

The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER V.

May was drawing to a close, when Lord Caraven one evening received a letter which appeared to give him the keenest delight. He read it, and then went with it to his wife.

"Hildred, here is good news; but I am too hasty—perhaps you will not think it good news."

"If it pleases you so much I shall," she replied, gently.

"You have heard me speak of my cousin, Sir Raoul Laureston, the 'hero of a hundred fights?'"

"No," replied Hildred. "I have never even heard his name."

"That seems strange," said the earl.

"Not at all," she replied, quietly. "You forget that you have never spoken of your family to me at all. I do not know the name of a single relative that you have."

He looked incredulously at her.

"I am very careless," he said; "but I did not think that I was so bad as that. I will make amends now by telling you about Sir Raoul Laureston."

"Raoul," repeated Hildred. "Is he—no, he cannot be a Frenchman, Lord Caraven, if he is a relative of yours."

"No, but the name has puzzled many people. His mother was a French lady of noble birth, and one of her ancestors, named Raoul de Courcelles, distinguished himself greatly in the French wars; it was her fancy to name her boy after him."

Hildred repeated the word "Raoul."

"I like the name, Lord Caraven," she said, slowly.

"And I like the name," he told her. "I do not know any one in the world whom I like better than Raoul. Yet he gives himself great airs with me. He is—you will laugh when you hear it—he is my master—at least used to be in years gone by. But what I wanted to tell you is this—he is coming back to England—and he has always made his home at my house; he has never lived anywhere but at Halby House or Ravensmere—never—and I hope never will."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"I understand. But what has that to do with me?"

He looked somewhat confused.

"After all, you are the mistress of the house, the chateau, and I should not like to ask any one to make their home with us who would be at all—now let me see how to express myself diplomatically—who would be displeasing to you."

"Thank you," she said, briefly.

"After all, home—whether it be happy or miserable—is always home, and I should not like to make yours really uncomfortable. If you say that Sir Raoul will be in your way at all, I will not ask him—if you think you will be as happy with him as without him, then I shall be pleased to see him in his old place."

"I thank you for your consideration," she replied, with dignity; "but, as nothing could possibly make what you call 'home' more unhappy for me, and the coming of a stranger, who may prove a friend, will be some little comfort, I say unhesitatingly, 'Yes.'"

He looked at her half sadly.

"Are you really unhappy—really not happy?" he asked.

"If living where no friendly face ever smiles on me, where no friendly voice ever reaches my ear, where no one cares for me or takes the least interest in me, be happiness, then I must be very happy," she said, bitterly.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked, and there was a shadow of pain on his face.

"Is it worse," she replied.

Only a few short weeks since her heart would have beaten fast with happiness to hear words spoken so kindly; now she turned away, and from her heart to her lips rose the unspoken prayer: "Heaven help me, for I am beginning to hate him!"

The name of Raoul Laureston was known throughout the land; he had

proved himself to be a hero. It was not merely in Government dispatches and newspaper paragraphs that he was praised; his name was on men's lips when they gathered together and talked of Old England's glory and her gallant sons; when they told how English soldiers fought and died, with the strength of lions; the bravery of heroes, they always mentioned the brave Colonel Raoul Laureston.

He was not only wealthy—he was the younger son of the younger branch of the house of Caraven; he had no great patrimony; his whole fortune amounted to about five thousand pounds. But he was a soldier, born and bred; he could never have been anything else. He was as brave as a lion; he knew not fear. They told wonderful stories of him in the army—how he had saved lives when his own life was in peril; how he was loved and worshiped by the men under his command. It was a good thing to belong to Raoul Laureston's regiment; he never forgot any man serving in it; he had the interest of each one at heart. Many a young officer who, in other hands, would have gone to the bad—would have ended a shameful life by a shameful death—with him became a good and brave soldier. He had the gift of winning men's hearts; his words were few but eloquent. Like all great men, he was utterly devoid of vanity and egotism; in his soul there was no room for small vices.

So, among a world of commonplace men, he had made for himself a name and fame. When the red flag of war was unfurled, and every home in the land had sent its sons to maintain the honor of Old England, Raoul Laureston's name became a household word. Mothers whose sons were at the war wept on hearing it; men told what they had read of him, and their hearts grew warm as they spoke. Then came the battle when, at the head of his regiment, he rode "into the jaws of death," sword in hand, his brave face shining with the light of courage. "Follow me!" he cried; and, sword in hand, he closed with the foe. Men told how the red sunset found him still there. How many lives he had saved with his valor none could say. There were other brave men present who declared that Raoul Laureston had made the day their own.

He was knighted for his bravery, and then, as though fortune did not know how to lavish sufficient favors upon him, he succeeded to a large fortune, left to him by a comparative stranger, his godfather. But the brave soldier never quite recovered from a terrible wound he had received in battle. The slightest effort, the least exertion, brought on an attack of illness that was always dangerous. And across his brow, just over the right temple, was a deep, red scar, left there by the bayonet of a foe. He was sent to France and to Italy. It seemed as though his military career was ended.

