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WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER
 Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth
 Rewritten and Rendered into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir
 By **EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]**
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The real cause of Brandon's manner had never occurred to Mary. Although she knew her beauty and power, as she



There was but one thing left—New Spain.

could not help but know it—not as a matter of vanity, but as a matter of fact—yet love had blinded her where Brandon was concerned, and that knowledge failed to give her light as to his motives, however brightly it might illumine the conduct of other men toward whom she was indifferent.

So Mary was angry this time—angry in earnest—and Jane felt the irritable palm more than once. I, too, came in for my share of her ill temper, as most certainly would Brandon had he allowed himself to come within reach of her tongue, which he was careful not to do. She did not tell Jane the cause of her vexation, but only said she verily hated Brandon, and that, of course, was the key to the whole situation.

After a fortnight this ill humor began to soften in the glowing warmth of her heart, which was striving to reassert itself, and the desire to see Brandon began to get the better of her sense of injury.

Brandon, tired of this everlasting watchfulness to keep himself out of temptation and dreading at any moment that lapse from strength which is apt to come to the strongest of us, had resolved to quit his place at court and go to New Spain at once. He had learned upon inquiry that a ship would sail from Bristol in about twenty days and another six weeks later. So he chose the former and was making his arrangements to leave as soon as possible.

He told me of his plans and spoke of his situation. "You know the reason for my going," he said, "even if I have never spoken of it. I am not much of a Joseph and am very little given to running away from a beautiful woman, but in this case I am fleeing from death itself. And to think what a heaven it would be! You are right, Caskoden—no man can withstand the light of that girl's smile. I am unable to tell how I feel toward her. It sometimes seems that I cannot live another hour without seeing her. Yet, thank God, I have reason enough left to know that every sight of her only adds to an already incurable malady. What will it be when she is the wife of the king of France? Does it not look as if wild life in New Spain is my only chance?"

I assented as we joined hands, and our eyes were moist as I told him how I should miss him more than any one else in all the earth—excepting Jane, in mental reservation.

I told Jane what Brandon was about to do, knowing full well she would tell Mary, which she did at once.

Poor Mary! The sighs began to come now, and such small vestiges of her ill humor toward Brandon as still remained were frightened off in a hurry by the fear that she had seen the last of him.

Mary, shyly confessing all by her question. "I do not know," responded Jane, "but he will see you before he goes." "Do you believe he will?" "I know it." And with this consolation Mary softly wept herself to sleep.

After this, for a few days, Mary was quiet enough. Her irritable mood had vanished, but Jane could see that she was on the lookout for some one all the time, although she made the most pathetic little efforts to conceal her watchfulness.

At last a meeting came about in this way: Next to the king's bedchamber was a luxuriously furnished little apartment with a well selected library. Here Brandon and I often went afternoons to read, as we were sure to be undisturbed.

Late one day Brandon had gone over to this quiet retreat and, having selected a volume, took his place in a secluded little alcove half hidden in arras draperies. There was a cushioned seat along the wall and a small diamond shaped window to furnish light.

He had not been there long when I came Mary. I cannot say whether she knew Brandon was there or not, but she was there and he was there, which is the only thing to the point, and, finding him, she stepped into the alcove before he was aware of her presence.

Brandon was on his feet in an instant and with a low bow was backing himself out most deferentially to leave her in sole possession, if she wished to rest.

"Master Brandon, you need not go. I will not hurt you. Besides, if this place is not large enough for us both, I will go. I would not disturb you." She spoke with a tremulous voice and a quick, uneasy glance, and started to move backward out of the alcove.

"Lady Mary, how can you speak so? You know—you must know—oh, I beg you— But she interrupted him by taking his arm and drawing him to a seat beside her on the cushion. She could have drawn down the Colossus of Rhodes with the look she gave Brandon, so full was it of command, entreaty and promise.

"That's it. I don't know, but I want to know, and I want you to sit here beside me and tell me. I am going to be reconciled with you despite the way you treated me when last we met. I am going to be friends with you whether you will or not. Now what do you say to that, sir?" She spoke with a fluttering little laugh of uneasy non-assurance, which showed that her heart was not nearly so confident nor so bold as her words would make believe. Poor Brandon, usually so ready, had nothing "to say to that," but sat in helpless silence.

