

ET REPORTS
TO MARKETS
BANK MARKETS
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MARKETS
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LIVE STOCK
...
PRODUCE
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MATCHES
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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
...
WEAR FLEET FOOT SHOES
...
WORN BY EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

"TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE"

"No, no, I did not!" replied Mildred, vehemently, unable longer to restrain her fear of his next words, and trying passionately to withdraw her hands.

"Yes, you did!" exclaimed Denzil, excitedly; "I know it now. It was not fancy—how could I every think it was?—it was reality. Oh, Mildred, you kissed me!"

"How dare you!" cried Miss Trevanion, bursting into tears. "You know I did not; it is untrue—a fevered dream—anything but the truth."

"Do you say that?" he said, releasing her. "Of course then it was mere imagination. Forgive me; I should not have said it, but the remembrance of it haunts me night and day. This room, too, fosters all memories. Here for the first time I told you how I loved you; and here, too, I refused, me, letting me see how you loved me, and how you loved me in return. Do you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," Mildred answered, faintly, turning her face from him.

"Over there"—pointing to a distant couch—"we met again, after weeks of separation and oblivion—since you say that past thought of mine was but a dream—and I felt when you entered the room how undying a thing is love. You see this place is fraught with pain to me, and yet I like it. I like to sit here and think, and picture to myself those old scenes again, only giving them a kinder ending."

"Do you still care to recall them?" she asked, in a low, broken voice.

"I shall always care to recall anything connected with you," he answered simply; then:

"Did I ever thank you, Mildred, for coming to my assistance on that last hunting day? I think not. I have no recollection of all that occurred, but they told me how good to me you were."

"It was the very commonest humanity," she said.

"Of course that was all. You would have done the same for any one. I know that. Still I am grateful to you." Then suddenly—"Why did you break off with Lyndon?"

"You have asked me that question before," she said.

"I know I have, and I know also how rude a question it is to ask; and still I cannot help wishing to learn the answer. 'Will you tell me?'"

She hesitated, and then said, slowly:

"He discovered, or fancied, that I did not care sufficiently for him; and he was too honorable to marry a woman who did not accept him willingly of her own accord."

"When did he make that discovery?"

"We ended our engagement the evening of your accident," she answered, evasively, and with evident reluctance.

"Mildred, if I thought," he began, passionately, trying to read her face—"if I dared to believe what your words appear to imply, I might be mad enough again to say to you words that have ever fallen coldly on your ear. I would again confess how fondly I love you—how faithfully during all these wretched months I have clung to the sweet memories of you that ever linger in my heart."

She shrunk away a little, and covered her face with her hands.

"Do you still turn from me, Mildred? Am I distressing you? Darling, I will say no more. It is indeed for the last time in my life that I have now spoken. Forgive me, Mildred—I am less than a man to pain you in this way, but, oh, my dearest, do not shrink from me, whatever you do; do not let me think I have taught you to hate me by my persistence. See, I am going, and for the future do not be afraid that I shall ever again allude to this subject." He drew near her; and gently kissed her hair. "God-bye," he said, once more, and then slowly, almost feebly, walked down the room toward the door.

Miss Trevanion stood gazing after him, her blue eyes large and bright with fear; she had an intense longing to say she knew not what. Oh, for words to express all that was in her heart!

Her hands were closely shaped together; her lips, pale and still, refused to move. It was the last time—he had said so. If she let him go now, it was a parting that must be forever; and yet she could not speak. Her love, her life was going, and she could not utter the word that would recall him. Already he had turned the handle of the door; the last moment had indeed come—would he not turn?

"Denzil!" she cried, desperately, breaking down by one passionate effort the barrier that had stood so long between them, and held out her hands to him.

"My love!" he said, turning. And then in another moment she was in his arms, and all the world was forgotten.

"Speak to me, beloved," he said.

"What am I to say to you?" she whispered, with her fair head resting happily against him.

"Tell me the one thing I have longed all these months to hear—tell me that you love me."

"I do love you," she answered, freely, earnestly. "You know it now. I have loved you a long time, I think—for months before I knew it myself."

"And yet you would have married Lyndon?" he said, jealously.

And then she told him all that story about her father's difficulties, the great necessity for the money, and her miserable pride and painful, hidden sorrow.

