of them, and it's on offer still, I believe; consequently-" Long Ned sprang to his feet, and ad-

vanced threateningly. "If you mean business, Mr. Fenton," he said, between his teeth, "here goes !"

Rawson Fenton did not flinch, but with an insolent demonstration of power actually puffed a cloud of smoke in the flerce face.

"Touch me with as much as your finger, Ned," he said, quietly, "and I send for the constable and give you in charge. You fool! Do you think you could silence me, unless you killed me outright? And do you think our English police are such muffs as to let you escape after that? Sit down, Ned, sit down! and let us come to business, as

Ned breathed hard, and eyed his persecutor as if he would have liked to have sprang at his throat, but said nothing.

"What I want to know is, for whom did you mistake me to-night?" said Rawson Fenton.

Ned set his lips tightly, and pulled at his beard, looking sideways up at the

"It was not a pal you were expecting," continued Rawson Fenton, "not your brother, as you suggested, because you addressed me as 'Guv'nor.' It was a gentleman, was it not, Ned?"

Still the man did not answer. Rawson Fenton looked down at him with that peculiar kind of patience which is born of conscious power. He had the man on the rack, and sooner or later would be able to wring out of him what he wanted to know.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon him that made him start and turn away from Ned's eyes.

It was marvelous that it had not occurred to him before, seeing how closely his mind had been set all the evening upon the matter of the Brakespeare crest. The ring was the crest he had picked up on the floor of the hut, after the rangers had fled, and the crest was the Brakespeare one!

And to-night this man, an old ranger. had darted out upon him as he came from the castle, and had mistaken him for some one whom he had expected to

Was it the marquis? His white hand trembled with excitement. He was tall, if not so tall as the

marquis, and in evening dress one man looks very much like another, especially in the darkness of an autumn night. Was it the marquis? If so. there had been some connection between the marquis and this wretched tramp and outlaw, this member of a gang of robbers, over whose heads still hung a Government reward. Could it be possible that the marquis had been in the hut that night,

and had dropped the ring? It is not too much to say that for once Rawson Fenton's cool, acute brain whirled at the mere idea.

It was so wild, it seemed so improbable! For if the marquis had been in reality there, he must have been one of

A peer of England, one of the oldest families in the empire, the owner of vast estates and almost uncountable wealth, an Australian robber! It seem-

And yet, as he swiftly recalled the incidents of that never-to-be-forgotten night—the tall, distinguished figure and bearing of the leader of the gang, his voice, so different to the usual colonial twang, his courteous treatment of Constance-as he remembered all the romantic stories he had heard of this mysterious being, the idea, the suspicion, grew into gigantic proportions.

If it should be so-if, indeed, the marquis should prove to be the chief who had vanished so mysteriously, then-He put his hand up to his face to hide the light that gleamed in his keen eyes. Why, then he had him in his

power. He held him in the hollow of his hand. And not only him, but Constance-Constance! He took two or three turns up and down the room, his back turned from

the watchful eyes of Long Ned. Then he lighted another cigar, and resuming his old attitude of patient impassiveness, said:

"Well, have you made up your mind to make a clean breast of it, Ned? Are you going to answer my question,

Ned rose and squared his shoulders. "Yes; I've made up my mind, Mr. Fenton," he replied. "I don't tell you anything. You may do what you like. Call the landlord, the policeman, anybody you please; send me to quod, if you fancy it. Perhaps I'd be as well off in there as I am outside."

Rawson Fenton smiled. "I'm inclined to agree with you," he said, coolly; "but I'll give you another chance. Suppose I make a guess of it? Suppose I know already whom it was you expected to see?" Ned's face was contorted with a

"You're mighty clever, Mr. Fenton: but not clever enough for that!" he re-

"I don't know. Suppose we say that it was Lord Brakespeare, the marquis," and he fixed his keen eyes piercingly

upon the man's face. Probably Ned had prepared himself for the shock, for he kept his self-

"The marquis!" he said, with a laugh.
"That's likely, ain't it? What should I want to see the marquis for?"
"Why, for money! Blackmafl, of course, said Rawson Fenton, blandly.
Long Ned shook his head.

