timid man he will stay out, but many people who have not a particle of business there work their way in behind those closed doors for that is only another bluff.

'I am a regular caller at a select book and art store up town where the visitor is told in polite, but forcible language that there are books in certain parts of the store which he must not handle, yet those same books are turned inside out daily. This 'Don't Touch' sign is quite common—and likewise quite useless. Florists display it and jewelers, and the custodians of all treasure houses, but if I went into those places with the feeling that I wanted to 'touch' I should do so with the assurance that even though detected in the transgression I would be pretty sure to be granted immunity from punishment.

'Then there is another bluff that we all know about. This is the notice seen in office buildings forbidding beggars, peddlars and even book agents from pursuing their calling within. In spite of that order there are few downtown buildings where agents of all sorts and even beggars do not ply their vocation undisturbed. The theatres put up a big bluff too, against those who buy standing room. The ushers bluntly and decidedly forbid these devotees of artistic drama to rest their weary bones on the steps in the aisles, yet if these devotees produce bluff for bluff they are pretty sure to sit through the greater part of the performance and no power known to the theatre usher is going to dislodge them from their lowly but impregnable position.

'Then there is the 'No smoking' bluff. The places where men are forbidden to indulge in this pleasure are legion, yet the places where they really do refrain from smoking are very few. This list of apparent limitations to the public's powers and privileges might be continued indefinitely. There are a thousand and one things we are told in emphatic and even threatening terms we must or we must not do, but the majority of those instructions are found to be nothing but good big bluffs with which can be counterbalanced by equal aggressiveness. Why, if you have a mind to and go about it in the right way, you can even walk on the grass and nobody will stop you, for under certain circumstances the familiar 'Keep off sign is also a bluff.

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