

(Continued from tenth page.)

he purposely misrepresented facts? And, if so, why?

She was silent for a couple of seconds; then she said—

'If you prefer to believe others rather than myself, you must do so. I have no more to say concerning the matter, except to contradict one thing. The gentleman in question certainly walked with me from the Assembly Rooms to Madame Robier's house; but he made no attempt to go beyond the door, nor did I invite him to do so. You may believe this, or not, as you please.'

She walked towards the door in a white heat of wrath, meaning to pack her few belongings and return to Madame Robier's house, she had decided what to do next.

Her uncle intercepted her.

'One question, if you please. I have no wish to appear unjust. You have contradicted a portion of the report which has reached my ears through various channels today. Can you deny it altogether?'

'No. I flirted with the gentleman in question; that was true enough.'

Mr. Leck opened the door, and allowed her to pass out without another word.

She went to her room, her wrath boiling over at last in the shape of scalding tears which chased each other down her cheeks; they were the first she had shed since her infancy.

She did not sob, she felt no desire even to cry, and yet those hot tears poured on and on.

Her arrangements for departure were soon complete.

Her things had all been sent home by Madame Robier, but very few of them had been unpacked.

So in less than an hour, she was ready to leave the house which she could no longer look upon as her home; on that point she was determined.

Her uncle had chosen to believe the evil he had heard of her, and Mrs. Leck had uttered no word to indicate doubt on her part, of what had been said.

Elspeth made no concealment of her intentions.

Taking with her a travelling-bag containing all she would require for a few days, she went boldly downstairs and out of the house, walking in the direction of the railway station.

She had changed her mind about going back to Madame Robier's.

At the station she took a ticket for London, though with no intention of what she would do when she got there.

She had a third class compartment to herself, except for one other girl, who appeared to be in great trouble.

The sight of her tears made Elspeth decide to speak to her.

'Are you ill?' she asked gently. 'Is there anything I can do for you?'

A fresh burst of tears was, for a moment the only reply she received; then the other girl sobbed out something she could not catch.

Elspeth went and sat opposite to her, and drew her hands from before her drenched face, saying firmly—

'Look here; it will do you good to tell me all about it. I may be able to help you.'

'No; no one can help me,' declared the girl, with another sob or two.

'Don't be too sure of that. I am in trouble, too, though, perhaps, it is not so serious as yours. I will tell you about it, if you care to listen, after I have heard your story. We may be able to help each other—who knows?'

The other girl brightened up a little at this, and found her tongue.

'You'll hardly believe anyone could be so silly as I'm been,' she began. 'I was going to be married, and all my things were ready. I made them myself, having learned dress-making in case I should ever have to earn my own living. My parents are dead, and I have lived as long as I can remember with my uncle and aunt. They are kind enough in their way, but they've a large family of boys, and didn't particularly want me until I began to make myself useful.'

'Well, then George come along, and we took a fancy to each other, and agreed to get married. We were happy enough till some busybody went and told him I was flirting with one of my cousins. It wasn't really flirting; only, I suppose it looked like it. George got angry, and aunt said nasty things and I just packed up and came away in a huff; and what I am going to do now, goodness only knows. I shan't get a place in a hurry, perhaps, though I have Lady Chester's reference. I used to do her hair for her, and act as her maid, when her own went for a holiday. She's gone abroad now—Lady Chester. I mean. She wrote the reference before she went, saying that if ever I wanted a place it might help to get me one. I wasn't engaged to George then.'

Points of similarity between this story and her own struck Elspeth very forcibly.

'Do you mind telling me your name?' she asked, as the train slowed into a station.

It was a 'stepping train,' and at this particular station it had to be shunted to allow an express to go past.

'Alice Hunt, I'm called. What's yours?'

She fumbled in her pocket as she spoke, producing an envelope therefrom as she looked up and waited for Elspeth's reply.

'Alice White; we are namesakes, you see. What is this—Lady Chester's reference?'

'Yes. Pretty good, isn't it?'

