

# A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

## THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Kitty and Gretchen Tremaine are two most charming girls. Kenneth Dugdale, crippled in a hunting accident is staying with the Tremaines and is Gretchen's especial charge.

### CHAPTER V.

So it arranges itself; and though during all the intervening days it pours, and thunders, and generally misconducts itself, until one wonders dismally whether such an awful rent in the clouds can ever be stitched up again, still on the morning of the eventful Thursday the weather, as though ashamed of its churlishness, clears up suddenly, and sends a brilliant sun to dry up all its tears. The day breaks upon the world bright and glorious, full of warmth and freshness and promises of good things to come.

Far away in the vast heavens pale clouds are sailing,—sailing into worlds unknown. Below, the scene is almost as fair; on each side emeralds, far as the eye can see. To the right a broad river like a white ribbon runs listlessly between its sandy banks; upon its edge, stooping to drink, half a score of deer add life and beauty to the already perfect picture; whilst a little higher up the drooping flowers, faint with heat lean over it as though to catch a glimpse of "their own dear loveliness."

Coming quickly round a rocky corner studded with ferns, the Tremaines find themselves at the entrance to a piece of soft lawn, made circular by a band of giant oaks that have grown there of their own accord for generations. It is a favorite wood at Coolmore, a pretty break of fanciful Nature, what the children would call a "veritable fairy's ball-room."

Everybody has arrived before them, and every one is very hungry. The history of one picnic is so exactly the history of every other picnic that one need hardly enlarge on this particular one. They all sit about in impossible attitudes and try to think they are graceful. All the men get as close to the women they most affect, as circumstances will permit; there is a blessed lack of formality; and there are unlimited flies in all the glasses.

There are the usual number of heart-aches; and Jealousy, in its green and ugly rags, stalks about rampant. Give me a picnic as the most promising thing on earth for the creation and promotion of quarrels of all sorts! Scarlett, who has got himself up in the very lightest of all possible tweed suits, with a view to furthering his cause and making himself irresistible in the eyes of his beloved, is utterly and openly wretched, because Gretchen, in the goodness of her heart, is listening with apparent interest to the animated conversation of a tall and lanky young man with a bright dark ugly face and one expressive eye; the other has withdrawn itself behind a green shade,—at least one charitably hopes so, though really whether it is there or elsewhere is a matter for speculation. To Scarlett, who persists in calling him "the man with the eye" in spite of the fact that he may be the man without it, he seems a very poor creature indeed. "Not a thing to recommend him, don't you know, and about the shabbiest old traveling suit on him you ever saw in your life. I really think girls like fellows without legs and arms, or any feature to speak of. I'm positive she is pitying him now with all her might; and, if she only knew it, I dare say he had that eye gouged out in some disgraceful rowdy fight." So muses Tom Scarlett, wrathfully, whilst devouring his unoffending mustache.

Sir John Blunden has secured himself a place near Kitty; but Miss Tremaine has also secured herself a companion for her other side, to whom she is making herself intensely agreeable. Her smiles are no

longer wholly for Sir John; her looks wander from his. Once or twice, so interested is she in her new friend, who is of the scientific order, that she has even failed to hear Sir John's voice when he has addressed her.

This sort of treatment is new to Blunden, who has been accustomed to think of Kitty as his own especial property and to believe firmly in her affection for him. It is quite three weeks since he told Arthur Blunden (who has gone away for an indefinite period to some uninhabitable part of the globe, no one knows where) of his fixed determination to settle down and marry handsome Kitty Tremaine. But as yet he has not proposed; perhaps because he feels so sure of her, and of his own love for her; perhaps because things are so pleasant now, and if a change be made who shall say if things will ever be as pleasant again? perhaps because it is such a bore nowadays to take any decisive step or to be much in earnest about anything.

To-day Sir John feels more in earnest than he has felt for years. Can he have mistaken her? Has he made too sure? At this moment it occurs to him with startling force that life without Kitty Tremaine will be a very poor thing indeed. When, therefore, Kitty has actually proved herself so engrossed by her new companion as to turn a deaf ear to his third remark, Sir John loses patience, and, putting his glass in his eye, turns an indignant glance upon the man on the other side, and tells himself with some gusto that he is an "ill-looking brute," and wonders angrily "what Kitty can see in him."

