What do you say, chiid :-claimed; and her sharp eyes flashed from Arol to Constance. Lord Elliot rose-they all rose, in fact, as if the boy had announced a re-

surrection from the dead. "Is this true, Miss Grahame?" demanded Lady Ruth, haughtily. " Was it for this Arol took you out of the dining room? Why dld you not come to

"He said, 'Fetch some one,' and I fetched Miss Grahame," replied Arol,

"Where is he?" demanded Lady Ruth, going toward the door; but before she could reach it, it opened and the Marshioness entered leaning upon

her son's arm. They made a striking picture—the old lady, with her snow-white hair and eyes still swimming with tears, and the tall. distinguished-looking man with his handsome face and dark eyes, with the

Brakespeare light flashing in them. "Well, Ruth," he said, giving her his hand, "this is a surprise, isn't it? Elliot !" and he grasped the outstretched

hand with a warm pressure. Then, as they all began talking at once, he led his mother to a chair, and leaning against the mantel shelf looked from one to the other with a smile that was half amused, half sad.

"Thanks, thanks; it's very kind of you to say you're glad to see me," he said at last, when he could get in a word. "You are looking just the same, Elliot. I should have known you any-

"And I you, Wolfe," said Lord Elliot laying his hand on his broad shoulder. 'You would? You don't think I have Eltered much ?" said the Marquis with a smile. "Who was it told me I was "Look at it again, Arol, and see if they have painted any grey hairs about face," and he laughed, but there was a | and called her.

look of grave regret in his eyes. "And dinner! Have you had anything, Wolfe ?" asked the Marchioness, looking up at him as if it had just occurred to her that he might be starving. He took her hand in his and stroked

"Too late for the fatted calf, am I?" "Don't be uneasy, mother. I had something to eat an hour or two | Brakespeare," said Constance, ago; but I'll take some tea."

'No; you shall have some wine," said Lady Ruth; and she left the room hurriedly. As she opened the door the sound of

excited voices floated into the room, and when she came back with the decanter of port and a glass she said, laughingly The news has spread, Wolfe, and there > a regular commotion.

At the same moment the voices grew louder, and some one shouted: "The Marquis! The Marquis!" which was instantly repeated by the

He took the wine she poured out for him and raised his head. "Is it possible that they can be glad to see me?" he said in a low voice.

"Glad! of course they're glad!" retorted Lady Ruth. "You'll have to go and speak to them. Wolfe." "Must I?" he said, with a shrug. Well, if I must. Come, mother," and

drawing her arm within his he went into the hall. All the rest but Constance followed. She feeling that she was outside the family group, was remaining behind in her quiet corner, when Arol, missing

her, came running back to her and tugged her. "Come along, Miss Grahame; be quick. Uncle Wolfe is going to speak." Constance allowed him to drag her into the hall. Short as the time had been, the news of his return had spread. He had been recognized by the man who dreve him from the railway station and the hall was full of the house servants, grooms and coachmen from Lady Brakespeare." the stables, gamekeepers and gardeners, and a crowd of villagers, who kept near

the open door in eager timidity. As he entered the hall they set up a hearty cheer, and the old butler, stepping forward, said, with a voice shaking with emotion

"Welcome back, my Lord! Welcome The Marquis held out his hand with

a ready frankness which won all hearts in a moment. 'Thank you, Belford," he said (and He remembers him, you see." some one remarked); "and thank you all, my friends, for your kind and hearty welcome. Yes, I have come back; and when I look round on your faces and hear the sound of your voices, I can't so long ; but," he stopped suddenly with

of a bac Furgain. I'm as glad to see you ali as you are to see me. "Then stop among us, my Lord," quavered an old man in a white smock

in the crowd of vil.agers. The Marquis was stient while

could count ten; then he said with a grave smile : "Yes, I hope to stop with you. I have done with roving, I hope-" A ch d drowned the last words of the senunce, and when it had died

away, he said: "And now will you all drink my moth-

"And yours! yours, my Lord!" came the instant and hearty r sponse. "Come on then!" he said, with a sud-den change of manner, which reminded many of the hot-spirited lad they re-

"Some wine, Belford !"

The butler and the footman The Marquis talked with one a another meanwhile, then, when the above his head, his eyes flashing, his lips parted in the smile which the face in the portrait wore, and exclaimed "Health to my mother !"

