as you do, Arol. But I'm not going ion a little while, dear.' "Say a long while," said the march-

ioness, softly. Constance made no response. It would be time enough to announce her intended departure when she had quite made up her mind where to go.

A few minutes afterward the marquis came into the room. He dropped in several times a day, and sat on the end of the bed, generally talking to Arol the whole of the time, and only occasionally addressing a remark to Constance. But every now and then his eyes wandered to her, and dwelt upon the sweet and lovely face with an earn-

est intentness. A few days before this he had brought a bunch of flowers in his hand-he never came without something for Arol, and the room got quite inconveniently full of toys. It was a beautiful bouquet, and Constance, as she arranged the blossoms in a vase, could not repress a

few exclamations of delight. The next morning and every succeeding day a similar bunch appeared on the table of her own sitting-room.

She did not ask the maid whence they came, nor did she thank him; but she spent what little leisure she had in arranging them, and they stood beside her bed, where she could see them when she woke : she was very fond of flow-This afternoon, as he leaned agains

the back of the bed talking to Arol, Constance stole a glance at him, and she noticed, and not for the first time, an alteration in him.

There had been a certain recklessness in his voice and manner when he had first arrived that eventful night; it had in the picture gallery. It seemed to her as if he had passed under the spell of some softening influence. Perhans Arol's illness and danger had produced the change? To her he appeared handsomer than ever, and his voice, always elequent of a strong man's tenderness. when he spoke to the child, sounded more full of music than of old.

"Well, Arol," he said, "coming for a ride this afternoon ?" "I wish I could ?" said Arol, with a

sigh. "I'm getting awfully tired of ly-

"That sounds rather ungrateful, you young monkey," said the marquis, half glancing at Constance, who had drawn away from the bed and almost behind the curtains, as she always did when he

was present. 'You know I don't mean that, don't you, Constance, dear?" said Arol, putting out his thin hand, and feeling for hers. "When I go out Constance will go with me, or else I won't go."

"Spoken like a Briton!" said the marquis, approvingly. "I'm sure you have plenty of company." "Yes. Where's Lord Elliot, Uncle

Wolfe ?" he saked. It was the first time Constance had heard his name mentioned since her

"Oh, he's away, still scouring the continent, I suppose. He's have been back if he had known you wanted him, but you see he doesn't even know you have been ill. Anything you fancy today, my lord ?" "I should like a chop," said Arol,

promptly. The marquis laughed shortly. "You'll be clamoring for a whole sheep

presently. May he have a chop, Miss Constance shook her head as she caressed the tiny hand. "Not till to-mor-

row, my lord," she replied. 'We are getting on," he said. "Well, I've brought another visitor, Arol. What do you say to this ?" and he put his hand in the pocket of his loose Norfolk jacket and brought out a guinea-

Constance started, and Arol uttered a feeble yell of delight. "Boys always crave for a live pet,"

said the marquis almost apologetically to Constance. "Give him to me! Oh, what a dear little thing! May I keep him, Con-

stance? Oh, I hope I may. What funny little eyes. Isn't Uncle Wolfe kind, Constance ?" "I'm having a cage made for him, and you must keep him on the balcony. I thought of bringing the pony up, but I

was afraid Miss Grahame wouldn't per-"It's a beauty !" exclaimed Arol. "You take him and look at him, Constance. He won't bite, will he, Uucle Wolfe?" "Well, the man at Berrington, where I got him, took his affidavit to that ef-

fect; but don't squeeze him too death. Give him to me.' He took the guinea-pig and placed it in the hands which Constance held out smilingly, and with all a girl's love for animals she pressed it up against her

"Take care," he said, with an anxiety out of all proportion to the occas-ion. "It might bite, especially as it is rather strange and probably frighten-

exclaimed Arol.

He had scarcely spoken when Constance uttered a little cry and then with a laugh whipped her hand behind marquis sprang up and went

"The little beast has bitten you!" he id. "Let me see."
She still held her hand behind her.

cothing. I don't think it has m mark even, but"—and she laughed again, "it startled me rather."
"Let me see," he said, peremptorily, and he took hold of her arm.

Deeming it better to comply than to make a fuss, Constance held out her He took it and held it in his, examining it closely.

