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The horse that is Stock of fine styles in Coach, harness, and care of Superior style and finish, that money Lap Robes and...  
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**Prince Edward Island**  
Farmer compelled to stop clearing up his farm.



Mr. Job Costain, Minnigash, P.E.I., writes: "In the Spring of 1900 I started to clear up a piece of land, but had not worked many days before I was taken with a very lame back, and was compelled to stop work. The trouble seemed to be down in the centre of my back and my right side and I could not stoop over. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken the whole box I was completely cured and able to proceed with my work. I take great pleasure in recommending them to all farmers who are troubled as I was."  
Get a box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or  
The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

It would be extremely awkward and inconvenient, to say the least of it, if Dallas returned to his wife now in the present horribly-disturbed state of affairs - the house about to be given up, the family leaving town, Yolande with the care of those two old people on her hands, very little money for a great many needs, and Lady Nora's own marriage about to take place immediately with a man of whom her son has never even heard - a marriage he is sure to disapprove of and be displeased at, and concerning which he will ask all manner of questions. How much better then if he knew nothing about it until it was all over, and when this wretched smash-up of Mr. Dormer's affairs was all arranged, and Yolande and the old people quietly settled down in that little place in the country, how very much more comfortable it would be for poor Dallas to rejoin his wife and her relatives than that now! But still she must not do anything treacherous or unfair, Lady Nora tells herself - anything which would be brought up against her afterwards.

"But, Dallas, my dearest boy," she says in her sweet maternal fashion, caressing his arm with her dainty hand in his long shining black glove, "surely Yolande has written to you? I am sure I heard her speak of doing so a few days after she saw you!" "No, she has not written to me," he declares, drawing away his arm from the dainty maternal touch. "But I dare say her time is very fully occupied. Perhaps" - with an icy tone in his voice - "when the season is over and she is quite at leisure she will write; she knows the address. You are all going abroad, I suppose?"

"He doesn't know a syllable about the failure, and what would it do to tell him now?" Lady Nora thinks. "He has trouble enough of his own, poor boy!" "I am going abroad, dearest," Lady Nora says softly - "going to Switzerland, I think, with some friends." "I can write from there, and tell him all about it. That will be much the better way," she decides instantly. "I believe Yolande is going into the country as soon as her uncle is able to leave town," she adds aloud. "I shall tell Yolande I am going, may I, dear?" she asks timidly. "And, Dallas, my dear boy, you must take this trifling from me - you must indeed, to please me, and some day I hope to do much more for you. I mean to try to help you, my poor boy."

There are even tears in Lady Nora's bright eyes, she feels so tender and self-sacrificing just at this moment. But her son puts the completed note back on her lap very decidedly, and touched the little black-gloved dainty hand with his lips. "Thank you, madre mia," he says, with a little of his old graceful pleasant manner - "I said I would not, and I will not. Good-bye again. Of course you may tell Yolande you met me, if she cares to hear of me."

He raises his hat, and his bright, tawny, close-cropped hair gleams in the sun, and with a smile of adieu he disappears in the crowd. "Almost penniless," as he said, homeless, back into the depths of absolute poverty, battling for his daily bread, a unit in the great army of London toilers. His mother has let him go without an effort to save him from it. The carriage drives on, but Lady Nora bursts into tears in the shadow of her huge satin-covered lace-floored parasol.

"Poor boy," she says, sobbing a little. "To think of my having to see my own son, a dear, handsome fellow, well bred, well educated, a perfect gentleman in every way, brought down to actual poverty by those abominable Pentreath people! It is absolutely heart-breaking," and, maternal affection having thus asserted itself, Lady Nora dries her eyes, adjusts her little gold-beaded veil, and bows and smiles sweetly at a passing acquaintance.

