"Tell us about nim, piease,

Mr. Hendrick nodded, smilingly. "I'm afraid there isn't much to tell. Nobody knew anything about him, excepting that it was an Englishman, young, and particularly plucky and reckless, and that he was supposed to be of better position and of higher class than the men of whom he became a leader."

"Quite a romance!" said Lady Ruth. "And was nothing more known of him than that?"

"No," replied Mr. Hendrick. "He, with several others, the most prominent members of the band, always wore a tions, and his name—that is, his real called him Gentleman Jack-"

"Oh, come, Hendrick," expostulated Lord Elliot, "you are treating us to a chapter out of a boy's book of adventures. Or are you doing it for the amuse-

The great traveller turned calmly and

"It does sound rather like an ultrasensational story, doesn't it?" he said. "But I assure you it is all true, and that I am not coloring it for effect, or any | Uncle Wolfe !" exclaimed Arol, admirother reason. I could recount half a hun- | ingly. dred of this young fellow's exploits, which, for cool audacity and daring, of the dead and gone highwaymen heroes-ah, and give you chapter and rain from his face and shirt-front. "Will verse for them. Why, the Australian papers were full of his doings, and for some time he and his faithful band of rascals were the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the Australian colonies.'

"Astounding! And this in the end of the nineteenth century!" said Lady shame!"

Mr. Hendrick nodded.

over there; you must not forget that," "What is quite possible and easy in the bush is quite impossible here in England, with its immense population and elaborate detective and police sys-

"And what became of him-this Gentleman Jack? What an absurd, sensational name it is," inquired Lord El-

"Ah, let us hear that, Mr. Hendrick," said the deep, musical voice of the Mar-

He was leaning back in his chair, with one hand thrust into his pocket, the other lying on the knee, the personification of polite, listless attention.

"I tell my story badly-" "It's the interruptions," put in Lady

"But I am coming to a denouement. been distinguishing themselves by some particularly daring and audacious explaits. They had stopped a Government messenger, and robbed him of the bullion, notwithstanding that he was escorted by a strong guard of mounted police and in the scuffle one of the escort had shown themselves anything but reckless of human life. This was especially so after Gentleman Jack had vented any violence, and that on several occasion. But in this case of the Government train a man was killed, and the Government was so incensed that it offered a reward of two thousand pounds for Gentleman Jack, and it was pretty plainly intimated that the money would be paid whether he was handed in alive or dead.

"This is getting exciting," said Lady

Constance could feel Arol's breath coming in quick, sharp little pants of boyish excitement, and her own heart | Arol's like large saucers. was beating quickly, for every word Mr. Hendrick had said had carried her back to the hut in the bush, and called when the ranger and his band burst in. | the Marquis' short laugh. Could he have been Gentleman Jack?

The Marquis was the only one who seemed to be inadequate to the excitement, as, motionless and impassive, he

listened with polite attention. "I was staying with some new-made friends at a station somewhere within were we fools. We knew the manbeen offered as a reward, one of the chance." young fellows proposed that we should lants, and try and hunt him and his fel- in your next book. And now come and lows down. It was just the kind of no- have a oigar." tion that would recommend itself to men simply craving for excitement. Hunting of him? Is he caught?" buffaloes, tigers, lions, is amusing, but it fades into insignificance beside hunting your fellow-men."

"That's very true," remarked the Marquis, in a voice that was no inter-

We seized upon the suggestion, elected the suggester captain, and, being ed, started at once. There were those ten of us; and, on the principle that one honest man is a match for three rogues, we were quite confident that if we could get upon the trail of the rangers we

should overmaster them.' "Quite so," assented the Marquis. "Well, we started," continued Mr. Hendrick, "and luck was with us. We had not been on the hunt two days be-'struck' them. An escort had started to guard a gold train—that is a horse cavalcade, of course—to Melbourne. The rangers had got intelligence of this, had stopped the escort, seized the gold and half the horses, and started the escort helter-skelter back again. That was enough for us. Careof on the traff. We came to a form

this was at the end of the third da where the rangers had stopped to requisition hay for their horses. They had taken nothing else; indeed, they had more than paid for the hay, for the chief ranger, with the ridiculous nickname, had thrust a huge nugget worth a considerable sum into the hand of one of the children just as he rode off." "That was kind; he was not so very

wicked, then?" interpolated Arol. "Oh. no; he was always doing that kind of thing," said Mr. Hendrick. "We learned from the woman at the farmher husband was out-the direction they had taken, and rode after them. We reached a small hut, quite in the wilds, and saw by the marks of horses' hoofs that they had been there, but we were too late-

