ad expressed the feelings of he reiterated what that ted the reception given spontaneous was it, and ently the outcome of a uni-

entiment of kindliness. Daniel, of St. John, joined expressions of good will and t the contingent had done that it had reflected such n the Canadian name.

orchlight Procession.

ht a magnificent torchocession took place. The were a perfect blaze of ky-rockets were thrown in tions across the sky. and parts of the city bonfires nd fireworks were burned till became larid. The procession grandest spectacle of the er seen in Hallfax, and will e forgottan. The retur ed were carried in triumpis over te. Scores of patriotic methis friends, notifying them ofe arrivel at Halifax. Many themselves of the privilege. Western Men Leave

and got their discharge were deliver up their rifles. This ined to do. They said they ried their rifles through the lean war, and they intended them as souvenirs or for fu-

puty Minister of Militin was to, and as the men persisted position, he issued a provisionslicwing them to keep their he boys left on the train toth their rifles by their sides.

ork Report .- The death of the William Marsh Rice at his avenue apartments on Sept. attempt of his New York or large amounts which purbe signed by the millionaire; al of one bank to cash the bank officials that Mr. Rice ig dead at the time the im by Patrick that Mr. Rice om three to eight millions; e of forgery, both as regards ues and the will, pinced fones, and their lodgment in the developments of to-day, to become the most celethe many celebrated crimes s courts of this city have at on to investigate.

st incident which led up to t of a confession was true more startling news that to silent hours of the night suicide by cutting his ith a pen-knife, given him, he Attorney Patrick, also conthe Tombs.

What Jones Saw. ortion of the confession

s to do with the last mom-Mr. Rice is the following. by the authorities as com-Jones-

said-'I am very nervous, ick. I wish you would not ne. Please go nway. k replied-'I have some

re, Mr. Rice, that will cure oduced a bottle and uncorke contents smelled to me s very strong Uniment. Patrick said to me- Get me and a sponge. I got him

en Patrick said-Jones, you eave. I left. As I was leavick said-Til remain here Rice gets to sleap. He e door behind me.

soon I heard Mr. Rice laugh. this was queer, so I pushed door. I saw Mr. Rice lying ck in hel. The towel that I n Patrick was wrapped to aponge in a cone phape. e was lying directly over

was pressing it down with of course, Mr. Rice could r seeing what I had seen nd lay on my bed. ce grew very sick, Patrick ne-Go get a doctor. for one. He pronounced

Patrick denies furnishing pen-knife, and he also detatements in the confession. fter his suicidal attempt. to Bellevae Hospital, hastoned physicians, having just me to save him from death oss of blood. At 8 o'clock tohospital surgeons said he tly better, and the chances n a few days he will again in the Tombs.

LLEN TERRY ILL.

ty That She Will Quit the Stage for Good.

Nov. 2.-Miss Terry has h noticeable indifference for ouple of years, and although alize that the only wise her to pursue is to retire rmer laurels, the critics and s hesitate to say so, and she ill not admit that her day is pest. Sir Henry Irving d-hearted to suggest her reand the true friends of the t actress hope she will take e of her present illness and

stage for good.

