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 housekeeper. Their child, Dorcas, becomes his boon companion and grows up in ignorance of her mother's history.

CHAPTER XVI.

He suddenly put her hand away from him before he began to speak again. He put his own hand up to his forehead, and leant upon it, and spoke so, without looking at her.

"I know you were never told that your mother was a poor girl before I married her," he began. "Perhaps it would have been better if you had known it— I think it would have been better; but we made a mistake, I suppose. I will tell you how it happened. Your mother came first to this house when she was almost a child—when she was only fifteen; she had been left an orphan, and she was far from strong, and by my leave Mrs. Markham brought her here that she might have a home and be of what use in the house she could Mrs. Markham was my housekeeper then. From the first—from my first acquaintance with her, I mean—your mother had tastes above her class. She was fond of reading, and after a time the idea was started that she should qualify herself to become a school teacher, and for a year or so—I forgot for how long—she studied with a view to that. This was when she was about seventeen."

Mr. Trelawney paused here for a few moments. The part of his story that had to come next was the part that was the hardest to tell.

"I never had a thought of marrying her, Dorcas!" he went on after that silence, abruptly, and almost passionately. "How it came about was by no fault either of hers or mine. It all came out of that miserable village gossip. I had taken an interest in her, and they began to blame her for it—and I could not let her suffer. That was whole, Dorcas. I could only keep them from speaking ill of her by making her my wife. She was not to blame, nor was Mrs. Markham to blame. I acted against Mrs. Markham's advice. No purer-minded or more innocent-hearted woman than your mother ever lived. I have no right —I have no right even now (when it is a terrible thing to me to have to sit here and try to justify myself to you) to utter one regret for the step that I thought myself obliged to take. Poor as she was, and uneducated as she is, in all the years that we have lived together I have never had one moment's true cause to be ashamed of her. Nor have you, Dorcas—nor have you!" he added almost fiercely;and then suddenly closed his lips.

The silence lasted for a little while, and then it was broken suddenly by the girl's low voice.

"Papa!" she said beseechingly.

The little hand of its own accord had stolen again to his; all at once, with a tremor and a sob, she laid her cheek down on his shoulder.

"Papa, forgive me! I will never mind it any more," she began to say. "Oh, I might have known — I might have known you would never do anything but what was right! It was only that I could not see it — I could not understand it; that was all. Oh, you were good and right; you were my own father!—you could not have done anything else," she cried, and thrilled and sobbed in her sudden revulsion of feeling, and kissed his lips, his cheeks, his hands, in a generous passion of remorse.

He drew her to him and returned her kisses, and blessed her. What would his life have been worth if this girl had turned her heart away from him?

And, meantime, while they were so happy with one another, Letty was sitting by herself, anxious and expectant; but I am afraid for a good while they neither of them thought of that, and even when Mr. Trelawney remembered it at last, and told the girl to go to her mother, Dorcas lingered, and did not want to go.

"Need I say anything to mamma?" she asked, reluctantly. "Oh, surely I need not. I don't know what to say." And it was only when he pressed her that she obeyed him.

"It would not do to say nothing to her. She has been very unhappy about you," he told her. And so then, at last—but still unwillingly—she went.

She found her mother sitting at her work. It had got dark, and Letty had lighted her candles. She looked up when Dorcas came into the room with eyes wpose long waiting had made rather hopeless and weary, and only smiled a little faintly when the girl came to her side and kissed her cheek.

"Mother, I have been very cross this week, and—I have been vexing you, I know," Dorcas said, rather suddenly and quickly. "I have been very bad—but I want you to forgive me, please. I have been talking it all over with papa, and—and —he has made everything right," she ended, shortly and hastily.

She bent down over the gentle face, and kissed it again; and—what could Letty say? Perhaps as she sat alone she had been trying to rehearse some words to speak to her daughter, but they died on her lips as Dorcas made her rapid little speech, and gave her swift caress. Between these two, you see, there had always been so little confidence, and they were shy of one another. Dorcas has made it all right with her father; that, it seemed, was all she had to say to Letty, and the mother's timid heart shrank as the few cold words came.

"My dear, I thought that I should like to speak to you. I—I have been very unhappy," was all she was able to say.

