make me believe Eleanore perpetrated

this crime, nor will I be less generous

towards her cousin Mary Laven-

"You are more lement in your judg-

"What, have you forgotten in the

hurry of these late events, the sen-

the matter. The voices are, as you

explainable equally by the supposition

one. So that while I did not hesitate

pleased to find that you accepted a con-

what has been the result? With you,

doubt, contradiction, constant unset-

tlement and unwarranted resorts to

strange sources for reconcilement be-

one," said I at last; "it

peace, for nothing,"

"No. no."

from the first."

for all she knows."

better judgment?

consistent throughout."

"What do you mean?"

eft her."

"Just so."

city after that?"

"And that is?"

some good reason for doing so."

I was obliged to admit that, too.

"But," said I, in my great unwilling-

ness to accept his conclusions. "Elean-

ore Leavenworth is but mortal. She

may have been mistaken in her infer-

ences. She has never stated what her

suspicion was founded upon, nor can

in your belief in Clavering's guilt."

I recoiled. Was I? Could it be that

Mr. Harwell's fanciful conviction m

regard to this man had in any way

influenced me to the detriment of my

"And you may be right," Mr. Gryce

went on; "I do not pretend to be set in

my notions. Future investigation may

succeed in fixing something upon him,

though I hardly think it likely. His

behavior as the secret husband of a

woman possessing motives for the

commission of a crime, has been too

"No exception at all, for heh asn't

"I mean that instead of leaving the

country, Mr. Clavering has only made

pretence of doing so. That in place of

dragging himself of to Europe at her

command, he has only changed his

lodgings, and can now be found, not

only in a house opposite to hers, but,

in the window of that house, where

he sits day after day watching who

goes in and out of her front door."

I remembered his parting injunction

to me in that memorable interview we

had in my office, and saw myself com-

pelled to put a new construction upon

"But I was assured at the Hoffman

House that he had sailed for Europe,

and myself saw the man who professes

"And Mr. Clayering returned to the

"In another carriage and to another

"And you tell me that man is all

"No," returned he, "I only say there isn't the shadow of evidence against

him as the person who shot Mr. Leav-

few minutes silence fell between us. But the clock striking recalled me to

the necessity of the hour, and turning I asked Mr. Gryce what he proposed

"There is but one thing I can do,"

"To go upon such lights as I have, and cause the arrest of Miss Leaven-

"Rising, I paced the floor, and for a

to have driven him to the steamer."

"All except his leaving her."

ful light breaking upon me.

"Of course, didn't you?"

the assassin or not.

guilty one."

"No. but-

for Liverpool. Proved by newspapers

September. Eleanore Leavenworth in her uncle's house in New York, conducting herself as usual, but pale of face and preoccupied in manner. Proved by servants then in her service. Mr. Clavering in London; watches the United States mails with eagerness, but receives no letters. Fits up room elegantly as for a lady. Proved by Secret Communication from London.

November. Miss Leavenworth still in her unucle's house. No publication of her marriage ever made. Mr. Clavering in London; shows signs of uneasiness; the room prepared for lady closed. Proved as before.

January 17, 1876. Mr. Clavering having returned to America, engages room at Hoffman House, New York. March 1, or 2. Mr. Leavenworth receives a letter signed by Henry Clavering, in which he complains of

having been ill-used by one of that gentleman's nieces. A manifest shade falls over the family at that time. March 4. Mr. Clavering under a false name inquires at the door of Mr. Leavenworth's house, for Miss Eleanore Leavenworth. Proved by Thomas.

"March Fourth?" exclaimed Mr. Gryce at this point. "That was the night of the murder." 'Yes; the Mr. Le Roy Robbins said

other than Mr. Clavering." March 19. Miss Mary Leavenworth, in a conversation with me, acknowledges that there is a secret in the family, and just upon the point of revealing the house. Upon his departure she declares her unwillingness ever to

mention the subject again." "I do."

"And that being his wife-" "It would be natural for her to make what endeavor she could, to conceal any thing she knew serving to criminate him."

"Always supposing Clavering himself had done any thing criminal !" "Of course."

"Which latter supposition you now propose to justify!" 'Which latter supposition we must now endeavor to prove justifiable." A peculiar gleam shot over Mr. Gryce's somewhat abstracted face.

