

ly both blush and smile vanished, and in their place came a sudden pallor and an expression of terror, as, with dilating eyes, she stared past the duke and the whirling dancers toward the door at which some one had just entered.

CHAPTER XXI.

Constance caught her breath, and her hand closed spasmodically upon her bouquet; the room seemed to reel, the music to sound like a discorded blast. Rawson Fenton-here! The duchess looked at her with a sud-

den attention. "Do you feel faint, my dear?" she asked in her kindly fashion. "The room is hot, I'm afraid. I'll send for Wolfe and ask him to take you into one of the ferneries," and she looked round.

"No, no!" responded Constance, quickly; and in her earnestness she laid her hand on the duchess's arm. " No, please

Send for Wolfe to question her! "Very well, my dear; but your hand is quite trembling," said her grace, and

she took it and patted it. "I did feel a little faint," said Constance, "but I am all right now," and the color crept slowly back to her wace. "You have been dancing too muchnot too much for your partners, but for

yourself," sand the duchess; "and you

must take argood long rest." Constance murmured a grateful acquiescence, and leaned back a little, but with her eyes still fixed on the man whose sudden and unexpected appearance had overwhelpred her. She could see him now and again as

he moved slowly about the part of the room at which he had entered, She saw him shaking hands with men and women she knew, or had been introduced to that night-men of rank and women of society. She remembered the handsome earriage she had seen h

enter at the station. He had not lied to her, then. He was rich, and he must be famous in some fashion or other, or he would not have been here. And he was here, and would see hermight come upon her at any moment. What would he say-what should she? She had never feared Rawson Fenton

before, but she felt that to-night she dreaded him. Love makes us strong at times, but at times it makes us weak. Would he make a scene ? She looked at the coldly handsome face, with its self-possessed, masterful smile, and answered herself, "No!" He was too wisely cunning for that. If she could but get away before he saw her! But she could not do that without giving some reason for wishing to leave-to leave while the ball was not half over. The band was starting the music for

another dance. Wolfe, erect, with hap-piness in his handsome face, in his very bearing, came toward her. "I-I think I am tired, Wolfe," she

murmured. The duchess turned from the lady to whom she had been talking. "Leave her alone for a little while

Wolfe," she said. He was all solicitude in a moment. "Cang get you anything? Will you come into the air?"

She shook her head, and smiled up at

"No. no : just leave her alone, and go and dance with some one else," said the duchess, peremptorily. "Oh, here is a partner for you, or are you engaged, Ruth? Glad to see you. How late you Constance turned with a little start

to find Lady Ruth standing beside her. She was exquisitely dressed in a costume of Worth's that exactly suited her petite style, and, with her thin face flushed a little, looked at her best. Her sharp eyes ran over Constance's

plain white dress, and a quick, jealous light flashed for a moment in them. 'Yes, I'm late, dear duchess," she said. "But I'm a nurse, you must re-

member, and couldn't get leave earlier. No, I'm not engaged, if Wolfe wants a partner. Are you sure you won't dance, Constance? How well you are looking to-night !" Constance murmured something

scarcely audible, and the marquis, still looking at his dawling, took Lady Ruth's arm and led her away. "I'll come back directly," he said over

her shoulder. "Oh, yes," said Lady Ruth, with a laugh that was rather hard. "I won't keep him long !"

Constance looked after them wistfully : this was to have been her dance ; her first dance with Wolfe. And she had lost it to Lady Ruth. It was almost like an omen. Then her eyes wandered round the room again in search of the cold, clean-cut face of Rawson Fenton. Was it possible that he would not see her?

"There are a great many people you know, my dear ?" asked the duchess. Constance answered at random, and with a start:

"Yes, oh, yes." "If there is any one you would like to know, tell me," said her grace. "There are a great many of our own people here—I mean the county people, but there are also a great many from London. The duke like to have plenty guns at work, and he's fond of societ so that we are always moving in herds and flocks, as he calls it. What a pretty

dress that is of Ruth's. It's just the color that suits her. Ruth wants something a little vivid; she couldn't wear dead white like some people," and she looked and smiled at Constance's dress approximately.