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

But in truth Ruthven Ramsay was world courtesy and hospitality of neither invulnerable nor indifferent; Sir Bernard gave him as many ophe was only scrupulously honorable, portunities as even the most ardent and excessively fastidious. No for admirer, if he had any claim to keep tune with which a woman was ever within the bounds of reason, could dowered would have induced him to desire. He had leave some weeks from marry without love, but on the other his regiment, and there was no equihand, no love which a woman ever vocal warmth or eagerness in the reinspired would have induced him to ception he met with almost daily from accept all from her. So that he was the young ladies at the castle. It accustomed to regard himself as an would have been easy to surmise "outsider' one to whom the prize that Blanche had no mother to watch matrimonial was never to be adjudged. over her with the vigilance of love, The very refinement of taste, man- and no hired chaperon to surround ners and habits, which he knew would | her with the precautions of interest, or be indispensable to any woman's in- the disaster of unrequited attachment spiring him with love, rendered it could hardly have befallen the young more than improbable that he should | lady of Tredethlyn. find the one woman whom he must In about three weeks after the love out of the rank and condition birthday festival, and when the of life in which wealth is as general early summer was exquisitely beauas it is certainly indispensable; and tiful, the painting which Sir Berhe was rather glad to find that at | nard had purchased from Gemma's twenty-eight he had not been obliged father reached Tredethlyn, and was to fly from an agonizing temptation hung in the picture gallery. Miss or induced to fail in his allegiance to | Tredethlyn and her friend had been his immutable code of honor. He had out, passing the sunny hours upon never seen anyone whom he could the shore, and there Sir Merthyr have loved, had she been ever so roland Lady Merthyr and Captain mantically and accommodatingly Ruthven Ramsay had joined them. poor; and he was beginning to think | Until this day Blanche had not his lot might not be so hard a one, taken herself to task for the feelings after all. It was only forty years ago; which she neither attempted to debut men did then actually regard fine nor to govern; she had permitmarriage with partiality, and the ted her young heart to bask in the being debarred from it as a sunshine of its first love. But now, penalty. When Ruthven Ramsay, as she walked towards her stately part of whose regiment was quarter- home, with Ruthven at her side, his

ing that he was the handsomest man | ence which is so charming to women, in the room. It befell Ruthven Ram- his voice modulated to tones in which say almost always to be so, and to | dwelt all music to the young girl's produce so much effect by his pre- ears, she did not palter with or desence, that people in general were | ceive herself longer. She loved him, very much surprised to find that he and her dearest hope, her delicious, had anything but good looks to re- | timid belief, was that he loved her. commend him; for though lady nove- | She was so exquisitely happy! Surelists had not then made masculine by the world must be a good and ugliness heroic, there already exist- glorious place, and human life a ed a notion that male beauty and splendid, an inestimable boon, when boobyism were usually coincident. He such a being as Ruthven dwelt in was not remarkably tall, but his fig- the one, and such feelings as here ure combined strength, symmetry, were permitted to irradiate the and elegance; and his face, with its other! So absorbed was she, that dark-blue eyes, features fine and de- she hardly noticed the pre-occupalicate, but peculiarly instinct with | tion of Gemma, and was like one manliness; his noble head, with its awakened from a dream, scarcely closely-curling masses of lustrous able to recognize surrounding obchestnut brown hair, were of quite | jects, when her friend said to her: typical beauty.

lyn, but walted patiently his turn | you the grand secret." for an introduction, looking about the pretty, fresh complexions and animated manners of many a county belle, to whom "the season" was utterly unknown, and the mere pos- a jewel lick your ruby heart?" sibility of ever getting enough of ional glimpses of a face so beautiful, that things escape me somehow." so bright, so full of youthful pleasure, and yet of delicate and refined senintellect, feeling, cultivation, and | wear the ruby heart at dinner." race had cunningly blended their ex- | "When there's so small a party, pression into such beauty as he had | Gemma ?" never before seen. People came and the figure, girlish, indeed, but stately everything you do right, you know, and statuesque, at which he earn- | Stay-you are nearly dressed-! will | estly gazed. She only did not change | put it on your neck now.' her place. Presently a gap occurred | The gem touched Blanche's soft, with his sponsor, a Cornish squire, by | slightly under Gemma's hands.

introduced to Miss Tredethlyn. wonderful necklace Lady Merthyr has inspect his latest acquisition. been talking about," said Sir Merthyr! When an admiring group had gath-Merthyr. But Ruthven Ramsay made ered round the painting, Gemma came to fatigue; she was very tired, the his tow to Miss Tredethlyn, asked for softly to Blanche's side and pressed sun had wearted her, she should be all a dance, and fell back into the crowd, her white, slender arm. with only the vaguest notion of what "Now for the secret," she whispered, Miss Tredethlyn was like, and with "Look on the right of the picture, at out having seen the wonderful neck- the figure of the Dauphin." lace. He had been looking at Gemma | "Yest I am looking."

