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"No. uffiortunately." ne repnec. "You admire her so much, then ?" she said, still with careless innocence in her

"Who could help admiring her?" he

"Yes; I think her the most lovely woman in the room." "I don't know that," he responded, gravely: "but she is certainly beauti-

"And so good-so really good, I mean," she said, fervently.

"All women are good, Lady Ruth, he remarked, with a faint smile. "Thanks for my sex in general; but I mean what I say. There is not a trace of vanity or coquetry, for instance, in

"One has only to glance at Miss Constance Grahame's face to learn that," he said. "Yes, Constance is her name," she

murmured, quietly. He saw his mistake at once, and looked down at her sharply and suspiciously for a moment.

"Don't you think it a very pretty name ?" she asked. "Very," he replied. "Shall we have

another turn ?" "If you are sure I have got your step. "Perfectly," he answered.

"Ah, Miss Grahame would be a better partner for you; I am too short," she said, carelessly. "Have you danced with her yet ?"

"I was so unfortunate as to find her card full," he replied; and his voice had grown slow and guarded, for his acute intelligence had caught a strange significance in her light and easy chatter. What was it she was aiming at? He watched her face closely.

"Really. Would you like to dance with her ?" "That needs no answer, Lady Ruth." "And you would be very grateful if I got a dance for you?" she asked, looking up at him

'My gratitude would know no bcunds," he replied, smiling. "Well, then, I will come to your aid. This next dance—it is a waltz, is it

"Yes. it is."

"She has promised it to Lord Airlie. but he has gone home with his mother, who was tired. Go and tell her that he cent you as his substitute."

"Would that be fair, Lady Ruth?" he said, with a smile, but she saw his face suddenly flush. "All is fair in love and-war," she an-

swered. "And you are very grateful, Mr Fenton 2" "Very," he answered. "Do you doubt

"Time will prove," she said. "There go now and secure her before she is engaged. Put me in that seat, please." He glanced at it, saw that it com-

manded a view of the lounge to which Constance had just been taken, and his lips grew close; but he left her without a word beyond the customary thanks, and crossed the room. Constance saw him coming, and her eyes began to gleam with the light one

sees in those of the stag almost driven to bay. "Will you give me this dance, Miss Grahame?" he said, not meeting her eyes, but looking at her fan,

"I am engaged," she replied, coldly, and turned her head away. "To Lord Airlie, are you not?" he said. "Will you let me see your card?" She looked up, and her lips formed

"I think this is it," he said, with perfect calmness. "Lord Airlie has been obliged to leave, and was good enough to yield to my prayer that I should take his dance."

"Do you insist?" came from her He made no reply, but stood immovably, a faint smile on his pale face. Constance looked round. If the mar-

quis had been in sight, she would have dared all, and beckoning to him have left Rawson Fenton standing there and openly defied. But the marquis was nowhere to be seen, and helplessly she His eyes lighted up with a sudden

flash of triumph, and he put his arm round her. A shudder ran through her at his touch, the lights seemed to flare and dance, the music to deafen her. She danced with him for a minute or half stunned and bewildered; then, as if she could endure it no longer, she stopped and tore her hand from him. Why do you persecute me in this

way?" fell from her lips. He raised his eyebrows and looked at her with an affectation of shocked "I beg your pardon, Miss Grahame, I

did not know you were so tired." He drew her arm within his and kept it there, though she tried to drag it away, and led her to a small recess. As he did so, he looked quickly round the room. The waltz was in full swing. and they were almost hidden from the general view; but on the seat where he had left her, Lady Ruth still sat, and he saw her sharp eyes beat on them. "Why do you persecute me?" re-peated Constance. "Is there ne spark

of manliness in your nature ?" He smiled down at her, silent still, and she stood, her hand pressed to her heart, her lips tightly compressed. If she could but defy him! And, ah! how easy it would have been to defy him if she had told Wolfe all about him and her past conection with him! Why had she not? Why had she not?

"Do you mean to come to the castle to-morrow?" she panted, without look-

"Why should I refuse Lord Brake-peare's courteous invitation, Miss Graame ?" he answered.

