She had not to wait long. There came,a tap at the door, and the maid entered with a dainty tea service in silver and Crown Derby, which she set out on one of the Chippendale tables as a matter of course.

"Her ladyship thought you would like to have your tea up here, miss, and rest," she said.

"Thank you," said Constance; but even as she said it she doubted whether it would not have been better for her to go down-stairs. As she was debating this in her mind and pouring out her cup of tea, the door opened very gently and Lord Lancebrook's face, with its long auburn curls, was visible. "May I come in ?" he said.

Constance nodded a welcome, and he ran in and clasped his arms across her lap. Not an attitude the child took was ungraceful, and it would have required a heart of stone to withstand him. Constance's heart was of the softest and warmest material.

"I am very glad you have come," she said. "Will you have some of my toast ?"

'Well. I've had my tea," he said, "but I'll have a piece more to keep you company. I have my tea in the nursery, though I think I'm rather too big for that now, don't you ?" "I do," repeated Constance. "You

shall have it with me for the future, if you like.' 'Really ?" he exclaimed. "That will

be jolly nice." Constance smiled. "Let me see. I am

your governess, am I not ?" she said. 'Yes; but I'd almost forgotten it. You are not a bit like a governess." Constance could have hugged him. Well, then, I think I shall lay an

embargo on the word 'jolly,'; it is expressive, but not pretty." "All right," he said, gravely; "I won't

say it, though George always says it." George is a groom, you are Lord Lancebrook," said Constance, smilingly. "Though I think George must be a very nice man or you would not like "Thank you, but I mustn't eat too

him. Some more toast? Some milk?" much, for I'm going down to dessert today. I don't usually when there is a party; but Lord Elliott is coming tonight, I heard Cousin Rue say, and I always go into dessert when he is here. 'Ah, you'll like him," he added, confidently. "He is so handsome and so very jol-I mean so very kind. He's my godfather, and a most wonderful man. He can do everything, shoot, ride and swim -ah, he can swim! He is teaching me, and he says that some day I shall dive as well as he does, but," with a doubtful sigh, "I don't think I shall. What a pretty locket that is," he broke off to

Constance put her hand to her hosom: a locket of black onyx had slipped from her dress, beneath which it was gener-

She was putting it back, when, moved by the frank curiosity of the large eyes fixed on it, she touched the spring and held the locket out to him. "Oh!" he said in an awe-struck tone.

"I know who it is. It's your father." "Yes," said Constance, softly; and she closed the locket and hid it away in its accustomed place over her heart. "I'm sorry I spoke about it," he said, with swift comprehension of her silent pain. "It's made you remember him. Wouldn't you like to come and see the house?" he added, as if struck by some

idea of diverting her mind. "Very much," said Constance. "Come along, then," he exclaimed. Hand in hand they went into the corridor and Lord Lancebrook leaned over

"That's the hall; you know that, and you've seen the drawing room. Come

into the dining room." "Let us go and see the nursery and school room first," said Constance. "All right, this way," he returned,

and led her under an archway to a large room in the south of the house. "This is the nursery, and that is the

nurse. Turner, here's Miss Grahame." An elderly woman with a kind and motherly face came forward and drepped a courtesy, and Constance held out her hand.

"Lord Lancebrook and I have been making friends, nurse," she said. "Ah, yes, miss," said the nurse, looking at him with a fond smile. "He has been telling me about you. You'll find him very tractable, miss," she added in

an undertone. "I am sure of that," responded Constance.

"Come on; here's the school room," said Lord Lancebrook, leading her into a large room adjoining the nursery.

'That's my rocking horse; that is, it was ; I've got a real live pony now, and of course I don't ride that; but it's handy when I have children come and see me, you know. And this leads to the picture gallery," he went on, taking her into another cerridor, at the end of which hung two thick curtains of purple plush. He pushed these aside with his small hands, and Constance found herself in a long gallery lined with por-traits and pictures. "I used to be afraid to come here

ship, "they look so live, you know, and m are so ugly, aren't they? That one in the armor, the first one in the row, in Guilbert de Brakespeare, the

air of inmocent pride. "And that's Norman his son, and so on. There's grandpape—and there's grandma, and—"He stopped suddenly, for the Marchioness had passed through the custains and stood behind them.

he is not boring you, Miss Grae. He ought to have allowed you a ttle grace after your journey. "I am not in the least tired," said Con-

"I was just showing her the por And I think she cares for this sort of thing, you know. Miss Brownjohn didn't. She said she hated portraits, and all that."

