

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....
THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm tired of it all; I think I shall settle down and marry Kitty," says Sir John, his voice coming lazily through the small silvery cloud of smoke that curls upwards from his lips.

"The idea is charming," replies his cousin, with a half-smile: "so is your modesty. But Miss Kitty—are you quite sure she will accept you?"

"One is never quite sure of anything, dear boy, in these degenerate days, but as nearly as possible I think I am sure of Kitty. She is not the sort to play fast and loose with any man. She is very honest and very real, and—er—quite different from the usual run of women," winds up Sir John pleasantly, unaware that his remark is paltry, inasmuch as all men say this—and think it—of the women they chance at the moment to love.

"Yes, the others are a poor lot," says Arthur, faint amusement in his tone. "And you believe Miss Tremaine likes you?"

"I think so. I hope so. And at all events I am utterly positive I like her, and—that's all," finishes Sir John, rather abruptly, the ash of his cigar having grown beyond all bearing. He shakes it off gently, and leaning back in his chair, awaits his cousin's answer.

"I thought you were equally positive about Miss Lisle, the year before last,—Mrs. Charteris, I mean."

"Was I?" Laughing slightly, "I hardly remember. My memory was never my strong point."

"If I were in love with a woman I don't think I should get over it so easily," says Arthur, meditatively.

"But was I in love with Fancy Charteris? I almost forget. No, I think not,—not really."

"You were terribly epris, at all events."

"Not even that. I confess I rather affected her society, because she was the most affording person I knew; but no more. For instance, I don't recollect the time I ever envied that elderly gentleman she called 'Robert.'"

"Charteris, you mean. For my own part, I always liked what I knew of him,—which was very little."

"So did I, for that matter. He was what one would call sterling, I dare say; but—"

"Yes?"

"There was a good deal of him, wasn't there?" says Sir John plaintively. "He was all over the place. I never met so aggressively thriving a person, except, perhaps, in the matter of hair; and he was bald! Even there, you see, he excelled, because he was the baldest man I ever saw,—not a single hair on his head, I give you my word! And then I can't forget the buttons! Of course a fellow must make a fortune if he hasn't one; but surely there is something wrong about buttons. I don't think I ever quite got over it."

"I rather admire self-made men," says Arthur, with an attempt at severity. "There is a truer nobility in talent than in mere birth,—which, after all, is but an accident."

"I entirely agree with you. That's quite the sort of thing a man ought to say who is well-born himself. So liberal, you know, and that. But frankly, now, was there true nobility in Charteris's nose? And though his fortune was, surely there was no necessity why his clothes should look self-made. And why on earth couldn't he try Mrs. Allen, or somebody, and cover his head? I never could imagine what Fancy saw in him."

"His money, I suppose," says Arthur, contemptuously.

Sir John regards him reflectively. He seldom troubles himself to think just now it does occur to him that his cousin's tone is unpleasant.

"What did Mrs. Charteris do to you?" he asks, presently.

Blunden smiles.

"You think me severe," he says; "but the fact is, I never saw Mrs.

Charteris, and only knew her husband very slightly before his marriage. So I am not speaking through personal pique; but, from all I have ever heard of her, I should not imagine her a very estimable character. Fast, wasn't she? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," says Sir John. "People always say that of a woman if she happens to be pretty and good-humored and run after by men. One has to squint nowadays and wear red hair, and sit in a corner, if one wants to escape calumny. I always thought her charming. You knew the Lisles; how did you escape meeting Fancy?"

"Being abroad so much, I suppose. I really think I haven't been through a regular London season for seven years."

"And now you are going away again. You don't let us see too much of you, old boy, do you?"

"I am a restless beggar," says Arthur, flinging away the end of his cigar and stretching his arms above his head. "I can't content myself for long anywhere. But I sha'n't give you the chance of forgetting me this time. Let me see: this is August, and I dare say I shall be back here again about the beginning of May. By the bye, if it does come off, shall I be in time for your wedding?"

"I hardly think so. If Kitty says 'Yes' I shall marry straight away. We have known each other quite long enough for that, you know."

"Three months, is it not?"

"An eternity, as we judge now."

"Look here, Jack," says Arthur Blunden, somewhat earnestly. "Before proposing to Miss Tremaine I would see Mrs. Charteris again if I were you. You used to talk a good deal of her in the old days, I remember; and you were considerably cut up when she married Charteris; and—I always thought there was something in it. I cannot altogether divest myself of that idea even now; and I certainly think it will be awkward if, when you meet her later on, you still find you feel sentimentally disposed towards her. She is a widow now, you told me. Take my advice and try it all over again with her first before saying anything serious to Kitty Tremaine."

