ne who have been traveling about so

"You see," he went on, with a de-

"And then my uncle, who's the mar-

"Poor lady," said Constance, gently.

"Yes, it was very—trying," his lord-ship remarked sagely. "You see, if he had been dead, I should have been the

marquis; but I'm glad to say he's a-

"You didn't want to be marquis,

"Well, no," he replied, thoughtfully,

"I'm afraid marquises always have the

gout, and they have a lot on their minds.

I've heard grandpa say that he wished

he'd been born a laborer like Hodgson

who sweeps the drive. So I'm very

glad Uncle Wolfe is alive. His name is

Wolfegang, but grandma always calls

him Wolfe. But you mustn't talk about

him to her more than you can help, be-

cause it makes her cry; at least, she

doesn't cry exactly, but you can see that

she's trying hard not to. It's very pain-

ful for a mother to lose her son for so

Constance nodded sympthetically, and

was trying to think of some way to stop

these family confidences without

wounding the little fellow's feelings,

when he went on in the same childish

then ?" said Constance with a smile.

quis now, he couldn't be found, and poor grandma didn't know whether he was

ghtful air of gravity and reflection.

Constance nodded.

alive or 'dead."

many years."



"Ay," assented Dan, with an approving nod. "This place and this life isn't suited to the likes of her. It's all very well for people like us as have been used to roughing it, but she's a lady, as all of us know. Yes, persuade 'em to go right back to England, Mr. Fen-

Fenton nodded, and seemed lost in thought for a moment; then he said: "What gang is this you expect to-

night. Dan ?" "The old gang," he replied; "the one there has been so much talk about; the one that's led by that harum-scarum

young Englishman." "Englishman? Is he known, then?"

asked Fenton, hurriedly. Dan shook his head.

'No one knows his name or anything about him. They say he's anything but a bad sort, and that he keeps his fellows in order as well as he can. 'At any rate, your life's safe unless you shoot first. And he won't have a finger laid on the women. They say that he's a gentleman by birth, and that it's mere deviltry, and not for the sake of money, that he's joined the band. But there's no time to lose. They may be here in an hour. Bring the doctor and Miss Grahame up to my place-What's that ?" he broke off to inquire. with a startled stare at one of the opals which had rolled into the firelight that streamed upon the floor. Fenton picked it up and turned it

over in his hand. "Something of Miss Grahame's," he replied, coolly, as he put it on the mantel-shelf: "a bead, I expect."

"Looked like a precious stone," said Dan. "But go and tell the doctor, Fenton. They can come at once; there's nothing but their clothes to leave. I'm assured, and the rangers won't care for them. I'm afraid the poor old doctor has found this a bad place."

"Yes, indeed !" said Fenton, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he went into

the next room. The doctor was sitting staring at the fire with a strange look on his face. All the triumphant exultation had vanished, and in its place was a dull, despairing despondency. He seemed quite unconscious of Constance's presence, and scarcely looked up as Fenton en-

"Is he better?" asked Fenton in Constance shook her head without re-

moving her anxious gaze from the old man's changed face.

"I-I do not know. He seems so strange. He-he scarcely seems to know me. Father," and she drew him closer to her, "Mr. Fenton is here-speak to

"Dan is in the next room, sir," said Fenton. "We must go up to his place-"

Constance turned her head. "Don't alarm him." whispered Fenton. "The rangers are out, and Dan has come to take us up to his farm." Then aloud: "Will you come at once, please, doctor; for Miss Grahame's sake?"

To their infinite surprise the old man rose slowly. "Yes," he muttered in a dull, heavy

of this place, sick with disappointment and hope deferred. To-night I thought I was near the great discovery, but it slipped from me, Fenton; yes, at the very moment. I have given up all hope now. Let us go. I am ready. Let us get back to England. There, at least. my child will be among her kind : let us take her from this wild place, unfit for a delicate girl, a lady." Constance's heart semed to stand still,

and she looked from the old man to "Oh, what is the matter with him

He speaks as if he had failed." "Failed! Yes!" The old man caught at the word with a bitter laugh and

Fenton's face went from red to white as a hundred thoughts flashed through

his acute brain. "He-he is overexcited," he said. "Or else he has deceived himself-and us." "But the gems-I saw them !" said Constance.