On Lady Nora's return home, she finds Mr. Carter waiting for her; and the worthy man - for he is a worthy man - is already on the friendliest terms with Miss Dormer, who is knitting away busily, and talking to him while she knits. Delighted indeed he is to discover poor Miss Keren's homely presence in the midst of the aristocratic atmosphere that surrounds his titled fiancée, whom honest John Carter, jeweller, gold and silver smith, and pawnbroker - a very wealthy and respectable man of plebeian antecedents - regards with most slavish reverence and admiration.

"For you know, my dear fellow," he says in strictest confidence to seven or eight intimate acquaintances during the last few days, "I don't mind saying to you that I never thought of marrying into the Peerage!"

With a keen look one very intimate crony indeed ventures to ask him a question. "That's all very well, Carter, but what's the set-off? What's on the debit side?" "Nothing, sir - nothing!" Mr. Carter replies boldly and proudly. "An Earl's daughter, an Earl's son's daughter, a beautiful, amiable woman, and one of the most elegant high-bred ladies that ever drove in the Park!" "By Jove, Carter, you're a lucky man!" the confidential crony says solemnly. "I am a lucky man!" honest John Carter agrees, with a glow of triumph.

hour for Lady Nora when the bill came due - a time she shudders to remember - when Lyulph Glynn, her own nephew by marriage, in Mr. Carter's office, told her in coarse and cruel language what he thought of her conduct, and menaced her and denounced her and renounced her in a fiendish manner.

"For a wretched trifle of three hundred pounds!" Lady Nora cried amidst her sobs, seeing not the sin, but the amount for which the sin was committed.

But, Viscount Glynn continuing fiercely obdurate, and even merciless, Mr. Carter interfered, and with a grave stern face, cancelled the bill. "Lady Nora will repay me one day perhaps," he remarked in a low tone.

Acting on that hint, Lady Nora - never a proud woman - wrote a dainty and most friendly letter to him about six months later - to the man whom she had absolutely defrauded of three hundred pounds - asking for a "loan" of fifty more. She obtained it by return of post, and formed other "loans" each time she asked for them, until at the end of the year she owed John Carter nearly nine hundred pounds; and John Carter asked for payment by a promise for "some day" in the future.

Lady Nora gave the promise, delighted to get off so easily, and, arranging matters with her conscience on trusting to this future "some day," and to pay into her banking account the sum of three hundred pounds yearly for two years longer, until the Earl of Pentreath, or rather his faithful friend Miss Glover, played Deus ex machina, and advised Mr. Carter to meet Lady Nora at the costume ball - got the invitation for him indeed - and gave him a friendly hint to press his cause, as the time was favorable.

Lady Nora was advised by Miss Glover as to the answer she ought to give her faithful lover, and advised also of the ruin that was impending over the Dormers.

"So your troublesome kinswoman is off your hands, my lord," she says, in her half-laughing, half-sarcastic way. She has had the name privately from Mrs. Vavasor, her former employer, with whom made-moiselle has become very intimate and friendly of late. "Poor Mr. Carter is now the only one entitled to bear all the anxieties and expenses that the dear little lady's taste for practising calligraphy may entail on her nearest and dearest!"

And the Earl of Pentreath, being in a gracious mood, says affably - "You're awfully clever, Belle! I'm much obliged to you for putting the spur on."