"I could not ask you for it," she finished, alluding to the money; "and yet I loved you then."

"My poor darling!" he murmured.

At this Mildred cried a little, and was comforted and petted for a while.

"Sometimes, do you know," he said, "I thought you did love me; and then again I persuaded myself I was a fool to believe anything of the sort. I shall never forget the day Paul told me of your intended marriage with Lyndon. But surely this makes up for everything," he concluded, fondly drawing her closer to him.

"Perhaps you will be sorry for it some day," she whispered, but she did not believe in her own prognostication.

"I do not fancy I shall," he answered. "Mildred, even now I cannot fully realize it. Am I indeed going to marry you, my own darling? Is it true? Look at me, and say again you mean to be my wife."

"I will not," said Mildred, with a happy laugh; "I have said enough. Besides, who knows but that I may change my mind, or you may change yours? Remember how unkind you were to me that day in the wood, when my poor foot was sprained. Did you hate me then?"

"No," he answered, absently, being busy thinking for the thousandth time what awful eyes she had.

"His answer dissatisfied her.

"Denzil, tell me—did you never, at any time, even for a moment, when I was most cruel to you, feel that you detested me?"

"Never!" he answered, indignantly.

"How could you imagine such a thing?"

"I wonder you did not," she persisted. "Surely every now and then you must have thought me at least heartless and unfeeling."

"I never thought you anything but the sweetest girl in all the world," he declared, earnestly. "I am only afraid now that I shall wake up suddenly and find all my happiness as unreal as that scene I described to you a while ago."

Mildred grew very red, and lowered her eyes, restlessly opening and closing her hands in a hurried, undecided manner. She was evidently making up her mind to some difficult task, and finally buried her face on his breast so that it could not be seen.

"You mean your dream?" she said, in a low voice.

"Denzil, I want to tell you something. It—it was all true. I did go into your room, because you called for me; and I did kiss you and—no, no—do not look at me, Denzil! It was horrid of me! You must not!"

But he did look at the exquisite blushing face and tear-dimmed eyes for all that, and kissed her until not a tear remained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The excitement was considerable in the Trevanion household that evening. The news got about almost directly through neither Mildred nor Denzil could remember having been the informer; and everybody was astonished and pleased, and delighted in turn—especially old Blount, who dropped in just before dinner, and having heard the tidings, insisted on kissing Mildred, without asking permission of any person concerned.

Mrs. Younge and Lady Caroline had first a good cry together and afterwards arranged the entire wedding, trousseau, presents, and everything else, before there was time almost to breathe. Frances Sylverton, too, showed herself really happy about it, though she moderated the warmth of her congratulations by stigmatizing them both as a pair of "muffs," and declared she had seen how it would end from the beginning.

"I don't believe you did," said Denzil, for instance, your forecast must have received a severe shock when Lyndon was here."

"Not a bit of it," returned Frances. "I knew well she would never care for that nice Lyndon, just because he was the very sort of person any one else would love devotedly, and was far superior to yourself. He was too good for her—that's the fact; she was unable to appreciate him. Now don't abuse me, Denzil—it's not gentlemanly; and I cannot help it if I see through everything. You may recollect that I had a presentiment about you the day you nearly killed yourself."

"Well, Frances, you must not have any more presentiments," said Mildred, hastily; "I hate them. They are so stupid; no one should encourage the feeling."

"Oh, must I not?" cried Frances, with a gay laugh. "Is he quite your own property now? Very well, dear, you shall keep all the forebodings about him to yourself for the future. I promise you. But, as Charlie is determined to marry me to-morrow, I predict it will be a pouring wet day."

Poor Lyndon was very little thought of in these days of love-making and merriment. All his devotion, gentleness, and true nobility of character were forgotten, or counted as nothing beside the living, present love. Nevertheless, when, a little later, there came a letter from him to Mildred, telling her how he had heard, in his distant resting-place, of her happiness and wishing her every joy, it struck a repentant chord in her heart, and made her, for that one day at least, silent and thoughtful—nay, almost sad.

"Read it," she said to Denzil. "Ah, I fear he still thinks of me! And it is all my fault. How can I ever forgive myself?"

