

air, my dear," she said, as Constance gave her her shawl; " Wolfe will be pleased when he comes back. He has been so anxious about you."

Constance sat with downcast eyes and blushing face. "Don't you think you could come

down to dinner to-day ?" "Oh, no," said Constance; "I-I

would rather not." "What's that she would rather not ?" said the deep, musical voice of the mar-

"You startled me, Wolfe," said his mother. "I was just saying that Miss Grahame might stretch a point and come down to dinner with us to-day. But she says she will not. Really, there is no reason why she should not; Arol is quite well enough to be left. Ask her,

"I'll do more-command her," he said: and he went round to where she sat behind the curtains, and put his arm round her. "Stand up," he said, "and say that you are ready to obey your future husband, Constance." Constance, growing pale, would have

shrunk back, but his strong arm was round her and supported her. The marchioness looked at them speechlessly; Arol's eyes dilated with

wonder and a dawning delight. "Mother," said the marquis, very gently, "here is my future wife and your daughter. What do you say to

The marchioness turned pale, and stood for a moment overwhelmed with surprise : then she held out her arms to

Constance. "Oh, my dear," she said, brokenly, "ccme to me !"

The marquis led Constance to her. The marchioness laid her trembling hands on Constance's head. God bless you, my dear, and make

you both happy !" she murmured. constance took her hands in hers and kissed them, but the old lady drew her up to her bosom and embraced her lov-

"And I never thought of it !" she said, with a smile : "I had no idea." "You thought that you and Arol were the only sensible people in the house,

eh, mother ?" said the marquis, looking on with happiness beaming in his dark eyes. "Did you think I had no heart or that I was invulnerable?" "I-I never thought of if at all !" res-

ponded the marchioness; "and yet, sometimes- But-oh, my dear, I am so glad, so happy !" What are you all doing and talking

about ?" exclaimed Arol, with not unnatural impatience. "Why are you so happy? What are you kissing Constance for, grandma? What's she been "Something very foolish, my boy."

said the marquis. "What do you say to having a new aunt. Arol ?" Arol stared; then he uttered a shrill cry of delight.

'Do you mean that you are going to marry Constance, Uncle Wolfe ?" he ex-"You have guessed it at once, my

"Oh I'm so glad ! so very, very glad !" he cried; "though," and his face fell for a moment, "I always thought I

should like to marry her myself." Constance put her arms round him and pressed him to her. "Never mind," he said, "so long as one of us marries you, it's all right. You'll never, never leave me now, will

you, Constance, dear ?" 'No. Arol," she murmured. " For the best of all reasons," said the

marquis; "she won't be able," and with a laugh he left the room. The marchioness signed to Constance to come and sit beside her.

"I am all in a flutter, my dear," she

said; "I am so surprised! But the news has made me very happy." That seems so strange," said Constance in a low voice, "I'thought-"

She paused. "Well, my dear?" and the old lady

patted the soft, warm hand.
"I thought you would be angry and disappointed," continued Constance. looking down.

Constance was silent for a moment. then she said, not without a touch of

' Persons of Lord Brakespeare's rank do not often marry so far beneath

The marchioness shook her head and "My dear, you don't think yourself

really so far beneath him," she remarked, shrewdly, "and you are quite right. A pure, true-hearted woman, if she be a lady, is the equal of any man. I think Wolfe has been very wise as well as fortunate. If he had asked me to choose for him-which is the most improbable thing I can think of," and she smiled, "I could not have chosen a wife for him more after my own heart. He was quite right when he said that Arol and I love you. We do, my dear, and you know

"And—and yet you know nothing about me," said Constance, tremulous-

"Well, not very much, perhaps, my dear," responded the old lady; "but then, you see, what we do know is so good and lovable that we take all the rest for granted. But we do know some thing. Doctor Griffin has told me that he knew your father, and that he was one of the best of men."

Constance's eyes filled with tears.
"My dear, if an old woman may offer a word of advice—may she?"

