HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Who are you?" she asks quickly, with a scarcely-defined suspicion which she tries to dispel by a point-blank question.

"Your ladyship's humble servant, Lord Leigh's tutor."

She looks at him searchingly, but only meets the blank glare of the dark-blue spectacle and a quaint, quizzical smile on the thin lips.

At the idea that he is daring to joke, her delicate eyebrows come together in a darkling frown, and seeing she is angry, he hastens to apologize.

"Forgive me if I read your thoughts and was amused by them. It could not but seem strange that—I of all men—should be taken for a prince in disguise."

He pushes back the long hair from his neck with a half laugh, in which, as at once she recognizes the absurdity of her suspicions, she joins merrily.

"I am very glad it is not so. The honor of being educated by a royal highness would be too much even for my little Lord Leigh.

"And you do not regret taking me without testimonials and with no previous experience?"

"No; I shall never regret that," she answers kindly.

"I hope not."

And then, half wondering at the gravity of the response—a gravity so much greater than is necessary for the occasion, she rises slowly from her seat, and, with a little nod of farewell, leaves him there.

For a long time he remains motionless, thinking of their meeting and of the confidence she has placed in him.

If only he might tell her of his love—a love at first sight that subsequent events have strengthened—and prove to her that all is not over because the beginning of her life was so sad! He loves her no less because she has been scathed by suffering; the purest gold is that tried by fire, and sorrow has only helped to make her what she is:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

Lady Leigh runs lightly upstairs to her room, and when she divests herself of her shawl, smiles at the reflection she meets in the mirror. She has not failed to see the conquest she has made, and is amused that her admirer should be so old, so ugly.

She cannot help feeling a little gratified vanity at the thought that she has not lost all power to charm. Of course it is only an elderly tutor, unworthy of her in every way; but still—but still, if it were not for those hideous glasses, he would not be so very ill-looking, and even with them his appearance is distinguished and much above his position.

If there really be a Cupid, god of love, surely he must laugh in his sleeve at the turn things are taking. If only the ungainly form of the tutor is to keep these two from love, his task will not be too difficult a one. Women do not always insist upon beauty in their lovers—witness Titania's passion for the weaver—and propinquity is a man's strongest point.

CHAPTER V.

"Mother," says little Rollo, a few days later, "don't you think Mr. Dare talks like a soldier?"

Lady Leigh starts.

"How can you tell, child? You have never even seen a soldier."

"No, but you have told me about grandpa, and read to me about them in books. And mother, he is so brave, and has such wonderful stories of the war—that dreadful mutiny in India, you know."

"Was he there, then?"

"I don't know—perhaps he was—he has been everywhere, I should think," replies Rollo proudly.

He has very exalted ideas about the powers of his tutor and would not be surprised at any proof of his prowess.

Then Lady Leigh remembers the deep scar on his cheek, and wonders if it could possibly be a saber cut. A soldier's daughter herself—her father died a hero's death at Balaklava—she still has a deep veneration for all sons of Mars, even the meanest of them, and of this man she feels sure that whatever he has done in the world has been done thoroughly.

At first she resolves to question him herself upon the subject, and then natural delicacy makes her hesitate. Perhaps he does not wish his antecedents to be known, and surely she should be the last to wish to peer into the past of any one when her own has been so dark and gloomy!

Still conjecture cannot but be rife, and often she finds herself wondering whether he was in the Crimea, perhaps even at Balaklava itself at her father's side, and whether it was as officer or common soldier he fought. He looks old enough to have been there, and yet his voice is so young. Altogether, it is a mystery, and one that absorbs her more than is at all satisfactory. Her pride rebels against the interest she takes, but strong as that pride is it cannot banish the ever-recurring thoughts.

"It all comes from having been shut up here so long that the most trivial incident assumes gigantic proportions. It is not interest in the man, but a woman's natural curiosity which has been too much repressed."