de Valdimonte's wonderful eyes. Blanche Tredethlyn's eighteenth of the Queen of Scots." birthday formed an epoch in her life "Yest I am looking." in other than the conventional sense. "Do you see any similarity in their her room, a bad cold was the assigned The first of the guests at the ball to ornaments? Here is the glass-observe reason, and when she again appeared present himself afterwards at the the white satin shoulder-knot worn by among the circle assembled at the castle was Ruthven Ramsay, and she each as a bridal favor. What is the Castle, her appearance confirmed the heard his name announced with a jewel in the centre?" strange, hitherto unknown feeling, as | Blanche looked intently, and then the curred to her.

portion of Blanche Tredethlyn's story | she answered. -only the "old, old story," after all. "It is a ruby heart with a pearl." always picturesque and beautiful, alone that night she sat gazing on but peculiarly so in the glorious sum the necklace with a strange terror, entertained. No human eye beheld, no mer weather which set in after and attraction. Blanche's birthday festival, when sun- "It is no guess," she thought. "It shine was upon sea and shore, upon is no mere coincidence. Something ivy-grown turret and smooth bowling has told my spirit that this is the green, upon "pleasant alleys" and jewel the Queen wore, the fatal smiling, many-colored gardens. It Queen, who brought evil on every was an enchanted time to Blanche one by her presence, and who seems Tredethivn, and not to her alone. to live still, centuries after her Capt. Ruthven Ramsay and his friends | death-the most real being in all were still in the vicinity; but he had the history of the past to me, the forsaken the inn, and was staying at being whose true story I have most Merthyr with his sponsorial friend. longed and tried to penetrate. If Day after day found the young officer, you could speak"-her thoughts were decided liking, at the castle, in pleas- cold, bright, senseless, beautiful ant, idle attendance upon the ladies. thing-what stories you could tell, The first distinct idea concerning Miss if indeed you adorned Queen Mary was conscious of entertaining was the breast. Strange stories of a terrisense of her inferiority to the peer- ble time, when for many a one the less Gemma; and though, on better acquaintance with her, he did full fearful as the depths of the sea, justice to the young lady's good gifts any light but that of Gemma's friend, caverns where the dead rest not, Kilferran Abbey, while they inspect croft. The church had at one whole heart, when every hope and thought, every wish and fancy of hers could not have told the color of fering. waif of the dreadful ocean? elling, she said, she wanted quiet until remained until the present day. Miss Tredethlyn's eyes or remembered Yes, I should fear you-nay more, I then, and nothing which should break

Capt. Ramsay learned very quickly all about the beautiful girl who had first made him feel that it would be very difficult thing to adhere to his undeviating rule with regard to the girl was not to be thought of as posgirl was not to be thought of as pos- picture. I know it is weak of me, She had never felt one pang of service, a cruise in the north Atlanless, such a future before her, such one knew about this likeness except form; she had regarded this knowledge of pelagic fishes, their life, sovereign right as hers to all that ourselves." some happier and richer man than he "And yet it would give fresh in- her, as a monarch's crown might migrations, that, with the means should give. But it was not easy to refrain from thinking of Gemma, and the picture and the jewel."

her, as a monarch strove in feel no envy now at his disposal, he should guther now, but strove in vain. "She a considerable amount of new infor-Capt. Ramsay speedily left off try- "I know; but I have a strong has everything," thought Blanche. | mation, which will be of service to the

ed in Cornwall, entered the ball-room | head bent over her, and his dark blue at Tredethlyn Castle he was heart eyes looking at her with even more than their usual gentleness, his Gemma had been correct in say- manner full of the high bred defer-

"Blanche, you have been very He was sometime in the ballroom | good to wait so patiently, and ask before he attempted to penetrate me no question. But you are going the crowd surrounding Miss Tredeth- | to be rewarded. I am going to tel!