It had been a terrible grief to him to have to give up his profession and live abroad. He said to his doctors:

"While I have life I shall hope; the health and the strength I have lost may return to me—I may hold a sword again. Heaven is kind."

But for the last four years he had been at Nice, and had grown weaker, and a great longing had come over him to see England again.

"If I must die," he said, "let me die there."

And seeing that the home-sickness was a bar to his recovery, the doctors allowed him to return.

It was strange—the journey did him good; he was stronger when he reached London than he had been for some time. Then he wrote to the only relative he had—Lord Caraven—asking if he should, as usual, make his home with him. He had not heard of the earl's marriage—

Lord Caraven never wrote a letter unless he was compelled to do so—and Sir Raoul had not read the notice of it in the English newspapers. Had he known of the marriage, he would never have dreamed of going to his kinsman's home.

He heard it from one of his brother officers who hastened to welcome him to England, and was at first incredulous. He had always loved the handsome, willful boy who looked up to him with such affection, and it had been a bitter source of trouble to him to find him inclined to go the wrong way in life.

Raoul Laureston was many years older than the earl, but they had always been good friends. In his light, frank way he had scolded the handsome boy—now he scolded the man. He had done his best to exercise a wise control over the earl. There were times when he fancied that he should succeed—there were others when he knew that he had failed.

It was with positive incredulity that he heard of the marriage. When Major Vandaleur told him the news, the brave soldier refused to believe it.

"Caraven would never have married without telling me," he said. "He has not written to me for years, but he would have written if that had been the case."

"I assure you," declared Major Vandaleur, "that I was present at the ceremony. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"I must not dispute what you saw with your own eyes," said Sir Raoul. "That granted then, whom has he married?"

"A Miss Ransome," was the brief reply.

"Ransome? I do not remember the name."

Major Vandaleur laughed. "No, you have probably never heard it—though there are few young men in the army who could say as much. Ransome is a lawyer and money-lender."

The soldier's face fell.

"A money-lender! You cannot be serious? Caraven marry a money-lender's daughter! I cannot believe it."

"It is true. I remember the lady's name—Hildred Ransome. I did not see her, although I was in the church during the marriage; the crush was so great I could not. The bridegroom's tall head towered above the crowd; I saw a vision of white and silver, but not the bride's face or figure."

"A money-lender's daughter! Is she beautiful, Vandaleur?"

"I cannot tell you; I have not met her. The only time I heard her discussed was on her wedding day; she was only just eighteen, and people said she looked very unhappy."

"Only eighteen! And when was he married, Vandaleur?"

"Last year, Laureston."

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

"Then she is only nineteen now; that is very young," said Sir Raoul, musingly. "I am afraid I should be an interloper. And I should not feel at home. Caraven is very fond of her, I should say. I do not think that I shall go to Halby House."

"You have plenty of money," returned the major, brusquely; "why not buy a place of your own?"

"I would do so—that is, I would have done so long ago, but that I am uncertain about my own life; it has hung upon a thread so long that I have never dreamed of anything for myself."

"I ought to be a judge," said the major; "and I prophesy from your appearance that you will grow better—not worse."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a note for Sir Raoul.

"It is from Caraven," he said, as he hastily broke the seal.

As he read it, his whole face brightened, a light came into his eyes.

"I knew the boy's heart was in the right place," he remarked. "There could not be a kinder letter than that. He will not hear of my remaining here or going elsewhere. I am to go to Halby House at once, where everything is at my service, and his wife joins in begging me to

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE.

FROM A MAN WHO LOOKED UP ON HIS CASE AS HOPELESS.

Doctors Diagnosed His Case as Catarrh of the Stomach, but Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N. S.

We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such cases here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. The case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable. For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davison & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach, food became distasteful, life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years, then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial, Mr. Veinot using about a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is grateful to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles, and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

go. The boy is not changed, you see. His heart is good."

And the major, having some little respect for Sir Raoul, forebore to tell him what rumor said about the handsome earl and his heart.

"I shall go," said Sir Raoul,—"this has quite decided me. You think I am right, do you not?" he added, seeing a strange smile on the major's face.

"Certainly. I was thinking of the earl, not of you," and long after the two friends had parted, Major Vandaleur looked very grave.

"It is like going into a wasp's nest," he said. "Raoul is a noble, simple-hearted soldier. He will have little patience with the earl—perhaps even less with his wife."

No such thought troubled Sir Raoul; to him it seemed quite right and just that his kinsman should extend the hand of welcome, that his wife and himself should beg him to visit them, that their home should be his.

"I may be able to do him some good," said Sir Raoul. "Ulric always listened to me."

So he was full of hope as he drove to Halby House.

"What will this young wife be like?" he wondered. "A money-lender's daughter—nothing very noble or brilliant; but Ulric loved her, I suppose. She will be a city demoiselle. Let us hope, for Ulric's sake, that she is pretty and accomplished."

He caught himself wondering more than once what she would be like, and then he laughed at himself for his pains.

