

him curiously. "You can examine him yourself."
"I decline. I refuse to do anything of the sort," replies Mark, furiously. "Order him from the room; that is your business."
"Please, Sir Rupert," says the man very respectfully, "I'll go, if so be as you wish it, but—"
"No, stay," says Miss Hastings quickly. "The sooner this affair is cleared up the better. Sir Rupert, ask him what he means about that closet."
"Why, this, miss," says the man. "I happened to be in the next room, the one of Sir Rupert's, when I heard a step, an 'snowin' the master to be out, I just looked through the top glass of the door leadin' into the room I was in an' I see Mr. Walton there, with a not too friendly glance at Mark now, 'takin' up Sir Rupert's evenin' breeches, axin' yer pardning, miss, and carryin' 'em off to the closet. I heard, too the closin' of the big oak trunk inside of that closet, an' when I come home an' Gregory, the butler, miss, told me of the awful nuth there was last night through Sir Rupert's no bein' able to dress himself an' go to that ball I remembered me about all I'd seen through them panes an' I told him about Mr. Walton takin' the trousers an'—"
"You lie; follow!" cries Mark, quivering with rage. "Rupert—Miss Hastings, will you stand by and—"
"Did Gregory find the trousers in that box?" asks Sir Rupert of the astonished George.
"Why, yes, sir. I'm sorry if—"
"That will do. Go!" says Rupert, and the man obeys him.
There is silence for a moment then.
"Was that what you meant when you said you would by foul means or fair prevent me from proposing to Miss Hastings?" asks Sir Rupert with such concentrated scorn in his cold voice as makes his cousin quail.
"That was foul indeed!"
"Gwendoline, you at least will believe in me. I have your word that you will marry me. You will not prove false to that! You will not give ear to these vile calumnies!"
Falsity itself rings through the violent asseverance of his tone.
"What of the colummies you uttered last night?" says she, trembling but full of courage. "Knowing what you did how did you dare describe your cousin to me as calmly sleeping by the fire forgetful of all things, when—"
"You refuse me a hearing then. You, too believe me guilty of this thing," says Mark rising, his voice hoarse, his eyes magnificant.
"I believe Sir Rupert would have been at Lady Daintree's last night had it not been made impossible to him."
"Ah! ah," cries Mark wildly, losing now all control over himself. "You would believe anything because you are infatuated about him. You are as vulgarly in love with him as any Phyllis with her Corydon."
"Silence, sir!" cries Sir Rupert.
"I will not be silent," furiously, "and as the end has come learn then that I did do my best to prevent your appearance at the ball last night. That fellow's story—curse him—was all true! But you," turning to Gwendoline, who has shrunk back and would have fallen except for Sir Rupert's protecting arm, "You will rue this day. If you think he can love you as I do you will make a mistake. Marry him—marry him—and repent at leisure. The more leisure for repentance the more I shall be pleased."
He walks out of the room.
Sir Rupert still holds Gwendoline close to his heart. Indeed she had been on the point of fainting.
"Oh, is he gone?" says she bursting into tears.
"Yes, forever, I hope, so far as we are concerned. And now Gwendoline, I will risk no further chances. Tell me, tell me that I may hope."
"Oh, you know it!" said she sobbing, with her face against his breast. "Only how can you bear to look at me again after all I said to you?"
"There is only one thing I can remember," says he holding her close to him. "It was that—about your being an heiress." He draws his breath quickly, in a hurt sort of way.
"Ah! He said that among other dreadful accusations," cries she. "I can't recall the others; they don't seem to matter now. But that cut me to the heart. You will not forgive it, Rupert, ever, I know you won't. You," tightening her arms about him and holding him with all her might, "you had better go away at once and forget me."
"That's easier said than done," says Sir Rupert laughing, though rather unsteadily. "If I went to the ends of the world do you think I should forget you? No!"
"Are you sure?" whispers she.
"Quite sure. And you, Gwendoline? You love me? You will marry me?"
"Some day," softly.
"That sounds terribly far off. I may tell my mother we are engaged, however?"
"Oh no, not yet. I should be ashamed. Just think," nervously, "to-day to be engaged to your cousin, to-morrow to you; it sounds so horrid."
"It is even worse than that," says he, laughing. "I am afraid it has all occurred in one day! Never mind, if you like to wait a week or so, why we shall have our secret all to ourselves and that will make it even sweeter. But it mustn't be more than a week's secrecy, darling, because autumn is the nicest time for going abroad. Early autumn. You like Switzerland in September, don't you?"
"Yes, very much," replies Miss Hastings neckly and with a soft blush.