"And why should he—a swell like that—give me money? You're on the wrong scent, Mr. Fenton. Better give it up, and let me go. I'm getting tired of being badgered and baited."

Long Ned hung his head.
"Yes, I did," he growled.
without a penny, and—"

Long Ned nodded reluctantly.

at, Mr. Fenton ?" he broke off.

friend," he said, with a sneer.

as ever a man- What are you driving

The man's haggard face grew red.

"I'd sooner have gone and died in the

"Noble, but foolish," recorted Rawson

"You!" exclaimed Ned, with wide-

open eyes; then they grew suspicious,

and he said, sharply: "What should

dashed his hat on. "You can keep it till

you rot, Mr. Fenton !" he said, with an

"No." said Rawson Fenton, calmly.

'If I give you money, Ned, it will be to

The man eyed him half suspiciously.

you mean to let him alone? You're--

"That you leave here at once, and go

"Go on, guv'nor," he said, attentive-

"You are hard up, you say. No means

"How can such a chap as me get a

"Difficult, I dare say, if you want to

keep out of jail. Well, for the sake of

old times "-he smiled-" I will help

you. I will tell you what I will do. Take

my offer or leave it. If you take it, we

remain good friends; refuse it, and-"

"Let's hear it," said Ned, roughly.

Rawson Fenton took some gold from

his waistcoat pocket, and selecting

three sovereigns, held them in his out-

stretched palm, right before the man's

eyes, which instantly became glued to

"I will give you these now. Go to

London and settle there. Send me your

address, and on every Saturday I will

send you the same amount. Three

pounds a week is a little over one hun-

lred and fifty pounds a year. Not a bad

"For doing nothing!" repeated Long

Rawson Fenton looked at him with a

" Exactly ! for doing nothing but hold-

ing your tongue, and you were quite pre-

pared to do that. You'd sooner die in a

a week punctually paid is better than

"But-but-what are you doing it

for?" said Ned, knitting his brow. "I

salary for doing nothing, my friend."

He shrugged his shoulders.

where I tell you, and stop there."

Long Ned watched his face.

you're a gentleman, Mr. Fenton.

"To hold my tongue," he said. "Then

-I lost it."

word."

clinched fist.

it you."

oath.

nearest ditch !"

hold your tongue."

night a' known it."

"What is it ?"

He shook his head.

of living ?"

"Drink-play-what?"

Rawson Fenton smiled.

"I dare say. No; I shall have to trouble you for a little while longer, Ned. I'll tell you why you are likely to get money from the marquis, if you

"Oh, I ain't curious," smiled Ned. "No ? How different to me, now ! But The reason why the marquis should give you money is because he was the leader of the rangers !" Long Ned's face went white, and he

prang to the door and set his back to t, panting and quivering. Rawson Fenton drew a long breath,

"Right the first time, eh ?" he said, with a ring of sardonic triumph in his Ned turned the key in the door and

advanced upon him. "Do you know what you're saying !" he said, in a hoarse whisper, as if the very walls had ears, and great drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

Rawson Fenton was trembling with excitement, but his face was calm and

"Do you know what you're hinting at ?" demanded Long Ned. "Him, the marquis! One of us! A great swell like that! Yah!" and he tried to laugh, but the attempt was a failure, and he knew it.

"Spare yourself, my friend," said Rawson Fenton. "You gave yourself away just now. It wasn't a guess, Ned; I knew it. "You knew it ?"

Rawson Fenton nodded. "Yes," he said, coolly, "I recognized him as easily as I recognized you."

Ned sank on to a chair, and sat staring on the ground, the muscles of his face twitching spasmodically. "We've come to business now," re-

marked Rawson Fenton. "The Marquis of Brakespeare was the leader of the bush gang, Ned, and you and I know it. The man looked up. He displayed a

great deal more emotion than he had done under Rawson Fenton's account "It's-it's a hanging matter, for all I

know," he muttered, hoarsely. Rawson Fenton smiled. "Probably," he assented, calmly. "It's

a serious matter, at any rate." 'What are you going to do?" demanded Ned, after a moment or two of silenee, and he lookd up at the pitiless face above him with something like entreaty in his eyes.