"Arol is rather hard on your predecessor," said the Marchioness with a smile as she laid her hand on the boy's

"Yes, he makes me tremble, lest ! should not come up to his standard; it is rather a high one, I fear," said Con-The old lady glanced at the boy's eyes, fixed with rapt attention and childish admiration upon Constance, and

smiled. "I don't think you have much cause for apprehension," she said in her low,

soft voice. "And that's me," broke in Arol, stopping before a portrait of himself. "When was quite young. Of course, it isn't like me now. Constance and the Marchioness ex-

changed a smile, and they were passing on when Lord Lancebrook said: "Oh, grandma, you must show Miss Grahame Uncle Wolfe's portrait." A spasm of pain seemed to pass over the old lady's placid face, and she winc-

ed palpably. "Not now; another time, perhaps, Arol," said Constance, in a whisper; but the marchioness stopped.

"I will show it you now, Miss Grahame," she said. "I should show it to you some time. He speaks of my eldest son Wolfe, the present marquis." She went up to one of the apparently

solid panels which occurred now and again in the line, and, touching a spring with her wasted finger, the panel slid back, and revealed the portrait of a voung man.

It was a singularly handsome face; not unlike Arol's: but there was an expression of audacity and recklessness, an air of "deviltry" and wildness, which seemed to proclaim itself from every feature—the flashing eye and proudly curved lip, the low and resolute forehead, and even in the shapely hands. which closed as if with ill-brooked impatience over the hunting crop. Constance looked at it, and as she did

so a strange feeling assailed her. She knew that she had never seen the face before, and yet in some vague way it seemed familiar to her. The marchioness noticed the effect

the portrait had produced upon Con-"He is very handsome, is he not?" she said, with a quiver of motherly pride

and sadness in her voice. "Very," assented Constance almost in e whisper. "He is my eldest and God forgive me, was always my best beloved." She

put her hand to her eyes. "Perhaps that is why I am punished. But all who knew him loved him; yes, notwithstanding his faults, and-and-they were many." She paused; Constance remained sil-

ently gazing at the reckless face, which exerted a fascination over her she could not shake off.

dead," continued the marchioness, and it almost seems to me as if I had lost him, as I have done the rest; it is so many years since I have seen him. He was always so wild and reckless, and his father- But it was my fault; my leve made me weak and blind to his faults: and yet, with all his wildness, he was so lovable. My dear," and she turned her brimming eves to Constance "there was not a mother in the county that did not envy me my handsome,

generous, headstrong boy."
"Where is he now." asked Constance, gently.

The marchioness shook her head. "I do not know. His last letter, three months ago, was dated from America. He may not be there now. He could never stay long in one place. I wrote to him telling him of his father's death-I had not known where to write for years before that-and begging him to come home. He is the marquis the owner of all Brakespeare, you know," she said with touching simplicity. "And did he not reply?"

The old lady wiped her tears away. 'Yes: he sent me his love and kind messages for all of them, but no word of his return. He may come back at any moment: it would be like him: he may not come back till I am not here to welcome him! Close the panel, my dear; it moves quite easily. I could not bear to have his face uncovered, looking down at me, and reminding me that perhaps I had seen him for the last

Constance closed the panel, and the marchioness, after a moment or two, turned to her with a smile through her

"I am afraid you will think I am a very deleful old lady, Miss Grahame," she said, "but it is only when I am talking of my son that I give way, and I do not often speak of him. I hope you are quite comfortable in your rooms. They are near Arol's, as he has no doubt shown you. I was coming to ask you, when I saw you here. We are going to have a few friends to dine tonight; will you join us, or would you rather have dinner served in your own rooms? You shall do just as you please It is not a dinner party, just a sew friends; Lord Efflot, our nearest neighbor, and the rector and his wife."

