

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'I won't let you think of my brother as a stranger, you tiresome girl! I will show you his photo—you have never seen it—and then I shall expect you to fall in love with him immediately.'

She fetched a large album from a distant table, and turned its leaves over till she came to the likeness of a very handsome young man.

'There he is!' she said, as she placed it in front of Githa. 'Now tell me what you think of him.'

'Why, he is exactly like you!' exclaimed Githa. 'I never saw such a marvellous likeness!'

'That is what everyone says,' laughed Honour. 'And now you will make up your mind to like him, won't you, dear? Everybody does, and I think he deserves it,' she went on enthusiastically. 'The servants almost adore him, and—'

'Dear me! what a wonderful fellow he must be,' interrupted a laughing voice from the open window.

Honour rushed at the intruder with outstretched arms.

'Why, Roy, my dear old boy!' she cried.

'My dearest Honour!'

And brother and sister were clasped in a close embrace.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself to come like that, you had felled, frightening us almost to death,' Honour said presently, as she released herself. 'Now, come in and behave like a Christian.'

Then she introduced him and Githa to each other.

She was very glad to see the latter, after a moment's hesitation and one swift glance at his face, offered him her hand.

'I hope you will forgive me for interrupting such an interesting and instructive conversation, Miss Rothsay,' Roy Fortescue said whimsically, as they shook hands. 'They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, but I think I have had tolerable proof that the old saying is not always correct.'

'Well, it does seem as if an exception had been made in your favour, Mr. Fortescue,' Githa admitted demurely.

'Yes; only, unfortunately, the good I heard was not true, or shall I be conceited and say only that it was exaggerated! But seriously, Miss Rothsay, I must warn you not to believe half this very silly sister of mine says of me; she would make you believe me quite a rara avis, whereas the fact is I am a very ordinary mortal indeed.'

'Githa will find out all about you for herself, sir,' broke in Honour saucily; 'you need not paint yourself blacker than you are, or she will be quite alarmed, and I have set my heart on you two being really good friends.'

'I shall be delighted to perform my part in such a pleasant programme, my dear Honour,' returned Roy; 'but what Miss Rothsay will say to it I don't know. Are you willing to humour this spoilt girl?' he continued, turning to Githa.

'I think I may at least promise to try, Mr. Fortescue,' Githa answered slowly, as she looked into the handsome face bending toward her.

'You are a darling!' cried Honour impetuously, jumping up and kissing her. 'And now, Roy,' she continued, 'tell us how it is that you came home so soon. I had only just received the letter in which you said you would not arrive till the end of the week.'

CHAPTER V.

As time went on, the intimacy between the two families became closer, and Honour was almost as much at the farm as she had been in her school-room days.

She had grown very fond of Mrs. Rothsay and Githa, and it was always a pleasure to her to be with them.

If the pleasure was a trifle less keen when she did not happen to see Clive also, she did not realize that it was because he had become dearer to her than anyone else in the world—that, in fact, she loved him.

This knowledge was, however, to be forced on her in a most painful way.

'I have made such an extraordinary discovery about Mr. Rothsay, my dear Miss Fortescue; and, really, as you are so intimate with the family, I think you ought to know it—he is married!'

The speaker was a Miss Leblanc Jones, a little old maid, of most gossipy tendencies, who was paying Honour a call.

'I stayed here this afternoon on purpose till Mrs. Mervin and Mrs. Banks had gone, my dear. I thought it would be better to tell you when we were quite alone,' she added, in a tone of peculiar significance which irritated Honour greatly.

'I am sorry you should have inconvenienced yourself, Miss Leblanc Jones,' she said coldly. 'It really did not matter to me when you spoke of it. And you must have been misinformed. Mr. Rothsay is not married; there are no ladies at the farm except his mother and sister.'

'You have not seen any, perhaps, my dear,' the gossip answered, with a meaning nod. 'But when a man is ashamed of his wife, he naturally tries to keep her out of sight; though perhaps I ought not to say "ashamed" in this case, as there is another reason for secluding her.'

'You must have been deceived by some village scandal,' Honour remarked calmly. 'She felt as if someone had dealt her a violent blow in the face, but she would not show it.'

'Oh, no, Miss Fortescue; indeed, to the best of my belief, the village knows nothing about it. If it had, I think I must of heard it before.'

Honour still kept up a show of indifference.