"I'm-not-sure-yet," replied Rawson Fenton, slowly. Ned rose and touched Rawson Fenon's arm with a new and strange timid-

"Look here, Mr. Fenton," he said in a low, hoarse voice; "you don't mean no harm to him, do you?"

Rawson Fenton remained silent, keeping his eyes fixed on the rough, haggard

"You can't mean no harm to him, how could you?" continued Long Ned. 'He never did you no injury." A sudden light flashed in the

dark eyes. "If it's true-and I ain't going to say as it is-no, if I was being burned for it I wouldn't," and he swore an oath; but even if it was true, it's no business of yours. You ain't got no concern

in it.' "Hem! I think the reward was two thousand pounds," murmured Rawson Fenton, as if communing with himself.

Long Ned looked at him keenly. "Ah, it ain't that!" he said in a low oice, and with conviction; "that don't matter to you. It wouldn't be for that. No ; you wouldn't stoop to a dirty action for the sake of the pieces, not a gent high up like you, Mr. Fenton." His voice grew still more pleading. "Besides, as I said, he never did you any horm, and-and take it all round, he did more good than harm to everybody. Why, look here, Mr. Fenton, there's others besides me as 'ud lay down their lives for him! He'd have shared his last crust, his last drop o' water with any of the boys." He stopped as it suddenly flashed across him that he had admitted the truth of Rawson Fenton's charge, and bit his lip. "What if he is what you think him, you ain't going to split upon him? Mr. Fenton"-his voice grew more earnest in its entreaty "you can do as you like with me. What's it matter what becomes of a poor devil like me? But him! And he's give it up. It's long and long ago now. He's give it up, and-and-things is changed. He's a swell, and on the right

think of!" and he dashed his hand across his brow "Why, look here, Mr. Fenton; if you want a bit of revenge for any mischief the boys did you, bang it out of me. I'm nobody, I'm of no consequence. But leave him alone, for God's sake! Why, I hear as he's in love and going to mar-

tack, and-and-my God, it's awful to

ry that beautiful young lady there-" If he had at any moment any chance of melting Rawson Fenton's heartwhich he had not-these last words destroyed that chance.

Rawson Fenton's brow darkened, and his lips came together tightly, as he turned upon him with a smile. "You seem to have a great affection

for this fellow-scoundrel," he said, with a sneer. Long Ned clinched his hands, and his eyes flashed; then with a gulp, as if the effort cost him something, he con-

trolled himself. "Don't call names, Mr. Fenton," he said, hoarsely. "He was always worth two of your so-called honest men at the worst of times, and if you know any thing of him you know that. Affection for him !" he stretched out his strong arm : "I'd give that arm for him this minute !" The man's evident sincere expression of devotion amazed Rawson Fenton even in that moment of excite

half-savage envy. He sneered. "He must be a wonderful "He is," exclaimed Long Ned, promptly. "There ain't another man like him

ment, amazed and filled him with a

"Which is rather a good thing for people with property to lose," said Raw-son Fenton, caustically. "It is a pity that such a wonderful man should spend the rest of his life shut up from his fellow-men. A thousand pities!"

Long Ned watched the hard face anx-

"Mr. Fenton—" he began, but Rawson Fenton held up his hand.
"Wait," he said; "let me think."
A silence fell upon the room, as with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his eyes bent on the ground, Rawson Fenton's brain went through its work. Then he looked up.
"You wanted money of the marquis?"

don't see-" "You see the money," retorted Rawson Fenton. "That should be quite enough for you."

dying in a ditch, is it not ?"

Ned suspiciously.

calm smile.

"You don't mean no harm to-him isked Ned, with a sudden return of suspicion, and he looked from the coins to the pale face of the man who had made the tempting offer.

"Harm ?" Fenton smiled. "If I meant him harm I could work it much more cheaply than this. What should prevent me going to the police straight away, my friend?"

