

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER III.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asks Gretchen, entering her mother's chamber, with a delicious little pink rose flush upon her cheeks, born of her swift run through the scented garden. Kitty by this time, having safely incarcerated Flora in her dressing room, has also joined her mother.

"To see poor Kenneth Dugdale," returns Mrs. Tremaine. "I actually never heard of his arrival until this afternoon. As it appears he has been in the country now a week. Such a very long time to be in ignorance; but your father is always most careless. He must have known of it, and, I suppose, forgot as usual."

"You mean Maudie Dugdale's brother?" asks Gretchen. "The poor man who broke his back out hunting, or dislocated his spine, or did something horrible? You and Kitty, I remember, used to tell me of him last year."

"He never would come here since his uncle's death, although that event made Laxton Hall his own. It seems sad that he should come here now for the first time, as master, only to die."

"He may not die for years," says Mrs. Tremaine, who is vainly struggling with a refractory bracelet. "That old man in town with the one large tooth—that wonderful surgeon, you know, Sir—Sir—what was his name, Kitty?—said he might live for a long time. (I wonder they can't make proper clasps nowadays! Thank you, dear.) But poor Kenneth was so wilful, gave himself up at once, and, because one doctor spoke unfavorably of his case, could hardly be persuaded to see another. Old Sir—Sir—told me all about it. What was his name, Kitty?"

"Sir Henry Pilaster."

"Of course; of course. Plaster they call him in town, so rude of them. He told me the poor boy was greatly changed."

"He must be," says Kitty. "I met him wherever I went the season before last, and thought him the gayest fellow possible. He was a general favorite all round, it seemed to me; and now, we hear, he is silent, morbid, melancholy."

"My dearest Gretchen," breaks in Mrs. Tremaine at this moment, "do run away and put on your things. It is quite half past three, and you know how your father hates to have the horses kept waiting."

As the carriage rolls along the dusty road, bearing Gretchen and her mother to Laxton Hall the horses fling up their heads impatiently, as though in eager search of the cool wind that comes not, and throw upwards little passionate flecks of foam, that, lighting upon their backs gleam like snowflakes against their glossy skins.

The day is merry with the voices of many birds that send their sweet hymns of praise from wood and thicket. There is no less harmonious sound to mar their melody. A sense of peace and warmth has lulled the world into a midday sleep.

Below in the bay the ocean, vast, illimitable, has also sunk to rest. Not a breath, not a murmur, comes to disturb the serenity of its repose. Only from out the great gray rock, that seem ever to keep eternal watch dash the sea-birds wildly from their hidden nests in search of water prey. Their snowy wings expanded glint and glisten beneath the sun's hot rays like silver lightning as they hover above the great deep and then drop into its bosom to disappear only to rise again.

Gretchen and her mother have reached the gates of Laxton, have entered, and are driving swiftly down the long dark avenue. On one side can be seen a small but perfect lake, on which swans float gracefully in and out between the broad green leaves of the water lilies that are hardly so fair as their own breasts. On the other side stretches a vast expanse of parks and upland, swel-

ling, waving,—one grand mass of living foliage, tender greens and tawny browns and russet reds, while through them here and there, like a faint streak of moonlight, comes a suspicion of the distant ocean.

The carriage sweeps round a softened angle and draws up before the hall door. It is opened, and a very gorgeous personage in irreproachable garments comes down the steps and tells Mrs. Tremaine that Mr. Dugdale is pretty well, and down stairs, but he is not in the habit of receiving visitors.

As he draws towards the close of this little speech, Mrs. Tremaine—who, to judge by her expression, must be utterly unaware that anyone has been speaking—takes out a card, scribbles on it a word or two, and gives it to one of her men, who gives it to the other man, who gives it to somebody else inside the hall, who vanishes, returning presently to say that Mr. Dugdale will be very pleased to see them; whereupon Mrs. Tremaine descends from her carriage and Gretchen follows her, and they rustle through halls and corridors, across a library, and past a heavy portiere, into a small room beyond, where lies the hero of the hour.

