

Saved From the Sea

"Of Blanche more especially," corrected Roland Clifford. "Perhaps I put my phrase unfairly, because I don't wish to throw responsibility on you, my dear—only to have the benefit of your clever head and very keen observation of face and character. I will, then, simply ask your opinion of the man."

"I can scarcely say I have formed it, doctor, on just meeting him at a ball," said St. Maur's wife, with a kind of wonder at her own grim power of seeing. "I danced with him and promenaded with him in the gardens, certainly, but," shrugging her shoulders with a smile, "you know the sort of pretty babillage that passes current in ball-rooms—it tells next to nothing of what a man or woman really is."

"Are you afraid of me?" said the physician, bluntly.

"Afraid, Doctor Clifford—how?"

"Yes—that I shall misjudge you if you tell me what you think of a man so unquestionably handsome and fascinating—you being so young and beautiful?"

"No, Doctor Clifford, I am not afraid of you, in any sense, if only from the very frankness of your questioning. I am not a woman to love twice, and you know it too well to mistake me. I am deeply grateful for your confidence, but I fear to let you rely upon what I may think on so slight an acquaintance. I am only twenty-four, after all."

"You have the sense and experience of twice that, I think. I still ask your opinion."

"Well, then, so far as it goes, it is, I take it, a patent fact that he is a singularly handsome and attractive man, and beyond that surface Blanche would never see. I read, I fancy, as Jean Paul says, a story in his face; he has known deep trouble, or I am very much mistaken, and perhaps sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"Yes, you are right, I think. I knew what I saw could not have escaped your observation."

"So did she, or she had not said so much of the man she so loved, despite his deep-day faults."

"But," she said, dropping her eyes to veil their glow now, "I think that if there is, or has been, much that is faulty, there is much good in him, to judge by his face and several little things; he plainly is much attached to his old uncle in his manner to him pleased me especially."

"So it did me, and last evening the same; and also Addison told me something of him that sets off against a good lot of dark lines. I'll tell you."

And he repeated the story Addison had told him of his child.

"How that woman's heart drank it in! It was so like him—her darling, her loved one! Yet she only said warmly: 'It justifies our good opinion. I like him very much. I confess, as far as I have seen him; but, of course, he might be the very last man you would care to see paying serious attentions to your children.'"

"Well," said Clifford, "I did hear some one at the Addison's say that he was rather a fellow for high play, and that he staked frightened him, which may or may not be true; probably he does play and bet on the turf, as many others do, without being over-rakety, or fast, either. I saw or heard nothing last night—and I noted particularly—to think worse of him than that."—"Ah, thank heaven!" the wife's heart cried.—"And, of course, men will flirt and pay attentions to pretty women; but, really," said the doctor, beginning to laugh, "I think St. Maur's flirted, so to speak, more with you and Mrs. Addison than with any unmarried lady. It was our vain-pated Blanche who flirted most. I think I hope she won't be silly enough, my dear, to fancy herself in love with our handsome friend."

He said that between amusement and anxiety.

"I hope not, doctor. I must keep a tight hand over her. But if she does, I do not much fear any serious aspirations on Mr. St. Maur's side. He is not the kind of man to readily let himself down into Benedick the married man."

"No?" But he may amuse himself, and then he would be dangerous, unless—laughingly laying his hand on her shoulder—"you would draw him off, my dear. He enunciated last night that wives were most charming when they were other men's."

"Ah, yes; but will a widow come under that category?" said Christine, lightly; then gravely: "But since Blanche, unhappily, has got her head a bit turned in her first season, it is useless to cut off one person more than another. I will do my best, and if I see anything serious, tell you; you will then know what to do. We must meet him, you see."

"Thanks, yes. Well, and I certainly like him. I'll put the fuse to the cannon."