He makes one more feeble effort at reassertion by asking her in a rather stern tone "if he can do anything for her;" and when she says "No, thanks very much," sweetly, but absently, and with evident haste, he rises, and, crossing to where Tom Scarlett is glowering upon space, flings himself down beside him and says something about champagne.

"I can't say I see the fun that other people seem to see in picnics," says Scarlett, gloomily.

"They're a beastly nuisance; and one never knows whom one may meet," returns Blunden, with heart-felt meaning, whereupon they feel even more friendly towards each other than before, and grow sympathetic on the spot.

Dinner is at an end, and all have risen to their feet. Kitty, having tired of science, gives just one small glance in Sir John's direction, which in spite of pride and wounded affection brings him to her side at once. He comes,—slowly, it is true, but still he comes,—and Miss Tremaine acknowledges his approach with her brightest smile, which, however, is not reciprocated.

"You won't care to come for a walk with me, I suppose?" he says, coldly. "All the week I kept thinking that perhaps you might like to see the old ruin on the hill again,—there is a fine view from it,—and that you would like me to show it to you. But no doubt your scientific friend will be more at home there and far more interesting than I should be. He'll be able to tell you all about it,—the proper dates, you know, and whether it is an Elizabethan, or a Norman, or a Gothic structure."

This elaborate piece of scathing sarcasm is delivered with much unction.

"How silly you are!" says Kitty, softly. "I had quite made up my mind to see the dear old ruin to-day,

but if you won't take me I shall go with no one. Don't be unkind, Jack."

It is only on very rare occasions she makes use of his Christian name, and now he accepts her mention of it as an apology for her late evil behavior, and grows instantly radiant.

"Do you mean that?" he asks, and is assured by a swift but very friendly glance. "Come on, then," he says, eagerly; "let us get there before the others. But I think you needn't have been so awfully unkind all through dinner, you know."

So they walked away together through the rustling autumn leaves and snapping underwood towards the old haunt in question. And as they go a silence strange yet full of a rare content falls upon them. Sir John lights his cigar, Miss Tremaine plucks the stray, wild grasses as she goes, but no word breaks the stillness of the evening as they pass by rippling streams, and under branching trees, through brake and fern, until they reach the summit of the hill. Once as they step across a tiny rivulet, a very baby of a stream, that full of glad song rushes babbling onwards through flowery meads straight to the arms of its mother the river, Sir John takes her hand to help her over it, and, having taken, retains it, until at length the ruins rise before them grand and stately even in decay.

Kitty, seating herself upon a huge stone, sighs gently and looks around her. The walk has brought a faint flush into her cheeks, a brightness to her eyes; a lurking softness curves the corners of her lips, making her perfect mouth even more lovable than usual. The evening is falling. Afar in the thicket a solitary bird gives forth its music, breaking into song half tinged with melancholy. Some sudden thought strikes Sir John; straightening himself, he goes up to Kitty and stands beside her.

She starts a little as he comes close to her, as one might whose thoughts were far away, and turns up her beautiful eyes to his.

"I thought you were going to speak to me," she says, as though in apology for the involuntary start.

"So I am," says Blunden, quietly. "I have been thinking, Kitty, that I should like to make you a present, if I was quite sure you would accept it."

"Be absolutely certain then," says Miss Tremaine, without hesitation, all unconscious of what is coming. "I perfectly adore getting presents."

"You promise then, to accept mine?"

"Indeed I shall,—if it is a nice one."

"It is, rather. I want to give you"—he waves his hand slightly towards the rich and glowing landscape that lies all round and far below them—"all this."

Kitty flushes crimson. She rises slowly to her feet, and, after one irrepressible glance, turns her face away, so that he can only see the clearly-cut profile.

"Well, that is a present!" she says in a low tone, with a rather nervous laugh. "It is not every day one gets an estate thrown at one's head."

"At one's heart," corrects he. "There is only one trifling obstacle in the way of your accepting it—"

"And that is—"

"Its present master. If you do consent to take it, I am afraid you must take me with it." He has spoken without any appearance of haste, but now he pitches away the unoffending cigar and moves so that in spite of her late effort to avoid his scrutiny her eyes must meet his. "Look here, Kitty," he says: "I like you better than any woman I ever met. Will you marry me?"

