

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

his hands, and putting her arms round his neck, she turned his face round and kissed it, while the tears from her own eyes trickled down on to his drawn, hollow cheeks.

He had not heard her come in, but now he raised his head, and looking fixedly, strangely at her for several instants, he groaned, and clasping her convulsively, cried:

'Child, forgive me. Do not be like the world and love me less in the hour of my misfortune.'

'What do you mean, father? Why do you talk of misfortune? What has happened?'

'We are lost, child—lost! An hour ago I was a wealthy man, a millionaire. Read this telegram. Now I am not worth the value of the jewels you wear. The bank has failed, and I at my age, after all the years of patient plodding labour, must begin the world again, and build up a fresh fortune.'

'No, no, father dear. What do we want with a fortune? We can be happy together in a small house, living in a quiet way, can we not? At least I can, and then I will work for you, dear. Oh, be comforted. I love you so much, and am ready to sacrifice every jewel, every costly dress, if necessary, without a regret. Doubtless, when our affairs are settled, something will be left to us. After all, matters may not be really so serious as they now appear.'

'No, child, no. I can see the crash has come. I, as a business man, ought to have been more wary; I ought not to have put all my gold in one boat; but as I made my money in dear old Glasgow, I had a fancy for keeping it there. Now the labour of years is lost. Poor Ketha! poor child!'

'Never mind me, father; for although I have been accustomed to wealth all my life, do you know I feel quite ready and able to battle with the world. I am young and strong. Let me work for you, dear.'

So she tried to comfort him, forgetful of self, conscious as yet only of a bitter ache in her heart as she thought of what would be harder far to relinquish—the hope of being Malcolm's wife.

She saw, just for a moment, a glimpse, as it were, of her future, a long grey stretch which she must cross in loneliness except for her father.

At last, finding all her efforts at comfort in vain, she kissed him and quietly glided out of the library, to seek for a short spell the solitude of her own room.

She wanted to collect her thoughts, gather up her courage and strength, and determine what must be done; for she felt that her father was now, for the present at any rate, a broken-hearted, broken-spirited man.

She sat by the window, and looking out could just catch a peep of the loch that she had crossed with Malcolm only a few hours ago, and now if the ocean rolled between them it could not separate their lives more utterly than this calamity had suddenly done.

'I must give him up—I must sacrifice myself. He will be loyal and loving. I must be strong.'

A loud knocking at the door of her room startled her in the midst of her musing.

'Please, Miss Scott, come down at once into the library,' said the butler's voice outside.

Ketha ran down the wide staircase, without waiting to ask any questions. She soon knew the worst.

Her father was dead.

After she had left him the servants had heard him for some time moving about the room, and the butler looking in quietly once or twice, had seen him carefully arranging papers; sorting, destroying, and examining.

For awhile all was still. Then suddenly in the servants' hall underneath they had heard a heavy fall, and when they hastened to find out what had happened, they discovered Ronald Scott lying with his face to the floor.

The shock which the news of the great failure in Glasgow had given him was so severe that a fit of apoplexy had seized him.

So poor Ketha Scott, who but twelve hours before was the richest girl in Scotland, and the betrothed wife of an earl's son, was now alone in the world, friendless and penniless.

A week later Ronald Scott had been laid to his rest in that city where all his wealth had been won and lost. Castle Moues had passed into other hands, the servants had all been paid and dismissed, and Ketha had left Scotland, and gone no one knew whither, while a black-edged letter, posted in Glasgow, found its way to a Paris hotel where Captain Cameron was staying, and set him free from a promise he had made one day by the silver loch.

'Never fear. I will find her yet. Such a pearl can never be lost in the heap of the world's rubbish. Poor, generous little Ketha! But I will find her!' And Malcolm slipped the precious letter into an inner pocket, while a smile of confident happiness brightened his eyes. 'I will find her yet!'

CHAPTER III.

In the front room of one of the houses in Talbot-road, Bayswater, sat two women, elder and younger; the former reading a newspaper, the latter knitting.

It was a cheerless rainy evening, and that sense of depression which one feels in damp, cloudy weather was not relieved by the strains of a dismal revival hymn performed by an organ grinder in the street.

'Now listen, Ketha,' began the old lady, suddenly; 'I really do think this would suit you. You must apply at once.'