"Then you have no new evidence against Mr. Clavering ?" "I should think the fact just given, of his standing in the relation of unparty was something."

acknowledged husband to the suspected "No positive evidence as to his being the assassain of Mr. Leavenworth, I mean ?' I was obliged to tell him no, none

which he would call of a positive nature. "But I can show the existence of motive, and I can likewise show that it was not only possible, but probable that he was in the house at the time of the murder."

"Ah, you can !" cried Mr. Gryce, rousing a little from his abstraction. "The motive was the usual one of self-interest. Mr. Leavenworth stood in the way of Eleanore's acknowledging him as a husband, and he must therefore be put out fo the way."

"Motives for murders are sometimes

"The motive for this was not. There is not only too much calculation observable in the whole thing, but the anner of it was too cold, for the arm to have been nerved by anything short of the most deliberate intention, founded upon the deadliest necessity of passion or avarice." "Avarice ?"

"One should never deliberate upon the causes which lead to the destruction of a rich man, without taking into account that most common passon of the human race."

"But--"Let us hear what you have to say of Mr. Clavering's presence in the house at the time of the murder." "Well," said I "if the motive was weak, I fear that you will find this more so." And I related what Thomas the butler had told me in regard to Mr. Clavering's call upon Miss Leavenworth that night, and the lack of proof which existed as to his having left the

house when supposed to do so. "That is worth remembering," said Mr. Gryce at the conclusion. "Valueless as direct evidence that he was implicated in this crime, it would be very important as circumstantial." Then in a graver tone than any which he had yet used in his conversations with me, he went on to say, "Mr. Raymond are you aware that in all this you have been strengthening the case against Eleanore Leavenworth instead of weakening it?"

I could only ejaculate in my sudder der and horror. "You have shown her to be secret,

sly, and unprincipled capable of wrong her uncle and her husband." "You put it very strongly," said L

conscious of a shocking discrepancy between this description of Eleanore's character, and all that I had preconceived in regard to it

"No more so than your own con clusions from this story warrant me in doing." Then as I sat silent, mur-murmured low, and as if to himself, "If the case was dark against her before, it shed of her being the woman

"And yet," cried I, unable to give up without a struggle the hope I had been cherishing for so long, "you do not, cannot believe the noble-looking Eleanore guilty of this horrible crime?" "No," said he, slowly: "you might as well know right here what I think

about that. I believe Eleanore Leavenworth to be an innocent woman."
"You do? Then what," cried I, swayng between joy at this admission and doubt as to the meaning of his former expressions, "remains to be done?" position is not true

XXV.

TIMOTHY COOK I stared at him in amazement. "I doubt if it will be so very difficult," said he. Then in a sudden burst, "Where is the man Cook?" "He is below," returned I; "he and Q. I brought them with me."

"That was wise; let us see the boys; have them up." Stepping to the door I called them. "Iexpected of course you would want

to question them," said I coming back. In another moment the spruce Q and the shock-headed Cook entered the "Ah," said Mr. Gryce, looking to

wards the latter if not directly at him; "this is the deceased Mr. Stebbins' hired man is it? Well, you look as thought you could tell the truth." "I usually calculate to do that thing, sir; at all events I was never called a liar that I can remember."

"Of course not, of course not," returned the detective, very affably for him. Then without any further introduction-"What was the first name of the lady you saw married in your master's house last summer ?" "Bless me if I know! I don't think heard, sir."

"But you recollect how she looked?" "As well as if she was my own mother. No disrespect to the lady, sir, if you know her," he made haste to add, glancing hurriedly at me. "What I mean is, that she was so handsome, I could never forget the look of her sweet face if I lived a hundred

"Can you describe her?" "I don't know, sirs: she was tall and grand looking, had the brightest eyes and the whitest hand and smiled n a way to make even a common man like me wish he had never seen her." "Would you know her in a crowd?" "I would know her anywhere."