"I have few relatives," he said, "that the fact of finding a new one is something wonderful."

His worn face flushed with emotion as the carriage stopped at Halby House.

"When a man has but a few friends, he knows how to value them," he said to himself. "I know Ulric will be pleased to see me again."

(To Be Continued).

THE FIRST DINING CAR.

Built by the Pullman Company in the Year 1866.

The first dining car was called the "Delmonico," of course. It must have resembled our present beautiful dining cars but slightly. Built by the Pullman Company at their pioneer works in Chicago, it was put into service in 1866; and after a short but distinguished career, descended to the position of boarding car for constructors along the line, but it did not come to this, of course, until great improvements had been made upon it in subsequent models. It was built in two sections, with a kitchen in the middle. One end was reserved for ladies and here no smoking was allowed, but the other end was a buffet arrangement and got itself nicknamed "The Beer Garden" before it had been in service many moons.

The floor of the car was uncarpeted and the seats were ordinary low-back coach seats, upholstered in leather. The car was finished in walnut, but the ceiling was covered with oilcloth. The provision supply store-room and refrigerator were under the centre of the car, and access could be had to them only by means of a little brass ladder suspended from the side of the car. It was rather a precarious adventure for dining car employes to make a visit to the larder while the train was in motion, inasmuch as there were a great many covered bridges and other obstructions along the line in those days, which would undoubtedly have swept them into eternity had they not timed their trip down the little brass ladder strictly according to schedule. The kitchen was supplied with an ordinary soft-coal range. Still, in spite of all these peculiar disadvantages, the bill of fare for that time was considered most elaborate.

The most interesting thing, however, about the "Delmonico" was the way in which the employes kept tab on receipts. When a passenger entered the car the conductor handed the waiter, who was to take care of him, a small paste-board ticket, which the waiter straightway deposited in a padlocked tin box in the kitchen. At the terminal station the ticket agent came into the car, unlocked the tin box, and with due ceremony "counted up the house." The conductor and other employes, while not being required to give an exact account, were expected to make an approximate check in accordance with the number of passengers served. Talk about your graft! Are there any opportunities like that nowadays?

COSTLY CANALS.

The oldest and the most important ship canal is that of Suez, begun in 1856, and completed in 1869. It is 100 miles in length, and cost \$93,000,000. In 1892 \$10,000,000 were expended to widen it. Ships are allowed to pass through it at a speed of 5 1-3 miles per hour, so that its whole length can be traversed in 18 1/2 hours. Night navigation is made possible by electric lights, which were introduced in 1887. The toll: are \$2 per ton. In 1870, 486 ships passed through the canal; in 1880 2,026; in 1900, 3,441. In the year 1899, 221,348 passengers were transported. In 1887 the Emperor Wilhelms Canal to connect the North Sea with the Baltic was begun, and the canal was opened in 1895. Its cost was \$40,000,000. Its receipts do not cover expenses. Still another canal connecting the North Sea with the Baltic was opened in 1900. Its cost was \$6,000,000. The Manchester Ship Canal cost \$85,000,000. Amsterdam is connected with the sea by a ship canal opened in 1845, and Rotterdam is likewise connected with deep water by a canal opened in 1866. The Gulf of Corinth Canal was finished in 1893. It cost about \$5,000,000.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Help Little Babies and Big Children in All Their Minor Illnesses.

When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says "My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is not a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Had Lost Hope of Getting Well

Years of Keen Suffering From Kidney Disease—Owes Life to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. R. J. McBain, Niagara Falls, Ont., a man of 80 years, and well known throughout the Niagara district, writes: "I believe if it had not been for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I would be in my grave before this. I was very bad with kidney disease, and suffered with dreadful pains in my kidneys. Being disappointed in the use of many medicines, I had almost given up hopes of ever getting better. One morning, after a night of especially hard suffering, a friend called to see me, and asked why I

did not try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got a box at once, and took two pills, which was a rather heavy dose; one pill is plenty at a dose. I used them regularly for a month, and at the end of that time was a changed man.

"It is now about five years since I began using this pill, and since that time I have felt as good as I did 40 years ago. I am almost 80 years old, and I am free from all disease, except rheumatism, and this is much better than it used to be before I used this medicine. I recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver

Pills with all my heart to any person, man or woman. This is my opinion of these valuable pills, and you may use it for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are especially appreciated by people of advanced age. The kidneys are frequently the first organs of the body to break down, and there are few old people but suffer from kidney disorders, and resulting pains and aches. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto,

THE LONDON SEWER HUNTER.

The London sewer hunter before commencing operations provides himself with a bull's-eye lantern, a canvas apron and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end somewhat in the shape of a hoe. For greater convenience the lantern is invariably fixed to the right shoulder, so that when walking the light is thrown ahead, and when stooping its rays shine directly to their feet. Thus accoutred, they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for anything unusual, at the same time raking the accumulation from the walls and picking from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, no matter what its value, provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, current coin of the realm and articles of plate and jewellery—all is good fish which comes to the hunter's net.