

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]

'Yes; he is,' replied the earl, surprised at his son's sudden show of interest in a man he could never have known. 'Digby Lisle was killed in the hunting field last October. The estate, which was unentailed, became the property of the mortgagee, and Magdalen made her home with her uncle and cousin.'

'Ah! indeed,' observed Lord Lovel, wondering vaguely whether she might possibly never have received any of the letters he had written to her since they parted, that September evening, at sunset, in the shade of the old woods, just a year ago; but, of course, she must have done so. She would hardly have neglected to leave an address, and his letters would have been forwarded to her.

'She is false and shallow-hearted,' he muttered, 'not worth a tear or a regret.'

Suddenly, as the two men sat talking in the firelight, the door was thrown open, and lights were carried in by the butler and footman, followed by Meredith Fane and his daughter, who had just arrived.

The former was at once introduced to Lord Lovel, and entered into conversation, which, owing to a strong similarity of tastes and ideas, soon became deeply interesting to both.

Juliet, with a deeper coloring than usual in her cheeks, looked lovely, attired in a quaint Watteau 'sacque' of cream brocade, sprigged with purple flowers, 'like a figure off a fan,' as the earl told her.

Presently, just as dinner was announced, Lady Briancourt appeared rather pale, perhaps, but regally beautiful, in a dark-red velvet 'picture gown,' her square-cut bodice of which was trimmed with old-point lace.

Never had she appeared to greater advantage—all the more so, perhaps because of the pallor of her perfect face, and the sombre expression of her fine dark, tragic eyes—an expression which everyone noted and secretly wondered at, but only Lord Lovel understood, or, rather, misunderstood, for even he failed to read aright the meaning of her troubled look.

Dinner, however, passed off pleasantly enough.

Only Meredith Fane, with his habit of searching below the surface that becomes second nature with the novelist and the diplomat, suspected the working of the undercurrents, or saw any possible connection between Magdalen's unusual quietude and Lord Lovel's feverish brilliancy; but even he, though he detected the 'effect,' was not quite at ease as to the 'cause.'

When, however, the two ladies rose from table leaving the gentlemen to their wine and walnuts, and the Earl of Briancourt turned to his son, and cried, triumphantly: 'Did I exaggerate? Is she not magnificent?' such a strange look flashed into the younger man's eyes for a moment that Meredith Fane was fairly startled.

It gave him food for thought, and he rushed to the very natural conclusion that his niece and Lord Lovel must have met before.

As for the earl, he noticed nothing; but then, he was a husband, and blinded with love into the bargain.

In the drawing room later on, being eager, doubtless, to prove to his son that the countess was not only beautiful but accomplished, he asked her to sing.

'Sing this,' said the earl; 'it suits your voice to perfection.'

And he handed her Philip Yorke's 'Do you Remember?'

'Oh! not that—not that!' she exclaimed, involuntarily, with such real distress in her face and tone that her husband gazed at her in amazement, and Meredith Fane, who was standing by the window, felt secretly disquieted, and resolved to watch the effect of the song on the younger man—for Magdalen sang it, after all; and Lord Lovel, standing on the terrace outside, with his hands in his pockets, and the moonlight on his fine, sympathetic face, listened gloomily, telling himself what a consummate coquette she must be as heartless as she was faithless—to dare to sing that song—to-night, of all nights.

She could only be doing it out of mockery or bravado.

And yet there was no trace of either in the tones of the rich clear voice that shook with passionate emotion, as she sang—

'Do you remember?  
'Twas in September,  
Just you and I, love,  
Seated alone,  
Breathing so softly  
Words sweet and tender—  
Do you remember? Do you remember?

Do you remember?  
'Twas in September—  
Words that were spoken  
By those dear lips;  
Flighting out truth, love—  
Do you remember—

Hands clasped in mine, love?  
Do you remember? Do you remember?  
Be as you were to me in that September.'

'What an actress she is!' muttered the young man, savagely. 'Anyone listening to her would think she had a heart, but she hasn't; all she cares for is to prove her power, but I will not give her the satisfaction of seeing me suffer. I will pay her back in her own coin. She shall find that I, too, can forget, if I cannot forgive.'

