

# Saved From the Sea

"Kerton," said St. Maur, abruptly, "at Monte Carlo I had played desperately to try and win the thousands to clear myself to you, and stand free in honor of that to claim my darling openly. I lost—lost all—gambled away all that, and shut the door against relieving it when I walked out of those gambling rooms, leaving play behind forever. I came back maddened, dazed, in a mental and moral chaos, and between right and wrong; till I could see her; every point had its counterpoint, and I could not alone see my way to the right course to reconcile two opposite ends of justice. If I owned my marriage, I destroyed the security which you held entirely on my honor and silence. If I kept silent I wronged her. That is how I stood till she came to my side that awful night to warn me of the danger—came, as I knew at once, with her reputation laid at my feet; and were rescued at all, by those who knew us. I would not suffer the suspicion for a moment that she was, or ever had been, less to me than wife. All question of right and honor solved itself for me in that instant, come what might of my position to you; and when they all came to our rescue, just after I had shot three rascals, I told them who she was."

"Of course you did, my dear boy; I would sooner lose the whole ten thousand than have you so basely false to all honor. As to Mr. Orde's part in this whole drama of wrong," said the money-lender, with a sudden outburst of strong feelings long pent up that was almost passionate, "I should just like to tell him a bit of plain truth. Was he the Deity, that he dared visit the mother's perjury on her innocent child? It is not his fault that his wicked injustice has not quite wrecked two lives, as it is nearly his; for if you had had that noble woman as your wife, you would never have been the gambler you have; she would have saved you then as she has now. He can dishonor you or not, just as he pleases; for, except a legacy or two, I've left a not mean fortune between you two entirely, and shouldn't alter my will if you never spoke to me again. I'm even with the old gentleman if he has out you for choosing the best wife a man ever took."

"Ken! Ken!" exclaimed St. Maur, flushing up in his utter surprise, "your generous indignation is not needed, though you are perhaps right in the first part; but Uncle Will has not dishonored me. He sees his error as clearly, as bitterly as you do, and has taken Christine like a daughter into his heart. How could he resist her when I told him everything?"

"Oh, Falc!" she murmured, half smiling, "every one doesn't see with your eyes."

"I hope not quite, sweetheart. And as to your will, Ken, I am glad you have interrupted Morley, quietly. I've so kith nor kin; I'm childless—free to please my likes or dislikes without injustice to any one; and so, if Mr. Orde has behaved as he ought, so much the better for you and yours. Please say no more, Falc, or you will wound me. What are you going to do—rather what is he going to do, since by-gones are by-gones? Where are you staying?"

"We came up last night to my chambers—two and Rhamee, I mean; not Uncle Will yet—and there we shall remain while we take and furnish a house. Then he intends—and he got quite angry when we opposed—keeping the Chase and two or three thousand a year for himself for life, and setting everything else on me—the real property entailed—by deed."

"Come, that's handsome of him!" said Ken, approvingly.

"Also," said Falconer, smiling at the remark, "he said he should pay my debts to you; and it is partly to settle



STUNNING PICTURE HAT.

A crown of soft brown tulle or chiffon with brim of silver cloth, and a yellow, a lavender and a silver rose grouped together at the left side, makes up one of the most charming hats seen for early spring wear.

## Bravest Man

(By Stuart B. Stone.)

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"Huh!" interrupted Peter Rucker, "talking about bolomen, Low I was chased 75 miles by 10 bolomen in North Australia in '93. I just dodged and ducked around and got rid of 'em one by one. Shot the last one with his own bow and arrow."

The company frowned at the little, peppery, red-faced man, and there was a general murmur of disapproval. Finally

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He whirled her away. William Orde, standing beside Dr. Clifford, who had come in with his daughter and her husband, said, in a low voice:

"I was so grieved to hear from my boy of your trouble about your niece, doctor. You could not stop it, I suppose?"

Clifford shook his head sadly.

"No, since she was obstinate! I refused Darnley—but she was of age, and walked out. I may say. She has cruelly disappointed me!"

"You live with the Northcotes, Christine tells me?"

Now the doctor's face brightened.

"Yes; they insisted. I don't think Mimie would have married Archer till I consented. She is a good daughter, Mr. Orde, and will be a good little wife."

"I want you all down at the Chase for Christmas," said Mr. Orde. "I told Falconer so. It's all finished now, and as my boy's wedding day is long past I mean to keep festive for it at Christmastide. Ah! if I could recall past years!"

"Ah! if we never can!" said the doctor, just as Falconer passed. "But we can look to the future with steadfast hope."

And late that night, when St. Maur and his young wife were alone, he drew her close to his heart and whispered, as he kissed her dear lips again and again:

"The past is buried, but the future is full of hope and love for us, my heart's dearest, my wife!"

