

THE STORY OF THIRTY YEARS AGO. "And you are certain of the year he was

"Perfectly-there is no possibility of my being mistaken. He was married on New Year's Day, '59; I was born in May, '59." "It is strange, certainly. But there is one solution of it—is it not possible that, even if this is he, the lady registered as his wife might not have been so? In fact she

never have married your mother." "I will not believe it! He was too cold and austere-too puritanical, I had almost said-to form any such connection." "Do you think, then, that he would

could not have been, otherwise he could

commit bigamy?"

"I don't know what to think!" the other

nawered gloomily.
Two men, both about the same age, twenty-five, were seated in a private room at an inn, known as the Hotel Bellevue, at Le Vocq, a dreary fishing town with a good though small harbor, a dozen miles west of Havre. On a fine day the bay that runs in from Barfleur to Fecamp is gay and bright, but it presented a melancholy appearance en this occasion, as the two young men gazed out at it across the rain-soaked plots of grass that formed the lawn of the "Bellevue." Down below the cliff on which "Bellevue." Down below the cliff on which the inn stood, the port was visible, and in the port was to be seen an English cutter, the Electra, in which the friends had run for Le Vocq when the storm, that had now been raging for twenty-four hours, broke upon them. They had left Cowes a fertnight ago, and had been yachting pleasantly in the Channel since, putting into Cherbourg en one occasion, into Ste. Mere Eglise on another, and Hayre en a third; and now, as ill-luck Havre on a third; and now, as ill-luck would have it, it seemed as if they were doomed to be weather-bound in, of the many dreary places on the coast, the dreariest of

all, Le Vocq.

The first night in the inn, to which they had come up after seeing the yacht made. and comfortable in the harbor below and the sailors left in charge of her also provided for, passed easily enough. There was the hope of the storm abating—which was cheering—and they had cards, and was cheering—and they had cards, and some Paris newspapers to read, and above all, they were fatigued and could sleep well. But, on the next day, the sterm had not abated, and they were tired of eards, the old Paris papers had been read and reread, and later ones had not arrived, and they were refreshed with their night's rest and wanted to be off. But there was no getting off, and what was to be done?

They had stood all merning looking out of the window disconsolately, had smoked pipes and cigarettes innumerable, and had yawned a good deal, and swore a little.

"What the deuce are we to do to pre-

"What the deuce are we to do to pre-vent ourselves from dying of ennui, Philip?" the one asked the other.

"Jerry," the other answered solemnly. "I know no more than you do. There is nothing left to read, and soon—very soon, alas!—there will be nothing left to smoke but the caporal obtainable in the village. That, however, might poison us and end

Then the one called Philip began looking about the salon that was at their disposal, and whistling plaintively, and peering into the cupboards, of which there were two:
"Hulle?" he suddenly exclaimed, here is another great mental treat for us-a lot of old books; and precious big enes, tee! I

wonder what they are ?" "Pull them out and let us see. Prebably only Le Monde Illustre, er Le Journal



HE STOPPED AT A SUDDEN EXCLAMATION OF HIS FRIEND.

Amusant, bound up for the landlerd's win-

Amusant, bound up for the landlerd's winter nights' delectation, after they have been thummed by every sailor in the vill ge."

"Oh, confound the books!" Philip exclaimed when he had looked into them, "they are only the old registers, the Livres des Etrangers of bygone years."

"Nevertheless, let us see them," the other answered; "at any rate we shall learn what kind of company the house has kept," So, obeying his behest, Philip brought them out, and they sat down "to begin at the beginning," as they said laughingly; and each took a volume and commenced to peruse it.

Every now and then they told one another of some name they had come acres, the owner of which was known to them by hearsny, and they agreed that the "Hotel Bellevue" had, in its day, had some very good people for its guests. They had found several titles—English—inscribed in the pages of the register, and also many prominent names belonging to the same nationalperuse it.

"Probably half these people have completed this very sitting-room at some time of the other," Philip said to Gervasa. "I only wish to heaven some of them were here now, and that—"

He stopped at a sudden exclamation of his friend, who was gasing fixedly at the name before him.

he asked. "Any one very wonderful?"

"It must be a mistake," the other said in a low voice. "And yet how could such a mistake happen? Look at this!" and he pointed with his finger to a line in the book.