It is a charming room, not large, but comfortable. Everything is pale, or faintly tinted; there is scarcely a pronounced color anywhere, unless, perhaps, in the huge bowls of sweetly-smelling flowers that lie about in graceful disorder on all the tables. Against the walls and on the brackets quaint pieces of china frown, and simper, and courtesy, and make hideous grimaces. Upon the cabinets, and in them, old English punch-bowls push themselves officiously before the notice of dainty Chelsea maidens, and cups innocent of handles stand in rows.

Wedgewood jugs and Worcester plates, and little bits of rarest Sevres shine conspicuously everywhere. There are eight or nine fine pictures,—some by modern artists,—and a good deal of handsome carving.

The whole place seems full of sunshine as through the open windows the soft breezes creep shyly in and out. It was Maud Dugdale's room in the old man's life, before she married and went to India, and even yet the charm of her presence seems to haunt it.

The windows, made in casement fashion, are thrown wide, so that the ivy and straggling roses that

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. Get a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

cover the walls outside are peeping in, forming a bower picturesque and perfumed.

The fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten have stolen in, and are flecking all they touch with gold. Across the grass comes a tender murmuring as of doves from the wood beyond. It is one of those calm, sleepy days when "all the air a solemn stillness holds" and a sense of peace makes itself felt. The "tender grace" of the hour, the careless artistic beauty of the room and all its surroundings, touch Gretchen, though vaguely, and then her eyes wander to the couch close to the window, upon which a young man lies full length.

As her glance meets his, a great and sudden pity fills her heart. He is a very tall young man, and, though somewhat slight, is finely formed. He is fair, with that rich, nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue,—eyes that before misfortune clouded them, were friends to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy.

A Strong Statement.
When a mother puts a thing emphatically it is because she knows what she is talking about. Mrs. J. F. Harrigan, Huntingdon, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

Strong Endorsement.
Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did him as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

A Mother's Comfort.
"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a foot medicine for children of all ages," writes Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., "and I would not be without them in the house. They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Just The Thing for Baby.
Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christie Street, Ottawa, says:—"Have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing for baby."

His mouth beneath his light moustache is tender and mobile, but firm. Originally there must have been a certain amount of happy recklessness about the whole face that fascinated and contrasted pleasantly with its great gentleness. But the happiness and gaiety and laughter have disappeared, leaving only regret and passionate protest, and something that is almost despair in the blue eyes.

He flushes painfully as Mrs. Tremaine enters the room, and, closing his left hand with some nervous force upon the arm of the couch, makes the customary effort to rise. It is only a momentary effort. Almost on the instant he remembers and sinks back again passive. But the remembrance and the futile attempt are indescribably bitter.

"Dear Kenneth, I knew you would see me," says Mrs. Tremaine, quickly, with an unusual amount of kindness in her tone, going up to the couch and taking his hand in both hers.

"It is more than good of you to come to me," says Dugdale, raising himself on his elbow. "You must forgive me that I cannot rise to receive you." As he speaks he smiles but it is a smile that saddens one. Even as their voices sound in each other's ears both he and Mrs. Tremaine remember the hour when last they met. They see the brilliant ball-room, the glowing flowers, the pretty faces, and all the piquante that had courted and petted and smiled their sweetest upon poor "beauty" Dugdale.

Involuntarily Mrs. Tremaine stoops and presses her lips to his forehead. A sympathy almost motherly stirs her breast. Had he been in good health, her greeting in all probability would have been cold, but now in his affliction he seems very dear to her.

"Of course I would come to see you," she says, gently, "and I have brought Gretchen with me. I suppose you and she hardly remember each other." She moves a little to one side, and Gretchen, coming nearer, lays her hand in his.

"I recollect Mr. Dugdale," she says half to her mother, while smiling kindly upon Kenneth; "I seldom forget a face, and you are not so greatly changed. But you were only a big boy then, and I was a little child. It is very long ago."

"I don't remember you," Kenneth answers, reluctantly, shaking his head. "Your face is strange to me; and yet—how could I have forgotten it? It does not say much for my memory, does it? Is your sister quite well?"

"Kitty? Yes, thank you."

"I am so very glad you have come down," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I am sure the fresh country air will do you good."