Fenton was dancing now, and had once Fenton was dancing almost touched her skirt. "Who is that tall man with the pale "Who is that tall man with the pale "Ark eyes?" suddenly askface and the dark eyes ?" su ed the lady next the duchess.

Her grace put up her gold eye-glasses. Which man? There are so many tall men in the room." "There, dancing with Lady Angels. He is the only absolutely cool-looking

man in the room." The duchess dropped her glasses. "That's a good bit of description, my dear," she said with a smile. "That is

Mr. Rawson Ferton." The lady looked at him. "And who is Mr. Rawson Fenton?" she inquired with languid interest.

The duchess shrugged her shoulders. "A friend of the duke's," she replied They are fellow-directors of some cattle cempany or other; something to do with New Zealand or Australia, I think, But apart from that, he is quite a famous man. Not to know Mr. Rawson Tenton is to argue one's self unknown, my dear," she added, banteringly.

The lady smiled. "He is a-remarkable-looking man, she said with a little yawn.

"Yes, and he is remarkable," responddathe duchess. "I believe he is the first man in the City just now. Somebody was saying that his wealth and influence are extraordinary, quite fab-

"I don't like the City men," remarked the lady, calmly.

The duchess laughed. "No? Oh, I don't know. They are a change. They are quite the fashion now, I believe. Do you know Mr. Rawson Fenton, my dear ?" And she turned to Constance.

Her face went pale for a moment. "I have heard of him," she answered, trying to speak calmly and indifferently. "It would be very strange if you had not. The papers the society papers especially-have always got some paragraph or other about him."

"I don't see any society papers," said Constance, scarcely knowing what she was saying : for he and his partner were coming toward them again in the course of the dance, and she could not take her eyes off him. "What's he here for ?" asked the

The duchess laughed at the naivete of the question. "Because he was asked-and to amuse himself, I suppose," she replied.

"But I thought that sort of a man never danced." "Oh, but I don't think Mr. Rawson Fenton is 'that sort of man,' " said the duchess. "He is quite a society man, and goes everywhere, so I am told. I met him several times in London this

very popular.' Popular ? I should doubt that," was the lady's languid comment.

season. He is quite accomplished, and

Well, my dear, if you had three or four daughters to marry instead of being lucky enough to have one, and she married to the best match of the year, you would understand. Millionaires are none too plentiful, at least here in England, though I'm told that in America they are thick as blackberries in autumn.

"If I had an unmarried girl I don't hink-ves. I'm sure I shouldn't like to marry your Mr. Fenton," retorted the

You seem to have taken a positive dislike to the poor man," laughed the luchess.

'I never take anything so positive as a dislike, but his is not the sort of face should care to trust," said the lady. Well, at any rate don't call him 'my Mr. Fenton.' But I'll have my revenge, and introduce him when he comes this

Constance's heart seemed to stand still. She made an effort to rise, but felt unable to do so. She could only sit and

ok and wait. 'By the way," said the duchess, after pause, "I rather think I heard the duke saving semething about his wenting to get into Parliament, and adding

that he could do it quite easily." "What! the duke! How could be? "No. no. Mr. Fenton."

"Oh, I had quite forgetten him," said the lady, listlessly. "Yes, he looks the kind of man who would go in for politics. George," this was her husband, "says that there are only twokinds of men in the House now

-the too foolish, and the too clever." The duchess laughed. "I don't believe he said anything of he kind," she retorted. All this would have been amusin nough for Constance-if it had related

to any one else; but as it was, it was cimply topture. She saw the pale, self-possessed face coming nearer, and, making an effort,

"I-I will go and and Lady Brake speare." she said. But it was too late ! The next moment the music ceased, and Rawson Fenton first!" and his partner came to a standstill

within a few yards of her. She sunk into her seat again, and with raised her fan before her face. Rawson Fenton, with his partner on

the room, and in another moment they near, while his strong arm was round would have turned and gone in another direction, but just then some one trod on the lady's dress. She turned to gather up the rent skirt and smile into the face of the meekly apologetic offender. and in doing so saw the duchess beckon ing her with her fan.

