very much as if she should like to walk out; but, resisting the inclination, she took off her glove and wrote her name and address.

Then the young lady in charge of the office opened another book, and read in a monotonous voice, which clearly indicated her disgust at the whole busi-

man, music, good English. Must be certificated. Six children. twenty pounds per annum' Will that Poor Constance looked at her unsym-

'Governess: French, Italian, Ger-

pathetic face aghast. "I am afraid not," she said. " I know neither Italian nor German." "No? Then I'm afraid you will be difficult to suit. Almost all of them know German, at any rate," remarked

the young lady. "Oh! here's another. French, English, usual accomplishments. Salary sixteen pounds per "I think that might do." said Con-

stance, her spirits rising somewhat, "Oh and there's something else. 'Must have a good contralto voice and be a good player on the violoncello." Constance's heart sank again.

"That will not do," she said. "I can not play anything excepting the piano." 'No? Well, that's all we've got," said the young lady, with the most profound indifference. "If we should hear of anything we'll let you know. You are not very particular, I suppose?"

No," said Constance, quietly. "Goodmorning"; and she went out again,feeling rather more wretched than before as she joined the throng in front of the

Five minutes after she had left, the old man who had inquired his way of her entered the shop, and asked if he

could engage a governess. The young lady was much more polite this time, there being a great difference between a person who wants a situation and one who has one to fill. The old gentleman examined the list-a lengthy one-very carefully, and took a note of one or two names, especially that of Miss Constance Grahame, paid the halfcrown fee, and departed.

A few minutes afterward he was bowling along in a hansom to Kensington Park Gardens, and alighted at the residence of Mr. Rawson Fenton. The usual crowd was waiting in the hall, but the old gentleman sent his name up and was at once ushered to the great man's

Rawson Fenton was hard at work at his table, and the secretary at his, as if they had never left it, and having got rid of the secretary Rawson Fenton nodded coolly to the detective. "You have lost no time," he said,

quietly enough; but the detective was a keen observer by trade and instinct, and saw his employer's eyes lighten and the clean-cut lips contract.

"No, sir," he said; "and I have been very fortunate. I happened to find the cabman who drove the young lady from the station, and the rest was easy." He placed the scrap of paper bearing Constance's address on the table, and continued his report. "I felt sure she would go out this morning, so I watched the house," he said as he told how he had followed Constance to the registry office. "I recognized her at once; indeed, the young lady is not easily mistaken," he added, significantly,

Rawson Fenton leaned his head on his hand, his acute brain hard at work. Constance was found at last, and was near him. But how to keep her there? He looked up presently as if an idea had occurred to him, and beckoned the

detective to draw his chair nearer as he unfolded his plan. The detective listened intently, nodded respectfully, and after taking a few notes, and quietly remarking that "it was a good plan," took his departure. For some minutes after he had gone

Rawson Fenton paced up and down the room, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming, his whole manner so unlike the cold, constrained, and utterly self-possess one which so impressed every one with whom he was brought into contact, that he seemed scarcely like the same man. Then suddenly he regained his wonted

composure, and settling himself down to work again rang for his secretary, and was once more the hard-headed and impassive man of finance. That afternoon Constance was sitting

by the table with a book before her, the leaves of which, however, she had not turned for over an hour. After she had left the registry office she had walked up one street and down another, scarcely conscious of the people moving round her, her thoughts wandering from the strange things that had happened to her at Brakespeare Castle to the great pro-blem of what she was to do to earn her

Every now and then she found herself wondering what had happened at the castle after she had left. What falsehood had Lady Ruth told the marquis. and had he believed it? Did Arol miss her, and was the marchioness sorry that she had gone?

She was going over it all, recalling the strange scene in the drawing-room. and the marquis's passionate avowal of love, as she sat now with the words of the book dancing before her eyes. It all seemed to have happened so long ago; it was all so mysterious as to seem as in-

While she was trying to put the puzz er, Mrs. Mervyn knocked at the

started, and the pallor and

Grahame," she said, gently.

"Yes, I think I am," admitted Con-Was it well to go out this morning?" said Mrs. Mervyn in a kindly voice. "Well, it was necessary," replied Con-stance, bravely. "I went to look for a situation, but"—and she sighed—"it eems very difficult to get one. People are all so clever now, and do not want a stupid person like myself."