'Oh, Mrs. Roberts, I'm sick of applying. I always meet with the same reception wherever I go. I begin to hope that I have given satisfaction. They offer me a cup of tea, chat pleasantly meanwhile, and bid me

goodbye, with the promise of a certain answer on the morrow. It comes—a cold, formal note: "Mrs. So-and-so regrets deeply not being able to engage Miss MacKenzie, but she fears she is rather young," or some such excuse.'

'Come, don't be discouraged, darling. Listen. This sounds most suitable:

'Wanted at once, a lady companion; must be cheerful, highly educated, and especially musical. Apply at Klockmann's Library, 1, Princess street, any day before twelve.'

'What do you think of it?'

'Well, the advertisement says very little. I consider it rather vague, but of course I will apply. I can but be refused.'

On the following day, about the same time, Ketha returned to the house in Talbot-road, after having been out all the afternoon.

'Well,' queried her old friend, who had been watching at the window at intervals ever since the girl left. 'I can see you have met with luck this time at any rate. Come, take off your things and tell all me about it?'

'Well,' replied Ketha, with a face which certainly looked younger and brighter than it had for many a day; 'as you guessed, I have been successful this time. I applied at Klockmann's, who gave me the address of a lady residing in Harley street, whither I went at once, and found her, luckily at home. Oh, you have no idea how lovely she is with such gracious, fascinating ways, and so intensely kind.'

'I told her the outline of my history, and she sympathized deeply with my position, took my hand in hers, and told me always to look upon her as a dear friend. If she had not been so dignified I should have thought her gushing. But she was just perfect. I am to go to her to-morrow afternoon with my luggage. She is a widow and has one little baby boy. The fact is, her husband has only been dead a year, and she is on account of her mourning obliged to retire from society for awhile she feels lonely, I fancy. At any rate my duties won't be very arduous. I am to amuse her, that is all.'

'No easy task, my dear, when a woman is young and pretty. She has no end of caprices,' said Mrs. Roberts, smiling at her young friend's enthusiasm; 'but you haven't yet told me her name.'

'Oh no! How stupid of me. Her name is Lady Garnet—Cora Garnet. Is it not just like a name in a novel?'

'Lady Garnet? Why, of course she is lovely. She is considered the handsomest woman in London. Her picture is in the Book of Beauty, and her photographs are sold in every stationer's shop. But I am glad you are pleased and settled; and Mrs. Roberts drew the fair face toward her, and kissed her several times.

At five o'clock her ladyship returned from her customary afternoon drive, sweeping through the hall past the butler, and up the staircase in her trailing velvets and sables. By the hand she led her three-year-old son, a lovely boy, with her eyes and hair, dressed like an old picture in a Spanish costume, covered with costly cream-colored lace.

'Plush, has that person, Miss Mackenzie, yet arrived?'

'No, my lady.'

'Indeed! What airs that sort of people give themselves, to be sure! Plush when she does come, show her into the morning room and give her tea. Tell her Lady Garnet will not see her this evening.'

'Yes, my lady,' replied the imperturbable factotum with his usual obsequious bow.

'Talk of airs,' he muttered to himself, as he turned into the pantry once more; 'why to hear Madame Cora talk you'd think she'd been born a grand duchess, and then come in for a crown. Never mind, my pretty peacock, parade a little longer; we'll pull out some of your fine feathers by and by. Now, there she goes ringing just as if I'd wings on my feet. That's right, go on! You shall have your tea, but not till I've had mine, I know. She's put out about something. I daresay that captain of hers was cool, or her sables weren't sufficiently appreciated.' And so Mr. Plush calmly continued cleaning the crust-stand, regardless of the violent and persistent ringing of the drawing room bell.

JAPANESE FIRE STRINGS.

Displays Adapted to a Doll's House or Small Apartments.

Pyrotechnics in Japan is an art which has been developed almost into a science. Besides the colored fireworks of the night there are day fireworks, which depend for their effect upon colored smokes and objects suspended in air, and daintiest of all, there are tiny parlor fireworks which can be used in a doll's house or a Harlem flat. The prettiest of these is the fire string. It looks like a short piece of poorly made red cord, hanging from two to four inches in length and is no thicker than common wrapping twine. The material is a stout paper similar to that employed as the wrapper for firecrackers. Within this paper there is a small amount of combustible powder, composed of gun-powder and steel filings.