Constance's hand clinched. What is your object, what is it you intend to do ?" she demanded. "Nothing but to regard most reverently the wishes of a lady whom I was once proud to call my friend," he said, slowly, and with the same mocking When last we met and parted you desired that we should be strangers. It was as strangers we met to-night, was it not? If you had wished it otherwise, you would have claimed my

acquaintance, would you not?" She breathed hard. "But you intimated by your silence that you would prefer that every one your future husband, all, should regard us as meeting for the first time. I have

respected your wish, that is all." She saw his advantage, and in her helplessness she could have cried aloud. What more do you want?" he said after a pause. "Tell me, and I will obey you--if it be possible."

She turned upon him. "I want that you and I should never meet again." she panted.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders " Alas! that is impossible. You see, the world is such a small place, and we shall meet-to-morrow."

"No!" she said, almost inaudibly. To-night I tell Lord Brakespeare-"What?" he said, in a low, slow voice. That I am an old friend? Yes. And what will you say when he asks you to explain why you met me to-night as a stranger, and concealed the past friend-

She turned her head away with some-

thing like a moan on her lips. "Come," he said, looking round the room carelessly, and speaking in the easiest of conventional tones, "you are distressing yourself without cause. Have you forgotten the gist of our last interview? If you have, I have not. I told you then that I had knelt to you for the last time. The next time-it there should ever arise an echo of the

to me. Are you satisfied ?" Pale to the lips before, her face crimsened, and she was turning on him with wild words of scorn and hate, when the marquis came up. She caught his arm.

past love-it will be you who will kneel

"Wolfe !" "Well-" he began, then stopped, full of concern. "Why, Constance!" 'Miss Grahame is quite tired out, I

Fenton, gravely; "I was just going in search of you." "Take me home, Wolfe," she whispered, clinging to him.

fear, Lord Brakespeare," said Rawson

"I will find the marchioness if you will allow me." said Rawson Fenton. The marcuis thanked him gratefully and took Constance to the entrance.

A few minutes afterward Rawson Fenton appeared with the marchioness. "I-I am so sorry!" panted Constance, as she leaned back in the corner of the carriage.

My dear, why didn't you say you were tired before," murmured the old lady, sympathetically. "I should have been glad to go. Good-night, Mr. Fen-

Constance saw his pale face as he stood with uplifted hat, and with a anxiety. shudder drew her cloak round her so that it almost hid her eyes. "Let her alone, mother," said the

marquis, in a low and anxious voice; "she is tired out. It has been a trying evening for her." She lay back in silence, and after a time his hand stole towards hers, and took it and held it firmly. Her fingers

closed on it with a fearsome little The carriage sped on its way, and stooping forward to arrange her cloak

more closely round her, he touched her She opened her eyes and leaned forward, nearer and still nearer to him, and suddenly she had slipped to her knees and was resting against his

"Wolfe, Wolfe," she murmured, her breath coming in painful gasps, "you will love me always, Wolfe? Whatever happens-whatever they say, you will love me ?" and she clung to him. "Constance, Constance, my darling!"

he murmured, gathering her to him and kissing her. "What has come to you tonight? What has frightened you? Love and till death." CHAPTER XXIII. Constance tossed to and fro that night.

sleepless, restless, and consumed by a

fever of apprehension. The pale face of Rawson Fenton, with its sinister smile, so cold and confident, haunted her. Over and over again, as the slow hours dragged themselves along, she

asked herself the question: Why had in its entirety? If she had done so, the presence of this man, who pursued and ing attire, and carrying a gun. She persecuted her with such relentless persistence, would have been a matter of indifference to her. Could she tell him, even now? She

resolved to do so twenty times in the hour, but her resolve always broke away Lady Ruth's words, spoken with such

seeming carelessness, rose vividly be-fore her. She had spoken of the marquis's hot temper and easily aroused jealousy. Constance remembered too, all too distinctly, the sinister remark of Rawson Fenton. How could she explain satisfactorily her reception of him as a stranger—him with whom she had spent weeks and months in an Australian cabin; him who had twice proposed marriage to her? Had he any object in coming to the castle other than the political one?

