t leads the list as a truly scientific preparaion for all blood diseases. If there is a hydGROPALA asymbs Barnara Rilla will
injudge it and capat it from your system.
For constitutional or nororulous Catarres.
For constitutional or nororulous Catarres.
TANNIE Avers Sannara Nilla is the
gateriess cases. It will stop the nassecous
marked diseases, and reserve the stebesworthan discharges, and remove the national vector of the breath, which are indications scrotulous origin.

"Hatto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1889. CERGUS "At the age of two years one of SCHES my children was terribly afficient for any country afficient was terribly afficient with ulcorons running sores on its face and seek. At the same time its openions awaited, and very sero, the same time its openion of the property of the present of the appropriate improvement, which, by a afternoon to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent ours. For all the appropriate and permanent ours. For these has since appeared of the crucians of any corollogue tendencies; and so treatment of any disorder was over attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours tribly, M. F. Johnson."

PREPARED MY Br.J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowelf, Mess. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for St.

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Being for years afflicted with Dyspepsia, and fluding my he lith greatly improved by only a little of the Crowfoot Bitters. I am pleased to secommend it to those in like manner afflicted. R. LARGE.

Minister of the M. E. Church, Meaford, Ont. A St. Vincest Farmer Says:

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Only One Package Cures Dyspepsia.

The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1894. AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW

YORK.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued from last week.) Botore the summer had grown much older Claire and her lover began to be pointed out by the few other permanent bearders of the hotel, with that interest which clings like a rosy nimbus about the doings of all betrothed people. They certainly made a very handsome couple as they strolled hither and thither. But Chirc's interest, on her own side, had been roused by certain little coteries that would often group at one end of the monstor plazza.

The ladies of these assemblages were mostly refined looking persons, and Ho ter, though their coats, trousers, boot and nock-ties not soldere bore an cialmate smartness appossessed by his. They looked, in current idiom, as thou is they had come out of band-boxes, the wir high, stiff collars, their silver. opy I walking sticks, and their general chair of polite indolence. The ladies, gloves that reached almost to allants under the shade of high, cook parasols. Claire was often top rung of the ladder."

pieced by the sense of their remarkable shere with a good deal of covert concern. the gentlemen's sames. This caused speaks in an ideal halo. hor a sting of regret. She wanted him His ignorance argued him too unknown, One day, to her surprise. Claire per-

group of this select description. Mrs. Aronfarins had lost none of her old majesty. It was still there, and it was an older majesty, by many new gray hairs, many acquired wrinkles. She was a stouter person, but the stoutness did not impair her dignity; she bore her

Claire determined to address her. the waited the chance and carried out her project. Mrs. Arcularius was just rising, with two or throo other ladies for the purpose of going isside to luncheon, when Claire decided to make the ap-

Hellister had brought her a bunch of roshs the evening before, and she had kept them tresh with good care until strike an acquaintance with her. But sow. They were fixed at present in the they never did. This piqued her, as bosom of her simple white muslin dress. they were all permanent residents at and they became her perfectly. She went quite close to Mrs. Aroularius, and boldly held out her hand.

"I am very glad to meet you again." she said, "and I hope you have not forgotten ma."

Mrs. Arcularius took the hand. Under the circumstances she could not have done otherwise without committing s harsh rudeness. And she was a woman whose fudences was never harsh.

With her disongaged hand she put up a pair of gold eye-glasses. "Oh, yes, surely, yes," she said, while softly dropping Claire's hand; "you were one

of my popile ?"

Claire did not like this at all. But she would not have shown a trace of chappin, just then, for a heavy reward. She smiled, knowing how sweet her smile was, and promptly answered:

"I'm sorry that you only remembes me as one of your pupils. I should like you to remember my name also. Are

you quite cortain that it has escaped you. Does not my face recall it?" "Your face is a very pretty one, my dear," said Mrs. Arcularius. She look. ed while spoaking, toward her recent companions, who were moving away with light touches of their disarranged

draperies and side-long glances at Claire. Her tones were impenetrably civil, but her wandering eye, and the slight avorted turn of her large frame, made their civility hear the value, no less, of an impromptu veneer. Claire divined all this with rapid in-sight. Hor wit began to work in a sud-

den defensive way. She preserved her smile, looking straight at Mrs. Arcularius while she said, in a voice pitched so that the other ladies must of necessity

"I was so obscure a little girl among all the grand little girls who went to your school in my time, that I don't at all blane you for fluding it inconvenient to rocall me. I fear I have been mistaken in addressing you as the woman of businose, my dear madame, when you find the great lady alone to your hamor. But you have played both parts with so much success that perhaps you will pardon me for alluding to one at the expense of the other."