"Very well, now tell us all you can about that marriage." "Well, sirs, it was something like this. I had been in Mr. Stebbins' employ I should say about a year, wien

one morning as I was hoeing in the I saw a gentleman step down from the had before noticed: platform of the depot, look up and down the road for a minute, and then doesn't it? Well it don't me," shutting in. I noticed him particularly, beits nature, when Mr. Clavering enters cause he was so fine looking; unlike matter; but I shouldn't have thought ion of the whole affair." Mr. Gryce slowly waved the paper | much about it if there hadn't come aside. "And from these facts you along not five minutes after, a buggy to get out, so I went and held their horse for them and they got down and

went into the house." "Did you see their faces?" "No, sir; not then. They had veils

"Very well, go on." "I hadn't been to work long, before I heard some one calling my name, and ooking up, I saw Mr. Stebbins standing in the door, beckoning. I went to him, and he said 'I want you, Tim; wash your hands and come into the parlor." I had never been asked to do that before, and it struck me all of a heap, but I did what he asked, and was so taken aback at the looks of the lady I saw standing up on the floor with the an affair of murder like this, forget handsome gentleman, that I stumbled over a stool and made a great racket, and didn't know much where I was or what was going on, till I heard Mr. Stebbins say 'man and wife,' and then it came over me in a hot kind of way that it was a marriage I was seeing.' Timothy Cook stopped to wipe his forehead, as if overcome with the very recollection, and Mr. Gryce took the op-

portunity to remark: "You say there were two ladies; nov where was the other one at this time?" "She was there, sir, but I didn't mind much about her. I was so taken up with the handsome one, and the way she had of smiling when anyone looked at her. I never saw the beat."

I felt a quick thrill go through me but why or for what I could not at that noment have determined. "Can you remember the color of her

air or eyes?" "No, sir; I had a feeling as if she vasn't dark, and that is all I know." "But you remember her face?" "Yes, sir."

Mr. Gryce here whispered me to pro cure the two pictures which I would any hand in the business." find in a certain drawer in his desk and set them up in different parts of the room unbeknown to the man. "You have before said," pursued Mr.

Gryce, "that you have no remembrance of her name. Now, how was that? certificate?'

"Yes, sir; but I am most ashamed to say it, I was in a sort of maze and horror and repugnance. "Do not mendidn't hear much, and only remember tion the name," cried I; "you are that it was a Mr. Clavering she was married to, and that some one called some one else Elner, or something like that. I wish I hadn't been so stupid. sir, if it would have done you any

"Tell us about the signing of the certificate," said Mr. Gryce. "Well, sir, there isn't much to tell. Mr. Stebbins asked me to put my name down in a certain place on a piece of paper he pushed towards me, and I

put it down there, that is all." "Was there no other name there when you wrote yours?" "No, sir. Afterwards Mr. Stebbins turned towards the other lady who now came forward, and asked her if she wouldn't please sign it, and she said 'yes' and came very quickly and did

"And didn't you see her face then?" "No, sir; her back was to me when yourself?" she threw by her veil, and I only saw Mr. Stebbins staring at her as she I only know one thing, and that is, stooped, with a kind of wonder on his that I will never believe your suspic-face, which made me think that she ions true. That, however much Mary might have been something worth look—may have been benefitted by her un-Well, what happened then?"

"I don't know, sir. I went stumbing an attempt to be honest. ut of the room and didn't see anything "Where were you when the ladies went away?"

"In the garden, sir; I had gone back "You saw them, then; was the gentleman with them?" "No, sir; that was the queer part or

it all. They went back as they came, and so did he; and in a few minutes Mr. Stebbins came out where I was and told me I was to say nothing about what I had seen, for it was a secret."
"Were you the only one in the house
who knew anything about it? Weren't there any women around?"

"No, sir; Miss Stebbins had gone to her part will ever make me believe

the sewing circle."
I had by this time some faint impression of what Mr. Gryce's suspicions cruel, too deliberate, toowere, and in arranging the pictures had placed one, that of Eleanore—and in Mr. Gryce. Mr. Gryce quietly responded: "Why, an exquisite portrait it was, too-on nothing but to prove that your sup- the mantelpiece and the other, which was an uncommonly fine photograph of Mary, in plain view on the desk. But Mr. Cook's back was as yet towards that part of the room, and taking advantage of the moment, I returned and asked him if that was all he had worth is a faulty woman, but not a to tell us about this matter.