"Yes, I know; but don't mind it now, mother," the girl said again, quickly. "I know it is all right, and I had no business to be troubled. I understand it all now—quite," she said, and took her mother's hand for a moment, and pressed it, and then turned away. As she went she felt that she ought to have said something more, and yet she did not know what she could have said. There was some inborn, invincible stubbornness in her; the very consciousness that she sought to have been tenderer kept her tenderness back.

She took up a book, and sat beside her mother reading it almost in silence for an hour, and then her father joined them, and they talked for a little, and presently the clock struck eleven and she went to bed. She was tired, and not quite satisfied with herself. She had been so happy for part of the evening, but the young face was rather sad now, and she sighed, she scarcely knew why, as she laid her head upon her pillow.

Sometimes, when she was half or quite asleep, it was still Letty's habit, as it had been when she was a little child, to come into Dorcas's room and look at her, and to-night she came before the girl's eyes were almost closed. She opened the door softly and came to the bedside, and stood still for a moment or two, and then went down on her knees.

"My dear, I want another kiss from you," she said, with wistful tenderness. "Oh, Dorcas," she cried suddenly, "one kind kiss to help me to go to sleep!"

She put her arms about the girl, and bent down over her, and then—though she had asked for the kiss, she did not put her lips to Dorcas's, but all at once—

"Oh! my darling, can you not forgive me?" she began to cry out bitterly. "You wouldn't speak to me down stairs—but, oh, speak to me now. Do not think I did so wrong? I was so young, Dorcas, and I didn't know—and he was all the world to me. Dorcas, I didn't know!" she repeated piteously. "When I found out that I had done harm to him it almost broke my heart. Won't you believe me, my dear? Won't you believe me, and forgive me for what I did?"

"I do believe you, mamma—of course I do believe," Dorcas cried in distress.

"It is such a long time ago, and I have suffered so. I would have died for him, you know, and instead of that I did harm to him, and when it was once done I could never undo it. I used to wish that I could die, Dorcas: that would have been the only thing—but I couldn't die. And then you came, my dear—and, oh, Dorcas, from the time you were a little baby in my arms I have been thinking of this day, and of how they would tell you what I had been—and you would be ashamed."

"Mother, I am not ashamed!" the girl cried in great agitation.

She raised herself in bed, and put her arms about poor Letty's neck. It was not love for her that she felt like the love she had for her father, but a great wave of remorse and tenderness and pity had risen in her heart, and overwhelmed and conquered her.

"Mother, I have been very hard to you. Forgive me for it. I will never be ashamed of you—I will never be ashamed of you!" she began to murmur, and kissed the poor weary face with many a kiss. "You have been the kindnest mother to me — the kindest, gentlest mother," she said; and then her voice broke, and she began to sob.

The hour began in pain, and yet it was a blessed hour to Letty, as she sat, after a little while, by Dorcas's side, holding her hand in hers. They talked a little more; in the quiet and the darkness Letty found courage to say some things that had been for a long time in her heart. She told the girl, who had hitherto known or guessed so little, something of what her life had been—of its brief joy and its long sadness—of its hopes that had died in disappointment.

More than once Dorcas drew down her mother's face to hers; she was touched unspeakably as she listened to her gentle, uncomplaining words. How little had she ever deserved this patient devotion! How little had she ever returned or cared for it! She said a few words, but there were stronger words in her heart than any that she spoke.

So it turned out in the end that, instead of evil, it was only good that came of this discovery which Dorcas had made, and that these two were drawn closer together by the thing that Letty had feared so long would separate them. Nay, were they not even all three drawn more together? Mr. Trelawney, too, had been touched with pity for Letty; the call that had been made upon his loyalty to her had roused something more than loyalty in his breast.

On this night, after she had been with Dorcas, he spoke a few strong grateful words to her.

"I often seem to be forgetful of you, Letty—I often seem to neglect you," he said, "but, if you could see my heart, you would know that I do you justice. If you have ever thought that I regret our marriage you have been wholly wrong. I do not regret it; instead of that, I thank God for it, for never did any man in this world have a kinder, or more devoted, or more unselfish wife."

And then he took her in his arms with a close and warm embrace — need I say that she was a happy woman? It seemed to her this night that the burden of years, had fallen away from her, and left her young again.

