

Saved From the Sea

They had passed in the bow-window. "There is something behind that, fair Helen; there is some hideous conspiracy against my freedom, and you are banding against me—you too, 'mine own familiar friend.'"

"What melting reproach! I was loyal to friendship—only Mrs. Darnley told me in confidence," laughed Helen.

"Which was, of course, meant for telling it in Gath, as you intend doing, only, woman-like, you love to be coaxed and teased. Tell me quickly, dearest Mrs. Addison—Helen—tell me, an thou carest for me!"

He bent down, melodious voice and velvet eyes so all-persuasive that few women could have resisted even had they wished.

"You are a bold scamp," said she. "Care for you, indeed? I don't, not one bit, so don't be vain enough to imagine such a thing."

"I don't imagine—I know it!" returned the delinquent, with unmoved audacity. "I am waiting for your 'confidence trick,' sweetest, Mrs. Helen."

"How abominably spoiled you are!" "By you among others, then."

Helen laughed out.

"I tell you what, we are both flirting abominably. I don't know what Frank would say to us."

"We're not afraid of Frank!" said Falconer, laughing too. "nor he of our flirting; besides, I'll warrant he is quite taking out his revenge with that handsome Mrs. Errington. Now tell me the 'confidence,' please, or you will lose this dance."

So at last she told him what his uncle had said to Mrs. Darnley.

"H'm!" said St. Maur, as a comment. "I knew he wanted that. Marry and get, that was the idea, indeed—not if I know it, my fair friend; so mind you keep my side of the fence, and stand by me if Uncle Will says anything to you."

"Oh! I'll be true to your colors if you wish it, but—"

"Well?"

"Blanche is pretty, charming, rich."

"None of which I want," said St. Maur, coolly. "When is your next card-party?"

"Next Wednesday. You'll come?"

"Certainly. Meanwhile, we'll join in the 'Rush of the tripping feet.'"

He whirled her away as he spoke. After this, his darling—at last, at last!

CHAPTER XIII.

"My waits now, Mrs. Errington."

That was for the public about them; but for all each had said, what a rapturous happiness it was to be together again—close, though only in the mazes of a dance, and amid a throng of dancers, not one of whom, in the wildest dream, could possibly suspect what lay beneath the surface.

Only she felt the closeness of the clasp around the slender, yielding form, and the hand that held hers—only she heard the deep, passionate murmur in her ear, and felt the warm breath on her cheek.

"My darling—my darling, at last! Is not this a taste of happiness?"

"Heaven knows—yes!"

"And you have kept me another one, at least?"

"Ah, yes, one!"

But before the waltz was over, St. Maur drew his wife out of the "maddening crowd," paused by the open window, near which she had sat and left her wrap—a rich Indian scarf-shawl.

"Come into the garden," he said, putting it about her. "I must speak to you; there will be other couples out soon. Come; it is quite early yet; to stroll out and flirt with the most beautiful woman in the rooms."

"Especially," said Christine, with a half smile, as they passed out, "for wicked Falc St. Maur."

"Faith, if I did not in this case, dearest, I should certainly be asked by Helen Addison if I had gone quite blind or was afraid of you."

"But remember, Falconer, that in my position I can not have it said that I flirt."

He hit his lip, then laughed, still moving on toward the thick shrubbery at the end of the gardens.

"I'll remember, sweetheart. See, here is a rustic bench, embowered from sight of all intruders," placing her on it and himself at her side. "No, no; there's no one to see a kiss. Don't start from me!"

His strong arm was around her, straining her to his breast, his lips on hers once again so sweet the stolen, silent kiss, that it clung unresisted—taken and given back—till at last he released her.

"Just a brief snatch of happiness," he said, with a sigh. "But I must claim your promise to meet me, Christine."

"I don't see how it is to be done in town," she said, hurriedly. "I am so tired, and we might be seen and recognized anywhere. One never knows who is about. It would not, of course, hurt you, but it would be death to me."

"Yes," he said, slowly. "Nor would I care to be so recognized. Could you not, under guise of cloak and cape veil, come one evening to me in South Audley street?"

"Falconer!"

"Yes, I know how much I am asking."

HAVE YOU BEEN STUNG?

Some people have recently been badly "stung" by getting substitutes for Zam-Buk. When they have asked for a box of Zam-Buk, the dealer has produced some line on which he makes more profit, and talked about "It is as good and cheaper," or "One of my own, and I know what's in it," or "Really, the same thing at half the price," etc., etc. When tested, this cheap substitute has, of course, failed to do anything like what Zam-Buk does, but the buyer has, nevertheless, parted with his money! You will have to get Zam-Buk eventually! Don't waste money on useless substitutes. The name "Zam-Buk" is protected by law. See it on every packet before paying. If your local dealer should be out of stock, write "Zam-Buk, Toronto." We will mail it by return.

