

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry," cautioned his companion, with a smile. "What is it that the wise man says about 'him that maketh haste to be rich'?"

Ned flushed slightly, although he knew that Mr. Langmaid intended no reflection upon him, by referring to that proverb. It had only been spoken in jest, nevertheless it stung him a little.

"You need not fear," he said, straightening himself. "I shall never commit a dishonest act for the sake of getting rich. I should prefer to remain poor and honest than to be rich and dishonest."

"Stick to those principles, Ned, and you will always have a friend in William Langmaid as long as we both live," the gentleman heartily responded, as he shook hands with him, then attending him to the door, he bade him good night, and Ned went back to his lonely home in Mount Vernon street in a more blissful frame of mind than he had ever known before.

Time passed, and when New Year's came there was a pleasant surprise for Ned. As he had conducted himself faithfully and efficiently—he was promoted to a more honorable position in the bank, with an increase of salary, and on Saturday afternoon, late in February, Ned persuaded his mother to go with him to see Denham Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

It was seldom that he could entertain her to any such place of amusement for she did not enjoy being in a crowd; but to-day, she yielded to his entreaties, and Ned was delighted, as the drama proceeded, to see how highly entertained she appeared to be with that very interesting play.

When the play was over, and they were leaving the theatre, they were obliged to stop and wait a little in the foyer, for the crowd was so great.

As they were standing there, so close together, Ned suddenly felt a terrible shock, and his mother, while a stifled cry of intense pain that had a note of horror in it, broke from her.

He turned to see what caused it, and was startled to find her deathly pale.

"What is it, mother? Are you ill?" he anxiously asked.

"Oh! Ned!" she whispered, with one hand pressed hard over her heart, then sank a dead weight into his arms.

CHAPTER XXII.

At that same instant, Ned remembered it afterward, though he did not pay much attention to the circumstance at the time—someone near them uttered a startled cry.

Then two or three gentlemen stepped forward and offered to assist Ned in removing his mother from that stifling place into the open air.

He thankfully accepted their aid, the crowd parted to let them pass, and Mrs. Heatherton was quickly borne out of the building to the sidewalk, where Ned found a carriage, greatly to his relief.

Into it he put his mother, who was now beginning to recover, and gave the order to be driven as quickly as possible to Mount Vernon street.

Mrs. Heatherton rallied almost immediately, for the air was cold and frosty and Ned had lowered a window.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she faintly asked, and looking around with a dazed expression.

"You faintly remember that I had to get a carriage to take you home," Ned explained.

Mrs. Heatherton sat erect with a startled air and put her hand to her head.

"Ah, yes—I know. Did you see—?"

"Ah—?" she cried, incoherently, then sank again among the cushions looking as if she was going to faint again. Ned felt a terrible alarm for her ghastliness was something fearful.

"What is the matter?" he anxiously inquired. "Did I see what? Why did you faint?"

"It was very close, wasn't it?" she remarked, weakly.

"Yes; but you are not in the habit of fainting. What was it you wanted to know if I saw?"

"Oh, nothing—anything—my fan," responded Mrs. Heatherton turning restlessly away from his questioning glance, and beginning to search for the missing article herself.

"Why, yes, here it is! I captured it and your handkerchief just as you were falling," he said, handing the articles to her, then added: "But surely with this air blowing on you, you do not need fans."

"No, but I did not like to lose it! it is one I have had a long time," she responded, with a weary sigh, as she again felt weakly close among the cushions.

"Do you feel ill again?" Ned inquired, very uneasy about her, for he thought she acted exceedingly strange.

"Oh, no, I am getting better every moment," she said; then as if desirous of turning his attention from herself, she began to talk of something else.

"They were not long in getting home when Mrs. Heatherton went directly to her room, first telling Ned to ask Mr. Lawson to excuse her from dinner, as she did not feel quite able to come down, and then thought it better for her to go directly to bed.

"This troubled Ned greatly. But the next morning his mother appeared quite herself again, except a slightly heavy look about the eyes, and Ned's fears subsided.