And with this idea in his mind he drew near to Juliet Fane, and taking her fan from her, whispered into her ear behind it all sorts of 'pretty things,' which she would have ridiculed had anyone else uttered them, but which, falling from the lips of this man, sank deep into her heart, and stirred it to a happy tumult.

Not content with gazing down into her upraised eyes in the moonlight, as they passed the terrace in front of the window at which Magdalen sat, Lord Lovel led his fair companion back to the drawing-room, and taking down from the wall a banjo that had hung there since he was last at home, he sang to her softly in a rich, clear tenor, looking in at her flushing, happy face the while in

such a way as to make her understand that he was singing for her and to her alone.

Throughout the song—as often, that is, as was possible without impertinence—the singer turned his dark eyes on the face of Juliet Fane, that flushed consciously beneath his gaze.

Not once, till he came to the very last word, did he glance at his father's wife, and when he did so a length, in scorn and defiance, he was surprised and startled at her expression.

She was leaning over the edge of the stone parapet looking up at the moon, with eyes so full of sadness and perplexity, that his resentment was for the moment disarmed, and he began to wonder whether there might not have been some mistake, or whether her motive for marrying his father might prove to be one that was not unworthy of a true woman after all.

'But no,' he said to himself, 'even supposing she had believed me dead, she would not have consoled herself so quickly in the love of another man if she had ever cared for me. She is selfish and shallow-hearted. Let her go. I will not ask her for an explanation.'

And, having arrived at this decision, the young man devoted himself for the rest of the evening so exclusively to Juliet Fane that the fair, sweet girl, who was already dazzled and fascinated, succumbed without a struggle to the spell he cast upon her; and, long before the evening came to a close, was fathoms deep in love, and felt firmly convinced that this fairy prince, who had awakened her from her sleep among the roses, had indeed been sent by Fate to act on the stage of life the part of Romeo to her Juliet.

How was she to know or guess that his attentions to her were paid in a spirit of pique and defiance to punish another woman for her inconstancy?

But Meredith Fane guessed it—interpreting aright the feverish restlessness of the young man's manner and the angry glitter of his eye, that to one less versed in the art of reading the human countenance might have passed for ardent admiration, and the face of the novelist was scarcely less grave and troubled than that of Magdalen.

'I'm not going to allow my little girl to be sacrificed,' he said to himself, as he watched the two figures—Lord Lovel and Juliet—pacing to and fro on the moonlit terrace.

'I shall warn her,' and then he sighed, for one glance at his daughter's fair, upturned face told the keen-eyed novelist that the mischief was done, and his warning would come too late.

As for the earl, he was in the best of spirits.

More than once, as he sat playing chess with Meredith Fane, and glanced up at the young couple passing outside, he gave his partner a significant wink; and, later on, after the departure of his guests, when he and his wife were alone in their own apartments together, he confided to her his hope that his son and Juliet Fane might make a match of it.

'Never saw such a clear case of love at first sight in all my life—on both sides, that is—for, of course, I fell in love with you at the very first glance that Sunday in church—'

'When you ought to have been looking at your prayer-book,' smiled her ladyship, anxious to turn the conversation into another channel.

But Lord Briancourt brought it back again with the remark—

'It would be hard to say which is the infatuated of the two. Nothing could have pleased me better. I begin to think that I must have been born under a very lucky star, for all my wishes are being gratified.'

Then noticing his young wife's gravity and silence, he added, anxiously—

'You have not taken a dislike to Cuthbert, have you, Magdalen?'

'Dislike?' repeated Lady Briancourt, with a look of genuine astonishment that completely reassured him. 'Of course not; whatever put such a preposterous idea into that sensible head of yours, Hubert? Your son is the sort of man nobody—not even a stepmother,' she added, with a laugh—could dislike.'

'Take care, my lady,' retorted the earl, whose fine face beamed with happiness, 'don't go to the other extreme and say too much, or I shall be jealous.'

