FLEURETTE.

I had spent some years in the colonies, doctoring diggers and the like rough and ready folks. The novelty of the strange scenes and free and easy life had at last worn off, and I found myself sighing for the respectability of broadcloth and a settled position in my profession. Aided somewhat by thrift, and more by a fortunate land speculation, I had money enough to supply my wants for a few years to come; so I returned to England, resolved to beat out a practice somewhere.

At home there was my dear old brother John Penn, who was the doctor at Dalebury, a little country town. I call John my senior, for he was born some three years before me. A dear, good, steady man was John, with the kindest and most lovable heart in the world. I found John, and he gave me a hearty welcome, but he seemed changed—a trifle care-worn—and I soon found the cause. My discovery of the reason why John was, to call it melancholy, came about at once. Born and bred in Dalebury, I knew all the people there. I had asked him "Who lives now in that old house belonging to the Tanners?"

"A widow lady and her daughter, named Dorvaux."

"French, I suppose, from the name?"

"No, I believe not. Her late husband was French; but, as far as I have learned, Mrs. Dorvaux is an Englishwoman."

"And the daughter, is she pretty?" I asked. John sighed, looked disconsolate, and he replied: "Fleurette! That is the name of Mrs. Dorvaux's daughter," and then he was silent.

As an old practitioner I at once diagnosed the case. I found out that John was in love with Miss Fleurette. I suppose he had asked her to become his wife, and that she had declined his suit. It was my business to mend broken bones and broken heads. I may have set to work to repair injuries in a businesslike way. I knew well enough that a manly, handsome fellow as was John, with his excellent position, were all elements, and strong ones, in his favor, so I could not understand why Miss Fleurette had said "No" to him.

Mrs. Dorvaux, I learned was in very bad health. I soon became acquainted with Fleurette, and found her to be a lovely girl, highly educated, and with charming manners. I became convinced that she was no flirt.

In time I succeeded in gaining John's confidence, and he told me all about his love for the girl and how she had refused him. Somehow I gained the girl's confidence, too. One day I said to her; "Of course you know my brother well".

"I have often met him," answered Fleurette.

"And you like him, I hope?"

"I like Dr. Penn very much," and then she changed the subject. Once or twice after that I tried my best to bring John in as a topic of conversation, but she always evaded it.

I learned, too, that John no longer went to Mrs. Dorvaux's home, and that he never saw Fleurette. Watching closely Fleurette's manner, I was satisfied that she was not happy. As to my brother, he seemed engaged in his work, and his lips were sealed as far as Fleurette was concerned. I went on a tour of the Continent, and came back to Dalebury, Fleurette's mother had been ill again, but was recovering, for I soon saw Fleurette about again. She looked pale and worn, probably from watching and nursing her mother. My holiday at Dalebury had now run down to its last dregs, so when we met it was to say good-bye

"Can it never be, Fleurette?" I whispered, as our hands met before parting.

"Never," she replied, "never. Goodbye—good-bye."

Poor old John! poor little Fleurette! What mystery was it that stayed the happiness of these two?

I had returned home from my travels tired of idleness. Having heard of an opening that promised well, I ran down once more to Dalebury to consult my brother. John and I were very bad correspondents, so I had no news of the little town since I sojourned there. As I passed the house at the corner I saw it was void. "They have left," said John as I eagerly asked the reason.

"Left! Where have they gone to?"

"No one known," said John sadly. "Shortly after you went abroad common rumor said they were thinking of quitting, and last month they did go."

"Did she leave no word—no message for you?"

"Only this," replied John, opening a drawer in front of him, where he kept a variety of cheerful-looking instruments. "I found this one morning on the seat of my carriage. I suppose she threw it in."

A single flower, the stem passed through a piece of paper with the word "Adieu" penciled on it.

Sorry as I was to hear the news, I could scarcely help smiling as John replaced the flower in the drawer. It seemed almost bathos, that little rose, tossed into a doctor's carriage, and now lying among old lancets, forceps, and other surgical instruments.

The weeks, the months, even the years, passed by, and we heard nothing of Fleurette. The flower, doubtless still lying in the drawer, was all that was left of old John's little romance.