Fenton shook his head. "We must take him away at once,"

he said. "Wrap his cloak round him. I will get his hat. Take him with Dan. Constance led the old man out. He went unresistingly, and Fenton remain-With a rapid movement he swept the

pieces of rock from the table, and thrust them into his pooket. Then he extinguished the fire, flung the chemicals through the window, and destroyed as well as he could all traces of the doctor's work. A cloak and hat of Constance lay

on a chair, and he snatched them up and hurried toward the door. At the same moment his quick ears

caught the sound of the tramp of horses, and he sprang forward with a warning cry of-"The door!"
Dan leaped to it, but it was too late.

The door opened, and in an instant, as it seemed, the room was full of men. They were all booted and spurred, and two or three of them were masked.

Dan sprang beside Fenton, and the two men covered Constance and the doctor, and, drawing their revolvers,

tood at bay, t proclaimes its presence.
"Don't to trightened, Sather," she

pathelic voice: "What is it ! Ask them, Fenton ?" he, one of the men, masked, out from the group; and even moment of intense anxiety Con-

er and bearing to his fellows. "I beg your pardon," he said and the voice fell upon the silence, not like the harsh guttural of the ordinary squat-ter, but in the full, musical accents of a man of refinement, the self-possessed tones we associate with a gentleman. 'I had no idea we were intruding upon a lady. Is a man named Dan here?" "I am Dan," said the farmer, sullen-

The ranger turned to him. "Good. We called at your farm for ome hay-and got it. But your wife was alarmed and thinks that you have come to harm at our hands. Go home and reassure her."

Dar did not move. "if my wife is all right I don't leave this lady," he said, stoutly,

The ranger's lips smiled. That was well said," he replied. But this lady has no cause for fear. You were going out, madame " "This lady and her father were going o Melbourne with the escort," said Fen-

The ranger looked grave. "I am afraid we have caused her som inconvenience," he said. "We net the escort on the road. It is now on its way back to Walla-on foot. We have the horses and waggon outside. They tried to interfere with us, or we should not have interfered with them. But there is no harm done. They have lost their horses and learned a lesson ;

There was a moment's silence; then said, addressing Constance: "Were you particularly anxious to start to-night, madame ?" Constance made no reply, but the doc-

...ut is all."

or's voice answered: "Yes, yes. Let us go."
"You shall," said the ranger. He turned, utterly disregarding the revolvers which Fenton and Dan still held, and

spoke a few words to the men nearest

Then he said: "The waggon and forses are at your disposal, sir; it is the least we can do to make amends for the inconvenience we have caused you by our rough intrusion."

Fenton and Dan conferred together for a moment or two; then Fenton said in a low voice to Constance: "You will go ?"

"Yes," she motioned with her lips rather to an said. "Go and get what things you require," he said in the same low voice. "They

will not hurt us. This man-their leader-I have heard of him; he can be trusted." Constance drew his cloak round her father, and went into the inner room.

She came out again in a few minutes with a small bundle. It contained some spare clothing, and represented, with the exception of what money the doctor had upon him, all their wealth. "We are ready," she said, simply. The ranger beckoned to his men.

"Make the waggon comfortable," he

They took up the soft thick rug from fore the fire, the chair and one or two other of the few articles of furniture, and placed them in the waggon, and the leader of the band assisted them vith his own hands. Then he opened the door and bowed

o Constance. "Do not be alarmed," he said, quietly. You are safe-I think safer-than with

an escort of diggers." Constance, with her father on her arm went out into the night. The waggon with a fine team of horses, stood at the door. The ranger held out his hand to assist her, but she shrunk back.

He bit his lip, but, without a word nelped the doctor in, and arranged a

"Good night,' he said. "You have safe if not a pleasant journey before Go on; I will overtake you," he said to the driver.

He stood watching the waggon as it lumbered away into the starry night for a moment, then he went back to the hut. Fenton and Dan stood talking an-

"I beg your pardon," said the ranger, looking at Fenton. "You would have liked to ride with the lady? I will give you a horse. Are you ready? Can you give my men a drink?"

Fenton shook his head, and the ranger laughed. "No? No matter; they can wait. Come along, then. You, Mr. Dan. go home and calm your wife. Come, sir," he added to Fenton, who shook hands with voice. "Let us go. I am sick and weary Dan as he left. "You have everything

you want. I suppose?" "Yes," said Fenton, quietly. He had lived long enough in this lawless place to know that in quiet acquiscence lay the only safety. "I am quite ready." "Nothing in there?" asked the ranger. As he spoke one of the men went toward the door.