It Looks Easy.

"I never tried but once to step off a moving street car," said a Detroit lady in conversation with a friend.
"Did you get a fall?"
"No. I had heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it."
"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"
"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the sidewalk I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim: 'It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested.' I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a street car in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

When and Whom to Marry.

Whom to marry and when to marry are grave questions that confront many people who have not yet come to feel that marriage is a lottery.
Hence arise questions like the following:
1. How can I tell when I love?
2. Can I afford to marry, if poor?
3. What sort of a person will I be happy with?
4. Will I always be loved?
5. Will I always love?
6. Will I ever see somebody whom I will love more?
7. Shall I marry young or shall I wait until I am mature?
8. Should a man marry a widow?
9. Should a girl marry a widower?
10. Is it always well to marry if one loves?
11. Is there love at first sight?
12. What is love at first sight?

And many others.
Ye who are married can best answer many of these questions. Only one who has made experiments in marriage in all its phases could singly answer all of them. And not unlikely the result of such experiment would prove anything but edifying.
I am, therefore prepared only to give the result of my own venture in the matrimonial boat as a partial guide, completing the latter by giving the results of other men's and women's ventures or marriages.

Probably the first approach of that tender feeling known as love is felt when at school a red cheek seems to the average boy lovely as a peach, and he respects the possessor for her gift. Maybe a big blue eye strikes him as prettier than any he has seen in the picture book mother bought him for a Christmas present, and he wishes that he might have this living picture book near by to look at when he chooses.

Now, she with the red cheek or she with the big blue eye may see across the aisle in the little school-room a bright little fellow whose clothes fit as nicely and look as pretty as those on the doll she takes delight in fondling at home.

For a doll is the first object outside the immediate household for which your little daughter shows any liking. The doll is her beau ideal. To win her favor one must conform to that model.

Its shape, the color of its hair and eyes, its clothing speak to her in language mystic and full of meaning. To her it is the symbol of mother's care, first love, wifely devotion and perhaps the incentive of those sweet flatteries that in after years may turn some poor fellow's head.

The influence of the doll is never lost; it survives through life. Behind it is all the desire of possessing something to respond to the feelings, and rather than not have anything we too frequently take what does not satisfy our desires.

And as our impressions of what we need are true or false, so will possession bring joy or sorrow, and when the question comes to us, whom and when shall we marry? We should inquire into our needs and ascertain just what sort of a partner will supply our needs.

The question should never resolve itself into whether blonde should marry blonde, whether brunette should marry brunette, or whether partners should be of different complexions. An investigation on the complexion hypothesis might prove entertaining, but would, I fear, bring us back to where we started.

But to my answers:

1. You are in love when you absolutely need the object of your affection.
2. A poor person can afford to marry if marriage will increase the possibilities of escape from poverty.
3. You will be happy with one whose tastes, education and moral views are similar to your own.
4. You always will be loved if you observe the above rules and do not lose sight of the fact that
5. You always will love if you realize that obedience to duty is the only medicine for conscience, and that perfect happiness in this world at least is but a shadow of a dream.
6. You will see somebody whom you will love more when your sense of duty becomes blunted, which will only happen in case you have not observed the first rule laid down.
7. Marry young if your nature has developed fully; if not, wait until your nature has developed. Rather than marry when undeveloped never marry at all.
8. Marry a widow according to rules laid down previously.
9. Same as number 8.
10. Always marry if you truly love, but do not confound fancy and infatuation with the noble passion.
- 11 and 12. There is love at first sight, but it is simply a quick and mutual apprehension of similarity in tastes, education and moral views.

Hard on the Clerks.