Was this the sum total of all his wise determinations made at the cost of so much pain and effort? Was this the answer to all his prayer, "Lead me not into temptation?" He had done his part, for he had done all he could. Heaven had not helped him, since here was temptation thrust upon him when least expected and when the way was so narrow he could not escape, but must meet it face to face.

Mary soon recovered her self possession—women are better skilled in this art than men—and continued: "I am not intending to say one word about your treatment of me that day over in the forest, although it was very bad and you have acted abominably ever since. Now is not that kind in me?" And she softly laughed as she peeped up at the poor fellow from beneath those sweeping lashes, with the premeditated purpose of tantalizing him, I suppose. She was beginning to know her power over him, and it was never greater than at this moment. Her beauty had its sweetest quality, for the princess was sunk and the woman was dominant, with flushed face and flashing eyes that caught a double luster from the glowing love that made her heart beat so fast.

With the mood that was upon her I wonder Brandon maintained his self restraint even for a moment. He felt that his only hope lay in silence, so he sat beside her and said nothing. He told me long afterward that while sitting there in the intervals between her speech, the oddest, wildest thoughts ran through his brain. He wondered how he could escape. He thought of the window and that possibly he might break away through it, and then he thought of feigning illness, and a hundred other absurd schemes, but they all came to nothing, and he sat there to let events take their own course, as they seemed determined to do in spite of him.

After a short silence Mary continued half bantering: "Answer me, sir! I will have no more of this. You shall treat me at least with the courtesy you would show a bourgeois girl."

"Oh, that you were only a burgher's daughter!" "Yes, I know all that; but I am not. It can't be helped, and you shall answer me." "There is no answer, dear lady. I beg you—oh, do you not see?" "Yes, yes; but answer my question. Am I not kind, more than you deserve?" "Indeed, yes; a thousand times. You have always been so kind, so gracious and so condescending to me that I can

only thank you, thank you, thank you," answered Brandon almost shyly, not daring to lift his eyes to hers.

Mary saw the manner quickly enough—what woman ever missed it, much less so keen eyed a girl as she—and it gave her confidence and brought back the easy banter of her old time manner.

"How modest we have become! Where is the boldness of which we used to have so much? Kind? Have I always been so? How about the first time I met you? Was I kind then? And as to condescension, don't—don't use that word between us."

"No," returned Brandon, who in his turn was recovering himself; "no, I can't say that you were very kind at first. How you did fly out at me and surprise me! It was so unexpected it almost took me off my feet." And they both laughed in remembering the scene of their first meeting. "No, I can't say your kindness showed itself very strongly in that first interview, but it was there nevertheless, and when Lady Jane led me back your real nature asserted itself, as it always does, and you were kind to me—kind as only you can be."

That was getting very near to the sentimental—dangerously near, he thought, and he said to himself, "If this does not end quickly, I shall have to escape."

"You are easily satisfied if you call that good," laughingly returned Mary. "I can be ever so much better than that if I try."

"Let me see you try," said Brandon. "Why, I'm trying now," answered Mary, with a distracting little pout. "Don't you know genuine out and out goodness when you see it? I'm doing my very best now. Can't you tell?"

"Yes, I think I recognize it, but—but—be bad again." "No, I won't! I will not be bad even to please you. I have determined not to be bad, and I will not—not even to be good. This," placing her hand over her heart, "is just full of 'good' today." And her lips parted as she laughed at her own pleasantry.

"I am afraid you had better be bad. I give you fair warning," said Brandon huskily. He felt her eyes upon him all the time, and his strength and good resolves were ebbing out like wine from an ill coopered cask. After a short silence Mary continued, regardless of the warning:

"But the position is reversed with us. At first I was unkind to you, and you were kind to me, but now I am kind to you, and you are unkind to me."

"I can come back at you with your own words," responded Brandon. "You don't know when I am kind to you. I should be kinder, to myself at least, were I to leave you and take myself to the other side of the world."

"Oh, that is one thing I wanted to ask you about. Jane tells me you are going to New Spain."

She was anxious to know, but asked the question partly to turn the conversation, which was fast becoming perilous. As a girl she loved Brandon and knew it only too well, but she knew also that she was a princess, standing next to the throne of the greatest kingdom on earth—in fact, at that time the heir apparent, Henry having no children, for the people would not have the Scotch king's imp, and the possibility of such a thing as a union with Brandon had never entered her head, however passionate her feelings toward him. It was not to be thought of between people so far apart as they.