There was nothing pert in Claire's little speech. The few seconds that is took her to make it were epical in her life; they showed her the quality of her own powers to strike back with a sure aim and a calm nerve; she was trying those powers as we try the temper of a

She moved away at once, with tranquil grace, and not a hint of added color or disconcerted demeaner. It was really very well done, in the sense that we call things well done which depend upon their manner, their felicity, their he of method. The ladies looked at each other and smiled, as though they would rather have kept their lips grave through politeness to Mrs. Arcularins: and she, on her own side, did not smile at all, but revealed that disarray of manner which we can best express in the case of some large fluttered bird by noting its ruffled plumage.

Nothing in Claire's past had qualified her for this deft nicety of rebuke. Those stands made against hermother's coarse onsets had surely offered but a clumsy training school for such delicate defiance. And yet her history has thus far been followed ill if what she said and did on a certain day in Mrs. Arcularius's school-room has not foreshadowed in some measure the line of her present action. Perhaps it was all purely instinctive, and there had been, back in the gentility of her father's ancestry, some dame of nimble repartee and impregnable self-possession, who had won antique repute as dangerous to

bandy words with. Only a dollar package of the Crowfoot Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia after all other remedies falled

T. H. KAS PON,
Market clerk, Durham, Ont.

More old by A. High Doffiam, Agent, Lindson, 1913.

Market 2013.

Market 2014.

Ma in one of the halls, it was with sharp difficulty she could hide her distress. Still, however, she did hide it, sure of no sympathy in this quarter, of a sort that could help to heal her fresh wound. That evening, however, a little after the arrival of Hollister, and while at listened to the distant band. s had now grown a nightly and accepted event with them, she narrated the whole circumstance of the morning. " Do you think I did right, Herbert ?" the finished, sure of his answer before

> " Perfectly, my darling," he said, ooking down into her dim, uplifted face. I wouldn't have had you do anything se. You must cut that old Gorgon if a over meet her again. You must at her dead, before she has a chance to erve the same trick on you." "I don't know about that," returned

Claire, as if his words had set her thoughts into a new groove. " Perhaps she may be of use to me afterward. I may need her if we ever mees . society." She slightly pansed before speaking the last word. If she hasn't left by to-morrow I shan't see her, you know. I won't ent her; I simply shan't see her. It will

be better.'

Hollister laughed. What he would have disliked in another woman fasernated him in Claire. "You little ambitions vixen," he said, in his melow undertone, "I suppose you will lead me a line dance, after we are marin clows, would hold chat with their ried. I suppose you will make me strain and struggle to put you high up, on the

"I should like to be on the top rung exclusiveness when she watched their of the ladder," said Claire, with that daires gatherings; and she watched supreme frankness a woman sometimes enaloys when sure that the man who Hollister could not even tell her any of listens to her will clothe each word she

At the same time, she had an honest to be at least important enough for that, impulse loward Hollister which should be recorded to her credit. She had not ceived Mrs. Arcularius, her former marriage; she candidiy saved him all august schoolmistress, seated smid a peril of disappointment. But he, on the other hand could see neither rock nor shoal ahead. If she pointed toward them, he looked only at the hand which pointed, and not at the object it so gracefully signaled.

She did not see Mrs. Arcularius again. That lady's visit had doubtless been for a day only. The dainty groups still assembled, mornings and afternoons, just as before. Now and then she thought that some of their membersthose who had witnessed the little scene with her former schoolmistress -gave her a look of placid attention which seemed to say: "There you are. We She looked very charming as she did remember you. You are the young

per on who asserted yourself." She wanted them to address her, to the hotel. She made no concealment of her wish to Hollister.