"Will it?" says Dugdale, in a peculiar tone and with a slight contraction of the brows; then, as though ashamed of his curtness, he goes on quickly: "Perhaps so. At all events rather fancy the country just at this time, and the view from the windows here is perfect. I like this room. It is small, that is one comfort. When a fellow has knocked about a good deal in barracks he gets an affection for his walls and likes to have them near him. All the other rooms are so vast they make one almost lose sight of one's own identity. Though, perhaps,"—slowly and with a sudden accession of gloom—"there might be worse faults than that."

"There is one fault even in this your favorite room," says Gretchen, hastily, anxious to turn his thoughts from their unhappy channel.

Satisfactory Results.
Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says:—"I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

Free to Mothers Only.
To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Great Help.
"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great help for my little ones," writes Mrs. James Clark, 60 Conway Street, Montreal, "and I think so much of them that I would advise mothers to keep them in the house all the time."

An Experienced Mother.
"I am the mother of nine children," writes Mrs. John Hanlan, of Mackey's Station, Ont., "and have had occasion to use much medicine for children, and I can truthfully say I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

A Cure for Constipation.
Many little ones are troubled with constipation and it is a dangerous trouble. Mrs. John King, Sylvan Valley, Ont., says:—"My baby has been badly troubled with constipation and I have never found any medicine to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They soon put baby all right."

Surprising Results.
Mrs. William Fitzgibbon, Steenburg, Ont., says:—"My little baby, six months old, was very sick. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and was surprised to find the change they made in him in a few hours. I shall always keep the Tablets in the house after this."

"And that is?" asks he, with some animation.

"You have flowers, but no roses," says Gretchen, nodding her pretty head disdainfully at all the china bowls full of flowers that are sweet but ill-chosen; "and what is a bunch of flowers without a rose?"

"A mere mockery," replies he, catching her humor; "yes, of course you would notice that. But you must pardon my want of taste. Remember, I have no one to gather them for me."

"I shall do it at this moment. I can see some tempting ones just below me," says Gretchen, craning her neck over the balcony. "May I?"

"Oh! thank you," exclaims the young man, gratefully, a little color coming into his pale face. And then he watches her as she crosses the balcony and descends the steps, her long dove-gray skirts trailing behind her,—watches her musically as she moves with unstudied grace from tree to tree, a fairer flower herself than any she can gather,—a veritable symphony in gray,—while Mrs. Tremaine talks on, and succeeds, as she always does, in making herself intensely agreeable.

Then Gretchen returns with the roses, and, going up to him, puts them softly to his face.

"Are they not sweet?" she says; and he answers back again:—

"They are indeed," gratitude in his face and voice.

"They will die, darling. Ring for some water and arrange them in one of those Wedgewood bowls," says Mrs. Tremaine.

"If I may have them here beside me just as Miss Tremaine has brought them in, without water and without arrangement, I think I should prefer it," says Dugdale; whereupon Gretchen feeling pleased, she hardly knows why, brings them back to him and lays them on the small table near him.

Then Mrs. Tremaine rises and tells him they must really go.

"Must you?" says Dugdale, regretfully, and wonders vaguely how he could have felt so bored half an hour ago at the mere thought of having to entertain them.

"Thank you a thousand times for coming," he says, earnestly. "Do you know I never realized how lonely I was until you came?"

"Then I am afraid we have done you more harm than good," says Gretchen, mischievously glancing at him over her mother's shoulder, with a kind little smile.

"Oh, no, you must not say that. On the contrary you have given me something pleasant to think of. I shall now live in the hope that you will come again," returns Dugdale, this time addressing Gretchen rather than her mother.

"It is quite dreadful your being so much alone—so disheartening," says Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "Well we must see—we must see; oh, yes, of course we shall come again, and very soon. Good-bye, my dear Kenneth; and pray do not keep those roses so close to you. Flowers are always unwholesome—so full of midgets, and other unpleasant things."

"I don't believe there is anything unpleasant in these flowers," Kenneth replies, with conviction, letting his glance rest on Gretchen for one moment as she bids him farewell. Her clear eyes look calmly into his; his hand closes round hers. "This visit, so unlooked for, has proved inexpressibly sweet to him, has linked him once more with the old world on which he has so resolutely turned his back, refusing to be comforted, and yet for which he has never ceased to pine daily, hourly.