Brandon answered her question: "I do not know about going. I think I shall. I have volunteered with a ship that sails in two or three weeks from Bristol, and I suppose I shall go."

"Oh, no! Do you really mean it?" It gave her a pang to hear that he was actually going, and her love pulsed higher, but she also felt a sense of relief, somewhat as a conscientious housebreaker might feel upon finding the door securely locked against him. It would take away a temptation which she could not resist and yet dared not yield to much longer.

"I think there is no doubt that I mean it," replied Brandon. "I should like to remain in England until I can save money enough out of the king's allowance to pay the debt against my father's estate, so that I may be able to go away and feel that my brother and sisters are secure in their home—my brother is not strong—but I know it is better for me to go now, and I hope to find the money out there. I could have paid it with what I lost to Judson before I discovered him cheating." This was the first time he had ever alluded to the duel, and the thought of it, in Mary's mind, added a faint touch of fear to her feeling toward him.

She looked up with a light in her eyes and asked: "What is the debt? How much? Let me give you the money. I have so much more than I need. Let me pay it. Please tell me how much it is, and I will hand it to you. You can come to my rooms and get it, or I

will send it to you. Now tell me that I may. Quickly!" And she was alive with enthusiastic interest.

"There, now, you are kind again, as kind as even you can be. Be sure, I thank you, though I say it only once," and he looked into her eyes with a gaze she could not stand even for an instant. This was growing dangerous again; so, catching himself, he turned the conversation back into the bantering vein.

"Ah, you want to pay the debt that I may have no excuse to remain? Is that it? Perhaps you are not so kind after all."

"No, no; you know better. But let me pay the debt. How much is it, and to whom is it owing? Tell me at once, I command you."

"No, no, Lady Mary; I cannot." "Please do. I beg, if I cannot command. Now I know you will. You would not make me beg twice for anything?" She drew closer to him as she spoke and put her hand coaxingly upon his arm. With an irresistible impulse he took the hand in his and lifted it to his lips in a lingering caress that could not be mistaken. It was all so quick and so full of fire and meaning that Mary took fright, and the princess for the moment came uppermost.

"Master Brandon!" she exclaimed sharply and drew away her hand. Brandon dropped the hand and moved over on the seat. He did not speak, but turned his face from her and looked out of the window toward the river. Thus they sat in silence, Brandon's hand resting listlessly upon the cushion between them. Mary saw the eloquent movement away from her and his speaking attitude with averted face; then the princess went into eclipse, and the imperial woman was ascendant once more. She looked at him for a brief space with softening eyes and, lifting her hand, put it back in his, saying:

"There it is again—if you want it." "Want it? Ah, this was too much! The hand would not satisfy now. It must be all, all! And he caught her to his arms with a violence that frightened her.

"Please don't; please! Not this! Ah, have mercy, Charles! Well! There! There! Mary mother, forgive me!" Then her woman spirit fell before the whirlwind of his passion, and she was on his breast, with her white arms around his neck, paying the same tribute to the little blind god that he would have exacted from the lowliest maiden of the land.

Brandon held the girl for a moment or two, then fell upon his knees and buried his face in her lap.

"Heaven help me!" he cried. She pushed the hair back from his forehead with her hand and as she fondled the curls leaned over him and softly whispered:

"Heaven help us both, for I love you!" He sprang to his feet. "Don't! Don't, I pray you," he said wildly, and almost ran from the room.

Mary followed him nearly to the door of the room, but when he turned he saw that she had stopped and was standing with her hands over her face, as if in tears.

He went back to her and said, "I tried to avoid this, and if you had helped me it would never!" But he remembered how he had always despised Adam for throwing the blame upon Eve, no matter how much she may have deserved it, and continued: "No, I do not mean that. It is all my fault. I should have gone away long ago. I could not help it. I tried, oh, I tried!"

Mary's eyes were bent upon the floor, and tears were falling over her flushed cheeks unheeded and uncheered.

"There is no fault in any one. Neither could I help it," she murmured. "No, no; it is not that there is any fault in the ordinary sense. It is like suicide or any other great self inflicted injury with me. I am different from other men. I shall never recover."