He had vowed that he would never speak to her of love again unless she made the first advances : was there any truth in his assertion-promise, as it might be called?

She mistrusted him, and did not believe a word he said, and yet surely, now that she was the promised wife of another man, he would cease to persecute her. He must see how hopeless and utterly futile any further parsuit of her must be. These and a hundred other thoughts

tortured her through the few remaining hours of the night, and the gray dawn found her still awake and haunted by a vague presentiment of coming

Ah, if she had but only summoned up sufficient courage, when Rawson Fen-ton came up to her in the ball-room, to say, "I know this gentleman very well," and had she, on their journey home, told Wolfe the whole story, what peace she would have secured for herself!

A little after nine a knock came to the door, and Arol's voice was heard calling

"Uncle Wolfe said I wasn't to dis-

turb you, Constance, dear," he said, as she put her arms round him and kissed "He said you were very, very tired last night, and the house was to be kept very quiet so as not to wake you. So I waited outside until I heard you pull up the blinds, and here's Mary with some breakfast, and grandma says

you are to have a good sleep before you ne down." Mary came in with a dainty little breakfast on a tray, and was deeply concerned that her beloved young mistress should have got up thus early.

"The marquis's love, miss, and he hopes you will not get up for hours yet; to a friend of "dear Constance's." and these flowers are for you. He cut them himself, miss." Constance could scarcely speak as she pressed the blossoms to her lips. His

loving words and thoughtfulness sharpened the sting of her self-reproach. "Uncle Wolfe's been telling me all about the ball," said Arol, curling himself up on one of the chairs. "He says room, Constance, and I'm sure that is true. I wish I had been there. How soon do you think I shall be grown-up

enough to go to a ball ?" "Not for a long while yet, dear," she replied, burying her hand in his long curls caressingly, and finding comfort and consolation in his presence. "Why

are you in such a hurry ?" "Because I want to dance with you Constance, dear." he answered with perfect gravity. "Uncle Wolfe says all the gentlemen wanted to dance with you last night. Did you enjoy yourself very much, dear? I hope you didn't quite forget me !"

"That I did not," replied Constance. with absolute truth. "Indeed, in the middle of one of the dances, I was thinking that if it should be fine to-day you and I would take the posies for a drive."

He sprang up instantly. "Why, it's a lovely day, Constance dear !" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Very well, then," she said; "you go

and order the ponies, and we will start directly." He ran off gleefully, and Constance

finished dressing. Out in the open air, during the drive, she might perhaps arrive at some determination, might see some road out of the difficulty which surrounded her. On his way down the stairs, two steps at a time, Arol ran in to the mar-

"Halloo!" he said, catching him and swinging him on to his shoulder. Where are you going at this breakneck pace, young man ?" "Going to order the ponies. Constance

and I are going for a drive." "Oh, indeed!" said the marquis. Well, you are a favored individual! Co and tell Constance that if she will drive over to Mrs. Marsh's I will meet you there, say at twelve o'clock. I am going to ride over to Wavertree on business, and will take Mrs. Marsh's

It was almost a relief to Constance, much as she longed to see him and get his morning caress, to find that the marquis had started before she came down. "You look rather pale this morning," said the marchioness. "You are not ill,

as I come back."

my dear ?" she added, with tender replied Constance, with a wan little smile, "only a little tired

"The drive will do you good, dear," said the old lady. "Wolfe will meet you at Mrs. Marsh's; he has been very anxlous about you.

Constance's pale face flushed, and she averted her eyes. "I-I am sorry I distressed him last night," she murmured, wistfully.

"My dear, he quite understood, and was full of sympathy. The unusual excitement was too much for you. He has been reproaching himself all the morning for not bringing you home

Every loving word seemed to stab Constance, and as she got into the phaeton, her heart ached with the longing to throw herself upon the marchloness's bosom and tell her all.