"Poor Lady Angela," said the duch-"What a tear. I've got a pin omewhere," and she beckoned again. Rawson Fenton and Angela came up.

Constance still held her fan, almost cow-"Much of a tear, my dear ?" said the fuchess. "I can give you a pin. Goodevening, Mr. Fenton," as he bowed to

her, and she gave him her hand. "It was my fault," he said. "I ought to have taken more care !" The clear, incisive tones struck upon Constance's ears like icicles.

Several other persons, the dance being over, were gathering round, and from behind her fan she caught the shimmer of Lady Ruth's red dress. " No, I can't find it !" said the duchess 'I'm afraid you will have to go to one of the maids, Angela. Unless—have you

got a pin, my dear ?" and she turned to Constance. The moment had come and was to be fended off no longer

She lowered her fan, dropped it rather, and got out the "No." As she did so, she raised her eyes as met Fenton's hard ones fixed upon her. He did not start or utter a word, but the paleness of his face increased to palor, and he stood as if turned to stone

"Here is what you want," she said in business-like way. "I never so to a lance without at least one safety-pin. Rawson Fenton seemed to recover

imself, and taking the pin, went down on his knees to the rent dress. "Oh, you can't de that," said Lady Ruth with her short, sharp laugh. "You would only make it worse. Hold my fan,

nstance held out her hand, but Lady Ruth stopped suddenly and looked at her keenly; and Constance knew that she was wondering why her face had gone so white-for she could feel

that it was white. Lady Ruth gave her the fan slowly, her eyes still fixed on her scrutinizingly, then she stooped down and quickly pin-

ned up the rent. "There," she said. "But don't dance with Mr. Renton again, for punish-

*A punishment too awful for even so great a crime!" he said slowly, and with a mirthless smile, his eyes bent on the ground, yet, as Constance knew, see-

ing her quite plainly. "When you have quite done quarreling," said the duchess, "I want to introduce Mr. Fenton to two friends of mine Lady Eversleigh"-Rawson Fenton bowed to the lady who had so freely criticised him-" and Miss Grahame," said the

He kept his eyes fixed on the ground as he bowed to her, then he raised them and looked at her steadily and intensely. Constance, feeling as if a cold hand were clutching her heart, inclined her head, and her breath came in difficult little gasps; and Lady Ruth, standing at her side, looked keenly from one to

Lady Angela's partner for the nax dance came up and took her away, and Rawson Fenton, thus left free, went and stood beside Lady Eversleigh and talked to, her; but Constance could feel his glance settling upon herself now and

Surely something or somebody would come to her aid! Where was Wolfe? Why did he not come and take her away. out of reach of those cold, eteel-like eyes which, with every glance, seemed to

"I amtherer You cannot escape!" She had never felt like this before, never been afraid of him till now. Why was it? Why had he not recognized her, but had been content to offer her the formal greeting of a stranger ? Ah, why did not Welfe come ?

Then she felt rather than saw that he was leaving Lady Eversleigh and coming to her. "Have you a dance left, Miss Grahame," he said, " or am I too late,"

"My card is full," she said without looking up. "I am sorry," he said, slowly, calmly. Perhaps an accident may give me a chance vacancy. If so, will you rememher me ?"

There was no other reply possible than a "Yes," and her lips formed it. He took out his programme. Forgive me, do wou spell your name with an'e' or without ?"

"With an 'e,' " she said; and she looked at him as the bird may look at the serpent into whose cage it has been "Thanks," he said. Then he stood

of emotion or of feeting of any kind in "Your dance is a aplended success, duchess." he said. He had all the air of arflequal, Constance noticed; this man whom she remembered as an adventurer in the bush,

and his aplomb and eool schoposession only struck, her with a new fear.

"Thank you," responded the duchess.
"I am glad you think so. Oh, my dear, liefe is Wolfe; you will denoe with him

The marguls came so with a lady or his arm, who smiled at Rawson Featon. The smile seemed to remind him. is my dance," he said to her. Are you rested, degreet

She rose with, ah ! what a glad feel ing of finding refugerand protection, and out her hand on his arm. The duchess stopped them.

