

CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or
Gentility
Vs.
Nobility of Soul.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mr. Trelawney, a scholarly recluse, marries Letty, the niece of Mrs. Markham, his house-keeper.

CHAPTER XI.

"I wonder if he will love me more after our baby is born!" Letty began timidly to think to herself when the summer came.

There arose a new dream of hope for her in those bright summer months when she learned that she was going to have a child; the prospect, though half terrifying for a few brief first moments, rapidly came to fill her thoughts and heart with a joy that, even in the small degree in which it was revealed to him, her husband could but dimly understand.

To him, indeed, the expected advent of a child into his hitherto peaceful house, I fear, was only a very doubtful matter of congratulation. "God bless me!" he ejaculated precipitately when Mr. Gibson first communicated the tidings to him, and he sat down again, and passed his hand nervously through his hair, with a look upon his face, far less like rapture than consternation.

But happily when this took place only Mr. Gibson was present in the room, and the doctor felt no hesitation in openly laughing at him. Possibly in the course of a long experience he had seen other expectant fathers affected in something of a similar way from the same cause. He laughed for a moment or two, and then he composed his face, and said:

"You mustn't put on a look like that before Mrs. Trelawney, you know. Why, it's a very good thing for you, isn't it? You don't want to grow old, and not have chick or child belonging to you?"

"I don't know. I think I could stand being without them with tolerable philosophy," Mr. Trelawney answered rather lugubriously.

"Well, you are not going to be called upon to stand it, you see."

"So it seems."

And Mr. Trelawney looked round his quiet study with an involuntary sigh. Perhaps he was asking in his heart: "Shall I have this haven of rest invaded presently? Will there be no peace for me presently, even here?" and was inwardly shuddering at the thought.

But when he saw Letty, happily he had tenderness and manliness enough not to betray to her that Mr. Gibson's news had given a shock to him. He went to her when Mr. Gibson was gone, and was very good and kind to her. If she was happy in the prospect that was before her, he was happy too, he said. It would make a great change in the house, of course, "but we must not take alarm," he told her bravely, gulping down something, perhaps, as he spoke. "We shall do very well, I have no doubt." And then he kissed her, very warmly and tenderly, and left her with the happiest heart that she had had for months.

Presently—when her new happiness should come to make her strong. She referred everything to that time now. "It will all be so different then," she was always saying to herself.

"For it will make a wonderful difference—will it not, aunt?" she exclaimed eagerly to Mrs. Markham, when she came to her at last. For weeks she had been looking forward to Mrs. Markham's visit, and when at length her aunt arrived she received her with almost hysterical gladness, and sobbed and clung to her with an excitement that seemed unaccountable in her husband's sight.

"Oh, aunt dear, I'm so glad you have come!" she cried. "You will manage everything now—won't you? I have tried so hard to keep things straight, but—but I haven't been able," the poor thing said faintly, with her voice beginning to shake.

Perhaps she had hardly meant beforehand to disclose the vague sorrows of her married life to Mrs.

Markham, but one after another she poured them out after this. She was one of those feeble women whose irresistible instinct it is to throw themselves and their burdens on some breast stronger than their own and the temptation before her, in the shape of Mrs. Markham's motherly bosom, was too great for her weak nature to resist.

So she cried a little silently, and then she began to tell her aunt how she had struggled and suffered. All the poor trivial miseries, half sad, half ludicrous, that those unmanageable handmaidens of hers had brought upon her—she told these piteously, not sparing herself or her incapacity; all the weary sorrow of her heart in her sad discovery, day by day, of how little her husband's happiness depended on her—how little he needed her—how much he had lost in marrying her. The whole of this, with passionate, desolate weeping, she poured into the elder woman's ears.

"He is so good to me; but it is only goodness—it isn't love; it wouldn't matter to him if I went away—it wouldn't matter to him if I died to-morrow," she sobbed, again and again in her bitter sorrow.

It was not easy for Mrs. Markham to comfort her, while her own heart was aching. But she took Letty into her arms, and did the best she could to soothe her.

"Presently, Letty, it'll all seem easier to you. Only don't you fret about it. You've got through the worst by now, I'm thinking. Just you wait till your hands are a bit fuller, and you've more things to do than always to be thinking whether Mr. Trelawney's fond of you, and then—why, we'll be having you as happy as the day's long. You'll be too busy to be worrying yourself then, Letty."