Nor did her joy pass wholly from her even as time went on. It is true that in her husband's manner towards her there came little visible change; a few more sentences spoken to her now and then, perhaps—some trifle of additional kindness shown her occasionally—these were the only signs he gave of any increased consideration for her; but when she had the remembrance of those words of his to live on, might she not well be content? she often asked herself. They seemed such sweet and blessed words to her—guerdon and reward enough for all her years of love and service.

And was not Dorcas kinder to her? The girl was touched by remorse, and by something gentler and tenderer than remorse. Was it not indeed true that she had been ashamed of her mother, and was she not wicked because she had been ashamed? She began to approach her with a new feeling—to think of her with something kinder and better than her former careless, half condescending regard. Some of the words Letty had spoken on that night when her poor loving heart had revealed itself for a little while to her daughter, haunted the girl's thoughts afterwards, and filled her with a keen and painful pity. How little had she ever thought of her! How little had she ever understood or cared to understand her.

Perhaps during the next year Dorcas became a little more grave and thoughtful and reserved than she had been before; she drew a little more within herself; she was not quite so happy as she had been; the innocent girlish eyes had been opened to something that they had not known before. She grew a little proud, a little shy; the old frank manner changed a good deal for a time. Had she not eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and found it bitter in her mouth? She shrank for a while from her old friends; she became suspicious, and thought that they looked down on her. She had to bear her little wound, and smart under it, before any wholesome healing came.

But, if she suffered for a time, she was too young and healthy to suffer long. The truth was so—as she had learnt it; yet all the same did not the sun still shine above her head as it had done six months ago, and the breezes blow so softly on her? The young life stirred in her too joyously and strongly for any merely sentimental trouble to curb it long. The world, to her, had seemed her enemy for a little while, and she had been ready to ride full tilt against it, lance in hand; but now, if she did not quite throw her lance aside, at least she laid it in rest; she unbuckled her armor; she gradually began to cease to see imaginary foes.

She was a creature so much more made for happiness than for warfare that, gradually and inevitably, her nature in time righted itself again.

(To be Continued.)

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

SEEING THE BENEFIT.

How Merchants May Obtain the Confidence of the Public.

Good advertising will benefit any legitimate business, but it is necessary that the goods should be right and the advertisements be of the right character to get the confidence of the buying public and to insure good results to the business man. The small or run-down business is easiest benefited by good advertisements. There is a larger field on which to work, a greater chance of reaching those who are not or have not been interested in the store in question. A good advertisement calls attention to the weak and struggling business. The ready response of a few buyers will be immediately felt. The results will soon be seen on the whole business. After the volume of business has grown somewhat the same two advertisements need not be expected to produce as large results in proportion. The larger the business the less would be the proportionate increase in the business because of that advertisement. The large store, where business has been booming for some time might have an increase of a few customers and would not feel it at all. The large volume would make it difficult to get the same proportion of gain. But the advertising is just as necessary to keep up the business as it was to build the business originally. The man who has reached the top of the ladder of possibilities is just as dependent on the ladder to keep him there as when he was climbing, and if he grows heavier all the time it is necessary to see that his ladder is strengthened. A child can live on a very small amount of food, but the future of that child depends on the wholesomeness of what is eaten. As the child grows larger a greater amount of food is necessary. At the fullness of growth food is still necessary to keep the individual well and strong. It is so with advertising. After the business has reached a certain point of development it may not grow more, but it requires continued advertising to keep the business as strong as it has been.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

The Best Medicine in the World for Children of All Ages.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages from the tiniest, weakest baby to the well grown child, and are a certain cure for indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other minor ailments of children. There is no other medicine acts so speedily, so safely and so surely and they contain not one particle of the opiates found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. Mrs. R. M. Ness, Barrie, Ont., says :—"I first began using Baby's Own Tablets when my baby was teething. He was feverish, sleepless and very cross, and suffered from indigestion. After using the Tablets he began to get better almost at once, and slept better and was no longer cross. I think the Tablets a fine medicine for children and keep them on hand all the time." The Tablets are readily taken by all children, and crushed to a powder can be given to the very youngest baby with a certainty of benefit. Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Obstinate Case of Itching Eczema

Leg and Foot a Mass of Sores that Doctors Could Not Heal---A Thorough and Lasting Cure by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This letter from Tilsonburg, Ont., is an unsolicited testimonial to the extraordinary healing powers of Dr. Chase's Ointment. This is one more example of how this great ointment cures when all other means have failed. There is something almost magical about the way the preparation heals and cures. People who have not used it can scarcely understand how it can be so effective.