'Well, in any case, it does not concern us, Miss Leblanc Jones made this astounding statement with an aplomb that at any other time would have amused her hearer.

'But this is quite different,' she went on. 'You are young and have no mother, and he is a very attractive man. But there, I see you understand what I mean, so I need not say anymore about that.'

Honour did understand, and it was her

look of indignation which had checked her visitor's impertinence.

Still, Miss Leblanc Jones meant to tell all she had found out.

'There is no doubt that he is married, and that his wife is mad,' she continued. 'I learned it all quite accidentally. Harris had gone to settle the weekly account of milk and butter; and while she was waiting for the receipt, a tall, foreign-looking woman came out of the back door, and went into the orchard. She had an attendant—a nurse, evidently—with her, who seemed annoyed when she saw Harris.'

'Harris asked the dairymaid who she was; but all she would say was that she was a lady staying there. Harris thought it was strange, so he questioned the girl who helps in the kitchen, and got it all out of her; but she begged Harris not to tell anyone, as Mr. Rothsay had told her she would be discharged if she chattered about anything that went on in the house, so it is certain he wants it kept secret. Of course no one could blame him for taking every care of his wife. The girl said she was quite violent sometimes; but I do think it is a wicked thing to pass himself off as a single man.'

'As they see so few people, I do not see how it can matter, even supposing you have been correctly informed,' Honour replied coolly. 'Oh! by the way, I had almost forgotten,' she went on, speaking as if a thought had just occurred to her. 'I am getting up a little subscription for the man who was injured in the gravel pits last week, I hope I may put your name down?'

'I would give me great pleasure, my dear Miss Fortescue, but positively I cannot afford it, as I have so many calls on my purse already. And I must say good-bye now. I have paid you an unconscionably long visit; but I do so want you to know about those people. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye; and Miss Leblanc Jones, who loved her money as much as she did gossip, bowed herself out, leaving Honour grimly satisfied at the success of the ruse she had practised to get rid of her.'

She was not inclined to believe the tale she had just heard; yet it made her vaguely uncomfortable—why, she did not yet understand.

Githa was confined to the house with a bad cold, and in the evening Honour went over to the farm to see her.

As she drew near she was surprised to hear sounds as of a violent scuffle, and a turn of the path revealed to her Clive Rothsay and a nurse in uniform, both endeavoring to overpower a tall, dark, handsome woman, who was struggling with the ferocity of a wild beast.

As Honour stood there, too much horrified to move, she heard Clive say—

'Be quiet, Valerie; if you will not, I cannot help hurting you.'

To which the woman replied, in fierce, excited tones—

'I won't go in! I hate you, Clive Roth say! and some day I will kill you!'

But in spite of her frantic struggles she was at last obliged to yield to his superior strength, and then the nurse led her away. Clive watched them for a moment, and then turned slowly round to find Honour gazing at him as if fascinated.

EUGENIE'S SHIFTING ROOM.

A Habit Which the Former Empress Brought From the Tuileries.

The ex-Empress Eugenie clings pathetically to many of the traditions of the Tuileries, among them one which was due to a whim of Napoleon III.

The Emperor detested the conventional dining room and flatly refused to eat in one. He insisted that he couldn't see any reason why the room where one took one's meals should be paneled, leather hung, dark and gloomy as a mortuary chamber, and that he would not eat solemnly and classically.

The Salon Louis XIV., one of the brightest and gayest rooms in the Tuileries, was used for the Emperor's dining room. Gay screens were brought in at meal time to hide the doors and serving tables. These serving tables were also brought in for each occasion. After the meal was finished all of its appurtenances were carried away and the room bore no hint of a dining room. Of course, all this made endless trouble and inconvenience for the servants, but that doesn't enter into royal calculations.

The Empress follows the old plan and has her meals served wherever she happens to want them—on the veranda, the terrace in the Salon, in her boudoir. The servants of an ex-Empress, not being so humble as the servants of an Emperor, do a deal of grumbling, but their mistress has always followed her own whims, save when fate interfered, and fate seems to place no embargo on the shifting of dining rooms.

At one time James A. Bailey was Barnum's most formidable rival in the circus business, says the New York Mail and Express. A short time ago before opening hostilities began between them, one of Mr. Bailey's large female elephants gave birth to a baby. This was the first baby elephant ever born in captivity. It proved an immense card for Bailey. The birth of the animal was chronicled far and wide. Mr. Barnum, quick to see the advantage of having so important an attraction as a live American Baby elephant, telegraphed to Mr. Bailey as follows: 'Will give for your baby elephant \$100,000.' Mr. Bailey wired an answer: 'Will not sell at any

price.'