And she stroked Letty's hair and coaxed and comforted her till the faint smile came back again.

"I think he will care more for me presently, when I am not so useless. I always think that. Won't he care more for me then?" she began to ask, with wistful earnestness, pleading for an answer for which the other woman had not the heart to let her plead in vain.

These were good days to Letty after Mrs. Markham came to her, when, with all the petty harassing troubles of her life removed, knowing that other hands had taken the burden from her neck, she could sit and rest in still content.

At the beginning of the winter, on a November day, Letty's child was born. Somehow, before it came, she had fallen into the habit of thinking with certainty that it would be a boy—a boy who would grow up to be in all things like his father, not like her; she wanted no repetition of herself; but a boy who could learn all the deep things his father knew, and go to school and college, and then write books perhaps, and be a good, wise, clever, learned man.

This had been her desire and hope, over which she had dreamed for months; and lo! when the child came, it was no boy, but a girl!—and the answer to Letty's first eager question—"Is he alive?—is he strong?" knocked all the rickety castle she had been building to the ground.

"Yes, Letty," was Mrs. Markham's response, "perfectly well and strong—only it's not a he;" and then poor Letty's eyes grew wide with a sudden blank surprise, and the poor little lips broke into a feeble disappointed cry.

"Oh, I didn't want a girl! Oh, I am so sorry! What is the good of a girl?" she began to wail.

"Oh if it only was a boy!" Letty was still crying to herself, and she looked in her husband's face when he came to her almost as if she expected to read a sentence of condemnation in his eyes; for had he not wanted a boy as much as she did?—and she had brought him nothing but a girl!

"Dear, I am so sorry!" she whispered to him, timidly, as her hand stole into his.

"Sorry about what, Letty?" he answered, innocently.

"About—the baby." "But, my dear, you couldn't help it," he said.

She lifted up her arms and put them round his neck. "I won't keep you," she began at once to whisper. "I only want you to say just once, that you're not very much disappointed. Dear, is it true? Are you really not so vexed?" And she gazed in his face with an earnestness that filled him with distress.

"Certainly not. Certainly not, my darling," he answered tenderly.

"Oh, then, I won't mind it so much either." And she gave a sigh of relief. "I'll try not to mind it at all presently. Have you?"—suddenly—"have you seen her yet, dear?" "Yes, I saw her for a moment."

"And did you?"—very timidly, but eagerly—"did you—think her—nice?" "Yes—yes; very nice."

Mr. Trelawney scarcely knew afterwards how this falsehood could have passed his lips.

"Oh, I'm so glad! They say"—in a tone of tender complacency—"Nurse says—she's so like you."

An ejaculation rose to Mr. Trelawney's lips, but he bravely gulped it down.

"I suppose I may have been like her once," he replied evasively, after a moment's silence.

"And she's such a fine child, they say."

"Yes—so I hear. That—that is a very great comfort, Letty." "Oh, yes—a great comfort. And I'll try to be happy now. I can't help being sorry still—but if you don't mind so much—that was what I had been afraid of most."

And then, with a fluttering, wistful smile, she loosened her arms, and, looking sadly at her for a moment, Mr. Trelawney turned away.

"I suppose she is very weak?" he said gravely to Mrs. Markham outside the door.

"Why, yes, sir—she's weak, of course—but I don't see anything else that's wrong with her," Mrs. Markham answered, a little on the defensive.

"Well, but she talks so strangely. She says she hadn't expected to have a child."

"Not expected one, sir!" "Yes. She told me before you came in that she was quite taken by surprise."

"Lord, sir, she couldn't have said that!"

"I assure you she did. She began about it as soon as I went to her—about being unhappy, and not having expected it."

With a look of dismay Mrs. Markham went past Mr. Trelawney without uttering another word, and re-entered the sick-room. "I declare my heart was in my mouth," she told Letty afterwards. "You might have knocked me down with a straw." But the next minute she was sitting laughing by the bedside, for Letty, as soon as she came near, turned to her with a happy face, and—

"I've been telling him I'm so vexed and he says he doesn't mind," she gladly whispered. "Isn't he good? I was so afraid he must have set his heart upon a boy—I, he says he doesn't mind one bit; and he says she looks so nice," she murmured, with a quivering, joyful smile upon her lips.