Three years soon went by. I was still in England. I had purchased a share in a London practice, and although I found much drudgery in my work, it was a paying practice, and one which would eventually be entirely mine, as my partner, who was growing old and rich talked of retiring.

Once or twice in every year I had been down to Dalebury. All was the same there. John was still unmarried; and if he said nothing about her I knew he had not forgotten the dainty little girl who had rejected his love. Yet not a word had Fleurette sent him. She might be dead or married, for all we knew. I often used to wonder whether I should ever meet her again—whether I should ever learn her secret trouble, for I felt that Fleurette's sadness was not so much from having to give up the hope of being John's wife as from the cause that compelled her to take that step.

One wretched winter's day I was called upon to attend a patient in a poor street in the outskirts of the town. Entering the bedroom of a shabby house, I saw a woman lying on the floor either dead or insensible. I had the woman lifted up and placed in her bed. It needed, alas! very little professional skill to determine the cause of the woman's illness. I had seen too many durnken women in my time to be deceived. As I stood by the bedside a young woman rushed in and threw herself on the bed. It was Fleurette. "Oh, doctor! doctor!" she cried, in an agony of grief. "I had been away but an instant. I had no one to aid me, to advise me. I had gone to the druggist's. My poor mother must have left her bed."

Then I understood it all.

I had found Fleurette at last. Actually living within a stone's throw of my door! Perhaps she had lived there ever since she left Dalebury. Now, having found her, what was I to do with her? I guessed that I had also fathomed her mystery. You see it was only a commonplace, vulgar little mystery after all—a mother's drunkenness the sum total of it. Yet when I thought of the girl giving up her love and bright prospects for the sake of keeping her erring mother's vice a secret, most likely never complaining of the sacrifice, wearing to the outer world a bright face that hid from nearly every one the sorrow of her heart, it seemed to me that our little Fleurette was something very near a heroine after all

My first idea was to telegraph to John, and tell him where to find her; but upon consideration I thought it better to wait until after our interview in the evening.

I found Fleurette alone. She was very pale, very sad, very subdued.

"Tell me, Fleurette," I said gently, as I sat down beside her, "was—was—your mother's unfortunate craving for alcohol the cause of your refusing to marry my brother?"

She nodded her head.

"Tell me all about it. How long has it been going on? I can be as secret as you."

And then Fleurette told me. I will not give her words. They were too loving, too lenient, framed with affectionate excuses. It was pathetic as she told it—a tale of her mother's craving, which grew and grew with its excesses. Then came penitence, contrition, shame, and the ever-recurring vows of amendment. And with them hope sprang afresh and bloomed for awhile—only to be cut down as ruthlessly as before. And so on for years, ever the same weary round, and although she told me not, ever the same loving care, the same jealous resolve to shield her mother's sins from the vulgar gaze. It was a hard burden for a girl to bear. For this she gave up the hope of being John's wife. She would not leave her mother to perish, and would not injure John, as she shrewdly feared might be the case if she subjected him to the scandal of having a mother-in-law of Mrs. Dorvaux's disposition living with him; and knowing as I know the delicate susceptibilities of patients in a place like Dalebury, in my heart I thought that Fleurette was right.

"And why did you leave Dalebury?" I asked, when she had finished her recital.

"Mamma was—ill—there; so ill, I was frightened, and obliged to send for a doctor—and I feared people might learn the cause."

"Then we came to London," she continued. "London is so large, I thought we might hide ourselves here."

"How often do these—these attacks show themselves?" I asked

"Sometimes not for months; sometimes twice a month. Oh, do you think she can ever be cured? She has been so good, so good for such a long time! If I had not gone out to-day this might never have happened. Our poor old servant died some months ago, and I could not trust the new one, or she might have prevented it. Do you think she can be cured?"

I shook my head. I knew too well that when a woman of Mrs. Dorvaux's age has these periodical irresistible cravings after stimulants, the case is well-nigh hopeless. Missionaries, clergymen, and philanthropists, tell us pleasing and comforting tales of marvelous reformations, but medical men know the sad truth.