This seemed a daring thing to do, for \$100,000 was an enormous sum to offer for a riny little breast. But refuse he did, and bustled with his show to meet the great Phineas T. Barnum on his own ground, meanwhile pondering in his fertile brain a coup, which was to land Barnum a captive on his back. By the time Mr. Bailey reached the region where the Barnum show was exhibiting the whole country was billed with huge posters, on which was most conspicuously printed in flaming type: 'What Barnum Thinks of the Baby Elephant,' and underneath the heading was printed Barnum's telegram to Mr. Bailey, offering the big sum. This poster greeted Mr. Barnum wherever he went and worried him. He was not used to being beaten. However, the fact was before him; he was a defeated showman. The world knew it. It was now a matter of history. He was far too sagacious not to desire to make of such a redoubtable foe and rival as Mr. Bailey an ally, and accordingly, at the end of that year, negotiations were entered into, which resulted in the combination of the two great exhibitions into what, in literal truth, became the greatest show on earth.

Permanently Cured

AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

Mr. Hamilton Waters, of Ridgeville, Tells of His Relief From Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble Through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For years Mr Hamilton Waters, the well-known cattle buyer of Ridgeville, Ont., was an acute sufferer from neuralgia which was later complicated with rheumatism and stomach trouble. But now thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is enjoying the best of health. Speaking of his illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Waters said:—

'For seven years I suffered great agony from neuralgia, the pains were of a darting excruciating nature, and for days at a time would be so great that I feared I would lose my reason. To increase my misery, I was attacked with rheumatism, and this was closely followed by stomach trouble. My joints and limbs became swollen and I was almost helpless. I suffered from nausea and a decided loathing for food. I became very thin, and was constantly troubled with cold sweats. At different times I was treated by three physicians without receiving anything in the way of permanent benefit. I grew despondent and began to think that I would always be a sufferer, when one day my druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that within his knowledge there was not a case where the pills had been used but what benefit had followed, and he added: "That is saying a lot in their favor, for I have sold over five thousand boxes, and have not had a complaint from anyone." Following his advice, I procured a supply of the pills, and after a few weeks I could note an improvement in my condition. By the time I had taken eight boxes of the pills the neuralgia and rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and my stomach was once more in a healthy condition. My appetite improved, and I gained in weight and strength daily. It is now over two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and all that time I have enjoyed the best of health and haven't felt an ache or pain, so that I think that I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. In fact, eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what three doctors had failed to do, and I feel I am justified in warmly recommending them to others.'

A very high medical authority has said that "neuralgia is a cry of the nerves for better blood." Rheumatism is also recognized as a disease of the blood, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are above all things a blood making and blood enriching medicine, they so speedily cure these troubles. But you must get the genuine, with full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People printed on the wrapper around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A Noble Gift.

One of the most striking features of modern American life is the accumulation of immense fortunes in the hands of individuals. In place of the millionaire we have that awkwardly named but potent personage, the 'multimillionaire.' It is not surprising that his development is regarded with some concern. Great wealth is great power; and it makes a vast difference to the community whether it is used for the public good or wholly for selfish ends.

One thing at least may be said by way of relieving solicitude upon this matter: that if Americans have acquired the art of getting great fortunes, not a few of them have learned to give generously from their abundance. The American endowments of colleges, libraries, hospitals and other institutions for the material, intellectual and moral improvement of the people mount up every year to a total which amazes observers in other countries, where such enterprises grow more slowly.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who holds to the principle that it is a disgrace for a man to

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die rich, signaled his recent retirement from active business by creating a fund of five million dollars for the benefit of his former workmen. The income of one fifth is to be devoted to the support of libraries which he had established among them. The income of the remainder is to be used for aiding the injured, pensioning the aged, and relieving the families of those who are killed by accidents.

Mr Carnegie did not make this gift as act of charity. In his letter announcing it he described it as a recognition 'of the deep debt which, he owed to the workmen who had contributed to his success.' This is a form of debt which, unhappily, not all successful business men and industrial leaders recognize; but just so far as it is acknowledge and frankly met, as in Mr. Carnegie's gift, social problems are greatly simplified.