"What a proposal!" returns she, with a little pale smile. "It quite destroys all one's previous notions of the fitness of things. I certainly thought when you did make up your mind to lay your hand and fortune at my feet, you would have done it in some more orthodox fashion."

"You thought I should propose then?"

"I knew it"—calmly—"I felt sure of it." She is piqued at the apparent coolness of his manner.

"And—did you feel equally sure you should say 'Yes' when the time came?"

"I have not said yes yet," replies she, with undiminished calm.

Sir John regards her curiously. There is surprise, disquietude, even admiration, in his glance, and perhaps a little offense.

"I wonder if you care in the very least for me?" he asks presently.

## HEART TROUBLE.

THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD BY THE SUFFERER.

The Trouble at All Times an Extremely Dangerous One—How to Promptly Relieve It.

There are many forms of heart disease, some of which manifest themselves by symptoms which are misunderstood by the sufferer and ascribed to indigestion or some similar cause, when the heart is really affected. The slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. It at times the action of the pulse is too rapid and the heart beats violently, resulting in a suffocating feeling, or, if the heart seems inclined to stop beating, the pulse becomes slow and you feel a faint, dizzy sensation, you should take the best course in the world, and that is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You will find that the distressing symptoms promptly disappear and that the heart at all times acts normally. Mr. Adelard Lavoie, St. Pacome, Que., bears strong testimony to the value of these pills in cases of heart trouble. He says:

"For nearly three years I was greatly troubled with a weak heart and in constant fear that my end would come at any time. I placed myself under a good doctor but did not get the desired relief. In fact I grew worse; the least exertion would overcome me, and finally I had to discontinue work. While in this condition a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I procured a supply. They simply worked wonders in my case and when I had used six boxes I was again enjoying good health. I have had no sign of the trouble since and I can cheerfully recommend the pills to similar sufferers."

Blood troubles of all kinds are also cured by these famous pills. If you suffer from headaches, dizziness, languor, boils or skin diseases of any kind, your blood is in an impure condition, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are what you need. These pills are not a purgative and therefore do not weaken like medicines of that class. They are tonic in their nature and make new, rich, red blood with every dose, thus restoring health and strength to hopeless and despondent sufferers. But you must get the genuine, which always has the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I wonder if you care for me?"—hastily.

"I think you may be utterly sure of that," replies he, with some warmth. "There is nothing on earth more certain."

"Are you quite sure, Jack, you are not asking me to marry you because you feel it your duty to settle down, and because I have a handsome face?"

"If you are going into morals," says Jack, "you will floor me at once. I fancied"—reproachfully—"you knew me well enough to understand that duty and I am two. As to settling down, I am not dreaming of doing that. You know you wouldn't like it, and I don't see why a fellow can't enjoy himself quite as much after his marriage as before, if—er—people are only reasonable. And I should like you, Kitty, to take as much good out of your life as it is capable of affording you."

"I dare say I should be able to manage that," says Kitty, more mildly.

"Then as to the eventual ownership of Coolmore,—why, if I never marry there is always Arthur. However you may doubt my affection for—er—others, you must at least believe in my regard for him; and if he should inherit the estate, dear old boy, I only hope it may do him good. With reference to your other question, I dare say there is something in it. I detest ugly women, as you know, and you, I think, have quite the most beautiful face in the world. That is certainly one reason why I love you."

"And yet"—wistfully—"it is quite ten minutes ago since we began this conversation and until now you have never mentioned the word 'love.'"

"While you"—quickly—"have never mentioned it at all."

"How could I? I was waiting to be questioned. You said, 'Will you marry me?' You never said, 'Do you love me?' and, what is far worse you did not say, 'I love you.'"

"Perhaps it was because I saw so little necessity for saying it that I forgot it. You, must know—you have known for a long time, Kitty—how dearly I love you."

A slight moisture dims her eyes, the hand that rests in his trembles, a quiver supplants the smile upon her lips.

