

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

and muttered something the reverse of saintly as he rewarded the man for having come to his rescue, and proceeded to ride back to the Manor to change his clothes.

## CHAPTER VI.

'One to me!' whispered Eileen, as she passed close to him on coming out of church next day.

'One to you!' he allowed, raising his eyebrows languidly.

Neither had spoken of their mad steeple-chase.

Serge explained his soaked condition by saying he had tried to coax the Flying Scud into fording the river; and the coincidence of Miss O'Halloran and Saladin having taken an involuntary bath on the same afternoon had not transpired.

While Eileen was dressing for the dance on Tuesday night, a box of pink moss roses arrived, with nothing to indicate who had sent them save three words on a scrap of paper, round one of the stems.

'One to me!'

She laughed, and decided to wear the roses.

'They were prettier than the flowers I had supplied myself with,' she explained, when Serge greeted her on her arrival at the Manor. 'But who told you I was not going to wear blue?'

You did. While your lips said one thing your eyes said another. Have you felt any ill effects from the consequence of your impolite avoidance of me the other day?'

'Not I. Wasn't it fun? I laughed all the way home.'

'No doubt. It cost you a habit though.'

'What of that?'

'Nothing; except that it pleases me to know that you did not come off scot free.'

She laughed again as she passed on to speak to someone else.

He followed careful not to lose sight of her.

The expression in her eyes did not exactly please him.

It spelt mischief of some sort, and he was in the mood for explanation and peace making at last.

There were no programmes.

By tacit consent, Serge and Eileen danced the first waltz together.

As they went down the long hall—somebody had suggested to Dame Mainwaring that the hall should be cleared for dancing—Serge murmured, with no trace of anything less than fervent love in eyes and voice—

'Do you remember our first waltz?'

She nodded, not caring to trust herself to speak.

The fascination of his near presence was upon her; his clasp thrilled her so that she feared he would feel that she trembled.

'I wonder if we shall have the "Washington Post"?' he whispered, presently.

'If so, you will dance it with me?'

As she hesitated, he continued—

'Shall I ask them to make it a married people's dance? It would be an excellent opportunity for proclaiming our relationship, don't you think?'

'You dare!' Up flashed her eyes—half in fear, half in anger. 'Besides, we are not related in any way.'

'Except by marriage.'

'Pooh! That old farce would not be listened to in a court of law.'

'Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps, if we went to law about it, you would find that I have every right to claim you as my wife. How would you like that?'

'Not at all. I should hate you more than I do now, if that were possible.'

He shivered a little.

For the first time it occurred to him as just possible that her dislike for him was genuine.

Hate and love are so near akin, he would not be the first man who had mistaken one for the other.

For once her face told him nothing of her inward thoughts.

The mocking smile on her lips looked as real as the mischief in her eyes.

Had he wilfully blinded himself?

He remembered her laugh as he had ridden off from the river, leaving him in sorrier plight than she herself had known.

If she had loved him, would not anxiety for his welfare have showed itself in some way?

While he considered the subject, the music stopped, and Eileen promptly freed herself.

'Come somewhere and talk!' he said, abruptly.

'No thanks. I don't mind waltzing with you, but talking is another matter.'

He had to wait until she gave him a second waltz before he could get another word with her.

'I wonder how much you hate me, Eileen?'

'I prefer for you to call me Miss O'Halloran, Lord Serge.'

'I shall certainly not call you by a title you have forfeited. If you really wish me to be ceremonious, I will give your legal one. Tell me, Lady Serge, does your hatred grow with the years?'

She flushed suddenly and hotly.

He had lingered over the name he had given her as though he thought it sounded wondrous pleasant. His lips touched her hair as he waited for her answer.

'I hate you so entirely now that it seems to me impossible to hate you any more.'

'That is unfortunate—for you.'

'How so?'

'Because you cannot feel indifferent towards me if you try; and having no further power of disliking me, you will find yourself doing the reverse.'

'Never!'

'We shall see.'

Between that and their third waltz, she flirted extravagantly with other men—her partners for the time being.

Serge longed to stand up and proclaim his right to her before all present; fear of the consequences alone restrained him.

Having dropped his superficial mask of hatred, an intensity of love consumed the man's soul, burning its way to his eyes, whence it blazed at her when he advanced to demand what he mentally called, 'an-

## Spring Weather Weakness

Try as you may, you cannot escape the weary, worn out, don't-care-to-work feeling that accompanies spring weather.