She drove through the park and along the narrow lanes, all radiant in their autumn glory, with Arol chattering like a magpie at her side : but the fresh air and the brightness of the morning brought her no peace. Ever before her there loomed the coming oryou! Why, yes, against all the world, deal of the evening, when she would have to meet Rawson Fenton, to speak to and listen to him, and play her part of deception and concealment. They turned on to the moor, and the ponies were going along at a smart

pace, revelling in the autumn breeze that blew over the broad plain, when suddenly Arol exclaimed "Look, Constance! Who's that?" Constance looked into the direction to which he pointed, and saw a tall, thin

she not told Wolfe the story of her life figure standing up distinctly against the sky. It was a gentleman in shootrecognized Rawson Fenton, far off as he was, and her heart sank. "He is coming across the moor toward us," said Arol; "I wonder who

Constance checked the ponies almost instinctively, and her face grew pale. "Why, you are not afraid of him, whoever it is, are you, Constance,

The question was more significant than he imagined. Yes, she was afraid of him, and she knew it : but she must crush all fear out of her heart. She touched the ponies with her whip, and they bounded forward.

dear ?" Arol asked.

She saw him walking toward the road on ahead, and knew that he would intercept her, for the road wound round in his direction, and she gradually schooled herself into composure, resclving that she would simply bow and pass on without stopping.

But as the carriage reached the spot where he was standing leaning on his gun, and evidently waiting for her approach, and she bowed coldly, he raised his hat and stepped into the road. It would have been impossible to have driven on without attracting Arol's atention to her want of courtesy, and with tightly set lips she pulled the

He came to the side of the carriage with a smile on his face, which was as pale as if he had spent the morning at his writing-table instead of on the

said; "I could not lose the opportunity of asking you how you were after last night's dissipation," and he held out his Constance just touched it with her gleved fingers, and murmured a con-ventional response, looking straight be-

Constance, who had been pacing up have heard so much?" he said, smil-and down in her dressing-robe for the ing at Arol, whose large eyes took stock

Lancebrook," and her face flushed with sentment at his persistence. is Mr. Rawson Fenton, Arol," she said,

Arol took off his hat and held out his and, but with no very great prompti-"The duchess has been telling me of

his illness. He looks quite recovered, thanks to you, Miss Grahame." "He is quite well," said Constance. nechanically.

"I hope you have had good sport, Mr. Fenton," said Arol, with all the Brakespeare gravity, and anxious to be polite "Thank you, yes, Lord Lancebrook,"

he replied ; "very good sport." "What have you shot ?" asked Arol. "Some plover and a rabbit or two. Would you like to see them ? I left them in the hollow there; I'll go and fetch

"Oh, no; please don't trouble; I'll go," said Arol, eagerly; and he jumped out you were the most beautiful girl in the and ran to the spot to which Rawson Fenton had pointed Immediately he had got out of earshot Rawson Fenton drew closer to the phae-

ton, and laying his hand on it, bent for-"I thought it likely that I might see you this morning," he said in a low

voice. The color mounted to Constance's brow, and she flashed an indignant glance upon him. Did he dare to think that she had driven out on the chance

and hope of seeing him? "I wished to see," he said, fully comprehending the flush and her look. Last night it seemed to me that you were rather unwilling that I should become a guest of Lord Brakespeare."

She remained silent. "Ah! I was right," he said, his eyes fixed on hers keenly. "Well, I was desirous of telling you that you need have no such reluctance; to remind you that by no word or deed of mine will any one learn that we were anything more than strangers till last night. I think you can trust me, Miss Grahame."

Constance's heart beat. "I have nothing to trust to you," she said, coldly. "There shall be no such word between us. Mr. Fenton."

"I will not insist upon a word," he said, with a sinister smile. " All I wanted to say was, that you need be under no apprehension because I happen to spend a few hours under the same roof with you. That is all. I am a man of my word, as you know, and what I said last night I shall stand by. Don't let my presence make you unhappy, or even uneasy.'

Constance set her lips tightly. "Will you please tell Lord Bancebrook that I am waiting, Mr. Fenton?" she

"He is coming," he answered, glancing over his shoulder, "and I have said all I wanted to say." Arol ran up with half a dozen plover

in his hand.

"Aren't they pretty, Constance? It is almost a pity to shoot such pretty birds, isn't it? May I have one of the feathers. Mr. Fenton?" Rawson Fenton cut off some of the

wing feathers. "You make me quite remorseful, Lord Lancebrook," he said, with a smile. What will you do with them? them in your cap?'