"By Jove!" the ohter exclaimed, as he read, "Aout 17, 1854, L'Hon. Gervase Occleve et sa femme." Then he said, "Your father of course, before he inherited his

"Of course! There never was any other Gervase Occleve in existence. except my-self, while he was alive. But what can it

"It means that your father knew this place many years ago, and came here; that is all, I should say. It is a coincidence, but after all it is no more strange that he should know Le Vocq, than that you

"But you don't see the curious part of it, Philip! It is the words at sa famme. My father had no wife in 1854! He never had a wife until he married my mother, and then he was Lord Penlyn and no longer known as Gervase Occleve. And then followed the conversation with

which this story opens.
"It is a strange thing," Philip said, "but it must be a mistake."

In his own heart, being somewhat of a worldling, he did not think it was any mistake at all. He thought it highly probable that the late Lord Penlyn had, when here, a lady traveling with him who was registered as his wife, but who, in actual fact, was not his wife at all.

After a few moments spent in thought, Gervase turned to his friend and said: "The landlord, the man who stared so hard at me yesterday when I came in, was an elderly person. He may have had this hotel in '54, might even remember this mysterious namesake of mine. I think I

will ask him to come up."
"I shouldn't," Philip said. "He isn't at all likely to remember anything about it." In his mind he thought it very probable that the man might, even at that distance of time, remember something of Gervase's father, especially if he had made a long stay at the house, and would perhaps be able to give some reminiscences of his whilom guest that might by ne means make his son feel comfortable.

But his remonstrance was unheeded, and the other rang the bell. It was answered by a tidy waitress wearing the cap peculiar to the district, of whom Gervase—who was an excellent linguist—said in very good

"If the landlord is in, will you be good enough to say that Lord Penlyn would be glad to speak to him ?"

The girl withdrew, and in a few minutes the landlord tapped at the door. When he had received an invitation to enter, he came into the room and bowed respectfully, but, as he did so, Lord Pealyn again notic-ed that his eyes were fixed upon him with a wondering stare; a stare exactly the same as he had received on the previous day when they entered the hotel. There was nothing rude nor offensive in the look; it partook more of the nature of an incredu-

lous gaze than anything else.
"Milor has expressed a wish to see me,"
he said as he entered. "He has, I trust, found everything to his wish in my poor

"Perfectly," Gervase answered; "but I want to ask you a question. Will you be seated?" And then when the landlord had taken a chair-still looking intently at him -he went on :

"We found these Livres des Etrangers in your cupboard, and, for want of anything else to read, we took them down and have been amusing ourselves with them. I hope we did not take a liberty."

"Mais, Milor!" the landlerd said with a shrug of his shoulders and a twitch of his

eyebrows, that were meant to express his satisfaction at his guests being able to find anything to distract them.

anything to distract them.

"Thank you," Gervase said. "Well! in going through this book—the ene of 1855—I have come upon a name so familiar to me, the name of Gervase Occleve, that——"

But before he could finish his sentence the landlord had jumped up from his chair, and was speaking rapidly while he gesticulated in a thorough French fashion.

"Cest ca, mon Dieu, mais oui!" he began. "Occleve—of course! That is the face. Sir, Milor! I salute you! When you entered my house yesterday, I said to myself, 'But where, mon Dieu, but where have I seen him? Or is it but the spirit of some dead one looking at me out of his

some dead one looking at me out of his eyes?' And now that you mention to me the name of Occleve, then in a moment he comes back to me and I see him once again. Ah! ma foi, Milor! but when I regard you, then in verity he returns to me, and I recall him as he used to sit in this very room—parbleu! in that very chair in which

The young men had both stared at him with some amazement as he spoke hurriedly and excitedly, repeating himself in his earnestness, and now as he ceased, Gervase

"Do I understand you to say, then, that I bear such a likeness to this man, whose name is inscribed here, as to recall him vividly to you?"
"Mais, sans doute! you are his son! Is

must be so. There is only one thing that I do not comprehend. You bear a different "He became Lord Penlyn later in life,

and at his death his title came to me."

"Bien compris! And so he is dead! He can scarcely have lived the full space of man's years. And Madame, your mother? She is well?"