"Yes, sir." "Then," said Mr. Gryce, with a glance appears." at Q, "isn't there something here you can give Mr. Cook in payment for his

story? Look around, will you?" Q Nodded and moved towards a cupboard in the wall which was at the side of the mantelpiece, Mr. Cook following tence of accusation which we overhim with his eyes as was natural, when heard uttered between these ladies on with a sudden start he crossed the the morning of the inquest?" room, and pausing before the mantelpiece, looked at the picture of Eleanore which I had put there, gave a low by Mary to Eleanore?" . grunt of satisfaction or pleasure, looked at it again and walked away. I felt my heart leap up into my throat, and face! "Scarcely, I left that baby play moved by what impulse of dread or for you. I thought one was enough to hope I cannot say, turned my back, follow on that tack, when suddenly I heard him give vent to a stratled exclamation, followed by ing upon me! "And do you mean to the words: "Why, here she is, this is say," cried I, "that it was Eleanore her, sirs," and turning around saw him who was speaking at that time? That hurrying towards us with Mary's pro- I have been laboring all these weeks

ture in his hands. I do not know as I was greatly sur- could have righted me with a word prised. I was powerfully excited as and d:d not?" well as conscious of a certain whirl of thought and an unsettling of old purpose in letting you follow your own conclusions that was very confusing, lead for a while. In the first place, I but surprised, no. It seemed as if the was not myself sure which spoke. manner of Mr. Gryce had too well pre- though I had but little doubt about

pared me. "This the lady who was married to must have noticed, very much alike, Mr. Clavering, my good man? I guess while the attitudes in which we found you are mistaken," cried Mr. Gryce in them upon entering, were such as to be a very incredulous tone.

"Mistaken! Didn't I say I would that Mary was in the act of launching know her anywhere? This is the lady, a denunciation, or in that of repelling if she is the President's wife herself." And Mr. Cook leaned over it with a myself as to what was the true expla- fusal." devouring look that was not without nation of the scene before me, I was its element of homage.

Left alone with Mr. Gryce, I must trary one; as in this way both theories have allowed some confused emotions would have the chance of being tested; which filled my breast to become ap- as was right in a case of so much parent on my countenance, for after mystery. You, accordingly, took up the ing warmer upon the trail? A little a few minutes of ominous silence, he affair with one idea for your starting exclaimed very grimly, and yet with point, and I with another. You saw to have called that evening, was none garden that runs along by the road, a latent touch of that complacency I "This discovery rather upsets you,

walk rapidly to our gate and come his mouth like a trap. "I expected it." "You must have formed very different conclusions from what I have anybody in F-, and, indeed, unlike done," I returned, "or you would see anybody I had ever seen, for that that this discovery alters the complex-

"It does not alter the truth." "What is the truth?" draw the inference that Eleanore with two ladies in it, which stopped Mr. Gryce's very legs grew thought-Leavenworth is the wife of Mr. Claver- at our gate, too. I saw they wanted ful; his voice sank to its deepest tone. "Do you very much want to know?"

"Want to know the truth? What else are we after?" "Then," said he, "to my notion the complexion of things has altered, but very much for the better. As long as Eleanore was believed to be the wife, her action in this matter was accounted for, but the tragedy itself was not. Why should Eleanore or Eleanore's husband wish the death of a man whose bounty was believed by them to cease with his life? But with Mary, the heiress, proved the wife-I tell you, Mr. Raymond, it all hangs together

who it is that most profits by the deceased man's death.' "But Eleanore's silence? Her concealment of certain proofs and evidences in her own breast-how will you account for that? I can imagine a woman devoting herself to the shield-

now You must never in reckoning up

ing of a husband from the consequences of crime, but a cousin's husband, never." Mr. Gryce put his feet very close

together, and softly grunted. "Then you still think Mr. Clavering the aseassin of Mr. Leavenworth?" I could only stare at him in my sudden doubt and dread. "Still think?"

I repeated. "Mr. Clavering the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth?"

"Why, what else is there to think? you don't-you can't suspect Eleanore of having deliberately undertaken to help her cousin out of a difficulty by taking the life of their mutual benefactor?"