"That's true," muttered Ned. He stretched out his hand and took the money, and turned it over with a loving glance at it before he put it in his

"That's all right," remarked Rawson Fenton. "And now I think our pleasant little interview may be brought to a conclusion. Be off, my friend. Get to London as soon as you can, and enjoy yourself. Send me the address of your diggings, and you shall get your allowance regularly. Remember, all I ask you to do is-nothing but hold your tongue. Good-night!" and he nodded a dis-

Long Ned turned up his coat collar. "All right," he said, slowly. "It's a bargain. Mind, I do it, I take your noney, on the understanding between us—no harm is to come to him we've been speaking about. I've got your word on that ?"

"Certainly," assented Rawson Fenton, impassively. "I take that as straight and above board. If you mean to play false, why—" He turned and looked at Rawson Fenton significantly and with a gleam in his eyes that was more elequent than

words.

Rawson Fenton laughed. "You'd do all sorts of dreadful things, eh, Ned? All right. Good-bye." The man slouched out, and Rawson Fenton waited a moment or two, then

He stood in the shadow watching him. Long Ned had slouched to the road, his face turned to London, but suddenly he stopped and looked toward the castle. Rawson Fenton knew the thought that

was passing through the man's mind. "Will he go and warn him?" he asked himself. Then, as Ned turned and tramped Londonward, he muttered, "No three pounds a week are not to be resisted. I have got him." The stars seemed to dance in a mad whirl above Rawson Fenton as he walked to the black smith's, where his brougham awaited

Chance, which, alas! favors the jus and unjust alike, had placed in his hands such cards as, well played, would deliver not only the Marquis of Brake-speare, but Constance into his grasp. Constance! He stood in the middle of the road and looked up at the sky, his ace flushed, his lips quivering as he

He had loved her with a passion which f not pure and unalloyed, was as in-ense as that which even a good man can feel; but she had scorned his love, can feel; but she had scorned his love, and now there was mixed with it some "It doesn't matter; I will wait," she

thing not altogether unlike hate. He longed to have her for his own, to hold her in his arms, to feel her warm kisses on his lips, but still more he thirsted with a thirst that seemed to "You have had money from him before ?" asked Rawson Fenton, keenly. Yes," he replied, with something like a groan. "He gave it to me without the asking—a lot, and I—I'm a cursed "I-I drinks a bit," said Ned, moodi-

consume him to have her at his feet; to be able to say, "You scorned me once: You flung my love back with contempt and hate. You gave to another man the heart which I would have committed a crime to win. You are in my power now, and the man you love lies at my mercy. The whirlgig of time ly, "and I had the worst kind o' luck has brought its own revenge. It is for you to kneel to me, my proud Constance; kneel-and in vain "

To such natures as Rawson Fenton's. "I was thinking what a nice kind of lowe, passion, is sweet, but revenge is life you were leading your dearly loved sweete All the way home he leaned back in

the brougham and turned the sweet "I wouldn't have come to bother him morsel over on his tongue. if I could have helped it, but-when a The Marquis of Brakespeare an outman's starving. And most like he law and a felon, and in his power! wouldn't have given me any. He said The brougham stopped, and he got out he wouldn't, and he always kept his and entered the house. It was, as has been said, quite a small hunting-box of

"And then you would have gone to a place, but wealth can effect marvels. the nearest police station and split upon and in this case the plain little place had him, and got the reward if you could,' been transformed into a miniature said Rawson Fenton, with a hard laugh. palace. The man struck the table with his A footman in plain but handsome liv-

ery was waiting to receive him, and deferentially assisted him with his coat and bat. Rawson Fenton went into a small room which had been fitted up as Fenton. "But you need not die in a a study and library, and sat down at the ditch, Ned. If you want money, I'll give able. There was a pile of letters, but he

pushed them from him, and, closing his

eyes, leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to the delicious dream which you give me money for? To split on he had revelled in all the way home. him?" He buttoned up his coat and Constance, beautiful Constance, who had become the most famous woman in the country-Constance, who was to marry the Marquis of Brakespeare-he had thought he had lost her, but she was still his! Yes, through it all he had always regarded her as his, as though he

> she should be his. "By Heaven," he muftered, "at my feet she shall beg me to make her my wife! She who spurned me from her as if I had been a dog !"

had some heaven-born right to her. And

"Thank you," said Rawson Fenton. "I'm obliged for your good opinion, Ned. The dawn crept through the shutters Yes, I will help you, but only on one conand awoke him from his delirium of anticipation.