For a moment the young man hesitated. Then he said :

"Pauvre dame," the landlord said, and as he spoke it seemed as though he was talking to himself. "She was bright and happy in these days so far off, bright and happy once; and she, teo, is gone! But, Lord Penlyn," he said readdressing himself to his guest, "you look younger than your years. It is thirty years eince you used to run about these sands cutside and play; I have carried me to these sands thirty years ago! Why, I was not "You carried me to those said to him in English, and speaking in a low tone. "Do you not see it all?" Say so more." "Yes," Gervaes answered. "Yes, I see it all." "Pauvre dame," the landlord said, and

Later on, when the landlerd had left the room after insisting upon chaking the hand of "the child he had known thirty years

jokes about its smallness—for two pecuniar-ly situated individuals not to meet. If I' were you, Jerry, I should think no more about the matter." "It is not a thing one can easily forget !"

the other answere The landlord had given them a description of what he remembered of the Gervase Occleve whom he had known thirty years ago, but what he had told them had not thrown much light upon the subject. He described how Gervase Occleve had first come there in the summer of '54 accoun panied by his wife (he evidently had never doubted that they were married) and by his son, "the Monsieur now before him," as he said innocently. They had lived very quietly, occupying the very rooms in which they were now sitting, he told the young men; roaming about the sands in the day, or driving over to the adjacent towns and or driving over to the adjacent owns and villages, or sailing in a boat that Mr. Occleve hired by the month. They seemed contented and happy enough, he said, and stayed on and on until the autumn's damp and rain, peculiar to that part of the coast, drove them away. It was strange, he thought, that Milor did not remember anything about that period; but it was true, he was but a little child!

Then, he continued, in the following summer they returned again, and again spent some months there—and then, he never saw nor heard of them more. But, so well did he remember Mr. Occleve's face, even after all these years, that, ever since Lord Penlyn had been in the house, he had been puzzling his brains to think where he had seen him before. He certainly should not, he said, have remembered the child he had played with so often, but that his likeness to his father was more than striking. To Madame, his mother, he saw no resemblance at all.

"But I did not tell him," he said to himself afterwards, as he sat in his parlor below and sipped a little red wine medi-tatively, 'I did not tell him that on the second summer a gloom had fallen over them, and that I often saw her in tears, and heard him speak harshly to her. Why should I? A quio bon to disturb the poor young man's meditations on his dead father and mother !"

And the good landlord went out and served a chopine of petit bleu to one castomer, and a tasse of absinthe gommee te another, and entertained them with an account of how there was, upstairs, an English Milor who had been there thirty years ago with his father; the Milor who was the owner of the yacht now in port.

On the next day the storm was over, there was almost a due south wind, and the Electra was skimming over the waves and leaving the dreary French coast far behind it.

"It hasn't been a pleasant visit," Lord Penlyn said to Philip, as they leant over the bows smoking their pipes and watching Le Vocq fade gradually into a speck. "I would give something never to have heard that story !"

"It is the story of thirty years ago," his friend answered. "And it is not you who did the wrong. Why let it worry you?"
"I cannot help it! And—I daresay you will think me a fool !- but I cannot alse help wondering on which of my father's children-upon that other nameless and unknown one, or upon me-his sins will be

> THE STORY. CHAPTER I.

Ida Raughten sat, on a bright June day of that year, in her pretty boudoir looking out on the woll-kept gardens of a West End equare, and thinking of an important event in her life that was now not very far off— her marriage. Within the last mouth she had become engaged, not without some earlier doubts on her part as to whether she was altogether certain of her feelings-though, afterwards, she told herself over and over afterwards, she told berself over and over again that the man to whom she was now promised was the only one she could ever love; and the wedding day was fixed for the lat of September. Her future husband was Gervase Occieve, Viscount Penlyn.

She was the only daughter of Sir Paul Raughten, a wealthy Surrey baronet, and had been to him, since her mother's death, as the apple of his eye—the only thing that to him seemed to make life worth living.