"It is too had you do not know some of their male friends," she said. "If you did, I should get you to introduce

He fired a little at this, mildly joalons. "Do you really mean it?" he asked, with doleful reproach.

Claire did not understand this jeal-onsy, at first; then it flashed upon her, through a sudden realization of his "Oh, I should merely like to know

them for one reason," she said, laughing. "They would introduce me in turn, perhaps, to those charming looking ladies, who belong to another world. I like their world—that is, the little I have seen of it. I want to see more. I want to have them find out that I am quite suited to be one of them."

His justoney was appeared. He

pretty little foible, after all—her delightfully droll longing to be ranked among the lofty aristocrats.

"I wish I did know some of the men

you mean," he said, with apologetic concern as though she had seked him for some gift which he could not manage to secure. "I think that I have seen two or three of them in Wall Street; but we have never met on speakingterms."

More than once he pointed out to her a gentlemen in the throng whom he did know, or told her the name of such an acquaintance, after transiently bowing to him. But Claire, with a fleet glance that was decisively critical, never exressed a desire to meet the individuals thus designated. Something in their mien or attire always displeased her. She dismissed them from her consciousness with the speed born of total indifference.

And now a most unforeseen thing happened. Mr. Trask, of the yellow eyebrows, had made repeated visits to Sophia, but Claire, because of the novel change in her own life, had failed to observe what to Mrs. Bergemann had become glaringly evident. One day, in the middle of August, Claire entered the latter's room, and found Sophia weeping and her mother briskly loquacious,

"I don't know what she's crying about, Claire," Mrs. Bergemann at once proceeded to explain, with an aggrievd look toward her tearful daughter. She don't want to go with me home to Germany; I s'pose that's it. And there's my own fiesh and blood, Katrina Hoffmann, who's written me a letter, and begged me in it to come and pay her a visit before she dies. And because I want to go across in September—after you're married, Claire, of course — Sophia behaves like a baby."

"Katrina Hoffmann!" now exclaimed Sophia, with plaintive contempt. "She's Ma's second-consin, Claire. And what does Ma care about Germany? She was a child of ten when she left it. I don't want to go, and I won't go, and there's all about it!"

But Sophia, for the first time in her ife, had found a master in the mother who had so incessantly yielded to her last whim. The letter from Germany, as Claire soon discovered, was a mere pretext for flight. And Trask, of the rellow eyebrows, had caused this fugiive impulse in Mrs. Bergemann.

She had learned about Trask; he was a clerk in an insurance company, on seven hundred a year. Sophia was the heiress of three millions. It would never do. All Mrs. Bergemann's rich fund of good nature shrank into arid disapproval of so one-sided a match. She developed a monstrons obstinacy. It was the old maternal instinct; she was protocting her young.

They went to Germany in spite of all tophia's lamentations. They went in the middle of September, and poor Trash was left to mourn his lost opportunities. Certain threats or entreaties, declaimed in private to Sophia by her affrighted parent, may have laid a veto upon the maiden's possible elopement. Or it may have been Trask's own timid fault that she did not fly with him. For she was very fond of Trask, and might have lent a thrilled ear to any ardent they walked the sea-fronting lawns proposition from so beloved a source. accepted his fate with prosaic resignation. Moreover, his tendency to be oh liging, to grant favors, to make himself of high value in an emergency, may have come forth in heroic brilliancy at the private request of Mrs. Bergemann her.

> Wherever the real truth of the matter may have lain, Mrs. Bergemann and Sophia, as a plain fact, went to Europe in September, leaving the bereaved Trask behind them. But both. before their departure, were present at the marriage of Claire and Herbert Hol-

It was a quiet wedding. It occurred on an exceedingly hot day. Sophia and her mother were to sail the day after. They both gave effusive good-byes to Claire as she left the Fifth Avenue mansion in her travelling dress at Hol-

" I feel as if I should never, never see you again!" Sophia said in a sort of pathetic gurgle, with both arms around Claire's neck.

It was indeed true that they never met again. Sophia afterwards forgot Trask, and married in Europe. Her husband, as a few ill-spelt letters would from time to time inform Claire. was a Baron. Up to the period when these letters ceased, Sophia had repeatedly declared herself to be very happy. Claire had occasionally wondered whether Mrs. Bergemann had approved of the Baron. But Mrs. Bergemann did not come back to tell, which, after all, seemed like a good omen.