I was so indignant at the sacrifice of a young girl's life, that had I spoken my true thoughts I should have said "Leave the brandy bottle always full, always near at hand, so that"—— Well I won't be too hard on Fleurette's mother. She must have had some good in her for the girl to have loved her so.

We had said nothing about John as yet. That was to come.

"Fleurette, I shall write to John tonight. What shall I tell him?"

Her black eyelashes were now only visible.

"What can you tell him? Promise to guard my secret."

"I shall at least tell him I have found you, and then he must take his own course."

"Oh, don't let him come here," pleaded the girl. "I could not bear to see him; and perhaps," she added, with a faltering voice, "he doesn't care to hear anything about me now."

Ah, Fleurette, Fleurette! After all, on some points you are only a weak woman.

The next day I begged leave of absence from my partner and patients, and ran down to Dalebury to tell John the news.

Yet I had little enough to tell him. I was in honor bound to guard the girl's secret; so all I would say was I had found her again, that she was as bewitching as ever, and, I believed, loved him still. I could add that now I knew the reason why she could not come to him, and I was compelled to own it was a weighty one—an obstacle I could give no hope would be removed for many years. He must be content with that; it was all the news, all the hope, I had to give him.

"Very well," said John, with a sigh. "I must wait. All things come to the man who waits; so perhaps Fleurette will come to me at last."

Now that I had found Fleurette you may be sure I was not going to lose sight of her again. I was very grieved to ascertain that her mother's circumstances were not so good as of old. Some rascal who possessed the widow's confidence had decamped with a large sum of money. Our Fleurette eked out their now scanty income by painting on china; and very cleverly the girl copied the birds and flowers on the white plates. I begged Fleurette to persuade her mother to enter a home for inebriates, but the girl would not even broach the subject to her; so here was youth drifting away from John and Fleurette—kept apart for the sake of a wretched woman and I was powerless to mend matters.

But did John and Fleurette ever marry? You see this is not a romance, only a little tale of real life, and as such, the only way out of the dead-lock was a sad and prosaic one—a way that poor Fleurette could not even wish for. Reformation, I say, as a medical man, was out to of the question. I hope Fleurette will not read these pages, where I am compelled to express my true feeling, by saying that a short time after a year had expired, Mrs. Dorvaux was obliging enough to die. I say "obliging" advisedly, for sad though it be to think so, her death made three people happy; indeed, as her life was so miserable to her, it may be I should have said four. Fleurette mourned her sincerely; all her faults were buried in her grave, and left to be forgotten. Two months after her death I write to John, bade him come to town, and, without even warning Fleurette, sent him to see her. Then he found that all things do indeed come to the man who can wait—even the love that seemed so hopeless and far away

I don't think John ever knew, or, unless he reads it here, ever will know, the true reason why Fleurette refused him and shunned him for so long He knows from what I told him, it was a noble, self-sacrificing, and womanly motive that led her to reject his love, and is content with knowing this. He feels the subject must be ever painful to his bright little wife, and has never caused her pretty eyes to grow dim by asking for an explanation. There is no sadness with Fleurette now. She lights up that old red brick house; she is the life of Dalebury, and, moreover, the one woman against whom Dalebury says little or nothing. The last time I paid John a visit, there was not only Fleurette, but a couple of children as well—dark-eyed, bonny boys, who chatter in French and English indiscriminately.

Only occasionally I saw in Fleurette's eyes, something which was a trifle sad. It might have been the memories of her other days, but I believe such momentary sorrows will pass away in time.

MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because *Mothers gladly state under oath* how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabella Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and Kidneys so bad that he could not stand or get out of bed without assistance. Despite the skilled medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, sent free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The New Ingredient works well.

One bottle lasts over a month.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

YOU ARE A VICTIM!

Medical statistics prove that eighty out of every hundred are tainted with Catarrh. Are you one of the eighty? Foul breath, pains over the eyes, dropping in the throat and headaches, denote it. Have you these symptoms? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

"For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and had been treated by numbers of physicians, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave me almost instant relief, and in an incredibly short time I was absolutely cured from this distressing and disgusting malady." James Headley, Dundee, N. Y.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A THEORY.