'.Wolfe, do you know Mr. Fenton?' she said. Constance's heart stoodwstill. The mar quisturned with prompt politeness.

"The Marquis of Brakespeare," said the duchess. "Have you two not met "Have you two not met "I think not." said Rawson Fenton with the slight inclination of the head

which a man bectows upon the man he is introduced to. "I am sure we have not " said the marquis in the frank, genial tone which had become habiteal with him of late. It was over in a moment. The next she felt his dear arm round her waist,

and they were slowly; whirling awayaway from the spot which Rawson Fenton's presence had made hateful. CHAPTER XXII.

"This is our first waitz, Constance," whispered the marquis in her ear. "Our

Her hands closed on his shoulder tightly. For the moment she had forgotten Rawson Fenton, everything, in a vague, wild idea of hiding herself, the unspeakable joy of being near touching the man she loved with all the intensity of her passionate soul. What his arm, paced slowly along the side of harm could come to her while he was her.? What could seperate them?

"How beautifully you dance," he said. You ought to have a better partner." her head to rest on his breast for &

"There is too much of the elephant in my movements," with a laugh, "but if you'll bear with me for a few minutes onger. Our first waltz, but not our last: you'll dance with me again, Constance?" "Yes, yes," she responded in a low voice, "as often as I can. Ak, how kapby I am !"

"I like to hear you say that," he said.
"But there is some cause for it to-night, you vain girl. Do you know that a am quite timed of hearing your praises sung? I have been asking myself for the last hour or two what I have done to de-nive so great a treasure as everybody tells me I have got."

"A treasure!" she murmured. "Such a poor thing as I am ! Don't laugh at me, Wolfe."
"I never was more serious in my life,"

he retorted. "Surely they are not going to finish yet. We seem to have been dancing scarcely five minutes. Can you go round once more, or are you

"Wolfe, I could go on forever!" she replied, with a little clutch of his hand.
"I thought you looked rather fired, a little while ago, but you seem all right

"Ah, yes, I am all right," she said ow could she be otherwise than all ight with his strong arm round her, as breath stirring her hate, his voice in

The music sounded harsh and strained, and a cold breath seemed to pass over

hesitated. Her guardian angel truth." But, alas ! it is at such critica moments as these that we turn a deaf ear to the angel, who counsels in vain. "I have only just been introduced to him," she replied, almost inaudibly.

Looks a clever sort of man," he said. "I have heard people talking about him ever since le came in. I fancy he is going to stand for Berrington; I must ask the duke."

"What does it matter?" she said with weary impatience. "Let us talk He looked down at her with smiling surprise. It was the first sign of im-

patience she had ever shown. "Ourselvest Very well. What about this next dance ?"

She shook her head. Impossible. I have given it away. The next, perhaps-no, that has gone. Ah, why didn't you write your name on every other line, Wolfe ?"

"So I would if I had been more sel-fish," he returned, "but I know I am not first-rate at waltzing, and I didn't want to spoil your evening, dearest, so I sacrificed myself."

Everything he said and did was eloquent of his love and consideration for her; and she was concealing something from him, deceiving him! Her heart acked and her face grew pale. He stop-

ped in a moment. "You are tired, Constance !" he said. "Let us stop and go into the cool some-

"Very welf." she said, and she slipped her arm down to his and her hands closed tightly. If she could only find courage to say, "Let us go home, Wolfe" They meandered through the now crowded room, and gained one of the ferneries which adjoined the saloon, and

he found her a seat. "This is nice," he said, taking her fan from her and fanning her, his eyes dwelling on her face with all a lover's delight in her beauty and grace. He was a Brakespeare, and therefore proud. and the praises he had heard had not lessened his love, but increased his pride in her. Yes, not only in his own eyes, but in the opinion of the world he had done wisely in taking this pearl among women for his own. He would never have reason, as some men, too many alas! have, to be ashamed of his wife. She would be a fitting and worthy successor to his mother, and would wear the Brakespeare coronet with general

honor and approval. He was proud of her to-night, and his love fed on his pride and grew to a goodly stature.