This is what she tells herself, but she is hardly deceived by what she says. It is easier to deceive others than to deceive one's self. Besides she has sen him oftener of late, and the conviction has grown upon her that he has not always been what he is now. Some time in his life it has been his to command and not to obey. If so, how his present life must gall him. In some households he would not feel it so much—happy households whom misery had not made bitter, and who would have treated him as one of themselves. But she—hating all men as she does, and despising them so thoroughly—how can more than merely civil, coldly

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sition to the still young face. But then he has seen him without his spectacles and on them Colonel Dare has depended chiefly for the success of his disguise.

"Was he good?" is the boy's next question, with irrepressible curiosity.

The subject is so seldom broached, and he has had so few opportunities of learning anything of his father, or his tastes and favorite pursuits.

"Hush, my darling! He is dead," she answers gravely, and her face grows paler as she speaks.

"But, mother, let me see his picture."

Slowly, as if much against her will, and yet obliged to comply with his request, Lady Leigh leaves the room, and after ten minutes' absence, returns with a case in her hand.

The boy almost snatches it away from her, so eager is he to gaze upon his father's portrait, but when he has opened the case and looked for a moment he returns it with a gesture of disappointment, offering no remark.

"Well, Rollo, what do you think of him?" asks his mother, timidly.

"I think he looks cross. I think I would rather have Mr. Dare."

"Hush!" says Lady Leigh.

So stern is the rebuke conveyed in that single monosyllable that the boy stops abashed, and his eyes fill with tears. Before they have time to fall, his mother catches him in her arms and kisses him passionately, half sobbing the while.

"Rollo, Rollo, my darling, I did not mean to be unkind."

A stranger might have smiled at her self-abasement, and at the gracious pardon accorded by the young autocrat, who is already beginning to know his power, but she herself sees nothing ridiculous in it. Is he not her all—her king in whom all her hopes are centered, the only interest and love of her lonely life?

"Never mind mother," says the boy, magnanimously—"never mind; I didn't cry, you know, and now let's have a game together."

And so mother and son are soon engaged in a romp which has the effect of totally banishing the serious conversation they have had from the boy's head, and from his mother's, too, for a time.

Colonel Dare is on his way to the library when the sound of soft laughter and Rollo's shrill cry of delight arrests his steps. As he lingers, longing, yet not daring to join them, the door of the room where they are is burst open, and Rollo comes out, his face crimson with excitement and pleasure.

"We are having such games, Mr. Dare," he calls out, gayly, flinging his little arms round him, and looking up into his face with a gleesome smile.

The tutor stoops and strokes his ruffled hair caressingly.

"What are you playing, my boy?"

"Shy widow."

A strange smile passes the tutor's face at the answer he receives, but he makes no comment and Rollo goes on."

"Mother is 'shy widow,' of course, and I keep going behind her chair, looking different every time, but she won't have any of us," he concludes, triumphantly, proud that his mother should be so difficult to please.

"Then, then, how are you going in now?"

"I think I'll put an anti-macassar over my head, and then she won't know who it is."

"If she can't see your face she certainly won't have you."

"Ah! but," says the boy, with a self-confident smile, "the next time I shall go in as my very own self, and then I know she'll have me!"

He has dragged the tutor with him into another room, and is looking everywhere for means of disguise when suddenly an idea strikes him.

"Mr. Dare, you go in this time, and I'll go in afterward."

The tutor starts. He would most certainly have refused had a moment been allowed him for thought, but Rollo, in his eagerness, has hurried him away again, and before he hardly knows where he is—in such a whirl is his mind—the boy has pushed him into Lady Leigh's presence.

The room is turned upside down. Rollo has lately received a book from London full of all sorts of games and, as he has no other playfellow, his mother often joins in the games with him, and to-night has almost been carried into enthusiasm herself by her boy's evident delight.

Now she is getting tired; she has been playing a very one-sided puss-in-the-corner, hunt the slipper and blind man's buff, and has had some difficulty in keeping up with the agility of her son. As a rest, she had proposed a quieter game.

