

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

if truth must be confessed, a great deal more of the admiring glances the artist had bestowed upon her than of his work. 'I'll tell you what, Lydia; we shall be sending over to the station to-morrow morning, and I will make them drop me here on the way. Robson can very well put up for an hour or two in the village, and that will give us time for a nice long walk. It should happen to come across Signor Delmonti, so much the better. We shall be able to compare this wonderful picture of his with the original.'

So it was settled, and that first week was only one of many, for Miss Greyling appeared devoted to her old school fellow, and rarely let a day pass without driving over to the rectory.

Very often she carried Lydia back with her, and how often, on these occasions, they encountered the artist, no one but themselves knew.

And day by day Signor Delmonti went further afield, but always in the direction of the towers, yet it never occurred to Lydia that he could have any motive in this, but to ensure more opportunities of meeting her, until she discovered that the artist had almost entrapped her grandfather into introducing her to Sir Joseph, and had speedily begged and obtained permission to make a few sketches in the park.

But her suspicions were allayed when she found that Mabel was as eager as ever for her company, and it never struck her that now their positions were reversed, and that without her presence Mabel would not be free to wander about the park so long as she pleased.

Signor Delmonti had a difficult part to play, and it must be admitted, he played it very well.

When they were together, he devoted himself equally to each.

When he was fortunate enough to see either of them alone, he promptly made love to that one with all the ardor of his southern nature.

CHAPTER III.

DELUDED.

September was drawing to a close. The weather had changed, and outdoor sketching was an impossibility.

Simultaneously, Miss Greyling's devotion to her old schoolfellow had cooled, and for nearly a week the two girls had not met, until one afternoon, when Mrs Brydon and her granddaughter made a formal call on Lady Greyling, especially, Lydia thought, that she might make her adieux, but in reality that Mrs. Brydon might drop a word of warning to her hostess.

This she did, in the absence of the girls, by casually mentioning the artist, and then remarking that the rector had made his acquaintance in the course of his parochial visiting; but they really knew nothing of him, &c.

During the past week, Lydia had been into the village whenever the weather permitted, but never once had she encountered the artist, though she heard various rumours of his doings, and gathered that not a day passed without his visiting Greyling Towers.

Yet Mabel had made no mention of this fact.

Indeed, during the very few minutes they were alone together, she had skillfully avoided any mention of Signor Delmonti.

Lydia was thinking of this as she stood by her grandmother's gate in the gathering twilight, and was conscious of a growing bitterness against her quodam friend, who she now believed, was trying to lure away her lover.

Now again she leaned over the gate, and looked impatiently down the road, knowing that, in a few minutes more, the sewing class her grandmother was holding would be over, and her own time of freedom gone.

At last there came the sound of a quick, light footstep, and Lydia's heart throbbed with gladness as she realized that her lover was close at hand.

But she had no mind to let him see how his coming moved her, and as he cautiously approached the gate, she only stirred just sufficiently for him to realize her presence.

'At last!' he said, eagerly. 'My dearest, you do not know how I have longed for you!'

'Then why did you never come?' asked Lydia, reproachfully. 'I have waited here nearly every evening.'

'Nearly' interrupted the Italian, catching at the admission; 'but not always, carissima, or we should not have failed to meet for such a weary time.'

'I came when I could,' replied Lydia, impatiently, 'but you—'

'I, too, came when I could,' was the quiet answer, 'so we are quite—what you call quits. But why talk of the past? I am here now, and you—have you nothing to say to me but reproaches?'

'Oh! yes; I have to tell you that I am going home tomorrow.'

'No, no; you don't mean that,' he said quickly. 'You would not punish me so heavily?'

Lydia hesitated.

For one moment it struck her that there was almost a ring of relief in the man's voice; but now his hands were clasping hers, his dark eyes were trying in the gloom to read her face.

'You do not really mean it?' he went on, anxiously holding her hands against his heart with passionate tenderness.

Lydia decided she must have been mistaken.

'I do,' she said, gently. 'Granny and grandfather are going away to-morrow for a few days. So, of course, my visit here must end.'

'Then I shall not see you again till we meet in Elverton?' said Signor Delmonti, sighing heavily.

