away."
"Take her away!" Lady Helena repeated, setting her lips; "take her where, Victor? To you?"

His ghastly face turned a shade ghastlier. He caught his breath and grasped the back of the chair as though a spasm of unendurable agony had pierced his heart. In an instant his aunt's arms were about him,

"Forgive me, Victor, forgive me! ought not to have asked you that. But I did not mean—I know that can never be, my poor boy. I will do whatever you say. I will go to her, of course—I will fetch

her here it she will come.

"If she will come!" he repeated hoarsely, disengaging himself from her; "what do you mean by if? There can be no "if in the matter. She is my wife—she is Lady Catheron—do you think she is to be left penniless and alone drudging for the breat heing her: she eats? I tell you, you must bring her;

His passionate, suppressed excitement terrified her. In pain and fear and help-lessness she looked at her niece. Inez, with that steady self-possession that is born of long and great endurance, came to her res-

"Sit down, Victor!" her full, firm tone said, "and don't work yourself up to this pitch of nervous excitement. It's folly—useless folly, and its end will be prostration and a sick-bed. About your wife, Aunt Helena will do what she can, but—what can she do? You have no authority over her now; in leaving her you resigned it. It is unutterably painful to speak of this, but under the circumstances we must. She refused with scorn everything you offered her before; unless these past ten months have greatly altered her, she will refuse again. She seems to have been a very proud, high-spirited girl, but her hard struggle with the world may have beaten down that—

"Don't!" he cried passionately; "I can't bear it. O my God! to think what I have done-what I have been forced to do! what I have made her suffer-what she must think of me-and that I live to bear it ! To think I have endured it all, when a pistol-ball would have ended my torments

that," said Inez Catheron, her strong, steady eyes fixed upon his face, "I have no more to say. You did your duty once ; you acted like a hero, like a martyr-it seems a pity to spoil it all by such a cowardly rant

"My duty?" he exclaimed, huskily. "Was it my duty. Sometimes I doubt it; sometimes I think if I had never left her, all might have been well. Was it my duty to make my life a hell on earth, or tear my heart from my bosom, as I did in the hour I left her, to spoil her life for her, to bring shame, reproach, and poverty upon her?

If I had not left her, could the worst that might have happened been any worse than

"Much worse—infinitely worse. You are the sufferer, believe me, not she. What is all she has undergone in comparison with what you have endured? And one day she

away from the light.

"One day," they heard him murmur;

"one day—the day of my death. Pray
Heaven it may be soon."

"I think," Inez said after a pause, "you had better let me go and speak instead of Aunt Helena. She has undergone so much -she isn't able, believe me, Victor, to undergo more. Let me go to your wife; all Aunt Helena can say, all she can urge, I will. If it be in human power to bring her back, I will bring her. All I dare tell her, I will tell. But, after all, it is so little, and she is so proud. Don't hope too

"It is so little," he murmured again, his face still hidden; so little, and there is so much to tell. Oh!" he broke forth, with a passionate cry, "I can't bear this much longer. If she will come for nothing else, she will come for the truth, and the truth shall be told. What are a thousand promises to the living or the dead to the knowledge that she hates and scorns me !"

They said nothing to him-they knew it was useless—they knew his paroxysms would pass, as so many others had passed, and that by to-morrow he would be the last to wish to tell.

"You will surely not think of returning to St. James Street to-night?" said Inez by way of diversion. "You will remain here, and at the earliest possible hour to-morrov you will drive me to Oxford Street. I will do all I can-you believe that, my cousin, know. And if—if I am successful, will"—she paused and looked at him—"will you meet her, Victor?"

"I don't know yet; my head is in a whirl. To-night I feel as though I could do anything, brave anything—to-morrow I suppose I will feel differently. Don't ask me what I will do to-morrow until to-morrow comes. I will remain all night, and I will go to my room at once; I feel dazed and half sick.

"She won't come—I am sure of it as that I sit here," were Lady Helena's parting words as they separated for the night. "I know her better than he does, and I am not carried away by his wild hopes. She will

ately after breakfast, Miss Catheron, closely veiled, entered the cab with him, and
was driven to Oxford Street. It was a very
silent drive; she was glad when it was over,
and he set her down near the shop of Madame Mirebeau.

"I will wait here," he said. "If she
will come with you, you will take a cab

will come with you, you will take a cab and drive back to Poplar Lodge. If she does not—" he had to pause a moment— "then return to me, and I will take you

She bent her head in assent, and entered the shop. Her own heart was beating at the thought of the coming interview and its probable ending. She advanced to the counter, and, without raising her veil, in-quired if Miss Stuart had come.