At these words the faintest possible shadow crept into the bride's beautiful eyes, and a sigh escaped her.

'You are tired, my darling; you have looked tired all the evening, and here am I keeping you talking when you ought to be asleep. What selfish brutes men are, to be sure!'

'You are everything that is noble, and kind, and good, Hubert,' cried Magdalen, and with an impulsive movement that was unusual with her grave, earnest, self-contained nature, she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed him.

'And I have made you happy, my darling! Happier than I ever thought it possible to be Hubert.'

'And notwithstanding the disparity of our ages you love me? You have never cared for any other man?'

For the space of a second she hesitated, and he felt the cheek against his own grow hotly.

'I never understood what love really was till I met you Hubert,' she answered, and he did not notice that it was evasive.

But long after the earl was asleep that night his own lay restless and wakeful, wishing for the morn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Do Not Try It.

Do you consume a whole round of beef for your dinner? You are indignant at the suggestion, but if, in proportion to your size, you eat as much as any insectivorous bird, you would easily get through this amount—without mustard.

The robin, for instance, is a most voracious insect-eater. It has been calculated that to keep a robin up to its normal weight

an amount of animal food is required daily equal to an earth-worm fourteen feet in length.

Now, you cannot expect a man to eat an earth-worm, but if he is to engage in a contest with a robin, left him commence his breakfast on a huge Bologna measuring nine inches in circumference. At the end of the day, if he eats his proportion to the bird, he will have consumed exactly sixty-seven feet of the savoury morsel!

## EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

Mr. Bright's Eloquence and the French man's Maxims.

Successful counsel do not strive to please the jury, but to secure their verdict. Scarlett, the noted verdict-winner of the English bar, seldom addressed the jury collectively, but usually selected one or two of them, with whom he reasoned on the subject until he had apparently convinced them.

The Rev. Newman hall says, in his 'Autobiography,' 'I have heard in the House of Commons O'Connell, Peel, Lord John Russell, Cobden, Bright and Gladstone. I have observed that the speeches that secured the most fixed attention were generally those of a high conversational character rather than those of elaborated rhetoric.' The observation of the English divine, himself an eloquent preacher, coincides with that definition of eloquence which defines it as 'elevated conversation.'

John Bright's speeches in the House of Commons were calm, deliberate, mighty with suppressed emotion, and marked by an absence of self-display. He was not ambitious to say grand things, but to speak out his convictions and to convince his audience.

Mr. Bright, in reply to Mr. Hall's inquiry as to the preparation of his speeches, said, 'When I intend to speak, I spend several days in reading and thinking about the subject. Then I arrange small slips of paper with brief, suggestive notes. Finally, I write out fully the last sentence or two, that I may feel sure about the winding up of my speech. Pacing my room or garden terrace, I talk over the whole speech to myself. At any moment in the delivery of my address I feel free to receive fresh suggestions.'

'True eloquence,' says the French epigrammatist, La Rochefoucauld, 'consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary.' Again, 'There is as much eloquence in the tone of the voice, in the eyes and in the air of a speaker as in his choice of words.'

Mr. Bright's eloquence registered with the Frenchman's maxims. Daniel Webster's speeches said all that was necessary, and nothing more; but Mr. Bright's speeches impressed an audience with the absolute sincerity of the orator. Voice, eyes and air attested his honesty.

## A GOVERNOR'S WARNING.

Absolute Socialism and Moneyed Despotism Denounced.

When men of moral and official influence throw the weight of their character and voice against wrong-doing they are likely to be listened to. Governor Roosevelt of New York has the sympathy of candid minds all over the country in his denunciations of corrupt practices in the political and business life of our great cities.

In an address at a dinner of the Independent Club in Buffalo, in emphasizing the necessity of a measure for taking franchises (grants of public privileges), he urged this warning upon his hearers:

'The rich man who buys a privilege of a Board of Aldermen for a railway which here presents; the rich man who gets a privilege through the legislature by bribery and corruption for any corporation, is committing an offence which it is possible may some day have to be condoned in blood and destruction, not wholly by him, not wholly by his sons, but by you and your sons.'