"Oh, how you are trembling, Miss Grahame, dear!" exclaimed Arol. The blood rushed to Constance's face -it had been white a moment before-

but she said nothing. "We are all trembling-with excitenent," said the Marquis, listlessly. "What's that, mother?" He leaned forward, and listened. They were all silent and listening. "I hear nothing but the wind, dear,"

replied the Marchioness. "Excuse me a moment," said the Marquis, with a god to Mr. Hendrick. He went acress the room to the inner and smaller one, and drawing back the widow curtains with a quick jerk, opened the French window, and stepped out. A gust of wind rushed in and set the wax candles flickering and flaring, and the sound of the rain could be heard

"What an awful night!" exclaimed the Marchioness with a shudder. "Wolfe! Do come in! Ernest." and she turned anxiously to Lord Elliot, "do go and tell him to come in at once : he will get wet through.'

beating fiercely on the marble floor of

the terrace.

Lord Elliot sprang up with prompt obedience, but before he could reach the window the Marquis appeared. He stood for a second, a second in which. with the lights fully on, his face was mask when they were on their expedi- in plain relief against the dark curtains which he held together behind his back. name-never transpired. His fellows and Constance fancied that it was paler and sterner than usual.

"Don't be alarmed." he said. "It was nothing but the wind." "I thought I heard voices," said Lady

"You did," he responded, carelessly. "A dog was outside, and I spoke to

"And that was what you heard?" said Lady Ruth. "What quick ears you must have,

"Yes. I have. Arol." said the Marquis: and he locked the window, arranging would match any of the romantic stories | the curtains carefully, and came back to the rest wiping the great drops of

> you fellows come and have a cigar?" Mr. Hendrick straightened himself and nodded assentingly but Arol ut-

tered a cry of dismay. "Oh. Uncle Wolfe, we haven't heard the finish of the story yet. What a

"I beg your pardon, but it's late for "Yes; but civilization is in its infancy little boys to be hearing about ugly ogres. Ask Mr. Hendrick to tell you to

The Marquis smiled.

morrow.' Constance rose and took Arol's hand but he drew back and looked ruefully at Mr. Hendrick.

"Oh, please tell us the end. Mightn't e, grandma "It will only take a few words," said Mr. Hendrick, good-naturedly. "And I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, Arol. When we reached the hut we were too

late; the rangers had gone-just gone. as it appeared. They had sacked the place, stolen everything." The Marquis leaned forward and pointed to a candle that was burning in

its socket. "I beg your pardon. Elliot, blow that candle out, there's a good fellow. Thanks. Well, Hendrick," and he turned with a smile on his lips and in While I was over there the band had his dark eyes, "you say that they had stolen everything, and killed the simple

folks of the place-" "No, no," replied Mr. Hendrick. "They hadn't killed any one. Fortunately, the owner of the place and his daughter had started for Melbourne before the rangers reached the hut. We had got wounded. I ought to say that scarcely listened to the story; there these rangers were by no means blood- was no time to lose, you see. We thirsty, and that in all their raids they rode off in hot pursuit. The tracks led into a ravine, and we followed them. feeling sure that we had the two thousand pounds: we could almost hear joined the band; indeed, stories were it chink. In the middle of the ravine told of his having stepped in and pre- | we pulled up; it was thick undergrowth, and we had to go slowly, you see, and we hadn't got ten paces when | suddenly a voice rang out, 'Halt!' We halted, and there above us on both sides we knew were a score of rifles pointing at us, covering every man of

us. We were in a trap. "'We give you two minutes to Jay down your arms and ride out,' said the voice. 'If one man fires, you are lost.

Mr. Hendrick paused dramatically. Every eye was fixed upon his face, "We threw our rifles and revolvers

into the bush and rode for dear life." Various exclamations broke from the up before her that last eventful night little audience, but above all them rese

"'Pon my word. Mr. Hendrick." he said. "it would have been better for your reputation for courage if you had cut out the end of the story." The great traveller smiled.