On that sultry September day of their marriage, Claire and Hollister started for Niagara, where they remained but a brief while. They then returned to Manhattan Beach by mutual consent. The weather still remained very hot. It was what we call a late season.

They found at the hotel a moderate number of guests, who were waiting for the first sharp gust of autumn to make them scurry in droves from the sea-

Hollister resumed his business. He went and came every day in the train or

Claire did not feel at all like a bride But she and her husband had talked together about their future, and she had the sense of a great, vital, prosperous change. She felt like a wife.

CHAPTER XIII

A long chain of days followed. each in every way like the other. steady yet lazy wind pulsed from the south; the skies were clad with an unaltering blue haze from dawn till dark, except that a rosy flush, like a kind of languid aurora, would steal into the full round of the horizon with each new sanset, and stay until evening had first empurpled it, then darkened it completely. Afterwards the stars would come forth, golden, globular and rayless, while the same unchanged southerly wind would get a damp sharpness that made at least a light wrap needful if one remained out of doors. The great piazza would be almost vacant an hour or so after nightfall, and the whole shore quite

arded after-dark visitors, island had virtually closed its season. But Claire and Hollister haunted the iausa a good deal when the early aut-

arm in arm, more perhaps both their healthful young frames realized. The other guests of the hotel doubtless conjectured that they were saying all sorts of tender trifles to each other, according to the immemorial mode of those from whom the honeymoon has not yet withdrawn her witching spells. But in reality there was very little between them of what we term lover-like discourse. Claire discouraged it in her husband, who obeyed the tacit mandate.

She was prosaic and practical on these occasions. It amused and charmed Hollister to find her so. In any guise that it chose to wear, her personality was an enchantment. Claire planned just how they were to live on their return to town, and he thought her irresistible in this role of domestic anticipa-

"We shall have to find apartments," she told him. We cannot afford to rent a house of our own. But apartments are very nice and respectable. They are quite different from a boarding house, you know I should be sorry if we were compelled to board."

"So should I," declared Hollister. Are you sure that we have not enough to let us rent a small house?"

Claire's eyes glistened, as though the chance of their income being made to stretch thus far suggested charming possibilities. But she soon gave a sad shake of the head. "No," she decided. "We should only find ourselves running into debt. We had better take no rash risks. Your business is full of them as it is, Herbert. Besides a year 'or two

may make the change easy for us."
She amazed him by the speed with which she learned just how his affairs stood. Her quick mastery of facts that with most women baffle both memory and understanding, was no less rare than thorough. It had always been thus with her. Whatever she wanted to comprehend became her mental posession after slight and brief effort. It was not long before she read the price-list of stocks in the morning papers with nearly as lucid a perception of what it meant as Hollister himself. She made her hasband explain as well as he couldand this was by no means ill-both the theory and practice of Wall Street speculation. She soon began to know all his important investments, and to

talk of them with facile glibness. Her control over Hollister daily strengthened. She would have swayed a man of much firmer will, and it is certain that he grew steadily more deferent to her judgment, her counsel, or already estimated as a most right and natural development. In his eyes it was touched with no shade of selfishness; its egotism was to be readily enough condoned; one liked self-assertion in those whom nature had wrought of finer stature, from better clay. The meen pined for throne and sceptre: hey were a debt owed her by the world; she could not help being born royal.

It irritated him that those people in the hotel whom she had expressed a wish to know, should not have sought her acquaintance and society. She must have struck them as a creature of great beauty and grace. Why had they not eeu won into paying her tribute? This was Hollister's fond way of putting the matter to his own thoughts. A few of these same people still remained. They formed a little clique

among themselves; they, too, were waiting for the drowsy and torpid weather to wake up and send them townward. They saw Claire daily, almost bourly, and yet they never showed a sign of caring to do more than see her. Hol lister secretly resented their indifference. His pride perhaps conspired with his love in making him bring Claire a fresh supply of flowers every evening, that she might wear them brilliantly knotted in the bosom of her dress. She remonstrated with him on the extravagance of this little devoted act, but for once he overruled her protest by a reference to the cheapness of flowers at that especial season. She always wore the flowers. Jutting forth in a rich mass from the delicate symmetry of her breast, they became her to perfection, as their lovely contact becomes all save the most illfavored women. She allowed Hollister to continue his pleasant, flattering gift. The mirror in her dressing-room was of