'When will that be?' whispered Lydia, with an anxiety she vainly sought to conceal.

'Ah, who can tell!' returned the Italian shrugging his shoulders with an air of perplexity. 'I will not stay away a day longer than I can help, carissima. You know that; do you not? You do trust me?'

'You know I do; only—oh, Mario, you are always at the Towers now, and—'

'And you are afraid the charms of Sir Joseph's daughter will make me faithless to you? Oh! foolish child, don't you know it's you I love!'

And, bending suddenly, he pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

'Then you will come soon to Elverton?' she whispered. 'Next week?'

'I can't tell. You see—with an assumption of frankness—I have been making one or two drawings for Sir Joseph, and he is talking of having a series of medallion sketches as a sort of frieze for the new bay that has just been added to the drawing room, and it would never do for me to leave Woodford until that is settled.'

Lydia drew herself away coldly.

'I quite understand. You mean you prefer the society of Greyling Towers to that of Elverton.'

'You are foolish, Lydia, and unreasonable,' the Italian said, sharply. 'Do you not see it is for your sake as much as my own that I ingratiate myself with Sir Joseph? For me it is the quickest way of making money, and, without that, how can I come to Elverton and ask the worthy doctor to give his daughter to me? If I have not enough to make a home for her he will laugh at me.'

'But in three years' time—'

'Three years!' interrupted the Italian. 'That is an age, an eternity. Think you that I can wait three years before I have a charming little wife? Not so; I will work, I will make money, and then I will ask you for my bride. But promise me, carissima, that you will not tell any one of our love until I am rich enough to speak to your father. I could not bear that people should laugh in their hearts, and say, "Ah, poor fool! he loves that beautiful maiden, but he will never have her; he has no money." It would kill me! Lydia, to see the scorn in their eyes. No carina, if you truly love me, you must give me your promise to tell no one of our hopes.'

If Lydia was not convinced of the need for secrecy, she had, like many a girl before her, to fall in with her lover's views.

There was a brightness in her face and a sparkle in her eyes as she ran back to the house with his parting words ringing in her ears, her face still flushed with the passionate kisses he had pressed upon it.

Mrs. Brydon, finding her in the drawing room a few minutes later, and noticing the alteration in her demeanor decided that Lydia had found life at the Rectory somewhat dull, and was rejoicing in the thought of going home.

'Evidently I was mistaken in thinking she had any penchant for that wretched Italian' the good lady thought complacently. 'If there had been anything of that sort, Lydia would have been vexed at having to leave while he is still in the neighborhood.'

And so it came about that, during the few hours Mrs Brydon spent beneath Dr. Strong's roof when she took Lydia home the following day, she said nothing to her daughter of the idea that had occurred to her, and uttered no word of warning against the Italian, who, in her heart, she believed to be nothing more than a needy adventurer.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY GREYLING'S DISCOVERY.

Lady Greyling was very much put out. She had worn a calm face during the time of Mrs. Brydon's call, disdaining to let her old neighbor think that she could even imagine that her daughter would condescend to take any interest in the wandering artist who had somehow, managed to attract Sir Joseph's notice.

But when her visitors had departed, and she was at leisure to think the matter over, she could not help remembering that Mabel was at a very impressionable age, nor hide from herself that both she and her husband had been very imprudent in allowing any intercourse between the two.

'Not that there is any harm done yet,' she assured herself; 'he hasn't lunched here more than half a dozen times, and I am sure he paid Mabel no more attention than politeness demanded. After all, I don't suppose Mrs. Brydon meant to do more than put me on my guard. No doubt she has heard he is going to paint those wall-pictures for the drawing room, and, thinking that would tend to his greater intimacy here, wanted to remind me that neither she nor her husband could vouch for his respectability.'

Lady Greyling stopped for a moment, lost in thought.

Then a frown crossed her face.

From the room below there floated up the sound of a sentimental love song, into which Mabel was throwing what Lady Greyling considered quite an unnecessary amount of expression.

She crossed the room and rang the bell sharply.

