Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

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Itivor St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

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Only One Package Cures Dyspepsia. Only a dolbar puckage of the Crowfoot Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia after all other remedies failed.

T. H. EASTON,

Marketclerk, Durham, Ont.

Linday, 60 13.

## The Canadian Lost.

AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from last week.) In spite of her German originshe was excessively representative, from a purely American stand-point. Her very vulgarities— and they were certainly profuse-possessed a wide, healthful sincerity. Her enormous benevolence stood for her in the place of refinement; it was indeed a certain code of manners by itself; she was always so good to you that you might pardonably forget to remark the unconventionalism of her goodness. She was precisely the sort they were the firmest of friends. The of person that Coney Island must have coming of Claire appeared to relieve her

But it pleased Claire in a totally different way. The immense concourse of people who flocked thither, by such easy modes of travel, from New York and irooklyn and elsewhere, were an incessant source of interest. Their numbers, their activities, their enjoy-ments, kept her blood in a soft tingle. he en appeared to her in the light of a delicious reparation. It was a long,

All her recent resolution to spend a life of lowly quietude, had melted into thin air. The ambition to climb. to chosen to shroud herself with its clog- | weather.

this account. Either with Sophia or Mrs. Bergemann's departure. alone, though more often the latter, she explored the whole, wondrous little life-crowded island, in which every the shade at four o'clock." grade of human society, from lowest to highest, held for her its distinct repre-

The two huge iron piers, jutting out into the surf and assailed by continual salty breezes, charmed her with their table d' hote dinners, seated over cigarottes or coffee in the sweet marine dusk. bibbers, its gaudy booths, its propos-terous exhibited fat woman, its amazdelighted children span round on wooden | tion down on the shore youder." horses, cows, lions or dragons, to the clamours of a shameless brass band. But Brighton Beach, Manhattan Beach, the prompt acquiescence in Claire's face, and the Oriental each afforded a steadier satisfaction. The delicate and lightsome architecture of these three hotels, with their myriads of windows, their chaletlike patterns of roof, gable and chimney, and their noble outlooks upon the sea, grew dearer to her as the structures themselves became more familiar. She loved the fine sonorous music that pealed forth from the big, deft built pavilions, where troupes of well-trained minstrels set many a brasen instrument to their capable lips, and would often find assembled thousands for their listeners, either in the long, salubrious afternoons, or in the breezy starlight or moonlight of these exquisite seaside

an extraordinary keenness in the matter of "placing" people at sight. Few points of manner, costume or visage escaped her. She found herself classifying and arranging the vast crowds that she daily encountered. She became familiar with the faces of many who frequently disembarked from the loaded cars. Nor was her own face in turn unnoticed. Augmented health had freshened its tender tints, and lent to its lines a choicer symmetry. Many an eye dwelt upon her with admiration. Almost instinctively she learned the art of disposing her black garments to dainty advantage, and of heightening their effect with little subdued touches of

maidenly tastefulness. Sophia's diversions increased with each fresh day. Many of the male devotees with whom she had romped during "sociables" of the previous winter, sought her in these new surroundings. Claire was compelled to acknowledge former introductions, and sometimes to assume a conversational attitude with the friends of her friend. But they all seemed to her alike; they all reminded her of Brady, though in a mercifully moderated way. She was invariably civil to them, though they wearied and tried her. They made her recall Thurston, whose remembered comments fleeted through her mind, while his grave, manly image appealed to it in retrospective vision. She was on the verge of a novel and important experence; but, of this inborn fact her longing for better companionship alone gave monition, and addressed her by the imaginative stimulus which we sometimes

curelessly term presentiment. One evening, as she joined Mrs. Bergemann and Sophia upon that portion of the hotel piazza which was usually set aside for its regular patrons, she found the two ladies in conversation with two gentlemen, of whom she knew only one, ranking him as not by any means the most ill-bred of Sophia's friends. He was a young man named Trask, of canary-colored eyebrows and a cloudy complexion, who made himself a favorite with both sexes of his particular set through rousing no jealousies by superior personal and mental gifts, yet winning golden repute as one whose complaisant good-will would wince under nothing short of positive imposition.

The second gentleman was presented to Claire as Mr. Hollister, and her look had scarcely lit on his face before she felt convinced that he was quite of another world from his companions.