What name were they to give the child? Mr. Trelawney's name was Gilbert, and Letty had thought to herself that her boy should be another Gilbert, so that from the very first she might try in all things to make him like his father; but now she had no boy, so the nomenclature of the baby had to be decided afresh.

"I think you had better call it after yourself," Mr. Trelawney suggested; but Letty pleaded almost pathetically that this might not be. "I'd sooner have anything than that," she said.

"My mother's name was Alicia," Mr. Trelawney presently remarked.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

"It is a name that has been several times in the family. I don't know that I admire it much myself, but still—if we should be able to think of nothing better—"

It seemed, however, that Letty had thought of something that, at any rate, seemed better to her.

"There is a name I should like," she said timidly, "if you didn't think it was too old-fashioned a one. I wonder if you would?—and if you would mind her being called after aunt?"

"What—Dorcas?" he asked.

He was silent for a few moments. I am afraid in his heart he did not like the name much. Perhaps he thought it was peevish, and savored too much of charitable societies; but Letty's wistful eyes were looking at him, and he felt at this time very tenderly to her, and had not the heart to deny anything that she asked. So he was only silent for a moment or two, and then—

"Well, let it be Dorcas, if you like," he said.

"I wouldn't have it if you would rather not, dear."

"But I have no objection at all. It is a very good name. Of course, as you say, it is old-fashioned, but it is perhaps none the worse for that."

"I should like to give her the name of a good woman."

"Well, your aunt is that, Letty."

"Yes—is she not?" and the grateful tears came to Letty's eyes. "Oh, she's so good! She has been the same as a mother to me. I should like to call baby after her, that she might know how we both felt."

So they told Mrs. Markham that the baby was to be christened Dorcas; and Dorcas she was accordingly christened in due time.

(To Be Continued.)

TEETHING TIME.

Is the Critical Age in the Life of All Little Ones.

During the teething period great care should be taken of baby's health. The little one suffers greatly; the gums are hard and inflamed and any disorder of the stomach or bowels increases the peevishness of the child and often fatal results follow. Mother's greatest aid at this period is Baby's Own Tablets—the surest of all remedies in curing the minor ailments of children. Among the many mothers who testify to the value of these Tablets is Mrs. R. B. Bickford, Glen Sutton, Que., who says:—"My little baby suffered much from teething and indigestion. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets and it worked wonders in baby's condition—in fact I believe it saved my little one's life. I sincerely believe that where now many a home is saddened through death of a little one, joy would be supreme if these tablets had been used. I consider them baby's best doctor and would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets when given in accordance with the directions prevent restlessness and nervousness—cure simple fever, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and all stomach trouble. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. By dissolving a tablet in water it can be given with absolute safety to the very youngest baby. Sold by druggists, or direct by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HELPS IN BUSINESS.

Advertising helps the business man to reach out for others to swell the volume of his present transactions and to help to make the establishment lively and trade interesting. There are those who do not now trade at a certain place who might do so if the matter were presented to them in the proper way. The best thing is to study how the proper way can be. Study how the largest number can be benefited by what you have to offer. The having of things which would be desired by the average person, and the selling of them at a price which will be appreciated by the average buyer, will give to the merchant standing in the community. But to depend on people finding out merely by the recommendation of friends that this merchant is giving better value than others is a slow way of advancing. The most desirable way is to tell a large number in a straightforward way of the large offerings which may be expected to interest the average buyer and those offerings will appeal to that person who can be interested. Tell a story of goods and worth and economy. Keep at the individual, the average man, until you see returns coming, then if you want to keep things coming your way keep up the fight in a way which will keep them coming.

STRANGE CATASTROPHE.

The surgeon of an English ship of war was noted for the monotony of his prescriptions. He apparently considered salt water taken externally or internally as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, for he ordered his patients to take it, no matter what might be the malady presented to his notice.

One day he went sailing with a party of friends, and in the course of a squall the boat was upset and the surgeon came near being drowned.

"Well," said the captain of the ship when he was told of the narrow escape, "I'm glad you were saved, but it hardly seems possible in any event that you could have really drowned in your own medicine-chest, now does it, doctor?"