Elspeth glanced down the careless scrawl which set forth the good qualities of Alice Hunt, aged nineteen; a clever hair dresser, good sempstress, with some knowledge of dressmaking; cheerful, willing, and thoroughly healthy; honest as the day, and a staunch churchwoman.

She had barely made it all out when an exclamation from her companion, simultaneous with the rushing past of the express, caused her to look up.

'George was in that train!' said the other girl excitedly. 'I'm sure 'twas George, and I believe he saw me.'

She could talk of nothing but this won-

derful George as the train went on again. Apparently she had lost all desire to hear Elspeth's story.

Her tears dried, and her lips smiled in pretty eagerness and delight.

George had come after her, and would be waiting for her at the next station.

And, sure enough, there he was, with tender chiding ready for her lack of trust in him.

'When your aunt cut up rough, you should have come to our place,' he declared. 'My mother would have been glad enough to have you; and she is expecting you to supper tonight.'

'Really! She's a darling, and you are another!' beamed the happy girl.

'That's all right, then. Come along, we've only just time to catch the train back; we must cross the bridge.'

A nod and a smile was all the good-bye Elspeth had from her late companion, who rushed off with her George, oblivious of the fact that Lady Chester's reference remained in the hands of the stranger with whom she had travelled from Rocklea.

Blood-Poisoning.

In the widest acceptance of the term, blood-poisoning occurs in all infectious diseases, in Bright's disease, biliousness, malaria, and any other disease affecting the general system. But, as usually understood, it means poisoning by pus microbes or their products, conditions medically known as pyaemia or septicaemia.

A quarter of a century ago these diseases were very common, especially in hospitals, and were often the cause of frightful mortality among the wounded in battle; but now they are becoming more and more rare and many physicians of several years' practice have never seen a well-marked case.

This happy change is the result of the general adoption of the principles of anti-septic surgery, whereby septic infection of wounds and consequent extensive suppuration are prevented. But blood-poisoning still occurs at times after wounds made with infected objects, or wounds which have been allowed to fester without proper treatment.

Physicians occasionally get blood-poisoning in consequence of a slight cut or scratch received while performing an autopsy after a case of appendicitis or other suppurative disease. In cases in which death follows an operation for appendicitis the cause is frequently septicaemia or pyaemia, the operation having been undertaken too late to prevent the absorption of septic material.

The symptoms of blood-poisoning are those of profound depression of the general system, but the symptoms of the two varieties of blood poisoning differ more or less.

Septicaemia usually begins abruptly with a chill and high fever. The pulse is weak and quick, the breathing is rapid and sometimes oppressed, headache is usually severe, the appetite is lost, and there is haemesis with vomiting.

In pyaemia these symptoms are more gradual in their appearance and are preceded for a day or two by a slight fever, loss of appetite and general depression. There is a succession of chills, high fever and sweating, so that the case is sometimes mistaken for malaria. Later, all doubt is removed by the formation of abscesses in various parts of the body.

Both forms of blood-poisoning are grave but recovery is more apt to take place in septicaemia. Treatment consists primarily in attention to the wound through which infection has occurred, which, if accessible should be opened freely and thoroughly drained. At the same time the system must be supported by stimulants, heart tonics, and nourishing and easily digestible food.

Chinese Dentistry.

If the Chinese can boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in the Celestial Kingdom, it is still true that for operations in dentistry an American or European would hardly care to go to a Chinaman. In spite of their boasts, the Chinese have not been slow in recognizing the superiority of American dentistry, although there are some who adhere strictly to ancient methods, and the New York Evening Post avers that every year one or two Chinese dentists of the old school came to New York, and remain until their customers have had their teeth 'put in order.'

The work is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers, and it must be admitted that his success is astonishing. His dexterity is, due to years of practice. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board. This training changes the aspect of the hand, and gives the student a finger grip amazing in its strength, equivalent in fact to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. Sometimes he fills teeth, but he does it so bunglingly that the fillings stay in only a few months.