"Yes, oh, yes; say everything, anything; do not keep anything from me," plied Constance, fervently.

"Well, then, I'd say, put away all such thoughts as that which was worrying you-it was worrying you a little, "Ah, yes, yes," and she stifled a little

Well, then, don't think of it any more. It is true that Wolfe might have found a wife in what is called our qwn class-might have married rank and money; but," and the Brakespeare look came into the old lady's eyes, "we are not, I think, in want of money; and as

for the rank "-she smiled-" well, we are proud to think that it is of very little consequence.'

Constance bent and kissed the sweet, plactd face. "Oh, how good, how good you all are

to me !" she murmured. "Are we?" said the marchioness, laughing; "it is nothing to what we will be. You shall see-you shall see! My dear, this is the happiest day I have spent since Wolfe came back to me, and it almost seemed that night as if you had brought him."

"You both came together, and it was you who brought me the news of his return. I shall never forget that. And then there is another thing. Who knows how long he would have remained with us but for you? He was getting restless, he might have gone any day or any moment, but now that he has fallen in love with you he will stay. Yes, he will stay, and it is to you that I shall owe his presence. So you see, my dear, what good cause I have for loving you."

"It seems like a dream," murmured Constance, softly. "So strange, so improbable."

"That he should have fallen in love with you?" asked the old lady, with a smile. "Well, I think it would have been stranger if he had not. You see, my dear, for the first thing you are very pretty; there will be another 'beautiful lady' in the portrait gallery presently," and she laughed at Constance's crimsoned face. "Then you have that sweet, mousey little way with you which men find so irresistible, and naturally; and then, my dear, we all know how good you are. But there, I don't want to make you vain, and so spoil Wolfe's wife. Happy Wolfe !"

"Happy Constance !" murmured Constance, hiding her face on the old lady's shoulder. "And now, my dear," said the mar-

chioness, "you must tell us exactly what you would like done. You will want your friends to know." "My friends ?" echoed Constance. "Yes. No doubt you would like some

of them to come and see you. Remember that this place will be yours very scon, and that you must consider it as such. Now, whom shall I ask to come and stay ?" "No one," said Constance, quietly.

There is no one. I do not think I have a relation in the world; at least, there is none that I know of or remember." " My poor child, how lonely you must have been !" and the tender-hearted old

lady stroked her hair. "Yes," said Constance, gently, "I have been very lonely since my father

"But you will be so no longer, my dear," said the marchioness. "You are among your own people now. Then there is no one whom I can ask? Is there any one to whom I shall write ?"

"No," replied Constance, shaking her head. "There is no one excepting Lady | fer that. My mother gave it to me just Armstead." "Well, then, I'll write to her at the same time you do, my dear," said the

marchioness. "I suppose the wedding will be very soon ?" "Oh, not soon !" murmured Constance,

blushing. "I hope so. You see, when you are married I shall feel as if I had got Wolfe quite safe and secure. Oh, my dear. I little thought that night

when you came and told me that my son had come back to me, that I should gain a daughter as well! I hope, I pray that he may make you happy, and I think he will. The Brakespeares are not half-hearted in their love; with all their faults, they are true and constant. God bless you both, my dear !"

CHAPTER'XVIII.

The wife of the marquis! Constance sat beside the window in her own room trying to realize it. Would she wake presently to find that it was all a dream? She the wife of the Marquis of Brakespeare! It seemed too wildly improbable to be true. What had she done to deserve such happiness -for she was thrilling with such happiness as she had never yet dreamed

She could feel his kisses on her face and hair, hear his voice ringing in iter heart. She knew now that she had loved him from the first; she understood now why, whenever she thought of him —and when had she ceased to think of him?—her heart had throbbed with a strange mixture of pleasure and pain. With the unspeakable joy that filled her whole being there came, too, a sense