How little either dreamed that the recoil of the cannon would strike the beautiful woman at his side—Falconer St. Maur's unwedded wife!

quiet palfreys," he had said, and had bought for her use a beautiful, very high-spirited bay mare justly named Fleetfoot. The doctor, too, was proud of his stable, and would not have had a second-rate horse in it at any price. "Everything good," said he, "or none at all."

And it was no wonder that every one on the road to Egmont looked after the cavalcade—the elegant carriage with its noble grays, its two lovely occupants, and well-mounted groom following, and its two outriders.

"Handsome horse, and most handsome rider to match," said the doctor, gallantly; "that low feet hat, and gauzy blue veil airily twisted about it, and that close-fitting habit, set you off to perfection, my dear. I always think a beautiful woman looks her best on horseback, if she sits well."

So, she knew, did her lover. She laughed.

"I am afraid, doctor, that you learned some lessons in flattery the other night at Mr. Orde's, and that his nephew has been corrupting you."

"Ah, he will trip off pretty speeches by the score to one of mine," returned the doctor. "I keep mine now for the select few, you see, only you must be so used to compliments that I expect you count them cheap. I suppose all those young fellows will be on the Downs, by the way, and in the betting ring, or some such precinct of the initiated."

"Which young fellows, doctor?"

"Well, one isn't young exactly, for Addison must be forty, why, he and St. Maur, and Northcote, and Captain Darnley."

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Errington said, carelessly; "so many men go in for a little betting on the Derby; it's the correct thing."

"Pity some of them are quite so correct," said Clifford, dryly; "there'll be a good many thousands change hands today, I'm thinking. But here we are on the Downs, and your mare's pretty little hoofs are dancing on the turf. Take care of her, my dear girl."

"Oh, she is safe enough, Dr. Clifford, thanks," and Christine reined back to Mimie's side of the carriage, while Clifford drew to the other.

"Well, girls, isn't a lively scene; the fine day has brought out a crowd enough; only there is plenty of room for everybody; all sorts and conditions of men, indeed."

"Yes; from peer to peasant," answered Mimie. "I don't see any one we know yet; can your long, keen sight distinguish somebody, dear Mrs. Errington?"

"Not yet, dear; but Blanche is looking hard over there."

"Yes," exclaimed Blanche, with excitement. "See that carriage right over there; I'm sure that gentleman talking to the ladies in it is Mr. St. Maur."

"My dear Blanche," said Christine, "that figure is no more like him than your uncle's is."

"I think I can recognize him as well as you, though," said Blanche, tartly. Falconer's wife lit her lip to prevent a smile. She shrugged her shoulders.

"As you will; all the same, that is not Mr. St. Maur. Use your little field-glass."

Which soon proved Mrs. Errington to be right.

Dr. Clifford now suggested that, as he saw others evidently settling for luncheon, they should do the same, and then try to get a good place for the girls to see the flight of horses.

The riders dismounted, the horses were consigned to the groom and coachman, and the two younger girls, in high delight, began unpacking the hamper, to see what dear old Roche—the cook-housekeeper, wife to the coachman, he it said—had provided for master and servants; that for the latter in a separate hamper, with which the two men, after first attending to their four-footed charges, retired to a little distance.

Blanche was merry enough; even Blanche was almost consoled that at present there was no one to flirt with; by the novelty of the gay scene—the very medley of people and sounds—distant views of Aunt Sallies, Puncles, cheap Jacks, shows, bands playing in and out, red-kerchiefed gypsies, fruit-sellers; vendors indeed of everything, from gold (?) watches to penny whistles.

"We really ought to make some bets or other on the race!" cried Blanche, who presently they were preparing to embark again, as a seafaring Christine said—"don't you think so, Uncle Roland?"

"Well, if you like, my love; after the fashion of the old Irish song of 'Limerick Races,' I'll take you."

"I'll tell you on the foremost mare, That ten to one she'll win it."

Will you take that, miss?"

"That's betting on an Irish ball, not a horse," retorted Blanche, laughing; "besides, it's slow to bet with you, you know, because I shouldn't pay you if I lost."