'Go down to the drawing room, Garnett,' she said, when her maid appeared, 'and tell Miss Greyling I should like her to play one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

The maid vanished, to reappear two minutes later with the assurance that Miss Greyling had already 'gone up to dress.'

'Very well, Garnett; I may as well do so, too. You can put out my green velvet.'

As Garnett proceeded to execute her commands, Lady Greyling passed into her boudoir, which had not yet been lighted up.

[Concluded next week]

THE GOOD HEALTH

Promised by

Paine's Celery Compound

Nothing Vague or Indefinite About Results.

There is nothing indefinite about the kind of "good health" that is promised by Paine's Celery Compound and that is so strongly vouched for by letters that come from our best people. Paine's Celery Compound among other blessings gives firmer and stronger nerves, perfect circulation, complete digestion, clear complexion, sweeter breath, and more regular bodily functions. These blessings are always secured by Paine's Celery Compound when other remedies fail.

It is foolish and criminal to neglect daily aches, pains and the unmistakable symptoms of dangerous diseases, when it is well known that a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound will completely banish every trouble and give a condition of health that guarantees a long and happy life.

Every man or woman whose nervous strength is overtaxed, or whose life is a busy one and full of mental worries, will soon feel the invigorating and vitalizing effects of one or two bottles of nature's health giver, and see his or her health improve after the first dose of this greatest of all remedies.

MADE IN GREAT VARIETY—FRAME SLEDS AND COASTERS—THE BALL-BEARING BOB.

Boys' sleds, like many other manufactured productions of wood are made in factories located within easy reaching distance of the forests from which the wood is taken. There are factories in which nothing is made but sleds, the work continuing summer and winter. At such a factory there may be found whole buildings filled with single parts; as one building filled with sled runners, another full of sawed-out tops, and so on. Eight months of the year is spent in getting out the parts, and the rest of the time in assembling them, in painting and otherwise completing the sleds, and in shipping the finished goods to buyers in various parts of the country.

Sled samples are shown in the wholesale establishments in July. The sale of sleds by the men on the road begins earlier still, in June, and the first deliveries are made at the end of September, or early in October. Many deliveries on first orders have already been made. Wherever it is possible shipments are made direct from the factory to the purchaser, to save freight and the cost of handling and reshipment. Wholesale and other large buyers take sleds in great quantities and carload lots are not unusual shipments. Sleds are of course used in those parts of the country only in which they have snow. In the

East, Washington is about the most southerly place in which sleds are sold.

The actual sale of sleds depends a good deal upon the weather. Sometimes the retailers sell all they have bought, and can't get enough to supply the demands of their customers, and sometimes they have to carry sleds over the next season. The sale depends of course on the amount of snow-fall, but it is best of all when the winters snow fall is not only good but early; before Christmas. That means a good, natural demand and a long season to work in, and also a good demand for sleds for Christmas gifts. Last winter was a good winter for sleds. Retailers sold out early and the general demand was so great that in some cases they could not get their second and later orders filled. This season with no stock on hand carried over, the demand for sleds is strong.

While the number of sleds sold from year to year may vary more or less according to the season; the average sales are enormous and steadily increasing in the aggregate. The sled is an essential part of every boy's outfit for sport, and it is as popular now as ever it has been. The number sold from year to year increases in at least an equal proportion with the population.

In old times, fifty years or so ago, a majority of the boys' sleds used were made with solid wooden runners, such sleds being called pungs. With the wider adaptation of machinery to the manufacture, and their cheaper production, frame sleds came later into common use. Within the past fifteen or twenty years solid runner sleds have again come into wide and popular use with boys, but these modern solid runner sleds, called coasters, with their long, low, pointed clipper built runners and generally rakish aspect, are very different in appearance from the old style pung. Great numbers of coasters are now sold but still it is probable that there are yet sold more frame sleds than coasters, for all the girls use frame sleds as do most of the smaller children.

Sleds are made in perhaps hundreds of varieties, counting the various styles and sizes produced by the different manufacturers. All sorts of sleds nowadays the cheap as well as the more costly, are made in graceful forms. Some of the sleds are sold marvelously cheap. There are sleds that are sold at retail at \$2 and \$3 and more; but the great majority are sold at prices ranging from \$1 down, and among the smaller sizes a very pretty sled can be bought for a quarter of a dollar.