"Health to my lady, and long life to her!" shouted the crowd. "And here's health and long life to cur Lord the Marquis!" quavered the old man in the smock, raising his glass and wavering his trembling arm wild-

The shout grew deafening. Arol jun ed upon a chair and waved the tiny glass the butler had filled for him, and shouted with the rest; then suddenly

ie, looked down. Why, Miss Grahame, you haven't any wine. Uncle Wolfe!" he shouted, Miss Grahame hasn't drunk your

rea!th !" Constance drew back whispering Hish, hush!" and crimsoning under the attention he had attracted to her : out the Marquis, whose ears and eye cemed particularly quick, came toward her with a decanter in his hand, and igned to the butler for a glass. 'You won't refuse, Miss Grahame?'

Constance took the glass instantly, greatly embarrassed by being dragged into the centre of the picture, and put it to her lins. "Oh, but you must speak the words!

remonstrated Lord Lancebrook. "Say, 'Here's health to Uncle Wolfe." "Here is health to the Marquis !" said ooor Constance, as she shrank back. The Marquis bowed.

"Thank you, Miss Grahame; the happy augury would have been incomplete without your good wishes." At that moment Constance raised her eyes, and the two stood looking at each

other with a strange look of half- puzzled doubt; and there flashed through Constance's mind, in the agitation and flurry of the moment, that it was not the first time the Marquis had stood bowing before her. Far away in the dim vista of the

past there rose a vague something that was too vague to be called a memory. which was connected with the tall, graceful figure, the gravely smiling lips. But whatever it was, it had gone in a moment like a will-o'-the-wisp. The Marquis turned to Lady Brake-

"Mother, will you let them have some supper and make a night of it ?" he said

witt a smile. "Yes, yes, Wolfe," she replied, eager-

"Belford," he said, "take them into the servants' hall." hen he gave the Marchioness his arm

again, and led the way back to the drawing-roow, and the crowd, with a parting cheer, went off to their feasting. Constance remained in the hall, with the intention of going up to her room. She felt that she had already been made too conspicious in the course of this evening; and if she had not felt it of her own accord, the haughty, angry gla-ces which Lady Ruth had shot at her would have convinced her like the portrait in the gallery? Oh! of the fact. Arole would not need Arol here;" and he held out his hand her, and her room rather than her company would probably be more welcome on such an occasion. She was going toward the stairs, when the Marthe forehead, or any wrinkles in the chioness came out of the drawing-room,

"Oh, my dear, she said, half apologetically, and with a little flutter of her thin hands, "were you going upstairs?" "Yes, my lady," replied Constance, "I was going to my room."

"On, yes, you must be tired, my dear. I shall always be grateful to you for to-night." "But I have done nothing, Lady

"Yes, my dear; it was from your lips that I heard of my son's return, and it seems-almost seems as if you had brought him back to me," and her eyes

Constance's pale face flushed slightly. "But I was going to ask you, my dear-I am in such a tremble that T scarcely know where I am or what I am doing. You see, Lord Brakespeare has come back so suddenly and unexpectedly that there is nothing ready, and I'm afraid in all this excitement Mrs. Russell -that's the housekeeper-will forget to see to his room. Would you mindis a shame to ask you, but would you mind asking her if the south room is ready for him? I don't know whether

he has brought a man-I'll ask him. Wait a moment, dear." She went back to the drawing-room, but met the Marquis at the door. "Well, mother?" he said, as she put bot: hands on his broad chest and look-

ed up at him. "Oh Wolfe, have you brought a

H. laughed down at her. "A valet? I haven't had such an incumbrance for years"; then, seeing the look of curprise in her face, he added : "A valet? No. You see, I've been travelling about, and he would have been in the way. But don't be upset, I'm quite capable of dressing myself!" "Very well, dear," she said; and as he passed on across the hall she rejoined

Constance, who had shrunk out of sight behind a man in armor. "You wi'l see Mrs. Russell, dear ?" "Yes," said Constance. "Good-night,

"Good-night, my dear, and-and thank you very much"; and she looked as if she were going to kiss her, but Constance did not meet her half-way he lad a kind of feeling that she ought not to take advantage of the old lady': excitement, but the withered hand

pressed the soft, warm one with a grateful clasp. Constance had no idea where to find Mrs. Russell, but asked her way of a footman to the housekeeper's room, and found a comfortable-looking personage in a plain black silk busily engaged with

sheets and blankets. She dropped half a courtesy as Const. nce entered and gave the March-

"The south room? yes, miss, help feeling sorry tl at I have been away thought that would be the one, and I've given orders about it : but they're all a frown, "but you must make the best so busy in the servants' hall," and she laughed good-naturedly.