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.

Plenty of Mines and Precious Stones, but the Industry Languishes.

While the diamond mines at Kimberley have been producing about \$18,000,000,000 worth of gems a year, the industry in Brazil, formerly the most important diamond producing country in the world, has fallen to a low ebb. It is now carried on only by individuals or small associations working in a crude manner. The yield was never much over \$1,000,000 in any year, and the product is worth annually less than \$200,000, and yet the quality of the Brazil stones averages higher than that of the Kimberley output.

The reason for the decline of the Brazil industry is partly because it is carried on in a shiftless sort of a way, but mostly on account of the immense output of Kimberley, which has glutted the market and practically crowded the Brazil mines to the wall. Brazil gems rarely leave the country until they are ready for the jewelers, for they are cut either at Diamantina Gouvea or Rio de Janeiro; while the Kimberley stones are sent to the London market in March every year, and are then distributed to the diamond cutters of Holland and Belgium.

Brazil, however, has practically a monopoly of the carbonado or black diamond which is used in diamond drills and for other abrasive purposes. It is found to be sure in Cape Colony and some other places but is commercially important only in Brazil.

There is a marked difference between the conditions under which the diamond is found in South Africa and in Brazil. At Kimberley most of the gems are taken from the thick strata of a rottenrock forming blue clay through which the rough gems are scattered and the mining is carried on simply by digging up this blue clay and passing it through washing machines which separate the gems from the earth. Diamonds are also found in the bed of the Vaal river and two or three other places, but nearly all the gems that reach Europe comes from the famous Kimberley formation.

On the other hand, the Brazil diamonds are scattered over a large part of the central region of the great archaean formation which is spread over nearly the whole area of the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Enormous quantities of the precious stones are doubtless imbedded in this hard rock, but the diamonds had been worked very little outside the alluvial lands to which they have been carried in the beds of streams from the ancient formation in which they originated. Thus they are found in the stream beds of Minas Geraes (many mines), Bahia, Goyaz and Matto Grosso. The diggings now in operation are chiefly in the State of Bahia, where during the dry season, the little water remaining in one or another small stream is turned out of its channel and the gravel is sifted for the gems it may contain. The work goes on without much method or energy until the rains come, when the diamond digger takes a vacation and work is not resumed until the next dry season.

In 150 years of mining operations Brazil has yielded about \$100,000,000 worth of

gems or a total output, which is equalled every six or seven years by the conduct of the Kimberley mines. The African diamonds are commonly admitted to be less beautiful than those from Brazil, but their total sale already exceeds by millions the value of all the gems Brazil has produced, though African diamond mining has been carried on only about thirty years.

What one Woman Thinks.

The most self-reliant women are apt to become faint-hearted when confronted with the intricacies of a long journey.

Nine-tenths of American women are absolutely ignorant of the history of their own country while they glibly discuss the scandals of European courts.

The comfort derived from the various walks of life largely depends on the condition of the feet.

The remedy of tomorrow is too late for the evil of today.

Very few women realize the amount of money expended on them by famous youths who insist on supper after the play.

A man seldom becomes weary of life; he only becomes weary of himself.

A housekeeper who is too industrious is always in a state of uneasiness and one would prefer to find her more peaceful.

In regard to lovemaking, when people are old enough to have learned the game properly they are too old to want to play at it.

Where Medical Science Falls.

to cure rheumatism, and all the time you suffer dreadfully, why don't you get a bottle of Polson's Nervilleine and try that? Rub it into your stiff joints, sore arms, lame back, bent shoulders—wherever the pain is. Nervilleine has cured plenty of people in this way, and that ought to be proof enough that it will cure you too. It is an unusually strong liniment that cures rheumatism in unusually quick time. Best household liniment known. 25 cents.

Ice-Breakers on Lake Baikal.

The engineers constructing the trans-Siberian railway have had much trouble with Lake Baikal, which lies exactly on their track and is very deep and stormy, while in winter it is covered with ice. The lake is about 400 miles long and 60 broad, and its shores, for a long distance from the water-line, are marshy and difficult to traverse. The boats carrying the cars and passengers have sometimes been prevented from landing for from 25 to 40 hours. At present large ice-breaking steamers, built on the American plan, are employed to clear the way as well as to tow the barges.

A pupil in the juvenile department astonished his teacher recently by describing a circle as 'A straight line that's crooked all the way round.'

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