"You are unlike all other women," says Blunden, with sudden and passionate tenderness, that, coming from one usually so nonchalant and careless, seems doubly earnest. "You are far above the very best I ever met. My sweet—my darling,—never again, however silent I may be on the subject, doubt my love for you. And you, Kitty, tell me with your own lips that you return my love."

"I have loved you for a long time," whispers Kitty, in soft lingering tones that only reach his ear as he stoops to hear them.



KENIAN ETON JACKET.

This Eton jacket is one of the smartest designs of the new season. It will develop in any material from cardinal red broadcloth to black silk and will look attractively natty made of white broadcloth. The lines are somewhat equestrian in their severity, but the woman with the good straight, tapering figure will find the style particularly becoming to her.

Quantities of material required: 32 and 34 bust measure will require one and three-fourths yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-fourth yard of velvet cut on the bias to face the collar and cuffs.

36 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide and one-fourth yard of velvet.

38 and 40 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-third yard of velvet. Two buttons.

"Do you know you have not accepted me yet?" says Sir John presently, when they have partially come to their senses, and to a tardy recognition of the fact that after all the earth has not given place to heaven.

"No? Then I sha'n't commit myself any farther," says Miss Tremaine with a gay laugh. "They say it is a wise thing always to leave one's-self a loop-hole by which to escape. I shall certainly not bind myself by any more rash promises. I consider I have said quite enough for one day."

To be Continued.

### RAILWAY FATALITIES.

Some very interesting statistics appertaining to railway statistics were given at the annual dinner of the United Kingdom Railway Officers' and Servants' Association, which was held in London recently. It seems that out of 1,142,000,000 passengers carried in 1900, only 135 were killed and 2,400 injured, whilst out of half a million railway servants 568 were killed and 4,500 injured. Improvements in the working of railways are continually being made, with the result that year after year there is a steady decline of casualties.

### BABY CONSTIPATION.

Can Be Cured Without Resorting to Harsh Purgatives.

Constipation is a very common trouble among infants and small children—it is also one of the most distressing. The cause is some derangement of the digestive organs, and if not promptly treated is liable to lead to serious results. The little victim suffers from headache, fever, pain in the stomach and sometimes vomiting. While in this condition neither baby nor baby's mother can obtain restful sleep. If proper care is taken in feeding the child and Baby's Own Tablets are used, there will be no trouble found in curing and keeping baby free from this disorder. Mrs. T. Guymer, London, Ont., says:—"My baby was a great sufferer from constipation. She cried continually, and I was about worn out attending her. I tried several remedies, but none of them helped her till I procured some Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets worked wonders, and now she is in the best of health. I can now go about my work without being disturbed by baby's crying. I consider Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine and would advise mothers to keep them in the house for they will save baby from much suffering by curing and preventing the minor ailments common to infants and small children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They are easy to take, mild in action, promote helpful sleep and will be found a never-failing cure for constipation, baby indigestion, simple fever, diarrhoea, sour stomach, colic etc. They allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, break up colds and prevent croup. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# A Spring Medicine That is a True Tonic.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Builds Blood, Creates Nerve Force, Increases Flesh and Weight, and Makes Weak, Sickly People Strong and Well.

The day of sarsaparillas, sulphur and cream of tartar, and salts as spring medicine has gone by. People are beginning to listen to the advice of their physicians and to build up their systems by the use of such preparations as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The strong point in favor of this great food cure is the fact that it actually creates new, rich life-sustaining blood, and builds up the system gradually and naturally. For this reason it is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can possibly obtain, and its results are permanently beneficial.

The tired languid feelings that tell of low vitality and an exhausted condition of the system soon disappear before the vitalizing, upbuilding influence of this great restorative. It conquers disease by filling the system with health, energy and vigour.

Mrs. S. Thompson, 240 Munro Street, Toronto, Ont., states:—"I was very much run down in health, and whenever I exerted myself more than usual I had severe attacks of splitting headache, and was very nervous, so much so that I could not rest well at nights. After using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I found that my nerves were steadier, I could rest and sleep better than I have for a long time, and was entirely free from headaches. I can speak very highly of this preparation for nervous trouble."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has the endorsement of the best people in the land—physicians and laymen alike. It is bound to benefit anyone who uses it, because it is composed of the most potent restoratives of nature. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.