An element of superstition runs through all the work. According to the system, all dental woes are brought on by tooth worms. The nerve pulp is such a worm, and is always shown to the patient. For humbug-

ging purposes, also, the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

The position of the dentist of this class is not very lofty among his countrymen, and he is regarded as half-way in social importance between a barber and a laborer, which is certainly a great injustice to the honest laborer.

ORIGINAL GIFTS.

Some Ideas of Clever Gifts for Presents to Their Friends.

A month before the birthday of a Brooklyn girl, her clever sister apportioned among their friends three hundred and sixty five sheets of unruled letter paper. Each recipient of a sheet was requested to write a verse or a sentiment, original or selected, or to make a picture. In due time the clever sister gathered up the sheets, dated them, had them prettily bound, and then was prepared to give her twin sister a most unique and attractive calendar.

The statement is vouched for, and so it is safe to admire the fortunate young woman who has a friend for every day in the year. Most of us have to be content with fewer. Yet a few friends can piece together a very interesting souvenir, as the young woman employed in a certain publishing house did, when one of their number was making ready to marry.

Uniform sheets of note-paper were distributed in this case also. On her own sheet each young woman carefully wrote her favorite recipe—for 'grandmother's cookies,' or macaroni au gratin, or floating island, or what not, the recipe that she had practised at the expense of her best young man until it was safe to offer the food to her father.

Combined, such recipes made an 'autographic' cook book that was a pledge of safety as well as an expression of sentiment. At their worst, these dishes had killed nobody, and at their best they had pleased everybody.

Twenty or thirty persons were concerned in this tribute. But a single person may arrange a pen made gift that shall have the charm of the unexpected.

For one whole year a young newspaper man employed spare moments in compiling a calendar for his sweetheart—on each leaf a scrap of his own philosophy or a good thing some friend had said. This masterpiece completed the conquest of the young woman. Indeed, the wife has been heard to say, in strictest confidence, that her husband has never done anything so clever since.

Without apology one may touch lightly upon such phases of the subject of gift giving. The reader does not need to be reminded that it is the thought in the heart of the giver that makes the worth of a gift. Our friend pay the highest possible compliment to the quality of our friendship when he assumes that we shall value a thing intrinsically valueless, because it came from him.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of 'the forbidden fruit, or Eve's apple tree. The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Hay Fever Grems are Now Floating About.

They are in the air everywhere, too minute to see, but just waiting for a chance to get into your lungs. Then they will play havoc with your breathing apparatus, and you'll wonder what to do. The doctor will say you had better inhale Catarrhazone for it kills Hay Fever germs and moreover is dead certain to reach them, and absolutely prevents the disease from returning. You inhale Catarrhazone with the air breathed: it goes directly to the source of the trouble and cures it by moving the cause. At druggists, or sent with guarantee of cure, to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Appropriate.

The Rev. Dr. Lastly's church having been partially destroyed by fire, the trustees had secured as a temporary hall for the use of the congregation the only available room in that part of the city, and it was on the top floor of a sky scraper.

'My friends, said the good doctor, ris-

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ing to give out the hymn for the morning service on the occasion of the first meeting in the new quarters, 'we will sing 'I'm nearer my home in heaven to day Than ever I've been before.'

Praying and Fighting.

'The name of the heroic young American who risked his life by climbing unarmed over the Pekin wall is Calvin Pearl Titus, bugler in Company E. Fourteenth United States Infantry.' So ran the press reports, and a little later, when letters began to arrive from the besieged and those who had raised siege, further information came concerning the intrepid young soldier.

A recent letter to the Christian Endeavor World from a comrade in his company tells something about the life of this young hero.

'He is a Christian youth,' the letter says. 'When I joined the company, then stationed at Bacoor, near Manila, about the first pleasant and encouraging fact I met was that Titus, our bugler, was in the habit of praying every night.'

Every one who has read stories of camp life knows that the man who kneels to pray in his tent has a hard time of it a first. Soldiers are quick to turn against cant, to resent ostentatious piety, and to watch to see how a man's profession squares with his performance. Titus had stood this test by the time spoken of in the letter, and was known for his real worth.

