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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Constipation. Recommended as a cure for chronic Constipation, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be "Try Ayer's Pills."

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills

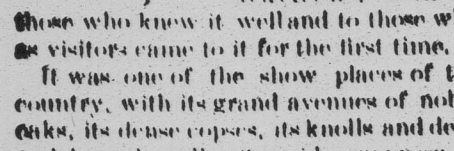
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

The Canadian Post

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1890.

CLARE'S REVENGE.

VISION of the terrible calamity approaching them so swiftly overshadowed the joyous minds of Guy L'Estrange and May Fielding as they floated that sunny afternoon in June on the bosom of the lake.



CLARE HAD TAKEN HOLD OF HIS WHITE MUSCULAR ARM.

Clare Raymond, the daughter of Mrs. Raymond, May Fielding's guardian, was four years May's senior, and during all those long months which had formed the period of the courtship of her friend and her lover, she had suffered torture unparelleled.

He stood on the summit of a long, sloping hill, overlooking in front an undulating expanse of meadow, with trees dotted here and there, and exquisite patterns of flowers gemming its beauty.

They were lovers, they two who were now out on the almost wasteless water, and were to be married in a week.

How could they think of evil? He suddenly, however, roused himself, after one long, lingering look, and took the oar.

"My love, I am to-day, I must go over to Barchester to-day," he said, as he began to row toward shore.

"How lovely the day is, too!" she cried. "You must go over today?"

"Yes, Miss one," cried Guy L'Estrange. "It is a matter of business which must be settled. I don't want anything of that kind to bother me when my bird has flown to her nest."

He helped her ashore as he spoke, and fastened the boat to the mooring post. "You know you are always welcome," said May tenderly.

"Oh, it does not matter," said May. "It is no disfigurement in itself, is it Guy?"

"No, Miss one," said Guy. "I shall be too late for my appointment if I do. Good afternoon, Mason; I shall stroll home, and try my luck again to-morrow morning."

"Clare had seen all this, and need desperate means to avert such a calamity. Failing all else, she had opened her heart to her wondering mother, and entreated her to send May away to school before it was too late."

"Oh, how I hate her!" she cried. "But for her his love would have been mine! And to think I have tried and tried in vain with all my beauty, which has been praised so much by others, only to be set aside for that golden-haired doll!"

"No, I have made no mistake," she said. "You are my husband, Roy Talbot, and why you are masquerading here under another name I am at a loss to understand."

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"You naughty forgetful thing," she said in her sweetest tones, "you promised to drive me and mamma to Linwood to-day, and..."

"And so she shall," said Guy with a smile. "I'll exert my marital authority in advance, and say she shall, Miss one, I'm not going to Barchester in my boating flannels."

"Then, as if ashamed of such an action before Mrs. Raymond and her daughter, he muttered some inarticulate utterance and was off."

"He had driven there in the dog cart, and the groom, having received instructions as to what time to fetch him on his return from Barchester, drove off, the skittish mare soon taking the light vehicle out of sight."

"It was very quiet in the station when Guy L'Estrange entered it; no sign of bustle or preparation of any kind."

"She had scarcely disappeared when another figure appeared on the scene, that of Clare Raymond."

"Fool that I am!" she murmured. "Even now, when fate is working for me in every way, I seem to have no courage to work things to my own use."

"An influx of visitors had prevented the proposed pony drive; and Clare Raymond, impatient of disappointment, and with the mind inflamed by resentment, had slipped on her walking things and quitted the house."

"If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDY ten or fifteen years ago, I should have saved me \$200 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering."

"The time passed drearily for May. At dinner Mrs. Raymond had a headache, and Clare was pale, silent and altogether mysterious and stupid."

"There was a mocking ring in her voice, and a mocking light in her eyes as she spoke, which was intensely irritating to May."

"What's the matter, Clare?" cried the young girl. "You speak so oddly and so..."

"He raised his hat with a polite gesture, but she flung herself on her knees before him and clasped her hands wildly."

"No, but it may be a message from him or about him," said Clare, with a significant look that was lost upon May, for she had quickly crossed the room, and opening the door, stood listening."

"But she seemed to be infected by the same kind of presentiment which had seized upon Guy L'Estrange."

"The first moment she had felt a fluttering of the heart and a wild sensation of the mind, such as she had never experienced before."

"He took out his capacious handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and though eager to tell his news, subsided into the merest commotions."

"Quite unpleasantly hot walking," he said, with a sorry apology for a smile.

"You must be, Miss Fielding," he said. "For my news is very bad. Mr. L'Estrange is alive and well, but he is in sore trouble; he has been arrested—now calm yourself, Miss Fielding, for all is bound to come right—on a charge of attempted murder!"

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