"No," said Mr. Gryce; "no, I not think Eleanore Leavenworth had "Then who-" I began and stopped, lost in the dreadful vista that was

opening before me. "Who? Why who but the one whose past deceit and present necessity, demanded his death as a relief? Who, Weren't you called upon to sign the but the beautiful, gorgeous, money-loving, man-deceiving goddess-"

I leaped to my feet in my sudden wrong, but do not speak the name." "Excuse me," said he, "but it will have to be spoken many times, and we may as well begin-Mary Leavenworth, or if you like it better. Mrs. Henry Clavering. Are you so much surprised? It has been my thought from the beginning."

MR. GRYCE EXPLAINS HIMSELF. I do not propose to enter into a description of the mingled feelings that overwhelmed me at this announce-

"I see that I have pulled down at avalanche of doubts about your ears," exclaimed my companion from the height of his calm superiority. "You never thought of this possibility, then,

"Do not ask me what I have thought. ing at, too, but I didn't see her myself." cle's death, she never had a hand in it, actual hand, I mean," added I with

> "And what makes you think not?" "And what makes you think she had? It is for you to prove that she had, "Ah," said Mr. Gryce in his slow, sarple of law, do you? If I rem ght, you have not always been so unctillous in regarding it, or wishing

But he is a man. It does not seem so dreadful to accuse a man of crime.
But a woman! and such a woman! I cannot listen to it; It is horrible! Noth-

"But," said I, "I do not see what Mary Leavenworth or any other woevidence you have positive enough in character, to warrant you in such action. You have yourself intimated "Read the criminal records," broke that the existence of motive is not enough, even though taken with the fact of the suspected party being in the house at the time of the murder, But I was obstinate. "I do not care for the criminal records. All the crimand what more have you to urge inal records in the world would never against Miss Leavenworth?"

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "I said, 'Miss Leavenworth'; I should have said. 'Eleanore Leavenworth.'" "Eleanore? What, when you and all unite in thinking that she olen of all these parties to the crime is utterly guiltless of wrong ?"

ment of her than her cousin was, it "And yet who is the only one upon whom anything has as yet been fixed." "I do not understand you," murmur-I could but acknowledge that.

ed I, feeling a new and yet more fear-"Mr. Raymond," he remarked very gravely, "the public is becoming clamorous; something must be done to satisfy it, if only for the moment. Eleanore has laid herself open to the suspicion of the police and must take the consequences of her action. I am sorry; she is a noble creature, I ad-"You believed it to have been spoken mire her; but justice is justice, and though I think her innocent, I shall be forced to put her under arrest un-

Oh, the smile that crossed Mr. Gryce's "But I cannot be reconciled to it," undue and mistaken devotion to an The light, the light that was break-

under a terrible mistake, and that you I tried to realize it, tried to face the fact that all my efforts had been "Well," said he, "as to that, I had a for nothing and failed.

> "What to do ?" Alas, I did not know. "To confront

truth. "To make a mess of the whole af fair," cried he. "No, sir; the die is cast. Eleanore Leavenworth knows the one point which fixes this crime upon her cousin, and she must tell us that point

I made one more effort. "But why to-morrow? Having exhausted so much time already in our inquiries why not take a little more: especially as we are constantly growmore moleing-"

"A little more folderol." exclaimed every fact as it developed through the | Mr. Gryce, losing his temper. "No, medium of Mary's belief in Eleanore's | sir; the hour for moleing has passed; guilt, and I through the contrary. And something decisive has got to be done now; though to be sure, if I could find the one missing link I want-' "Missing link? What is that?"

tween appearancs and your own convictions, with me, growing assurance and a belief which each and every development so far, has but served to strengthen and make more probable." "Your theory must be the correct edly Eleanore who spoke. She believes in Mary's guilt and I have been blind, indeed, not to have seen it from the "If Eleanore Leavenworth believes in her cousin's criminality, she must have "She did not conceal in her bosom that tell-tale key-found who knows where-and destroy, or seek to destroy it and the letter which introduced her cousin to the public as the cruel, unprincipled destroyer of a trusting man's "And yet you, a stranger, a young man who have never seen Mary Leavenworth in any other light than that in which her coquettish nature sought wonder if they produced an equally to display itself, presume to say she is

> it. If not-"She will tell us who is."

