

want your land or your money. I can even manage somehow to do without this. For-for my mother's sake"-his voice dropped-"let us be friends, sir !" The old man's eyes softened for an instant under their shaggy brows, but it was for a moment only; the next he had hardened himself.

"No : I want no man's friendship,' he said, harshly, "I have suffered enough at the hands of friends. Go your way and leave me to mine. A carriage will be ordered for you. It will take you to Porth. You will not see me again. Good-bye." He held out his hand. Vane took it and gripped it.

"I don't know whether to be sorry or not that I came," he said. very quietly, in his blundering, public-school gram-

The old man withdrew his hand, looked at him, turned abruptly, and left the

Half an hour afterward Vane was being driven in a dog-cart toward Porth, and asking himself whether after all he really was awake or asleep and only dreaming that he had been at the Witches' Caldron and Vale Hall. But he had two substantial proofs of the reality of his adventures—a check | for five thousand pounds, and Nora's

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The day Vane Tempest left Vale Hall a slim, girlish figure lay on the narrow ledge of the rock against which the bridge rested, looking down at the ravine into which Vane and his horse had been precipated.

It was Nora. The rain was still falling; drifting up the vale in a thin cloud at times, at others being driven as if despitefully by the heavy gusts of wind

She lay supported by her elbows, her chin held in the hollow of her hands, quite regardless of the rain which fell upon her like a soft veil: her hair clung to her forehead and her neck like wet sea-weed, making her face, paler even than its wont, look like ivory by

There was a strange look in her face, in her eyes, as they dwelt dreamily upon the ravine half obscured by the mist. Vane had remarked the wonderful

power of expression which those darkgrev eyes possessed, and the variety of emotions which they could so rapidindicate. No sun-flecked, cloudshadowed rock could change so swiftly as the lights and shadows in Nora Trevanion's eyes; and as she lay now the expressions were changing, shifting con-

One moment the face would indicate a vague sorrow, the next as vague an unrest; then a kind of wild defiance, that," she broke off, almost to herself. as if she were battling with some mood or emotion. Every now and then she would drop her face wholly into her hands and breathe quickly. One might imagine a dumb animal, some forest tiger, smitten with a mysterious pain which puzzled while it tortured it. looking and breathing as she looked and breathed. It was as if the resentment of the pain caused her more suffering

Every movement she made was eloquent of unstudied, unconscious grace, and no sculptor could have desired a better model than the half-wild girl stretched in semi-savage abandon on the ledge of rock, indifferent to the softly falling rain and the chill of the late October afternoon.

After a time she rose slowly and dreamily, and made her way along the narrow shelf to the ravine. She stood on the very spot Vane had fallen, and looked down, as if she were recalling some scene in her memory.

Once or twice she raised her head and looked round, as if she almost expected to see him standing beside her, or hear his voice.

Then, as if waking from the dream. she would draw a long sigh, and fling herself down on the soft, wet moss, and bury her face in her hands.

Presently the silenece of the grim place was broken by a shrill "coo-ee!" It sounded twice before she paid any heed; then she rose slowly, reluctantly, and looked up.

Her aunt's tall, angular figure, half shrouded by the mist, was standing on With a strange listlessness, in singu-

lar contrast to the clear, lingering notes which Vane Tempest had first heard, Nora gave back the cry.

Mrs. Trevanion leaned over. "What are you doing there, Nora?"

she called down, shrilly. "Come up. I Nora ascended the path, and stood

leaning against the end of the bridge. Mrs. Trevanion wiped the mist from her face and eyes with her apron and looked at her. "I've been calling to you this last

twenty minutes," she said, not complainingly, but with the coldness with which they always addressed each other. "What were you doing down there?" She did not add. "You are wet through," because neither of them would have thought anything of it. To be wet through, eight months out of the twelve. was their normal condition.

"Nothing," replied Nora, sweeping the wet, thick hair from her face with a slow, listless gesture. "Do you want

"Yes; come home with me."
Nora followed, her eyes fixed on the round, the dreamy, absent look set-

ing on her face again.