Most men would in this, the first spasm of excitement, have gone to bed, e rest if not to sleep: but it was characteristic of this man that even in this, the hour of his exaltation, when the tope of his life, which had seemed a little while ago so hopeless, was now within his grasp, that he should by mere force of will be able to thrust his burning thoughts away from him and concentrate his mind upon smaller matters.

He drew his letters and papers toward him, and opened and read them with the careful and systematic attention which he always gave. He answered some, and put others aside for further consideration. Presently he came upon one which

caused his brows to knit. It was very simple and very short, and contained a request that Mr. Rawson Fenton would inform the writer whether he (Mr. Fenton) intended standing for Berrington. A few hours ago he would have an-

at once in the amrmative. But he hesittated now and pondered Then suddenly he drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote rapidly,

informing the inquirer that it was his intention to stand. "The cards are in my hands," he muttered, "but they need playing. One false lead and I may lose. Yes, the election will account for my presence here, and divert any suspicion Constance may have. I shall be able to see her frequently, every day, the woman who is my future wife. My wife !" ditch, you know. Living on three pounds |

He went and flung open the window, and leaning out, looked toward the castle.

"Is she asleep?" he murmured, and his voice grew softer than any one would have believed Mr. Rawson Fenton's voice could become. "Does sne dream? Yes." and his face darkened. of the great man she loves and thinks she is to marry; not of me, not of me! Dream on, Constance! By Heaven, the awakening will be worth seeing !"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A week had elapsed since the dinnerparty, and Constance had seen nothing more of Rawson Fenton, and gradually ner mind grew more at peace. Indeed, it was difficult to continue ap-

prehensive and full of the vague terror which his appearance had created, for she was perfectly happy.

The days passed like a dream, for she was living in an atmosphere of love. What harm could come to her while

Wolfe was near her to protect her and shield her from all evil? And every day his love seemed to increase; it was evident that all his thoughts were centered in her, and that as his love for her had brought her happiness, so her leve for him had wrought him peace and She had almost, if not quite forgotten her persecutor, when one morning, as

she and Wolfe and Arol were riding into Berrington, she saw a huge blue placard, staring from a wall, with "Vote for Rawson Fenton" in large letters. She turned pale for a moment, for

she had half hoped that he had gone back to town-perhaps left the place crever. The marguis pointed to the placard

with his whip, and laughed. " Mr. Fenton has commenced his carepaign, you see," he said. "I hope he will get in; and I suppose there is not much doubt of it." Constance remained silent. If he were

elected he would be constantly at Ber-

rington and in the neighborhood, and her heart sank at the thought. "By the way," said the marquis, "you promised to help him, did you not?" "No," replied Constance, almost curt-

He looked at her with a questioning "No? I had an idea that you had

asked me, but—I know nothing about politics, and I would much rather not have anything to do with the election.' "Then you certainly shall not," he assented, easily. "But I thought, I don't know why, that you rather liked Mr. Fenton."

Constance shook her head, and touched her horse with her whip to get out of sight of the hideous blue election bill. But there were a great many others, and indeed all Berrington seemed demanding that every one should

said Constance, in a low voice.

He turned his horse at once.

"Certainly, dearest," he said: "but her knee, and Constance you wanted to buy some-ly at the piano.

ton," said the marquis. Rawson Fenton smiled and nodded, but with the self-contained composure that was characteristic of him, his eyes carefully avoiding Constance's face

answered. "The place seems so crowded this morning, and—oh, yes, let us get into the country again."

Fate, however, seemed to frown that morning, for as they rode into the lane

leading to the moorland a horseman

came riding toward them; and Con-

stance, even before the marquis, saw

He pulled up and raised his hat, and

'I see you have set to work, Mr. Fen-

the others could do no other than pull

that it was the new candidate.

after the first quick glance. "Yes," he said, "I have commenced by making Berrington hideous, but whether I win or lose, I promise to have all the bills washed off."

The marquis laughed. "That will be showing more consideration than most candidates dis play. Is there anything I can do for you ?"