"Grand secret!" said Blanche, blushhim in the meanwhile, and admiring | ing and stammering. "I don't think ! know what you mean. "Oh, then you've forgotten! And you don't care to know where I saw

"Of course-I remember now, and balls incredible. Thus, a mid the shift- | do care to know-only-only I seem to ing of the crowd, he caught occas- have so much more to think of now, "Never mind. You shall hear the secret all the same as if you had been sibility-with eyes dark, proud, bril- trying all sorts of devices to and it East, and yet tender-a face in which out; but on one condition-you must

"Yes-never mind the smallness of

his side, took advantage of it to be After dinner Sir Bernard proposed a

"Now look on the left, at the figure

upper earth was as perilous and

"No, indeed, I will not," said Gem-

Ramsay.

Mr. Maldon found Blanche Tredethlyn very intelligent, and much interested on the subject of her Irish property. She had a dear untold reason now for prizing highly wealth which she should have the power of conferring on another. The bright weeks of the summer flitted by, and the light cloud which rested from time to time on Miss Tredethlyn's thoughtful, placid face came there more frequently, and remained longer. Her father saw it, Gemma saw it, only Ruthven Ramsay, of those who were most with with her, did not see it. But he was unobservant of every one except Gemma-an example of the reflected egotism of love. To all attempts to discover the origin of this fitful sadness, Blanche opposed a gentle, steadfast denial of its existence. When her father questioned her. would remind him that she was growing older, was a responsible person, and must be steady, or put him off with some other jesting reply. When Gemma questioned her, she would sigh, and look wistfully at her, and say that she was not sad, that there was nothing the matter with her, that, in fact, no one could be happier than she was. Gemma grew uneasy about her friend, whom she loved with devocedness rare in female friendships; and she, finding it vain to question Blanche, confided her Enquietude to Mr. Vaughan, who,

tive life as a looker-on at every same of ac-scene of Ruman passions, the old the came back, he should the City Air, so she would take him in his turn, observed Blanche closely. priest was likely to see more, and he had left in her care. She found shows the strength of the Sea am going to take supper with her." more clearly than any one there, and he made up his mind readily as to the cause of the underlable alteration in Blanche's spirits, which of her love for the two, who so little were becoming exceedingly variable. changing painfully from the placid cheerfulness which had characterized her. But Blanche, much as she liked for him, no matter how long, and they and esteemed him, clearly as she perceived the greater sympathy of his mind with hers than that of any other of her associates, even Gemma, was entirely reticent towards Mr. Vaughan, nor could any effort on his part tempt her from her reserve. Their young lady's changed looks, and silent, melancholy ways, soon became the talk of the servants and even of the tenants about Tredethlyn. Some declared that she looked like a ghost, while others said for certain she had seen one. It was true Blanche had seen the worst ghost which youth can see, the

ceptive hope. There is no more blighting vision. The young lady bore the tory light of the truth bravely. her face. Blanche's dream of happiness did not last for many weeks. It was dispelled when she was singing, as she in the expression of his face, as the had refused "the best blood" in Corn- Born. stantly, that those looks did not address themselves to her. Gemma was of a high velvet chair, over which her had seen the ghost which long ago Humiliate him. arm was stretched, the hand touching looked into the Venice mirror. But | And he had more than his share | Evening Clothes. Miss Tredethlyn's shoulder. It was With the notes still thrilling from her parted lips, Blanche turned her head went, intervening between him and the party; everybody there will think and saw the answering glance. It told of a hero in that slender body of hers. | larly : "It isn't as she likes. Those Her manner was as gracious, her smile that the spirits come to must do what general adjournment to the picture- was as sweet during the remainder of the spirits bid. Mayhap she's held here "Now we shall have a look at the gallery, in order that his guests might | that evening as before, but there was | by her dreams." something strange in her voice which Gemma remarked. Blanche imputed it right after a good night's rest. And when Gemma went to her room to take leave of her for the night, Blanche kissed her with even more than her usual earnestness and affection, but acknowledged that she was unable to talk any more. For three days after this Miss Tredethlyn kept