She had been alone in the world, at the mercy of every wind that blows: at the mercy of Rawson Fenton, and as she thought of him a faint shudder ran through her. She need fear him no longer; one stood beside her now who could and would protect her from any harm Rawson Fenton' might attempt to do her. She would put all remembrance of him away from her. It would have been better if she had told Wolfe about him,it would have been wiser and sweet-

er to have told the whole story of her past life in which there was nothing for which she should blush; but he had not permitted her to do so. Well, she would sink it forever. And of him she, for her part, would ask nothing. He had said that there was a secret connected with his past, a secret which might bear bitter fruit in the future. He had bidden her trust him and be brave. Yes, she would trust him fully

and entirely, and if the trouble of which he spoke so vaguely should come-well she would bear it and try and help him to bear it. At any rate, her love should comfort and console him, let what would

Love! Her heart was overflowing with it. No woman that ever lived had loved as she loved him. Day and night, as long as she lived, she would surround him with her love, rendering his future so happy that he should be forced to forget the past of which he had spoken. He had said that a cloud hovered over him menacing danger and sorrow; her love, like a sun, should pierce and dispel the cloud and vanquish the sorrow.

"Oh, my love, my love !" she murmued, holding out her arms as if he sto before her, "all my life shall be spent in trying to make you happy." She had promised to go down to din-

she had not yet begun to dress,

maid knocking at the door awakened

maid knocking at the time.

"From the marquis, miss," said the girl, holding out a lovely bouquet of white blossoms. "And will you please white blossoms. "And will you please white blossoms." come down as soon as you can, miss;" and she looked and spoke, or Constance fancied she did, with more than her usual respect.

"Oh, thank you, Mary," she said, hiding her face in the flowers. "Yes, I will come down directly. How beauti-

"Yes, miss, all white this evening." "Then the flowers that you have put in my room every day were from the marquis ?" said Constance.

The girl nodded and smiled. "Yes, miss. He cut them himself every day and gave them to me. I thought you knew it, though he said I was to put them in your room without saying anything. You must let me finish your hair, miss, please," she added, with respectful eagerness; and she finished dressing her hair, showing even more than her customary alacrity and willingness.

Constance went down a few moments before the dinner-bell rang, and saw the marquis standing in the hall.

He looked up at her, his handsome face eloquent with love. It seemed to her to have grown younger since the "What a time you have been!" he

said, as she stood on the stair above "I can dress in fourteen minutes!" and he drew her arm within his. He would have kissed her, and his eyes spoke his longing plainly enough, but the butler and the footman were about the hall.

"So could I, if I cut my hair off," she said.

"Ah, don't do that !" he said, as they entered the drawing-room. "I wanted to see you alone for a few minutes, and mother is discreetly keeping upstairs till the last moment. Do you know what I

" Your dinner ?" said Constance, She was so full of happiness that she too had grown younger, and was able to hide the love that thrilled her under a girlish playfulness that gave her a new charm in his eyes. "So I do," he replied. "But I want

something else; I want to seal our com-

She looked round apprehensively. The butler of one of the other servants might come in, probably would, at any mo-

He laughed and drew something from his waistcoat pocket. "Hold out your hand."

She did so wonderingly. "Let me see, which is the finger?" and he held up a beautiful diamond and ruby ring. "Which is the engaged finger ?" he asked. "I den't know. You see, I was never

engaged before," she replied, blushing and laughing. "I thank God for your ignorance, dearest," he remarked, devoutly, under his breath. "The third, isn't it. Now

our compact is almost sealed." What a lovely ring !" she exclaimed. where did you get it so-" and she

"So quickly?" he finished for her with "Do you think I carried it about with me on the chance of winning you? I'm not conceited enough quite Constance kissed the ring quickly.

'That's for my mother, no doubt,' he said ; "but what is for me ?" "I thought it was a gift," she said arching her brows and coloring. "Exactly; but even a gift deserves an acknowledgment, young lady."

She dropped him a courtesy. "Thank you-Woke." With a little cry of delight in her humor he caught her and kissed her, and Constance shyly sealed the compact. and had scarcely got free from his arms as the marchioness entered.

"Oh, my ring !"said Constance, going to her and holding out her hand, on which the jewels blazed and sparkled. How kind of you !"