"Oh, Ned, you have come at last!" she exclaimed, as, with outstretched hand, she started forward to greet him.

Her companion glanced up at her words and movement, whereupon he gave a great start of surprise, while an expression of dismay, equal to Ned's own seeing him, overpowered his face, and at last, scarcely audible whistle of astonishment escaped his lips.

"Wallingford, by thunder!" he muttered, with a frown of hate, "and she acts as though they were mighty good friends, if not something nearer."

"How long have you been here, Ned?" Gertrude inquired, as she laid her hand confidently in his. "I have been watching for you ever since you arrived."

"I have but just come, and came to look for you immediately after paying my addresses to the Hortons." Ned replied, while unconsciously he clung to

take a person without either brains or respectability into society which would utterly scorn to receive a genius, if he were poor. I am not speaking from personal experience, however," Ned added, with a slight smile, "for I have no money and I am far removed from being a genius."

"Ned, you are not poor. I am not sure that you are not very rich, and that to these circles to the favor of my good friends, the Langmaids."

"Hush, Ned; you shall not depreciate yourself," Gertrude said, reprovingly, and she went on to tell them that some people in the world who value others for their real worth, regardless of their lack of fortune.

"Yes, but they are few and far between. As a rule, people are rated according to the magnitude of their bank account, or the show they can make in the world. But it puzzles me to imagine how Bill Bunting managed to get such a start—for he was reared amid the most abject poverty," Ned concluded, reflectively.

Gertrude shivered when she thought that light looked into his eyes, and the wretched fellow her hand upon being introduced, listened to his compliments, and even indulged in playful repartee with him.

Mr. William Hunting, alias Bill Bunting—for the western dude was no other—had been no less startled upon beholding Ned a guest in Mr. Horton's house, than he had been when he himself saw his appearance there.

"Wallingford! by thunder!" had been the astonished exclamation, as he sunk out of sight into the conspiracy, and never having learned of the reason in Ned's name.

Then, stationing himself behind a palm tree, he watched the lovers as they walked away.

As weeks went by, Ned had shrewdly surmised, but the sudden flush on Gertrude's cheek and her greeting of Ned, that they were lovers, and now, as he stood covertly watching them, an awful light gleamed into his eyes, and a cruel smile wreathed his sensual lips.

"How did he ever get into such a swell crowd as this?" he muttered with a scowl. "He is the best person on earth I should have expected to meet here. Perhaps some 'half-brother' has left him a petroleum well also! ha! ha! I wonder what he has been doing to all these years—him! I haven't forgotten that there are several old scores to be settled between us."

He could see them plainly in their retreat under the stairs, and continued to watch them, a malicious look on his dark face, until they arose to join the dancers.

"Aha!" he muttered, as he saw Ned slide his arm about the slender waist of his companion, while she shot a bewildering smile and glance up at him. "I'll head that business off yet. I'll be even with you, sir, for all of your infernal meddling in the past. I shall owe you another, too, for this night, for, of course, you're going to tell all you know about me, and there'll be the devil to pay," he concluded, with a frowning brow.

"Has Mr. Langmaid assured the fair girl, he did not suspect that Gertrude was the lady whom he had insulted on the Common the previous year?"

It had been a dark, cloudy evening, and there had been no light near where she stood, he had not been able to get a distinct view of her face, consequently he was not recognized, and being introduced by Mrs. Horton, nor dreamed that she could ever have known anything regarding his previous history.

She had changed greatly since five or six years before, when she had identified him as the thief who stole the lady's purse on Atlantic avenue, and thus doomed him to serve out a sentence in the reformatory, and he had no suspicion, as he stood there among the flowers talking with her, that she was the same girl.

He knew that she was beautiful and fascinating; he knew that her father was rich; he knew that her father was that was his only child and heir prospective; accordingly he had conceived an inflexible purpose to win her and marry her, if such a thing could, by any means, be accomplished.