we know what basis she has for maintaining the attitude you speak of. Clavher husband! ering is as likely to be the assassin as Mary for all we knew, and possibly Clavering, her huband. She has not the devotion of Eleanore." "You seem to be almost superstitious

> shielding another: no. if Mary were accused, she would speak. The future opening before us looked sombre enough. And yet in a short time from that. I found myself alone in the busy street, the thought that Eleanore was free rose above all others, filling and moving me till my walk home in the rain that day has become a marked memory of my life. It was only with nightfall that I began to realize the truly critical position in which Mary stood if Mr. Gryce's theory was correct. But once seized with this thought, nothing could drive it from my mind. Shrink as I would, it was ever before me, haunting me with the direst forebodings. Nor though I retired early could I succeed in getting either sleep or rest. All night I tossed on my pillow, saying over to myself with dreary iteration, "Something must happen to prevent Mr. Gryce doing this dreadful thing." Then I would start up and ask what there was that could happen, and my mind would run over the various contingencies which might occur,as-Mr. Clavering might confess; Hannah might come back; Mary herself wake up to her positon and speak the word I had seen trembling on her lips for so long. But further thought showed me how unlikely any of these things were to hapepn, and it was with a brain utterly exhausted that I fell asleep in the early dawn, to dream I saw Mary standing above Mr. Gryce with a pistol in her hand. I was wakened from this pleasing vision by a heavy knock at the door. Hastily rising, I asked who was there. The nswer came in the shape of an envepe thrust under the door. Raising it, I found it to be a note. It was from Mr. Gryce, and ran thus: "Come at once; Hannah Chester is

"Hannah found ?" "So we have reason to think." When? wher? by whom?"
Sit down and I will tell you."

Gryce's side.

"She is not in the cupboard;" that personage exclaimed, observing without doubt how my eyes went travelling about the room in my anxiety

I had by this time schooled myself to ndurance and was able to hear this without uttering an exclamation. But I could not let it pass without making one effort to combat his determina-

cried I. "It is doing an irretrievable injury to one whose only fault is an unworthy cousin. If Mary the-" "Unless something occurs between now and to-morrow morning," Mr.

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-Gryce went on as if I had not spoken. ness and Loss of SLEEP. 'To-morrow morning ?" Fac Simile Signature of Charff Fletcher.

"Will you not grant me one more day," I asked in my desperation.

Mr. Clavering, and force from him the

or suffer the consequences of her re-

"The immediate motive of the tra-

gedy; a bit of proof that Mr. Leavenworth threatened his niece with his displeasure or Mr. Clavering with his revenge, would lift me right up on to the spot I want to be; no arresting of Eleanore then. No, my lady, I would walk right into your own gilded arlors, and when you asked me of I had found the murderer yet, say 'yes,' and show you a bit of paper that would surprise you, I'm thinking. But missing links are not so easily found. This has been moled for, and moled for, as you are pleased to call our system of investigation, and totally without result. Nothing but the confession of some one of these several parties to the crime will give us what we want. I will tell you what I will do." he suddenly said: "Miss Leavenworth has desired me to report to her; seh is very anxious for the detection of the murderer you know, and offers an immense reward. Well, I will gratify this desire of hers. The suspicions I have, together with my reasons for them, will make an interesting disclosure. I should not greatly

interesting confession." innocent, in the face of the attitude I could only jump to my feet in my maintained by Eleanore Leavenworth "At all events I propose to try it

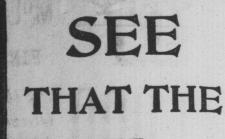
Eleanore is worth that much risk any-"It will do no good," said I. "If Mary is guilty, she will never confess

"No," said I, "not if it is Clavering, "Yes," returned he, "even if it is

That I could but acknowledge. She would hide no keys for the sake of

e and fear, I sat down by Mr.

Tobe Continued.)



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Mr. Joseph Morrow, Merchant, of Fullerton, Ont., writes: "William Cornish says that Scott's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever tried. His son William who works for a farmer was laid up and unable to work. His system was generally run down. One bottle of Scott's Sarsaparilla cured him unmediately." For further facts write either Mr. Morrow or Mr. Cornish, personally. Then

All dealers, \$1.00 per large bottle.

USE SCOTT'S SKIN SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION!

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