She is seated in the centre of the room, her back to the door, and her head half turned, with an arch smile; a mirror is in her hand, and she does not know the tutor is there until she sees his features reflected in it. He has been propelled along so rapidly by his over-excited pupil that his spectacles have fallen forward, and for the first time Lady Leigh gazes straight into his eyes without a mask of glass before them. As Rollo had said earlier in the evening, they were undoubtedly beautiful eyes, but it is not that she notices now; it is their expression, so full of passionate admiration—or is it love?

She starts to her feet and confronts him, but even as he met her glance he knew how careless he had been, and in a moment had pushed the spectacles back to their place.

Little Lord Leigh claps his hands in childish delight.

"She has chosen you, Mr. Dare!—she has chosen you!" he exclaims.

But Colonel Dare only bows low before the woman who is looking as indignant as an outraged queen.

"I beg your pardon," he says humbly. "I had no right to intrude. I—I forgot myself."

And in good truth he has forgotten himself—forgotten the part he has to play, and the respect due to the lady from whom he receives his income of £120 a year. It is with almost abject penitence that he turns and makes his way from her presence.

Lady Leigh is more vexed with herself than with him because she cannot feel really angry at what she would like to term his "impertinent presumption." She, of course, has not [illegible] deceived by the indignation she [illegible] to be a novel sense of

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the subject is forgotten or at least ignored, and they become very good friends—better than Lady Leigh could have believed she would ever be with any man again.

For some weeks past workmen have been busy constructing a small Swiss summer-house in the grounds, the young lord's latest freak, and now at last it is completed, and all three have gone out to see the finishing touches put to it. Rollo is in ecstacies.

"It is all my very own, you know, and no one can come in unless I ask them," he observes, with quiet satisfaction, the first taste of proprietorship proving very sweet.

"You will have to give a house warming," laughs Lady Leigh.

"What's that?"

Lady Leigh explains and her son takes up the idea in huge delight. He will have a tea party that very afternoon; his mother and tutor are to be the guests, and Tabitha shall help him to plan the feast. They—the guests—are to know nothing about it until they come and find the dainties prepared.

"Come at five o'clock exactly," says Rollo peremptorily, having no idea of being kept too long on the tip-toe of expectation, besides not liking to run the risk of the tea getting cold and the cake spoiling by a too close adherence to the rules of society. Boylike, he has no sympathy with fashionable unpunctuality.

All day long he keeps running backward and forward between the kitchen and the summer-house, "on hospitable thoughts intent." Lessons are suspended, and the tutor spends an idle morning in the library, reading the papers and speculating upon the changes that will have taken place before he goes out again into the world.

Does he intend to remain here so long as his services are required in the false character he has assumed, or shall he avow himself and trust to her generosity to forgive? Nay, shall he avow more—shall he tell her of the love that has grown up in his heart extinguishing all else, and would he have a chance of success?

He starts from his seat and walks up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation, when suddenly, at the low French window, he sees something that arrests his steps and makes him involuntarily look around to see if any one else is near.

It is the Heathen Chinee, his face pressed against the glass the better to peer in and with such a grin of amusement on his face that Colonel Dare shudders and wonders to what all this will lead. Far better that he should have confessed all himself than be discovered like a common imposter.

"Come in; what do you want?" he says, gruffly, throwing the window open and almost dragging the young dandy in out of sight.

But the Heathen Chinee only grins the more, and lifting his glass, adjusts it to his eye.

"I only wanted to see how Colonel Dare acted schoolmaster. By Jove! it seems to suit you well, and apparently you are not much troubled with your pupil!"

"The boy has a holiday to-day," explains Colonel Dare, stiffly.

"And all other days as well, I suppose. What lessons do you give when you do teach him, Dare—extracts from the Army and Navy or the Army List itself undiluted?" goes on Mr. Meade, banteringly, having the general and not altogether unfounded idea that soldiers can only talk on the one subject.