"Shall I get you an ice?" he asked her, bending over her and speaking in accents of loving devotion. "Or is it a cup of tea that your soul craves. The color has come back to your face again

"I want nothing nothing but you! she said in a low voice, and lifting her face to his with a look in her lovely eyes no man could resist. He bent lower and would have kissed her, but at that moment voices sounded quite close to them, and the duke and Rawson Fenton entered the fernery.

and renewed his fanning. He did not notice that the color had fled from her face again. The duke's slow, mellow voice, sug gesting roast beef and old port, reached

them distinctly, as the two men stood quite near them, but hidden from them behind a palm. "I don't see why you shouldn't do it Fenton," he said. "Berrington will be vacant presently, I knew; and I really

don't see where they could get a better candidate." "You are very kind, duke,", said Rawson Fenton, his clear, incisive voice contrasting markedly with the rich

ones of the duke. "Oh, don't thank me," said his grace, with a laugh. "I've got nothing, or very little, to do with if. Times are changed. I used to have Berrington in my pocket in the good-or bad-old days, and I'd only to say, 'Vote for Soand-so,' and they voted and the man went in ; but that's all altered now." "And yet so much influence still re-

mains to you," said Fenton, in the tone he knew so well how to use. "I should feel almost, if not perfectly, secure if I had your support, duke." The duke grunted. "Oh, I am all right," he said, easily

'I'll support you; but I'm not every body. There's another man you should get, and, by George! I fancy that his support would be worth twice as much as mine. "Who is that, duke ?" asked Rawson

Fenton. "The Marquis of Brakespeare," replied Constance started, and the marquis

shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "I don't think I ought to listen any onger," he said ; and he made a movement to attract the attention of the two men; but they were too absorbed to hear him.

"The Marquis of Brakespeare," said Rawson Fenton, thoughtfully. "Yes. He is a great friend of yours, duke?" "Of course," assented his grace, 'Capital fellow. Most popular man in the place, though he has only been back a short time. Get him to come forward "No, no?" she murmured, allowing | and answer for you, or better still, make a speech in your favor, and you are sure of winning. Bo you know him ?"

"I was introduced to him to-night." "Ah, yes," said the duke; "just the time to ask him-in good humor. And no wonder, lucky dog! Going to marry the prettiest and most taking girl in the oom, by gad !" "And she is-?" asked Rawson Fen

n, calmly. "Why, Miss Grahame, of course," reolied the duke. There was a moment's silence. Contance's heart beat painfully and heav ily, then Rawson Penton's voice said

"Yes,indeed, she is very beautiful, an the marquis is very lucky. The marquis could stand it no longer oving toward them, he said with a "He is very unlucky in being obliged

to play the unwelcome part of eaves-dropper, Mr. Fenton." The duke laughed. "Ah, Wolfe," he said, nodding genial "dida't know you were there. Well, weren't talking treason, were we, Fenton? Fenton wants your supported interest for Berrington, Wolfe." The marquis nodded with pleasan

of it, and get some of the women, too. Eh? Get Miss Grahame, now. What, Wolfe?" and he chuckled.

Miss Grahame shall answer for herself," said the marquis, with a slight wave of his hand in Constance's direc-

Rawson Fenton moved toward her and stood in front of her, looking down with his pale, self-possessed face, "I can scarcely expect such a con-tinuance of good fortune," he said with s slight bow; "but if Miss Grahame will deign to range herself on my side my gratitude will be life-long."