The girl looked inquisitively at the hidden face, and answered:
"Yes, Miss Stuart had come."
"I wish to see her particularly, and in private, for a few moments. Can you manage it for me?"

age it for me?"

She slipped a sovereign into the shopwoman's hand. There was a second curious
look at the tall, veiled lady, but the sovereign was accepted. A side door opened,
and she was shown into an empty room.

"You can wait here, ma'am," the girl
said. "I'll send her to you."

Yes, it was his wife. The face she had yes, it was his wife. The lace she had seen under the trees of Powyss Place she saw again to-day in the London milliner's parlor. To her eyes there was no change; she had grown neither thinner or paler; she had lost none of the beauty and grace that had won away Sir Victor Catheron's

"I wished to see you. We are not likely "We are likely to be disturbed at any moment. It is the room where Madame Mirebeau tries on the dresses of her customers; and my time is very limited.'

The dark, grave eyes were fixed upon the close veil expectantly. Inez Catheron threw it back.

her name the girl recoiled—"you don't know me, but I think you will know my name. I am Inez Catheron."

"Oh, Edith, you know why I have come The dark, deep eyes met hers, full, cold, hard, and bright as diamonds.
"I don't in the least know what you have

come for. I haven't an idea who could have sent you. I know who you are. You are Sir Victor Catheron's cousin. name—with a face of stone she waited for an answer. If any hope had lingered in the breast of Inez it died out as she looked

at her now. Catheron's cousin and there could be but one to send me here—Victor Catheron him-

"And why has Sir Victor Catheron given

"Oh, Edith!" again that imploring gesture, "let me call you so—need you ask? All these months he has been searching for you, losing health and rest in the fruitless. est—wearing himself to a very shadow ooking for you. He has been to New York, he has hunted London—it has brought him almost to the verge of death, this long, vain, miserable search."

Her perfect lips curled scornfully, her eyes shot forth gleams of contempt, but her roice was very quiet. "And again I ask why—why has Sir Vic-tor Catheron given himself all this unneces-

"Unnecessary! You call it that! A

"Stop, Miss Catheron!" she lifted her hand, and her eyes flashed. "You make a mistake. Sir Victor Catheron's wife I am not—never will be. The ceremony we went through, ten months ago, down in Cheshire, means nothing, since a bride-groom who deserts his bride on her wedding-day, resigns all right to the name and authority of husband. Mind, I don't regret it now; I would not have it otherwise neron; I mean it. In the hour I married your cousin he was no more to me than one of his own footman-I say it to my own shame and dishonor; and I thank Heaven most sincerely now, that whether he were you deserve."

He hid his face in his hands, and turned He hid his face in his hands, and turned At last I am free—not bound for life to a man that by this time I might have grown to loathe. For I think my indifference then would have grown to hate. Don't come again to me—don't let Sir Victor Catheron dog my steps or in any way interfere with me. I am only a girl, alone and poor, but," her eyes flashed fire—liter-ally fire—and her hands clenched, "I warn him-it will not be safe !"

Inez drew back. What she had expected she hardly knew-certainly not this. "As I said before," Edith went on, "my time is limited. Madame does not allow her working-girls to receive visitors in working hours. Miss Catheron, I have the honor to wish you good-morning.'

"Stay!" Inez cried, "for the love of Heaven. Oh, what shall I say, how shall I soften her? Edith, you don't understand. I wish—I wish I dared tell you the secret that took Victor from your side that day He loves you-no, that is too poor a word to express what he feels; his life is paying the penalty of his loss. He is dying Edith, dying of heart disease, brought on by what he has suffered in losing you. In his dying hour he will tell you all; and his one prayer is for death, that he may tell you, that you may cease to wrong and hate him as you do.

O Edith, listen to me—pity me—pity him
who is dying for you !"

She flung herself on her knees, tears pouring over her face, and held up her

clasped hands.

"For pity's sake, Edith—for your own sake. Don't harden your heart; try and believe, though you may not understand. I tell you he loves you—that he is a dying

"Get up, Miss Catheron," she said, "you must not kneel to me. What is it you want? what is it you ask me to do?" "I ask you to give up this life of toil—to come home with me. Lady Helena awaits you. Make your home with her and with Good-night."

He left them abruptly. They heard him toil wearily up to his room and lock the door. Long after, the two women sat together talking with pale, apprehensive together talking with pale, apprehensive the end. For Victor—poor heart-broken boy!—you will not have long to wait."

