

THE SINGING OF ERNA

He, too, forgot the company present, and by a strange coincidence his thoughts flashed back to the day he had seen Selim flying like a meteor over the wall of his park, bearing on his back the beautiful creature he had afterward learned to know as his protégée.

He remembered in a sort of bewilderment that he had been indifferent to even the most beautiful of the girls, and he recalled with shame how he had apparently betrayed her confidence afterward. He had not meant such a thing as that. She had been a child to him, and he had thought of her good in insisting upon her going away from her aunt. He felt somehow as if he must have had a deeper interest than he knew at that time, or he would not have taken so much trouble; but he could see clearly now how hateful his conduct must have been to the high-spirited girl.

"Yes," he muttered, "she hates me, and she is justified. I wonder if I might not change her feeling if I tried? I am so different from the other men, but I can change. I was gay and light-hearted once. Why should I permit my life to be spoiled because of the love of one woman? I can do nothing for her now; but if I marry, it will be different. Marry! Why should I think of it? I cannot love. But there is one woman, the Countess of Aubrey, and no one will ask for love who is offered the title. It is plain enough that Lady Gertrude would not refuse."

His thoughts ran on even while he stood entrance of the beautiful girl, whom he had once known as a merry madcap, but now knew only as a disdainful woman. Her voice ceased, and a perfect tumult, a whirlwind of applause, followed the first moment of spellbound silence. He did not join in it, but stole quietly from the room, and went out on the terrace to smoke a cigar and to think.

It seemed to him that it was the first time he had been able to think rationally for many years. For nearly five years he had been seeking danger and forgetfulness in every clime. He had braved death and disease in the far interior of Africa; he had ventured among the wild tribes of the hill country of India, and he had been a volunteer in many a bloody fray, both in Asia and in Africa.

But he had not thought of what his duties to himself and to the world were. It had remained for a madcap girl to bring him to that. He had returned home because he was tired of roaming, and because he was now scornfully indifferent to the world and its pleasures, and no longer mattered to him that he was wrongfully smothered with the mire that was rightfully his another's.

He had come home, cynical and carelessly indifferent to the ordinary emotions. He had intended to contemptuously shun everybody, and had commenced his new life by refusing to see the callers who came. Then a child, who had been his playmate at the time, but who he vaguely knew now to be connected in some way with Erna, came over him, and he had begun to mingle with his fellows.

He knew that the reputation would not stand in his way in the world of society, but he was hardly prepared to find that he was rather a lion on account of it. Of course he was wise enough to know that his reputation was, and he had eternally condemned him if he had been poor. With an old title and a huge fortune, it only added a sort of glamor.

Perhaps it was easier to bear his evil name unmentioned than to have it mentioned; but he was far from admiring the eagerness with which mothers and daughters greeted him because of his supposed wickedness.

"Yes," he murmured, "I will make her Lady Aubrey. Luck is dead, and there is no need that I should tell her that story. If I loved her, I should feel it my duty to reveal all that wretched episode; but, as it is, there can be no necessity. When I am married, I will explain my duties as toward Erna, and I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the girl I have a natural right to protect, properly provided for."

A man more accustomed to analyzing his emotions would never have remained so blind to what was going on within him. Lord Aubrey was conscious only, however, of a desire to please and please Erna; of a desire to know how well she might learn to know him so well that she would know that he did not merit the reputation he bore and moreover, that he had been guilty of dense stupidity, but of nothing more in his treatment of her at a time when he might have won and kept her regard.

He threw away what remained of his cigar, and returned to the drawing room. If he had followed the trend of his wishes he would have gone at once to Erna to thank her for the pleasure she had given him; but when he looked for her, he saw her surrounded by a gay throng of young men, and he shrunk from receiving before them the rebuff it might suit her to give him.

He turned toward where Lady Gertrude sat, herself the center of a circle of admirers, and he was conscious of a sensation of pleasure in knowing that she would welcome him with a smile and a soft glance. And yet, such is the perverseness of man, his longest was to win the smile and the glance from Erna.