When the end of the string is ignited, it emits smoke and sparks, burns slowly and forms a molten ball, which increases in size up to the half way point on the string. It then apparently boils for a second and begins to contract. This is the signal for throwing out a wonderful stream of sparks, stars and fern shaped flames. The display lasts from a half minute to a minute, and then nothing is left save the charred end. Sometimes, instead, of steel filings, copper filings are substituted or powdered brass. These give flames of greenish blue. Strontia

and zinc are likewise employed and produce scarlet and silver lights.

In Japan the fire strings are served at dinner parties, from three to five being given to each person present. They are lighted from the cigarette employed by the guests and form a pleasant incident to the feast. They are cheap in Japan and can be purchased at the rate of three or four for a cent. A few occasionally find their way to this country, where they bring from 5 to 10 cents for a bunch of ten.

THE WORLD'S BEST

It Has Met The Needs of Thousands in the Past.

Paine's Celery Compound

Cures and Makes People Well.

It is the Kind You Need If You Are Ailing, Nervous, Weak and Despondent.

Paine's Celery Compound

Makes New Blood and Builds Up the System.

Years of experience and tests by physicians, and its use as a family medicine have fully proved that Paine's Celery Compound is the world's best and most reliable medicine.

The relative merit and efficiency of Paine's Celery Compound, in comparison with all other remedies for making people well, is clearly shown in the intelligent character and responsible standing of the people who to-day rely on it to cure insomnia, nervous debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles and blood diseases.

Its power of rapidly repairing the tissues and cleansing the blood makes Paine's Celery Compound the great saver of life that it is.

It brings to the weak and suffering the needed nutriment to the nerve tissues all over the body, and increases the volume of healthy blood, so that a breakdown of some vital part is averted. Thousands of lives now fast wearing away can be saved if Paine's Celery Compound be promptly used. If you are numbered amongst the sick ones, procure Paine's Celery Compound today, and test its health-restoring powers.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

An English Editor Discusses Them Apropos of Recent Explorations.

Mr. Edward Whympers, who began to climb mountains not less than forty years ago, has, as our Boston correspondent informs us today, just arrived in that city from the Canadian Rockies. Yet he might well claim exemption as a veteran, from such arduous expeditions. Indeed, after his return from the Ecuadorian Andes, where, among other achievements he twice scaled Chimborazo, and passed a night on the summit of Cotopaxi, he was for a time content to revisit the Alpine summits, among which his earlier victories were achieved. But, last summer, the attractions of the Rocky Mountains of Canada, proved too strong a temptation. The exact line which he has taken in his recent journey is not dated; probably it could not be made intelligible without a map, for the whole region north of Hector Pass, where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the watershed, is one of unusual complexity. Of this the railway itself affords a notable example. When it arrives at the Pacific side of the divide, it descends the water which reaches the sea by the Columbia river. This route, however would not suit the railway, so it crosses another and lower pass to the valley of Illecillewaet and threads the grand scenery of the Selkirk and other mountain ranges, till it strikes the Fraser river. This region, however, is now becoming comparatively well known though prior to 1888, when the Rev W. S. Green first made its peaks familiar to English mountaineers, very few travellers had turned aside to visit the Selkirks. To the north of the railroad, extending far away in that direction, is a vast area yet more intricate, its peaks rising to even higher levels, and presenting still greater difficulties to explorers. It is this, no doubt, which has attracted Mr. Whympers. For the last three or four years (travellers, both English and Canadian, have been making incursions into this lone land. It has been described in papers, read at the Alpine Club, the most persistent of its explorers being Dr. Norman Collie, who, since 1897 has spent some weeks, we think, annually in endeavoring to unravel the intricate

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

topography of the region. It consists of a great group of more or less parallel ranges. On the western side of the divide they drain to the Pacific mostly by the Fraser river; on the eastern the water runs into the two great branches of the Saskatchewan. The mountain scenery, as Dr. Collie's photographs, exhibited on several occasions in London, have amply proved, is of a very grand order. In his explorations he has found peaks which almost rival the tallest of the Alpine giants while summits about twelve thousand feet above the sea level are not rare, and their crags, glaciers, and snow slopes are sufficiently difficult to tempt the most athletic climber. In some parts the scenery recalls the limestone region of the Bernese Oberland, in others the peaks are more like those of the Pennine chain. But the resemblance to the Alps ceases with mountain outlines. To approach a peak in the Canadian Rockies is a far more arduous matter than it is in Switzerland. * * * Mr. Whympers' experiences appear fully to confirm those of his predecessors, and the story he may have to tell us will be awaited with interest.—London, Eng., Standard.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Why the Woman of All Work Resigned Her Position.