It was true that he had distractions that are not uncon. non to elderly gentlemen of means, and possessed of worldly tastes; perfectly true that Paris and Nice, and Ascot and Newmarket, as well as his clubs and his friends—not always male ones-had charms for him that were still very seductive; but, after all they were nothing in comparison to his daughter's love and his love for her. Nevet during his long widowerhood, a widower-hood dating from her infancy, had he failed to make her life and happiness the central object of his existence; never had he allowed his pleasures to stand in the way of the study of her comfort. The best schools and masters when she was a child, the best friends and chaperons for her when womanhood was approaching, and when it had arrived, the greatest liberality as regards cheques for dressmakers, milliners, upholsterers, horses, etc., had been but a small part of his way of showing his devotion to her. And she had returned his affection, had been to him a daughter giving back love for love, and endeavoring in every way in her power to make him an ample return for all the thought and care he had shower-ed on her. Of course he had foreseen that the inevitable day must come when-love him however much she might—she would still be willing to leave him, when she would be willing to resign being mistress of her father's house to be mistress of her husband's. His worldly knowledge, which was extensive enough for half a dozen ordinary men, told him clearly enough that the parent nest very soon palled on the bird that saw its way to building one for itself. Yet, when the blow fell, as he had known it must fall, he did not find that his philosophy enabled him to endure it very lightly. On the other hand, there was his love for her, and that bade him let her go, since it was for her happiness that she should de so. him however much she might-she would

"I promised her mother when she lay dying," he said to himself, "that my life should be devoted to her, and I have kept my vow to the best of my power. I am not going to break it now. Besides, it is part of a father's duty to see his daughter well married; and I suppose Penlyn is a good match. At any rate, there are plenty of other fathers and mothers who would like to have eaught him for their girls." like to have caught him for their girls."

That she should have made a sensation

Later on, when the landlers and left the room after insisting upon shaining the hand of "the child he had knewn thirty years age," Gervase said:

"Se he was so stern and self-contained, who seemed to be above the ordinary weaknesses of other men, was, after al, were than the majority of them. I suppose he fang this poor woman off when he married my mother, I suppose he left the boy, fer whom this man takes me—to stave or to become a third previage on his fellew men.

It is not pleasant to think that I have an edder brother who may be an outcast, perhaps a felon?"

"I should not take quite such a pessimist view of things as that." Philip said. "For aught you know, the lady he had with him here may have died between 1834 and 1835, and, for the matter of that, so may the boy; or he may have made a good allowance to both when "w purted with them. For any have seed the boy frequently until his death, and have taken care to place him comfortably in the world."

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"As she sat at her boulder window on this from her sisters has fairly established her journed and more that man and women dediction in during the story on eathers and mothers was as thoroughly in the save of the survey of any one of when first she made her appeared in London society, as any who had ever taken their place in its ranks. The lad was to were quinted in distributions to find the produce, he searcely account to this the free was an area of an excaption to the place of the place of the place of



AND YOU DO LOVE ME? I DO. settled marriage, she was wondering in the life before her would be as bright and happy as the one she was leaving behind for ever That—with the exception of the death of her mother, a sorrow that time had mercifully tempered to her—had been without alloy. Would the future be so? There was no reason to think otherwise, she reflected, no reason to doubt it. Lord Penlyn was young, handsome, and manly, the owner of an honored name, and well endowed with the world's goods. Yet that would not have weighed with her had she not loved

She had asked herself if she did love him several times before she consented to give him the answer he desired, and then she acknowledged that he alone had won her heart. She recalled other men's at-tentions to her, their soft words, their desire to please; how they had haunted her footsteps at balls and at the opera, and how no other man's homage had ever been so eweet to her as the homage of Gervase Occleve. At first—wishing still to be sure of herself—she would not agree to be his wife, telling him that she did not know her heart; but when he asked her a second time, after she had had ample opportunity for reflection, she told him he should have his wish.

"And you do love me, Ida?" he asked rapturously, perhaps boyishly, as they drove back from a large dinner-party to which they had gone at Richmond. "You are sure you do

"Yes," she said, "I am sure I do. I was not sure when you first asked me, but I am "Then kiss me, darling, and tell me so Otherwise I shall scarcely be able to believe it;" and he bent over her and kissed her, and she returned the kiss.
"I leve you, Gervase," she said, blushing

as she did so. "You have made me supremely happy," he said to her after their lips had met; "happy beyond all thoughs. And, dearest, you shall never have cause to repent of it. I will be the best, the truest husband woman ever had. There shall be no shodow ever come over your life that I can keep

For answer she put her hand in his, and so they drove along the lanes that were getting thick with nawthorn and chestaut bloss in, while ahead of them sounded the merry voices of others of the party who were in the four-in-hand. They had come down, a joyous company, from town is the afternoon, had dined at the "Star and Garter," and were now on their way home under the soft moonlight of an early summer evening. Sir Paul had been with them in the landau on the journey out, but on this return one he was seated on the top of the ceach, talking to a lady whom he ad-dressed more than once as "his dear old dressed more than once as "his dear old friend," and was smoking innumerable cigarettes. Probably he did not imagine for one moment that Lord Penlyn was going to take this opportunity of proposing to his daughter; but he had noticed that they seemed to enjoy each other's society very much, especially when they could enjoy it alone. And so, all things being suitable and harmonious, and the barones having a heart beneath his exceedingly well-fitting wassteent—and that a very big heart where Ida was concerned—had let them have the gratification of the drive home together.

home together.