"You are just in time to bear the infliction of a song from me," said Lady Gertrude, looking up at him with a coquettish glance. "I have composed a new one, and I shall be glad if you would not find it an infliction."

"Let me hear it like a man, then," he replied, bowing gracefully, "and permit me to escort you to the place of torture."

She took his arm with a flash of gratification, and flashed a glance of triumph at Erna, as she passed her. She did not know that the earl had returned to listen to Erna's recitation, but she was confident that Erna was aware of the fact that he had left the room just previous to it.

sent such a pang to her heart! No, not Erna's girl that she was, with her mind full of worldly advantage, and her heart set on the trifling pleasures of the world she hoped to live in, she loved Lord Aubrey.

When the duchess left them, she cast one glance upon Lord Aubrey's face before she turned again to the piano, and he was startled at the sudden change in her expression. The coquetry was gone out of her face, and in its place was a look of wistfulness and longing. Then she sang.

The talk with the duchess had sent the thoughts of the earl to Erna, and to the day she had flashed across his vision after her mad jump; and from that time to the other one, when in her vision she had called to him from the cliff. He recalled the saucy, high-spirited girl, who had shifted so readily from laughing holed into offended queen.

It was a picture that was often in his mind, and he might have gone on in his imagination, picturing her as he had seen her, but that his ear was suddenly told her of a new quality in the voice of Lady Gertrude. He started, as others in the room started, at the revelation of feeling.

Erna left his thoughts, and he gazed at Lady Gertrude. It seemed to him that he understood something of the look she had given him; and, as is man's nature, he felt a sudden tenderness toward her; and he asked himself if it might be that he would find peace and happiness with her as the mistress of Aubrey.

She was very beautiful, her voice vibrant with the fire of her heart. She was too young to have become so sophisticated like the society belles he had come in contact with. Yes, he could be happy with her, and settle down, and which held in their memories that one horrible episode of the Tyrol.

And she could be like a sister to Erna. She would help him to do his duty by her. It was odd how the song was over, and Lady Gertrude was looking up into his face with her clear blue eyes, conscious that she had sung as she had never sung before, and to see the approbation in his face. It was there.

"What has come over Gertrude?" whispered Violet to Erna. "She never sang as well as that before."

Erna did not answer. She alone of all there who had noted the change in Lady Gertrude's singing had a glimmering of the reason for the change. But her eyes had been sharp enough to see that Gertrude's blue eyes into the face of Lord Aubrey, and in her passionate soul there was a turmoil which she should not comprehend.

All she was conscious of was a determination that Gertrude should not surpass her. And yet she was angry with herself for caring whether she was surpassed or not. Why should she strive to make Lord Aubrey's mistress, she was superior to Lady Gertrude? What should it matter to her?

She explained it partially by telling herself that she wished to punish Lady Gertrude for being so close to Lord Aubrey had so pointedly left the room on the eve of her recital. She chose to forget, as we all will forget what marks an argument, that she had determined to do so. The duchess was quick to see what an impression Lady Gertrude had made on the earl. Indeed, it was patent that his attention to her was marked. Lady Gertrude should not win the earl, she wished him for Violet. In fact, every mother in that brilliant drawing room was angry with Lady Gertrude, and eager to replace her with her own marvellous daughter. And yet they all crowded about the singer and congratulated her on her success; and there was no appearance of anything but a desire to be happy with all her heart in the lustre of Lady Gertrude's performance. The duchess was far too astute to hurry Erna to the piano; though she loathed her, as soon after Gertrude had left it.

It was an unkind sarcasm, and the old man was as aware of it as a young man. Erna had never once spoken of her riding, though there had been opportunities enough for doing so. Was it possible that Erna had the start of her already, and that she was a far more dangerous rival than he had believed. If to her beauty she added other charms that appealed particularly to the earl, she was not, said Lady Gertrude, and had never revealed the fact.

The vague feeling that there was a sort of rivalry between her and Erna for the winning of the prize of the season, grew into the more definite feeling that Erna had the start of her already, and that she was a far more dangerous rival than he had believed. If to her beauty she added other charms that appealed particularly to the earl, she was not, said Lady Gertrude, and had never revealed the fact.