Rhode Island is the smallest state in the American Union. It has an area of only 1,085 square miles. Texas, the largest state, has 262,290 square miles, and is more than twice as big as the United Kingdom.

A TALK WITH GIRLS.

HOW TO OBTAIN BRIGHT EYES AND ROSY CHEEKS.

Pale, Anaemic and Easily Tired Girls Often Fall a Prey to Consumption.

In young girls we look for abundant health and strength, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, firm, plump flesh and constant cheerfulness. How often, however, we meet young girls who seem prematurely old, feeble, pale, listless, thin and irritable. These abnormal and dangerous conditions are due to a general weakness of the blood, and should be cured just as promptly as possible or the whole life of the patient will be ruined, if, indeed, decline and consumption do not speedily follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the natural, logical and sure cure for weak girls. These pills make rich, red blood with every dose. They strengthen the nerves, act upon the whole system and bring health, strength and happiness to those who use them.

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, South Pelham township, Welland County, Ont., says:—"It is with pleasure that I give this tribute to the health-restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter Lena began the use of your medicine she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. She was placed under the care of a doctor who said her blood was poor and watery and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her much and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for some weeks completely restored her, and from that time she has been a cheerful light-hearted girl, the very picture of health."

These pills never fail to restore health and strength in cases like the above. Through their action on the blood and nerves they also cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. There are many so-called tonic pills, but they are all mere imitations of this great medicine. Be sure that you get the genuine with the full name—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PUSH NOT LUCK.

Business push is necessary for business success. The man who expects his business to prosper, just because it is his dream, will probably find his dream developing into a nightmare of complications from which he will be relieved by the action of the courts. If he escapes the disadvantages of a serious ending of his commercial hopes it is more of ten luck than anything else. But luck in business is just about as elusive as in any other feature of life. Luck will be a blessing when it comes, but will be a disappointment to those who depend on it. Luck gives brightness at the time when least expected, but will disappoint because it cannot be depended upon. Push for business and win but don't just hope for good results and depend on a happening to insure success. Wise planning will result in rich returns. Active hustle will command respect. Intelligent publicity will prove the best investment. There won't be any luck or chance about it. It is a tangible certainty which is reliable as an asset and on which the returns will always justify the expense.

NAMING THE CHILD.

Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived, there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her 'Geraldina,'" said the fond mother.

"Why not call her 'Esmeralda?'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh," murmured the second grandmother, "that would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'"

"But don't you think 'Eltessa' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, "but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a humar being, and not for a five-cent cigar."

An eminent barrister, noted as much for a habit he had of sucking lozenges as for his eloquence, was once defending a murder case. He was standing with a bullet in one hand and the usual lozenge in the other, when suddenly, in the midst of a fine burst of eloquence, his face fell, and in a tone of agony he cried: "Gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet!"

Sufferers From Itching Piles

Who Found Quick Relief and Lasting Cure in the Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

If you could read a few of the letters which come to these offices from persons who have been freed from the miseries of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles, you would soon realize the marvellous power of this wonderful preparation. Here are two sample letters which show the heartfelt gratitude of cured ones:

Mr. John Tuttle, expressman, 107 Stewart street, Kingston, Ont., states: "Like most men who do much driving, sitting a great deal, and often exposed to dampness, I have been a great sufferer from piles. As a matter of fact, I had piles for a number of years, and tried nearly everything I could hear of in a vain effort to get cured, but only succeeded when I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application of this grand preparation brought me relief from the dreadful itching, burning sensations, and less than two boxes made a perfect and permanent cure. I am grateful for this freedom from suffering, and desire others to benefit by my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Mr. H. Kelly, Cobourg, Ont., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching piles, and can truthfully say that it has entirely cured me. Only persons who have endured the torture of itching piles can have any idea of what I suffered. Dr. Chase's Ointment brought me prompt relief from the misery, and has made a thorough cure. I am thankful for this remedy, because it has made life worth living. I cannot say enough in recommendation of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has no worthy rival as a cure for piles and itching skin diseases. It is possessed of certain powers over these ailments which imitators are unable to reproduce. You can be absolutely sure of Dr. Chase's Ointment bringing relief and cure. It is backed by the testimony of the best people in all parts of Canada. 60 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmansor, Bates and Co., Toronto.