"What is the good of all this fooling, Graver? It can't be much amusement to you, and it only imperils my situation here. Why did you come?"

"Because it's such a capital joke. Ha, ha, ha! How does the man hater take to the 'elderly gentleman with quiet habits?"

"Hush, Graver! I tell you I am ashamed of the part I have played. Let the subject drop."

"Ashamed! Why it's the best joke I ever heard in my life!"

"Then you must have been singularly unfortunate in your experience," curtly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it was neither a very brilliant nor a very creditable thing to make a lady the subject of a bet, nor to enter her house under such false pretenses."

"Nonsense, man; you are looking at it too gloomily by far. She'll be the first to forgive you when it comes out—women always forgive faults committed for their sake," he answers, shrewdly.

"She will hardly forgive me for making her a jest—a by-word in the county; and that is what it will be when this story becomes known."

"Why should it be known?"

"It is already known, I suppose, or you would not be here."

Graver Meade lays his hand on the colonel's shoulder and looks steadfastly in his eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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In winter months the perspiration, so profuse in summer, almost ceases. This throws back into the system the impurities that should have been expelled through the pores of the skin. This and other causes makes the blood impure in spring. Boils, pimples, humors and eruptions then appear or some more serious disease may take its start. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for impure blood in all its forms, as proved by its marvelous cures of blood diseases. It is therefore the medicine for you to take in the spring. It expels all humors, and puts the whole system in good condition for warmer weather.

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THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS FLORA FERGUSON, OF SYDNEY, N.S.

For Five Years She Was an Almost Helpless Invalid — Used Many Medicines Without Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Sydney, N.S., Reporter.

Many of our Cape Breton readers, especially those residing in Sydney and vicinity, will remember the subject of this article, and also knew Miss Ferguson when residing at her home on Hardwood Hill, just on the borders of the town. From 1890 to 1895 sickness preyed upon Miss Ferguson, and from a bright and healthy girl she became an invalid, completely given up to weakness and despondency. In the spring of 1895 she left her home and went to the States, where she has a sister and other friends, thinking that a change of climate might benefit her. While there she was attended by medical men, but without any improvement, in fact she gradually grew worse, until she used to spend the greater part of every day on the lounge at her sister's. Friends came to see her, only to go away with the sympathetic remark, "Poor Flora, she is not long for this world." From the beginning of her sickness up to the time when the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was taken, she had tried upwards of twenty different kinds of medicine—some from doctors and some of the many patent drugs for sale at druggists. Hearing from a friend of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Ferguson resolved to give them a trial, and requested her sister to get her a box. Following the directions carefully she began to take them. As day by day went by she began to feel better and her spirits to return, and in the course of a few weeks she walked a mile to the post office and home again. Miss Ferguson continued taking the pills until she had used eight boxes, when she was completely restored to health and happiness. She was again strong and healthy. While ill she had greatly run down in weight, and at the time she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was reduced to 102 pounds, and when she had completed the eight box her weight had increased to 141 pounds. Only one month ago she called at the home of the editor of this paper to leave her address to have the Reporter forwarded to her at Arlington, Mass. During the moment's conversation with her the above facts were told to Mr. W. A. Richardson, the editor, and with beaming countenance Miss Ferguson willingly agreed to have [illegible] tell the people "How Dr. W[illegible]nk Pills brought her fro[illegible] of death to the enj[illegible]th." He was astonished [illegible] acquainted with [illegible] Sydney, knowing how [illegible] was and seeing her a physically changed person was enough to cause anyone to be amazed at the change.

The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson, at No. 16 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.; the editor of the Island Reporter, Sydney, C. B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

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is what housekeepers say about LUDELLA Ceylon Tea. We suggest a trial. Lead packages. 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

A Rare Chance

To cultivate a calm, hopeful spirit lies in the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails. It makes no sore spots on the flesh and is therefore painless. It relieves promptly.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Some Curious Incidents of the War in South Africa.