CORNS CURED

Putnam's Painless Corn Extract

CHAPTER XIII.

"Very nice people, those Cliffords," said Mr. Orde, as he and his nephew drove back to town. "I hope you mean to cultivate their acquaintance, Falc."

"Oh, certainly! If the doctor will cultivate such a Bohemian as myself," answered Falc, carelessly, keenly suspicious at once, for he had noticed Miss Leroy making herself very agreeable to, and, doubtless, flattering his uncle; and elderly men are readily flattered by the attentions of a young and pretty girl.

"But I think you have quite cut me out in that quarter, Uncle Will. You were positively flirting disgracefully with Miss Leroy—wasn't she?"

"I was shocked!"

"Ha! ha! you wicked boy, to chaff your old uncle! I wanted to see what sort of a girl she was really, for I rather took a fancy to her when she was dancing with you the first time."

"Did you? And the result then, of your trotting her out is, I hope, satisfactory?"

"Quite so. She is a charming, innocent, ingenious girl."

"Is she, indeed?" thought St. Maur. "She may deceive you, but she can't fool me; but I'll take advantage of the wind, if that's the way it's setting."

A loud he said:

"Ah, yes! She is very pretty, and a jolly little thing to flirt with. Ingenious, innocent-hearted girls always are quite delicious. They never know what anything means. I declare, I don't believe she'd have been angry if I had kissed her—among the flowers in the conservatory, of course!"

"For shame, Falc!" said Mr. Orde, puzzled whether St. Maur's sarcastic speech was earnest or rather unseemly jest. "How you racket on!"

"Oh, I didn't do it, of course—never dreamed of it!" laughed Falc, truly enough; "too utterly ungentlemanly—bad form."

"She would never have spoken to you again, if she had!"

"Wouldn't she, by Jove!" muttered Falc, under his mustache. "I know better, your dear old greenhorn!"

"How do you like the other two ladies—Miss Clifford and her friend, Mrs. Errington?"

"I did not speak to them much, but certainly Miss Clifford is lovely, as I fancy that young Northcote thinks," chuckled Mr. Orde, en passant; "and the young widow lady, the chaperon, is eminently beautiful; but I shouldn't like to marry a widow myself if I were a young fellow."

"I said Christine's husband, pulling his mustache to hide a smile; "and besides, one doesn't always know exactly who people are. Look, too, as if she had got a will of her own—that handsome lady, Uncle Will, I think I'll follow your example still, and keep clear of matrimonial shoals."

"My boy, I hope to Heaven you will never keep clear of them for the same bitter reason I have—a woman's cruel deception—ay, unparadiseable treason!"

"Uncle Will!"

"What else, then, do you call it, Falconer, when a woman engages herself to a man, lets him think his love is returned, fixes the marriage, and a fortnight before elopes with another lover, Captain Berenger? That is what Leonora Stanhope did."

"Uncle Will, you never before told me it was so bad as that," said the younger man, deeply touched and pained. "At least, not in detail."

"I only told you that she had cruelly jilted me, and broken her engagement; but these facts are the plain, simple truth. You can, therefore, hardly hold me very hard and unforgiving, if the only woman in the world I absolutely love to you is her child."

"Did she leave one?" said Falconer, evading any answer or dissent.

"I believe she did—a daughter, who would too surely inherit her mother's perfidy of soul."

"No, no," thought Christine's husband; "my darling—no, no, not thou, thank Heaven!"

"Did Captain Berenger know of it?" he said, after a pause.

"No. Let me do an honorable man justice. She wrote to your dear mother once after her marriage, to take the blame, and exonerate Berenger. He had been her lover; there was some pique—her fault, she said—a quarrel, and a separation. Then I came, and you know that part. She had met Berenger again three weeks or so before our wedding-day. She never told him of her engagement when he renewed his own suit—only said that her elder sister (her only relative) would not consent, and they must marry at once."

"A cruel, sorrowful story, Uncle Will," said Falconer, clasping the old man's hand, "but still the poor daughter may have her noble father's nature, not her mother's. You never saw Captain Berenger?"

"No, never."

St. Maur drew a breath of relief; his darling had her father's face, he knew, and with it his noble nature and faith—not the mother's shameless perfidy.

"If she had but come to me frankly!" added the old man, tremulously. "Heaven knows I loved her well enough to have released her at once."

"I know you would, dear Uncle Will, if you knew it," said Falconer, haughty; but his heart sunk. What chance was there of his wife's ever being accepted by William Orde, save by a miracle?