There is a color on his lips now, a warmth at his heart, that ever since his sad accident has been unknown to it. He holds Gretchen's hand closely, as though loath to let her go; and she, being quick to notice the signs of grief or longing in those around her, returns the pressure faintly, and says "Good-bye" in her gentlest tones. It seems to him there is a hope, a promise in that voice that sustains him. Yes, she will surely come again. The thought almost reconciles him to the weary days that lie before him, in which life, in its fullest sense, must be denied him. He has so long been a recluse, has so long brooded in solitude over his own misfortunes, that now to hold sudden converse with his fellow creatures seems strange to him, and good as strange. He watches the girl's departing figure, as she follows her mother from the room, with a wistful gaze. At the door she pauses and looking back at him again, bestows upon him a last little friendly smile and bow, after which she vanishes.

To Dugdale it seems as though the

sunshine has gone with her. He sighs impatiently, and with a gesture of distaste closes the book he had thought so interesting half an hour before and flings it from him. A gloomy expression falls into his eyes, and the old look of heavy discontent settles round his lips; he raises his hand, and by chance it falls upon the roses at his side. His face softens. Lifting them, he separates them slowly and examines them one by one.

To be Continued.

WHERE PING-PONG BALLS ARE MADE.

There is a factory at Brantham, near Mistley, Essex, England, where work goes on night and day at a headlong pace, under conditions of secrecy that might well excite curiosity to the highest pitch. The factory is the Xylonite Works, where the balls used in ping-pong and tennis are made. The works at Brantham practically make all the balls used in the game of the hour, at any rate so far as England is concerned, and some idea may be formed of the extent of the trade that has suddenly been created by the fact that six tons of balls are turned out every week. It is computed that it takes nearly 300 ping-pong balls to weigh a pound, so that the number required to form the weekly output is no less than 4,032,000. Another way of expressing the quantity required to meet the demand is that if the balls made in one week were strung together they would stretch almost from London to Brighton and back. This manufacture has come as a boon to Brantham where an army of workers is employed at good rates of pay.

SPRING DEPRESSION.

PEOPLE FEEL WEAK, EASILY TIRED OUT AND OUT OF SORTS.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Waite of Picton, Ont., who says:—"A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, heart troubles, scrofula and humors in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Under the main entrance to a church a poor woman, shivering with cold, and holding a baby in her arms, appealed to the charity of the passers-by. "Why, your infant is of pasteboard!" said a gentleman, as he tapped its nose, which sounded hard and resonant. "Yes, I know, sir. It is so cold I left the real one at home!"

Sufferers From Itching Piles

Who Found Quick Relief and Lasting Cure in the Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

If you could read a few of the letters which come to these offices from persons who have been freed from the miseries of itching, bleeding, or protruding piles, you would soon realize the marvellous power of this wonderful preparation. Here are two sample letters which show the heartfelt gratitude of cured ones:

Mr. John Tuttle, expressman, 107 Stewart Street, Kingston, Ont., states: "Like most men who do much driving, sitting a great deal, and often exposed to dampness, I have been a great sufferer from piles. As a matter of fact, I had piles for a number of years, and tried nearly everything I could hear of in a vain effort to get cured, but only succeeded when I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application of this grand preparation brought me relief from the dreadful itching, burning sensations, and less than two boxes made a perfect and permanent cure. I am grateful for this freedom from suffering, and desire others to benefit by my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Mr. H. Kelly, Cobourg, Ont., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching piles, and can truthfully say that it has entirely cured me. Only persons who have endured the torture of itching piles can have any idea of what I suffered. Dr. Chase's Ointment brought me prompt relief from the misery, and has made a thorough cure. I am thankful for this remedy, because it has made life worth living. I cannot say enough in recommendation of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has no worthy rival as a cure for piles and itching skin diseases. It is possessed of certain powers over these ailments which imitators are unable to reproduce. You can be absolutely sure of Dr. Chase's Ointment bringing relief and cure. It is backed by the testimony of the best people in all parts of Canada. 60 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates and Co., Toronto.