Even while he was seated she could see that he was tall and of shapely build. His head was small, and covered with glossy blonde curls; his blonde moustache fringed a lip of sensitive cut, though the smooth chin beneath it fell away a little, leaving his large, frank blue eyes, broad forehead, and wellformed nose to fail of implying the strength they would otherwise have easily told. He wore a suit of some thin, dark stuff that clung tightly about his athletic arms and chest, and contrasted with the light silken tie knotted at his wide, solid throat. Every detail of his dress was what Claire soon decided to be in the best fashion; she had I wish that I was one of them." 1.1 DSAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1884. already learned a great deal about the correct reigning mode in men's dress. The extraordinary nicety and compre-hensiveness of her observation had made this one of the sure results of her

> She liked Mr. Hollister at sight, and she liked him more after she had heard him speak. His voice was full and rich. like the voice of a man used to the shout that often goes with the out-door game; he could not be more than fiveand twenty, at the most, she decided; ie seemed a triffe bashfut, too, but bashful with a virile grace that pleased her better, in so robust and engaging a person, than the most trained self-posession could have done.

Sophia had always felt a liking for the yellow-eyebrowed young gentleman; from the responsibility of "entertaining" Mr. Hollister, whom she had never met till this evening. She soon drifted away arm in arm with her preferred companion, among the dark throngs beyoud the linge bright-lit piazza. Mrs. Bergemann, perhaps from an instinctive erception of how matters lay with Claire, presently rose and sought the ociety of a matronly friend, seated not m 'n' vards distant, whom she had known in anterior Hoboken days, and who had collected destriction of the second destrict

new acquaintance. He had roused her of easy familiarity.
curiosity; she wanted to find out about But apart from this, she was concuriosity; she wanted to find out about him, to account for him. Thus far they shine to rule was once more a dominant had said the most impersonal and ordin-force within her being. It seemed to ary things to each other. She rememhad said the most impersonal and ordinher as if she had flung away some sort | bered afterward that they had used the of irksome disguise, and now beheld it old meteorological method which has so lie like an ugly head near at hand, while often served as the plain, dull path into wondering, in the free exhibitation of fervent friendships or still warmer huregained freedom, how she had ever man relations; they had talked of the

"I'm really surprised to hear that it She bathed every day in the ocean, has been so very hot in the city." Claire and acquired a richer fund of health on said, breaking the pause that followed has been so very hot in the city." Claire "Oh, it has been dreadful, I assure you," said Mr. Hollister. "Ninety in

"Why, we have had a lovely breeze here, all day, straight from the ocean," resumed Claire, with a pretty little proprietary wave of one hand seaward, as though she were commending the atmospheric virtues of her own special streams of coming and departing people, domain. "Once or twice I have felt with their noonday lunches, with their actually chilly." He looked incredulous at this, then broke into a soft, bass laugh; laughter was frequent with him, She loved West Brighton, with its beer- and made his blue eyes sparkle whenever it came.

"I've forgotten how it feels to be ing Irish giant, its games of strength or chilly," he said. "I wonder if I could skill, and its whirling carrowels, where stand any chance of reviving the sensa-

He spoke the words in the manner of an invitation, and doubtless seeing at once leaned forward to ask, "Will you go?" Claire straightway rose, answering, "With pleasure." She took his offered arm, and thought while she did so how strong and firm it was, as if bronze or stone were beneath its flimsy vestment, instead of muscular mortality. The band in the illuminated pavilion near by had lately paused, but it now struck up a waltz rich in long mellow-

pealing cadences. "Is this your first visit here?" said Claire, as they descended the broad piazza steps, down toward the smooth, trim levels of grass and the massive, rounded beds of geranium, whose scarlets and greens now looked vague in the starlight. "Or have you been here Hor observant eyes were never weary of watching, and they forever found ing past seasons, and so lost all your enthusiasm for this cherming place?"

all," he answered, "but my enthusiasm is still in fine order. It's ready to break forth at any minute. If you want, Miss Twining, we can have a combined erup-

tion this evening."
Claire thought this clever; it had so fresh a sound after the blunt fun she had long heard; it made her think a little of the way Beverley Thurston phrased his ideas, though any resemblance between the two men could only exist for her in the large generic sense that they were both gentlemen. She laughed, with a note of real glee among the liquid trebles of her mirth. It seemed to her that she had already got to know Mr. Hollister quite well. And yet they were still such strangers! She had still so much to learn regarding

"I'm glad you've nothing to say against this delightful island," she declared, as if mildly jubilant over the discovery. "I heard a man on the sands talking about it to a friend only a few mornings ago. He was a shabby man who wanted shaving, and I'm not sure that he had on any collar. I think he must have been a kind of philosopher. He said that Coney Island was an immense fact. There is just my opinion—that it is an immense fact." They were now but a slight distance from the foamy, rolling plash of the dark sea-waves. The music came to them in bursts of softer richness. With her arm still in that of her companion. Claire half turned toward the hotel, starred with countless lights, and looking, as it rose above the vague throngs beneath it, like some palace of dreamy legend, lit for festival.

