



She had not to wait long. There came a tap at the door, and she 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. 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 Lancelot'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?"

"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'm almost fifteen. 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,' is it 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 Lancelot," said Constance, smilingly.

"I don't know," he said, "but I'll 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 love 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 eyes 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 Brakespares, 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 time."

Constance closed the panel, and the marchioness, after a moment or two, turned to her with a smile through her tears. "I am afraid you will think I am a very deluded 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 to-night; 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 few friends; Lord Elliot, our nearest neighbor, and the rector and his wife."

"I should like to come down, Lady Brakespare," said Constance, simply. "Very well, my dear. We dine at eight. You will hear the bell. Arol, I suppose, must come in to dinner?" "Of course, grandma; Lord Elliot's coming," assented his little lordship. "Let's go into the gardens, Miss Grahame."

"Yes; but don't tire Miss Grahame out the first day," said the marchioness as she left the room. They went along the stately terrace into the gardens, and Lord Lancelot showed Constance his own particular favorite—white 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 carried him off.

Constance went back to the house with them, and looked over her slender wardrobe for something suitable for the occasion. She had not thought that she would be asked to join in any of the dinner parties at the castle, and she had no evening dress. There was nothing but a plain black silk; but she put some lace at the throat and sleeves, 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.

"At a while the dinner bell rang out, and with its last peal Lord Lancelot appeared at the door. "I thought I'd show you the way down, you might find it better than the first time," he explained, naively. He was magnificently dressed in purple 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," he added, stopping on the stairs and looking out at the hall. "It's a very good timekeeper. I would it up once, I did indeed, and—ah!" he broke off with a cry of delight, "here he is!" and he drew his hand from her's and sprang from the stairs 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 at Constance with a laugh, which 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 do you mean by it? On your knees and beg pardon immediately. I shall not do it again, but I am afraid all your bad manners were learned from me."

"It's Miss Grahame, the new governess," cried Lord Lancelot from his perch. "She won't mind; she's not like Miss Brownjohn." "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."

They went into the drawing room, Arol still on Lord Elliot's shoulders, and Constance, walking beside them, had time to observe the stalwart proportions 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 chariot. 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.

"He is not boring you, Miss Grahame. He ought to have allowed you a little grace after your journey." "I am not in the least tired," said Constance. "I was just showing her the portraits, grandma," said his lordship. "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 curls. "Yes, he makes me tremble, lest I should not come up to his standard, it is safer for a high one, I fear," said Constance.

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 I was quite young. Of course, it isn't the same now."

Constance and the Marchioness exchanged a smile, and they were passing on when Lord Lancelot 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 winced 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, she revealed the portrait of a young man. It was a singularly handsome face; not unlike Arol's; but there was an expression of audacity and recklessness, and an air of "devilry" and wildness, which seemed to proclaim itself from every feature—the flashing eye and proudly curled 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 Constance.

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

"You see, I speak of him as if he were dead," continued the marchioness, "and almost seems to me as if I had lost him, as if I had 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 love 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 eyes 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 Brakespares, 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 time."

Constance closed the panel, and the marchioness, after a moment or two, turned to her with a smile through her tears. "I am afraid you will think I am a very deluded 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 to-night; 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 few friends; Lord Elliot, our nearest neighbor, and the rector and his wife."

"I should like to come down, Lady Brakespare," said Constance, simply. "Very well, my dear. We dine at eight. You will hear the bell. Arol, I suppose, must come in to dinner?" "Of course, grandma; Lord Elliot's coming," assented his little lordship. "Let's go into the gardens, Miss Grahame."

"Yes; but don't tire Miss Grahame out the first day," said the marchioness as she left the room. They went along the stately terrace into the gardens, and Lord Lancelot showed Constance his own particular favorite—white 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 carried him off.

Constance went back to the house with them, and looked over her slender wardrobe for something suitable for the occasion. She had not thought that she would be asked to join in any of the dinner parties at the castle, and she had no evening dress. There was nothing but a plain black silk; but she put some lace at the throat and sleeves, 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.

"At a while the dinner bell rang out, and with its last peal Lord Lancelot appeared at the door. "I thought I'd show you the way down, you might find it better than the first time," he explained, naively. He was magnificently dressed in purple 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," he added, stopping on the stairs and looking out at the hall. "It's a very good timekeeper. I would it up once, I did indeed, and—ah!" he broke off with a cry of delight, "here he is!" and he drew his hand from her's and sprang from the stairs 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 at Constance with a laugh, which 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 do you mean by it? On your knees and beg pardon immediately. I shall not do it again, but I am afraid all your bad manners were learned from me."