Brown—What is a post-graduate course anyhow?

Jones—I don't know exactly, but I think it's some arrangement to enable the students to devote themselves exclusively to athletics during the ordinary college course, and take up their studies after they graduate

A THANK OFFERING.

A CLERGYMAN WRITES ON BEHALF OF GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Their Health and They Wish Other Sufferers to Know It—A Letter That Will Bring Hope to Many — No Other Medicine Gets Such Voluntary Praise.

The following letter written by the Rev. Wm. Lawson, Methodist minister at Richibucto, N.B., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a perusal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures when other medicines fail.

Richibucto, N.B., April 26th, 1897.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntarily given testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and place. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. Wm. Warman of Molus River, near here, says her son Alden was sickly from birth. He could hardly ever retain food, and his parents had but little hopes that he would live long and the doctors who attended him were of the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of Pink Pills, saying: — "I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me." Miss Annie Warman adds this evidence with enthusiasm and freedom: "I was weak and sickly and did not know the blessings of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have since enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now."

Here you have three members of a family restored to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health and genial ways largely resulting from such health. They wish you to freely use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able as their pastor to certify to the facts above stated.

Sincerely yours,
WM. LAWSON,
Methodist Minister.

A CONVENIENT CUPBOARD.

Now that the finishing of the modern dining-room almost always includes a high wooden wainscoting, a ready-made support is at hand, which might well tempt the amateur carpenter to try his or her 'prentice hand at making a corner cupboard. Where space is cramped a cupboard of this sort could take place of the ordinary sideboard, as it is not supported from the flour, and would therefore not occupy room needed for other furniture.

It may be of any size desired, but that most in use measures about four and a half feet in height and thirty inches across. Make the sides of common pine, and fit them closely into the corner, bracing well with cleats of wood. It is very important that these side supports should be strong, especially at the top, as the weight is considerable even when the closet is empty. A three-cornered pine board forms the bottom, and a similar one closes in the top, while a movable shelf an inch in thickness divides the whole into two compartments. If the doors are entirely of wood, they may be stained and polished and ornamented with lincrusta, which has the appearance of carving, and is easy to apply, or which is handsomer, glass in leaded panes might be set in the framework, at least of the upper part, giving the old-time effect which is considered desirable just now.

Cover the back, which will be visible if the doors are of glass, with folds of soft yellow silk, as pretty china shows to great advantage against this background; and screw small brass hooks into the under part of the board which forms the top of the cupboard, to hold the cups which are not in every-day use. The lower compartment may be used for the dishes that are not so ornamental, or even for sweets or cake, or the bottle of wine on which it is wise to turn a key.

A CLOSE CALL.

Mrs. Harkins—My, but you had a narrow escape to-day.

Mr. Harkins—What do you mean?

Mrs. Harkins—The minister was here, but left just before Willie got home from school. So he doesn't know yet what you said when you were trying the other night, to learn to ride the bike.

Itching, Burning Skin-Diseases Cured for 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

Sold by W. E. Richardson

RECIPES.

Cheese Straws.—Make a good pie crust; roll thin and sprinkle with grated cheese, preferably Parmesan, and a trifle of red pepper. Fold, roll thin and again sprinkle with cheese. Do this three times. Roll thin, cut into inch wide strips four inches long and bake in a hot oven until pale brown.

Creamed Chicken.—Boil chickens until tender. Cut the meat into dice, but do not chop. Only the white meat is preferable, but all may be used. Make a rich cream and butter sauce, highly seasoned, and stir the chicken into it. When thoroughly heated it should be served.

Potato Balls.—The potatoes should be cut into small balls the size of large marbles. There is a knife for the purpose. Boil in salted water until tender. Drain and place in the dishes in which they are served. Pour over them a glace made of cream and butter into which a little flour has been rubbed, and also salt.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

A LARGE INCREASE OF CRIME IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Ignorance and Intemperance Not So Much the Cause—Want of Trade or Profession the Principal Reason for Crime — Extracts From the Report of the Inspector.

