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stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriberis bound to pay for it if he takes it out the post office. This proceeds upon he ground hat a man must pay for what he uses.

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racted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide
tas, or vitalized air. Particular attention paid to
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on the young grass, that is chost of the next lead leaning against an oak, nor head leaning against an

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CHAPTER XXXVII. was a deceived, or did a sable coud Turn forth her silver lining

The two months that Dorian has given himself in which to finish the business that, he said, had brought him, home, have almost come to an end. Already winter is passing out of mind, and "Spring comes up this way."

The "checkered daffodil" and the soft 8. If a subscriber orders his paper to be plaintive primrose are bursting into bloom. The gentle rain comes with a passing cloud, and sinks lovingly into the earth's bosom and into the hearts of the opening buds.

The grass is springing; all the world is rich with fresh young life. very snowdrops-pale blossoms, born of bitter winds and sunless skies -have perished out of sight.

Ruth is lying in her grave, cold and forgotten save by two,-the man who has most wronged her, and the woman who had most to forgive her. As yet, Clarissa cannot rise out of the depression that fell upon her when Horace's it?" treachery was first made known to her. Her love had seemed so good, so tender, it had so brightened all her life, and had been so much a part of her existence, that it seemed to carry to the grave with it all her youth and gladness. However untrue this young love of her life had been, still, while she believed in it, it had been beautiful to her, and it is with bitterest grief she has laid it aside; to her it had been a living thing, and even as it fades from her, she cries to it aloud to stay, and ed upon his shoulder. feels her arms empty in that it no longer fills them.

"But, oh, not yet, not yet Would my lost soul forget How beautiful he was while he did live.

Or, when his eyes were dewy and What kisses, tenderer than all re-

My love would give, "Strew roses on his breast,

He loved the roses best; He never cared for lilies or for snow. Let be this bitter end of his sweet

Let be the pallid silence, that is rest, And let all go!"

Mr. Winter's exquisite words come often to her; and yet, when the first pang is over, a sensation that may be almost called relief raises her soul and restores her somewhat to her old self. She is graver-if possible, gentler, more tender-than in the days before grief had touched her. And, though her love had really died beyond all reawakening, still the memory of what once had been has left its mark upon indeed,p leasure therein. For, truly,-

To Sir James she has never since mentioned the name of the man in whom she had once so firmly believed, though oftentimes it has occurred to her that relief might follow upon the bare asking of a question that might serve to make common the actual remembrance er route, and, lighting a fresh cigar, loving message for his wife. Then,

To-day, as Scrope comes up the lawn to meet her, as she bends over the bright children o fthe sun," a sense of gladness that he is coming fills her. She feels no nervousness or weariness with him, only rest and peace, and something that is deeper still, though yet vague and absolutely unknown to over which hart's tongues and other her own heart.

She goes forward to meet him, a

"The meek daisies show Their breasts of satin snow, Bedecked with tiny stars of gold mid perfume sighs."

"You again?" she says, with a lovely smile. He was here only yesterday. "What an uncivil speech! Do I come too often?" He has her hand in his, and is holding it inquiringly, but it is such a soft and kind inquiry. "Not half often enough," she says,

and hardly knows why his face flushes at her words, being still ignorant of the fact that he loves her with a love that passeth the love of most. "Well, you sha'n't have to complain

of that any longer," he says, gayly. "Shall I take up my residence here?" "Do," says Miss Peyton, also in jest. "I would much rather you took up yours at Scrope," he says, unthinkingly, and then he flushes again, and then

silence falls between them. Her foot is tapping the sward light ly, yet nervously. Her eyes are on the "daisies pied." Presently, as though some inner feeling compels her to it, she says-

"Why do you never speak to me o "You forbade me," he says: "how could I disobey you? He is well,

however, but, I think, not altogether happy. In his last letter to me he still spoke remorsefully of-her." It is agony to him to say this, yet he does it bravely, knowing it will be the wiset thing for the woman he himself loves. "Yes," she says, quite calmly. this instant she knows her love for Horace Branscombe is quite dead. "Her

death was terrible." "Yet easy, I dare say. Disease of the heart, when it carries one off, is seldom painful. Clarissa, this is the very first time you have spoken of her, ei-

"Is it?" She turns away from him, and, catching a branch, takes from it a leaf or two. "You have not spoken to me," she says. "Because, as I said, you forbade me. Don't you know your word to me is

"I don't think I know much," says Miss Peyton, with a sad smile; but she lets her hand lie in his, and does not turn away from him. "Horace is in Cey- time, now fast approaching, when he lon," she says, presently.
"Yes, and doing very well. Do you

often think of him now?" "Very often. I am glad he is get-"Have you forgotten nothing, Claris-