statement. It was from that time that the if something extraordinary had oc- arm which held the glass dropped at change which Sir Bernard and Gemma noted with anxiety became There is no need to elaborate this pale, to the smiling gaze of Gemma, as apparent in Blanche, and it was place. The abbey was founded by Walalso from that time that Captain | ter de Clare in those merry monkish | be near them. Ruthven Ramsay began to have a The old castle of Tredethlyn was When Blanche Tredethlyn was truer, higher, more generous appreciation of her than he had previously "fat pullets and clouted cream." girl's struggle; there was none to re- a transition between the Early and one Day the Treasurer happened looking around his home, his women joice in her victory. She accepted her | English and Decorated periods. The | to ask Cyril if he would like to drop | folks say that it is to find something lot with entire submission, and accused church, begun in 1287, remains near- in at Miss Effingham's Apartments to grumble about. She had given her heart to Ruthven | northern areade of the nave.

It was arranged that, in the follow- cetic.

ing. He saw her frequently; the old- feeling in this matter, and you won't "Beauty, fascination, and his love- fishing industry of all nations.

and I, what have I?" To look around on all the wealth and luxury of which ma, and she adhered faithfully to she was mistress did not supply her her promise, not even talking of the with an answer; it did not mean coincidence to Captain Ruthven much to her, and she was too ignorant of the world to know how much it might, must mean in the estima-

tion of that world. But the confidence she dreaded did not come from Gemma. came in a form harder to bear than any she had feared. It came from Ruthven Ramsay himself. It came in the form of a petition for her influence and her ald. Gemma had owned that she loved him, had owned that she received the declaration of his love joyfully, but had refused to marry him, for his own sake-refused to come to him a portionless wife, as she must come-refused thus to traverse his prospects in life, and bidden him to leave her.

Blanche bore the misery inflicted on her nobly. She cheered Captain Ramsay with assurances that Gemma's nature was as constant as it was loving, and that if it had but courage and perseverance to pursue fortune, he might return and find her still there and faithful to her love-she urged upon him that Gemma must act as see was acting consistently with her duty-she spoke modestly of interest which Sir Bernard might use in high places to procure for Captain Ramsay swift advancement. His plan was to go to India, where at that time the best prizes of the soldier were to be had. prizes, and come back and claim his bride-a programme which had a far different and more terrible meeting then than such a one would have now. her promise. The single-hearted fervor suspected what their mutual love cost her, supported her. In her presence Gemma promised her lover to wait exchanged rings in the foreign style of betrothal.

"And I shall find you here?" Ruthven Ramsay said to Gemma. "If this is still my home, you will find her here," Blanche answered for her: "but, if not, wherever my home is, there Gemma will be. She has no near relatives to dispute the point with me.

Ruthven Ramsav went away from Go It, he would leef shooty and Cyril began to understand that Mrs. Tredethlyn, and Blanche knew that couraged, and the Tears would Miller was Hortense and that the Wig with him all the glory had gone out come to his Eyes, and he would of her life; but she also knew that think that the Fates had conspired makes a Difference. love and duty were left in it, and she to lay Tribulation on his Young was resolved to be faithful to both. Shoulders. phantom of an unreal, impossible, de- The touch of this great sorrow, al-

visited the continent again, she seemed fonder of the place than ever. However, the One and Consuming

(To be Continued.)

A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND. Tintern Abbey Purchased by the British Government.

A genume ort of old England has just been secured by the Covernment and talk about which one they likas a heritage for the people, says the ed Best. London Daily Mail. This consists of the magnificent ruins of Tintern Abbey, together with several thousand acres of land adjoining in the beautiful valley of the Wye, all of which have been purchased from the Duke of Beaufort, and will be maintained for the enjoyment of visitors.