Her voice broke—her sobs filled the the distressed look was still on

The distressed look was still on Edith's face, but it was as resolute as ever.
"What you ask is impossible," she said;
"utterly and absolutely impossible. What carried away by his wild hopes. She will not come."

the Sir Victor descended to breakfast, lookfitting unutterably pallid and haggard in the rather the light. Well he might; he had not if any good was more composed, calm, and us, the, and there was almost as little hope in his heart as in Lady Helena's. Immediately after breakfast, Miss Catheron, closely veiled, entered the cab with him and interest and absolutely impossible. What you say about your cousin may be true. I don't understand—I never could read riddles—but it does not alter my determination in the least. Let me go, Miss Catheron, I beg of you; you only distress me unnecessarily. If you pleaded forever it could not avail. Give my love to Lady Helena; but I will never go back—I will never accept a farthing from Sir Victor Catheron. Don't come here more—don't let him come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

and to the dozen or more young women there assembled. If she was a shade paler than her wont they were not likely to notice it—if she was more silent even than

"I say, Mas Stuart, who was that? what did she want?" And the dark, haughty eyes of Miss Stuart had lifted from the peach satin on which she worked, and fixed themselves icily upon her interrogator.

"It was a lady I never saw before," she answered frigidly. "What she wanted is certainly no business of yours, Miss Hatton."

oarlor. The man lit the gas and went, and hen she was alone.

'What a wretch I am," she thought:

What a wretch I am," she thought:

and distance that none of them could overreach. Besides, she was a favorite with
madame and the forewoman. So silently
industrious, so tastefully neat, so perfectly
trustworthy in her work. Her companions
disliked and distrusted her; she held herself aloof from them all; she had something on her mind—there was an air of
mystery about her; they doubted her being
an English girl at all. She would have
none of their companionship; if she had a
secret she kept it well; in their noisy,
busy ridst she was as much alone as
though she were on Robinson Crusoe's
desert island. Outwardly those ten
months had changed her little—her brilliant dusk, beauty was scarcely dimmed—
inwardly it had changed her greatly, and
hardly for the better. How long the hours and half hours, told off on the clock, seemed—eight, nine, ten,—would Lady Helena never come? It was half past ten, and tired out thinking, she had fallen into a sort of uneasy sleep and fitful dream in her chair when she suddenly became half conscious of some one near her. She had been dreaming of Sandypoint, of quarrelling with her cousin. "Don't Charley!" she said petulantly, aloud, and the sound of her own voice awoke her fully. She started up, bewildered for a second, and found herself face te face with Lady Helena. Lady Helena had been watching Edith for the past five minutes silently and sadly. It was of him then she was dreaming—thoughts of him had brought to her lips that happy smile. The heart of the elder woman contracted with a sharp sense of pain.

A great Belgravian ball came off next night, and there was a glut of work. They got away at last, half fagged to death, only to find a dull drizzling rain settling down over the gas-lit highways of London. Miss Stuart bade her companions a brief goodnight, raised her umbrella, and hurried on her way. She did not observe the waiting of pain.

"Lady Helena!"

"Edith!"

"I—I think I fell asleep," Edith said confusedly; "I was very tired, and it alloseemed so quiet and tedious here. How is

She grew bewildered—her presence of mind deserted her—she dropped her umbrella and held up her hands instinctively

brella and held up her hands instinctively to keep them off. As she did so, two arms grasped her, she felt herself absolutely lifted off her feet, and carried over. But just as the curbstone was reached, something—a carriage pole it appeared—struck her rescuer on the head, and felled him to the

The man had fallen. A crowd surround

ed the prostrate man. For Edith, she stood stunned and bewildered still. She

saw the man lifted and carried into a chemist's near by. Instinctively she fol-

lowed-it was in saving her he had come to grief. She saw him placed in a chair, the mire and blood washed off his face, and then—was she stunned and stupefied still—

or was it, was it the face of Sir Victor

feeling giddy and sick—the place swimming around her. Was he dead? Had he me

his death trying to save her? "Blessed is I don't think he's dead and done for,"

said the chemist. "It ain't such a bad cut, neither. I say! does anybody know who he is?"

Nobody knew. Then the keen eyes of a

and wild-looking, with evident terror recognition in her face.

"He is Sir Victor Catheron.