generous proportions. By day she liked to stroll the shore, or sit with a book on one of the many benches, and watch, when not reading the pale blue sweep of ocean, smooth as oil, and flecked with a few white-winged ships. Some of the sails were so faint and far away to the eye that they made her think of blossoms blown by a random breeze clear out into the misty offing. But now and then a boat would move past, hugging the shore, and wearing on its breadth of canvas huge black letters that advertised a soap, a washing powder or perhaps a quack medi-

The tender poetry in sky or sea gave these relentless merchantzen (if the term he not inapt) a most glaring odd ity. But Claire did not wholly dislike, after all, the busy push of life and traffic which they so harshly indicated. If she had been less capable of understanding just how vulgar a note they struck, she might have disapproved of them more stoutly. As it was, she accepted their intrusion with full recognition of its agliness, yet with a latent and peculiar sympathy. It reminded her of the vast mercantile city that lay so near—the city where her young husband was seeking to augment his gains, and by a process of slight essential difference.

But curiously in contrast with this feeling was Claire's mode of now and then speaking to the shabby people who frequented the shore, and repeatedly giving them alms when this or that woful story of want would meet her ears. Past experiences made her singularly keen in detecting all the sham tales of beggars. She had learned the real dialect of poverty, and her sense was quick to perceive any suspicious

flaw in its melancholy syntax. More than once she would engage little dingy-clad children in converse, and nearly always a coin would be slipped into their hands at parting. But one day it happened that a child of smart gear, a little girl about five years old, came up to her side and began prattling on the subject of a sandy structure which the plump, tiny hands had just erected, a few yards away.

The child had a fat, stupid face, which was shaded by a big, costly-looking hat, along whose brim coiled a fashionable white plume. Every other detail of her dress implied wealthy parentage. Her little form exhaled a seft perfume, as of violets. She looked up into Claire's face nearly always a coin would be slipped

stelligent eyes, but with a tion of intimacy, while droll assumption of intimacy, while chattering her fluent nonsense regard-ing the product of her recent sportive toil. Chire was not prepossessed, but at the same time she took the little creature's hand very socially, and listened to her brisk conf

suddenly appeared on the scene, and cut short the child's further overtures of friendship by drawing her away with swift force and a gust of voluble French reprimand. The child broke into peevish screams, and was at once lifted by the strong arms of the bonne, just as a lady abruptly joined them. The lady shook her forefinger at the child, while she was being borne away with passionate clamor.

"Tu as ete tres mechante," exclaimed the new-comer, remaining stationary. but following with a turn of the head and unrelaxed finger this tragic departure. "Nous avions peur que tu ne fus tombee dans la mer. Tais-toi, Louise, et sois bon enfant?"

Distance soon drowned the lamentations of little Louise, and the lady now addressed herself to Claire.

"I hope my bad little girl hasn't been troubling you," she said. "It is really the nurse's fault that she strayed away in this wild style. Aline is horridly careless. I've already discharged her and that makes her more so. Last week at Newport the poor child nearly fell over the cliffs because of that woman's outrageous neglect."

"Your little girl was in no danger here, I think," said Claire smiling. "Oh, no; of course not," returned the lady. She gave Claire a direct, scanning look, and then dropped upon the bench beside her. "Coney Island is very different from Newport. We had a cuttage there all summer. Do you know Newport ? "No," said Claire. "It is a very de

lightful place, is it not?" "Well, yes," returned the lady, with a covert dissent in her admission. "It's nice, but it's awfully stiff." "Do you mean ceremonious?" asked

"Yes. I got frightfully tired of it. I

always do. My husband likes it, and so I go on his account. I'd much rather go to Narragansett or Mount Desert. They're more like real country, don't you know? You haven't got to button your gloves all the time, and pose your parasol. You're not bothered with thinking whom you shall know and whom you shan't. You can let yourself loose. I love to let myself loose. But you can't do it in Newport. Everybody there is on a kind of high horse. Now I even her caprices. The desire that she there is on a kind of high horse. Now I so plainly laid bare to him he had like to come down, once in a while, and ride a pony."