"I have forgotten a great deal. How could it be otherwise? I have for- cover some of the gayety that once was women, has charge of the office, and gotten that I ever loved any one. It hers. And, once gone, why should he can be consulted by letter or in seems to me now impossible that I could ever return? And-have felt all that I did two months And then-then! A little bare cold

"Do you mean you have ceased to ly dares believe it true that she should, think of Horace in the light of a lov- of her own accord, have given her hand er?" he asks, with an effort certainly, to him; yet he holds it so closely in his yet with determination. He will hear own that his clasp almost hurts her. Dollar per box.

can scarcely hear her. pent sting thee twice?" she says, turning to him with some passion; and then her other gently. anger fades, and her eyes fill with tears. him, your love must be indeed dead," the next path, he lays down his gun, he says, in a curious tone, and, raising

"I wish it had never been born," she says, with a sigh, not looking at him. "But it is dead?" persists he, eagerly. "Quite. I buried it that day you took me-to his-rooms; you remem-

"How could I forget? Clarissa, if you are unhappy, so am I. Take pity upon 'You unhappy?" She lifts her eyes to

"Yes. All my life I have loved you. Is your heart beyond my reach?" She makes him no answer. he goes on, entreatingly. "Every hour is filled with thoughts of you. I no interests apart from you. Clarissa,

if there is any hope for speak; say something.' "Would not his memory be a shadow between us always?" whispers she, in trembling accents. "Forgiveness is eyes, Dorian stoops and lays his lips within our power, forgetfulness is beyou are doing? Have you thought over the

"I have thought of it for more than long year," says Sir James. "I think all my life, unconsciously, I have not to be mistaken. Afterward, "Are "For so long?" she says, softly; and

then, "How faithful you have been!" "When change itself can give no 'Tis easy to be true,"

quotes he, tenderly; and then she goes nearer to him,-tears in her eyes. "You are too good for me," she says. "Darling," says Scrope, and after that, somehow, it seems but a little thing that his arms should close round her, and that her head should lie content-

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

in love!"

Ben. Johnson. "Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round; Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy wing." Collins.

and Dorian, with a keeper behind him, is trudging through the woods of Hythe, two trusty setters at his heels. track. He cannot be said to be altogether unhappy, because he has had a real good day with his gun, as his bag can testify, and, be a man never so disturbed by conflicting emotions, be he five fathoms deep in a hopeless attachment, still he will tramp through his heather, or ride to hounds, or smoke his favorite cigars, with the best, and find, "Man's love is of man's life a thing

'Tis woman's whole existence." The sun is sinking to rest; the chill of a spring evening is in the air. Dismissing the man who holds the bag, he sends him home to the house by a nearfollows the path that leads through the fragrant wood into the grounds of Sar- he closed his eyes, folded his hands toris. The breath of the bluebells is already scenting the air; the ferns are murmur, apparently without pain, growing thick and strong. He has died come to a turn, that is all formed of rock, and is somewhat abrupt, because of the sharp angle that belongs to it, graceful weeds fall lazily, when, at a little distance from him, he sees Geor- florist, "I have learned the importance gie sitting on the fallen trunk of a tree, her head leaning against an oak, her As he comes nearer to her, he can see woman is going to be married she is that she has been crying, and that even strung up to a high pitch of nervous

now two tears are lying heavily up- excitement, and an extra whiff of peron her cheeks. She tooks so childish, so helpless, with is frequently the instruction I get for her hat upon the ground beside her, and a bridal bouquet. This is the cause her hands lying listlessly upon her lap, of the great demand for orchids, ex-

and no one near to comfort her or to pensive as they are, for bride's flowers. kiss the melancholy from her large Even the subtle, hardly noticeable permournful eyes.

shall mark her agitation. "What is the matter with you?" asks make over there, duplicated here, would he, with quick but suppressed concern. cost over \$100. We generally manage

full of tears! Are you unhap- chief place in which orange blossoms py about anything?" Mrs. Branscombe, reproachfully, with a conclude that brides ought to wear fresh irrepressible sob, that goes to his orange flowers, if they don't. Bride heart. He shifts his gun uneasily from roses, white and scentless, are popular

one shoulder to the other, hardly knowing what to say. Is it his fault that she is so miserable? Must be blame out of their little green sheaths, with himself because she has found it impos- a few orchids grouped with them to sible to love him? "I beg your pardon," he says, in a low tone. "Of course I have no right

to ask you any questions.' "Yet I would answer you if I knew how," returns she, in a voice as sub-