During the Matabeleland War of 1896 the relief force, marching in search of the natives, halted when the place selected for the night's camp was reached. The wagons were drawn up in laager formation—diamond shape or oblong—rations were served, supper cooked and guards posted.

It was the duty of a sentry, when any one approached to cry out, "Halt! Who goes there?" and on receiving the reply, "A friend," to say, "Advance, friend, and give the countersign!" But the sentinels, not being disciplined soldiers, frequently mistook the orderly officer, who visited each post during the night, for the other sentry from the next post, and instead of using the prescribed formula would greet him familiarly with:

"Hullo, Smith! Is that you?"

Then, in place of the friendly reply, "Yes, how's things?" would come the rejoinder:

"Why, sir, don't you halt and challenge?"

The countersign for the night was always read out at dress parade each afternoon. If a man was absent from parade, and neglected to inquire, he might find himself in an awkward predicament. The author of "With Plumer in Matabeleland" mentions several cases in point.

A trooper had gone down to a water-hole after the sentries were posted. On returning he was challenged but not knowing the countersign, the sentry refused to let him pass.

"Hang it all! You know me well enough! What's the use of playing the fool at this time of night!" pleaded the soldier.

"Can't be helped. You know the orders, and unless you give the countersign there you are, and there you will remain!" retorted the sentry. And he did remain there until the visiting officer admitted him in the small hours of the morning.

On another occasion the countersign was "Nordenfeldt," the name of a certain kind of gun. A soldier, on approaching the picket, had a hazy recollection that some sort of a gun had been mentioned as the countersign, and in answer to the challenge, gave "Mitrailleuse."

"That's not it," replied the sentry.

"Oh, well, the other kind of gun," hazarded the man.

"Well, that's near enough; pass in!" said the sentry.

An orderly officer, on going his rounds, was astonished to find the sentry singing at him in this fashion:

"Hi tiddle de hi ti! Who goes there?

"What do you mean, sir, by challenging in that fashion?" asked the officer.

"The last time I was on duty, sir, I was told to challenge in a more musical voice, and that's the only tune I know sir," replied the sentry.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

QUEEN REGENT'S CHARITIES.

Even if Spanish revenues are at a low ebb the Queen Regent has some money to spare for charity, says an exchange. She has given to the authorities of Barcelona $2000 to help the sufferers from the recent floods. A number of women of Barcelona who were taking active interest in helping the flood sufferers called on Cardinal Sancha for a contribution. His Eminence's treasury being exhausted, he gave them his pectoral cross and archiepiscopal ring to swell the fund.

A REVERENT LISTENER.

Mark Twain's Experience Aboard a British Ship.

While steaming in the Arundel Castle through the Mozambique Channel, which separates Madagascar from South Africa, Mark Twain saw an unconscious exhibition of English reverence for the national anthem. He describes the scene in "Following the Equator," as follows:

Last night the burly chief engineer, middle-aged, was standing telling a spirited sea-faring tale, and had reached the most exciting place, where a man overboard was washing swiftly astern on the great seas and uplifting despairing cries, everybody racing aft in a frenzy of excitement and fading hope, when the band, which had been silent a moment, began impressively its closing piece, and English national anthem.

As simply as if unconscious of what he was doing, he stopped his story, uncovered, laid his laced cap against his breast, and slightly bent his grizzly head. The few bars finished, he put on his cap and took up his tale again as naturally as if that interjection of music had been a part of it.

There was something touching and fine about it, and it was moving to reflect that he was one of a myriad, scattered over every part of the globe, who by turn was doing as he was doing every hour of the twenty-four,—those awake doing it while the others slept,—those impressive bars forever floating up out of the various chimes, never silent and never lacking reverent listeners.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy."

Nerviline is a joy also. No remedy in the world equals it. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly and minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nerviline is sure to cure.

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. Oldboy, soaring into philosophy—Yes, Miss Youngthing, all the evils of civilization are due to over-crowding.