Constance, with eyes bent on the ground, and a choking sensation in her throat, struggled for the power to The three men stood looking at her

the marquis with a fond, proud light in his eyes. She found her voice at last.
"I know nothing about politics," she said, and the words sounded cold and

ungracious. Was there no limit to this man's daring and audacity? "Your name-a word from youwould be enough," said Rawson Fenton, humbly. "But I will not press you, Miss Grahame; I know how much

some ladies dislike politics." The marquis laughed. "You will never win a seat if you give in so easily. Mr. Fenton," he said. "Will you come over and dine with us to-morrow ? You will get an opportunity of rousing Miss Grahame's enthusiasm, you

Constance looked up, and the marquis could not have failed to have seen the sudden look of terror that flashed in her eyes: but he was looking smilingly at Rawson Fenton, who saw it plainly

"You are very good. Thank you," he "I'll ask my mother to ask the duchess duke; and you will come, will you

"No, thanks, Wolfe; can't," replied his grace. "Got an agricultural dinner for to-morrow." Ah! nothing can stand against that, I know." said the marquis, laughing.

Constance's hand closed tightly on her bouquet. Rawson Fenton to dine at the castle to-morrow! She was to spend the whole evening in his hated presence! Was it a hideous nightmare? A gentleman came in and looked round hurriedly with an anxious face, which cleared as his eyes fell upon her.

"Oh, Miss Grahame, I was afraid I, had lost you. This is our dance, and I wouldn't miss it for ten worlds!" She rose, faint and giddy as she was, only too glad to get away, and put her

hand on his arm Every woman, Voltaire says, is a born actress. Constance talked and smiled as she went through the Lancers, though her heart-still beat with the presage of coming evil, her voice sounded hollow in her ears, and to smile was torture. But perhaps she was helped to play the part by the fact that Lady Ruth was in the same set, and that her sharp eyes were continually seeking Constance's

The dance seemed interminable, but it was over at last, and her partner, a young cavalry officer, led her to a seat. He had done his best to amuse and entertain her, and done it willingly; for like most of the mean the room, he had gone down before this newsbeauty, this girl with the face of a Greek goddess and the simple, pleasant manner which made her charming as well as lovely:

but he felt that something was wrong. He was a man of the world, notwithstanding his youth, and instead of bothering her with small-talk, he sat silent and let her rest. But her rest was a short one. Lady

Ruth's red dress hovered in sight, and she came and sat down beside Con-"You need not stay," she said to her partner; "I am going to talk gossip with Miss Grahame.'

Of course the young officer took the

hint also, and the two men went off. "What a delightful dance !" said Lady Ruth. "Are you enjoying it, Con-"Yes, very much," replied Constance. "It is the best the duchess has had this year. But I don't wonder at your enjoying it, you have made such success. Really, I'm quite proud of my

new cousin-in-law. Let me look at your card." She took it, read the names swiftly, and gave it back. Constance could not refrain from looking at her. Had she entirely and completely forgotten the morning she turned her out of the castle? Was there any heart or conscience at all in this wo-

Lady Ruth hore the steady glance of the pure eyes unflinchingly! "I should think Wolfe is the happiest man in the room," she said, quite easily. "There are such nice men here to-night.

Don't you think so ?" "Yes," assented Constance. "So many strangers, too! By the way, what doeyou think of Mr. Rawson Fenton ?" she added, suddenly, and turning her keen eyes fulk on Constance's face. Notwithstanding the preparation she had gone through, this ordeal was almost too much for Constance's self-con

"What should I think of him?" sh answered, and her sweet voice sounded ost harsh. A look of satisfaction gleaned in Lady Ruth's eyes.

"Ah, I forgot !" she retorted, with a smile; "you have no thoughts for any man but one. Happy girl ! But I rather like this Mr. Fenton, do you know? There is something about him, a consness of power, that is rather pleasant. . Most men are so languid and limp nowadays. I shouldn't be surprised if that man had a history, should you?" Constance shook her head vaguely.

"I think I'll ask him," continued Lady

Ruth. "I'll ask him to tell me some

thing about himself. I'm going to dance this next with him; here he comes." Constance saw him approaching, and she, rose instantly. Two or three men Lady Ruth, like most little wome danced extremely well, and Rawson Fenton had soon matched her step. She

was content to enjoy herself in silence for a few minutes, but her brain was at work all the time, and presently she "This is your first visit to the Tower

e paused a moment, then looking straight in the eyes, she said, "Did you ever meet Miss Graham For all his key coolness and sel possession he started, and she felt that he did; but he met her gaze with per-tect steadiness after the first momen-

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