"It was very unfortunate, certainly," Denzil returned, with his most matter-of-fact air, when he had finished the letter; "but, you see, it could not be helped. Either he or I was bound to go to the wall and be miserable; and I cannot help feeling thankful that things have turned out as they now are. You know, darling, if you had married him it would have been two people made wretched instead of one, and that would have been worse; because you could not have been happy without me—could you?"

"I suppose not," she answered, sighing, only half persuaded by his specious reasoning; "but still I know I have behaved very badly to him."

After that they dismissed him from their conversation altogether, going back to gayer, tenderer themes, and thought no more of him, though far away he was ever thinking of her, and dwelling sadly upon faded hopes that never could be realized. Not that he died, or pined away, or lost all interests in life, but his disappointment saddened him forever. And though in later years he married and was calmly happy in his way, still he never loved his wife as he had loved Mildred Trevanion.

Words are not needful to describe the several weddings with all the lace, flowers, satin and wedding-cake that belonged to each of them; each wedding was, if possible, more perfect than the last. Some said Frances, some said Mildred, some said Mabel was the most beautiful bride; and indeed it would have been difficult to form any settled opinion, they were all so desirable. The following year, when the three appeared at the drawing-room together in their new chaperon dresses, it was whispered in the very highest circles that her most gracious majesty had already seemed struck and charmed with their appearance, and had been pleased to say several very pretty things about them, while a few people declared it was on Mildred she had bent her kindest glance. However that may be, each husband thought his own wife the loveliest—and surely that was all that mattered. So let them remain in peace and fair in the memory, loving and being loved until their lives' end. (The End.)

NO ALUM MAGIC LABEL BAKING POWDER

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SOME CALCULATOR

Boss Figured That His Clerk Worked One Day a Year.

An amusing story is going the rounds relative to the result of a clerk in a local real estate office asking for an increase in wages. The boss listened to the many reasons why an increase should be granted, and when the clerk had finished he was told to "sit down and we will figure this thing out. First, we will put down the number of hours a day, one-third of the time. We will deduct that 122 days from 365, leaving 243 days. Now, you have eight hours a day to yourself, 122, which, deducted from 243, leaves 121 days. Then you are off 52 Sundays. We now have only 69 days left. Deduct two weeks' holidays, New Year's, Christmas etc., we have 12 days. You get off a half-day each Saturday, which makes 26 days, leaving us with 17 days, your lunch hour amounts to 16 days, which, taken from 17, leaves only one. Get out of here, you are only working one day each year."

IF YOUR THROAT IS HUSKY

CATARRH MAY BE STARTING

A weak or irritated throat is the first step towards Catarrh. Every third person suffers from it. A cough mixture slips quickly over the weak spots, drops into the stomach and does little but harm digestion. It is altogether different with Catarrh-ozone—it cures because it gets right at the trouble. You inhale Catarrh-ozone, breathe in the vapor of healing balsam that strengthen and restore the weak throat tissues. You'll never have colds or coughs. Throat trouble and catarrh will disappear with the use of Catarrh-ozone. Get the large dollar outfit, which includes the inhaler. It lasts two months and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25 and 50 cents, sold everywhere.

AIR.

Air has no color.

In summer air is lighter than it is in winter.

Older people breathe less than younger people.

Small song birds are the most vigorous breathers of all.

Most air contains water in the form of gas or vapor.

Air, when compressed, has valuable curative properties.

The atmosphere of the various planets differ greatly in quality.

An open chimney is very good for keeping the air in a room fresh.

The weight of air, at the level of the sea, is fifteen pounds to the square inch.

If a man is in a room ten feet in each direction he has a thousand cubic feet of space.

It is a mistake to suppose that night air is dangerous to breathe; it is purer than that of the day.

If you varnish an egg, so that no air can get through the shell, it will die, and no chicken will come out of it.

Very nearly the whole of the air is composed of two gases only—nitrogen (four-fifths) and oxygen (nearly one-fifth).

Air may be turned to a liquid, or even a solid, by the application of great pressure, together with an extremely low temperature.

With each ascent of three miles and a half the density of the air is halved, and the steps shorten, through the condensing power of cold at high altitudes.

Compressed air is used as a motive power in certain forms of machinery, notably those employed in boring tunnels through rock and under mountains.