"I should like to come down. Lady Brakespeare," said Constance, simply. Very well, my dear. We dine at eight. You will hear the bell. Arol, I suppose, must come in to dessert ?" Of course, grandma; Lord Bliot's coming," assented his little lordship

'Let's go into the gardens, Miss Gra-Yes; but don't tire Miss Grahame ou the first day," said the marchioness as

she left the room. They went along the stately terrac into the gardens, and Lord Lancebrook showed Constance his own particula bed-which was the only one in which nothing seemed to thrive; and he was taking her on to the stables to

see his pony, when the nurse appeared and cauted him off. Constance went back to the house with them, and looked over her slende

wardrobe for something suitable for the easion. She had not thought that the would be asked to join in any of the dimer parties at the castle, and and no evening dress. These was nothing but a plain black allic but she but some isce at the threat and sleeves, and was content. She was not the kind and was content. She was not the kind of girl to endure agonies of shame or envy because she lacked a fifty-guinea costume of Worth's.

After a while the dinner bell rang out concrously, and with its last peal Lord Lanesbrook appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd show you the way down; you might feel shy, heins the

first time," he explained, naively He was magn ple satin, with broad old Honiton collar and cuffs, and looked as if he had stepped out of one of the frames in the picture gallery.

"You look so grand that I scarcely dare kiss you in case I should spoil you, said Constance "I'll risk that, Miss Grahame," he

said, putting up his face. "Of course I've got my best things on because Lord Elliot's coming, you know. He gave me this watch-see," he added, stopping on the stairs and lugging out a tiny one. 'It's a very good timekeeper. I wound it up once, I did indeed, andah !" he broke off with a cry of delight. "here he is!" and he drew his hand from her's and sprang from the stairs into the arms of a gentleman who had just entered the hall.

The gentleman caught him deftly, and with the ease of an athlete swung him up on his broad shoulder, then looked up at Constance with a laugh, which died away as he saw that she was

strange to him. Constance, even if she had not heard so good an account of him from Arol, would have been prepossessed by Lord Elliot's face, and if not by his face, most certainly by his laugh, and she stood and smiled faintly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stroking his thick yellow moustache. "Arol, these are pretty manners, to desert a lady in this unceremonious way. What de you mean by it? On your knees and beg pardon immediately. Or shall I do it for you, for I'm afraid all your bad manners were learned from me." "It's Miss Grahame, the new governess," cried Lord Lancebrook from his perch. "She won't mind; she's not

"No. she's not." muttered Lord Elliot under his breath, as he inclined his head, as well as he could under the circumstances, to Constance. "Forgive us, Miss Grahame. Arol spoils me; in fact, we spoil each other."

like Miss Brownjohn."

They went into the drawing room, Arol still on Lord Elliot's shoulders; and Constance, walking beside them, had time to observe the stalwart proprotions of the boy's great friend.

Lord Elliot was an excellent type of the present day county gentleman, who is as far removed from his forefathers as the modern thoroughbred is from the old Flemish charger. There was something particularly taking in the frank and manly face with its good-natured smile, so fair and Saxon that against Arol's long brown locks Lord Elliot's hair looked almost yellow.

"Oh, Arol, Arol!" exclaimed the marchioness as the three entered. "My dear Ernest, why do you let him plague you so ?'

Lord Elliot laughed as he shook hands. "Oh, all right," he said. "I'll take

my revenge some day. Wait till I'm an old man, and then I'll make him carry me. I expect my hair's in a nice state;" and with his pleasant laugh he went up to greet the rector and wife. "This is Miss Grahame, Ernest," said Lady Brakespeare, when he came back to her.

'We've been introduced already." he said, turning to Constance. "I think Master Arol is particularly fortunate, he added, his eyes following Constance as she moved away. "What a beautiful girl!" and his voice sank to an almost inaudible whisper.

"Yes, is she not?" assented the marchioness; "and she is so sweet. I know she is good and kind, though she has only been in the house & few hours. I -I-" she smiled a little piteous smile. "You'll think me foolishly susceptible Ernest, but she has won my heart already.'