Lady Gertrude was committed to the task of winning the earl. It was not merely that she had boasted at the dinner, but she had boasted so, nor the added fact that her father and mother had impressed on her the great advantage of doing so; but stronger than any and every other reason was the one that she was learning to love Lord Aubrey.

She might not have discovered the fact but for the fear of losing him to the duchess; but she had discovered that she had registered a vote deeper than any she had ever registered before, that she would let no one take her from him. And if song would touch his heart, then her song should be sweeter than Erna's.

She had a rich, powerful voice, well trained and carefully used, but it had always lacked the one essential quality—feeling. She had not been conscious of the fact. She had modulated her voice in accordance with the instructions of her master, but she had not been able to impart feeling to it.

CHAPTER XX.

There is a clever story told of a writer who seemed to possess every qualification for success—young, brilliant, a master of language, and possessed of a wonderful gift of humor; but he could not touch the hearts of his readers, and they laid his books down unsatisfied.

Then, one day, he fell in love. He wrote a story. It was read and re-read. One knew how it differed from the other stories, but it was different; it touched all hearts, and stirred them to their depths. His readers said he had learned how at last; but he knew that the difference was due to nothing learned, but to love.

So Lady Gertrude sat at the piano, smiling because she fathomed the design of the duchess to win the earl from her; partly because she was amused at what she supposed was the earl's diplomacy in pretending to have heard Erna's recitation, when in fact he was enjoying a coquettish glance from the girl who he would not find it an infliction.

"Let me hear it like a man, then," he replied, bowing gracefully, "and permit me to escort you to the place of torture."

She took his arm with a flash of gratification, and flashed a glance of triumph at Erna, as she passed her. She did not know that the earl had returned to listen to Erna's recitation, but she was confident that Erna was aware of the fact that he had left the room just previous to it.

Spent Shot Kill Ducks.

The wild ducks in this vicinity are affected with a new and fatal disease which is killing them off by scores. Dead ducks are drifting ashore in numbers, which shows that the disease is epidemic among the fowls. An old trapper and duck hunter of this vicinity who has practically spent his life at these vocations gives a theory for the epidemic which sounds rational. He says: "Put a shot of the smallest kind in a kernel of grain and feed it to any kind of a fowl and the first thing you know the fowl will die. Now, if you will bring up sand from the bottom of a river or lake you will be surprised at the number of shot you will find, which has been fired away by duck and geese hunters. In the spring the ducks are ravenous for gravel or sand and dive to the bottom to secure them, getting shot into their gizzards with the sand and gravel and dying in consequence. If you don't believe it, examine as many of the dead ducks as you please, and if you don't find one more shot in each of their gizzards, just caught down as a muskull. That's all there is of it."—Winnemose Local.

The Tudhope-McIntyre

8500. MOTOR CARRIAGE
Runs on one gallon of gasoline—makes 3 to 25 miles an hour. Solid rubber tires—structure and trouble free.
12-1/4 horse power, double cylinder air cooled motor will take anywhere, over any kind of road, up any hill, that any horse can pull a heavy carriage. Complete outfit with full set of tools, horn, and 3 lamps. Top with Roll From \$30.00 extra.
Write for 1909 catalogue.

HOW HAVE YOU DECIDED, MY BOY?

If you have chosen the route you shall take through the year?
You may march with the proud or go skulking in fear.
You may find the world cold or be warmed in fear.
You may wisely create or destroy;
You may dawdle along through the gloomy days.
You may stray with the lazy in profitless ways,
Or bravely set forth to be worthy of praise.
How have you decided, my boy?
Are you going to face without fear what you must?
Have you hoisted your banner, my boy?
Have you made up your mind to be worthy of what?
To stand for your rights and to dare to be led?
In the stress and the strife and the joy,
You may find in dismay at the end of the year.
You may feel that the earth is all barren and drear,
Or the world may be fair and the skies may be clear.
How have you decided, my boy?

OUTDOOR SPORT & ZAM-BUK.