" I often think that this mere strip of sand must be so surprised," she continued, "to find itself grown suddenly important and famous after it has lain here lonely, almost unnoticed, for long centuries. I sometimes fancy that I can hear the waves talk to it as they break on its shore, and ask it what is meant by this wonderful change."

"That's a very pretty way of looking at the matter," replied Hollister, while he gazed down into her face from his considerably taller height with a keener expression of interest and charm than himself guessed. "Perhaps the waves congratulate Coney Island on its final success in life, and gently quote to it the old proverb about everything coming to those who know how to wait." Claire started. "Do you helieve

that?" she said. "Does everything come to those who know how to wait?" Hollister laughed again. "You talk as if you had been waiting. But I'm sure it can't have been for very long." This last sentence was put at least half in the form of a question. But she evaded it, saying with a light little toss of the head: "Hasn't everybody always

something to wait for, between youth

and old age ?" "Tell me something about your ex-pectations, won't you?" he asked, with the non-committal tenderness of a man whose acquaintanceship has been too brief for any serious depth to accompanhis words. "You can't think how much

"One of my expectations? Yo " Decidedly."

catch in the gloom a glimpse of her sly smile. "You're only a name to me. If

rude if you really were so," he said, smiling, and yet seeming to mean with much quiet force each word that he "So you want me to give an account of myself? Well, I'm a rather obscure fellow. That is, I don't believe I know more than ten people in New York at all well. I lead a quiet life; I'm what they call a Wall Street man. but I mingle with the big throng there only in a sort of business way. I was graduated at Dartmouth two years ago, and spent a year in Europe afterward. Then I came back, and began hard work. There were reasons why I should do so-I mean financial reasons. I'm not a New Yorker; I was born and reared in Providence. Do you know Pro-

"No," said Claire. "I know only New York."

She was looking at him interestedly at short intervals; they had resumed their stroll again, her arm was still within his; he had continued to please her, though she felt no thrill of warm attraction toward him, however mild in degree. She had a sense of friendship,

scious, as a woman sometimes not merely will but must be, that she had won him to like her by a very easy and rapid victory. Already she was not sure but that she had won him to like her strongly as well. Her few recent words of reply had carried with them a subtle persuasion of which Hollister himself was oddly and most pleasurably con-scious. He yielded to their effect, and became somewhat more free in his personal confidences.

"My father had been a Dartmouth man," he went on. "That was the reason of my going there. Father and mother have both passed away, now. It's a lovely old college, and it gained me some strong friendships. But I find that all my favorite classmates have drifted into other cities. They sometimes write to me, even yet, after my year in Europe. But, of course, the old good feeling will shortly cease . . how can it fail to cease? . I'm a good deal alone, just now. I know a number of men there in Wall Street. but I feel a little afraid of making friends with them. I don't just know why, but I do. Perhaps it's because of getting into bad habits. And I've made up my mind . . . that is, I—I half promised my poor dear mother just before she . . . Well, Miss Twining, the plain truth is that I keep regular hours and live straight, as they say. I like to take a sail down here while the weather is hot, but I nearly always take it quite by myself. To-night I happened to meet Trask on the boat. I'd nearly forgotten Trask. He was in my Fresh-

man year with me, but he dropped off after that. It was he who introduced me to-to the Miss-excuse me, but I really forget your friend's name." "Miss Bergemann," said Claire. "Oh, yes-Miss Bergemann." paused, at this point, gently forcing Claire te pause also. They were still beside the sea; the music still came to them in its modulated sweetness. Hol-

lister bent his head quite low, looking straight down into her upturned face.

"I've told you ever so much about myself," he said. "I wish, now, that you'd give me a little knowledge also "About myself?" asked Claire.

"About just who I am?"

"Well, yes, if you don't mind."

She reflected for a short space. Then she began to speak. She told him, as

she went on, more than she had at first intended to tell. He listened intently while they slowly walked on, beside the

dark, harmonious billows. Before she had ended, he had realized that he was in love with her.' He had never known anything of such love till now. His heart was fluttering in a new, wild way; he could scarcely find voice to answer her when she at length ceased to speak. But she had not told him all her past life. She had reserved certain facts. And her own feelings were entirely tranquil. Not the least responsive tremor disturbed har.