Brain is not as clear as it ought to be; there is languor and listlessness instead of energy and activity.

Burdock Blood Bitters is what people need this weather.

It sets the liver, bowels, and kidneys acting, whereby all poisons are eliminated from the system; cleans the tongue, improves the appetite, purifies and enriches the blood.

MISS MARY J. IRWIN, Holland, Man., writes:

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for three years now and don't think there is its equal anywhere. When I feel drowsy and tired, and have no desire to eat, I get a bottle of B.B.B.

"I think it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

other taste of paradise."

'Give way, Eileen,' he pleaded, as he held her close to his throbbing heart. 'Let yourself go my darling, as I have!'

But she answered not, even by so much as a glance.

The only sign she gave of having heard his passionate appeal was a slight compression of the lips.

'I must speak to you, and you must listen,' he said when the music stopped.

'Where shall it be?'

'I will not listen!' she declared. 'You can't compel me against my will.'

'You must hear me to-night!' he insisted. 'You are staying in the house, I know; Dame Mainwaring told me you would sleep here. When will you listen to me?'

'I have told you I will not listen!'

'I say you shall! And before the evening is over!'

She shrugged her shoulders, and beckoned, with her fan, to her next partner, who stood half-a-dozen yards away, hesitating whether or not he might venture to interrupt the tete-a-tete.

'You dance, Mr. Grainger. Take me on the terrace instead, will you? I am in a mood to be entertained by anything you like to say to me.'

These words, murmured almost carelessly, and accompanied by a glance which was distinctively inviting, were enough to madden a cooler man than Serge.

He turned on his heel with an oath.

When he sought her again she was not to be found, and when he inquired concerning her of his hostess, he was informed that she had gone to bed suffering from an acute headache.

He realized she had grown stronger than himself.

He made a mistake in dropping his mask too soon; his wisest course would be to resume it.

At breakfast he was missing, nor did he reappear until Eileen had left the Manor; so that she had food for thought, during the drive to Ash Cottage, in the ever recurring question, 'Have I gone too far?'

He gave no sign for a whole week, and she did not meet him again until the day of the picnic given by Dame Mainwaring as a wind-up to festivities in general—her house party being on the point of dispersing.

The spot chosen for the picnic was ten miles or more from the Manor.

Some of the guests drove; some went by water and some cycled to the place of rendezvous.

Just as Eileen was leaving the Cottage, the second post came in, and a letter was handed to her bearing the Cyprus postmark.

The handwriting looked familiar, though she had not seen it for several years.

'From Blanch Eversley,' she said, half-aloud, slipping it into her pocket for perusal later in the day, should opportunity occur.

Then she went down the garden and took her seat in the omnibus sent from the Manor to pick up stray birds like herself.

The rector's daughters were already in possession, and a young man or two from Littleton.

Lunch was the first item on the picnic programme, when all had assembled at the meeting place.

Serge made no attempt to renew hostilities, nor to plead for a truce.

He appeared to be in a strictly neutral mood, merely bowing when he caught Miss O'Halloran's eye, as though she were an acquaintance in whom he felt little interest.

She told herself that she missed their usual pitched battle.

Love-making, even, would be preferable to this sudden and severe frost.

After lunch she accepted the first escort that offered in the shape of one of the young men from Littleton who had been in the 'bus.

But no sooner was he alone with her than he seemed stricken dumb, and proved so hopelessly stupid, by reason of his un-

utterable devotion to her beaux yeux, that she was glad of an opportunity to dismiss him in search of her handkerchief, which she imagined she must have dropped while at lunch.

With a sigh of relief at being alone, she seated herself on a fallen tree, and prepared to read her old school-fellow's letter.

First came family news—scraps of information about husband and children; but half way down the second page Eileen began to feel keenly interested.

'We heard something yesterday concerning Desmond St. Clair—I beg his pardon, Baron Serge—which throws a light on his extraordinary conduct to you that night of the Glencarty ball. Jack has often said that he wished we had given the poor fellow a chance of explaining his behaviour before we condemned him so mercilessly.'

'What we heard was this—and we had it from Dr. O'Bryan, who settled here about twelve months ago. Jack and I were riding past the cemetery, where we caught sight of the doctor putting flowers on a grave. Jack wanted to speak to him, so he dismounted and entered the little cemetery. Dr. O'Bryan beckoned to him to help him tie up a wee branch of a plant, which had been beaten down by the wind, and while doing so Jack noticed the name on the tombstone—'Angela St. Clair.'