Mrs. Trevanion entered the cottage,
ad flung a thick log of wood on the
me and stirred it into a blase beneath

at the bent figure, the dreamy face; then she said suddenly:
"Are you ill, Nora?"
Nora started slightly and raised her

"Ill? No. What makes you ask me?"
Mrs. Trevanion kept her thin lips od for a moment ; then she said :

"Because you are so silent—so don't know how to put it. You have thanged a good deal lately, Nora." and I can trust him. When we start for Australia we can draw this money "Changed?" She looked at the elder for Australia we can draw this money out of the bank. It will be safe there out of the bank. It will be safe there out of the bank. It will be safe there out of the bank. slight frown of the dark, straight brows. "How am I changed, aunt?" She spoke as if she were almost hop-ing for her own sake that her aunt

would be able to explain. "You are changed," replied Mrs. Tre-anion. "You seem dull and out of You wander about alone all

"Haven't I always done so ?"

"No," said Mrs. Trevanion, grimly; "not so much as you have done lately.

And you seem to be in the clouds or in dream all the time. I can't think what has come to you, or why you should behave as you do-or what you can be always thinking of," she added. The pupils of the lovely eyes con-tracted, as if their owner had suffered a sharp pain. "I think of nothing," she said, in a

low voice. "I don't know what you mean. Do I not do all you want me ?" "Oh. yes, yes !" assented the elder woman, coldly. "You do what there is to be done, as you always did, and you de it willingly enough, but"-she seemed to find it difficult to define the shortcoming, and paused as she went and lifted the boiling kettle from the hook and made the tea-"but I don't want to complain. I know your life is hard enough. It is not my fault."

"Whose is it?" asked Nora, not angrily, not eagerly, but so suddenly and gravely that the elder woman started slightly.

"Not yours nor mine," she said. "Why do you ask What is it you want to know, child Nora looked beyond her rather than

at her. "Am I a child?" she asked, with the same kind of gravity, as if she were simply desirous of information—as if question had only lately arisen

within her own bosom. Mrs. Trevanion peered at her with cold scrutiny and an embarrassment she concealed.

"You ask strange questions, Nora. What has come to you? You are not a child in the ordinary sense, but in others-you are different."

"Why am I different?" demanded Nora. "Why can't I read and write He said that others girls as old as I am could do so. He said-" She stopped short, and a faint color

came into her face, but her eyes did not drop. She forced them to continue looking over Mrs. Trevanion's head. Mrs. Trevanion turned and looked at

"He Why?" she asked. "Do you mean Mr. Vane Tempest ?" "Yes." said Nora.

"What else did he say to you?" asked the elder woman, after a pause, during which Nora had turned her eyes to the fire. She did not answer the question.

Was it he who taught you to be dis satisfied—to ask questions?" demanded Nora shook her head and rose.

"No," she said; "he said nothing. Why should he? I was nothing—as nothing to him. He has forgotten me by this time.' She did not speak with bitterness the words fell softly enough from her

'Of course he has. Why shouldn't " said Mrs. Trevanion, sharply. 'He is a gentleman as far removedas different from us as-as Lundy Isle from London town. I thought perhaps he had been putting some folly into your head-" She looked keenly at the lovely face, but did not flush. "But no; he is too true a gentleman for

There was a moment or two of silence. then she said aloud: "I fetched you in now, Nora, because want you to do something. The tide turns in half an hour, doesn't it?" Nora glanced at the clock on the shelf, and nodded. " I want you to go to Trelorne," re

sumed the elder woman. Nora looked up from her cup. "To Trelorne? Not to the schooner? she said, in a low voice,

The elder woman shook her head. sharp lookout day and night. I've had England. warning this afternoon that the schooner is being closely watched by a government cutter. Nora, our business, trade—call it what you will—is at an

She spoke firmly, with all a man's decision. again-find a new life. I have resolved to see him again, to hear his voice to leave here."

Nora repeated the words with bated breath.

"Ys. I think-I am not quite surethat we will go abroad-to Australia." "Australia ?" The sweet red lips formed the word. 'That is far from-London, isn't it ?" she asked, as if unwit-

tingly.
Mrs. Trevanion looked at her with faint, cold surprise. "Of course it is," she said. "But I have not quite decided."