"By George!" he said with a blush that became him remarkably well, "I'm justabout as foolish myself.' "Dinner is served, my lady."

"Where is Ruth, I wonder ?" said the marchioness. At this moment Lord Arol ran in with his hand behind his back, and making straight for Lord Elliot, whispered:

"Here you are! I'm sorry I roughed it; be quick, no one will notice if you turn your back;" and with due mystery he presented a tiny hair-brush. Lord Elliot burst into a laugh.

"What, brush my hair before company-oh, Arol !"

"Well, I'll do it for you!" he said. "Miss Grahame, hold me up, please." "Arol, Arol!" remonstrated the marchioness, but with the usual loving "Ernest, it is your own fault; why do you let him take such liber-

"Oh, it's brotherly kindness; he knows how a man feels when his hair's all awry. Will you lift him up, Miss Grahame? I'm afraid we shall have to let him work his wicked will; besides, it's only fair to my valet."

Constance, with a blush that became ter as well as Lord Elliot's did him, lifted tall figure of a man standing in the Arol up to the required height, and the boy, with perfect gravity, proceeded to inflict torture and make matters worse. Constance could not repress a smile, and the performance was in full swing when Lady Ruth entered.

She stopped short, and as her sharp eyes took in the picture, at which the uttered an exclamation. rest were laughing with genuine enjoy ment, her face flushed angrily. "Apoll" she said, advancing. "Lord Elliot, do you like being made ridicul-

ous?" and she directed a stare of haughty surprise at Constance, who instantly put Arol down. Lord Elliot looked rather disconcerted, but only for a moment.

"It's all right, Lady Ruth," he said "It's all my fault-it always is." "I don't think you were to blame on this occasion. Avol ought to be is his proper place-the nursery," but she looked at Constance instead of his

Lordship. Fortunately, the long-suffering butler announced the dinner again, and Lord Elliot, as highest in rank, went for the rector's wife, and led the way. Constance and the Marchioness brought up the rear, and Constance found herself

next the rector, but opposite Lord El

The worthy clergyman was of the age at which one's dinner is of the first importance, and it was not until he had discussed the soup and fish and had chosen his entree that he found time to ask Constance if she had seen the to ask Constance if she had seen the new wing of the church which the ess had just built. Constance swered rather at random, for she had en engrossed by the splendor of the of plate upon the table, the rich glass and exquisite flowers, the noiseless and machinelike movements of the servants neral air of wealth and luxury, and that peculiar refinement and grace of the whole affair which were so trange to her. Once more her coughts had wandered back to the cough hut and the plain fare of the Australian wilds, and it almost seemed in his clear treble.

Indicate the said:

Arol has told me your name, Miss ting the tea things, and her face went is kind and gentle. I am prepared to safe the same that the scaffe the same treble.

wicked to be sitting there with such sus undings without having done some-ing to deserve the wonderful change

"Ah, yes, you only arrived to-day," said the rector. "True, I had forgotten. And you came from-Before Constance could reply—
"Ah, travel, travel; the one thing I long to do," said Lord Elliot, bending

forward. "I must persuade you into telling me all about it, Miss Grahame." Constance flushed slightly as she thought of the last scene that had occurred in the hut. He saw the flush and her momentary embarrassment, and went on quickly:"I've always meant going in for tra-

quite envy you." Constance remained silent, and he turned to Lady Ruth; but it seemed as if he could not distract his attention from the beautiful face opposite him; and once Constance, looking up, caught his eyes fixed upon her with a marked attention, which, though he diverted it

veiling, but I'm too lazy, I'm afraid. I

instantly, she fully felt. It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interminable to Constance, though the beauty of the room and the air of luxury surrounding her were exerting their natural glamor over her. The only break in the enchantment was the sharp, incisive voice of Lady Ruth, which seemed to break in with metallic precision every time Lord Elliot bent forward to

frequently. Constance found herself waiting for the sound of the sharp, clear voice with a kind of impatience; and knew, though she tried hard to fight it down, that a vague antagonism to the owner of the voice was rising within her.