"Oh, I see; well, you must wait till some of the young scamps find us out, and try to win a pair of gloves, each of you, for a flower. Isn't that the style? In with you now, my children. I'll mount you, Mrs. Errington; how frisky Fleetfoot is!—he came round—she's excited, pretty creature."

"She wants a scamp, I think," said Christine, as the stalwart doctor swung her to the saddle as easily as a child. "Soh, my lady, steady; you must wait a bit. Ah! look, Blanche, over toward the direction of the paddock."

All the other three immediately followed her glance.

"Well," said Blanche, "I only see two horsemen—one ahead of the other by a few paces."

"The foremost rider is Mr. St. Maur; the other is his Indian servant," answered Mrs. Errington.

"What a long sight you have got, child!" exclaimed Dr. Clifford. "Are you sure?"

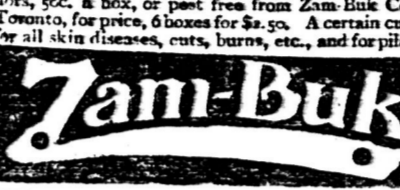
"Quite." Her heart was throbbing with joy. "And he sees us. What a splendid Arab he rides!"

The doctor threw up his hand, beckoning, and the rider instantly broke into a hand gallop, and in two minutes reined up, bending to his saddle-bow as he bared his head. How

ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS BABY

"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, he got thin and weak, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, eruption or pain, and is as healthy as ever. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 60c a box. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for eczema.



gracefully supple, how very handsome he was, and well matched to the magnificent Arab horse he rode!

"Now, indeed, I am in paradise!" he said, as he shook hands all round—and how close that clasp on hers only his wife knew. "I told Rahmnee to look out for you while he was waiting for me with my horse when I was in the paddock."

"And didn't he see us there?" asked Blanche, with a coquettish little pout.

Rahmnee, a few paces back, was sitting his horse like a picturesque statue, but with bright eyes that lost nothing.

"I think, but as soon as we neared the stand I caught sight of you all."

"I wish you had come earlier," said the doctor, "and lunched with us."

"Thanks for saying so, Doctor Clifford," St. Maur answered. "I see you are all wearing red roses," he added, laughing. "Is that chance, or compliment to thereby happy Belmonte, the favorite's owner; or have you backed that quadruped?"

"You have, I suspect, then?" said Blanche, saucily, "for you wear red roses, too, and—"

"Tell your fortune, beautiful lady!" struck in the deep voice of a gypsy, appearing at Christine's side with a suddenness that startled her mare, and made her swear sharply and lift her forehead.

In an instant Falconer's hand was on the bridle, with a fierce-muttered: "Confound the woman!" and aloud: "Be off, or the mare's hoof will be on your nose! Nobody here wants your farrago of nonsense."

"I ought to have given my poor pet a scamp," said Christine, as the woman turned away muttering; "but there are too many people now, and we should be getting a place, I think, now."

"Can't get near the stand at all, Mr. St. Maur," asked Mimie and her father together.

"I think so. Shall I lead and do my best for the ladies? Yes. Come, then; we lead, Mrs. Errington."

And he did succeed in securing a very good place, where the girls, by standing up at the right time, could see all. He himself was now next Blanche's side of the carriage, with his wife on his other hand, and Rahmnee just behind them, Clifford beside his daughter, and the groom Parkins in the rear.

"Are the Addisons here?" asked Clifford, when a lull in Blanche's chatter gave them a chance; for she was now happy, flirting as much as she could or dared.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Addison is with the Darnley party. I lunched with them. Addison and Darnley I left in the paddock. Northcote will find us out presently, I dare say; I rode over, but he came on somebody's drag, I believe."

"Ah! is the major running a horse?"

"Yes; Hercules is his; he stood well for second over there, but Kingfisher held his own as the favorite."