"Is there so much hurry ?" said Mrs. Mervyn in a low voice. Constance flushed. 'Yes, there is," she said ; "I am very

poor. I have so very little money, and She stopped. Mrs. Mervyn's thin hand pleated the

table-cloth nervously. "Don't let that distress you so much, Miss Grahame," she said timidly, her face flushing too. "You are welcome to remain here if it suits you—if you like until you meet with better fortune. I mean-" She stopped, and looked at Constance's face with a gentle, deprecatory smile. "I have had trouble my-

self, and I know what it is." Constance, her eyes full of tears, held "You are very good to me," she said,

falteringly; "but, indeed, I could not. Oh, how can I say it without seeming angrateful? and, believe me, I am not that! But I could not remain unless I paid you. Do you think I could, now?" and she smiled up at her. Mrs. Mervyn's hand pressed Con-

"Yes, I understand," she said in a low voice. "Forgive me for saying what I did; but-but I could not bear to see you looking so unhappy. I--I remembered that I was young once myself." "Why, you are not old now!" said Constance, trying to speak brightly.

Mrs. Mervyn shook her head. "I am worse than old," she said, sim-"But I didn't come in to speak of myself, Miss Grahame, but to try and cheer you."

"And you have done so," responded Constance, gratefully. "I feel twice as brave now. After all, I have scarcely tried to find anything to do yet, and I am not quite shipwrecked. To-morrow I will put an advertisement in the papers, and-" They both started as a double knock sounded at the front door. Mrs. Mervyn was the first to recover

"Perhaps that is good news for you already," she said, nodding encouragingly as she left the room.

Constance, as she bent over her book again, could not repress a sigh at the improbability of the suggestion, and she was considerably startled when Mrs. Mervyn re-entered the room, and said : "At any rate, whether it is good news hame." "For me!" exclaimed Constance. "Oh,

no, surely not!" "But it is. It is an old gentleman of the name of Thompson."

Constance shook her head and stared. "I do not know any one of that name," she said. "It can not be me he wishes to see-unless"-she broke off as she thought of the registry office-"but that seems so impossible.'

"He has asked for you, and by your name," said Mrs Mervyn. "You had better see him, Miss Grahame."

"Very well," said Constance, and she stood up and waited, watching the door with an anxious curiosity which was not diminished when she recognized the old man who had accosted her in the street. He bowed; then, as he peered at her, gave a natural little start. "Dear me," he said," how extraordin-

"Yes," said Constance, too astonished

to offer him a chair. "Now, this is very singular, quite a! little thought when I asked my way of you this morning that we should meet again so soon. But you are waiting to know what has brought me here?" Constance's face assented most elo-

He smiled and rubbed his hands after the manner of good-natured old gentlemen, and taking the chair which Constance now offered him leaned his arms on the table and peered up at her ami-

"My name is Thompson, my dear young lady," he said, "and I have the misfortune to be an enthusiast," Constance began to fear that she was in the company of a funatic, and could

not help glancing at the door.
"Don't be afraid, Miss Grahame," he said, "I am no more mad than most persons who are ridden by an idea. My idea is-botany." "Botany," echoed Constance, helpless-

"Yes, I have spent all my life in the study of that absorbing science, and I am writing what I hope will be a great work on the subject."

As he paused as if he expected her to say something, Constance murmured "Yes. But you don't see, you would say, how this concerns you?" he said,

nodding and smiling. " And yet it's very simple. The fact is, when I spoke to you this morning, my dear young lady, I was inquiring my way to the address of a young person who was to have helped me with my work. But I found that she was engaged, and I was wondering what I should do when I chanced to go into a registry office-' "Oh, I see !" murmured Constance.

"Of course you do!" he exclaimed; and there I found your name and address as that of a young lady who wanted employment. The rest is easy. As I have no time to lose, I ventured to call upon you. Won't you sit down ?" Constance sank into a chair, her color

coming and going. It seemed too good to be true, and her spirits began to rise, then as suddenly hen face was over-"But—but I am afraid you have taken

the trouble for nothing," she said, timidly. "I do not know anything of bet-

A curious smile came into the old gentleman's sharp eyes.

"I shouldn't have come to you if greater truth than Constance suspec 'I mean, that is exactly what I want. I don't want any one who knows or thinks he knows more than I do! Oh, dear, no! We should always be quarreling. What I want is some one, so of intelligence, who will copy out extracts for me, and-and work of that kind. I suppose you could do that?"

"Yes, I think I could do that," replied "Quite so," he said with a nod. "Now. see here," and he dragged a book from a capacious pocket. "Here is a work in tion. You will see that I have mark-

them copied out with a wide space between the lines so that I can write what notes I please between them. Do you

Constance's face brightened. "Yes, I understand now," she said. "Very good; and you can undertake this for me, Miss Grahame? I ought to say that it may prove a long job."

"It can not be too long for me," she said. "I only hope I shall not make any mistake.'