"If we go, when shall we come back?" asked Nora, her eyes fixed on the fire. They had grown darker, deeper, as a resolution call it what you will. Her she grasped the significance of her "Come back?" echoed the elder wo

man. "Never." The expressive eyes grew black.

"Never?" she breathed. Yes. Why should you want to come back? Have you been so happy here? Well, I suppose you have been happy enough; you have had no past to brood over—" She picked herself up short, and went on in a different—a more business-like way. "I want you to go to the landlord of the inn and give him a small parcel. You will get there quickly enough on the rising tide, and come back by the fall; there will be moon

"The moon doesn't matter." said Nora.

"No. There is just enough wind, and

"No. There is just enough wind, and the weather bids fair. You will take care of the parcel. It is money."

Nora nodded indifferently.

The elder woman stood over the fire and looked broodingly into it.

"Yes. money. It is half the money I have saved; half the money we have saved. The man who gave me warning that the cutter was watched warned me that the revenue men might pay us another visit any moment, and that any money we might have would not be safe. I'd have risked it if it all belonged to me, but half is youra."

"Mine?" She spoke the word with faint surprise.

fell on her knees, and tearing up the planks at the bottom, felt for the plug and pulled it out.

The water rushed in. She waited until

"Yes," said the elder woman, coldly.
"Yours by right of having worked for
it. It is not a large sum. She drew
a small parcel wrapped in sail canvas
from a corner of the chimney and laid it
on the table, keeping her hand on it. "I
will keep mine here hidden in the old
place, but I will not risk yours any
longer. Take it to Penhorley, the landlord of the inn, and give it to him.
There is a note inside telling him to put
it in the bank. He is an honest man,
and I can trust him. When we start
for Australia we can draw this money vater from her eyes and looked seaward. The boat, half filled with water,

till then; and if anything happens to my share-well, it will be mine that will be "This is really mine?" murmured Nora, as she took the parcel and tied "I tell you so," responded the elder woman, coldly, sharply. "You had better take some of these cakes with you," she went on, as she wrapped up half

a dozen of the scones in paper. "You may be hungry before you come back. Speak to no one but the man at the inn. Ask for Mr. Penhorley, give him the parcel, and come back as quickly as the wind and tide will bring you." Nora rose, put on a thick, short peajacket and her red worsted cap, thrust the packet of cakes in her wide pocket,

it in the bosom of her dress.

gene. not yours."

and moved to the door. "No; there will not be much wind, I think," she said, in the dreamy, absent. way which had become habitual with her of late. She stood, appeared to linger, and the elder woman's voice saying, sharply, "Why don't you go, Nora?" seemed to rouse her.

She turned and approached the table where Mrs. Trevanion was washing up the tea things. "Good-bye, aunt," she said with down-

cast eyes, her fingers drumming softly on the table edge. "Good-bye," said the elder woman, coldly; but still Nora stood, and seemed to wait; then she lifted her face, pale with a strange light-a wistful, thirsty light in her eyes.

"Won't you kiss me, aunt ?" she said, in a low, clear voice. Mrs. Trevanion colored a dusky red, and an expression of displeasure and surprise shone in her face. Nora had never in all her life asked for a caress.

What had come to her? The elder woman bent over the table and let her lips touch the pure white forehead with a kiss as cold as ice—as cold as charity.

Nora drew back repulsed, repelled paused a moment, with her eyes on the cold, hard face; then, with another "Good-bye, æunt," turned and left the She had asked for love and her aunt

had given her a stone. She knew what a kiss should be. Was not Vane Tempest's burning on her lips even now? She went with firm step down the rocky way, and launching the boat, sprang in, set the sail, and steered for Trelorne. It was only a short run, with the tide and the little wind there was in her favor. She sat, her arm round the tiller, as

she had sat that day-that never-to-beforgotten day-she and he had sailed to-How long ago was that ? Years Had !

it ever happened? Going to Australia, never to come back! As she leaned back and steered the unerring as that of any seaman's on the coast, and thought of every 'ittle. tiny incident on that never-to-be-forgotten day, her aunt's words rang in her