(The End.)

## The Worship of the Sword.

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Wife (anxiously)—Did you mail that letter I gave you?  
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er. "I would have given my right arm to have made it short then. Mr. and Apache Bill McGregor, the scout."

"I knew old McGregor," put in Sumner, with real interest.

"We were rounding cattle on the upper Missouri," continued Peter Rucker. "The Sioux were raising Cain. Caught Bill and me in a trap in a big canyon neat as you please. Tied Bill to a stump."

"I've heard of that—it was a close shave," said Sumner, while the others drew their chairs nearer and looked at Peter Rucker with intense interest.

"They set the stump afire," continued Mr. Rucker, "and commenced dancing around it—one of these tomtom yelping war dances. Had me tied to a tree. I worked loose while they were dancing around Bill. Skipped up the side of the canyon. Got a lot of big rocks; rolled 'em down on the redskins; set up a hurrah that echoed down the cañon and sounded like a thousand tom-toms charging, and rushed down on the reds."

Mr. Peter Rucker stopped suddenly and looked in awed silence toward the vestibule door.

"Go on," admonished the impatient listeners. "What happened to McGregor? What did the redskins do?"

Mr. Rucker pulled a red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. A little blonde woman came up to him and took him by the collar.

"You long-tongued idler! You cheap hotel babbler! You forgot to bring that ball of red yarn I sent you for!"

"I know, Marthy," whimpered Peter Rucker. "I forgot."

"Of course you forgot, you lazy good-for-nothing; scolded the little blonde lady. "You come home with me. I'll teach you to forget. I'll dress you down. I'll make you think!"

The vestibule doors closed upon Mr. Peter Rucker marching meekly in front of Mrs. Peter Rucker, who was still talking.

"A brave man," murmured Sumner, of Yucatan, with a tinkle in his eye.

"As I was saying, I as in the Australian bush in '90," resumed Cannon of Adelaide; and this time the tale had no interrupting.

## AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS

### A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heitzman & 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 or exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Unbridge, Godrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heitzman & Co., 71 King Street East, Hamilton.

## HOT BISCUITS.

(By Ed Howe, in Chicago Tribune.)

We don't know a lot, and we keep adding to the list every day.

The only way to get along with a woman is to trash her at least once a week.

Whenever we visit the morgue on a rainy afternoon we always go back to the office disposed to give life another year's trial.

Be good to your wife and she will treat you like a dog. Bent her up occasionally and she'll love you to death.

What has become of the old fashioned man who used to fill his pipe before he lighted it.

Parson Twine says that when a cross word brings a tear to your wife's eye it is a sign that you are still reclaimable; but if she bursts into tears when you speak kindly to her, you have been a brute too long ever to win her back.

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## Single Tax vs. Land Speculator.

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"Why should I be?" he growled.

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## MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind. — "Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I took bottles of Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after suffering under bearing-down pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman." — Mrs. MAY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.

Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## BEAR.

of Galician Manitoba Bush.



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## ST. VITUS DANCE

### A Striking Example of Its Cure by the Tonic Treatment.

St. Vitus dance is the commonest form of nervous trouble which afflicts children, because of the great demands made on the body by growth and development, and these in the added strain caused by steady it is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment, that the nervous debility which leads to St. Vitus dance.

The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus dance should lead parents to give their children this great blood-building medicine at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Palor, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them. Mrs. A. Winters, Virdon, Man., says: "When my little girl was six years old she was attacked with scurlaria, which was followed by St. Vitus dance. Her limbs would jerk and twitch. Her speech became affected, and at last she became so bad that she could scarcely walk, and we hardly dared trust her alone. She was under the care of a doctor, but in spite of this was steadily growing worse, and we feared that we would lose her. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her older sister of anemia I decided to try them again. After the use of a few boxes, to our great joy, we found they were helping her and in the course of a few weeks more her power of speech fully returned, and she could walk and go about as well as any child, and she has been well and healthy since. When illness we never call in a doctor, but simply use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never disappoint us."

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.

## PRAYER.

All-bountiful Father, who openest Thy hand continually and satisfiest the desire of every living thing, we thank Thee for our daily bread. We thank and praise Thee, above all, for the Bread of eternal life. Thou has invited us into Thy banquet-hall and hast spread a table for us that our hungry souls may eat and be satisfied. Thou withholdest from us no good thing. Forbid that we should scorn Thy loving care, and through foolish absorption in earthly toil and pleasure neglect the gracious invitation of our King. Help us to draw near in humble gratitude, clothed in the righteousness which Christ bestows, that we may hear Thy welcome and taste Thy festive joy. Amen.

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