"It tells against us, doesn't it?" he said. "But we weren't cowards, neither fifty miles of the scene of the band's by repute—we had to deal with, and not last robbery, and when the news reach- one of us thought it worth while to ed us that two thousand pounds had lose his life. You see, we hadn't a

"Ah, yes, I see," said the Marquis organize ourselves into a party of vigi- "It's a good story, and you must put it

"And Gentleman Jack-what became "No one knows what became of him said Mr. Hendrick, rather gravely. "He disappeared shortly afterward : in fact. this was his last exploit. The band broke up, and some of the men were

caught, but nothing was heard of the "But surely some of the men, I mean were ultimately caught information concerning him?" said Lady Ruth, sharply.

"They might have done, but they didn't. But I doubt their capability. The man was a mystery even to them. At any rate, nothing is known of him to this day." "And nobody will get the two thou sand pounds ?" said Arol.

"I'm not so sure," said Mr. Kendrick. reward. It is a large sum, and

kind of life rarely leaves it for good and all; he is sure to go back sooner or later, and sooner or later the chief of the bushrangers will be caught."

"Not a doubt of it," said the Marquis.

"Now, Arol, there's an ambition for you. Grow up as quickly as you can, and go a-hunting after Gentleman Jack. But mind, don't let him lead you into a trap and take you. You get him and earn two thousand pounds."
"I don't know," said Arol, pensively.

"I rather like him. He wasn't so very bad, or he wouldn't have given that augget to the little girl."

"Mr. Hendrick, you have corrupted Arol's morals," said the Marquis, laughingly. "Come, let us go into the smoking-room. Your story has made me thirsty; I don't know what it must have done for you."

Mr. Hendrick followed his stalwart

form, but Lord Elliot lingered. "Won't you think better of your refusal, Miss Grahame?" he said in a low voice, "Will you not let me take you-and Arol-for a drive to-mor-Constance rose, holding Arol's hand

She was pale and looked tired. The recital of the most eventful incident in her life was thrilling to her. The coincidence was overwhelming in its strangeness. "Say yes," he pleaded, as she nived

toward the door. Her lips moved; she found it difficult to speak. He saw, though he did not understand, her emotion. "You are tired and unwell," he said, in a low, anxious voice, "and I will not

worry you. Forgive me. If you knew-Miss Grahame-His face flushed and then went pale as he stonned.

They had reached the door, and he

opened it for her. Constance held out her hand, and just managed to murmur "Good-night." "Good-night," he said, and his hand closed over hers and held it-held it so tightly that, at another time, Constance could not have failed to have noticed the passionate, pleading pressure. But she was feeling dazed and bewildered by all she had gone through, and was too anxious to reach her room

o remark his manner. To get to her room and lie down and rest! She could not forsee that the night had not closed for her yet, and that it still held another exciting chaper for her!

CHAPTER X.

Constance waited with Arol until he had been put to bed; for, like most children when they are overtired, he was inclined to be fretful with the nurse; but Constance's sweet, gentle voice soothed him, and he fell asleep with his arm around her neck, and an indistinct murmur of, "I love you, Miss Trahame, dear !"

Then she laid him down and went to her own room. The events of the day were dancing

pefore her like the everchanging and confusing pieces in a kaleidoscope. That he great traveller, Mr. Hendrick, should happen to come to the castle, and there in her presence recite the story of the adventure in the wilds of Australia in which she had played a part, was one of the extraordinary coincidences with which, strange to say, life is full. It was a painful coincidence to her. What would he, what would they all say if they should ever learn that she had been of the persons in the hut, attacked by the rangers? How could she explain her silence-silence which savored of concealment and deceit? She could almost fancy that she heard

the grave voice of the Marquis saying to her with reproachful surprise "You sat and listened to this story, you who were concerned in it, and said nothing. Why did you not speak ?"