Suddenly, as the sweets were being handed round, and in a moment of comparative silence, a hell rang loudly. The Marchioness started, and looked round a little nervously.

What can that be?" she said in low voice. "It was the hall bell," replied Lady Rue, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect ?"

"Expect? No one, my dear," said the Marchioness. Lady Rue shrugged her shoulders

coolly. "Whoever it is, is late for dinner." she said, indifferently; and she turned to made some remark to Lord Elliot. A minute or two elapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud | ringing of the bell, when the door open-

"You are before your time, Arol. The

dessert is not in yet." "Never mind," murmured the Mar- a little apart from Mrs. Norton and chioness, apologetically. "Let him come Lady Ruth, who was at a tea-table, and in," and with a smile she beckoned to "Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and as possible.

try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own. want, Miss Grahame ?" called out Lady But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and, going up to Constance, drew her head down to his, and Constance; then she bent down whispered :-"Come outside into the hall, Miss Gra- ol wants you in the library, Lady hame. I want you."

ed Lady Ruth. "You should not whisper. It is sude and vulgar. Go round to Lord Elliot when he calls you.' The boy looked at her, but did not

"Come outside." he repeated. "Something has happened-some one wants Constance, the mark for all eyes, col

ored, then turned pale. "What has happened? Some one wants me, Lord Lancebrook? You must be mistaken." "No, I'm not," he said. "You'd better

come or it will be too late." Constance rose; she did not know what else to do. "Lord Lancebrook wishes me to go

into the hall with him, Lady Brakespeare," she said "Oh, it's some trick or nonsense," exclaimed Lady Ruth. "Tell him to go

and take his seat, Miss Grahame, please." "Let him go, dear," pleaded the Marchioness. "Arol. do not be naughty-" "I won't grandma," he responded, his

eyes threatening tears; "but she must | come ! Constance thought it best to go and pievent any further fuss, and she allowed him to lead her into the hall. "Well, what is it, Arol?" she said.

"I'm afraid you are getting us both into sad disgrace.' "I can't help it," he retorted, rather piteously. "It isn't my fault. He told dear Lady Brakespeare," said Conme to fetch some one, and I preferred you to Aunt Rue."

"He-who?" she asked. "I don't know. Come in here." He opened the door of the library as he spoke, and Constance saw the centre of the room. He wore a long fur travelling-coat,

and his hat stood on the table beside turned as she entered, He and came forward to meet her, and as he did so Constance stopped and

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfegang flashed before her mind, and she knew the man who stood before her was the long-lost Marquis of

Brakespeare. His face for a moment seemed to reflect her startled look as he fixed his eyes on her-the dark eyes of the portrait; then he bowed. "Do not be frightened," he said. "I

told Arol to bring some one to me, same friend of my mother." His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect, for at the first word he uttered, athrib of confused emotion ran through her, and she seemed to semember the voice. And yet that must be impossible. She had recognized him by his portrait, but por-

traits do not speak.
"I have frightened you, I see," he said. "Will you sit down and wait a He put a chair for her, and he laid

his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Arol, do you know who I am?" he The child looked up at him in siler for a moment; then, as if encouraged by something in his face, he held out his

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe," he "You are right, I am," replied the mar-

CHAPTER V. The marquis! Constance fild not and can full pelt up to Lord Elliot.

know what to say, so she wisely remained silent. He looked at her for a claimed in his clear treble.

instead of Lady Ruth." Again Constance did not know what

to say, and again remained silent. "I have been away so long, my return is so une pected," continued the marquis, his strong but finely shaped hand resting on the head of the boy, who looked up at him with a curious gling of awe and curiosity, "that I was afraid my mother," his lice grew sof'er at the word, "would be alarmed if I appeared before her without preparing her. Will you be so good as to break the news of my rn to her ? I am sure you will de it

"Yes, I will try, my lord," said Con-He inclined his head.

"Thank you. One moment," as she was about to leave the room. "You wender why I did not write and tell her of my intended return, Miss Grahame?" Constance had been wondering, and she colored faintly at the accuracy with which he read her mind.