"Do you like it, dear?" said the old won't mind that. You see, he could not wait, and so I gave him mine. It was the one his father placed on my finger the day we were engaged," she added,

"Dinner is served, my lady," announced the butler. "Give me your arms, both of you!"

said the marquis, and he took them in. It was the happiest little dinner that three persons ever sat down to.

Good news as well as bad travels fast and it is probable that the great event had become known to the servants. Perhaps Arol had remarked to the nurse, "Uncle Wolfe is going to marry Miss Grahame." In any case, the butle: and his satellites seemed to pay special attention to Constance that evening; and Mr. Belford hovered about her, looking like a benevolent hishop, and treated her as if she had

just been rescued from starvation. "Champagne, miss?" he kept murmuring assiduously in her ear, and Constance felt her continual "No. thank

you." almost ungrateful. Never had the marquis been in such good humor and spirits, and as he talked in a voice full of quiet and complete joy, the marchioness leaned back and looked at him and at Constance with a face that reflected her beloved son's

Every now and then he managed, under the pretense of giving her a flower, or passing her the menu, to touch Constance's hand, and once, utterly regardless of the solemn Belford, he let his hand fall on hers, and held it for a moment or two. Constance's face was a ge out and forget these harpies. Bless panorama of blushes all through the meal, but, as every blush heightened my beautiful darling, she is worth a her leveliness in his eyes, probably he did not care.

When the marchioness, smiling at Constance, rose, he flung down his nap-

"Never mind the claret, Belford," he said. "Do you think," turning to Constance, "that I am going to sit here alone while you talk me over together in the drawing-room? It is not likely." He drew their arms within his as he had done when they entered, then look-ed over his shoulder at the butler. "Tell the servants I want them in the

That well-trained individual showed not the faintest sign of surprise as he responded with a calm and dignified

"What are you going to do, Wolfe?" "Discharge them all !" he retorted. me of them, nearly all of them.

though the first bell had rung; and the "I will go up to Arol now." said Constance, uneasily.
"Not just yet," he said, holding her arm tightly, and standing stock-still

> at the entrance to the drawing-room. The servants, a small army, came trooping from upstairs and down-stairs, and gathered in the hall in expectant

'Are you all here?" he said, his head erect, his dark eyes glowing with his newly born happin "Yes, my lord," said Belford, looking

over the crowd. "Very well, then," said the marquis. "I have sent for you because I wish you to know and to share my happiness. Some of you have been in the service of my father-"

"Your grandfather, my lord," said a tremulous voice, and an old woman, whom Constance had seen about the house once or twice, dropped a court-

Yes," he nodded, "and my grandfather. You have served us faithfully, and we have tried to prove ourselves your friends."

"Yes, yes, my lord," came the eager response. "God bless your lordship!" "So I have sent for you to-night to tell you that a great happiness has come to me, the greatest that can come to a man. This lady," and he took Constance's hand, "is my future wife!" Constance, pale and trembling, stood

with downcast eyes. A shout went up, a shout of pleased

gratification. "You were good enough to welcome me home when I came back a little while ago," he went on, "and you said you hoped that I should stay. Well, I em going to stay, but if that gives you any pleasure, you must thank Miss Grahame," and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

It was not much of a speech, but it went home to them all, especially to those who had grown old in the Brakespeare service, and felt that the place was indeed their home, and the people they had served so faithfully their

friends. A cheer rose and echoed again and again amid the timbers of the roof, and "God bless you, my lord! God bless you, my lady! God bless you, miss!" rang enthusiastically round.