But the carriage stopped at Brown's Hotel, and the two parted. St. Maur walked round to his own chambers. How he envied the peaceful sleep of Rahmnee, who lay at rest on his mattress at the foot of his master's bed!

Meanwhile, on the drive home, Blanche, tired though she was, chattered about the glories of the ball and her partner.

"I do hope," she said, "that we shall meet that Mr. St. Maur again! Isn't he a fascinating man, and so handsome; don't you think so, Mrs. Errington? and waltzes like an angel!"

"I didn't know angels waltzed," said Falconer's wife dryly.

"Not much of an angel about the said

A ROYAL WIDOW'S MOURNING.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY.

No one will more strictly observe the official twelvemonth of mourning for King Edward than his widow, Alexandra. It is likely that she will remain in the severest seclusion not only for the whole period, but long afterward, and perhaps never again figure in brilliant social affairs. She is, in fact, relieved of almost all social duties through the accession of her daughter-in-law, Mary, to the queenship. Alexandra, although still a queen, is referred to now properly as the Queen Mother, her son being King.

COMPELLED TO ABANDON WORK

A Very Severe Case of St. Vitus Dance Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus dance is a common disease in children and is also found in highly strung men and women. The only cure lies in plenty of pure food of the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine to make new, rich, red blood. This statement has been proven over and over again and now from Port Maitland, N.S., comes another remarkable piece of evidence of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease. Mr. Lyndon E. Porter is one of the best known residents of that town. He suffered from a severe attack of St. Vitus dance, and got no help from medicine until he began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "My case was unusual. I found it impossible to sleep, and night after night would toss about in bed. I was receiving medical attention, but in spite of the careful treatment I gradually grew worse. My limbs jerked and twitched to such an extent that I could not cross the floor without falling or coming in contact with some piece of furniture. I could not raise a glass of water to my lips so badly did my arms and hands tremble and shake. I cannot imagine more severe suffering and inconvenience than one endures with St. Vitus dance. My father being a druggist knew of the many cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and advised me to try them. I did so, with the most happy results. In less than two months from the time I began the use of the pills I was a well man, and I have not since had the slightest symptom of the trouble."

All over the world Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are making just such cures as Mr. Porter's. They go right down to the cause of the disease in the blood. In this way they have proved in thousands of cases to cure anaemia, headache and backache, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, nervousness, indigestion, decline and the special ailments of growing girls and women. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

handsome gentleman, either," said the doctor, shrewdly. "A very great charm about this man, with a smile and a bold, fearless dark eye that I like; but angels and saints are not found among Mrs. Errington's!"

"So quietly said. How the wife's heart!"

"No, doctor,"

ached! how she dreaded that the next remark would be: "I heard some one say that he is such a gambler," but it was not; it was:

"But I like him. A cultivated, traveled gentleman is delightful; and his uncle is a fine old fellow; asked me to dine with him and his nephew, and I accepted. Now, girls, a quiet home-coming this next, mind, to get back the 'fesses,' advised Doctor Clifford, 'not that you ever have any to lose, though, Mrs. Errington.'"

She smiled a little sadly, but instantly seized her opportunity.

"Then, if you and the girls can spare me for a couple of hours, doctor," she said, "I should like to take that opportunity of seeing an old Indian acquaintance who wrote yesterday to ask me to drop in about nine some evening—the only time she is in during her short stay in London."

"My dear girl, certainly go," said Clifford. "Order the carriage when you please."

"Oh, no; thanks. I shall only take aansom," answered Mrs. Errington. "It wouldn't be worth while having the carriage ordered out just to go down to Floodmill; it's near there my friend locates."

"As you please, my dear—as you please. I dare not offer to escort you, you are so independent."

She laughed.

"Yes; always was so as a girl. I suppose that is why I took to taking care of other people for a calling. I've never been used to be taken care of, except—her lips quivered for a second—"for two years. Ah! here we are at home."

The twelve o'clock post next day—or, rather, the same day—brought Falconer St. Maur a letter.

"Ah! from her! Wait, Rahmnee," he said, quickly. "It is from madame; you know what I told you this morning?"

"Yes, sahib."

The few lines ran thus:

"Let Rahmnee wait for me this morning at nine at the corner of — street, the end nearest your place. I shall come in a hansom, and shall wear a black cloak and thick black veil."

St. Maur read it aloud in an undertone, and then burned it in a taper, tossing the blackened ashes into the waste-basket.

"Those tell no tales, Rahmnee," he said; "nor these, I know; and he touched the Indian's lips."

(To be continued.)

Going Up.

Justice has a streak of yellow, for she grips the little fellow, but her temper seems to mellow toward the man who's higher up.