Miss Youngthing—That is true, Mr. Oldboy—please move a little farther toward your end of the sofa.

THAT SALLOW COMPLEXION

indicates that your liver is out of order. By gently regulating the liver and bowels, Celery King clears the complexion, and keeps the system in perfect condition. Use it and avoid doctor bills. 25 cents for one month's treatment. At all druggists or Woodward Med. Co., Toronto, Can.

DUDISH WISDOM.

Small Boy—Pa, why does that young man wear an eyeglass on only onee eye?

Pa—So he can use the other eye to see with.

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Head Office— 9 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

AN UNFORESEEN CONTINGENCY.

Customer—You said these stockings were fast black. They are all faded out.

Dealer—a retired anarchist—Mein Gracious! You must haf washed 'em.

"Quickcure" destroys the germs, called cocci, that cause boils and carbuncles, reduces the inflammation and removes all pain.

EXCUSABLE AWKWARDNESS.

Guest—Ouch! Geewhittaker! You've spilled some soup down my neck!

Waiter—I's orful sorry, sah; but you see, sah, I's so in doubt if you is gwine to gub me a tip er not, it makes me nervous.

"Quickcure" cures cuts of all kinds, or lacerated wounds; applied early, it prevents blood poisoning.

MANLY PRIDE.

Ah, dear Mabel's Easter bonnet—
He admires it with a will;
They are only three months married
And his money paid the bill.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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PAPA EXPLAINS.

Little Bobby—Papa, is it true that the earth is falling through space all the time?

Papa—Yes, it never stops.

Bobby—And ain't there any danger of it ever running against anything?

Papa—Not much.

Bobby—But what'll happen when it gets to the end of space?

Papa—Well, it'll keep right on falling, because there won't be anything there to stop it.

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Railway companies are especially good judges of farm fences. Their object is to get a perfectly stock-proof fence at the least cost, and they investigate thoroughly before buying.

It speaks well for the Page that it is now used on all of the leading railways in the United States, England and Canada. At this time we have orders booked from railways in Canada for 270 miles of our fencing, all to be shipped this season. And this fence is just as good for farmers as for railroad companies.

For illustrated advertising matter apply to us or to your nearest Page fence dealer.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Limited,
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

P. S.—See our "ad." in next issue.

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That your wife and family should be provided for in case of your death. It is also very important that in making such provision you should secure the most liberal contract that you can. The

Unconditional Accumulative Policy
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SOLID and SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS is indicated by the 26th Annual Report for 1897, which will be found in another column.

W. C. MACDONALD Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

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This is a BONA FIDE offer made to introduce our Vegetable and Flower Seeds to new customers and which we guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the Seeds given as a present.

At these prices we can ONLY offer the varieties named below. Order by number. Buy what you want. They are sent by mail post paid. Select from the following list:—

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(Order by Number.)
1. Beet, Eclipse, round
2. Beet, Egyptian, flat round
3. Cabbage, Winningstadt
4. Cabbage, Fottler's Brunswick
5. Carrot, half long, scarlet
6. Carrot, Guerande scarlet
7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling
8. Cucumber, Long Green
9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching
10. Herbs, Sage
11. Herbs, Savory
12. Herbs, Marjoram
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage)
14. Lettuce, Denver Market (curled)
15. Musk Melon, extra early, Nutmeg
16. Water Melon, Early Canada
17. Onion, large red Wethersfield
18. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown
20. Radish, French Breakfast
21. Radish, Rosy Gem
22. Squash, Hubbard
23. Tomato, extra early Atlantic
24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion

FLOWERS.
25. Asters, mixed
26. Mignonette, sweet
27. Pansy, mixed
28. Pansies, mixed
29. Nasturtiums, tall mixed
30. Sweet Peas, Fine mixed
31. Wild Flower, Garden mixed

We will NOT ACCEPT AN ORDER at these prices where the packets are NOT selected from the above list.

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