"Yes," said Arol. "No, I'll give them to Constance for her hat.' 'Then I must give you some more,' said Rawson Fenton, with a glance at

Constance's pale face. "Will you accept them, Miss Grahame ?" "Thanks, I do not care for them,' said Constance. "Come, Arol;" and the moment he had leaped in she bowed slightly to Rawson Fenton and drove on. "He was very kind." said Arol, taking off his cap and sticking the feathers in

It. "Is he an old friend of yours, Constance dear ?" A lump rose in Constance's throat. Must she lie even to the child? " I-I met him at the ball last night,"

she said, painfully. "Oh, I thought he knew you very well, because I saw him talking so-so friendly to you while I was gone," he said innocently. "Take those feathers out of your cap.

Arol!" she exclaimed, almost sharply.

'I-I do not like them.'

and he nestled up to her.

He whipped off his cap, snatched the feathers out and flung them in the road with a look of surprise at her. "I am so sorry I put them in," he said. You are not angry, Constance dear ?"

She put her disengaged arm around "No, no, dear," she murmured, the tears springing to her eyes. should I be ? But I-I don't like to see you wearing the feathers."

"I didn't know." he said. "Perhaps you don't like Mr. Fenton ?' 'I do not," slipped from her lips before she could stop it.

Arol looked up at her thoughtfully. 'Well, now that you've said that, I don't mind saying that I don't like him very much. He-he smiles so much, doesn't he? And he is so pale. Is he ill, Constance ?'

"No-I don't know,' she answered. Don't let us talk any more about him, as we don't either of us like him, dear." She drove on, and presently they reached Mrs. Marsh's. The marquis's horse was tied to the garden rail, and the marquis himself was leaning over, smoking a cigar and talking with an infantile Marsh. His smile as he turned to welcome Constance seemed to her like sunlight after rain—the dawn of a bright day after a murky night.

"Well, dearest," he said, coming and ending over her, his eyes, full of love, dwelling upon her face. "Ah, you look "Yes, I am all right now,' she said

gently, and she felt changed in his pres-"You have just come in time," he remarked. "This little one was on the point of crying because I had not brought the 'booty lady' with me ;" and going to the railings he hauled the mite

stance's feet. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, picking some hing up from the bottom of the phaeon. "What's this—a plover's feather?" Constance's face flushed as she bent

over and put him laughingly at Con-

"Yes," said Arol, busily engaged in hunting among the varied contents of his pockets for sixpence for Master Marsh, which appeared to comprise everything from a piece of string to a lonkey's shoe. "Yes; guess how we not it. Upcle Wolfe." "Flew up and caught one by the tail?"
uggested the marquis.
"Well, I've heard you call Constance

an angel, but I've never seen her fly," retorted Arol, extracting a sixpence from the indescribable heap in his lap. "No, you'd never guess—would he, Contance, dear? It was given to me—by

"Ah. ves : I saw him with a gun."

"Yes, he gave me a wing for my cap, but Constance didn't think it suited me, and I threw it away."

What base ingratitude," remarked the marquis, absently, as he leaned against the side of the phaeton, and watched the lovely face of his darling. "Well, perhaps it was," admitted Arol. "But you see we didn't either of us like

The marquis looked up with a laugh. deed! Dear me! Oh, you neither of you like Mr. Fenton; is that so, Con-

Constance raised her head, but with lowncast eyes, and was silent a moment. Then it flashed upon her that now was the time to tell him all. She looked up with a half-eager, half-

apprehensive expression in her lovely 'No, Wolfe-" she began, then suddenly Mrs. Marsh's voice crooned be-

hind them. "So you be come to see me, my lord! And the pretty young lady too. Hah, hah!" and she chuckled and shook her head. "That weren't such a bad guess o' mine, after all. Lord Wolfe. Bless her sweet face! Ah, my lord, you a' got a prize, you 'ev, begging the dear young lady's pardon. But there, the Brakespeares 'ud always have the best wherever it was to be found, and you be a

true Brakespeare, Lord Wolfe." Thank you for both of us, Mrs. Marsh," he responded, laughingly. "You must come and dance at our wedding,

"Ay, that I will," crooned the old lady. "But you must make haste about it, or I'll be getting too old. And here's some milk for the young lord, lookin' as well and rosy as a pippin; ay, and we all knows who to thank for that," with a courtesy to Constance.