'Never fussy in his religious professions, he was always a constant witness for purity in thought, word and deed.' Soldiers soon come to know whether a man's life rings true, and they are as ready to admire principle as they are to scorn its sham.

In the camp Calvin Pearl Titus lived the religion which he professed. It was that consistent life that gave his prayers weight with God and men. When the supreme test came he did not fail.

On August 13th, when the allies approached the walls of Pekin, the Americans were on the left flank, and by a brilliant dash came up to the foot of the wall, where the large cannon of the wall, where the large cannon on the walls could not reach them.

Titus took a rope in his teeth, and clambered up the wall while the cannon of the allied armies pounded the masonry to right and left to give him all possible protection. Then up the rope, which he had made fast above, the American boys climbed to the top, and soon the assaulting armies were within, and marching swiftly to the rescue of their imperiled countrymen. Calvin Titus could fight as well as he could pray.

He who parades his piety to be seen of men only earns their contempt. But of this cool, daring young Christian his comrade writes, 'He is the most popular fellow in the company.'

A Happy Retort.

A business associate of J. Pierpont Morgan in the United States Steel Corporation said to a London newspaper man that the corporation did not care a brass farthing for the Norway iron ore deposits and Mr. Edison's process.

'We know all about that scheme,' he declared, 'and we are not afraid of it. Mr. Edison's method is all very well in a small way, but when it comes to fighting the consolidated steel mills of America, it is impossible. So there is 80,000,000 tons of that kind of ore in sight in Norway! Don't forget that in the Superior region, controlled by us, there is 80 times 80,000 tons in sight of high grade ore, which is being shovelled out by shiploads. The United States Steel Corporation studied the iron map of the world before it went into commission. What England wants is not 80,000,000 tons of Norway ore, but a few million large calibre, rapid-fire, high velocity workmen, like they make in America and Germany.'

Improving the Incandescent Gas Mantle. Consul-General Mason at Berlin describes a recent German improvement of the Welsbach gas mantle which renders it many times stronger than before, while maintaining the constancy of the light

emission and preventing the tendency to shrink. These effects are produced by adding to the oxides of thorium and cerium, of which the mantle is composed, a compound containing silicon and zirconium combined with soda. The mantle is thereby converted into a kind of elastic glass, whose constituents are chemically united instead of being mechanically piled together, as in an ordinary mantle. A slight addition of cobalt improves the color of improves the color of the light.

Michael and his Honor.

He was rather the worse for speak easy liquor when he faced the magistrate in the Central police court yesterday, and it didn't require a rich brogue to indicate his ancestry. The remnants of a fighting Sunday jag had left him very loquacious.

'What is your name?' asked the magistrate.

'Michael O'Halloran,' was the reply.

'What is your occupation?'

'Phwat's that?'

'What is your occupation? What work do you do?'

'O'm a sailor.'

The magistrate looked incredulous. 'I don't believe you ever saw a ship,' he said.

'Didn't Oi, then,' said the prisoner. 'An' phwat do yiz think Oi cum over in, a hack?'

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corn-bleeding corns. The kind of corns that other remedies have failed to cure—that a good many—yield quickly to Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Putman's Corn Extractor has been a long time at the business, experiences in fact just know to do it. At druggists.

What Allied Tommy.

The ins and outs of Thomas McGregor's case are thus set forth by the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He had not been at school for several days, and at last the teacher said:

'Can any one tell me why Tommy McGregor is absent?'

A little girl raised her hand. 'Well, Mary, you may speak.'

'Please, m'am,' said Mary, 'it's 'cause he has got messels inside.'

The source of Mary's information may be easily guessed. She had read the contagious disease card that was tacked on the outside of Tommy's house.

Savres? Oh, my! That's the worst thing you could have broken in the whole house.

Bridget—Faith, Oi'm glad to hear it wasn't the best mum.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
W. D. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.