"I say, miss, you know, don't you?"
Bobby suggested politely. "It was reskying you he got it, you know. You know this 'ere gent, don't you, miss! Who is

-you, don't really think he is dead?"
"Well, no, miss, I don't think he is dead,"

the chemist answered, "though I must say

"Is it necessary?" Edith asked, with very

"Well, you see, miss he looks uncom-monly like a stiff 'un this minute, and if he

was to die by the way or hanythink, and

"I will go," interposed Edith, turning away with a sick shudder. "Call the cab

sensible young baronet was carried out and laid, as comfortably as might be, on the back seat. Edith followed, unutterably

against her will, but how was she to help

it? He was her worst enemy, but even to

times must be shown. It would be brutal

"Don't you be afraid, miss," the chemist

said cheerfully; "he ain't dead yet. He's only stunned like, and will come round all right directly."
"Fenton's, Bill," and the cab rattled off.

one's worst enemy common

to let him go alone.

he looks uncommon like it.

liceman, X 2,001, fell upon Edith, pale

out of his arms, and stood on the paven

As he fell, Edith sprang lightly

"Better and asleep—they gave him an opiate. He knows nothing of your being here. It was very good of you to come, my an umbrella, that had been watching for her, and who instantly followed her steps. She hurried on and came to a part of the She hurried on and came to a part of the street where it was necessary she should cross. She paused an instant on the curbatone irresolute. Cabs, omnibuses and hansoms were tearing by in numbers innumerable. It was a perilous passage. She waited two or three minutes, but there was no lull in the rush. Then growing quite desperate in her impatience she started to cross. The crossing was slippery and wet.

"I say! look out there, will you!" half a dozen shrill cabbies called, before and behind. ecommon humanity, It was impossible to avoid coming," Edith answered, and then briefly and rather coldly she narrated how the accident had taken place.

"My poor boy!" was all Lady Helena said, but there was a heart sob in every word; "he would die gladly to save you a word; "he would die gladly to save you a moment's pain, and yet it has been his bitter lot to inflict the worst pain of your life. My poor child, you can't understand, and we can't explain—it must seem very hard and incomprehensible to you, but one day you will know all, and you will do him justice at last. Ah, Edith! if you had not refused Instantial only you work not so more fused Inez—if only you were not so proud if you would take what is your right and your due, he might bear this separation until Heaven's good time. As it is, it is

killing him."
"He looks very ill," Edith said; "what is the matter with him?" "Heart disease-brought on by undergone since his most miserable wedding-day. It is known only to Heaven and himself, but it has taken his life. As swely as ever human heart broke, his broke on the day he left you. And you, my poor child—you have suffered too."

"Of that we will not speak," the girl answered proudly; "what is done, is done. For me, I hope the worst is over—I am safe and well, and in good health as you see. I am glad Sir Victor Catheron had not met his death in my service. I have only one wish regarding him, and that is that he will keep away from me. And now that he will keep away from me. And now, Lady Lelena. before it grows any later, I will go home."

"Go home! At this hour? Most certainly you will not. You will remain here Oh, Edith, you must indeed. room has been prepared for you, adjoining mine. Inez and Jamison with Victor until morning, and—you ought to see him before

"No, no, no! that I cannot! As it is so late I will remain, but see him—no, no! Not even for your sake, Lady Helena, can We will wait until to-morrow comes, was Lady Helena's response; "now you shall go to your room at once."

"Oh," said Bobby, "Sir Wictor Catheron, is he? I thought he was a heavy swell." And then his eyes took in Edith's very handsome face, and very plain dress, and evident station, and he formed his own sur-She rang the bell, a chambermaid came. Lady Helena kissed the girl's pale cheek affectionately, and Edith was led away to the room she was to occupy for that mise. "Perhaps now, miss, you knows, too, where he ought to be took?" "No," she answered mechanically; "I don't know. If you search his pockets,

night. "Who can tell what a day may bring forth!" was Edith's last thought as she laid her head on her pillow. "I am glad—very glad, that the accident will not prove fatal. I don't want him or anyone else to come to his death through me. She slept well and soundly, and awoke late. She sprang out of bed almost instantly and dressed. Before her toilet was

card-case—now let's see; 'Sir Victor Catheron, Bart, Fenton's 'Otel'. Fenton's 'Otel. Bobby, I say, let's horder a cab and 'ave him driven there." quite completed there was a tap at the door. She opened it and saw Miss Cath-"Somebody ought to go with him," said X 2001. "I can't go—you can't go. I don't suppose now, miss," looking very doubtfully at Edith, "you can't go "I fancied you would be up early, and ordered breakfast accordingly. Aunt Helena awaits you down stairs. How did