But his remarks took a broader range, and denounced equally the wrong of moneyed despotism and of absolute socialism. Both are unbridled foes of the right of honest individual talent and labor to compete for and win and enjoy their deserved distinction and reward. By all means in his power the governor would make the common people understand that.

'The worst thing they can do is to choose a representative who shall say, 'I am against corporations; I am against capital,' and not a man who shall say, 'I stand by doing equal justice to the man of means and the man without means; I stand by saying that no man shall be stolen from and that no man shall steal from any one else: I stand by saying that the corporations shall not be black mailed on the one side, and that the corporations shall not acquire any improper power by corruption on the other; that the corporation shall pay its full share of the public burdens, and that when it does so, it shall be protected in its rights exactly as any one else is protected.'

By this manly attitude between the two

extremes, and by his strong and earnest plea for strict integrity everywhere, Governor Roosevelt has done a service not only for municipal morals but for public economy and social peace.

His voice pleading for just dealing and unselfishness, and bursting forth into prophetic warning, seems like the voice of one 'crying in the wilderness.' Business and legislation should heed such prophets—the heralds of judgments that follow wrongdoing. The mutterings of discontent fill the air. They are the rumblings of a storm, the bursting of which will prove one of the world's great tragedies.

## PEOPLE WHO DIE IN PENURY.

They Live in Want Though They Have Lots of Money.

Why some people should go about the world in sordid poverty, and finally die of starvation, when they can have all the necessities and most of the sweets of this life by simply parting with a little of the wealth which they have hoarded up but too niggardly to use, one is at a complete loss to understand.

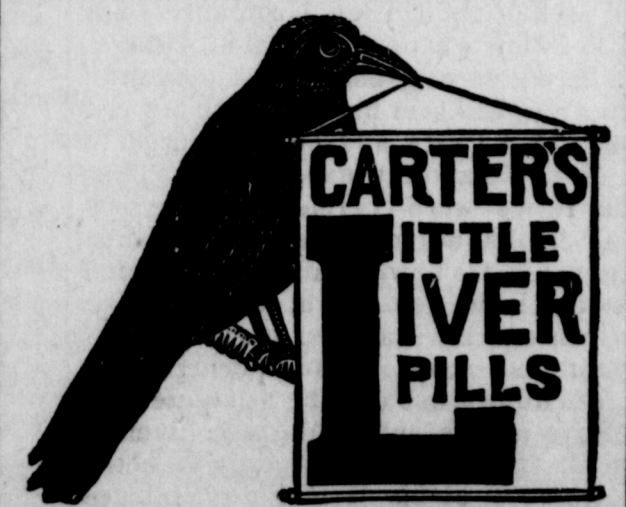
Only a few months ago an old man, named, Valtee, died at Martigny, in the Swiss Canton of Valais. He was eighty years of age, and for many years had lived as a miser, dressing exceedingly shabbily and denying himself of even the smallest of necessities. On a doctor being called to examine the body, he at once declared starvation to be the cause of death. On the corpse being removed a will was found under it, in which the wretched man bequeathed the handsome fortune to the town of Poitiers.

A miserable existence also was that eked out by Dennis O'Keefe, who died recently at Marlborough, Mass. He represented himself as being in the most destitute circumstances, wore the oldest of clothes, and never had sufficient money to meet even the most modest expenses. He had been an inmate of a cheap boarding-house for several years, and died after a short illness. On searching his room two bank books were brought to light showing 3,000 dols. standing to his credit. This find was followed by a thorough examination of the man's clothes, which resulted in a further 1,100 dols. being discovered in bills and bonds sewn into the lining of his ragged coat and vest. The deceased left a daughter residing in England to inherit his wealth.

For the last twenty years an old woman at Beckford, supposed to be the widow of a laborer and very poor, resided all alone, subsisting on parish relief. She never allowed anyone to enter her house, not even the doctor whom she occasionally requested to attend her. A short time since she was found lying dead on the kitchen floor, death being due to syphilis.