Grace Darling died of consumption, though during the day she breathed splendid air, because at night she slept in a tiny room with a closed window.

The Oil in Tobacco.

Although the Havana or Havana seed tobaccos are low in nicotine, they are high in oil. The settlement in a pipe stem or the brown stain obtained from blowing tobacco smoke through the meshes of a handkerchief is not nicotine, as commonly supposed, but is in reality tobacco oil, nicotine only being obtained in extract by an elaborate process of distillation, and double distillation. The oil in cigar tobacco prevents the smoke being inhaled, as it would cause a strangulation and painful irritation.

Epsom Salts as a Dimmer.

Five cents' worth of Epsom salts dissolved in a tea-cupful of water provides the nearest and most efficient headlight dimmer for automobiles so far proposed, according to the Scientific American. The solution is used on the inside of the headlight glass, where it is allowed to evaporate. The result is a beautifully frosted lens, the frosting on which lasts for several months.

Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish that does not swim is the "sargasso fish," known to sailors as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast mass of floating gulfweed called the Sargasso Sea, in mid-Atlantic.

Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for clinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored it changes its hues to match the aquatic vegetation by which it is surrounded, and when the latter decays and turns brown it assumes a corresponding shade.

The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft four or five feet long and two to four inches wide.

Mr. Subbubs—Why did the new cook leave? I thought she was perfectly satisfied with the place.

Mrs. Subbubs—I fancy she made the discovery that she was too stout to wear my clothes.

Note your Increase in Weight

By making the blood rich and red Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new cells and tissues and nourishes the starved nerves back to health and vigor.

By noting your increase in weight while using it you can prove positively the benefit being derived from this great food cure.

30 cents a box, all dealers, or Dr. Chase, Boston, U.S.A., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

THE WHIP IN RIFLE BARRELS

It is caused by the Pressure of Modern High Power Powder.

The use of high power powder in rifles has given rise to a phenomenon which did not exist in black powder days. This is known as "whip" and is due to the pressure and vibration set up by the powder. It is constant with given loads and is always in the same direction.

Sights are aligned by the manufacturer to compensate for this whip in proportion to the powder charge used. In firing auxiliary cartridges it will often be found that the rifle shoots off centre. As a matter of fact the bullet from the auxiliary is travelling in a true line with the bore, and it is the sights that are wrong. The lighter charge of the auxiliary does not produce the usual whip, with the result that the line of prolongation of the bore of the rifle along with the bullet travels is not the line given by the alignment of the sights.

Two other rifle terms that must not be confused are upsetage and keyholing. Keyholing is the tendency of the bullet to turn over in flight, while upsetage is the slight shortening of the major axis of the bullet due to the force of the charge. It was peculiar to black powder fired behind lead bullets and does not exist to any appreciable extent in metal jacketed bullets with smokeless powder. In the latter case the charge burns more slowly and the jacket stiffens the bullet against the sudden blow from behind—Outing.

FIRST AID WORK OF THE C. P. R. CENTRE.

"A most successful year, notwithstanding the general depression." This is the pleasing statement contained in the sixth annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association. For the twelve months, ending September 30, 1915, no less than 1,816 passed qualifying examinations out of a total of 2,564 who presented themselves for instruction at the classes.

In all the departments of the C. P. R. Centre of the Association, which spreads over the country, a greater zeal than ever was manifested for work, and the support of the superintending officials of the C. P. R. is in no small way responsible for a good deal of the advancement made. Wives and daughters of C. P. R. employees have taken advantage of the free course of training offered, and now no less than 825 ladies have taken out the certificate of qualification from the Association.

Under the auspices of the C. P. R. Centre instruction was given to the Borden Battery and Ammunition Column before leaving Montreal for the front. Afterwards the certificates of merit were presented to the officers and men by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

An important feature of the work of the C. P. R. Centre was the bringing of a large number of the lady clerks of the C. P. R. into touch with the Red Cross Society, an organization to which they proved a valuable asset.

Three men were saved from drowning at Winnipeg by W. T. Davies, C. P. R. Ambulance instructor, and William Newcombe, a C. P. R. constable. Sir Donald Cameron presented the medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Society to each in recognition of their bravery.