"It's Miss Grahame, the new governess," cried Lord Lancelot from his perch. "She won't mind; she's not like Miss Brownjohn." "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."

They went into the drawing room, Arol still on Lord Elliot's shoulders, and Constance, walking beside them, had time to observe the stalwart proportions 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 chariot. 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.

He saw the flush and her momentary embarrassment, and went on quickly—"I've always meant going in for travelling, but I'm too lazy, I'm afraid. I 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; his eyes fixed upon her with a marked attention, which, though he diverted it instantly, she fully felt.

It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interesting 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 speak to her, Constance, and he did so frequently.

Constance found herself waiting for the sound of the sharp, clear voice with a kind of impatience; and she 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, she saw Lady Ruth, who had been looking round at her, and she said in a low voice: "What can that be?" she said in a low voice.

"It was the hall bell," replied Lady Ruth, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect?" "Expect? No one, my dear," said the Marchioness. Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders coolly.

"Whoever it is, is late for dinner," she said indifferently; and she turned to make some remark to Lord Elliot. A minute or two elapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud ringing of the bell, when the door opened and Lord Lancelot came in.

He stood looking round in a half-heated manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply: "You are before your time, Arol. The dessert is not in yet."

"Never mind," murmured the Marchioness, apologetically. "Let him come and eat with a smile she beckoned to him."

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own. But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and, going up to Constance, he turned to her and said, in a low voice: "Come outside into the hall, Miss Grahame. I want you."

"What is the matter, Arol?" demanded Lady Ruth. "You should not whisper. It is rude and vulgar. Go round to the library, and I'll call you."

The boy looked at her, but did not obey. "Come outside," he repeated. "Something has happened—some one wants you."

"What has happened? Some one wants me, Lord Lancelot? You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not," he said. "You'd better come, it will be too late. Constance rose; she did not know what else to do."

"Lord Lancelot wishes me to go into the hall with him, Lady Brakespare," she said. "Arol, Arol!" he exclaimed, "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 me to follow 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 she spoke, and Constance saw the tall figure of a man standing in the centre of the room.

He wore a long fur travelling-coat, and his hat stood on the table beside him. He turned as she entered, and came forward to meet her, and as he did so Constance stopped and uttered an exclamation.

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfgang flashed before her mind, and she knew the man who stood before her was the long-haired Marquis of Brakespare.

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.

"I told Arol to bring some one to me, some friend of my mother's."

His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect, for at the first word he uttered, a thrill of confused emotion ran through her, and she seemed to remember the voice. And yet that must be impossible. She had recognized him by his portrait, but portraits do not speak.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said. "Will you sit down and wait a moment?" He put a chair for her, and he laid her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Arol, do you know who I am?" he asked. The child looked up at him in silence for a moment; then, as if encouraged by something in his face, he held out his hand.

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe," he said. "You are right, I am," replied the marquis.

He saw the flush and her momentary embarrassment, and went on quickly—"I've always meant going in for travelling, but I'm too lazy, I'm afraid. I 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; his eyes fixed upon her with a marked attention, which, though he diverted it instantly, she fully felt.

It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interesting 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 speak to her, Constance, and he did so frequently.

Constance found herself waiting for the sound of the sharp, clear voice with a kind of impatience; and she 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, she saw Lady Ruth, who had been looking round at her, and she said in a low voice: "What can that be?" she said in a low voice.

"It was the hall bell," replied Lady Ruth, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect?" "Expect? No one, my dear," said the Marchioness. Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders coolly.

"Whoever it is, is late for dinner," she said indifferently; and she turned to make some remark to Lord Elliot. A minute or two elapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud ringing of the bell, when the door opened and Lord Lancelot came in.

He stood looking round in a half-heated manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply: "You are before your time, Arol. The dessert is not in yet."

"Never mind," murmured the Marchioness, apologetically. "Let him come and eat with a smile she beckoned to him."

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own. But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and, going up to Constance, he turned to her and said, in a low voice: "Come outside into the hall, Miss Grahame. I want you."

"What is the matter, Arol?" demanded Lady Ruth. "You should not whisper. It is rude and vulgar. Go round to the library, and I'll call you."

The boy looked at her, but did not obey. "Come outside," he repeated. "Something has happened—some one wants you."

"What has happened? Some one wants me, Lord Lancelot? You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not," he said. "You'd better come, it will be too late. Constance rose; she did not know what else to do."

"Lord Lancelot wishes me to go into the hall with him, Lady Brakespare," she said. "Arol, Arol!" he exclaimed, "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 me to follow 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 she spoke, and Constance saw the tall figure of a man standing in the centre of the room.