"And you never loved any other man, ida?" Gervase asked. "Fergive the question, but every lever likes to know, or think, that so ene has ever been before him in the affection of the woman he leves."

"No," she asswered, "never. You are the first man I have ever loved."

This had happened nearly a month ago, but as Ida eat in her bondoir her thoughts returned to the drive on that May night, Yes, she acknowledged, she loved him, and she loved him more and more every time she saw him. But as she recalled this conversation she also recalled the question he versation she also recalled the question he versation and also recalled the question he had asked her, the question as to whether she had ever leved any other man; and she wondered what had made him ask it. Could it be that it was supposed by some of their circle—though erroneously supposed, she told herself—that another man loved her? Perfectly erroneously, because that other men have never-breathed one word of leve to her; and because, though he would sometimes he in her society continually for perhaps a week, and then be absent for a month, he never, during all the time they were thus con-tently meeting, paid her more marked at-tention than other men were in the habit of doing. Yet, notwithstanding this, it had come to her knowledge that it had been whispered about that Walter Cundail loved

This man, Walter Cundall, this reported admirer of here, was well known in society, was in a way famous, though his fame was in the principal part due to the simplest purchaser of that commodity—to wealth. He was known to be supendously rich to be able to spend any large sum of money he chose in order to gratify his inclinations, to be able to look upon thousands as ordinary men looked upon hundreds, and upon hundreds as other men looked upon tens. This was the principal part of his fame; but there was a lesser, though a better part! It was true that he did spend hundreds and thousands, but, as a rule, he spent them quite as much upon others as upon himself. His fours-in-hand, his yachts and steam-yachts, his villa at Cookham, and his house in Grosvenor Place, as well as his villa at Cannes-to which a

joyous party went every winter-were as much for his friends as for him. He gave dinners that men and women delighted in

some years of his life, attending to the mines, seeing to the consignments of ship-loads of mahogany and cedar, going for days in the hills with ne companious but the Meetisos and the Indians, and helping his uncle to garner up more and more wealth that was eventually destined to be his. Once or twice in the space of ten years he came to Europe, generally with the object of increasing their connection with London or Continental cities, and of looking up and keeping touch with his old looking up and keeping touch with his old schoolfel ows and friends.

And then, at last, two or three years before this story opens, and when his uncle was dead, it came to be said about London that Walter Cundall, the richest man from the Pacific to the Gulf of Honduras, had the Pacific to the Guil of Honduras, had taken a house in Grosvenor Place, and meant to make London more or less permanently his residence. The other places that have been mentioned were purchased one by one, and he used all his pussessions—sharing them with his friends—by turn; but London was, as people said, his home Occasionally he would go off to Hondura on business, or would rush by the Orient express to St. Petersburg or Vienna; but he loved England better than any other spot in the globe, and never left it unless he was obliged to do so.

was obliged to do so.

This was the man whom gossip had said was the future husband of Ida Raughton—this tall, dark, handsome man, who was, when in England, a great deal by her side. But gossip had been rather staggered when it heard that, during Mr. Cundall's last absence of six months in the tropics, she had become the affianced wife of Lord Penlyn! It wondered what he would say when he came back, as it heard he was about to do very shortly, and it wondered why on earth she had taken Penlyn when she might have had Candall. It talked it ever in the drawing-rooms and the ball-rooms, at Epsom and on the lawn at San-down, but it did not seem to arrive at any

conclusion satisfactory to itself. "I suppose the fact of it is that Cundall never asked her," one said to another, "and

"I should have waited a bit longer on the off chance," the other said; "Cundall's a fifty times richer fellow than Penlyn, and there's no comparison between the two.