"We shall want Arol's microscope, she said, feeling the blood mount to her face. "There is not even a mark." "Yes there is," he said. "See here," and he held up one taper finger. "The

little brute. Give him to me, please." "No, no," said Constance. "He will not do it again, and it is nothing"; and she tried to draw her hand away, but still he held it, looking down at it with tightly compressed lips and a look of

self-denial in his dark eyes. "Let me see," exclaimed Arol, leaning on his elbow and stretching forward at the risk of tumbling out of bed. Constance got her hand away from

he firm grasp, and extended it to Arol, the color still in her face and her heart beating quickly. "There, satisfy yourself and let the

iggy go scot-free," she said, laughing; but there was a nervous ring in that laugh. Arol took the hand as the marquis

had done. "Oh. I see !" he said. "I'm so sorry. Does it hurt much ?" "Not the very least. I don't know which finger it is now," she answered,

"I'll kiss it and make it quite well. Constance, dear," he said; and he raised her hand and lovingly kissed the

finger two or three times. "I think you ought to kiss it too, Uncle Wolfe," he said with a grave nod, "You brought the guinea-pig." Constance's face burned like a flame,

and her eyes fell. A flush rose to the marquis's face, and he looked at her for a moment with an indescribable expression

"Too many doctors might do the patient more harm than good, Arol," he said, smiling constrainedly. "Give me the animal, Miss Grahame, and I'll see about his cage."

Constance held out the guinea-pig. and in taking it his hands touched hers and seemed to linger for a moment caressingly; then he got up, and with a nod to Arol left the room.

Constance, burning still and quivering shrunk back in the friendly shadow of the curtain out of the reach of Arol's sharp eyes. Neither by word nor look had the marquis sought to remind her since her return of the scene in the drawing-room on the night before her departure; but the scene, his words, every expression his face had worn then were ever rising before her, and never had they risen more distinctly than at this moment. The touch of his hand, the look in his eyes as he had bent over her just now, were the same touch, the same look as those with which he had touched and looked at her on that night.

Ah, she thought, with a sigh, it was all vanished now, and in its place was | Arol would be well enough to leave in a gravity and a thoughtfulness which a day or two, and then she would go. made him look, in expression, at any Lady Ruth should not return and find world to me. Dearest," he made a muher there, and, finding her still there, sic of the word that rang in every chord So she resolved with an aching heart. and the color soon vanished and left her pale-so pale that when the machioness came in presently she noticed

> "My dear," she said, gently but firmly, "you are looking tired and pale. Welfe" -she often dropped his title when speaking to Constance, as if she were one of the family—"Wolfe is right, I am afraid, and we have been cruelly selfish. He was quite angry this morning, and said that he was sure you would be

> Constance, pale no longer, shook her head. "I am quite, quite well, Lady Brakespeare," she said. The marchioness put her hand upon

> her shoulder. "Now, my dear, be a good girl and do as I ask you, unless you want me to get into trouble with Lord Wolfe. You have never seen him angry, but he can bevery--when he is thwarted too much. You smile ?" for Constance had smiled. "Ah, you don't know him. He has been so changed since he came back, so good and gentle with us all. But I don't want to see him angry, and so for my sake, if not for your own, go out for a little while. Go on to the terrace if you will not go any further. Why, what can happen to the dear child while you arc away? And see, if I want you I can call you from the hall window."

Constance still hesitated. "Do go, now; it is beautiful out. And then when Lord Wolfe comes back I can tell him you have been out."

Constance rose, though still reluctantly. She had intended remaining upstairs until the hour of her departure. "Put on a shawl or something over your shoulders, my dear," said the

marchioness, as Constance re-entered with her hat on. "Stay! take mine. It is a thick, warm one, and I shall not want it in here;" and she took it off and wrapped it round Constance. "I'll bring you some flowers, Arol," she said, nodding at him.

"Bring some roses on your cheeks, my dear," said the old lady.

Constance went down the great stairs. The sun was sinking in the west, and ouring a crimson stream of light upon the lawn and flower-beds, and warming with a rose tint the marble balustrade.