Her face grew paler, her heart throbbed and ached. True, it was extremely improbable, en if she remained at the Witches' Caldron, that she should see him again:

ut while she was in England, there was ! till a chance-a wild chance; but with he seas between them-with, perhaps, thousands of miles to separate them-She could not go on thinking of it. With a shudder, she pressed her hand o her eyes and drove the thought back from her. But it would come again and failed for a time to notice that the wind

was changing and that the sea was run

Presently these facts were forced un on her notice by the flapping of the sails and the dash of spray above the gunwale. She put the boat on the tack and had to go out of her course. evening was growing chilly. She drew out her suit of oil-skins and put it on, and lay down at the bottom of the boat still of course, keeping her hand on the "No," she said, gloomily; "I doubt tiller. The wind got higher, a sea came whether we shall ever be able to meet on-one of those groundswells which the schooner again. The men keep a nake this one of the deadliest coasts in

As she watched the clouds driving swiftly across the sky in heavy banks. the thought floated into her mind, that half a turn of the helm, with the sailsheet tight, and there would be an end of the torture, the strange torture that "We must begin the world burned in her heart, the awful longing At the thought her hand moved half unconsciously; the boat swayed. Yes, she could overturn it easily enough. Her eyes grew dreamy, deep, dark. Then suddenly they lightened-another thought had flashed into her mind. She

sprang up, as if electrified, and looked about her. Before her she could Trelorne lights—just lighted. She stood and looked for a time, brows drawn straight, lips set tightly. The brain works quickly. It can give lightning a start and romp in. In the flash of a second or two her mind had evolved a scheme, a plan. blood was rushing tingling through her veins, her hands burned as they gripped

The boat sped on. She sailed it carefully, safely for a few minutes. Then suddenly, as she was within a mile of Trelorne harbor, she moved the tiller. The boat seemed to stop dead-still, then face the wind. It swayed over, as if cowering from it. Then, just as it seemed to capsize, crack! went the mast, and the upper half, with its sail, fell forward across the boat.

She put the boat round swiftly, leaped to the seat, thrust the oars in their places, and rowed for the shore.

The waves ran high and broke across the gunwale : but the cold of the water did not daunt her resolution or damp her spirits. Her eyes were glowing, flashing now. With some —great—difficulty she chose an open spot between the rocks, and with a long, steady

pull beached the boat.

She sprang out, falling in her eagerness, but regaining her feet, managed to hold the boat, though it rocked so violently as to sway her to and fro as if she were a feather.

The water rushed in. She waited until it was above her ankles, then felt for the hole, and thrust the plug in again. Then she leaped out, and battling with the waves, forced her way to the shore. She was wet through, and half blinded by the spray, but she dashed the salt water from her away and looked see.

was tossing helplessly on the waves.
Up into her bosom welled a tender pity and regret for the boat she had loved so well. Her eyes filled with a salt water of another kind. She dashed them clear again and watched. Like a thing that knows it is doomed, the boat beat helplessly to and fro in the trough of the sea. Suddenly it struck against a rock and keeled over. Filled with water as it was, it was unable to recover itself, and with the next buffet of wave and wind it careened over.

A deep sigh rose from Nora's bosom. "Good-bye, good-bye!" she breathed, half chokingly. The boat, bottom upward, seemed as

it struck against the rock to groan

back the sad farewell. She stood motionless for awhile, while the waves ground her dearly loved vessel against the cruel rocks, then she began to strip off her oil-skins; but suddenly she stopped and looked down. Clad in them, with the sou'-wester she had put on when it commenced to blow, her sex was completely disguised. She buttoned the oil-skins round her again, and suddenly, as if by a great effort, tearing herself away from the doomed boat, she tuned and climbed up the beach. It was bounded by an unclimbable cliff, and she had to walk along some distance until she reached a break

in the cliff leading to Trelorne. Without hesitation—for this slip of a girl with a face like the goddess Diana had the heart of a man within her tender bosom-she walked toward the light.

She had not gone far along the pebbly road, before a dim figure arose from the darkness, and accosted her with: "Where to, mate?"