'A sad story, that!' said the doctor, as they left the grave, and returned to where I was waiting. His horse was tethered near, and we all rode back together, he telling the story as we went along.'

'I used to live near Paris—I will try and give it in his own words. 'My wife's people lived there then, and she liked being near them. One day I was called in consultation on a very serious case. A young married lady, a fortnight after the birth of her first child, had received a shock which upset her brain. Her nurse had been fool enough to give her a telegram announcing the death, by drowning, of her only sister. Well, we could do nothing to remedy the mischief, and the poor young husband—a handsome Guardsman—English (all of him that wasn't Scotch,) was fairly distracted, for he adored the poor thing.'

'The baby died, fortunately, and my wife suggested that we should offer to take charge of the mother. Captain St. Clair jumped at the offer, and gladly left her in our hands, coming at frequent intervals to see how she got on.'

'As he grew to know us better, he confessed that his friends were ignorant of his marriage, and were anxious that he should propose to his cousin, who had plenty of money, St. Clair, himself, was poor for his station; his wife had about two hundred a year of her own, and he insisted on paying us every farthing of it. A noble or more unfortunate fellow I never met.'

'It was hard beyond all description to be tied to a lunatic wife, but he never murmured. Whether he wished or not to marry his cousin, I never knew. He masked his feelings under languid indifference, which grew more and more noticeable as the years went on—for it is just ten years today since the poor girl came to live with us.'

'About twelve months ago I had a chance of settling here. My wife did not object, so we came along, bringing Mrs. St. Clair with us. It was a fatal change for her. Three weeks later she died—of no particular disease that I could judge; the sudden change of climate must have killed her. Her husband was too far away at the time to be able to attend the funeral. It was three months before I saw him, and then he only came for an hour—just to look at the grave and ask me to see about a headstone and keep a lot of flowers there. That is their story—his and hers; sad enough, in all conscience, don't you think?'

What the rest of the letter was about Eileen hadn't a notion.

Having read hastily thus far, she was about to turn back and read Dr. O'Bryan's story a second time when she became that Serge stood close to her, holding out her missing handkerchief.

'A very shy youth with long hair came inquiring for it. I sent him to pick daisies and brought it myself.'

She took the handkerchief without a word, trembling from head to foot with passionate penitence.

He threw himself on the grass by her and looked into her face.

'So you know without my telling? How did you learn it?'

She gave him Blanch Eversley's letter pointing to the part she had just read.

'Like O'Bryan's impudence!' he murmured, softly. 'It was his duty to hold his tongue.' He returned the letter and looked at her again, the languor and indifference replaced by an earnestness which was tinged with sadness. 'It is all true, though. We married for love. Her people were in trade in Rouen. I took her to Paris, and tried to make her enough of a lady to be introduced to my friends. She took kindly to her education, being innately refined and gentle.'

'Poor child! How proud she was of her baby—the future Baron Serge she liked to call the luckless mite. I was glad when it died; it made it possible for me to keep silent about our marriage. Only, after a time my people pestered me so continually to propose to my cousin, and she made it so apparent that she'd say 'Yes' if I did, that I was driven to desperation. I went north to escape from persecution. Jack Eversley had invited me you know. Then came that ball, and that temptation?'

'I meant to tell you all, Eileen, and to implore you to help me by allowing the farce of our supposed marriage to go on. But you called me 'coward'; and Jack—my friend—denounced me, unheard. Oh you wonder if I was maddened? But I was cruelly wrong. When she died, I determined to find you and see if you had ever married. Mara Sullivan had vanished; in her place I found Eileen O'Halloran, and—I loved her at once, and vowed to

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atone for past wrong by devoting my life to her, if she would have it. She hated me—or said she did! Eileen, was it hatred or love?'

She bent over him until their lips met, and her hands went round his neck.

'Desmond, my heart's love, forgive! And I, too, will atone!'

## A FORESTER'S CASE.

Chronic Kidney Disease Cured After Eight Years' Agony.

Mr. John J. Burns Gives His Experience With Dodd's Kidney Pills—Nothing Else Gave Relief—Death Seemed Near—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail.

DARNLEY, P. E. I. March 12.—There are many members of the Independent Order of Foresters in this town, and the surrounding country district and they are among the most respectable, wealthy and estimable citizens of the district. They are all thoroughly acquainted with the case of Mr. John J. Burns, a popular member of the order, who conducts a boot and shoe business here.