Constance walked slowly up and down for a few minutes, drinking in the air and the beauty of the scene. How familiar it had grown, and how lovable! It would be harder to leave it now even than it had been before. for she had been treated more as a guest and a relative than as a dependent. and Arol had twined himself more closely than ever about her heart. With a feeling of sadness and mel-

ancholy, she leaned upon the balustrade, and, nestling her head upon her hand, coked dreamily across the lawn, so ost in thought that she did not hear a step near her until it was close bebind her. Then she turned her head with a little start and saw the marquis. "This is a glad sight," he said, com-

ng and standing beside her-She thought he meant the sunset, but looking up at him, saw that his eyes were fixed on her, and she turned her

ing upon your coming down-sairs and into the garden. Did you think we had "Oh, no, my lord," she said, with a

smile; "but I did not want to come. How beautiful it is! I—I must go back now."
"Because I have come?" he said, in a
low voice. "An. Constance, why do you She could not turn and leave him, for that would have been assenting to his

speech. "I-do not avoid you, my lord." "Yes," he said, slowly, and as if he mere trying to master his emotion and peak quite quietly and naturally, "yes ou do. Do you think I do not know and feel it? When I come into the room you shrink behind that curtain. You avoid any conversation with me. Once or twice you have got up and left the room that you might not be forced

to speak to me. Constance tried to speak now, but the could not. "Are you so afraid of me, or that you—dislike me ?"

Constance's heart beat painfully. "My lord-" she faltered. "Is it that you have not forgiven me fer the words I spoke that night in the drawing-room? Have they made you

distrust-hate me ?" He had drawn nearer to her, and laid his clinched hand on the balustrade, his race pale and almost haggard in its intensity, his voice deep and anxious, and thrilling her through and through with its suppressed emotion.

"Constance, this cannot go on. I cannot endure it any longer. For days past I have been trying to find courage to get away from the place, but I cannot while you are here; and I feel. I know, that if you were to go I must follow. Yes, for I cannot live without you! Do you hear me, Constance ?"

He put his hand upon hers, and imprisoned it, throbbing and quivering. 'I cannot live without you. Dearest, dearest, I love you better with each succeeding day. I count the hours that creep along till I shall see you next. The few minutes I spend with you are the only happy ones in my day. Ah. Constance. I thought I could give you up, but"-he drew a long breath-"I cannot! You are to me as the very breath I draw. Why, dearest, think of it! You know I loved you, and to see you there, an angel of mercy and succor, beside that child's bed-to see your sweet face with its loving smile day after day, how could it be otherwise than that my love should grow? Constance, if I had not already loved you I should love you now."

Constance hid her face in her hands and listened. No word could have left her lips if her life had depended on it. "And now the moment has come when must cast the die. Ah. dearest, if you knew how great the stake is to me! ed between us that night I told you of my love ?"

Her silence answered him. "I held you in my arms then, I had spoken the words that showed you my heart, and yet I-I let you go without an answer. Ah, if you knew what it

cost me !" He drew a long breath, and his hand tightened on hers. "I thought I was strong enough to

let you go. I am not now. My love has made me weak-yes, weak! Constance, I am going to trust you, I am well that she should go quickly now ! | going to try you. Listen, dearest, for | Brakespeare." Her eyes grew moist. let your answer be what it will, you will always be the dearest woman in the too good for my deserts, I had won your love, would you, could you trust me Knowing nothing of the past, the past that hangs over me like a shadow, a shadow that never leaves me, though in the sunlight of your presence it sometimes almost fades away and is lostknowing nothing of this, would you be content to ask nothing respecting it, to remain in ignorance ?" He paused a moment, and she listen-

ed still in silence. "The shadow may grow into a cloud you will give me your love I will pray that it may never do so. But the dark chance is there; it may fall and crush me, and you with me. Will you risk the chance? Will you take my hand, still in ignorance of what the shadow may be, and be my wife? Only a noblehearted woman whose love was as large but I think you the noblest woman on earth. Do you love me-can you love 'Yes' or 'No.' If it be 'No' I will bear"it. Even now, in this moment when I long to press you to my heart, to call you my very own, my wife, conscience stirs within me and tortures me. Oh, my dearest, my dearest! My fate, your own, is in your hands. Which s it to be? Am I to lose you and every hope of happiness, or will you come to

A moment passed, a moment in which Constance felt as if he must hear the beating of her heart as it seemed to ery, "I love you! I love you!" then she turned and leaned a little toward

He took her in his arms with a low cry, and kissed her hair, her lips, with a profound yet tender passion. "Oh, my love, my love, my dearest What shall I say to you ?"

CHAPTER XVII.