"Can I help you ?" asked Constan "Oh, thank you, miss; if you wouldn't mind carrying up this pair of candlesticks. His lordship's room is next to your s, so it won't be out of the way. It's his lordship's old room," the con-

inued, as they went up the back stairs. "Ife chose it because he could see the paddock where the horses were exercising in the morning. I was only head house maid then. Miss Grahame, but of course I can remember him, though he has altered," she added.

"I knew him by his portrait," said stendler, and I saw that there wer some specks of grey in his hair; beauti ful hair, like Lord Lancebrook's, isn'

miss? The Brakespeares all have tered a large room, with a huge bed which looked so solidly built as to be immovable, and with antique furniture that might have been there, as no doubt that you were unly or disagreeable, of course, I shouldn't have repeated it "Remember for the future. Ann. that it is not good manners to reneat anything you hear, and then you'll be quite it had been, for generations.
"This is the room, miss, and there

is ine lordship's gun hanging up, as it used to do when he was a young man; though for the matter of that he's a young man still. Five-and-thirty isn't "Yes: thank you," he remarked. "To Constance could not repress a smile.
"One is learning something all one's

"No," said Constance. "Shall I put the candles here ?" and she placed them on the dressing-table. hank you, miss. Now we can see. Fir lordship hasn't brought a valet with him; he ought to have his things laid The nurse raised no objection to Constance's presence, and she was helning

out for him. Here's his portmanteau; I wonder whether it's unlocked. Will you hold the candle, miss, please?" Constance did so, and Mrs. Russell went down on her knees and examined the portmanteau. It was large and heavy, of rough,

thick hide, and apparently had seen a great deal of service. "I suppose this is all. Not much lug gage for the Marquis of Brakespeare to have," said Mrs. Russell, with a laugh. "Put perhaps there is some more com- full, "but Miss Grahame wouldn't come ing on. Why, what a funny thing !"

very old, is it?" and sne smiled.

she exclaimed. "What is funny ?" asked Constance. Mrs. Russell pointed to the portman-

"Don't you see, miss?" "I do not see anything extraordinary," she answered, looking it over. "Why, miss, some one has taken the trouble to scrape all the old labels off. scratched off most carefully. Who could have done it ?" "The Marquis, I should think," suggested Constance, with a smile.

Mrs. Russell shook her head. "Ah, you don't know the Marquis as well as I do, miss, or you wouldn't say that. He's the last gentleman in the world to care about the look of a portmanteau, or he wouldn't carry such a rough old thing as this about with him, I've been content to breakfast off a not he. He wouldn't care if it was stele crust."

smothered with labels." "Perhaps the Marquis has grown neater as well as steadier," said Constance, laughingly. "Thank you, Miss Grahame," said a voice at the door, and Constance, swinging round, saw the Marquis standing

there and regarding them with a strange smile. Mrs. Russell uttered a cry, but was too startled to get up from her knees. The Marquis looked from one to the other with faint amusement, and yet a somewhat keener expression in his dark "Why, it's Mrs. Russell, isn't it?" he

said and he came into the room. Constance derted past him and gainto her own room she heard him say in his deep, musical voice:-"Looking at my old portmanteau,

Mrs. Russell? Want the keys? Never broke off. mind, I'll see to it myself. Glad to see you looking so well. Good-night." Then Constance turned the key in her door and flung herself down on the couch, and the tears of vexation and portification started to her eyes.

That he should have found her in his room was bad enough, but that he Arol sauntered to the window. should have seen her apparently inquisitively examining his portmanteau was almost unendurable. She undressed, but weary as she was with the excitement and novelty of the night, she could not sleep, and she lay

tossing from side to side, going over the events of the day, and listening to the sounds of laughter and singing that rose faintly from the servants' hall. And at last, when, worn out, she did fall asleep, her dreams were full of the old time, of the rough life in the Australian bush. She dreamed of her father, of Rawson Fenton, of the rough squatters; and-strange confusion-the tall figure and handsome face of the Marouis were mixed up inextricably with every scene and every object, and seemed to pursue her wherever she

went in the land of visions.