you sleep?"
"Very well. And you—you were up all night I suppose?"
"Yes. I don't mind it at all, thougham quite used to night watching. And I have the reward of knowing Victor is much better—entirely out of danger, indeed. Edith." she laid her hands on the girl's Edith," she laid her names on shoulders and looked down into her eyes, bare Will you be

shoulders and looked down into her eyes,
"he knows you are here. Will you be
merciful to a dying man and see him?"
She changed color and shrank a little,
but she answered proudly and coldly:
"No good can come of it. It will be
much better not, but for my ewn part I
care little. If he wishes to urge what you
came to urge, I warn you, I will not fisten
to a word; I will leave at once."
""He will not urge it. He knows how

"He will not urge it. He knows how obdurate you are, how fruitless it would be. Ah, Edith! you are a terribly haughty, self-willed girl. He will not detain you a moment—he wishes to make but one parting request."
"I can grant nothing—nothing," Edith

CHAPTER XXIV.

That ride—all her life it came back to her like a bad nightmare. She kept her eyes turned away as much as she could from that rigid form and ghastly face oposite, but in spite of herself they would wander back. What Miss Catheron had said was true then—he was dying—death was pictured in his face. What if, after all, there was some secret strong enough to make his counder, in leaving her right? She had thought it over and wondered and wondered, until her brain was dazed, but could never hit on any solution. She could not now—it was not right. Whatever the secret was, he had known it before he married her—why had he not left her then—why in leaving her after had he not explained? There was no excuse for him, none, and in spite of the white, worn face that pleaded for him, her heart hardened once more—hardened until she felt neither pity nor pain.

They reached the hotel. Jamison, the valet, came down, and recoiled at the sight of his master's long-lost wife.

"My lady "he falt-red, staring as though he had seen a ghost, "Your master has met with an accident, Jamison," Edith said calmly, ignoring the title. How oddly it sounded to her. "You had better have him conveyed to his room and send for a surgeon. And, in Lady Helena is in town, my lady. Will——"Jamison meritated, "will you nat come in, my lady, and wait until her lady-ship comes"

Again for a moment Edith hesitated and thought. It would be necessary for some one to explain—she could not go away attack. "You wished to see me, Sir Victor Exception." "You wished to see me, Sir Victor Exception.

wer she might say or think, was not

heart of stone.

"I do pity you," she said very gently;
"I never thought to—but from my soul I do. But, forgive you! No, Sir Victor Catheron; I am only mortal. I have been wronged and humiliated as no girl was ever wronged and humiliated before. I can't do that."

He covered his face with his hands—she

He covered his face with his hands—she ould hear the dry sobbing sound of his "It would have been better if I had not come here," she said still gently. "You are ill, and this excitement will make you worse. But they insisted upon it—they said you had a request to make. I think you had had better not make it—I can grant nothing—nothing."

"You will grant this," he answered, lifting his face and using the words which Inez had used; "it is only that when I am dying, and send for you on my death-bed, you will come to me. Before I die I must tell you all—the terrible secret: I dare not

tell you all—the terrible secret; I dare not tell you in life; and then, oh surely, surely you will pity and forgive! Edith, my love, my darling, leave me this one hope, give me this one promise before you go?"

"I promise to come." was her answer; "I promise to listen—I can promise no more. A week ago I thought I would have died sooner than pledge myself to that much—sooner than look in your face, or apeak to you one word. And now, Sir Vic-

apeak to you one word. And now, Sir Victor Catheron, farewell."

She turned to go without waiting for

his reply. As she opened the door, she heard a wailing cry that struck chill with pity and terror to her inmost heart.

"Oh, my love! my bride! my wife!"

—then the door closed behind her—she heard and saw no more.

So they had met and parted, and only death could bring them together again.

She passed out into the sunshine and splendor of the summer morning, dazed and cold, her whole soul full of untold compassion for the man she had left.