'My excuse is that I did not know until a few hours ago that I was coming to Brakespeare; it was too late to write then; a telegram would only have alarmed her. Are there many guests tonight? Who are they? Perhaps I know some of them."

"There are the rector and his wife, and Lord Elliot," replied Constance.

The Marquis smiled. "Elliot." he said to himself. "I wonspeak to her, Constance, and he did so der whether he will remember me. We have not met for-I forget how many years; and I must have altered." "You're just like the portrait in the

gallery, Uncle Wolfe. I knew you by that the moment I saw you. Didn't you, Miss Grahame ?" As the Marquis seemed to wait for her answer. Constance said :-

"Yes. Arol." The Marquis smiled, and sighed at the ame time. "Indeed " he said; "and yet there is so great a difference," and his straight brows came together as if in

painful thought. "I will go and speak to Lady Brake speare," said Constance. "Thank you," and he went and open-

ed the door for her. "Arel can stay with me?" he asked. Constance inclined her head, and left the boy behind. When she reached the dining room she

found that the ladies had gone into the drawing room, and Lord Elliot rose as she entered. "Anything the matter, Miss Grahame?" he asked.

He stood looking round in a half-hesi-tang manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply:

"No, Lord Elliot," she replied. "I am looking for the Marchioness, that is all," and she beat a retreat before any "No, Lord Elliot," she replied. "I am As she entered the drawing room she saw the Marchioness seated in a chair

> going across the room she approached the old lady as easily and naturally "Where is Arol, and what did he Ruth

"He will be here presently," replied over the old lady and said, gently : "Ar-Brakespeare."

"In the library? Oh, my dear, what is the matter-has he hurt himself?" Constance drew the trembling arm within hers. "He has not hurt himself in the least dear Lady Brakespeare. There is nothing whatever the matter; but he has a

The Marchioness drew a breath of re-"I am always so nervous about him, he falls about so, though not so much as he did; and not so badly as my son Wolfe-he was always coming in with his head or his face cut from a fall from a horse or one of the ponies. Thank God, Arol is not so wild as he

little surprise for you, that is all"

"And you have not heard from Lord Wolfe-the Marquis-for a very long time?" said Constance, seizing upon the opening at once. "I suppose he will be sure to write and tell you when he is

returning ?" The old lady sighed and shook her

"Nothing is more unlikely, my dear," she said. "I expect when he comes back that he will come quite suddenly, and without giving us any notice, just as he used to come down from London in the old times when he was a lad. I am always in a state of hope-hope deferred-and the Book says that hope deferred maketh the heart siek." "But hope may be realized some day.

stance, gently, "and you would not be too startled-it would not be too great a shock if he came quite suddenly, as you say ?" The old lady looked at her with a piteous little look in her placid, gentle

"My dear, why do you ask me? Have you heard anything? Why do you look at me so kindly and pityingly ?" Constance had got her into the hall

by this time, and had closed the drawing room door behind them. You have something to tell me, my fear ? What is it ? Is-is it bad news?" No, It is good news, dear Lady Brakespeare," said Constance, her eyes

growing moist. him. Where is the letter, senger?—take me to him.!" and her hand clasped Constance's.

Constance soothed her as a daughter might have done.
It is not a message, or a letter, dear Lady Brakespeare; but there is some one there in the library who knowswho knew-"

A spasm passed over the withered face and then the old lady lifted her head with a touch of noble dignity. "You are a good, sweet girl, and you have broken it to me very well," she said, almost inaudibly. "My son, Wolfe is there. Take me to him. Wait a moment. He—he must not see me upset; he always hated scenes and fuss!" and

Constance led her to the door, opened t, and beckened Arol, then closed the door quickly, as with a low cry of deight the mother sank into the arms of

Constance waited a moment to see if night be too great, and the Marchion-as might swoon; then, taking Arol's land, she went back to the drawing

(20 de Constancil, y 20 ca of the

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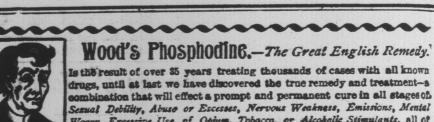
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she drew herself up, and actually stilled her trembling limbs. "Now, please ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

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