He wore a long fur travelling-coat, and his hat stood on the table beside him. He turned as she entered, and came forward to meet her, and as he did so Constance stopped and uttered an exclamation.

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfgang flashed before her mind, and she knew the man who stood before her was the long-haired Marquis of Brakespare.

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.

"I told Arol to bring some one to me, some friend of my mother's."

His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect, for at the first word he uttered, a thrill of confused emotion ran through her, and she seemed to remember the voice. And yet that must be impossible. She had recognized him by his portrait, but portraits do not speak.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said. "Will you sit down and wait a moment?" He put a chair for her, and he laid her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Arol, do you know who I am?" he asked. The child looked up at him in silence for a moment; then, as if encouraged by something in his face, he held out his hand.

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe," he said. "You are right, I am," replied the marquis.

He saw the flush and her momentary embarrassment, and went on quickly—"I've always meant going in for travelling, but I'm too lazy, I'm afraid. I 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; his eyes fixed upon her with a marked attention, which, though he diverted it instantly, she fully felt.

It was not a particularly elaborate menu, but the dinner seemed interesting 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 speak to her, Constance, and he did so frequently.

Constance found herself waiting for the sound of the sharp, clear voice with a kind of impatience; and she 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, she saw Lady Ruth, who had been looking round at her, and she said in a low voice: "What can that be?" she said in a low voice.

"It was the hall bell," replied Lady Ruth, promptly, and without putting down her spoon. "Whom do you expect?" "Expect? No one, my dear," said the Marchioness. Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders coolly.

"Whoever it is, is late for dinner," she said indifferently; and she turned to make some remark to Lord Elliot. A minute or two elapsed, and Constance had forgotten the sudden loud ringing of the bell, when the door opened and Lord Lancelot came in.

He stood looking round in a half-heated manner, and Lady Ruth said, sharply: "You are before your time, Arol. The dessert is not in yet."

"Never mind," murmured the Marchioness, apologetically. "Let him come and eat with a smile she beckoned to him."

"Yes," said Lord Elliot. "Come and try this jelly, Arol," and he signed to a footman to place a chair next his own. But Arol shook his head with an unusual gravity, and, going up to Constance, he turned to her and said, in a low voice: "Come outside into the hall, Miss Grahame. I want you."

"What is the matter, Arol?" demanded Lady Ruth. "You should not whisper. It is rude and vulgar. Go round to the library, and I'll call you."

The boy looked at her, but did not obey. "Come outside," he repeated. "Something has happened—some one wants you."

"What has happened? Some one wants me, Lord Lancelot? You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not," he said. "You'd better come, it will be too late. Constance rose; she did not know what else to do."

"Lord Lancelot wishes me to go into the hall with him, Lady Brakespare," she said. "Arol, Arol!" he exclaimed, "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 me to follow 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 she spoke, and Constance saw the tall figure of a man standing in the centre of the room.

He wore a long fur travelling-coat, and his hat stood on the table beside him. He turned as she entered, and came forward to meet her, and as he did so Constance stopped and uttered an exclamation.

The portrait in the picture gallery of Lord Wolfgang flashed before her mind, and she knew the man who stood before her was the long-haired Marquis of Brakespare.

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.

"I told Arol to bring some one to me, some friend of my mother's."

His tone was meant to reassure her, but it had the contrary effect, for at the first word he uttered, a thrill of confused emotion ran through her, and she seemed to remember the voice. And yet that must be impossible. She had recognized him by his portrait, but portraits do not speak.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said. "Will you sit down and wait a moment?" He put a chair for her, and he laid her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Arol, do you know who I am?" he asked. The child looked up at him in silence for a moment; then, as if encouraged by something in his face, he held out his hand.

"I think you are Uncle Wolfe," he said. "You are right, I am," replied the marquis.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Beaman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine? Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons? Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons? Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of the ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Picher, that it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive rights to Dr. Picher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense? Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless? Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are contained for 35 cents, or one cent a dose? Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest? Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Wood's Phosphoding.—The Great English Remedy. In the result of over 45 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 Sexual Debility, Abuse or Excess, Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Mental Worry, Excessive Use of Opium, Tobacco, or Alcoholic Stimulants, all of which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Wood's Phosphoding has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed almost 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 Phosphoding, these cases that had been given up to die, were restored to manly vigor and health—Reader you need not despair—no matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within your grasp, by means 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, the guaranteed cure. Pamphlet free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Wood's Phosphoding is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion.

WE HAVE IT 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. VICTORIA PLANING MILL LINDSAY. 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. J. P. RYLEY. Telephone 122. —2010-tf. FOR Cheap FURNITURE GO TO ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY: Undertakers and Cabinet Makers. Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.