The report of the Minister of Justice for the Dominion for the year ending June, 1896, has been issued, and is not pleasant reading for those who think crime is upon the decrease in the Dominion. The following was the total penitentiary population on July 1, 1895, and July 1, 1896:—

	1895	1896
Kingston	520	605
St. Vincient de Paul	396	333
Dorchester	167	192
Manitoba	96	80
British Columbia	98	101
	1,277	1,361

The increase during the year is equal to 6 -12 per cent. and in the past two years has been more than 10 per cent. Only one successful escape occurred during the year. The record of pardons during the past three years was:—49 in 1893-4, 73 in 1894-5, and 52 in 1895-6. By Provinces the numbers were:—

	No.	No. to each 10,000 of Population.
Ontario	577	2.7
Quebec	403	2.7
Nova Scotia	111	2.5
New Brunswick	067	2.1
Prince Edward Island	21	1.9
Manitoba	46	3.0
British Columbia	113	11.5
Northwest Territories	24	3.6
Total for all Canada	1,361	2.8

Fifty per cent. of the sentences are for terms of less than five years. Life sentences constitute 4 per cent. Of the total number of prisoners 126 were under twenty years, 625 between twenty and thirty, 348 between thirty and forty, 161 between forty and fifty, 81 between fifty and sixty, and 20 over sixty. The number and proportion of convicts of the various large religious denominations are:—

Denomination.	No.	Per cent.
Roman Catholics	343	47.25
Church of England	288	21.17
Methodists	200	14.63
Presbyterians	112	8.23
Baptists	73	5.30
Buddhists	14	1.03

Of the total number of convicts 937 are natives of Canada, 136 of the United States, 132 of England, 57 of Ireland and 34 of Scotland.

IGNORANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance does not seem to be so common a failing of the professional criminals, who constitute the bulk of the penitentiary population, as of some other classes of prisoners. There are 122 total abstainers, 706 temperate persons, and 533 intemperate in the penitentiaries. The lack of education is not so great either as might be anticipated. Although many of the convicts are colored, Indian or Chinese, only 235 of them cannot read, while 1,046 can both read and write. The inspector, Mr. Douglas Stewart, reports that:—"An examination of the list of offences shows that about 20 per cent. of the offences were against the person, 70 per cent. against property, and 10 per cent. against the public generally. About one-third of the total number is for larency. Prisoners guilty of murder or of manslaughter constitute about 5 per cent. A striking feature of the returns in this regard is the undue proportion of those who have not had the advantage of a training in any or profession, and who consequently have been seriously handicapped in the race for existence. Common laborers constitute about 4 per cent. of the population of the country, but embrace 30 per cent. of our convict population. Practical farmers and skilled mechanics constitute a very small percentage." As to the cost of the prisons, Mr. Stewart says:—"In drawing comparisions of cost with other institutions it is necessary to take into account the different methods of treatment adopted. In many of the prisons with which from time to time comparisons have been made it awill be found that expenditure has been curtailed at the expense of humanity and morality. When the civilization of Canada shall have so far retrograded as to permit a restriction of prison diet to 'mush and bullshead broth' in order to save the cost of rations, a number of convicts to occupy the same cell in order to economize expenditure for buildings and working expense, the adoption of the 'chain gang' system to save cost of surveillance, or allow our convicts to be 'farmed out' to contractors, where they would be liable to the abuses which characterized African slavery, there will then be little difficulty in meeting the comparisons which are occasionally drawn." The net actual cost of the penitentiaries was $292,286 in 1895-6, as compared with $44,559 in 1894-5. The cost per capita was reduced from $269 82 to $222 44.

A God-Sent Blessing.

Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel, and he lives to-day to tell it to others, hear him: "I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in left side and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of 30 minutes. Several bottles cured me."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A WESTMINSTER CHRISTENING.

The youngest daughter of Beerbohm Tree was christened recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by Canon Eyton. Her godmother is the Duchess of Portland and her two godfathers are Lord Granby and Lord Rowton.