A dozen times she had tried to summon up courage to exclaim: "I was one of the persons in the hut!" and never had she felt it more incumbent upon her to avow her share in the adventure than when Mr. Hendrick had stated that the rangers had robbed and sacked the hut. She felt mean and guilty of injustice, and the blood rushed to her face with shame at her moral cowardice wehn she recalled, in the silence and quiet of her own room, how generously the leader of the rangers had behaved to her. He might have robbed them of everything they possessed: instead of which he had prevented his fellows from doing anything

father with a conveyance and safe escort to Melbourne. And she had remained silent, and uttered no word in defence of this man who, bad as he doubtless was, had protected and, in a manner, actually be-

of the kind, and provided her and her

friended her. She paced up and down the room for hours. At one moment she resolved to go down to breakfast with the firm intention to say what she had been, as it seemed, powerless to say to-night; then the thought of telling in cold blood the story of that terrible night on which her father lost his reason and received his death-blow proved too much for her, and clasping her hands in a

kind of mental despair, she flung herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and She must have slept for a time, for she woke with a start, roused by the

sound of horses' hoofs. She sprung from the bed and looked at her watch. It was a quarter of three. She listened, but all was silent. The great house was as still as a tomb. Convinced that she had been mistaken, and had really heard nothing, she began to

Suddenly she started, and felt hastily and fearfully in the bosom of her dress, then attened a little cry of distress. Her locket was gone ! It had been attached by a very slight gold chain-

Australian gold—the links of which

might be easily bent or twisted. Where had she dropped it ? She searched her rooms carefully, inleed minutely, but it was not to be

Then she sat down and tried to remember when she had seen it last, and receeded in recalling the fact of placing at sound her neck when she had changed her habit for the black dress. She was sure of that.

If, then, she had dropped it, she must

have done so in one of the rooms downstairs, in the drawing-room or in the Arol had been sitting near her a great part of the time with his arms round

of his restless movements he might have pulled the locket out and broken it away from the chain. If so, it was lying on the floor somewhere, an easy prey to the surlosity of the house-mard, who would the first to enter the drawing-roo stance's love for her dead father as an absorbing devotion, and she bably he, handed round the servants' hall was simply torture to her.

The house was perfectly quiet: not a soul was about, or, indeed, probably awake. Why should she not go down

vaiting to con Putting on her dressing-gown, she took a cradle, and unlocking her door very cautiously, stole out in the cor-ridor. She waited a moment, listening intently, but there was no sound in the vast place excepting the ticking of the tall old-fashioned clock in the hall, and treading on tiptoe, she stole down the stairs, examining each foot of her way. Intent and absorbed in her search, she crossed the hall and reached the drawing-room, and went instantly to the chair in which she had sat listening to Mr. Hendrick.

Going on her knees, she searched every inch of the thick carpet in the vicinity, but the locket was not there. With a sigh and a choking sensation

in her throat that was the presage of a burst of tears, she rose, and was going, candle upheld, toward the door, when she started and stood upright, with an awful thrill or horror running through

She was facing the great French window, and she heard, or fancied she heard a sound as if some one had turned, or tried to turn, the handle. For a seconds she stood spell-bound, staring with distended eyes at the window; then to her horror she saw the

curtains wave to and fro, and the door Moved by an instinct more than anything else, she blew out the candle, and darted behind the heavy curtains which hung at the division of the two rooms. Clinging to these to prevent herself from falling, she fought hard for cour-

age and presence of mind. That the intruder was a burglar there could be no doubt; probably there were half a dozen. The slightest movement on her part would reveal her presence and seal her fate.

For a second or two fear, pure and simple, was in the ascendant; then a nobler and more courageous feeling gained ground.

If an attack was being made upon the castle, it was her duty, it would be a delight, to outwit the ruffians and save the marquis's property from the thieves. How should she do it ? How could she give an alarm sufficient to rouse some one before her presence was discovered by the burglars and the alarm prevent-

She heard through the thick curtains, which seemed almost to suffocate her. some one enter the room, and heard the window curtains drawn aside slightly. Then she knew that the some one was

passing close beside her, Next there came the sound of a match being struck, and she knew that he was lighting a candle. The footsteps then repassed her, as if they were returning to the window.

Fighting fiercely for courage, and knowing that his back was toward her hiding-place, she ventured to open the curtains slightly and look out. She was on the point of uttering a

scream, for the shock of her discovery was so great as almost to be unendurable.