"Stop, sir!" he exclaimed, sternly. "Not a thing shall be touched." Fenton smiled.

"There's nothing to take; we are poor," he said, shrugging his shoulders "See for yourself." The ranger pushed open the door, and

"What is all this?" he said, in a puz-"My friend was a scientific man and

fond of experiments," said Fenton, carethe room, and he took up one or two

glasses, and retorts, curiously: "Science in the backwoods; that's something He came out a moment or two afterward with a pipe in his mouth, and a

piece of paper screwed up in his hands. "So he is a scientific man, is he? And the lady-she is his daughter?" Yes," said Fenton. "And you?" he asked. "Who are you"

Her brother—husband?"
"No," said Fenton, sullenly. The ranger's eyes rested upon him through the mask with a keen scrutiny.

"No! But wish to be?" "I am engaged to her," said Fenton "I should like to be going, if you please."

"You shall," said the ranger. "Confound this paper, it won't burnt Socked in some kind of chemical, I suppose."

He thrust it into his pocket, and took up the tongs. Fenton, who had not heard the muttered remark, buttoned his cloak round him, and looked anxious.

"Right," said the ranger. "We shall

overtake the waggon in five minute. Why, is that it coming back?" As if in answer to the question door was flung open, and one of rangers rushed in.

"Quick, guv'nor! We're tracked! The vigilants are on us; ten to one!"

The ranger tooked round,
"So many as that" he cald. "Sure?"
"Sure and certain!"

said. "You be off and take care of the lady and the old man. Good night. I'll leave you a horse."

It was like a dream! They have a lin an instant, with a stealth and silence incredible, and Fenton stood in the

His first thought was for Constance and he hurried to the door. The horse stood there fastened to the staple. He loosed it and sprung into the saddle. Then he paused and thought.

"They are safe," he muttered. "She would not welcome me. Why should I not stay, and—" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and his fingers closed on the precious formula. "By heaven!" he exclaimed. "It is all mine! All!" Fate, as it will sometimes, had played all the cards of circumstance in Raw-

son Fenton's favor. He dismounted, led the horse-he had even got a horse thrown in-to a shed at the back of the hut, and then went inside. Throwing some logs on the fire. he flung himself down on the bare ground to think, and not to sleep, worn out as he was by fatigue and excitement. His hand struck some fight object, and it rolled along the floor. He thought it was one of the opals for the moment, and felt for it. But it was not one of the gems in search of which Doctor Grahame had lost his reason; it was a

ring. Fenton held it to the blaze and looked at it. He had never seen it before. It was a man's signet ring, with a strange crest-though most crests are singulara broken lance with an eagle perched on the fracture. It was not the doctor's crest; Fenton had never seen him wear a ring; could scarcely believe in the possibility of his possessing one. Whose could it be? Had one of the bushrangers dropped it? That was the only explanation. He folded the ring neatly in the formula he had taken from Dr. Grahame's pocket, and, overcome stretched himself full length and slept.

alighted from a third-class carriage :-

"A small portmanteau," replied Con-

stance; and at the sound of her voice,

so low and sweet, the man touched his

"Can you tell me the way to Brake-

"Well, miss, it's three miles or near."

As he spoke, a carriage dashed into the

eplied the porter. "You'll take a fly?"

a little boy ran out, and, heedless of the

footman, who called to him in respect-

ful remonstrance, ran through the gate-

He was a child of seven or eight, with

curls hung in profusion, falling in a

shower of silken splendor upon his vel-

Constance was losing herself in girl-

like admiration of the beauty and grace

of the little fellow, when he ran up to

her, and, sweeping off his cap, said: -

"Oh, please, are you Miss Grahaine?"

"Yes. I am Miss Grahame." said Con-

His face lighted up with a smile, and

he held out a tiny hand, but drew it

"I beg your pardon. There-I'm always

I've come to meet you. Grandma would

have come too, but she has one of her

Constance took the little hand, and

bent down and kissed the bright face.

"It was very kind of you to meet me

"Oh, not a bit. James," and he turned

to the footman and porter, who stood

like statues, "see to Miss Grahame's lug-

gage.Come along,"and with a little air of

childish importance, which was delight-

fully frank and easy, he led the way to

the carriage, holding out his hand to

assist her in, as if he were at least ten

"I'm afraid you are very tired," he

said. "Would you like the window up or

down? Down? So do I. I like to look

But we shan't be long; I told Williams

"I am not tired," said Constance, smil-

ing down at him from the fulness of her

heart, for the child's frank welcome had

touched her. "I am used to taking long

journeys, and this, from London to

Buckinghamshire, does not seem so far."