She made her voice as hoarse as she could, and answered: "Up along." The man looked at her rather curiously, but said nothing, and she followed

the road and approached the small cluster of fishermen's cottages. The window of one was very near the ground. She crouched down under the sill, and taking the cakes from her at the young viscount, who had too pocket, eat one-it was rather wetand carefully replaced the others. Then kind. "You fellows arrange it all. I'll she remembered the packet, and took just step round and ask Senley Tyers to it from her bosom and opened it. There were several wrappings beside the outer Some of the men exchanged glances, one of sail-cloth; but inside them, like

a nut in its shell, was a roll of soverigns and a letter. She turned the letter over with the wistful look which those wear who cannot read. But she had learned to count, and she counted the roll of gold. There were five-andtwenty sovereigns. She put these back, but with singular forethought she tore the letter into minutest fragments, for it occurred to her that if she were overtaken or caught, that letter would tell her capturers too much.

She sat under the window, resting for half an hour, then she stole out. The wind was still blowing hard, the night growing dark. With her beautiful eyes half closed, she thought deeplykeenly, and then she moved toward the open country, inland, away from the sea; for she was strong and not in the ears, her heart. Never to come back! least tired, and it was safer for her to travel by night than by day.

She would never see him-never-for all She had not gone twenty paces before she heard a man running behind her. He was coming from the beach. She stopped, and crouched down against the wall of the cottage. The man al- jetty. most touched her, pulled up short, and breathing hard, knocked at the cottage Indian, round the angle of the house, and waited.

The door was opened, and a man's head protruded, with the gruff question :

"What's the matter?" "Bill, there's been a accident !" panted the man who had knocked. "Oh," rejoined the man of the cottage, with charming indifference. "Ves

sel down?' "No; leastways, it's a boat, stove in off Hookey Point." "Oh," said the other, with scarcely

lessened indifference. "What sort of a beat ?" The other man drew nearer, and in lower voice, but not too low for Nora to catch, replied

"It's the boat from the Caldron." The inmate of the cottage seemed to wake to interest. "No!" "Yes, it is," assented the other, grave-"Come down, will ye ?"

"Wait a minute," was the response Then there was the sound of shuffling oots, and then the man of the cottage joined his fellow outside. "The Caldron boat?" he said, in grave voice.

"Yes. I'd swear to it. And botton up'ard. I got her on the beach. Her mast's gone, and she's a'most broke to The other man whistled.

"Who was in her?" he asked, in a low "What-now? Why, nobody, o' course! But there was some 'un in her. Whether it was the old lady or the gel-'

He stopped. "Whichever it was, they're gone," said the other man, grimly. The first nodded. 'Gone as sure as Lundy Light's alight," he said, with a seaman's oath

"It's my belief she went over when the mast give out at sea. and that the boat's drifted in; the wind changed, ye know. Pity, eh? Which of 'em d'ye think it The other man thought for a moment. "The gel, most like," he said. "Poor little lass! There, there! Tut! tut! Well, mate, we all on us must die."

"That's true enough," assented the Their voices and footsteps died away, and Nora rose to her feet and stood with a faint, grave smile on her pale face She almost felt as if she really were lying out there in the sea, tossing about among the sea-weed, dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rather more than a week after Nora ad wrecked her boat off Trelorne Point, Vane gave a supper-party.

What would have happened to the Prodigal Son, if his father, instead of ing the fatted calf, and keeping the killing the fatted calf, and keeping the penitent at home and safe under his eye, had given him a large sum of money and sent him back to the world? I am very much afraid the Prodigal would have forgotten all his good resolutions, all his past wees and penitence, and gone on the space again.

Vane came back to London, with his pockets full of money and no end of

start a cattle ranch or sheep farm, make his fortune, and generally "settle down." He paid his debts, to the surprise, the

egged and prayed for fresh orders, and ed they had not offended him by ding in their bills; and he looked gh the columns of The Times for ements of cattle ranches sheep farms, and--and slipped back into the old life as easily as a hand slips into an old glove. What else could he do? He was young, good-looking, light-

hearted, and terribly popular. When he entered his favorite club—the Cavallers-his return was wel heartily and warmly as if he had been a round the world. The news some of the tradesmen must windfall; and the fact, of course, increased his popularity.