"I am quite sure you will not; and ou can begin at once-to-day, say?" Constance smiled. "I can begin at once," she replied,

"That's right," he said, cheerily. "And now we can come to the important question of the remuneration." Constance flushed and shook her head.

"I don't know anything about that," she said. He eyed her for a moment, and Constance thought he was carefully considering how little he might offer her, whereas it was the other way with him. "Wait-let me see." he said : "I shall keep you working, say-well, probably

three hours a day. Would three pounds a week be enough?"

at her with a faint trace of anxiety. Had written sheets. he offered her too much and so roused her suspicion? But Constance met his gaze frankly.

"It seems a great deal for so little," "Then we are agreed," he said, promptly. "I was afraid you would think it not enough. Very well, then. I've only to leave you the book and-oh, let me see, I will call for the work at the

end of the week." He rose and laid the book on the table. Constance rose too, her face flushed. "And-and you do not want any references?" she said.

He shook his head. "No; why should I? And, if you'll pardon me, my dear young lady, your face is sufficient reference for me. I am a student of human nature as well as of flowers." Constance looked down.
"Oh, let me see, I'd better see your

handwriting," he said. Constance took a sheet of note-paper and wrote her name as distinctly as she could, and handed it to him. He laid it down again with a "Yes, yes," of satisor not, it is some one for you, Miss Gra- faction. "That will do very nicely. The end of the week then. Oh, stay, you will remain here, I suppose; I mean you do not think of leaving for any cause?"

"No-oh, no," replied Constance. "If you should," he said, "please let me know at once. Telegraph if necessary. There is the address," and he took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her.

"And now good-bye, my dear young lady"; and with a smile and a respectful bow, he got himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

Constance stood for a moment or two as if in a dream, staring at the book as ! noss." if she expected to see it rise from the table and vanish into thin air. Then she ran to the door and called to

Mrs. Mervyn, and told her all that had "And now I shall be able to stay ary! The young lady I spoke to this she said. "It is for that reason as much as any other that I am so glad. Do you

know how poor I am-or was, for three pounds a week are riches! I was so poor that I should only have been able to oincidence," he said, genially. "Quite! stay a very, very short time? And now I must go to work at once. I must go and buy paper and pens, and-oh, my brain is in a whirl! She put on her hat and jacket and i mation and inflexibility of purpose.

made her way to Westbourne Grove, purchased some foolscap and other writing materials, and came back all eagerness to begin. She set to work at once, and wrote away, copying the marked passages, and hardly stopping to drink the cup of tea Mrs. Mervyn brought her. She scarcely understood a sentence, as Mr. Thompson had fully counted on, or she would have known that the most elementary botanist could not possibly find

any use for such passages. But she was happy, though her fingers ached and her eyes burned, for was she not keeping that dreadful wolf from the door who, once he enters, devours with-

out merey? At last, after Mrs. Mervyn had been in once or twice begging and imploring her to desist, Constance dropped her pen. It was past midnight and panting for a little fresh air, she went to the window and opened it a few inches. As she did so, a man who had been standing on the pavement opposite, looking up at the ouse, started, and, turning his head aside, walked quickly away.

Constance scarcely noticed him, and she had done so she would not have recognized in the tall figure with its face half concealed by the upturned coat collar that of Rawson Fenton.

On the morrow, directly after breakfast, she was setting to work again, but while she was arranging her papers Mrs. Mervyn came in and laid her hand on her shoulder.

Constance looked up with an expres sion as near impattence as it was pos sible for her to wear. "Not just yet," said Mrs. Mervyn, gently.

"Oh, why not?" exclaimed Constance I must get on, you know," and she The pale-faced woman looked down

sadly on that lovely face with its eager "Not this morning," she said. "You will make yourself ill. You were writing till quite late last night. At this rate you would be worn out in a day or two, and then- You must go out for an hour, at any rate. Will you do as I ask you, to please me. Miss Grahame?'

Constance laid her pen down with a wistful glance at her paper. "Yes, I will," she said. "I would do a great deal more than that to please you, who have been so kind to me. Mrs. Mervyn, though I am not in the least

"Not yet, perhaps," said the wiser woman, significantly. "Go into the park and take a good walk, and when you come back you will be fresh, and will be able to work twice as well Constance knew that it was good adrice, though she followed It reluctantly

A great many people were in the park and she paused now and again in her

She thrust the question from ner as firmly as she could, and, timing herself exactly, got back to Mrs. Mervyn's at the end of the prescribed hour, and fell