"I wish you had," said Constance.

who was Miss Brownjohn?"

"She was my last governess; she wan beas—". He pulled himself up.

"Well, I don't take snuff, Lord Lance-brook," said Constance, laughing in spite of herself.

The child laughed too, and, sidling a little nearer, slipped his hand into hers.

"Yes, I like you, Miss Grahame," he said; "and I hope you'll like me. Will

"I don't think I shall have to try very hard, Lord Lancebrook," said Con-

"Well, then, don't call me Lord Lance

"I will," assented Constance. "It is a

"It's Norman," remarked his little ordship. "We're Norman, you know. My father's name was Cedric William Arol; he's dead. Your father's."

He standard.

e stapped.

onstance's hand closed over his, and a
den moisture bedewed her eyes, but
smiled down at him brayely.

(es, Arol, he is dead."

"Yes, I know; I heard grandma say

out and see things. You must be tired!

forgetting. I'm so glad you have come

back and whipped off his glove.

Lord Lancebrook," she said.

headaches."

years older.

to drive quickly."

have been with you!"

bright eyes.

my saying it?"

then nodded.

you try, please?

Constance looked round the station.

"Any luggage, miss?"

peare Castle?" she said

way on to the platform.

forgotten.

cap again.

"I wish he would come back, then grandma wouldn't cry any more." "Is the marquis not at the casite, And now to England! then ?" said Constance, in her sur-CHAPTER III.

fashion.

"No ; we don't know where he is just Twelve months later a young lady now: grandma had a letter some months stepped from the train at Berrington ago from some place abroad, but it said Station. She was alone, and dressed in nothing of his coming home. You see plain mourning, and there was that inhe was always"-he lowered his voice describable look in her face which and looked up at her solemnly-"very speaks so eloquently and unmistakably wild! Grandpa and he quarreled very of a heavy sorrow, lived through, yet not badly, and he-I mean Uncle Wolfe, of course-went off like-like a shot! Oh. A porter came up, and, after a glance here we are. Look, that's the castle !" at the beautiful face, touched his hat and he pointed to a huge castellated and asked, respectfully, though she had

pile which rose majestically above the trees on a height to their left. "It's a very large place," said Constance, drinking in the beauty of the scene; the long road winding between rows of stately elms, amid which a brook ran purling and breaking into

foaming little casades, "and very, very beautiful!" "I'm glad you like it," said Lord Lancebrook, "I like it too. I don't think any place I've seen half so pretty as Brakespeare, and I've been about a great station yard, and, almost before it had stopped, the door was flung open and deal, too," he added with a touch of pride. "I went to London once. I wonder Uncle Wolfe can stop away from such a nice place, especially as it's

don't you, Miss Grahame ?" "I don't think I've any right to offer a pretty face, round which long auburn an opinion, Arol," said Constance. "Here we are !" he exclaimed, as the ! carriage passed under a tall and stately arch of ivy-elad masonry, and drew up

at the entrance to the castle. A footman opened the door, and Lord Lancebrook sprung out and offered his hand to Constance. A reverend-looking old man with white hair and a bcnevolent countenance came down the

wide steps and bowed. "Miss Grahame ?" "All right, Belford, I'll take Miss Grahame to grandma," broke in Lord Lancebrook.

"Very good, my lord," said the butler. "Come on." said the boy, and he clasp. ed Constance's hand and led her up the steps and into the hall.

It was a huge hall, and seemed, with its great stained-glass windows, armor, and tattered flags hanging from the roof, more like a cathedral than a portion of a modern dwelling-house. A footman in a dark and sombre livery opened a door, and, still holding her hand, her little guide drew her into a

small but richly decorated room. The light was subdued by curtains of rose-pink silk and lace, and for a moment or two Constance was rather dazed; then she saw an old lady with snowy hair, and dressed in plain black silk, rise from a low chair and approach

"Here's Miss Grahame, grandma!" exclaimed Lord Lancebrook, his clear, child's voice ringing out in the still