When Love speaks, all else, even Reason, is dumb. Constance, with his arms round her, with her hand upon his breast, was not in a condition to think or argue. In the stillness of the gloaming her soul was wrapped in infinite joy and peace. The love which comes but once in a life, the perfect unreasoning love which compensates poor humanity for all its suffering on this terrestrial globe, had come to her, and she simply accepted it.

"What shall I say to you?" he had And then followed a silence in which neart spoke to heart that divinest of all inguages; so old and yet so perpetually new, so new that it comes as a revel-

ation to every man and maid of us. A bird flitted down on the lawn at their feet, and trilled the last evening note; the scent of the flowers floated ound and about them; the tinkle of he sheep-bells came across the still-All nature seemed in sympathy and harmony with those two who had found the great elixir of life—divine and

Constance was the first to speak "I must go now," she murmured, rais ing her head.
"Not yet," he said, in tones that made

music in her heart; "not yet. May I not have you for a little longer after waiting so long?" "So long!" she returned with a smile nd a blush ; "so short-a time!"

'It has been years to me, dearest," h id, simply. "Even now I can scarcely ieve that it is true. Tell me on

his treasure, on the clear oval face, the deep blue eyes, the long lashes, and the dark silky hair. Woman's beauty is alvays a wonder and a marvel, but it is ever more so, never more worthy of

orship, than it is to the man who has just won it all for himself. T'-she answered, dreamily-"I do not know. Did I love you, do you think .

-I mean from the first ?" "If there is any truth in love creating ove, I think you ought to have done," he said. "The first night I came ou knocked at the door of my heart, and I let you in, without knowing it perhaps, without foreseeing that you would oust everything else and take up tole possession. My darling, how happy you have made me! Do you know, and his voice grew grave, "this is the first time I have ever been really happy

n my life ?" "Have you been so unhappy?" And er hand stole up to his breast and nestled inside his coat next his heart. He held it there as he answered.

"Yes, Constance, very. But we won't ay anything more about the past. The uture is all our care. I am going to be happy, and, please God, make you so too. How glad my mother will be !" he added, after a pause.

Constance startled, and looked up at him as if his words had awakened her from her dream. "Your mother-the marchioness! Oh, had forgotten !" and she drew a long

"Forgotten what ?" he asked, holding er tightly, for she had unconsciously drawn a little away from him. "Forgotten the difference between us, my lord," she said in a low voice.

"The difference, my lady ?" he retorted, smiling down at her. "My name is Wolfe, if you please, Constance.' Her face grew rose tint. "Do you think she will be glad,

Wolfe ?" she murmured, her brows coming together. "Why should she be? Will she not think that I am all unworthy? Oh, yes! I-I did not think of it until you spoke. Why did I not ?" She tried to draw away from him, but he held her too tightly.

"What was it you did not think of? he asked, gently and tenderly. "I forgot everything when you told me

"I loved you ?" "Yes," she assented, with a little sigh. and a movement of her hand that lay against his heart. "I forgot what you were, and what I am. Ah, what will she think ? Glad ! She will be sorry that I ever came here. She will know that Constance, do you remember what pass- it is not one like me you ought to have chosen for your wife."

"Indeed!" he said, with loving mockery. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me the kind of person I ought to have asked. I am always willing to learn from superior wisdom."

"Ah, don't laugh at me," she said looking up at him with trouble in her eyes and on her lips. "You know what I nean. You know what I am. Just nothing-nothing. And you are an English nobleman. I am the penniless daughter of a country doctor. That's not the person you ought to marry, Lord "That is your opion, Miss Grahame,"

he said, still smiling. "Yes, you ought to marry-and she, of your own class, not a poor nobody. "Thank you." he said. "Doesn't it strike you, if you consider it for a moment, that it would be rather a heavy penalty for being a nobleman, to use your phrase, if a man were not to be permitted to marry whom he pleased?" Constance shook her head slowly.