The midnight burglar was none other than—the marquis For a moment she thought that she must' be mad or dreaming: but there was no mistaking his stalwart figure. notwithstanding the riding-cloak which covered it from neck to heels: indeed. even as she looked he tossed the cloakstreaming with rain-on to the floor. and revealed himself to her in the evening dress in which she had seen him a

few hours before. In that moment of horrified amazement she felt that she would rather it had been what she had at first dreaded-an ordinary burglar. Why should the marquis steal into his

own house at the dead of night with all the caution of a thief? She clung to the curtains, but still watched him, with no other thought or desire than to fly the scene.

The marquis went to the window and opened it. "Come in !" he said to some one out-

The door opened, and a man stepped into the handsome room, heightening its splendor by the contrast of his own squalid presence, for the man whom the marquis admitted secretly to his drawing-room at three o'clock in the morning was the wretched-looking being whom Constance had seen-or dreamed she had seen-in the ruined cottage on the moor; the man from whom the marquis had obtained the brandy, and whom he had dismissed with the stern contempt of a man addressing a dog. He was almost disguised by a worn and shabby ulster, the turned-up collar of which nearly concealed his face; but as he took off his battered felt hat Constance saw his face. It was pale and haggard, and worn with want and privation, and she noticed in the flash of the moment that a deep scar on his

temple shone out redly from the pallor of his face. "I'm too wet, guv'nor," he said, shrinking back as if dazed by the splendor of the room; "I'd better keep outside. Besides-" He started, and seemed to listen.

"Stay where you are," said the marquis, not angrily, with no trace of displeasure or excitement, but in a quiet tone of command. "Draw the curtains and hold them close so that the light does not shine through. Wait, and do not move."

The man gripped the curtains and held them close, and stood staring blushingly round the room. If there was no excitement in the marquis's face or manner, there were evidences of considerable agitation and anxiety in the man's. He looked like one who was simply struggling to recover from some tremendous shock of surprise; and even as he stood alone Constance saw his white lips moving as if he were uttering either a string of eaths or some exclamations of bewilderment and aston-

At that moment, rather than remain, Constance would have risked the chance of discovery and fled from the room. But the man stood immediately facing her place of concealment, and the slightest movement on her part would have been detected by him.

A few minutes passed—they seemed

hours to her in her terrible suspense and then the marquis returned. She saw his face as he passed her on his way to the man. It was pale and weary looking, but perfectly calm, and in that respect a marked contrast to the

He held something in his hand, and stopped a moment in front of the man, looking at him, as Constance felt, with a long and deep scrutiny in the black eyes, which must have assumed a fierce and terrible expression, for the man's face grew paler and worked with evi-

"Here," said the marquis, and he put out that which he held. "Take it; there is more than I promised you." "I asked for nothing, guv'nor," stam-

The man raised his eyes, then gropped "Not because I fear you," said the rquis, and he laughed his short, curt laugh. "Even you are not fool enough to think that. You know me too well,

dently in considerable fear himself. "I never said, never thought—You brought me here, guv'nor."

The marquis interrupted him with a "I sought you, and brought you here,

because you were hard up-"Starving," put in the man, humbly and earnestly.

"And I do not choose that you should starve. No man can say that I ever turned my back on one who had done me a service. No man shall ever say so." "I know-I know, guv'nor," said the man, deprecatingly. "And for another reason," continued

the marquis, "I give you this money to place you beyond the reach of temptation. Stop!" for the man was about to speak again-"say as little as you can, and listen to me. With this money you can turn over a new leaf and begin life again. Take my advice—it is worth more than the money-and do so. I don't ask you to go abroad, I don't care whether you do so or remain here within reach of me. I can trust you"-he laughed again, and there semed to be some thing in the laugh which affected the man more than a threat would have done-"I trust you fully, and care nothing where you chose to live. But remember this-and I don't think you will forget it-wherever you may go, take care you never mention my name. If we meet -it is quite possible-pass me by without a word or a look of recognition. Dothis, and you may do what else you

There was a moment's pause, during which the man folded the notes and put them carefully into his pocket, his eyes fixed on the marquis' face as if he were anxious not to miss a look or a word from the man of whom he stood in such

abject fear. "I think that is all." said the marquis "Take care of your money; it is the last you will have from me. It is sufficient to start you with every chance in your favor. Go now-and remember."