CHAPTER VI. Constance woke the next morning with a start, and it was the clanging of the great bell as much as the luxury surrounding her which helped her to realize that she was not still dreaming and that she was in very truth in

Brakespeare Castle. A maid brought her the water for her "The breakfast bell will ring in an hour, miss, ' she said.

But Constance had made up her mind that she would not, unless she were ob'iged, go down to breakfast, but would join Arcl in the nursery. She erness-a dependent in this great house. She had, indeed, almost forgotten it He laughed and passed his hand several times in the excitement of the rreceding night.

She had no scoper dressed than she voice ca'ling to her, and when she opened the door he came in with a joyous bound.

"Oh, Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed. throwing his arms round her neck and kissing her. "I'm so glad you are up. I was afraid you wouldn't be. Were you very tired last night that you went off so early? I sat up ever so late, and Lord Elliot asked where you'd gone and so did Uncle Wolfe. And I've been out to the stable with him this morning-yes, I have. And he's been so kind, and he says that my pony is only a ginge bread one, only pretty to look at, and he's going to buy me a real good

one. And he was going to take meor I was going to take him-to the lake, but I said I d come and fetch you, because you hadn't seen it, and he said, That's a bright idea, Arol; go and bring her,' and so I've come," he wound up, breathlessly.

"Not this morning, Arol," Constance said. "It was very kind of you to come back for me, but I won't come this morning. But you can go if you like You must be back in time for breakfast. you know, because I am going to have it with you.'

I don't think I'll go back to Uncle Wolfe. Ill stay with you, if you'll let me. Miss Grahame, don't people with lack hair generally have blue eyes ?" Constance was standing before the ago, and we're all waiting. glass, fastening the brooch at her neck, and stopped the operation in puzzled amazement at the suddenness of the

"Really ? Oh, how joll-I mean nice.

nuestion. "I'm sure I don't know. I've not hought about it. Arol. Why ?" "Why because Uprle Wolfe said that he had never seen it before until he saw ou lest right, and Lord Elliot said that it was that-the blue eyes and ark hair-that made your face so

'Oh, huch, huch, Arol," said Conce, straping him, her face crimson. "or shorld-'t ropat what you hear "or do you think the Marguis or Lord lifet would say if they knew you had everbeard them and told me?"

"I'm very sorry." said Lord Lance-brook. "But I didn't know you see. And, after all, I don't think there is

seems," with a sigh, "as if one had a lot to learn, doesn't it?"

life, Arol," she said. "Put come, let us see if nurse will give us any break-

Arol to the fourth slice of bren and jam when the door opened and the "Halloo!" he exclaimed; then, as he

saw Constance, he removed the soft hat he was wearing, and bowed. "You are a nice young traitor! What do you mean by keeping me waiting all this "I'm very sorry, Uncle Wolfe," said his young Lordship, with his mouth

and so I said I'd wait for her. "That's a full and sufficient apology," said the Marquis; "but you might have sent me word, instead of going on with your breakfast and keering me cooling my heels in the paddock. You forget that I might be hungry as well as

you." "Are you so very hungry, Uncle Wolfe? Come and sit down with us," Look here-and there! They've been cried Arol. "He may, mayn't he, Miss Grafame ?" "What does Miss Grahame say?"

asked the Marquis "That the breakfast has nearly all gone, my Lord," she said, rather cold-

"Oh, there's some porridge left; I don't like it," said Arol. "And I do," said the Marquis. ridge! What a luxury! Many a time tinctness, "and I think that I can an-

"I hate crusts; nurse always eats mine," remarked his little Lordship. "Give me some p rri g , p ease, Miss Grahame," said the Marquis. "And so you deserted me for Miss Grahame, did

you, Arol ?" "I thought I wouldn't come without her. But, I say, Uncle Wolfe, why did you eat crusts ?" The Marquis looked up from his plate

with a smile, and leared back, balancing the spoon on his fingers. "Because I couldn't get anything better; because I was in a rough, wild place where even crusts were scarce." "How jolly-I mean how very interesting," said Arcl. "Where was it? Tell us all about it. Uncle Wolfe," and ed the door, but as she did so and sped | he leaned his arms on the Marquis' knees and looked up at him eagerly.