You are very kind, Lord Brakespeare. If you will allow your name to appear on my committee, I shall feel extremely obliged." "Certainly, certainly," assented the marquis, who was in the frame of mind

to grant anything. And perhaps you will be so good as to speak a few words some time or other." The marquis made a little grimace.

'Yes. I will." he said : "but I'm a wretched speaker." "I see my opponent is hard at work also," said Rawson Fenton, as a pony-

carriage drove by in which were two ladies wearing yellow rosettes. "You must get the ladies to don your colors," said the marquis. "Fortunately for you, blue is more becoming than

yellow to most people." Rawson Fenton took a handful of small rosettes from his pocket, and held them out laughingly. "If I could persuade Miss Grahame

to wear my badge," he said, his eyes flashing on her face. Constance drew back, and raised her eyes to his, with something like cold defiance in their depths.

The gesture and the look accompany ing it was so marked a refusal that the marquis was rather surprised; but Rawson Fenton did not seem at all disconcerted.

"It was too much to hope for !" he said, bowing deferentially. "I must be centent with the reflection that Miss Grahame will, I trust, refuse my opponent's colors as she has done mine. "I shall wear neither," said Constance, in a low, distinct voice.

"I am satisfied," he said. "It is some consolation to know that if you are not for me you are not against me, Miss Grahame.' Then he gathered his reins in his hand

and raised his hat. "I must not keep you. Good-morning!" and he rode on. They, as they rode off in the opposite direction, did not see the contraction of his features into one look of intense determination; an expression which entirely transformed the self-possessed

emotion. "You will not wear my colors, my proud lady!" he muttered, as he dug the spurs into his horse. "I will remind you of that presently, and, if I choose, you shall wear blue for the re-

mainder of your life !" If Constance did not like Rawson Fenton there were a great many persons who did. Any man of the world can make himself popular for a time. Mr. Fenton had good manners and was clever; he had an abundant supply of small-talk about the nothings which amuse nineteen out of twenty people. and the county families found him entertaining, and voted him "good form." For the lower classes he had what they took for a frank and open manner "with no nonsense about it," and if ne did not actually spend money himself, there was plenty of money-and beerin Berrington just at this period. No one, of course, knew where it came from, but it was there, and it was understood that it flowed, somewhat or other, through Mr. Rawson Fenton's

liberality. As the days went on, the excitement increased: the candidate was to be seen everywhere : always ready to stop and shake hands, or to admire and pat children on the head; or to address, at a moment's notice, large or small

meetings. Most men who are blessed with selfpossession can speak, and Rawson Fenton quickly won for himself the name of a good speaker. He could talk for an hour, and draw loud cheers and laughtetr, and very few of those who applauded him stopped to ask themselves whether they had cheered his sentiments and principles, or only his ready flow of language and humorous

more thoughtful than the rest shake his head and decide that it all amounted to nothing, and was as sounding brass

and tinkling cymbals. But there could be no doubt as to his popularity, and he moved in a circle of admirers who followed and buzzed round him. And through it all he car ried in his bosom, always alight and glowing, the burning purpose of has

He could not hear Constance's name without a thrill and a sudden leap of the heart, though when he chanced to meet her there were no signs of his emotion in his clean-cut face, and his voice never faltered.

It was only at night, when alone in his room at the small house which he had transformed into an elegant little palace, that he gave the rein to the passion which devoured him; then he would pace up and down, recalling her beauty and her scorn, and working out the scheme which during the tur and excitement of the day he had been obliged to lay aside. He was but bid-ing his time, waiting for the hour when he might strike with the certainty of

The election was to take place in little more than a month—that is, at the end-of October—and though several meet-ings had been held, the largest and most important thus far had been al-lowed to stand over for the marquis, convenience, for Mr. Rawson Fenton had remembered Lord Brakespeare's promise that he would speak, and had chosen that he should speak at this

"I'm afraid I shall have to go," said the marquis, as he read a letter re-minding him of hiz promise. They were in the drawing-room, the marchioness in the chair, with Arol at her knee, and Constance playing soft-

(To be Consinued,)

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