Later in the evening he presented himself before her, when she happened to be alone for a moment, and there was a strange glitter in his dusky eyes as he remarked, in an insinuating tone:

"I have come to claim the honor of Miss Langmaid's hand for the next quadrille."

Gertrude flushed, but there was also a resolute sparkle in her own eyes as she lifted them for an instant to his face with a defiant sweep of her lashes.

"You will excuse me—I do not feel disposed to dance," she said, briefly and coldly.

"Parson; but Miss Langmaid forgets—she allowed me to write her name upon my card against this quadrille," he persisted, with outward politeness, though a dull, angry red mounted to his brow.

"True, but I must ask you to excuse me," Gertrude repeated.

"Certainly, if you are indisposed," he said, still courteous, and with a low bow turned away from her, but with his teeth gritting savagely to keep back the stream of profanity which leaped so naturally to his lips whenever he was angered or opposed.

"Another to add to the list score for you, Ned Wallingford!" he revengefully muttered.

Feeling too uncomfortable after this rebuff to remain longer, he quietly made his way from the room and mounted the stairs to the dressing-room to get his hat and cane, with the intention of leaving the house immediately.

He had just reached the upper hall when he suddenly came face to face with Ned, who had been to the ladies' dressing-room to get a light wrap for Gertrude.

(To be continued.)

Electric Trees in India.

A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of Central India which has the most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whenever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather the power disappears altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Application on behalf of William West, ex-President of the Banque Ville Marie, for leave to appeal against his sentence, was refused by the Attorney-General of Quebec.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Those Britons in South Africa can get over a great deal of ground in a day—with the Boers leading.

Down at Hasleton, Pa., an epidemic of measles is leaving many persons voiceless. How Canada would welcome such a visitation among her Parliamentary chin-waggers!

St. Catharines has our sympathy in the loss of an important industry by fire. The blow will fall hard on the hundreds of workmen, who will be left in idleness.

Twenty of Uncle Sam's new steel ships and half his torpedo boats are now out of commission and will be idle till Congress provides men and money to make them available. And that means more taxes.

It will require about 70,000 persons to take the United States census. The work of classifying and tabulating the last census has pretty well covered the decade. The patronage of such a job is worth much to the Republicans in a Presidential year.

New York's first beet root sugar company has failed. It had a good plant and a capital of \$300,000, but it did not succeed. Beet sugar manufacture is a business that it will be well to study a good deal before plunging into.

The expenses of the United States Government for the next fiscal year are estimated at \$710,000,000, an increase of \$37,000,000 on last year's bill. Pensions eat up \$145,245,230 and army and navy about \$178,000,000. Those are large figures, and in the end labor pays every dollar.

Since the election of 1896 death has taken no fewer than seventeen members of the House of Commons, including the Speaker, Sir James Edgar—nearly 8 per cent. of the membership. That is a very heavy death rate.

W. W. B. Melrose, M. P., has resigned his seat in the House of Commons to go into the British Columbia Legislature as a supporter of Hon. Joseph Martin. His father is the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

In the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," if well understood, it comprises the whole of Hebrew decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus' constitutions, Justinian's laws, the Code Napoleon, and all codes ever that man has devised (and enforced with altar-fire and gallows-ropes) for his social guidance.—Carlyle.

The net earnings of the Bank of Montreal for the year ended April 30th, amounted to \$1,524,388, and as a balance of \$1,102,792 had been carried to profit and loss account last year, the directors have decided to add \$1,000,000 to the rest account, after paying a 10 per cent. dividend. The reserve is now \$7,000,000 and the paid-up capital \$12,000,000.

Ten parties have been organized for the exploration of Northern Ontario, each under an experienced surveyor. The men in charge of the respective parties are T. B. Speight, A. Niven, W. S. Davidson, W. Galbraith, J. M. Tiersan, James Robertson, H. B. Proutfoot, D. Beatty, T. R. Deacon and Messrs. Demorest and Sylvester. The work will begin about June 1st.