Mr. W. D. Johnson, Tilsonburg, Ont., writes :—"My father has been entirely cured of a long-standing and obstinate case of eczema by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. His leg and foot were a mass of sores, and he suffered something terrible from the stinging and itching. Though he used a great many remedies and was treated by one of the best doctors here, he could get no permanent relief until he began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"This preparation was so cooling and soothing that the very first application brought relief, and it was not long until the leg and foot were perfectly healed and cured. It is a pleasure for him to recommend this ointment because of the great benefit he derived from it, and he will gladly answer any questions from other sufferers."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful in a score of ways. For every irritation or eruption of the skin it affords prompt relief. It heals and soothes wounds, scalds and burns, and has never been equalled as a cure for eczema, salt rheum, tetter and scald head. Sixty cents a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NATURE'S BLESSING

IS FOUND IN HEALTH, STRENGTH AND FREEDOM FROM PAIN.

This Gift is Meant for All—On It the Happiness and Usefulness of Life Depend—Without it Life is an Existence Hard to Endure.

Health is nature's choicest gift to man and should be carefully guarded. Ill health is a sure sign that the blood is either insufficient, watery or impure, for most of the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable to this cause. Every organ of the body requires rich, red blood to enable it to properly perform its life-sustaining functions, and at the first intimation that nature gives that all is not well, the blood should be cared for. Purgative medicines will not do this—it is a tonic that is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been proved, the world over, to surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening, and health-renewing qualities. From one end of the land to the other will be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that they owe their good health to this great medicine. Among these is Mr. Elzear Robidoux, a prominent young man living at St. Jerome, Que. He says :—"For some years I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. My appetite became irregular and everything I ate felt like a weight on my stomach. I tried several remedies and was under the care of doctors but to no avail and I grew worse as time went on. I became very weak, grew thin, suffered much from pains in my stomach and was frequently seized with dizziness. One day a friend told me of the case of a young girl who had suffered greatly from this trouble, but who, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had fully regained her health and strength, and strongly advised me to try these pills. I was so eager to find a cure that I acted on his advice and procured a supply. From the very first my condition improved and after using the pills for a couple of months I was fully restored to health, after having been a constant sufferer for four years. It is now over a year since I used the pills and in that time I have enjoyed the best of health. This I owe to that greatest of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall always have a good word to say on their behalf."

Through their action on the blood and nerves, these pills cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. 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 post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SEEN IN ST. PIERRE.

Impressions of a Visitor Before the Recent Cataclysm.

"St. Pierre was one of the most picturesque little cities in the world. I spent a few hours there once and shall never forget the gay appearance it presented," says Capt. John A. Hassell. "The women of St. Pierre dressed more gayly than in any other part of the world I ever visited. They wore many colors and, strangely enough, combined them quite harmoniously.

"There was practically no harbor at St. Pierre, and the ships anchored a short distance out at sea. As soon as our vessel came within hailing distance of St. Pierre a number of small boats set out from shore. They were filled with women dressed in gaudy colors and carrying fruits, which they offered to the passengers. I remember that many of the women had cocoanuts from which the ends had been removed. Part of the milk had been poured from the fruit and replaced by rum. Cocoanuts prepared in that way are quite delicious and in great demand with travellers.

"Few of the people of St. Pierre were pure black. The negroes who were originally in the island, the Malays who were brought there to serve as slaves, and the French and other white people who located there intermarried so freely that most of the inhabitants showed only a trace of the negro blood. The women were quite dark, but had good features, and many of them were quite handsome. Their clothing was very unusual. On their heads they wore scarfs of bright colors and their gowns were very fantastic. All through the city there seemed to be an air of gayety and abandon.

"St. Pierre was located in a small indenture in the shore line and its houses were queer affairs which seemed like a lot of fancy blocks piled up against the side of the mountain. Many of the houses were whitewashed or painted some very light color. They were all short buildings of quaint French architecture. Nobody worked in St. Pierre any more than was necessary. There were music and dancing everywhere and the immorality of the city will probably lead many people to suggest that judgment has been brought down upon the ill-fated city."

102,000 Europeans farm 1,500,000 acres of Algiers.