There is consternation among the clerks of the Provincial Bank of Ireland whose directors have decreed that none of their clerks is to marry until his salary reaches £150 a year. This edict would not be considered so tyrannical were it not for the fact that the possible maximum of a bank clerk's salary is only £120 in most cases, so that the new rule may be regarded as one to enforce celibacy. But if the new rule is to be continued, the clerks argue, it will surely be unjust to oblige them to each contribute £4 per year to the "widows' fund," besides the special payments exacted from benefactors who marry when they have attained 40 years of age. Those who are to have no wives cannot well leave widows, and it is hard for those condemned to lives of celibacy to be taxed for the benefit of other men's widows. It may be presumed that the harshness of the rule is not perceived by the directors who daily come in contact with a whole army of men that pass their lives in single blessedness (?) and make no complaint about the matter. The directors ought to consider, however, that the attitude of the will in relation to any condition is everything in making that condition tolerable or otherwise. In the case of the celibate ecclesiastics their lot is one of choice, and is influenced by religious considerations. In the case of the bank clerks it is a condition forced upon them and from which, no doubt, the great body of them would gladly escape. It is doubtful whether such a tyrannical rule can be applied. The directors seem to be ignorant of the proverb "wide will wear, but tight will tear."

Novel Advertising.

The competition among traders, manufacturers, etc., has in these last days led to an unprecedented effort to attract the attention of the public to their wares. This is an age of advertising, and many and ingenious are the methods pursued. For the business man who ignores this fact there is only one end, and that is failure. Even the steady-going German recognizes the advantage and necessity of letting the world know what one has in the way of provision to supply the world's wants; and has conceived the novel idea of advertising the productions of the Fatherland by sending out floating bazaars to visit all the principal ports of the world. A London correspondent writes:

A German steamer which is intended to make the round of the ports of the world, carrying a floating bazaar as a cargo, is now being loaded at Hamburg, and the originators of the idea hope that she will sail before the end of June. Stalls are to be erected on the decks, and German goods will be displayed to all advantage. There will be curiosities and side shows, refreshments peculiar to the German nation and music by the fatherland's composers given by faultless Teutonic bands. A small army of commercial travellers will invite largely all possible customers at every port of call. There was an idea of having young ladies to preside over some of the stalls, but it did not commend itself to favor, some of the older heads thinking the dancels might part with their own sensitive hearts as well as with their goods and quit the ship altogether. Each voyage is to last two years and the first stoppage will probably be New York. The great ship and her cargo have cost a quarter of a million pounds.

"Death is Swallowed up in Victory."

Slow beats the pulse in yonder wasted form; It soon must yield as sweeps the final storm; No power can save— But His who gave, While slugs drag the crimson current warm The eager eyes of fond ones look through mist; Their eyes attend for faintest word still list; But in that room, Oppressed with gloom, All signs to cheer the darkness love resist. An earnest watcher murmurs "Death is near," As Faith dependent yields itself to Fear; When lo! a strain Makes weeping vain—"I go from death to life," with joy they hear.

There was shipped to the Globe Printing Co., of Toronto, last week, by the Waterous Engine Works Co., of Brantford, a steel boiler 66" in diameter, 14 feet long. The bottom of the boiler was made of one steel plate 14 feet long x 7 feet wide, and the top of two plates only. This is probably the first boiler in Canada made with the bottom of but one sheet, and marks a new departure in the manufacture of return tubular boilers. Users of steam are finding out that it is a great advantage to have no seams or joints over the fire, and the demand is steadily growing for boilers made with but one sheet on the bottom. The Waterous Company are to be congratulated on the advance they have made in this direction, and no doubt it will lead to a very large business to them in their boiler department. We might mention that this department is one of the best equipped in Canada, having all the latest improvements for boiler makers, and the capacity for turning out the heaviest work. They are just finishing six boilers 60" in diameter, 16 ft. long for the North Pacific Lumber Co., each of which is made of but two sheets. Also two 66x14 boilers for the British American Starch Co., of Brantford. Any person requiring boiler work will do well to consult them.

The latest fancy in necklaces is a cord of white silk having a shile of diamonds and ends studded with the same sparkling jewels.

All Men

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