"I know only too well that you are different from other men, and—and I, too, am different from other women. Am I not?" "Ah, different! There is no other woman in all this wide, long world." And they were in each other's arms again. She turned her shoulder to him and rested with the support of his arms about her. Her eyes were cast down in silence, and she was evidently thinking as she toyed with the lace of his doublet. Brandon knew her varying expressions so well that he saw there was something wanting, so he asked:

ing upon his knees he caught both her hands in his, sprang to his feet and ran from the room.

Her words showed him the chasm anew. She saw the distance between them even better than he. Evidently it seemed farther looking down than looking up. There was nothing left now but flight.

He sought refuge in his own apartments and wildly walked the floor, exclaiming: "Fool, fool that I am to lay up this store of agony to last me all my days! Why did I ever come to this court? God pity me—pity me!" And he fell upon his knees at the bed, burying his face in his arms, his mighty man's frame shaking as with a palsy.

That same night Brandon told me how he had committed suicide, as he put it, and of his intention to go to Bristol and there await the sailing of the ship and perhaps find a partial resurrection in New Spain.

Unfortunately, he could not start for Bristol at once, as he had given some challenges for a tournament at Richmond and could furnish no good excuse to withdraw them, but he would not leave his room or again see "that girl who was driving him mad."

It was better, he thought, and wisely, too, that there be no leave taking, but that he should go without meeting her.

"If I see her again," he said, "I shall have to kill some one, even if it is only myself."

I heard him tossing in his bed all night, and when morning came he arose looking haggard enough, but with his determination to run away and see Mary no more stronger than ever upon him.

But Providence or fate or some one ordered it differently, and there was plenty of trouble ahead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Moon Worship Among Many Peoples.
 Figures of the moon as religious emblems can be traced to a very high antiquity. The ancient Egyptians had two moon gods—Khons or Khonsu and Tel or Thoth. The latter wore the moon on his head, either as a full moon or as a crescent. The divine honors paid to the cat on the banks of the Nile were probably due to its supposed connection with the moon, as shown by the changeable pupil of the feline eyes. In Greece both Phoebus and Phoebe were moon gods, and by Isis the Greeks understood the same planet. The Romans had many gods. With them Luna was the moon, the daughter of Hyperion and sister of the sun. According to Livy, the temple of Luna stood on the Aventine.

The ancient Goths, Germans and Finns were all moon worshippers, and in ancient Britain the moon occupied a high position in the celestial hierarchy of the Druids, who were always represented as bearing crescents in their hands. It is possible, too, that Andraste, the goddess to whom Boudicca appealed with outstretched hands, was the moon.

Joking Friends in Old Days.
 In a romantic and picturesque old hall in Derbyshire, England, is one of those curious relics of bygone times which carry the mind back to the habits and customs of our great-grandfathers. A handcuft looks a strange thing to be fixed to the screen of the banquet hall of a baronial mansion, but one is there. When the banquet had advanced toward its zenith, if any gentleman among the guests refused to drink the full quantity that was deemed the proper thing at that time he was merrily carried to the oak screen and placed with his arm upraised and secured and locked in that position by the iron ring. His sleeve, then wide open, offered a tempting receptacle for the wine which he had refused to drink, and the contents of the goblet, with as much more as the roisterers thought fit, were poured down the unlucky victim's arm, and woe be to him if he did not take the joke in the spirit in which it was given.

Too Plebeian a Dish.
 The pains of being a dignitary in an ancient country with a tradition of splendor is illustrated by this anecdote from India. It is related that the viceroy's eye lighted one day upon a dish at which he gazed for a moment with incredulity. "What is this?" he demanded at last. A trembling retainer gasped that it was rice pudding. No less a personage than the viceroy's consort had ordered the humble pudding which eminent statesmen may be seen eating at their clubs with undisguised enjoyment any day of the parliamentary session. But the viceroy frowned. "Take it away," he said. "Never let me see such a thing again." This is how the orient differs from the occident. Rice pudding might have ruined the dignity of the vice regal table in native opinion.

Russian Photographers.
 In Russia no photographer can practice his art without a license.

Growth of Cities.
 During the nineteenth century London grew from a city of 800,000 people to one of 6,500,000—that is, increased eightfold. New York increased from 60,000 to 3,500,000—nearly sixtyfold.



"Heaven help me!" he cried.