"Do you want Kingfisher to win, then?" asked Blanche, lifting her china bins eyes to his fine face; "because if you do—"

"Thanks, Well, if he loses I shall have to hand over to Mrs. Addison a box of the best kid gloves," answered St. Maur, lightly.

"And if you win?" persisted Blanche.

"My dear Miss Leroy, I never expect a lady to pay a bet," was the reply. "Ah, here comes Northcote."

Archer, edging his way deftly through the phalanx, reached them, and perhaps from one the young man would have preferred a little less frankness of greeting, for Mimie Clifford said at once:

"Step up into the carriage, Mr. Northcote. You see the front seat is being unmade, and wasted space is, I suppose, as bad as anything else wasted."

"Miss Clifford, I can not even dream of antics among the witches," said Archer, contentedly. "Can you, St. Maur?"

"Not I, faith!" said Falconer, with a flash in his dark eyes. "Here especially, as you say, where is Frank?"

"I don't know exactly now; but he told me a little while back that after you left—a glance indicated the word 'paddock'—Matador went up awfully close to Kingfisher."

This last was all in a lower tone, under cover of the two girls' eager talk over something that had caught their attention. He did not care if Mrs. Errington heard, and he knew Falk did not. She was a woman of the world, and "knew its ways," as he had put it. There was an infinitesimal in-drawing of Falk's breath at the words; a quick half-glance toward the winning post, which in itself told the woman at his

WHY BACKS ACHE

The Kidneys Seldom to Blame—The Trouble Due to Blood Impurities.

There is more nonsense talked about backs than any other disease. Some people have been frightened into the belief that every backache means deadly kidney trouble. That is utter rubbish. As a matter of scientific fact, not one backache in twenty has anything to do with the kidneys. Most backaches come from sheer weakness and kidney drugs can't possibly cure that. You need something to brace you up and give you new strength, and that is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do. Other backaches are really muscular rheumatism, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of rheumatism by driving the poisonous acid out of the blood. Other backaches are the symptoms of ordinary ailments such as influenza, indigestion, constipation and liver complaint. In women backaches often come from the troubles that follow so surely on any weakness or irregularity in the natural blood supply. The one way to cure these backaches is to strike at the root of the trouble with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood and bring strength to aching backs and weak nerves. Mr. Alex. Cockburn, Deloraine, Man., says: "About three years ago I suffered terribly from backache. I consulted a doctor and took his medicine, and wore a plaster, but did not get the least relief. Then I got a belt, but this was as useless as the other treatment, and my suffering still continued. Then one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a box. Before they were all used there was some improvement in my condition and I got three boxes more. By the time I had taken these all the signs of the pain had gone, and as it has not since returned, I feel that the cure is permanent. My only regret is that I did not hear of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for not only would I have got rid of the pain sooner, but would also have saved some twenty-five dollars uselessly spent in other treatments."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Prudence was a little girl who lived a great many years ago, when this country was all woods and very few people lived here. At that time there were women who were supposed to be witches and were punished and sometimes killed.

Somebody told Prudence that one of these witches might be seen sitting through the air on a broomstick at midnight. She wanted to see, so she sat up one night and watched. Her sister Priscilla woke up and saw her at the window, and told her she better come to bed. She would be sorry if she stayed up so late.

And she was very sorry the next day. It was Sunday and she went to church with the rest of the family. The sermon was three hours long, and before it was half through Prudence began to be very sleepy. Perhaps you think she might just go to sleep and there would be no great harm done.

But in that church a man sat up in a high place where he could see everybody, with a long willow stick in his hand, and with this stick he would tap the heads of whispy or sleepy children. Prudence was a very good little girl and she had never been tapped, but this day her eyes closed and her head nodded, and soon she was awakened by a sharp rap.

She was so ashamed! Her father looked very cross and her mother very sorry; and the worst of all—her sister Priscilla plucked her sleeves and whispered, "I told you that you would be sorry."