The marquis nodded to Belford, who, guite comprehending, went off to the cellar, and the marquis with a pleasant Good-night " dismissed the crowd, all bazzing with excitement and gratification, for Constance's gentle nature had made her popular with one and all, and they felt that the kindly Brakespeare regime would not be broken by this the future marchioness. Constance sat for a few minutes in

the drawing-room close beside the marhioness, then she got up. "Where are you going?" he demand-

"To Arol," she replied, and stole a-The news spread like wildfire, and at first people utterly refused to believe

That the Marquis of Brakespeare, the first man in the county, the repreholding her hand up to the light. "Why. sentative of one of the oldest peerages in the United Kingdom, should marry governess! It was simply impos

But when the next day Constance was seen riding by his side, and those who saw them told how he looked at her when he spoke; and when on the next day she was seen in the carriage beside the marchioness; who was heard to address her as "Constance, dear," people began to believe that there "must be something in it," and to stare aghast.

"Marry the governess! Isn't it really

ewful? He must be out of his mind But there, we all know what these wild Brakespeare are. But to marry the governess, it is really too dreadful !" It might be dreadful but it was true. and being true had to be accepted. If he had chosen to propose to one of the house-maids the county would have had to recognize and accept the fact. So in a few days carriages began to roll up the avenue, and cards were sent in not only to the marchioness and marquis, but to-Miss Grahame. And the county families, which for pride can be matched against Lucifer himself in his proudest moments, were con-strained to smile upon the girl who 'came from no one knows where, and is absolutely nobody, you know, my

dear," but whom the marquis had selected for his future wife, and who must be treated as such. And Constance went through the ordeal admirably. The marchioness, who knew how cruel the class to which she belonged could be to an "outsider," was inwardly rejoiced and gratified by Constance's success, as, calm and selfpossessed, she endured all the darts and arrows which, under the cover of plea-

sant smiles and honeyed words, were "It is her love and happiness that make her brave," she said to the marquis one afternoon when Constance's quiet, well-bred manner and sweet voice had been opposed to the barbs of half a dozen disappointed mothers who while murmuring pleasant things, had tried their hardest to stare her down and freeze her. 'They will not be able

to resist her for long, you will see." "Resist her !" he echoed, proudly and fondly. "" A heart of stone, an untutored savage, would melt under that smile of hers. Confound the people, why on earth don't they stay away !" "No. dear," she said, putting her

hund on his arm. " She must go through it. She is the future marchioness, and will take her place among them presently.' "And will soar above them all as a star soars above its reflection in a puddle," he said, with his old fire. "Send and tell her to come to me, and we will

million of such people!"

Constance, who had had a trying afternoon, and had run up to her room to get a few minutes' rest and endeavor to forget them, entered at the mo-

"Go and get your things on, dearest." he said, "and we will have a long

"Ah, that will be nice," she said;

and looked back with a smile and a littie exclamation of dismay, for a loud knock had sounded at the door. "Confound it!" he exclaimed. "There is another one! Run, Constance," and her life.

"So you see I lose no time in comin to you and making the amende honos no Constance, turning, perforce say that the latest arrival was-Lady

CHAPTER XIX.

In her newly found happiness, Con-ctance had almost forgotten Lady

For a moment she stood looking at her, uncertain what to do. Lady Ruth's sharp eyes glanced at her and then at the marquis searchingly, as he shook hands with her, exclaiming : "Halloo, Ruth ! come back. eh ? Glad

to see you !" "I've only come for the day-a day off. Papa is just a little better." Then she crossed the hall, and coming straight to Constance, held out her hand, and, her eyes fixed on her face with a

peculiar expression, said : "I came as soon as I could after hearing the news from Lady Brakespeare to wish you happiness and to tell you how glad I am, dear Miss Grahame ;" and she reached up and put her lips on Constance's cheek.

It was a kiss certainly, but so hard and cold that Constance could not repress a little shudder. Just as the skeleton appeared at the Roman banquet, here was Constance's skeleton in her feast of love.

"I can't tell you how delighted I was to hear the news," said Lady Ruth, looking from one to the other with a "Of course, it's very easy to be clever after the event, but I assure you I saw it coming long ago; did I not, Miss Grahame ?"

Constance, appalled by such finished hypocrisy, could do nothing but change solor and stare at her. The marquis laughed.