The lady gave a shrill, short laugh as she ended these words. Claire had already noted all her personal details. She was tall of figure and extremely slender. She had a sharp-cut face which would have gained by not being of so chill a pallor. Her black eyes were full of restless brilliancy; her lips were thin, and marked at their rims by a nar-

row bluish line. She carried herself with an air or importance, but her manner was very far from the least supercilious display She promptly impressed you as a woman whose general definition was a democratic one, though aristocracy might also be among her minor meanings. She had no claims to beauty; she was too meagre in point of flesh, too severe in general contour, too acute in her angles. She lacked all the charm of feminine curves; she was a living conspiracy of straight lines. You could not closely observe her without remarking the saliency of her joints; she seemed put together on a plan of cruel keenness. At the same time her motions were not awkward; she managed her rectilinear body with a surprising ease and pliancy.

Her health appeared excellent, notwithstanding her thin frame and chalky color. The warmth, speed, and geniality of her speech, evidently springing from high animal spirits, no doubt en-

forced this inference. Claire felt not a little puzzled by her. and had an immediate wish to find out just who she was. On the afternoon of vesterday she had once or twice joined the patrician group and had chatted with this or that member of it, apparently on the most familiar terms. Claire already knew, having thus observed her, that she was a recent arrival. But past experiences made it seem quite probable that she was merely a tolerated nobody. "Would she join me like this and address me so affably," Claire asked herself, "if she were some one of real note?"

At the same time, any trace of such self-depreciation was far enough from showing itself in Claire's spoken answer. "Everything is tiresome, I suppose." she said, " if there is too great a supply of it. For my own part, I think that I like the conventionalities, as they are called. I haven't seen enough of them in my life to be wearied by them. I have known what poverty is in other years, and now, when I contrast it with the little ceremonics and forms that accompany prosperity, I find myself rather glad that they exist."

Her companion looked surprised for a moment. She put her thin face rather close to Claire's. The candor of the latter was a novelty. Claire had used it with a somewhat subtle intent. Her fleet tact had told her that it was best frankly to count herself outside of the social pale behind which she more than suspected this garrulous matron be-

"Oh, so you've been poor?" came the somewhat rattling response. "But of course you're not so now, or you would not speak of it. Poverty must be so perfectly awful. I mean when people who . . . well, don't you know, the people who live in tenement-houses, and

The speaker here paused, while arranging the long mousquetaire gloves that reached in tawny wrinkles far up either sharp arm.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Post and Country Ger The Post and The Contine The Post and The Century Magazine The Post and St. Nichol The Post and Rural Canadian. The Post and Harper's Mag The Post and Harper's Weekly..... The Post and Harper's Young People..... 2 30 The Post and American Agricultur The Post and Stock-Raiser's Journal...... 1 56 The Post and "Grip" 2 00

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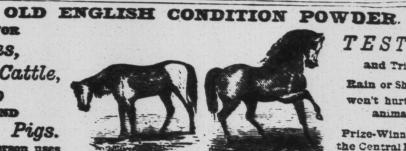
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Aug. 29th. 15 Messrs. Chur been troubled and during the from five does I have used of Salve, which of Osgoode

Wishin

cough, cros tee, a test will you have try it. Price ings are s Porous Pac Lindsay.

Shilo

SH

Answ Why do so ma guaranteed to BOTHAM, L Shiloh's

LINDSA NEWS (

Gathered fro -Brantie the Central Ex. and has ve -Seven hun plied with kitchen.

-Nine pers tar in a ce -Over 700 -During Girardville, Pa out of thirty-

to repeal the a jectea. -A large f the celebrate -The Orang summoned St. Patrick which the to -The brewe

their poli:

proaching e -Satisfac sels at Smy -An elder dropped dead at the Union -At a leap y don the ladies -The price of country aroun than it has bee

-Two memi licitors have a value of bet pounds steriin -An alliance Garman minipower of Engli -Last We Mich. Porter William Ward were killed. blown off and

injured.... ploded Thursd gineer and fats Three building -Premier I victed of killin Falls, N. H., de prisoner's wife Boudoir's son, sen, Desire Bo