WHAT NEGLECT DID FOR HIM

Jas. E. Brant Suffered Torments from Kidney Disease.

Then He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Became a Well Man—His Experience a Lesson for You.

Athabasca Landing, Alta., June 13.—(Special).—That Kidney Disease, neglected in its earlier stages, leads to the most terrible suffering, if not death itself, and that the one sure cure for it is all stages is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mr. James E. Brant, a farmer residing near here.

Mr. Brant contracted Kidney Disease, when a young man, from a strain, and, like hosts of others, neglected it, expecting it to go away itself.

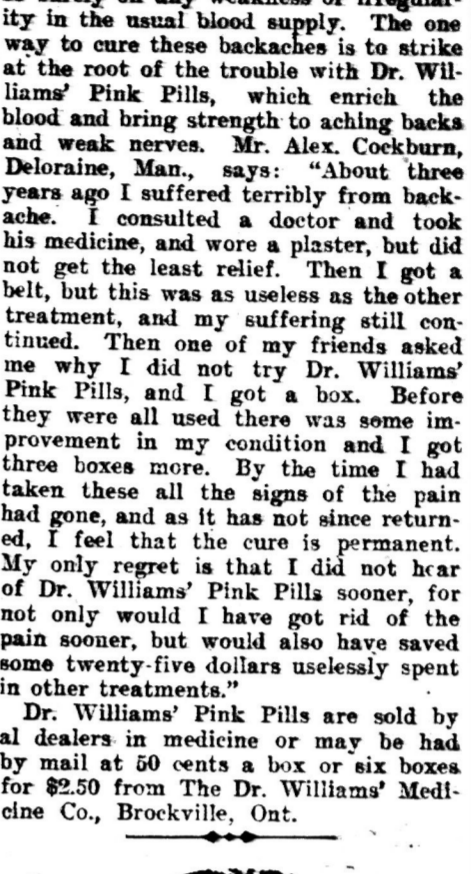
But it kept gradually growing worse till after thirty years of increasing suffering the climax came, and he found himself so crippled that at times he could not turn in bed, and for two weeks at a time it was impossible for him to rise from a chair without putting his hands on his knees.

He could not button his clothes. He was troubled with Lumbago, Gravel and Backache, and tried medicines for each and all of them without getting relief, till good luck turned him to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills started at the cause of his troubles and cured his Kidneys, with cured Kidneys his other troubles speedily disappeared, and today he is a well man.

If you cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.

"These doctors are easily fooled." "How's that?" "My doctor tells me that I have a tobacco heart." "Well, you smoke all the time." "But I smoke cigarettes."—Houston Post.



CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

Lots of people waited on May 20, 1910, for the end of the world by the laughing gas route, which was predicted by that eminent French scientist Camille Flammarion as a possible state of affairs the comet's tail would produce when the earth plowed through it.

After the comet came and went, leaving us all here safe and sound, it began to dawn on everybody that we had been flim-flammed again.

Flammarion can see more different ways of ending the world than any one else. In France they call him "the scientist with the wonderful imagination," and he certainly has a wonderful think tank. He can get heat out of the centre of the earth, and can count the boats on the canals of Mars—in imagination, of course.

He's a master mechanic at seeing things strange and now in the solar system.

It was certainly a laugh on flim-flammerion when we didn't laugh ourselves to death, and he's vexed because his prediction failed.

"What impressed you most, the pyramids of Egypt or the pagodas of China?" Oh, I don't know. They both had been good backgrounds for photographs of our party.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Exbridge, Godrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Heintzman & Co., 21 King street east, Hamilton.

TWO-MINUTE VAUDEVILLE.

(By Fred Schaefer.)

Thud—Tell me more about your travels. Were you ever shipwrecked?

Slap—Yes, once. I sailed out of Hamburg with a lot of people from that place. They were going to Hoboken to keep from getting homesick.

Thud—And where were you going?