Though she runs to fix her clutches on the one who steals as much as 50 cents, she limps on crutches toward the man who's higher up.

If the duties are evaded quick is righteous wrath paraded, for the few are simply aided—not the man who's higher up.

'Tis a most obnoxious feature; justice surely needs a teacher; worst of sinners not the creature, but the man who's higher up.

Little chaps must go to prison for a crime not really his; while champagne is ever fizzin' for the man who's higher up.

When a trust is caught at scheming justice takes its mealings, seeming not to e'en be faintly denying of the man who's higher up.

Ever esim her way pursuing, justice notes what some are doing, but this duty is chewing when the man is higher up.

Justice should take off her blinder, to the smaller fry be kinder, and, before her or behind her, grab the man who's higher up.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Rheumatic Families Inherit a Tendency to Disease.

Medical opinion confirms the view that rheumatism and gout are transmitted from one generation to another. Only by combating nerve and blood weaknesses can these be prevented. If they exist in the family, they develop quickly when the blood becomes impure or the nerves weak.

Mr. E. E. Hollister, St. John's, says: "Early in life I was occasionally troubled with aching pains in the back. Later my joints became stiff in bad weather, and lately gouty conditions developed."

"These troubles I knew were very common in my family. I can recall how stiffened up my grandfather was from enlargement of the joints."

"A specialist in New York told me that only by maintenance of the most vigorous conditions could these family predispositions be prevented. Because of his advice five years ago, when Ferruzone was first introduced into this colony, I began a systematic building up of my system. The New York specialist's opinion was justified in my case, and I presume it is generally true."

"Before six months had passed I had gotten rid of every vestige of rheumatism and my health too was visibly improved."

For rheumatism, gout and general bodily weakness there is no remedy like Ferruzone; try it, 50c a box, six boxes for \$2.50, all dealers or The Catarthorzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

NAVY AIRSHIP

Prominent Features of Great Britain's New Vessel.

Ship Will be Ready to Fly in August or September.

Although Lieutenant N. F. Osborne, R. N., is still in France attending the trials of the new Clement-Bayard airship (which is to fly from the other side of the Channel to the Daily Mail garage on Wormwood Scrubbe), the training of the crew which will man the British navy airship when she is ready is being pushed energetically forward at Barrow, Lancashire.

The vessel is likely to be ready to fly some time in August or September. Work is well advanced on the nine sections into which the framework is divided. These are made not of aluminium, as has been stated, but of a metal which is both lighter and stronger. In view of the size of the balloon, which will measure more than 500 feet (80 feet longer than is to say, than the largest Zeppelin yet built, it was important to use as light a material as possible. So far the metal employed has given satisfactory results.

The gas compartments, nine of them, will not be all made of the same material. Several stuffs will be tried in order to see which is the most serviceable. One of these is entirely new, a kind of waterproof cloth, very thin yet durable. If it comes up to expectations, it will no doubt be used for all airships. It is the discovery of a British inventor.

The propellers have not yet been chosen. Experiments are being made with one of four blades 10 feet in diameter. If these are successful, there will be every reason to hope that the estimated speed of forty-five miles an hour may be attained. The two 200-h.p. Walsley motors of eight cylinders each will be quite capable of producing that speed if other conditions are favorable.

It has been found quite practicable to fit the airship with wireless telegraphy. This will greatly increase its value for scouting purposes. The headquarters of the vessel will be on the North Sea. As she must be prepared to stay out for days at a time, she has been constructed to take a very heavy load. Her crew will probably consist of twenty men, and they will be able to take with them a large quantity of stores, with, if necessary, explosives in addition.

NEWFOUNDLAND PAYS TRIBUTE

To the Grand Work Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing.

Fishermen Regard Them as a Boon to Mankind—Mr. Frank Banfield Tells How They Cured His Backache.

Garnish, Fortune Bay, Nfld., May 23. (Special).—Among the fishermen here, who through exposure to wet and cold are subject to those pains and aches which come from diseased kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are looked upon as a positive boon to mankind. They are never tired of telling how their Backaches and their Rheumatism vanish before the great Kidney remedy.

Among many others Mr. Frank Banfield, after years of suffering, has found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and here is what he is telling his friends:

"I find Dodd's Kidney Pills the best medicine for Backache I have ever used. I only used two boxes and they cured me of Backache I had had for five years. It started through a strain. My father's back also bothered him, and he got some relief from one pill I gave him. They were too precious to give him more. All persons suffering from Backache should use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Why do Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Backache? Simply because Backache is Kidney ache, and Dodd's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney aches and ills. This has been proved in thousands of cases in Canada. If you haven't used them yourself ask your neighbors.



HE CARRIES A "CAN" ON HIS EAR.