'I'm givin' notice, mum! shouted the big woman of all work as she rushed to the parlour whence the mistress was entertaining two callers. 'My weeks out to day, mum, and I'll not stay another day fur the president of the United States hisself. Not me. I know when I have en—'

'There, there, Susan! Go back to the kitchen like a good girl, and we'll talk that over later.'

'Like a good girl, is it? And hain't I a good girl? You can't lay the finger on me, mum, not the finger. I've got me six characters, and it's all the places I ever worked. Mind that. It's the place as is bad, mum. That's what it is.'

'Susan, go to the kitchen.'

'I'll not go to the kitchen. I've been doin the work of a cook and a maid and a landlady, I have, and I'll row up a position. Wid a man at the front door to buy ole clothes, and a man at the side door wid a patent water strainer, and wid the telephone a-ringin, and wid me dinner in the oven, and all ut 'em at the same time, I'm anigh crazy. And the roast is as tough as injey rubber abd me a-tryin me best to stop the leak in the b'ller wid a beer cork and—'

'Susan, pack your trunk and get away before my husband comes home. I'd be afraid to tell him what you've said.'

'Yes, you're skeered of your life wid him, but I'll tell him, and if he gets fussy I'll jest show you how you oughter've commenced wid him on the start. He hain't got no terrors for me, he hain't.'

Then she sailed to her special domain, while the three ladies talked vehemently of the servant girl problem. But when the callers were a block away they had to stop because of laughter, and what they had to say would break up an old friendship if it ever reached the ears of Susan's mistress.

Catarrh Cures Child of Catarrh.

Perth, Ont.—'I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarrh-ozone as a remedy for Catarrh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble, and I hardly recommend it to all suffering from that disease. No house should be without it.' Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it; so safe, grandmothers employ it; so certain to quickly relieve and cure that doctors, lawyers, merchants and public speakers rely upon Catarrh-ozone as their standby for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever. It is cheap because it lasts so long, and because it is so sure to cure even the poorest can afford to buy it. Every dollar outfit is guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Small size, 25c., druggists or by mail. A trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

The Boy Whistled.

An old lady went into Friedrich's store at Traverse City and asked for a pair of shoes, whereupon the boy behind the counter began to whistle. The old lady

gave him a piercing look and said:

'Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?'

Boy—That's what Friedrich told me to do, mum.

'Told you to whistle?'

'Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money.'

Surprised

A writer in Outing describes a sudden meeting between himself and a black bear, a meeting which amazed both parties, and frightened at least one of them.

The man was on a deer hunt in the Muskoka country, and one morning took a paddle and trailed along the lake shore, looking for a canoe which he had been told was beached somewhere near. Foolishly, he left gun and rifle behind.

Half a mile from camp a huge boulder blocked farther view of the shore, and behind this boulder the canoe was supposed to be hidden.

'I reached it,' says the man, 'walked around it on a narrow strip of wet sand, and almost ran foul of a full-grown black bear.'

'My last forward step was never completed. I dug my heels into the sand like a horse refusing a jump, while the bear shot back upon his hams; and there we stood, staring at each other, each quivering in every muscle—two motionless figures of amazement.'

'He was so close that I might have touched him with the paddle, but I didn't. I looked at him, and he looked at me.'

'I came to first, and he didn't attack me. I made rather a wide turn round the big boulder—in fact, I stepped into the lake a few times in my carelessness; but my feet were quite dry when I reached camp.'

Acute and Chronic Rheumatism

are equally influenced by the almost magical pain-subduing power of Nerviline—equal in medicinal value to five times the quantity of any other Rheumatic remedy. Penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of the disease and drives it out. Nerviline is undoubtedly the king of pain, for it is unequalled by any remedy in the world. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

Only for One.

First Suburbanite—I hear Kayton singing 'Only One Girl.'

Second Suburbanite—Yes; he has been telephoning down to the intelligence office a dozen times today.

Bill—Your wife used to have black hair, didn't she?

Jill—Oh, yes; haven't you heard that story about her chair?

Oh, it is a chestnut now.

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. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. W. D. Wood.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.