"I had no idea you were such a careful man," returns Sir John, with an amused laugh. "And what an objectionable 'agin'! I don't believe

John, thus accosted, gets up, also, and joins him at the window.

Standing thus side by side with their backs to the room and only part of their faces to be seen, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful similarity between the two men. There is in each the same tall, straight figure, the chestnut hair, warm and rich in tint, the same beautifully turned cheek and chin, destitute of beard, and, from where they stand, just a suspicion of the long, drooping moustache.

"It is Brandy Tremaine, is it not?" Sir John says, after short scrutiny.

"Let us come out to meet him."

"Her brother!" returns Arthur, with a little shrug. "Oh, by all means. Let us pay him every attention in our power."

Sir John laughs and as they both turn to move towards the door there comes an opportunity to mark the great difference between them. About Arthur's mouth there is a superciliousness, and in his blue eyes an expression keen and penetrating, quite foreign to Sir John's whose mouth is always more prone to laughter than to contempt, and whose eyes rarely ever trouble themselves to look beyond the surface.

"To be Continued."

THE SPRING FEELING.

VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER DISASTROUS TO WEAK PEOPLE.

Even Usually Robust People Feel Run Down and Out of Sorts at This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are the Very Best Spring Tonic.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood, strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is a strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

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

was no child of mine. No tears, no entreaties could change my stubborn will—the worm was cankering in my heart, and I resolved to kill the gentle offspring. My heart was kindly moved for once, for I resolved that my wife should not know of her infant's fate, so I stole away by night and carried it to the river bank. The moon shone down brightly upon the face of the child as it snuggled to my bosom, and once it smiled upon me.

"The smile of innocence! At once the nobler thought came to me, that however my wife might have been, that gentle being was not guilty! Then I resolved that I would not kill it, but that I would give it a chance for life. I went back to the city and had a strong box made, and so arranged that the infant might live within it for some time; and thus I took the child to the seashore and cast her upon the waters. I then wished never to see her again, but yet I secretly prayed that some kind hand might save her and rear her up.

"I returned to my home sad and morose. My wife asked for her child, and then I told her what I had done. She did not rave, she did not upbraid me, nor yet did she blame me for what I had done; but she sank, body and soul, into the dark gulf of deep despair! Gradually I became aware of my wife's innocence, and I knew that it was my own child I had consigned to the sea! Another child was born to me—the gentle Esther, but even that could not make me happy; but I grew more morose and more miserable; and at length, to cap the climax of my folly, quarrelled with my brother, Gio Balbec. Our dissensions ran so high that he resolved to banish himself from the country; and, as I have since learned from his own lips, he came to Tyre. He sought first the high priest of Hercules, with whom he made a compact; such a one as I cannot explain but yet the purpose of it I know. Gio Balbec was to let himself to Strato—your father, sire—and when the priest died he was to follow to the office. Both my brother and myself possessed strong ventriloquial powers, and whether that peculiar deception of voice served him in the temple you must judge for yourselves; I know I once deceived the king by my own powers, and he thought the oracle had spoken.

"Balbec became the priest of Hercules long before he threw off his laborer's dress, and still he worked at the forge for his master and at stated seasons he would repair to the temple and assume the priestly disguise. With me time sped on, but it brought me no joy. The dart of sorrow was firmly fixed in my heart, and the last smile that I saw by the soft moonlight upon my infant's face haunted me by day and by night. At length I heard from my brother and

he sent me the startling intelligence that from the lips of a dying man he had learned the fact that, years before, a box, such as I set adrift, was picked up by a citizen of Tyre. At once I arranged my affairs and came to this city, determined not to return till I had found my child. For the first time in long years a smile came to the face of my wife, and beneath the influence of that bright beam my whole soul was changed to a sea of swelling hope.

"I came to Tyre. My brother still resembled me so nearly that nona could tell us one from the other, and seizing upon that circumstance I made my way for immediate settlement in this city. Balbec had just left your father's service, and assuming his humble armorer's dress I took his place at the forge, while he devoted all his time at the temple. Knowing the quick wit of Esther, I brought her with me, and during the last year I have worked at the humble calling I have assumed, and at the same time diligently prosecuted my search. I soon saw that Tyre was badly governed, that foul sores were festering upon her social constitution, and that wickedness was stalking abroad on all hands. You may wonder that I, who had been guilty of the crime for which I suffered should have looked upon the sins of others, but you must remember that the fault of mine was the result of a madness, and that all manners of suffering had been mine in expiation.