An aroma of antiquity pervades the days when monastic visions were

Kamsay unasked-an undesired boon- To enter the church is like taking she loved a man who loved another, a step straight into the thirteenth and while she knew that in this con- century. One expects to be surtion of the brightest hope that can pilgrims, and to see great visions of illumine a woman's life, she nobly kept | wallets and wassail. On the east side fresh in her remembrance the charms, of the cloisture are the aumbry, the the graces, the undeniable claims to parlor and sacristy, and the chapter to whom Sir Bernard had taken a softly murmured now in words—"you admiration of her beautiful and gifted house with three alleys. On the north admiration of her beautiful admiration of her beautiful solds are the postern and river gate. friend. Blanche's pale face grew paler, side are the postern and river gate. her gentle voice more low, her quiet with the abbot's lodge over. In the step more subdued, as the weeks went | vicinity of the abbot's lodge one na-Tredethlyn which Ruthven Ramsay at her bridal, and rested on her on, and every day confirmed the revelation which had been made to her by refectory, and the kitchen, for, look you, your real abbot was no as-

ing spring Sir Bernard and his daugh- The sacred rites of hospitality were whence you came hither. What ter should go to Ireland, and take up duly observed, as is testified by the of disposition and intellect, it never did you see there-in the tremendous their abode in the town nearest to guest house, built over an underwho perhaps might be induced to be his also. When she had given him her his also. When she had given him her his also. When she had given him her had given him her him her his also. When she had given him her had at one had at one him her had at one him her had at one him her had at one had at one him her him her had at one him her him her had given him her had given him her had given him her had given him her him her had given him you could tell me your story, could quainted with the property. Miss Tre- At the time of the suppression of the I bear to hear it? Should I not have dethlyn, while acknowledging that abbey there were 13 monks. After the were met in him, though she had no a great fear of you, atom as you she was not quite strong, did not wish dissolution the site of the monastrue and real knowledge of how en- are of the earth's hidden treasure, for any change of residence in the tery was granted to the Earl of Worthrely she loved him, Ruthven Ramsay | wrought relic of human love and suf- | meantime. She had had so much tray- | cester, with whose descendants it has

beauty as a thing quite apart from | habits and the causes affecting their

CYRIL'S NIGHT

SERVICE EFFERENCE EFFERENCE EFFE Once upon a Time there was a Tender Boy who was half way between that. Knickerbockers and the University Glee Club. His name was Cyril and his Folks lived in the first Stone Castle at the right as you entered Easy

Street Cyril's Governor was a two-handed Fighter, who had an Office in the his Savings Bank, and got together Street given over to Tickers and The Blackboards and Good Things. Governor had gone to the Mat and He knew it was going to be a Wild been through the Ropes and taken the Count several times, but he was Game, and would not be denied his learned that the Nicest Families often share of the Loot. By the time Cyril | break Glassware and do the Cake was old enough to smoke Egyptian Walk when they get together after Cigarettes without getting dizzy Cy- the Theatre, and he figured that if ril's Governor had so much money Respectable Society People went as that he could use it for filling Sofa, far as that, then the gay Profession-

Pillows and Washing Windows. To a Young Man in the Habit of buying 21 Meal Checks for \$3.75 it would seem that Cyril should have been very happy. The House was full of Servants, who tried to anticipate it afterward. his slightest Wish. He had Cameras and Ponies and a Gauzy Canopy over his little Bed, and more than a Gross of Men about Town taking Late Supof Scarf Pins. He had obedient Tutors to come to the House and try to pump knowledge into him without any Ef- | went. fort on his part. If he complained of a That Evening he was in Front of Headache or was Peevish at the the Theatre, and as he watched Hor-Breakfast Table, his Mamma knew | tense Effingham flit and twitter and under her Wing and away they would | ing to himself, "Little do these Peo-Shore, or Europe. Cyril had been to am going to take supper with her." of her intention and the eagerness of Europe twice, and to prove that he Cyril and the Cyril and the carnestness was a Bright Boy he could tell the name of the Ship they had come back | had to walk around for a while after on, and he knew that the Hotel in the Show, to give Hortense time to Paris began with an R.