The man put on his hat and buttoned up his coat. "You've-you've been very good to me guv'nor," he said, huskily. "If I ever forget it, may-" He swore an awful oath, and his face flushed. "You never went back on your word, I know, and I'll stand by mine. If you'd never given me a penny, I'd have kept straight. But now- Won't you shake hands with a poor devil, guv'nor?"

The marquis laughed. "I understand. It's a pledge and a promise? There, then!" and he held out

The man took it, his face working with conflicting emotion, and pressed Then he turned, opened the window, and was gone.

The marquis waited for a moment or

two. listening, as it seemed to Constance, to the man's departing footsteps, then drew the curtains and turned. As he did so and Constance saw his face in the light of the candle he had placed on the table, something approaching actual fear seized upon her, and yet with the terror was mixed a kind of pity. For in that moment or two the expression of the marquis's face had changed from calm self-possession to one of mental agony so eloquent that if

not more clearly have expressed the torture he was evidently undergoing. With bowed head he paced the room for a time, passing so close to her now and gaain that she could hear his labored breath; then he flung himself down on a chair, and covering his face with his hands, remained motionless and ab-

he had uttered a cry of pain it would

sorbed in thought. Constance leaned against the wood work, hidden by the curtains, tremb-

ling in every limb. It was bad enough to have been an unwilling witness of the secret interview, but to remain a spectator of his agony was intolerable. She had almost resolved to emerge from her place of concealment and face him, let the result be what it might, when with a heavy sigh he rose, extinguished the candle, and with a slow and weary step left

Constance, with her heart beating wildly, waited, as it seemed to her, for several minutes, then crept from her hiding-place, and felt her way across

the room and toward the door. In her confusion she lost her sense and memory of the position of the door and she stood for a moment or two pressing her hand to her forehead and trying to realize exactly where she

As she did so, she heard, with a horror indescribable, his returning foot-He was coming back! Why? In an

instant she remembered that he had

left the wet coat lying upon the carpet; doubtless he too had remembered it, and was coming back for it. It was possible that she was at that moment standing directly in his path, and that if he did not strike a light he would touch her. She crouched against a chair and waited, feeling that at any moment her overstrung nerves would give way and that she must shrick aloud. She heard him come in at the deor, and pause as of doubtful for a moment, then he went past hes-

thank Heaven, past her !- toward the She was safe then, she thought. But the next moment her heart seemed to stand still, for she felt him coming toward her. An awful second of time sed, a second that was a century of nized doubt then what she had aded occurred. He touched her.

the chair; and as she did so she felt his hand, strong as steel, upon her arm. For a breathing space he did not speak, then he said with terable calm-

Constance tried to answer, but her lips were dry and hot, and no sound would come from them. He drew her to her feet, and slowly, dragged her into the other room with-

Was he going to kill her? she thought. Still holding her, he felt for the table on which he had placed the candle and matches, struck a light and light-jed the candle, and catching it up, held it before her face. "Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You

n, before she could speak, he sels-

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

HIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their fives. In it Mothers have emothing which is absolutely eafe and practically perfect as a ekild's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria provents vemiting Sour Curd. Dastoria cures Diarrhos and Wind Colic,

Castoria relieves Toothing Troubles.

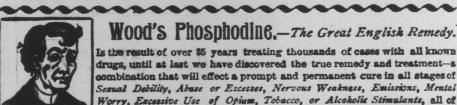
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency. steria neutralizes the effects of carbonic sold gas or poisonous air. Sasteria does not contain morphine, epium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stemach and bowels giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk, Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise

that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Wood's Phosphoding.—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-s combination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of Sexual Debility, Abuse or Ezcesses, 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

Before Taking. Phosphodine has been used successfully by hundreds of cases that seemed smost 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 matter who has given you up as incurable—the remedy is now within you reach, by its use you can be restored to a life of usefulness and happines Price, one package, \$1; six packages, \$5; by mail free of postage.

One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. After Taking. Wood's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion

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.

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.

po an protein fer en mid ou I i of initial

am vor first the the with den of the she it is dree cut of T ffas all to a chown our motors.

FOR FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Undertakers and Cabinet Makers Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUCENT A CO.