Constance walked through some of the large thoroughfares and looked at the thops; but her mind was fixed upon the past, as it always was, excepting when she was at work. And so it came to pass, as it always does, that she flew to the work as a positive relief ; but even while she was writing, the face of the marquis would sometimes rise between her and the printed page, and she would hear the echo of his deep musical voice. And at times a strange sadness fell upon her; a yearning so vague and shadowy that she could not analyze it. But It was dangerously like an intense long-

ing to see that face and hear that voice It was a lonely life! Day after day passed with scarcely a break in the work, excepting that of a walk in the park or a talk with Mrs. Mervyn. She read a little, but the books seemed vapid and tame beside her own experience. She began to feel a craving for something, she knew not what : she thought of Arol, and longed with an intensity of longing beyond all words for the sight of his face, the sound of his loving prattle. The loneliness was telling upon her, as Rawson Fenton had calculated it It seemed a great deal too much to would. She was paler and thinner, and Constance, even though she did not there was gradually creeping into the know that such work would be well paid lovely eyes, like a shadow, an expression for, as the market goes, by half the of sadness and apathy. The end of the week came, and the results of her toil Mr. Thompson, the detective, looked were apparent in the pile of carefully

"I almost think I have earned my three pounds !" she said to Mrs. Mervyn as she showed her the heap of paper. Mrs. Mervyn smiled sadly.

'Thirty!" she said in her subdued "You have been working too hard. I knew you would.' "No no." said Constance, eagerly, "I wanted to show Mr. Thompson how much I could do. I do hope he will come

away with an impatient sigh. The morning passed. She would not go out, in case her employer should ar- as now his face grew set and determinrive during her absence ; and all the afternoon she sat and waited. Had he forgotten the day, or had she

to-day. If he should not-" She turned

misunderstood him? Mrs. Mervyn brought her up a cup of tea as the evening closed in, but Con- to me when I tell you that through all stance could scarcely find voice in which | the time we have been seperated I have to thank her; and when, after a few words of encouragement, she left the room, Constance paced up and down, feeling utterly dispirited and sick at

Suddenly she heard a knock at the door, and hurriedly getting her papers tegether, she stood and waited, her heart beating fast with the reaction of | ten to me, Constance. Be my wife, and Mrs. Mervyn came in.

"A gentleman-" she began, but Constance interrupted her. 'Oh, let him come up, please. I am so glad !"

"But it is not Mr. Thompson." Mrs. Mervyn, doubtfully. "Then it must be some one from him." exclaimed Constance after a moment's sinking of the heart. "Did he say?

Did he give you his name ?" "No," replied Mrs. Mervyn. "He only said he wished to see you on busi-

"Then he is from Mr. Thompson,' said Constance, eagerly. "Please send him up. Mrs. Mervyn went down again: a

moment or two passed, and the door looked up, then started back with a low cry, for there stood

For a space in which one could count twenty they stood regarding each other in silence; Constance pale and openeyed with astonishment, he with the look in his face which she remembered so well; the expression of quiet determ-

"Mr. Fenton!" she said at last. He closed the door and came toward her, a certain suppressed eagerness in his eyes and manner.

"Yes, it is I," he said; and his voice, for all its studied calmness, had an undercurrent of excitement. "You are surprised, Constance? You are notsorry to see me? You will not say that ?" "I-I am surprised," she said, and her

voice trembled. "I did not expect-I thought it was some one else.' She did not ask him to sit down, and he stood leaving his hand upon the table which separated them, his dark eyes fixed on her face with a strange mixture

of scrutiny and entreaty. "I have alarmed you," he said after a moment's pause. "I ought to have sent my name up. But I thought-well, I feared you would not see me."

"Why should I refuse to see you she said, with a gentle dignity which called up before him, as if in a flash of light, the old time, the last time in which he had heard her voice; the time when he had knelt to her-and then threaten-"I did not know," he said. "I was

afraid. And I could not risk it. I wanted to see you too badly." Constance looked at him, her self-pos session coming back to her gradually. "How did you know that I was here,

Mr. Fenton ?" she asked, and she tried to put the question indifferently. Another man would have told a glib falsehood, but Rawson Fenton was too clever, and he knew Constance too well to be guilty of an unnecessary lie.

"A person I employ traced you here," he said, quietly. The blood rushed to Constance's face making her ten times more beautiful in his eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Do not be angry. The great object of my life since I came to England has been to find you." "To find me ?" said Constance He inclined his head, never taking his

"Yes, I tried all means. I search for you myself, but without avail. The I sought the aid of a detective. I would have moved heaven and earth, would have adopted any means to find you You, who know me, can understand

"You do not ask me why. But I have ome here this evening to tell you. Constance, have you forgotten the past?"
"No, Mr. Fenton," she replied, quietly, but with an emphasis on his name to rebuke him for addressing her by her

has changed, my heart remains the same. Now as then, Constance, I love you. It is this that I have come here te-

"You are rich?" she said in a low

no trace of vaunting in his earnest "There are few men, even in this London, richer than I am."
"Then," she said, flashing upon his

"then my father," her voice broke slightly, "was not deceived, and you have grown rich on the secret for which gave his reason and life!"