thereof were laid in front of Cyril, and although l'apa applied the Squeeze hear his Heart beat. He expected to to the Little Fish every day or two have his hat kicked off just as he to get more funds with which to buy stepped in, but he didn't propose to Tutors and Automobiles for him, the Let On. Boy was not Happy. He had no end of Trouble

As an Example, sometimes he would work for an Hour to get his Batwould Balance, and if he could not

Or he would put on a pair of Pas ways to be borne in absolute soli- slonate Hose, with the Stripes runtude, ennobled her, and lent a name- ning up and down, and he would go dawning, the full, blinding, confirma. less refinement and dignity even to out with his Trousers reefed up, so that all might see, and he would and Cyril would be Great Friends. No lady of Tredethlyn had ever been | meet another Boy whose Socks were more popular or more beloved than Checked, and he would wonder if Father quite well, as he had handled by Captain Ramsay. One evening Sir Bernard's daughter; but, as time Perpendicular stripes had ceased to several Investments for her. She went on, it began to be whispered be the Thing. The Clouds would said he was a Lovely Man. Then she always sang, with exquisite taste and about among the people that Miss gather over him with not a rift to asked Cyril which he liked better, feeling, and he was standing at a lit- Tredethlyn was "strange," that she let the Sunshine through, and he Hall Caine or Marie Corelli, and he tie distance, she noticed the changes never intended to marry, that she would regret that he had been said he thought both of them were

soft, passionate words of the song wall, that if Sir Bernard were dead Perchance he would see on the to say that much. He didn't know flowed over her lips, and had seen, in- she would go into a convent, as her Drive a new style of Cart several whether he was On Foot or Horsegreat Aunt Marcia Tredethlyn, had Feet higher than any of his, and he back.

> people did not believe that, for Miss of Grief and Disappointment when around.

her all, and the stroke of a dagger It was then impossible she could be Sorrow of his Young Life was that in her heart could hardly have been haunted." But Mother Skirrow, who he had never met a real Actress. keener, and would certainly have been was reputed very wise in such mat. He had purchased their Photomore merciful pain. But Blanche was ters, looked mysterious and unmoved graphs, and he had even gone so in the crowd, and Ruthven Ramsay, warm neck coldly, and she started true to her race; she carried the heart by these arguments, and said, oracu- far as to send Flowers, but he had never actually Met one, so as to have her Speak to him. That was what he wanted. One of his friends, named Paul, had ridden on a Train once with a Company playing "A Runaway Girl," and had opened a window for Virginia Earl, who had thanked him with her own lips. Consequently, Paul was the genuine It when the boys got together in Cy. ril's Den to look at the pictures

Cyrill dreamed one Night that he had Lillian Russell riding with him in his Stanhope, and that Edna Wallace and Madge Lessing stood on the Corner and threw Violets at them as they rode past, and that all the other Boys were shrivelled with Envy. When he Awoke he was so Blue he had a notion to leave Home and go on the Stage, just so that he could

But Everything Comes to him who is on the Lookout. Cyril became ac- - Maggie Wheeler Ross in Little quainted with the Treasurer of a Folk The abbey is famous for its archi- Theatre at which Hortense Effingham human heart sympathized with the tectural character, which belongs to was appearing in "The Cash Girl," When a man takes the privilege of only herself of the anguish it implied. ly complete, with the exception of the some Night after the Performance. All public buildings in Washington Cyric almost Fainted with Joy and are open every week day except on told the Attache to name a Night, national holidays.

The Treasurer said he would speak to Miss Effingham.