"Well, it was in-oh, it's too long a story. I'll tell you some other time." he "Were there any wild horses there?"

asked Lord Lan ebrook. "Oh, yes." "Well," with a sigh, "I wonder you ever came back, it must have been so delightful," and seeing that there was no more to be got out of the Marquis

The Marquis' gaze followed thoughtfully. "Can you guess one of my reasons for remaining away so long, Miss Grahame?" he said, quietly, as if he had been following out a train of thought.

Constance colored faintly. "No, my Lord" she said. "Because I knew that there was some one to take my place," and he nodded to the boy, who was hammering on the window-ledge and humming a tune. "Many a time I have thought of the cl' place, and of-my mether," his voice softered as he spoke the word-"and I felt that longing for home, that strange kind of homesi-knesswhich they say the worst of vs feel sometimes. And then the thought has come to me: What does it matter what becomes of you? There is one to take your place. You go and get your neck broken as you deserve, and make room for the boy, your brother's child, to be the Marquis of

Brakespeare." He was silent a moment, then tilted his chair back and leaned his head upon his folded arms.

"Poor little beggar; it's cather hard for him. He'd make a better Marquis than I shall—ever so much better." He seemed to forget that he had a listener, and went on moodily: "It's a pity I didn't get my neck broken, or wound up the music with a bullet; he would have done splendidly. There is no black record against his name..." He stopped suddonly, and Constance, whose eyes must not forget that she was the gov- rad been fixed upon him attentively, colored again.

across his brow. "Den't mind me. Liss Grahame. I'm given to reflections of this kind some heard a knock at the door and Arol's times. Besides, I can comfort myself with the thought that Arol has a chance or two still left. There is plenty of time for me to break my neck yet." It seemed foolish of Constance to remain perfectly silent, so she said, quietly :-

"I don't know why you should want to break your neck, Lord Brakespeare. You have so much of your life before you—a great title—." She stopped abruptly, startled by her own audacity. He leaned forward and looked at her, his dark, handsome eyes fixed on hers, as if he were attaching an importance to her words far and away beyond their value.

"You think so?" he said, almost eagerly, certainly with something of earnestness. "You think that even I may do something with my life, that I have so much of it before me ? Ah, yes, but what of that which is behind—the past?" His face seemed to darken and his voice grow very low.

Constance ficgeted with the breakfast cups, not knowing what to say, and she was spared the trial of finding words to answer this strange speech for at that moment Lady Ruth swept

"Wolfe-" she began, then stopped short, and her glance, almost savage and vindictive, rested on Constance. "1 have been looking for you everywhere. The breakfast bell has rung some time "All right." he said, rising slowly.

"But I've had my breakfast-at least, I've had what Arol was kind enough to leave, but I dare say I can manage some more. Arol, don't you forget we're to have a gallop presently, do you hear?" and he sauntered out.

Lady Ruth followed him for a step or two, then she returned, and, pushing the door to, stood and looked at Constance as she was to be stood and looked at

stance as she got together the school "Was it by your invitation that the Marquis remained to breakfast here, Miss Grahame?" she asked, and her voice and the look accompanying it were—well, those of an angry and jealous woman speaking to one she considered

very much her inferior.

Constance turned, her face scarlet at insinuation, then the color fled and

left her face pale as usual as she said:-"By Arol's, then, I suppose? It is almost as bad and reprehensible. You should not have permitted him to do

"It was not my wish," said poor Contance, fighting hard with herself to down the old spirit, which threat-

ened to rise in self-defence. our wish ! No, I suppose not," re torted Lady Ruth, with a palpable sneed on her thin, small lips. "I did not imgine for an instant that you would nsider the Marquis' society of any adantage to you.

Constance put the books she held in her hand down on the table and looked full and steadily into the haughty, vindictive face. "I do not understand you, Lady Ruth,"

The small, dark eyes drooped for a oment, but only for a moment. Then permit me to e plain, Miss Grahame," she said, coluly. "I think you will not need to be told that it is not usual for a gentleman of Lord Brakespeare's position to breakfast tete-a-tete with his nephew's governess. That, I think, you cannot fail to comprehend, whatever your past experience may have been." She paused for a moment. "And I trust that your good taste and sense of propriety will prevent its oc-

curring again." Constance, white to the lips, was about to retort. "In never can, possibly, be cause I will leave the house within an hour," but she paused. Why should she give this waspish woman the gratification of turning her out, and depriving her of a situation which, but for her presence, would be all that could be

desired? "If I could have prevented it, Lord Brakespeare would not have breakfasted here this morning. Lady Ruth," she said, with perfect calmness and disswer for it that he will never do so again.