CHAPTER XII.

back to the city that evening. His night was partially sleepless, and morning brought with it a mental preoccupation that was surely perilous to what tasks lay before him.

Like most men who have escaped the ing her?" stress of any important sentiment until the age of five-and-twenty, he was in excellent condition for just such a level- of her forehead beneath its floss of waved ing seizure as that to which he had and gold-tinted hair. And she spoke so now made complete surrender. He was low that he could just hear her, and no what we call a weak nature, judged by those small and ordinary affairs of life which so largely predominate in almost me. . . I was not sure. . . Or every human career. If some great if not this, I feared that the way in him an especial strength, this summons had not yet sounded, and he still rea stain—or, at least, that the disgrace of such a burial, and of having a mother such a burial, and of having a mother event were ever fated to rouse within which poor father was buried might person in whom conciliating kindliness laid soft spell upon them all.

of tough calibre, of unyielding will; he seemed unconsciously to have selected them in order that they might receive his concessions. But they were never encouraged in fostering the least contempt for him. The spark of his anger always leapt out with the true fire, Yet the anger sometimes cooled too quickly toward those whom he liked: there had been cases where he would waive his own claims to be indignant, time either his language or thought.

troduction to Claire, he visited the but that wakes to no remorseful morhotel where she was a guest on every row. . . . evening but two. One of these evenings chanced to be fiercely rainy; he could had she refused: she had demurred. "But how could I answer you on that point?" she returned, letting him affrighted by the thought of her possible coming refusal. He passed a night and day of simple torture. Then, his susyou'll not think my candor rude, I haven't an idea who you are."

"I don't believe I should think you His aspect shocked her; a few hours

had made him actually haggard. His hand trembled so when she placed her own within it that she feared the perturbation might be noticed by others besides herself, there ca the crowded plazza where they met. "I've come to get your answer," he

began, dogg dly, under his breath.
"You said last night you were not sure if you-you cared enough for me. Have you found out, by this time, whether you do or no ?" "There are are two empty seats, yon-

der, near the railing of the piazza. Shall we sit there?" She said this almost in a whisper. "If you choose. But I-I'd rather be down on the sands. I'd rather listen to

it there, whatever it is." But Claire feigned not to hear him. It was her caprice to remain among the

throng. She moved toward the empty seats that she had indicated, he following. In all such minor matters she had already become the one who dictated, and he the one who acquiesced.

The night, lying beyond them, was cool but beautifully calm. An immature moon hung in the heavens, and tinged the smooth sea with vapory silver, so that its outward spaces took an unspeakable softness, as though Nature were putting the idea of infinity in her very tenderest terms. There was no music to-night, for

some reason. The buzz of voices all about them soon produced for each a sense of privacy in the midst of pub-

"You asked me to be your wife last night," Claire began, looking at him steadily a little while after they were both seated, and not using any special moderation of tone because certain of her own vantage in the prompt detection of a would-be listener. "Before I give you any final answer to that requestwhich I, of course, feel to be a great bonor-it is only just and fair that I should make you know one or two facts of my past life, hitherto left un-

This was not the language of passion. Perhaps he saw but too plainly its entire lack of fervor. Yet it seemed to point toward future consent, and he felt his bosom swell with hope.

"If it is anything you would rather leave untold," he said, with a magnanimity not wholly born of his deep love, "I have not the least desire to learn

Claire shook her head. "You must know it," she returned. "I prefer, I de-mand that you shall know it." He felt too choked for any answer to leave him. If she imposed this condi-

tion, what was meant by its sweet imperiousness except the happy future truce for which he so strongly yearned? On some men might have flashed the dread suspicion that her words carried portent of an unpardonable fault, about to be confessed there and then. But Hollister's love clad its object in a sanctifying purity. Apart from this, more-over, his mind could give none of that grim welcome which certain dark fears easily gain elsewhere. The sun had long ago knit so many wholesome gleams into his being that he had no morbid hospitality for the entertainment

of shadows. "I want to tell you of how my father died." Claire went on with her Claire went on, with her face so in every line that it won a new.

The Post and Stock-Raiser's Journal of the Post and Stock And S

"And I want to tell you, also, of some-thing that was done to me after his death, and of something that I myself did, not in personal revenge for my own sense of injury, but with the desire to assert my great respect for his loved memory, and to deal justice where I thought justice was deserved."