Every athlete, every ball-player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and work should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation which, as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up the highest degree of healing. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all danger from blood-poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich rubber balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect bites, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, labies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—all come within Zam-Buk's power. It also saves and cures piles. All druggists and stores.

What the Editor Cannot Do.

Don't think because the reporter sees you getting on the train that he ought to know you are and where you are going, or if he sees you greet some friend that he knows who they are and where they are from. We aim to get all the news, but you may be the one we don't get to know. We try to become familiar with names and faces, if possible. But during the years past we have rounded the corner and have a new there; we have hung around the town pump, but some of you weren't there; we have loitered on the street; we've been risked our reputation in back streets on a dark night, but you weren't all there. And we'll be obliged if you know where to find you. So if you are going or coming, or know anybody cutting up queer papers, let us know. From the Norton, Kansas, Telegram.

Queen's University and College

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Ar's course without attendance.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CROWN, B.A.,
Kingston, Ontario.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Here is the strategical situation in Europe in tabloid form:
Baker (to J. Bull, heavyweight champion of the world): That big German round the corner has gone into training to lick you.
J. Bull (suspiciously): That's a war scare!
Baker: Not on your life! It's the goods. He says he will be ready to lick you next year.
J. Bull: You tell him that if he doesn't stop training right now, I'll lick him NEXT WEEK.

Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all fly killers, kill both the flies and the disease germs.

Gifts of Healing.
Peter's shadow had healing power in it. The sick upon whom it rested even for a moment, as he passed by, became strong and well, and rose up cured and happy. There are these in every community who carry with them, wherever they go, a like influence of healing and blessing. They bear into a sick room a delicate sympathy which not only enters into the experience of the suffering, but puts new cheer and hope into the heart of the one who speaks of it, contrasting and inspiring words. Their face has in it a message of cheer wherever it appears. They bring some promise of God, some word of hope and encouragement. The discouraged man, who is ready to try again, and who has found a friend who is truly interested in him, but also that, after all, his case is not so hopeless as he imagined it to be, and that he need not despair. If the constable is to keep people in the right path, where is the preacher's usefulness?

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Had Nothing on Bill.
"Kid, your yer name?" asked the boy with the dirty face, through a knothole in the back yard fence.
"I'm answered the new boy, who was on the other side of the fence.
"Wot's your'n?"
"Dick. Say, I bet my dad kin take twice as big a chunk of tobacco as your'n kin."

CONCRETE DWELLING HOUSES.

It is said that Mr. Edison's plans for inexpensive concrete houses are now completed. For \$1,200 the great inventor promises to build a house measuring 25 by 30 feet, with six rooms and bath, with a collar under the entire building, provided with boiler, wash tub, and coal bin, and with an eight-foot porch. The roof, as well as the walls, will be of reinforced concrete. There will be nothing of wood except doors and windows. The house can be finished in a fortnight.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by experienced physicians, Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At druggists.

School of Mining

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EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Strong, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam. Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

ISSUE NO. 25, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS—HAVE THE BEST LOOK-UP sample cases, best goods, best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

CAN THE STATE HELP?

(Kingston Standard.)

Given, on the other hand, an man and wife with eight or ten children, earning the same wages, and the result is dire poverty and distress. The children will be in rags; they can not be kept at school; the mother will be overworked, ill-fed and soon a physical wreck; the home life will be wretched. This may be brutally plain speaking, but it is the truth. If the State would intervene in the case of large families and make provision for them, then conditions would at once improve, but the State does not intervene; indeed, under our present social system, it can not intervene effectively.

HOT WEATHER MONTHS KILL LITTLE CHILDREN

If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy and full of life during the hot weather months give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaints by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly. The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the house. Mrs. C. O. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to busy mothers during the summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MR. TIFFIN AND THE GRADE.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

Mr. E. Tiffin, the G. T. R. Superintendent at Allandale, has a division of heavy grades. One Sunday being in a hurry to get home, he was going up from Toronto on a freight train. There are no passenger trains up the Northern on Sunday till evening.

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THE WAR SITUATION.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

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