The Countess of Brakespeare held out her hand-it was as white as the muslin handkerchief across her shouldersand looked into Constance's face; and that you had come from abroad. Right as she did so her hand closed on the across the sea. He r I should like to girl's fingers with a warm and gracious

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Gra-"Do you?" He looked at her with his hame," she said, in so low a voice that arge, thoughtful, and yet perfectly it seemed as if pitched to harmonize "Well, I do wish I had. I with the repose and quietude of the room. "You have had a long journey. ike you. Is that rude? Do you mind I hope my little chatter-box has not "Not in the least," responded Conmade you more weary ?" and she put her arm round his neck. "Thank you," he said, gravely. "I'm "Have I ? I never thought of that !" always making mistakes, grandma says. said, Lord Lancebrook, remorsefully, and he took the white withered hand

and you must correct me."
"If that was a mistake it was a very pretty one," said Constance, smilingly. He thought over this for a moment and pressed it against his cheek peni-"No. indeed," said Constance. "We are great friends already, I hope." "I understand. I hope you'll like me. Miss Brownjohn didn't; she said I was "Yes, I like her. Isn't she beautifulgrandma?" said Lord Lancebrook in a a troublesome child, and I'm afraid I confidential but perfectly audible whis-

"I hope not," said Constance. "And per in the marchioness's ear. The old lady smiled, "Arol's opinion is, at any rate, s genuine one," she said gently to mean, she was rather disagreeable. She wasn't like you, young and beautiful, but old and spectacled. I think she took stance. "And now you will lake to go

upstairs and rest. Arol, dear child, ring the bell."
"Oh, I'll take her up," said his lordship. "I'd like to." ...
"May he?" asked the marchioness. For answer Constance held out her hand to the boy, and seizing it promptily, he led her out of the room, as he had

guided her in, and up the great staircase which led to a corridor running completely, round the vast hall.

The marchioness must have rung the bell, for a maid in a black dress, with a muslin apron and a white cap of a peculiar but remarkably becoming shape, was standing wayting the standing wayting brook," he said, logically; "call me was standi was standing waiting for them, and dropping a courtest opened one of the doors in the corridor.

stance was just entering,

I hope you don't mind that?"
"Not in the least," replied Constance;
"I like quiet. It will seem like a rest to hame." The lady did not offer her hand oness had done, but conas the marchioness had done, but con-tented herself with a bow, as her eyes ran—there is no other word—over Con-

stance's figure.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Grahame," she said. "Arol, don't be a nuisance." Her voice was pitched low, "grandma has had a great deal of trouble. First her husband, my grandbut was as sharply decisive and acute father, the marquis, died, and that was bad, wasn't it?"

Constance returned the bow, and the lady passed downstairs.

Then Constance turned to her room. For a moment she almost hesitated to enter. It seemed scarcely possible that this large and luxuriously appointed apartment should be intended for her. But the maid entered and arranged the blinds, and then opening another door, revealed a smaller room furnished in white as a bedroom. Constance's portmanteau stood on a settee, and it required at least that conclusive evidence to convince her that some mistake had

not been made. "Here you are," said Lord Lancebrook; "I hope you like your rooms. Come to the window," and he dragged her there. "You can see the great lake in the park ; that's it shining there like gold. It's ever so big, and there's a boat. I fish there sometimes, when George-that's my groom-has time to go with me ; but," with a sigh, "he's always busy. You'll come, perhaps, instead of him ?"

"Your lordship should leave Miss Grahame now, I think," said the maid. Lord Lancebrook sighed. "Well. I suppose I must," he said.

"But you won't be long. Will you give me a kiss? But perhaps you would rather not." Constance bent down, and the boy put his arms round her neck and pressed his

lips to her soft red ones. "I never kissed Miss Brownjohn," he said; "I didn't' like to. But then you don't take snuff," and with a skip and a jump he ran out of the room.

The lady addressed as Cousin Rue went down the stairs and into the drawing-room, where the marchioness was sitting in the dim light, a book lying face downward on her lap.