'That is no argument," she said, sadly. "Everybody will say that you have done foolishly, that you-you will regret it: that I ought to have said 'No' in common honesty. Ah, is it too late ?" "Just by about fifteen minutes." he that may fall and overwhelm me. If said, still smiling, but very gravely. "I must go now. Have you forgotten

"Constance, this is not like you. You who are so proud-' "That's just why," she murmured, piteously. "If I weren't, I shouldn't

"Then you'll have to put your pride in your pocket, young lady," he retorted. "Granted that I ought to have marand deep as her courage could do this, ried-who was it, the imperial princess? -you see, I preferred you. And as all my life I have been accustomed to havme well enough for such an ordeal? ing my own way, I'm afraid it's too late Speak to me, Constance. Tell me to expect me to choose a wife to please other people. Why, Constance, what has come to you? You to decry yourself! You so proud and- My child, you do yourself an injustice. Don't you know that you are as like a princess as you can be, barring the coronet? Don't you know that the Marquis of Brakespeare will have the queenliest of wives among the daughters of men? Don't you ever look in the glass, little one? Has no one told you how beautiful and distinguished you are ?" And he laughed a laugh of perfect happiness

and contentment. Constance nestled a little closer to him, finding it hard not to lift her face to his and give him the kiss that trembled wistfully on her lips. He smoothed the hair from her fore-

head and kissed it lovingly, holding her face in his hands. "Do you think that I am the only nobleman' who is 'dying to make you

his wife'?" And he smiled down at her banteringly. "What do you mean?" she asked, knitting her brows.

He laughed shortly. "Oh, how blind those beautiful eyes are," he retorted, "not to have seen that poor Elliot is dying for love of "Lord Elliot!" exclaimed Constance,

drawing back, her face scarlet. He nodded, still smiling. 'Yes, poor Elliot! And you never saw it. Oh, poor Elliot !" "No, no," she murmured amazedly.

'Oh, it is not true !" "It is perfectly true, dearest," he said. Why, you silly girl, it was patent to the least observant of mortals. He could not look at you, speak to you, without proclaiming it. Shall I tell you how ealous I was ?"

"Ah, no, no," she said, with a troubled look, her face still burning. "It was only fancy! He-he never spoke to me, never said anything-" "Love has many languages, dearest. Do you want a man to knock you down with a direct 'I love you, madame,' be-

ore you learn the state of his heart. The tears gathered in her eyes. "Ah, forgive me!" he said, penitently.
"My triumph and happiness have made
me hard-hearted. Don't look so unhappy, dearest. He is not the first man se eyes, that face of yours, that gen-

tle heart, has conquered."
Constance's face grew suddenly pale,
and she trembled, for his words had er so passionately, the history of her ast. And yet how hard it was that ow, in this moment of exquisite hapHe, watching her face, and reading it by the light love lends, saw the coming

"Wolfe," she whispered, drawing a little closer to him; "you do not know, you don't ask me anything about my past life, my history-" She felt his hand tighten round her

ed. "What is it you want to tell me? Stop a moment, dearest. I am so happy my happiness makes me a coward. Are you going to tell me that I am not the first man you have loved-that there was some one before me ?" His brows darkened apprehensively.

Her face grew warm with a flush of "No!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. "There is no one, there has never

been any one but you-Wolfe!" He pressed her to him, and kissed her with passionate relief.

"My angel !" he said, his voice quivering with emotion. "What else do I care about! Constance, don't tell me anything more. The past! Great Heaven we have buried it ! Don't you see, dearest," and his voice grew grave, "if you were to tell me I should have to tell you, and—" He stopped, and his face darkened again. "Ah, let it all go, my love ! Some day, say, when we have been married twenty years, and we feel particularly happy and confiding, we will exchange experiences. Till then let this suffice : that you and I love each other. and that we have neither of us lived

until to-day !" What could she say or do but cling to him with the infinite devotion, with the infinite abandon of love.

"But let us have no more of this nonsense about rank and all that," he said, after a pause. "You are worthy of a better man than I am, let my rank be what it may; and my mother will be the first to acknowledge that; as for any one else-whom were you thinking of dearest, by the way ?"

"Lady Ruth for one," was on Constance's lips, but she remained silent. "All the world will envy me, you silly child," he said with a laugh-" including poor Elliot."

"Ah, that is not true; it is a mistake. Lord Elliot-oh, Wolfe, I should be so unhappy if I could believe what you

"All right," he said, with the cheerfulness of the man who wins. "I'm sorry I spoke of it. But it's true. Why, dearest, he fled the place because he cculd not endure it after you had gone. But we won't say any more about it. Elliot is the best fellow in the worldyou ought to have chosen him, you foolish young woman !-- and he will bear me no ill will !"

"Oh, no, no !" she murmured. "Not he! And we'll find a nice wife for him, Constance. He'd marry any woman you asked him to. But I can't talk about even dear old Elliot to-day. I am too full of my own happiness. Constance, how soon will you marry me?" he asked in her ear.