He did not flinch for an instant. "You mean the secret of the jaspe rcck," he said, quietly, almost sadly, "You forget that, if secret there was it lived only and died with him. You wrong me. Constance. I left the but mediately after you. I was carried away by the rangers. Had I stayed and known the discovery your father fancied he had made, I should not have robbed him or you. The place was

He spoke quietly, with an air and tone of patiently-borne injury that almost ched Constance.

"Do you doubt me?" he said. "It was mine from the beginning. I have the deeds-you shall see them-"

She put out her hand. 'It does not matter." she said. "No," he responded, calmly. "But do not wrong me by so unjust a suspicion. What ! I rob you, for whom I would lay down my life! of whom I have thought day and night for all this long and weary time! Ah, Constance, do not treat me so coldly. Surely, surely, such devotion, such faithfulness as mine, deserves better treatment. I come to you with the same love, as true and passionate as ever, and lay it at

your feet." He moved nearer to her, and stretch ed out his hand as he spoke, his passion breaking down, or rather breaking through, his artificial calm, his face wale

and working, his lips trembling. Constance shrank back as she had shrunk from him in the hut, and then

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he said, huskily. "Does the constant love I bear you count as nothing with you? Won't you say one kind word thought of no other woman than you, that I have worked with no other object than that of gaining a fortune worthy of your acceptance? If my success has been sweet, it has only been because of the hope—the hope that never left me and that nerved and strengthened methat you would consent to share it. Lis-I will place you in a position which any woman might envy. There is no desire you can form that I will not gratify. Wealth I possess already, rank is within my reach. Give me but your love to encourage me, and I will not rest until I have gained a coronet for you! Ah, Constance, don't turn from me! There are many better men, I know, but the best, the highest, could not love you more dearly, more truly,

more devotedly than I do !" He stopped at last, breathing hard. his eager eyes fixed on her face as if heart and turn it toward him.

Constance, pale, white to the lips stood with one hand pressed against her breast, the other grasping the back of a chair. No woman could listen to such a passionate torrent, such an outpouring of a man's heart, unmoved; but the hot, passionate words only made her shrink from him with deeper re-

" I-I will not listen to any more," she said at last, her voice coming with difficulty. "As I told you long, long ago, I-I-Mp. Fenton, if you have any regard for me, if you have any pity for me, please leave me!" He stood and looked at her. his

breath coming and going heavily. "Do you realize all that is meant by your rejection ?" he said in a low voice. If you were a queen you could not dismiss me more heartlessly, more scornfully-"

"No, no," she said; "not seornfully." "But yes," he retorted. "I am no hoaster, but if I had begged the hand of one of the noblest in the kingdom I might not have been refused."

"Ah, why then do you come to me?" she said, with a weary impatience. "Because I love you and can love no other woman," he responded, passionately. "Do you think I have not tried to crush my love for you out of my heart, that I have not fought hard against it, and tried to forget you? Yes, I have struggled as few men have struggled, but all in vain. You are necessary to my happiness. Life without you is not worth living, and I cannot, will not give up all hope of winning

His voice grew hoarse, and he swept his hand with a passionate gesture across his brow. Think what you are refusing, Con-

stance," he said. "You are a woman now, not an inexperienced girl. You have seen something of life, of its trials and misfortunes. It has been a hard life for you till now. Come to me, be my wife, and I will make it all happiness for you. There is nothing you can ask that I will not give you."

He looked round the room "Think! In exchange for this pover ty and squator I offer you a place among the best and highest-

Constance raised her head. "You say you know me, and you ask me to-sell myself," she said, in a low voice of indignation. "Do not say another word. Even if I were as mertry as you think me, I am not yet and instinctively, perhaps usly, her glance fell upon the pile of paper she had covered so la-Me looked for a moment as if he did lot comprehend, then a smile crossed

Startled by the significance of his tone, he looked at him with a vague sense of "You treat my offer with scorn be-

low little you know of the hard world you think it so easy to easy the right "I—I don't understand," she faltered.
"No?" he said, drawing a little nearer,
with the same smile of pity and conclous power. "You never suspected
by ruse?"

He pointed to the papers.
She looked from them to him.
"What—what do you mean?" she

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