The chance had gone. Was it to prove her last chance? Constance asked herself as she drove home with her lover riding beside her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The color had left Constance's face long before the dressing-bell rang, and its reflection startled her as she saw it in the glass, startled and warned her. One glance at the pale face would tell Rawson Fenton that she was afraid of him. She could not endure that. At all costs she would meet him unflinchingly, to outward show, at any rate. So while she dressed she schooled herself into something that looked like self-pos-

session and indifference. After all, she asked herself over and over again, what had she to fear? Was it likely that Rawson Fenton would go to the marquis and say, "I loved the woman you are about to marry, and I have persecuted her?" No, he could scarcely be mean enough to avow his own unmanliness. Besides, he had some object in view in cultivating the marquis's friendship—this political business he was pursuing; he would scarcely turn aside from it to wreak his spite against her. He must know that she was now lost to him forever, and accept the fact.

Yes, she was wrong in being afraid of him, and would be doubly wrong in letting him see it.

She dressed herself with more than usual care to-night, and had the satisfaction of seeing that her face was less pale as she threw a last glance at it before descending. He should not detect by a ribbon awry how much his presence affected her.

The guests had not arrived, and the marchioness was alone in the drawingroom when she entered.

"Did I tell you that Ruth was coming, dear ?" she said, placidly, looking up at the tall, graceful figure with loving admiration. "How well you are looking to-night! Wolfe almost thought of putting them off." 'I am glad he did not," said Con-

stance, crushing down the exactly opposite thought. "Oh, yes, I am quite well. No, you did not tell me Lady Ruth was coming." Well, Constance, dear," she exclaimed, bestowing a pecking kiss upon them both. "Quite recovered? What

a sensation you created last night. I'm afraid you didn't see it all, aunt." "I heard of it," said the old lady, with "Quite a triumphal progress. I assure you. All the rest of us 'paled our ineffectual fires' before her. By the way,

dear. I must congratulate you upon a most distinct conquest." "Yes?" said Constance, without looking up from some flowers she was arranging in a vase.

"Yes, quite a case of 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' I never saw a man so badly hit, really. He scarcely took his eyes off you while you were there, and seemed quite disconsolate when you had gone.

Constance smiled coldly. "May one ask the name of the unfortunate man, Ruth?" asked the marchioness, serenely. "Oh, yes; it was Mr. Rawson Fenton, who is going to dine here to-

with those flowers, dear?" and she moved to the table. Constance had not schooled herself in vain, and her eyes, as she raised them to the sharp ones bent on her, were perfectly calm and steady.

night," she replied. "Can I help you

"No, thank you ; it is done now." "You don't appear to be much moved by the tidings of your victory," said Lady Ruth. "Really, I think you are the least vain of any girl I know, my

"Constance is certainly not vain," remarked the old lady, placidly. "And it is to be hoped that Wolfe has outgrown his jealousy," said Lady Ruth with a laugh. "Do you remember how fearfully jealous he used to be as a boy,

"Wolfe has changed very much-for

the better," said the marchio

Fenton's disaster."

ng at Constance with tender "Oh, yes, of course. Love is an excelent schoolmaster. But, still, I don't think we had better tell him of poor Mr.

Constance looked at her for a momen Did anything deeper than mere chatter lie behind Lady Ruth's words? She put the vague suspicion away from her as too groundless and improbable, and the entrance of the duchess and a couple of men whom the marquis had invited to make the party more complete pu an end to the discussion.

Her grace, looking none the worse for her last night's dance, was all good tem-per and amiability, and Constance heard her laughing and talking with Wolfe much more loudly than duchesses are plarly supposed to do.

"All here, mother?" he asked, turning to the marchioness, presently. She looked round.

"No, dear. Mr. Rawson Fenton."

"Great men are privileged," said the

(Tobs Continued, )

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