On the woman's effects being examined bags containing gold and silver to the extent of £350 were found secreted in a mattress. In this case also an only daughter was left to take over this nice little windfall, and as she was in rather reduced circumstances, there is no doubt the money would be most welcome received.

A somewhat similar case was that of an old woman over eighty years of age, who died a little while ago in a back room in a street in the vicinity of Regent's Park. She had always lived extremely penuriously, though why should she have done so at her age in life, with so large an amount of money at hand, it is difficult to conceive. She appeared to be without a single friend, and occupied her room alone. Tied around her body was a deposit note of



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£750 at a bank in Dover, whilst some loose gold and silver were also found in the room.

At Pickering another woman had pleaded poverty so well as to have her name enrolled on the list of paupers. Her daughter recently was being removed to the asylum at York, whereupon the woman worked herself up to such a pitch that she died through excitement. In her possession was found cash amounting to £75, together with several promissory notes and a bank book showing that she possessed several hundreds of pounds.

Wonderful yet Simple.

'Talk about wonderful tricks,' said a circus man recently; 'I can tell you a yarn about a clown I once was on tour with that will surprise you.'

'He always wore a black moustache, with the ends neatly waxed and cork-screwed. After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion he would pause, panting, in the ring, and say—

'Well, I'd give half a crown for a bottle of soda water.'

'Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing,' the ring master would reply, and in a minute a groom would enter with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

'But where is the corkscrew?' the clown would ask, picking up the bottle.

'What's the matter with your moustache for a corkscrew?' the ring master would suggest. And before you could say Jack Robinson, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his moustache, drive it on to the point, and then begin turning it on to his moustache until the point was buried in the cork. Then he'd give the bottle a pull, and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his moustache.

'It used to send the audience into screams of laughter; but it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrew tips projecting out beyond his moustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth.'

On Whit Tuesday.

A unique ceremony still takes place in the little old-world town of Echternach, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Every Whit Tuesday a vast multitude of persons is formed into a procession of dancing saints, in order to induce heaven to cure all their ailments.

Rich and poor, young and old, weak and strong, halt and maimed, take their stand upon the Prussian side of the Sure Bridge at eight o'clock and after listening to a sermon, dance to the Abbey and thence round the tomb of St. Willibrod, the patron saint.

The procession is headed by the town beadle, dressed in red and surrounded by small boys; next come the chorister's chanting litanies; then a large body of clergy, and last the rank and file. Interspersed with the processionists are musicians playing dance music upon every conceivable instrument, while the dancers sing as they preform a polka step, three steps forward and two back.

Soon the pace begins to tell; the feeble fall out of the rank, and are promptly renewed and placed in safety by the fireman. Enthusiasm waxes, men and women weep as they progress toward the high altar, which they encircle thrice, and at one o'clock a salute announces that the festival is over.

Educate'd up to it.

Said a performer who has for many years has been doing gymnastic work on the variety stage—

'In the course of a long experience one notices how the public tastes gradually alters and there is one change for the better that many of us welcome. Audiences to-day have a much more accurate notion of the real value of a particular trick than of yore.

'Why, I have sometimes—in my enthusiasm for my art—acquired by tremendous hard work a genuine, difficult trick, that when given has been passed over in absolute silence, while loud cheers a moment later have greeted a trick, showy and flashy that could easily be mastered in a week.'

'To-day this happens much less often than formerly, for the people seem better judges, particularly of athletic feats; and even on the stage a trick of a more or less gymnastic order is, if clever, certain to be appreciated at its proper worth.'

Forgot Himself.

Absent-minded persons are not infrequently met among the medical profession, who of all men should have their wits about them.

It is related that a well known doctor was once present in a public place when an accident occurred, and seeing a wounded man, went about calling: 'A doctor! A doctor! Somebody go and fetch a doctor!'

A friend who was by his side, ventured to inquire, 'Well, what about yourself?' 'Oh, dear,' answered the doctor, suddenly recalling the fact that he belonged to the medical profession, 'I didn't think of that!'

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