Mr. Burns has had an experience that has been given to but few men. He has stood in the presence of the grim tyrant Death, within the very shadow of his wings. The monster's hand was outstretched to grasp his victim, and Mr. Burns was within an infinitely short distance from his grave, when a protecting influence came between him and Death, and the demon was put to flight. Dodd's Kidney Pills were his protectors. Death attacked him in the disguise of Kidney Disease.

For over eight years Mr. Burns had endured the agonies of chronic inflammation of the Kidneys. His pains were indescribable. Every effort to obtain relief or cure utterly failed. There seemed no other ending of his misery but death.

Providentially Mr. Burns heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He tried them. They cured him. His Forester friends know it. His neighbors know it. Hundreds who never saw him know it. They all know that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Diseases of Women and all other Kidney Troubles.

### ANOTHER BRAVE WIGWAGGER.

Coolness Under Fire Very Necessary to Send Messages.

To send and receive flag messages by the process of signalling known as wigwagging takes a cool head and a quick eye at any time. So many drops to the right, so many to the left—a letter is made. Several of these make a word. An error in the movement of the flag may confuse the man who is reading at a distance, or a little inattention will cause the reader to miss a letter of what the man at a distance is sending, and so the thread will be lost.

When, as often happens in war, the lives of many men may depend on the message, it is extremely important that the signalman shall have a cool head, and send and take accurately. That is what makes signalling under fire so weighty a matter.

It is comparatively easy to be brave under fire when one can give full rein to one's excitement, or be carried along by others. But it does not do to be excited when you are wigwagging. A 'rattled' wigwagger is worse than none.

The exploit of Sergeant Quirk of the marine corps at Guamano, is famous now; but one performed in the Philippines which is pronounced by Admiral Watson to be every whit as brave, was overlooked by the press. Fortunately, it has not been overlooked by the secretary of the navy, who has sent to the hero of it a medal of honor for "extraordinary heroism and gallantry under fire."

When the monitor Monadnock was sent to the city and island of Cebu to cooperate with the army in landing a force of American troops there, it was necessary to send a force to dislodge the enemy from the mountains behind the city. Men from the monitor, under command of Naval Cadet McIntyre, joined the soldiers in making the attack. An apprentice boy, R. Galbert by name, was with the naval detachment, and did the signalling. It was his duty to keep up the communications between the men of the army and the navy.

The attacking force soon came 'wittin' the range of the insurgents' Mausers. So galling was the fire that the men had to

take to cover and remain under it for a considerable time. But Apprentice Galbert could not take to cover. He had to send and receive messages, and it was necessary for him to stand in a prominent and exposed situation.

His waving flag made him a still more conspicuous object than he would otherwise have been. Up and down, right and left it waved, rapidly, but accurately and deliberately. Bullets fell thick and fast, and whizzed past his ears. They made no difference to Galbert, who wigwagged on with the rather long message that had been given him.

The army officer in command of the attacking force called out. 'You had better let it go at that, and get to cover! You will be shot in another minute if you stand there!'

Galbert smiled, saluted and wigwagged on. He never flinched, hesitated or made a mistake. When there was no message to send or receive, he ducked under cover, but he watched the ship. Suddenly some one on the ship began to wigwag, and Galbert stepped out again to take the message. And he did not leave the most exposed situation as long as there was anything to give or take.

### A Poetic Hangman.

In his recently published 'Recollections' Sir Algernon West tells a story of Marwood, the executioner, who preceded Billington, which will bear retelling. One of the officials at the Colonial office had occasion to consult Marwood as to the most rapid way of putting a man out of existence. Marwood expressed himself in favor of what he professionally called 'the long drop,' and drove home his argument by remarking: 'There was a Mr. Peace, now, a small man; I gave him a six-foot drop, and I assure you, sir, he passed off like a summer heve.'

### Baden-Powell's Joke.

The officers of the Mafeking garrison were at mess—and what a mess!

'Cheer up, lads,' remarked Colonel Baden-Powell, taking his second helping of mule steak. 'We might be worse off.'

'Indeed? I can't imagine it,' growled the dyspeptic major.

'Well, just fancy our diet if the automobile had been introduced here.'

### 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.

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

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

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### His Guess.

Mrs. Stubb (reading): 'John, who are the Coldstream Guards?'

Mr. Stubb: 'I guess they must be firemen.'

'Arthur, we haven't had a quarrel for weeks and weeks.'

'Haven't we? Well, we can easily get one up by discussing who was most to blame in the last one we had.'