Slap—I was going where the ship was going. Well, in mid-ocean the ship hit an iceberg.

Thud—Wouldn't that freeze you?

Slap—Game thing—it shivered our timbers.

Thud—Then did you founder?

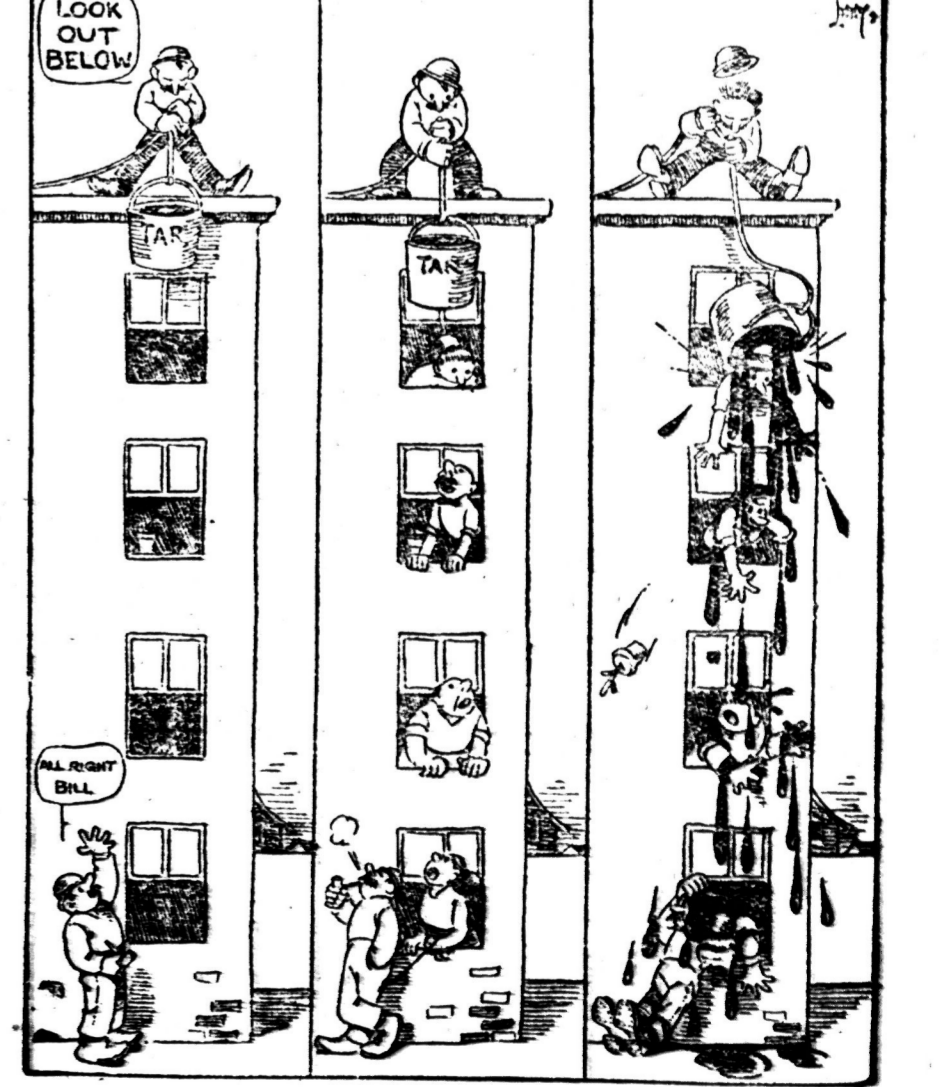
Slap—Founder? Far from it. There were two on a raft—men, women and children—not knowing where our next meal was coming from.

Thud—What saved your life? Did you find something to eat?

Slap—Why, yes—we ate a little Hamburger.

There is always such a thing as making a man feel too much at home.

"LOOK OUT BELOW!"—AND THEY DID.



Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

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