"I've just seen the new governess," she said, seating herself near the old lady and commencing some crewel work, which she executed with a characteristic rapidity. "Yes," said the marchioness : "we are

very fortunate, I think. She has sweet face, and is, I am sure, a lady and amiable." "Y-es," assented Lady Ruth; "I

scarcely noticed her." Not a detail of Constance's appearance or dress had escaped her sharp eyes. "Oh, yes, she looks a lady; but so do most people nowadays. It's so easy, isn't it ?" "I don't know," replied the Marchioness, gently; "I see so little of the

world. But I am sure there can be no mistaking Miss Grahame's rightful claim to the title, poor girl." "Ah, yes; she lost her father lately, didn't she? You never told me all the circumstances," said Lady Ruth, biting

his own. I think it's very bad taste, her silk and fixing her brilliant eyes upon the old lady's placid face. "Did I not. I thought I had. Yes, she lost her father a few months ago. He was a doctor, a scientific man, who

vent abroad. "And took this girl with him ?" inquired Lady Ruth. "Yes. But they were returning to

England when he was taken ill at some place and died. The poor gentleman was out of his mind some time before." "How did you come to hear of her: through the Armsteads, wasn't it ?" "Yes; they saw her, or came to know

something of her, abroad; indeed, she came over in the same ship with them." "And that's all they know about her. Hem !" remarked Lady Ruth with soft

"Isn't that enough ?" inquired Lady Brakespeare, with a placid smile. "You are always so-I don't like to say suspicious, dear Ruth-I will say cantious." "One can't be too—I'll say suspicious if you like-in these days. I know more

of the world than you do, and I know it's necessary to be cautious." "I don't wish to know more," said the old lady plaintively, and with a little sigh. "As regards this poor girl, I am sure there is no need for suspicion or even caution. Lady Armstead was quite

"Lady Armstead is always satisfied with all her protegees," retorted Lady Ruth, snipping her silk sharply. "And so is Arol," said Lady Brakespeare with a smile. "He has taken to

her with wonderful promptness." " Arol has all the Brakespeare appre clation for a pretty face," said Lady "And she is more than pretty." re-

marked the old lady.-"Yes; too pretty not to have had adventures of some sort," said Lady Ruth. "Lady Armstead said that the poor girl must have suffered terribly out there. I forget the name of the place where they were, but it was quite rough and wild; and so delicate and refined a girl must have had much to endure. Lady Armstead told me that the poor

child could not bear to speak of that mmented Lady Ruth, sharp-Oh!" commented Lady Ruth, sharp-"I should like to hear of some of her experiences.' " My dear Ruth, you would not caus her pain by referring to so painful a "Oh, n—o," assented Lady Ruth; but her eyes said far more plainly and emphatically, "Oh, yes."

CHAPTER IV. Constance changed her dress and nade a tour of her rooms. They seem ed to contain every luxury which a wo-man could desire. A Collard & Collard prettilly draped, stood in the angle of the prettily draped, stood in the angle of the sitting room; a Chippendale writing table supplied with innumerable materials, necessary and unnecessary, was placed in a good light; and a couple of easy chairs, which seemed to woo the spectator to repose, were drawn up one behind a screen and the other to the window, through which the dying sun spread a red glow over the beautiful room.

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. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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

"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 terest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by foreing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful a down their throats, thereby sending

m to premature graves. DR. J. F. KINCHELOR,

Lowell, Mass.

known to me."

Conway, Ark. | ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that

H. A. ABCHER, M. D.,

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I recommend it as superior to any prescription

"Our physicians in the children's depart-

ment have spoken highly of their experi-

ence in their outside practice with Castoria,

and although we only have among our

medical supplies what is known as regular

products, yet we are free to confess that the

merits of Casteria has won us to look with

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

······· Wood's Phosphodine.—The Great English Remedy. Is the result of over 35 years treating thousands of cases with all known drugs, until at last we have discovered the true remedy and treatment-a combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of Semust Debility, Abuse or Ezcesses, Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholie Stimulants, all of

Before Taking. Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed Amost hopeless—cases that had been treated by the most talented physicians—cases that were on the verge of despair and insanity—cases that were tottering over the grave-but with the continued and persevering use of Wood's Phosphodine, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to manly vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no mat-

ter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happiness. Price, one package, \$1; six packages, \$5; by mail free of postage.

One will please, sin guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Weod's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Deminion

This is just the season of the year to buy some of Higinbotham's pure Dalmation Insect Powder and banish the vermin which is so often found on both fat and lean animals at this time of year. Then buy some sulphur from Higinbotham and feed some to every animal you have about the place.

J. P. RYLEY. THUDSAY.

Opposite Kennedy, Davis & Son's Lumber Yard. Frame, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Turnings, etc., etc. Call and inspect work, and get prices before you buy elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed

FOR

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & OO.