Then in somewhat faltering tones, because she had deliberately pressed backward among recollections so holy that she seemed to herself like one treading on a place filled with sacred tombs, she recounted the whole bitter story of her mother's avarice, of her father's ignoble burial, and of her own resultant flight. The tears stood in her eyes before she had ended, though they did not fall. As her voice ceased she saw that Hollister had grown very pale, and that his brows met in a stern frown. At the same moment his lip trembled; and as he leaned forward, took her hand into Hollister nearly missed the last boat forcibly, and then released it, she caught within his gaze a light of profound and

unmistakable sympathy.
"I think your mother's course was infamous," he said. "Do you suppose that I could possibly blame you for leav-

Claire had dropped her head now, so that he could see only the white curve "Yes, I thought you might blame

Sheep

to test the fibre of his general traits, a who could commit so hard and bad an act, must reflect in shame upon myself." If they had been alone together, Hol-His friends at college had been mostly lister would have answered this faintvoiced, hesitant speech by simply clasping Claire within his arms. But the place forbade any such fondly demonstrative course. He was forced to keep his glad impetuosity within conventional bounds; yet the glow on his face and the tremulous ardor of his tones betrayprompt to resent any definite disrespect. ed how cogent a surge of feeling was threatening to sweep him, poor fellow, past all barriers of propriety.

As it was, he spoke some words which he afterward failed to remember, except with too humble a repentance of past in the sense that they were filled with heat. Necessarily such qualities made him popular, and this result was not lessened by the fact of his being almost that had rushed upon him as to fail, rashly generous besides. His mental also, of recalling just how he and Claire gifts had never been called powerful, left the populous piazza, and just how but he had cut no sorry sort of figure as student; and he possessed an airy shore. But the waves brought him rare humor that seldom deserted for a long music as he paced the sands a little later. His was the divine intoxication During the week that followed his in. that may drug the warder, memory,

Claire wondered to herself when she was alone that night at the suddenness not have come to Coney Island without of the whole rapid event. She had given having his appearance there savor mark. her pledge to become Herbert Hollister's edly of the ludicrous. The other aven- wife in the autumn. While she viewed ing was the last of the week. He had her promise in every sort of light, it asked Claire to marry him the night be- seemed to her sensible, discreet, even ore. She had not consented, neither creditable. He was a gentleman, and she liked him very much. She had no belief, no premonition that she would ever like any one else better.

She was far from telling herself that she did not love him. We have heard her call herself cold, and it had grown a fixed creed with her that she was exempted by some difference of tempera-ment from the usual throes and fervors. He suited her admirably, in person, in disposition, in manners. She need never be ashamed of him; she might indeed be well proud of so gallant and hand-

some a husband. Her influence over him was great; she could doubtless sway, even mould him, just as she desired. And she would bear clearly in mind those warning words of Beverley Thurston's; she would use her power to good ends, though they might be ambitious ones. From a worldly standpoint, he was

comfortably well off; his income was several thousands a year; he had told her so. With his youth and energy he might gain much more. She would stimulate, abet, encourage him toward the accomplishment of this purpose. He should always be glad of having chosen her. She would hold it constantly to heart that he should find in her a guide, a help, a devoted friend. And he, on his side, should aid her to win the place she coveted, loving her all the better because she had achieved it.

When these rather curious meditations had ceased she fell into a placid sleep. She had been wholly unconscious of the selfish pivot on which they turned. It had quite escaped her realization that they were singularly unsuited on the night of her betrothal. She had no conception of how little she was giving and how much she was demanding. She fell asleep with a perfectly good conscience, and a secret amused expectancy on the subject of Sophia's and Mrs. Bergemann's surprise when to-morrow should bring them the momentous tidings of her engagement.

But they were not so much surprised as she had anticipated. The attentions of Hollister had been brief, yet of telling earnestness. Sophia hugged her friend, and cried a little. "You mean old thing," she exclaimed, "to go and get engaged! Now, of course, you'll be getting married and leaving us. "I'm afraid that's the natural con-

sequence," said Claire, with a smile, Mrs. Bergemann pressed her to her portly bosom, and whispered confidentially, just after a kiss of congratulation: "He's a real ellergant gentleman. I think I know one when I see one, Claire. And don't you let Sophia set you against him. She better try and do half as well herself. She'll marry some adventuring pauper, if she ain't careful, I just do be- EDMUND GREGORY

Claire felt a great inward amusement at the thought of Hollister being depreciated in her eyes by any light value which Sophia might set upon him. As it proved, however, Sophia soon learned to forgive him for the engagement, and to treat him very graciously.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.] The Post Club List. The Post and Weekly Globe, one year, for new subscribers to Jan. 1885...... \$2 0

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