Cyril did not touch the Ground at all when he went home that Day. He had seen Hortense on the Stage many a time. She was a vivacious little Blonde, just as saucy and scampery as she could be. All the Fellows had her Picture. And he was going to Sup with her after the Show! He wondered what Paul would say to

The Night was Set. Cyril did not dare to let his parents know of the proposed Racket, so he said he was going to a Party. He touched his Father and Mother and the Coachman for Money and emptied \$18 in case they had to send out for more Champagne and Cigarettes. Revel, for he had heard the Stories. In his limited Experience he had als would probably turn Flip-Flops over the Piano and use an Axe on the Furniture. He was in for a Perfect Tear, but he knew he would have to see it through, so he could Tell about

On the Appointed Evening he wore Full Dress, because in all the pictures pers with Footlight Favorites he had noticed that the Long-tailed Coat

get off her Make-Up and arrive at Although the Earth and the Fulness | the Flat. Then they went up, and when they rang the Bell Cyril could

They were welcomed by a pleasant little Woman with Dark Hair. Cyril caught the name as Mrs. Miller. She said her Husoand would be out in a Shaped Ties just right, so the Ends | Minute. After the went away the Friend explained to Cyril that Effing-Ruthven Ramsav went away from do it, he would feel Moody and Dis- ham was her Stage Name, and then

She came back with Mr. Miller, whom Cyril recognized as the Leader of the Orchestra. Also, there was a Tall Boy about Cyril's age. Mrs. Miller said it was her Son, who was home on a Vacation. She hoped that he

Mrs. Miller told Cyril she knew his all right. He was lucky to be able

gone, and, finally, that she had awful would bite his nails and feel sure After that they had a Little Lunch standing near her, leaning on the back knowledge of the spirit world, and that the other Boys were trying to of Crackers and nice, rich Milk. Cyril was the only one present who wore

Mrs. Miller's son showed Cyril his Gemma's eyes his eyes were seeking. Tredethlyn still lived at the castle. it came to selecting Hat Bands or Book of Kodak Pictures and they had it was in Gemma's face he was look. She came back thither from Ireland; making the Tailor get the proper a little Music, and then it was Time ing for the sentiment of the song. she did not go abroad with Sir Ber Bell Effect on his Coats, so that to go Home. Mrs. Miller asked Cyril nard and Mr. Vaughan when they they would stand out all the Way if he had Car Fare, and he told her he had. He still had \$18. He went home, feeling Puzzled but Respectable. He was full of Milk.

MORAL-Don't believe ali you Hear

-Robert Howard Russell.

The Song of the Top. Spinning! Spinning! Spinning! Round and round I go, Twirling, tripping, dipping, Gliding to and fro; Cutting

graceful circles. Then, with sudden start, right and left go bounding-Well I know my art! Life to me is motion! Blithe as bird on wing, With each revolution, Hark the song I sing! Humming, humming, humming, Around and round I go! Oh I lead a gay life. in Gliding

to and

fro

viction she acknowledged the extinction of the brightest hope that can illumine a woman's life, she nobly kept of the cloisture are the aumbry, the FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

Few indeed are the family circles from whence there has not been taken some member as the result of neglected coughs and colds. The prudent mother is constantly on guard lest her little ones fall prey to croup, bronchitis or coids. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against consumption, pneumonia, and other lung troubles, Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE to promptly loosen the tight chest coughs, to allay the inflammation, to clear the air passages and thoroughly cure the cold. Their confidence in this grand prescription of DR. CHASE has never been shaken, because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is of such unusual merit as to have attained by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

A HACKING COUGH.

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Scaton street. Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered

BRONCHITIS.

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que.,

sibly his wife; he could have no right to try and win her-her with, doubt- and perhaps worse than weak, su- envy of her beautiful friend, ex- tic and Arctic Oceans. Dr. Hjort to the perstitions; but I would rather no cited by the loveliness of face and has already added so much to the AND TURPENTINE.

Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size, containing about three times as much, 69 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.