The evening is falling silently, yet swiftly, throwing "her dusky veil o'er He sent he nature's face." A certain chill comes th birthday. from the hills and damps the twilight

"It is getting late," says Branscombe, gently. "Will you come home with me?" Yes, I will go home," she says, with little troubled submissive sigh, and, turning, goes with him down the narrow pathway that leads to the avenue. Above them the branches struggle and wage a goblin war with each other, helped by the night wind, which even now is raising with sullen purpose in

Dorian strides on silently, sad heart, and very hopeless. He is making a vigorous effort to crush down all regretful memories, and is forcing himself to try and think with gladness of the shall be once more parted from her who walks beside him with bent head and quivering lips. His presence is a grief to her. All these past weeks have proved this to him; her lips have been devoid of smiles; her eyes have lost their light, her voice its old gay ring. When he is gone, she may, perhaps, re-

ES EDGE,

ago. Yet something lingers with me hand creeps into the one of his that is —something I cannot explain." She hanging loosely by his side, and, nest-pauses, and looks idly down upon her ling in it, presses it with nerwhite hands, the fingers of which are vous warmth.

Dorian's heart beats madly. He hard- Cook's Cotton Root Compound "What! wouldst thou have a ser- even to look at each other, but go on

ouch they have been united. "You are going abroad again?" she says, in a tone so low that he

"I was going," he says, and then their fingers meet again and press each Coming to the stile that leads into

hand to help her to gain the top. one of her hands, he lays it upon his Then, springing down to the other side, he takes her in his arms to bring her to the ground beside him.

But when his arms have closed round her he leaves them there, and draws her to his heart, and lays his cheek against With a little soft happy sob she lifts her arms and lays them round his neck; and then, he tells himself, there is nothing more on earth to be wished for. "My wife!-my darling!" he says,

unsteadily. The minutes pass; then she looks up at him with soft speaking eyes. There "Without you I live but half a life," are no tears upon her cheeks, but her face is pale as moonlight, and on it is a new deep meaning that Dorian has never seen there in all his life before, -a gentle light, as kind as death, and as soft as holy love!

on hers. She colors a lovely trembyond us! Jim, is this thing wise that ling crimson, and then returns "You do love me at last?" he says. And then she says,-

to his face, with all her heart in her

"I do, with all my soul,"-in a tone you happy now?" (To be Continued.)

HE GAVE HIS LIFE

An Incident in the Life of a Railroad En-The author of "Tales of an Engineer"

pays a tribute to the memory of a man of his own craft who stuck to his engine, knowing that his death alone could lessen the danger of those in his charge.

The train had crossed a bridge and "There is no life on earth but being was approaching a tunnel, which being on the shadow side of the hill, looked like a great hole in the night. Nearer the engine the engineer saw a number of dark objects scattered about. In another second he discerned what these

As if he would the charming air were, and realized an awful danger. As he reversed the engine and applied the air-brakes he shouted to the fireman to jump. He might have jumped himself, for he saw the danger first; It is the afternoon of the same day, but no such thought came to him. In another second the pilot was plowing through a herd of cattle asleep on the

If they had all been standing, he would have opened the throttle and sent them flying into the river, with less risk to his train.

But they were lying down; and as they rolled under the wheels they lifted the great engine from the rails and threw her down the dump at the very edge of the river. But so well had the faithful engineer

performed his work that the train was stopped without wrecking a car. Many of the passengers were not awakened. The trainmen came forward and found the engineer. He was able to speak to them. He knew that he had but a few minutes to live, and left a as if he had nothing more to say or do, over his brave heart, and without a

BRIDES AND FLOWERS.

"In the matter of perfume," said a of what seems a trival thing by catering to the tastes of brides. When a fume will sometimes cause her to faint. A troubled expression crosses his face. 'Don't put in any flower with an odor, fume of the lilies of the valley, which As she hears him coming, she starts are charming for a shower bouquet, is to her feet, and, turning aside, hastily objected to by some. In Paris orchids, dries the tears upon her cheeks, lest he and orchids alone, are used for a bride's bouquet, but such a bouquet as they "Nothing," returns she, in a low tone. to put in a little spray of orange blos-"You can't be crying for nothing," soms in every bride's bouquet, unless says Dorian; "and even your voice is expressly desired not to do so, but the are used now is in the newspaper ac-"What a question to ask me!" says counts of weddings. The reporters for bridal flowers, but lilies of the valley, unobtrusive and delicate, slipping give the whole form and character, are in exquisite taste."