"At length, so vividly came the picture of Tyrian suffering to my mind, I resolved that if I found my lost child she should be queen of Tyre. Then, oh happy moment! I discovered her in the supposed daughter of Kison Ludim. I knew that I was not mistaken, for the same bright smile that had for so long lain upon my heart played over her features and she looked the very counterpart of the mother who bore her. I sought the priest, my brother, and told him all, and then he made the oracle speak the determination I had made, and the mysterious decree was conveyed to Mafen. That very day the king asked Ludim for Marina's hand, and he was refused. I should have then claimed my child, but I gained an inkling of a plot among the people, and I waited for the denouement, and though that procrastination came nigh proving fatal to my hopes, yet all has turned out happily, with the single exception that I have lost my brother; but the great God called him away; and I am content. At times I have worn the priestly robe and the white beard, while Gio Balbec has played the armorer, and hence you will see how easy has been the deception we have practised. The rest you know. The rising of the people has accomplished that which I intended, and the circumstance has made my daughter queen of Tyre. It was I who gave to Strato the directions concerning the looking for the rising sun, for I felt assured that when the people found that he had instructed Alzac in this particular, they would give to Strato the preference, even though he was a noble. Marina, come once more to thy father's embrace."

"And my mother?" murmured the fair girl, as she sprang to her father's bosom.

To be Continued.

ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER.

Tells How Her Baby of Eight Months Profited by Wise Treatment.

Teething time is the critical age in a child's life. Any slight disorder in the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases the peevishness of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period, and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments of childhood. Among the mothers who have proved the worth of this medicine is Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont. Her little baby girl was suffering from the combined trials of indigestion, constipation and teething, and the mother's strength was severely taxed by the continuous care the child needed. A box of Baby's Own Tablets, however, made such an improvement that Mrs. McMaster is now enthusiastic in their praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tablets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion and was very restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth seems much easier, and she rests a great deal better. These Tablets are a great help to little ones when teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure such troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper.

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

I ever tried anything with Fancy Charteris, and I know she never cared in the very least for me."

"In that case I wish you luck with Miss Tremaine," says Arthur slowly. "She is beyond doubt charming, and is almost the prettiest girl I ever saw,—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen."

"You are enthusiastic," says Sir John. "What a pity it is they cannot hear you!—They would never forget it to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty,—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetic simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you."

"Too good for me," says Mr. Blunden, carelessly. "I'm not of much account, you know; and, besides, I'm not one of your marrying fellows." With this he rises, and, going over to the window, stands there gazing out idly upon the darkening landscape,—upon the soft green lawns, and swaying beeches, and little flickering sunbeams that seem loath to die.

"Who is that coming across the grass?" he asks, presently; and Sir

The Conductor's Second Letter

Confirms His Cure of Two Years Ago, and Proves that it was Permanent—Warm Words of Praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Many readers of this paper, and especially railroaders, will remember the cure of C. P. R. Conductor Berryman, of St. Stephen, N. B. In a letter received last week the conductor states that he is real well, and that his cure, after ten years of suffering with kidney disease, is permanent, not having had a touch of his old trouble for two years.

Mr. Berryman's case was such a severe one, and his cure so remarkable, that many write to ask him about it. He never tires of recommending Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, on the contrary, is glad of an opportunity to tell fellow-sufferers how he was cured.

In his letter of April 14, 1900 in which his case is described, Conductor Berryman wrote:—

"I have been railroading for 23 years, and for ten years suffered from a severe case of kidney disease and backache, a trouble common to railroad men. It used me all up to walk, and after walking up hill I would have to lie down to get relief, my back was so bad. I could not sleep more than half the night, and then didn't seem to get any rest."

"I had used all sorts of medicines and was pretty badly discouraged when I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes of this treatment I found it was helping me, and five boxes have made a complete cure. I now rest and sleep well, my back is strong, and the old trouble has entirely disappeared. Many people to whom I have recommended these pills have been cured. Anyone wishing further particulars write me."

There is no doubting the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a thorough cure for backache, kidney disease, and liver complaint. They have a direct action on the kidneys, liver and bowels, which is bound to strengthen, invigorate, and regulate these organs. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates and Co., Toronto.