Shall I tell you why ?" Lady Ruth drew herself up. "If you please," she said, haughtily.
"Because if Lord Brakspeare should again propose it, I will request him not to do so, and as he is a gentleman, he will not force his company upon a lady who does not desire it. But, indeed, it it were necessary, I should not hesitate to tell him that I had promised you-as I do-that if he insisted on remaining in

the room I should leave it." It was Lady Ruth's turn to grow white. "I understand you fully, Miss Grahame," she said, and her voice was so low as to be almost maudible. "You

have met my well-meant remonstrance with open defiance." "Ah, no," said Constance, her lips quivering for the first time. "I have only refused to submit to insult tamely, Lady Ruth. That is the duty of every

woman who respects herself. Lady Ruth sneered. "And I suppose you will consider it your duty to give an account of the whole aaffir to the Marchioness, per-

haps the Marquis himself ?" "No." said Constance, calmly. they hear of it it will be from you, Lady Lady Ruth's face grew less savage.

but still retained its womanish cun-"I think we had better say no more of this matter, Miss Grahame," she said after a moment's pause. "But it is as well that you should know the char-

acter the Marquis bears." "His character has no interest for me, Lady Ruth," said Constance. "I can believe that, but your ignorance of it may cause you embarrassment. The Marquis is a man who utterly scorns conventionalities. If he had ever any regard for them-and he never had-his long absence from England and decent society has led him to ignore them. He would think nothing of amusing himself with any woman. however young, however unsophisticated. and however much his attentions would

Constance looked up, and an indignant protest trembled on her lips, but Lady Ruth held up her hand slightly. "One moment ; please hear me out. I

intend to speak with perfect candor, for I am confident that I am addressing a young lady who has more than the average intellect-" "Thank you," Constance could not help murmuring.

"Yes, and so I will speak without reserve. The Marquis has already been brought into peculiar contact with you, and he has been. I have no doubt, somewhat attracted-I am not surprised. You have a mirror in your room, Miss Gra-

Constance's beautiful face grew scarlet, and the tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh, please !" murmured Lady Ruth with haughty remonstrance. "The Marquis is as quick as most men of his class to appreciate a pretty woman, and, like his class again, has no scruples in paying her attentions which mean nothing, but may cause her a great deal of annoyance. It rests with you, Miss Grahame, whether these embarrassing at-tentions shall continue or cease. You can encourage or-stop them. Please think over what I have said, and, at any rate, give me credit for candor." Constance found her voice after a min-

ute or two. "Yes, Lady Ruth," she said, and she tried to speak without a tremor, but failed. "I will think over what you have said, and I will also conside whether I can possibly remain in this house after the words you have spoken."

Lady Ruth eyed her with her sharp, glistening eyes.

"You mean that you will leave ?" she said. "I don't think you will. I don't think you are the kind of girl, quiet as you look, to give in to another woman so easily, especially when you hate her, "I do not hate you," returned Con-

stance, indignantly. "No ?" with a smile. "I am surpris-

"I do not hate you, Lady Ruth, but I respect myself," said Constance.
"That is all I ask," retorted her Ladyship, quickly. "No girl in your position who respects herself can receive attentions from a man in the position of the "I say, Ruth, we're waiting for you

now," came his voice up the stairs.

Lady Ruth opened the door.

"Remember," she said, and went.

Constance waited a moment, then
went into the school room.

Lord Lancebrook was scated at the
table, his head upon his hands, his legs

thought you were never coming," aid. "What has Cousin Ruth been ting about at such a rate ?" Never mind, Arol," said Con ating herself beside him and opening

(Pode Continued, )

for Infants and Children.

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Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics

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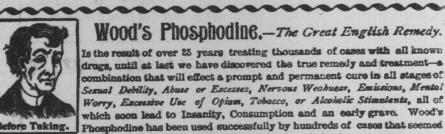
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