Constance drew back with a look of "Marry you?" she panted, her face

He looked down at her with loving

mcckery. That idea hasn't occurred to you perhaps ?" "Oh, no, no," she said, falteringly.

Not for-for a long, long time." "Oh, thank you; that's rather indefinite. Shall we say this day month?" "This day two years !" she answered, almost inaudibly.

"In-deed; and how am I to continue

to live all that time, if you please? Will you say this day six weeks ?" "I will say nothing," she responded. except that I have stayed too long." and, suddenly darting back her head. dear Arol ?"

"I have forgotten everything; I am perfectly willing to forget everything but the dearest girl in all the world !" he said, passionately. "Give me one kiss of your own free will before you go, if you must go, Constance." She stood for a moment motionless,

then raised herself on tiptoe and laid

her lips on his. The next moment she had broken from him, and flitted swiftly along the terrace and in at the win-She ran to her own room, and as she stood before the glass, smoothing the hair which his kisses and caresses had ruffled, she looked at the face reflected there, and it seemed to her almost as that of a stranger. What had come to it? Was it really beautiful? She had never thought of it before, never asked herself the question. If it was beauti-

ful his love had made it so, as it had transformed her whole being. Before her stretched the wide expanse of lawn and park; for miles beyond she knew the lands of Brakespeare extended. Rank, position, immense wealth would all be hers as the wife of the marquis, as the future Marchioness of Brakespeare; but she did not give one thought to the worldly side of the mat-

Love, infinite love for him filled her heart, and if he had been one of the laborers about the place, her joy, her unspeakable joy and happiness, would have been the same.

She bathed her face, still flushed with his kisses, and went back to the sick-

Arol looked up as she entered, and his face brightened, and at the sight of his smile she thought with ineffable delight that now she need not leave him. "How long you have been, Constance dear." he said.

pressed him to her heart, which seemed overflowing with love. "Have I, dear ?" she murmured. "Yes; but I don't mind," he said, looking at her and touching her cheek; "for you have brought the roses back with you, as grandma told you. How

Constance took him in her arms and

beautiful you look, dear! And so—se happy!" he added, as if puzzled. "I am happy, Arol," she responded, drawing his head to her bosom and kissing him; "happier than I can tell you."
"How pleased Uncle Wolfe will be," he remarked, naively. Constance's face crimson

"Uncle Wolfe always notices your face so," he went on. "I heard him Hing grandma that he knew what you were going to say even before you open-

ed your lips."

"That's because Uncle Wolfe is so elever," said Constance, hiding her face against his.

"No, that's not it. It's because he likes you so much, I think. Don't you think so, grandma?" he asked the marioness, who came into the ro ent. "Don't you think Uncle Wolfe

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

OTHERS, Do You Know that Paregorie, 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

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 its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher 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?

De You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35

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.

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-a ombination that will effect a prompt and permanent cure in all stages of Sexual Debility, Abuse or Excesses, 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

simost 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 estored to manly vigor and health-Reader you need not despair-no mat ter 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. Wood's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion. ······

This is about the season of the year that we generally have the pleasure of informing our friends of the arrival of good, pure, reliable fresh Seeds of all kinds; also some very fine Dutch Setts.

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist.

## J. P. RYLEY.

Opposite Kennedy, Davis & Son's Lumber Yard. Frame, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Turnings, etc., etc.

LINDSAY.

Call and inspect work, and get prices before you buy elsewhere.

Satisfaction guaranteed. J. P. RYLEY.

Telephone 122.

## FOR leap FURNITURE

ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co.

KENT STREET, LINDSAY. Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it. ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

Wash timelier than th mage t was Ps ators 1 makers of the among did, acc his sen on ear wisdom stand i reichsta By the down. prefere. advanc best to ought in eve verely riated, Our pu to be tain en ed but tices an ture

States whole is sim By public sented the pur might agains of de; gard center with

I do n

which bodies importa past be represe. not be finds it the livi ing a h But b drop an there a to be they m cibly t been i our con a churc things, confere amend has bee Almigh is made good n

please oversi that fa cleared docume good m until he ed out I have confirm

dying take than hi The of who more the article that Et sort of Presbyt he struc swore of meeting that. It his described for and are cent me