The latest thing in boys' sleds is a ball bearing bob, made for one or two boys. This bob has two sets of runners, like any double-runner, one under the forward end of the board, the other under the rear end. These runners are low and clipper built, and shod with steel rod. The pivot on the under side of the forward end of the board rest on ball-bearing on the forward runner so that the runner can be turned aside and freely in any direction, and giving it also free play, so that it can easily accommodate itself to the surface of the snow. The after runner is adjusted on springs, giving that runner also some play and accommodation to the surface. This sled is guided by turning the movable front runner, thus saving the boy's shoes from the wear and tear on them caused by using his feet to steer. As to its other qualities, it is confidently believed that the ball-bearing bob will go the fastest and go further than any other sled on the hill.—N. Y. Sun.

MOTHER JOYS!

A Dimpled Dot in Her Arms and a Body Without a Pain—Here's a Case of Mother Cured of Tormenting Piles by Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

"After baby was born I suffered great torment from piles. Nothing gave me any lasting relief or benefit until I had used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application of it gave me almost instant relief, and a few applications cured me. Mrs. M. K. Coller, 30 Pacific Ave., Toronto." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Without Prejudice.

A party of young men and women were bicycling along a country road. It was a sketching class, and every one was wide open for an artistic subject. Suddenly the whole party dismounted with various exclamations of delight and surprise.

Just within the fence on the left grew in-

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported,
Roasted and
Packed by

CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

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Just within the fence on the left grew in-

numerable graceful stalks, each bearing aloft globes of pale green that shaded into gray and purple.

'How enchanting!' said a young woman. 'How decorative!' said a young man.

'Just what we are looking for,' said the teacher, a full-fledged artist.

A gardener was standing near at hand. 'Do tell us,' cried a girl, 'what those beau-oo-iful things are.'

'Which?' replied the gardener. 'Why, those,' said the girl.

'Them?' said the gardener, with a chuckle. 'Them's onions gone to seed.'

The Salvation Army.

The Life of These Self-Sacrificing Workers Often One of Hardship.

While on Duty Capt. Ben. Bryan Was Stricken With a Supposed Incurable Disease and Forced to Relinquish the Work—He Has Now Recovered His Health.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

The life of a Salvation Army officer is very far from being a sinecure. Their duties are not only arduous, but they are called upon by the regulations of the Army to conduct out-of-door meetings at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. This being the case, it is little wonder that the health of these



self-sacrificing workers frequently gives way. Capt. Ben. Bryan, whose home is at Maxville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such important points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph, and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy and other points in the United States. While on duty he was attacked by a so-called incurable disease, but having been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a representative of the Alexandria News thought it worth while to procure from his own lips a statement of his illness and recovery. He found Mr. Bryan at work, a healthy, robust man, his appearance giving no indications of his recent sufferings.

The story of his illness and subsequent cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reads like a miracle, and is given in his own words as follows:—'While stationed at Deseronto, in July, 1897, I was attacked with what the doctors called "Chronic Spinal Meningitis." The symptoms were somewhat similar to those preceding a pleuratic attack, but were accompanied by spasms which, when the pain became too severe, rendered me unconscious. The length of these unconscious spells increased as the disease advanced. After spending four months in the Kingston General Hospital, and on the Salvation Army, Toronto, I regained some of my former strength and returned to my work. The second attack occurred when I was stationed at Schenectady, N. Y., in October, 1898, and was more severe than the first. The symptoms of the second attack were very similar to those which preceded the first, the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects were of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second attack and return to my home at Maxville. While there a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them in March, 1899. I have used only a dozen boxes and am once more enjoying perfect health. I feel that I am perfectly well and can cheerfully say that I attribute my present state of health to the effects produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has benefited very much thereby.'

'Why do you think this man who almost drove over you was an Irish?'

'Because I threatened to lick him.'

'Well?'

'Well, instead of driving on about his business he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight.'

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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PACKARD'S SPECIAL
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25c AT ALL SHOE STORES

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Montreal. BLACK, TAN, BROWN, Etc.