Everybody wanted him to dine at one of the clubs, to drive the new four-inhand, to run down to the races, to join a shooting-party, to make one at a supper some one was getting up for famous actors and actresses. The sidetable in his sitting-room was covered with letters and cards of invitations. He felt he could not-really, could

not-leave London-England, without saying "good-bye" to all these peoplethese kind friends-and so he slipped back into the old life. In the midst of it, some one—it was little Lord Wally Raymond, "The Baby," as he was generally called-suggested that the least Vane could do

would be to give a supper out of the "swag," as Wally called the windfall; and Vane laughingly and promptly as-"You shall ask whom you like, Baby," he said, laying his strong hand on the boy's bright, yelolw hair, which would curl though he kept it cut as short as decency would permit, and belabored it three times a day with a hard brush. 'You shall ask whom you like up to ten-can't cram in more than that-and Glossop here shall order the menu."

met of the set, and was always consulted whenever a feast was in prospect. "And we'll have a-just a littlepoker or baccarat, eh, Vane ?" remarked Dacre-Sir Clement Dacre, who only lived while the cards were on the table. Vane looked rather grave, but laughed

Glossop was the great epicure and gour-

"All right," he said; "but no high play, Baby?" and he nodded warningly often fallen a victim to Dacre and his

and as Vane left the club, Dacre remarked "What the deuce makes Tempest take up that artist fellow ? I can't see anything in him myself. He can paint, I suppose; but that appears to be all he can do, and that doesn't afford any amusement to any one else."

said Lord Wally, who was permitted to say anything; and a roar of laughter greeted the sally. Vane meanwhile went on to Mount street.

"You must teach him poker. Dacre."

Now, though he had been home some days, he had not yet called upon Senley Tyers, and as he walked along he found himself asking why he had not. Before his journey into the west he had been in the habit of dropping in at the studio almost daily. Why had he not hastened to his friend the moment he came back? He found it impossible to answer the question, unless he gave as his reason a singular reluctance to speaking of his experiences since Senley Tyers had parted from him on Trelorne

There were several incidents-those connected with the Witches' Caldron door. She crawled, glided like a red and the Trevanions which, of course, he was pledged not to tell; but he felt a strong dislike to speaking of anything that had occurred, and he knew Senley Tyers would ask questions.

He mounted the stairs, two steps at a time, and with just a flying knock entered the studio. Senley Tyers was standing before his

easel, hard at work, and for a wonder had not heard Vane's entrance; and he started and almost let his brushoe fall as Vane lightly laid a hand on his left shoulder and pronounced his name. He recovered from the slight shock in an instant, and looked over his

shoulder and nodded. "And, lo! the prodigal's returned," he said, with his faint, half-cynical Vane laughed and dropped into a chair, and Senley Tyers softly but swift-

ly turned the picture on the easel, and "So you're back, Vane ?" he said, laying his palette and brush on the table, and leaning against the corner of the window, with his hands in his pockets

of his velvet painting-coat.

Vane noticed that his friend was looking pale and somewhat worn-haggard would be rather too strong a word. "Yes, I'm back, old man," he said. It was a very simple speech, but some thing in the tone in which it was uttered struck Senley Tyers' acute ears. He was standing with his back to the light, which fell full upon Vane's face,

and Senley Tyers scanned it with his en, covert glance. "And you look all the better for your change," he said. Vane nodded. "Wonderful air up there," he said. "A change wouldn't do you any harm," he

added. "You've been working too hard, "I'm quite well and fit, thanks," he said. "The wild west would not suit me, I'm afraid. That place-what do you call it ?-Trelorne ?-haunts me still, as the song says. I scarcely expected to see you back alive, and had already thought of a neat design for a

Vane colored slightly and laughed, but there was an accent of reserve in the laugh. Little did Senley Tyers guess how near he, Vane, had been to requir-

lighting a cigarette, appeared to for-get his visitor's presence. Vane smoked for a minute or so in

wane smoked for a minute or so in stience; then, abruptly:
"You don't ask me how I got on, Sen," he said, almost reproachfully.
Senley Tyers looked at the cloud of smoke through his half-closed eyes.
"I didn't know whether you wished me to do so," he said. "I was wait-

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