The one is a man of the world and a splea-The one is a man of the world and a spien-did fellow, and the other is only a boy."

"He isn't a bad sort of a boy though,"
said a third, "good-looking, and all that.
And," he continued sentiously, "he has the
pull in age. That's what tells! He is
about twenty-five, and Cundall's well over

thirty, isp't he?"

"Thirty is no such great age," said the first one, who, being over forty himself, looked upon Cundall also as almost a boy, "and, for my part, I think she has made a

mistake !"

And that was what the world said: 'She had made a mistake !" Did she think so herself, as she sat there that bright aftermoon? No, that could not be possible! Ida Rasghton was a girl with too pure and honorable a heart to take one man when she leved another. And we know what the gessips did not know, that no word of love had ever passed between her and Walter Cundall. The world was indulging in profittes speculations when it debated in its mind why Ida had not taken as a husband a man who had never spoken one word of leve to her!

leve to her !

CHAPTER IL A few days after Ids Raughton had been indulging in those summer scontide meditations. Walter Cundalt arrived at his house in Grosvenor Place. Things were se well ordered in the establishment of which he was master, that a telegram from Liverpeel, despatched a few hours carlier, had been enficient to cause everything to be in readings for him; and his servants were so used to his coming and going that his arrival created no unusual excitement.

He walked into his handsome library, followed by a staid, grave man-servant, and, sitting down in one of his favorite chairs. "Well, West, what's the news in Les

"Well, West, what's the news in Lendon?"

"Not much, sir; at least nothing that would interest you. There are a good many, balls and parties going on, of source, sir; and next week's Accot, you know, sit."

"Accot, is it?" Yea, to be savet We might take a house there, West, and have some friends. The four-in-hand could go over from Cookham."

"Beg parden, sir, but I don't think you'll be able to antertain any of your friends this year—not at Accot, anyhow. Sir Paul Raughton's man and me were a-taiking together, sir, inst night at our little place of menting, and he told me as how Sir Paul was going to have quite a large party down at his place, you know, sir, to celebrate—to celebrate—1 mean for Acct, sir."

"Well?"
"Well, of course, sir, you'll be wanted there tee, sir. Indeed, Sir Paul's man said as how his master had been making inquiries about the time you was a-coming back, sir, and said he should like to have you there. And of course they want to cole—I mean to keep it up, sir. Now I'll go and fetch you the letters that have come almos Foons you the last mail."

While the servant was gone, Walter

since Feent you the last mail."

While the servant was goale, Walter Cundall lay back in his chair and meditated. He was handsome man, with adurk, chapely head, and fine, well-marked featured. He was very brown and sunburnt, as it was natural he sheald be; but, unlike many whose principal existence has been passed in the Tropics, there was no sign of waste or languor about, him. His health during all the years he had apent under a burning Caribbean sun had nover suffered; favor and disease had passed him by. Perhapents was his abstemiousness that had enabled him to escape the deadly effects of a mimite that kills four at least out of every ten men. As he sat in his chair he wondered why Providence had been so unfailingly good to him through his life; why it had showered upon him—while he was still goung enough to enjoy it—the comferts that other men spent their lives in

"And how," he said to himself, "lot bortone give me but one more gift, and I am consept. Let me have as partner of all possess the fairest weman in the weefd; let my sweet, gentle Ida tell me that she lowe me—as I know she does—and what more can I ask? Ah, Ida! he wend on, spetrophiang the weman he loved, "I wonder if you have greezed how, night after night during these long eix months, I have east on my varnada gazing up at the start that look like moons there, wondering if your dear you were looking at them in their feeble glory lengt I wonder if you have ever year mest looking at them in their feeble glory lengt I wonder if you have ever thought during my long absence that not an hopir wint by, as night or day, when I we not himsing of you? Yea, you must have done so! There was recrysting an your look, in your viote to tak me that, you were only waiting for me to apeak. And, now, I will speak. I will deprive myself in longer of the love shat will sweeten up 116.

The man aperant, came tack with an accomment handle of lettees that made Cundial large yous as any thom.

"Why, wen't he acrelaimed, "you doe" langue that I hand going to, wode through them now, id you?

"I think they're monthy invitations, sin," the servaid answered, "invested provided the back."

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & OG.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & OG. "And how," he said to himself, "lef

What is

## CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor 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 by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea 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. Case toria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD,

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Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ar

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

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