The Boer envoys now in New York will get many sugared words and free drinks, but they won't succeed in working off any gold brick pretoratorate scheme on Uncle Sam. Talk is cheap, and of that they will hear much; but the United States Government will treat them with grave, cold courtesy and sincere hopes that the war will soon come to an end.

The U. S. makers of oleomargarine are now required to give information to Congress of the substances used in their product. The Secretary of State announces these figures: Neutral lard, 34.27; oleomargarine oil, 26.82; cotton-seed oil, 4.77; sesame, .53; coloring matter, .16; sugar, .12; glycer-

ine, .01; stearine, .007; glucose, .003; milk, 15.55; salt, 7.42; butter oil, 4.76; butter, 1.72; cream, 3.86; total, 100.

Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is very modern in her ideas. Some time ago she decided to learn a trade and selected bookbinding as the one which best suited her abilities. Since then she has worked hard and to so much purpose that the jury of an exposition held in London for the purpose of displaying the work of bookbinders all over England, conferred a prize upon an unknown Miss Matthews, who turned out to be the Princess Victoria.

The Ontario Government has passed an Order-in-Council adding tanbark to the list of materials which must not be exported from this Province. The prohibition applies only to bark from trees growing on lands belonging to the Crown. A settler can export bark from his own land, if he chooses. The Ontario tanners represented to the Government that so much bark was being taken to the United States that there was danger of a short supply in the home market.

Russia's Academy of Sciences holds in trust a fund of 1,700,000 rubles which, with accumulations, is to be bestowed as a prize in 1925. It represents the principal and interest of 50,000 rubles left in 1833 by General Arakchajew, who provided in his will that at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century three-fourths of the sum should be given to the writer of the best history in Russian of the reign of Alexander I. The other fourth is to be spent in printing the work, in having it translated into French and German, and for a prize for the author of the second best work.

R. E. Finn, writing from South Africa, says the following verse has been added to "God Save the Queen" by the Cape Town people:

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

That verse is understood to have been composed about eighty years ago, to fit the case of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., whose exclusion from her rights as Queen was a subject of very earnest political discussion, with Brougham on one side and Eldon on the other.

Sometimes the islands of inland lakes will appear and disappear. One of them is to be found in Derwentwater, in the English lake country. It is about an acre in size and is eccentric in its movements. Some seasons it will rise and sink once a month. Then it will vanish and not rise again for ten years. There is no satisfactory explanation of its bobbing up and down. The most plausible is that it rests on a cushion of marsh gas generated at the bottom of the lake. When this swells it raises the island with it. Then the gas escapes and evaporates, putting the island back in its little bed again.

In an article by Dr. Monaco, in the *Atti del Lincei* on the action of quinine on the parasites of malaria, it is shown that certain strengths of the drug cause the expulsion of the parasites from the red blood corpuscles when the parasites are in their second or adult stage. There seems to be little more doubt as to the exact dose of quinine which ought to be administered to effect cure of spring fever, and the amount seems to vary with the peculiarities of various patients. From these experiments, however, it would appear that the dose usually given is excessive, and that a more rational dose would lie between half a gramme and a gramme of the beautiful of quinine. Too strong solutions seem to cause paralysis of the parasites and to prevent their expulsion from the blood corpuscles.

THE STOMACH THAT FAILS

May Not Be To Blame—What is the Condition of the Liver and Kidneys?—You May Need Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

When digestion is imperfect and proper nourishment is not derived from the food, it seems natural to blame the stomach!

But is it just?

Several cases are on record where people lived on digested food without stomachs. As a matter of fact the most difficult and by far the greater part of digestion takes place in the intestines.

Nothing so quickly interferes with digestion as a sluggish, torpid action of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Be reasonable, and put the blame where it is deserved. Acquit the much-abused stomach and get away down to the foundation of the trouble by setting the kidneys, liver and bowels right.

Sometimes people wonder why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so remarkably efficient as a cure for dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles. They forget that these ailments are caused by derangements of the filtering and excretory organs.

Except in cases of mere temporary indigestion, stomach medicines