> THE REST WAS EASY. How did Bluffer so easily win Miss Goldbag's heart? He sent her 22 roses on her thirtie-

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Proprieton



brother of the Rev. John Wesley Bell,

James A. Bell, of Beaverton, Ont., them and especially when it becomes chronic, as was, seemingly, the case with B.D., prostrated by nervous headaches Mr. Bell? The trouble reached such in A victim of the trouble for several tensity that last June he was complete ly prostrated. In this condition a friend South American Nervine effected a recommended South American Nervine Ready to try anything and everything In their own particular field few men though he thought he had covered the Wesley Bell, B.D., and his brother Mr. a bottle of this great discovery. James A. Bell. The former will be re- second bottle of the medicine was taken cognized by his thousands of friends all and the work was done. Employing his over the country as the popular and able own language: "Two bottles of Sout missionary superintendent of the Royal American Nervine immediately relieved Templars of Temperance. Among the my headaches and have built up my 20,000 members of this order in Ontario system in a wonderful manner." Let us his counsel is sought on all sorts of oc- not deprecate the good our elergymen easions. On the public platform he is one and social reformers are doing in the of the strong men of the day, pattling against the ovils of intemperance. For their work were it not the relief that South American Nervine brings to provinces of the Dominion, having been them when physical ills overtake for years a member of the Manitoba them, and when the system, as a re-Methodist Conference and part of this suit of hard, earnest and continuous time was stationed in Winnipeg. His work, breaks down. Nervine treats the brother, Mr. James A. Bell, is a highly system as the wise reformer treats the respected resident of Beaverton, where evils he is battling against. It strikes at his influence, though perhaps more cir- the root of the trouble. All die cumscribed than that of his eminent ease comes from disorganization of the brother, is none the less effective and productive of good. Of recent years, however, the working ability of Mr. James A. Bell has been sadly marred by severe attacks of nervous headache, accompanied by indigestion. Who can do fit blood, and nervous troubles of every work when this trouble takes hold of variety are things of the past.

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About the

BREAD-MAKING A In nearly every jours lished for ladies will be for making bread, giv ion of the writer, each until the light, elastic tins and ready for the if success were assured abruptly with "and th Now, in my opinion,

cess is of as much in tention when baking. not mean that one sho or in order to produce I do think the cook sh the judgment which s consider it, as it is, a portance. While there to consider in making are three which are For instance, i fresh milk for wetting not have it you can us you have added one t lard for each quart. night instead of mix our grandmothers did. as good. But you t flour, good yeast an

There are so many of patent flour that ar one can easily procul For yeast, either

for the home-made hor reasons. There is no excess of yeast and t is right at hand f weeks without the tal to get it at the "corn My recipe for yes Pare and boil nine n toes in one quart of W are soft remove them and either mash th through the colandar water on the stove a or about one-half of these boil about fit strain the liquid of There should be a qu has boiled away add to it to make a qua with the mashed pot cupful of sugar, one ger and two tablespo making it for the f use two yeast cakes, ful of water, to raise can save a cupful of with. Keep it in cans in the cellar. When ready to mit the flour sifted, and cold, it is better to 1 warm place for an he one quart of wetting of bread. If you us scalded and then blood heat. If you lukewarm and the also add one tablespe one teaspoonful of s

with flour, then ber

a cupful of yeast.

to knead it up at n

to do, in order to ge

quickly in the morn

to add sufficient fle

dough, that you can flour slowly towards

as little flour in kr

Knead for fifteen o

working in all of

sticks to the side of

ways working from

the center. It will

some to place the pr

the kneading process it to the right hel force. When well a round loaf and ru the top, then cover t a warm room over morning make it int er, and set to rise t Your attention a rected towards the fire it should be w enough coal added to the baking is over good fire that will g Experience alone w how hot it should loaves have risen place them in the d twenty minutes the to brown. Avoid to much as possible a opening of the over to make heavy st three-quarters of a testing with a br comes out clean an is ready to remove from the tins at o loaf on the moulding previously been co towel. Do not cove a current of air. 1 and set the loaves raise my pantry w

should be wiped an each baking day, il A FLOWE Almost every w well enough to att den if she has the exception of the f the soil there is a dening which is not an to do. Care of f happy pursuit. Th the cheery, bright dispels care, and th

cooling gives a cri

the moisture inside

ly gool place in a

kept for the purpo

summer air is tru Even if one can garden-just big grow a favorite should try to have spend willingly to etic care and tou things can be mor gather handfuls of glistening with the one's own garden sick or less fortun make happy some and have such beau too, one can have every room-on on the breakfast tabl ting room, and, it teaching their sw

GOOD YEA Mrs. N. Rankin reast recipe, and Take six mediur

by it is "just sple and pour the water in a gallon jar; sti enough water to m when cool endug