Particulars were obtainable of 3,780 cases where first aid had been administered by members of the C. P. R. Centre. The cases were thus divided: Atlantic Division, 9; Eastern Division, 130; Ontario Division, 136; western lines, 3,440.

Concluding the report, the C. P. R. Centre pays a glowing tribute to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lacy R. Johnson, who had been chairman of the Centre under review and also of the whole Association. During his time as chairman nearly 7,000 employees of the C. P. R. passed the qualifying examinations, and in this way made themselves better citizens of the Dominion.

The Physiotype.

This is an English invention for making pictures by impression of leaves, ferns, lace, feathers and various other objects. It depends upon the chemical action of a fine powder. The object of which a representation is to be made is placed upon white paper and pressed, either by the hand or by other means. When the object is removed no impression is visible on the paper, but upon sprinkling the powder over the paper the picture at once appears, sharply defined, and remains permanent. Sections of wood and designs of coins and medals can thus be represented, and the prints can be transferred to lithographic stone, zinc, or aluminum, thus producing records from which any number of copies can be taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It requires a certain amount of wisdom of a man to fully realize what a fool he really is.

PAGE FOR THE WOMAN

King Nicholas of Montenegro has a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000.

The largest fine ever collected in Washington County under the Vermont law which makes six inches the maximum length of trout was \$230 paid recently by Harry Dudley, for having 45 short ones in his possession.

Perhaps the most curious mineral found in the United States is staurolite, otherwise known as "fairy stone," according to the "United States Geological Survey." This is an iron aluminum silicate found only in Virginia and North Carolina, the reddish brown and brownish black crystal occurring in well-defined single or double single and double crosses. There is some commercial demand for the crosses as curios, which are worn as watch charms or on chains in the manner of a locket or lavalliere, and demand perhaps stimulated by the quaint legend which is told of their origin. The fairies living in the caves of the mountains on hearing the sad tidings of the death of Christ fashioned these crosses as mementoes of Him.

A novel method of storing natural gas has been adopted in Midway Oil field, Cal. Two wells are yielding more gas than can be used for fuel and domestic purposes, and the excess has been led by pipe lines to an old non-producing oilwell. In this the natural pressure causes the gas to find some outlet at a depth of about 500 feet—probably into porous strata or cavities serving as underground reservoirs.

Built according to specifications for a powerful tractor to move the heavy mobile artillery, which were received by a Springfield (Mass.) concern from the French and British Governments, a new tractor is not available for American building and contracting firms, which surpasses all previous vehicles of this type, declares an exchange. The new tractor, recently picked up, without much difficulty, a huge flat truck on which was loaded an immense boiler weighing more than 66,000 pounds, the truck itself weighing more than eight tons. The total dead weight moved by the four-wheeled tractor was therefore 41 tons. The usual requirements for moving such a load by means of horses would have been a team of 28 strong animals, with 10 extra horses and a block and tackle for starting.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences in Paris, Prof. Lavran, of the Paris Institute, described a new form of tetanus which makes its appearance from 30 to 50 days after the wound has been received, whether the patient has been given preventive injection of serum or not. The disease can appear without apparent cause, but usually it occurs after operations or on the outbreak of a local inflammation in wounds. It is fatal in from one-third to one-half of the cases. A treatment of anti-tetanus serum once each week is recommended.

The Passing of the Children.

The children we love, O where do they go
When tired of play and their tiny bare feet
Turn down the broad road where the buttercups grow,
And beautiful skies and the meadow lands meet—
All happy and tired, O where do they go,
The children we loved, does anyone know?

The children we love, O what do they see
Beyond the bright fields, that call them away,
That leads the dear children from you and from me
And leaves them no choice but to go and obey;
What vision attracts them, what fate can it be—
What is it, I wonder, that little folks see.

The children we love become women and men,
A toll that Time claims—but in fancy I see
Their shadows, still happy and joyous as when
They romped and they prattled all day at our knee—
They seek the far fields and the blossoms, and then
They live in the bloom of the flowers again.

—John D. Wells in Woman's World for July.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

WEAR FLEET FOOT SHOES

Cool, Cosy and Comfortable

WORN BY EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

MADE BY ALL GOOD SHOE MAKERS