Edith went back to the work-room in Oxford Street, to the old treadmill life of preceding the last-ending of this strange mystery that had wrecked two lives A hundred times a day that pallid, tortured face, rose before her, that last agonized cry of a strong heart in strong agony rang in her ears. All her hatred, all her revenge-ful thoughts of him were gone—she under-stood him no better than before, but she pitied him from the depths of her heart. They disturbed her no more, neither by letters or visits. Only as the weeks went by she noticed this—that as surely as evening came, a shadowy figure hovering aloof, followed her home. She knew who it was -at first sae felt inclined to resent it, but as he never came near, never spoke, only followed her from that safe distance, she grew reconciled and accustomed to it at

glimpse of his face on these occasions. What a corpse-like face it was—how utterly weak and worn-out he seemed more fitted for a sick-bed than the role of a

July-August passed—the middle of September came. All this time, whatever the weather, she never once missed her "shadow" from his post. As we grow aced to this watchful care, grew to look for him when the day's work was done. But in the middle of September she missed him. turned home unfollowed and alone. Some

thing had happened.
Yes, something had happened. He had never really held up his head after that second parting with Edith, For days he had lain prostrate, so near to death that they thought death must surely come. But by the end of a week he was better as much better at least as he would be

But Nature, defied long, claimed her pen alty at last. There came a day when Sir Victor could rise from his bed no more, grew even more than his resolute will could bear. A day when in dire alarm Lady Helena and Inez were once more summoned by faithful Jamison, and when at last—at last the infallible German doctor was sent for.

The interview between physician and

patient was long and strictly private. When Herr Von Werter went away at last his phlegmatic Teuton face was set with an unwonted expression of pity and pain. After an interval of almost unendurable suspense, Lady Helena was sent for by her nephew to be told the result. He lay upon a low sofa, wheeled near the window. The last light of the September day streamed in and fell full upon his face—perhaps that was what glorified it and gave it such a radiant lock. gave it such a radiant look. A faint smile

gave it such a radiant look. A faint smile lingered on his lips, his eyes had a far-off, dreamy look, and were fixed on the rosy evening sky. A strange, unearthly, exalted look altogether, that made his aunt's heart sink like stone.

"Well?" She said it in a tense sort of whisper, longing for, yet dreading the reply. He turned to her, that smile still on his lips, still in his eyes. He had not looked so well for months. He took her hand.

"Aunt," he said, "you have heard of

hand.
"Aunt," he said, "you have heard of doomed men sentenced to death receive their reprieve at the last hour? I think I know to day how those men must feel.

I know to day how those men must feel.

My reprieve has come."

"Victor!" It was a gasp. "Dr. Von Werter says you will recover!"

His eyes turned from her to that radiant brightness in the September sky.

"It is aneurism of the heart. Dr. Von Werter says I won't live three weeks."

They were down in Cheshire. They had taken him home by slow and easy stages. They took him to Catheron Royals—it was his wish, and they lived but to gratify his wishes now.

The grand old house was as it had been left a year ago—fitted up resplendently for a bride—a bride who had never come. There was one particular room to which he desired to be taken, a spacious and sumptuous chamber, all purple and gilding, and they laid him upon the bed, from which he would never rise.

It was the close of September now, the

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infanta and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine por other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use he Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. cures Diarrheea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its ood effect upon their children."

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real nterest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are troying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful gents down their throats, thereby sending

A Man

ligio

Talma chose viz: from I hands places ous set the ly to a holy pnever ercise words tian day in the st

Just a

days the fl

so mi

not g

ache. stead gerou everl

to she ligion

ough

and portar

religi proposhalideath and eligion in hi this

insignation that.
relignation into a

abou is hu awk fores migh bran in th have profe appe and have

over and frief Christon of the that will came Gossenti ing sion "the withing hype God reliment will know talk and tion the Lon Lon Formal Phriston over the children of the children over the ch

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A., ARCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. ment have spoken highly of their experimedical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with

favor upon it." UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY.

ALLEN C. SMITE, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

OUR STOCK OF

WATCHES

SILVER

FILLED CASES

Is very large. Call and get prices

S. J. PETTY

"The Jeweler," 86 Kent Street, Next the Daley House

USE LARDINE MACHINE OIL

The Champion Gold Medal Oil which Cannot be Excelled.

McColl's CYLINDER OIL has no equal.

MANUFACTURED BY McCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

Ask your dealer for "Lardine" and beware of Imitations.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN THE COUNTRY,

Wool Wanted.

We have sold out our business in Cambray, and have made arrangements with one of the very best factories in Canada

Yarn, Flannels, Blankets, and other Woollen Goods,

so that we can sell them at wholesale prices. We have secured Mr. Smyth's store, next Hancock's Hotel, opposite the market, and will be prepared to pay the highest price in cash for all the wool that comes.

- Cents - Extra - When - Exchanged. We take orders for anything in the woollen line and guarantee satisfaction.

WALLACE & CO. opposite the Market, LINDSAY.

FOR

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers. Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.