"Bravo, Ruth!" and he went and put his arm round Constance. "That's very nice of you. Isn't it, Constance ? And now, as you two will want to gossip for the next half hour, you'd better go upstairs while I go and dress. Don't tell her all my faults. Ruth : she knows quite enough already," and he walked off laughing.

"May I come up with you?" said "Certainly," murmured Constance, still overwhelmed by this sudden and unaccountable change in Lady Ruth's

"I'll take my things off here, if I may," said Lady Ruth, when they had reached Constance's room. "No, don't ring for the maid: I want to talk to you. Now, I dare say," she went on, as she took off her hat and smoothed her hair. that you are rather surprised by the change in my manner ?" and she glanced sharply over her shoulder at Constance, who had been regarding her in

She colored "Am I to speak quite frankly. Lady Ruth?" she asked, with a faint smile.
"Certainly: I am always frank myself : I think it is by far the best plan," replied Lady Ruth, settling herself in an easy-chair, and looking up at Constance watchfully, with her head on one side and her eyes half closed, and with not a trace of shame or embarrassment on her face.

"Well, then, I am," said Constance, quietly and distinctly. "I thought you would be," remarked Lady Ruth, cheerfully. "You see, you never did understand me. I suppose you will say that it was my fault if you

"I thought I understood you very well," said Constance, with a gravity that ought to have brought a blush to Lady Ruth's face, but it did not. "No. I don't think you did. Let me explain. Of course you knew that I

did not view the prospect of your mar-

rying the marquis with any pleasure. That, of course, you understood." "Yes, I think I understood that," assented Constance, dryly. "And I would have done anything-I did. indeed, do all I could to prevent it." continued Lady Ruth, as calmly and easily as if she were discussing something that had only the very faint

thought the best thing to do was to get you out of the house and out of his h, and I did it." Constance turned her head aside that might hide the indignant flush

est interest for either of them. "I

which rose to her face from the keen, sharp eyes. "I thought I had won the day. You see, I didn't take chance, accident, into my calculation. I suppose some people would call it fate, Arol's getting the fever just at the moment you left. I call it accident, and a very tiresome one." "Need you tell me all this, Lady Ruth ?" said Constance, unable to keep

silence longer. "Yes, I think so. If we are to get on together-and I intend that we shallwe'd better come to a complete and thorough understanding. To tell you the truth: I rather like-well, I admire you. You are such a complete deception. I don't mean anything offensive.' "No ?" said Constance, with delicate

"No; I imagined that you were just the ordinary young girl who could be circumvented quite easily; that was where I made a mistake. I didn't give you credit for the tenacity of purpose which you possess. I didn't quite comprehend that you were as resolved upon marrying the marquis as I was

upon preventing you." "Lady Ruth-" began Constance, her eyes beginning to flash.

Lady Ruth held up her hand.

"Don't be angry. We agreed that we would speak frankly, didn't we? and, indeed, I'm paying you a very great compliment, if you'd only see it. By the way, please call me 'Ruth.' The future Marchioness of Brakespeare is—or will be—superior in rank, besides, we'd better be friends, and address each other

"I should prefer to use your title, Lady Ruth, if you do not mind," said stance, quietly. Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders

" As you like. Well, to resume. Having failed, I take the only course open to me, and acknowledge my failure as gracefully as I can;" and she smiled up at the grave, beautiful face above her, —My dear Constance, what a pretty name it is!—I have the greatest contempt for family quarrels and jars, and I don't intend that the world shall ase itself by talking about the quarre tween me and Wolfe's wife. Why, ey'd say I was jealous," and she laughed, but it was a very thin and mirthless sound. "Besides. I don't think I could afford to quarrel with him and you. I like the castle, and I intend that ou shall ask me down very often." Constance remained silent. She could not have responded with a "Come as often as you like, dear Ruth," to save

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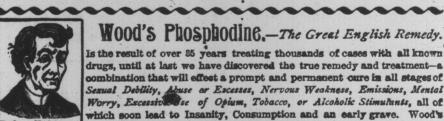
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