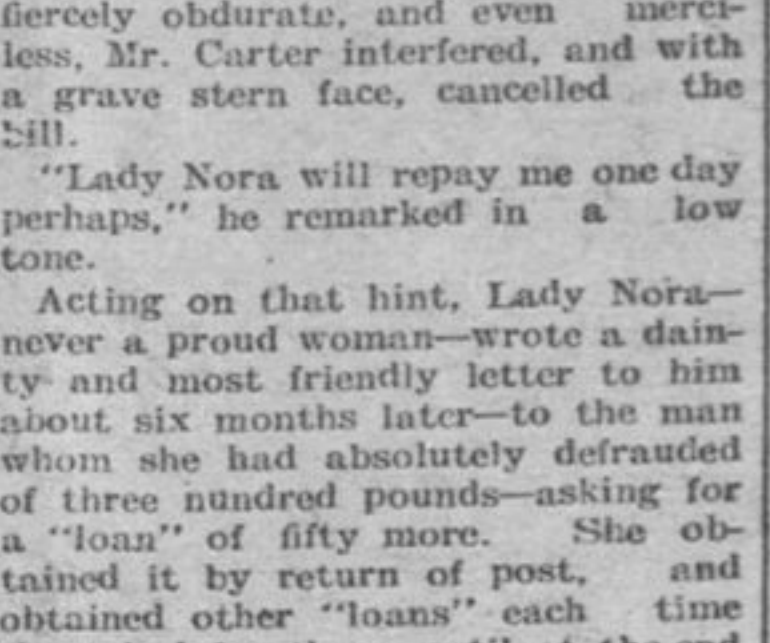
Twice before she goes to bed Lady Nora has rashly generous impulses - so she tells herself afterwards. One is, considering she has more than two hundred pounds in her possession, and a prospect of much more in the near future, to send her son something - say, twenty pounds - a slice of her newly-acquired prosperity. But, on second thoughts, she wisely considers that if she does so Dallas will only begin worrying about that unfortunate ring again - perhaps go on teasing and writing and asking questions until the whole story comes to Mr. Carter's ears before she is married to him. Later on she can arrange everything - get back the ring, send Dallas a handsome present, help him to pay off his debts, to get another situation, do everything that is affectionate and motherly and generous; but in the present she sends him - nothing.

Her other generous impulse is to tell Yolande about her husband and the evident miscarriage of those letters which Lady Nora knows quite well she has written, and Dallas's utter unconsciousness of the change that has taken place in poor Yolande's fortunes. But here again, wise second thoughts prevent her from doing anything so ill-considered and impulsive.

When Yolande comes into her room to say good-night, Lady Nora looks at her dubiously for a few moments. "How ill and thin and faded she does look lately!" she thinks, with a satisfied glance at her own brilliant face, almost as fair and smooth at forty-eight as it was at thirty.

"I saw Dallas to-day, Yolande," she says, in a cold, sad, unwilling voice, as of one who introduces a disagreeable subject and is sorrowfully aware of it. "Did you?" Yolande responds, frigidly careless. "Yes," Lady Nora sighs. "He asked how you were, and desired to be remembered to you. His kind regards," he said. Such a phrase for a husband to use! She sighs again. "Dallas is very much altered - so cold and curt and impatient! I could scarcely get a kind word for him."

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Jeweller, Ontario Bank Block, Lindsay

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The first touch of autumn has come, though it is but the end of August - six weeks from the day that Lady Nora Glynn had her last interview with her son.

She is not Lady Nora Glynn now, but Lady Nora Carter, having been married very quietly at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, one beautiful sunny morning, and she was given away by the Earl of Pentreath, to the unbought delight and pride of honest John Carter, who has now a third Earl to bring into the list of his marriage connections. It does his matter to him that the other two Earls are dead - they are Earls still.

For this unexpected kindness and condescension Lady Nora has no one to thank but the omniscient Miss Glover, and she is quite aware of the fact. "My lord," Miss Glover says impatiently, "Mr. Carter is worth cultivating. He's a 'solid' man, a 'square' man, a 'cubic' man, in a word; and, if you don't gain his goodwill now, you will never gain it. She will prejudice him against you; and, if you don't take my advice, you will regret it only once - that will be never!"

So his lordship took his "little friend's" advice, and was so amiable and gracious at the wedding - the breakfast was at an hotel - because of Mr. Dormer's state of health - that no one would have dreamed that the urbane peer had ever called the charming bride "a cheat and a forger," and told her she was "a disgrace to every one belonging to her." But the bride and the bridegroom both recalled it, and an ugly dream it was.

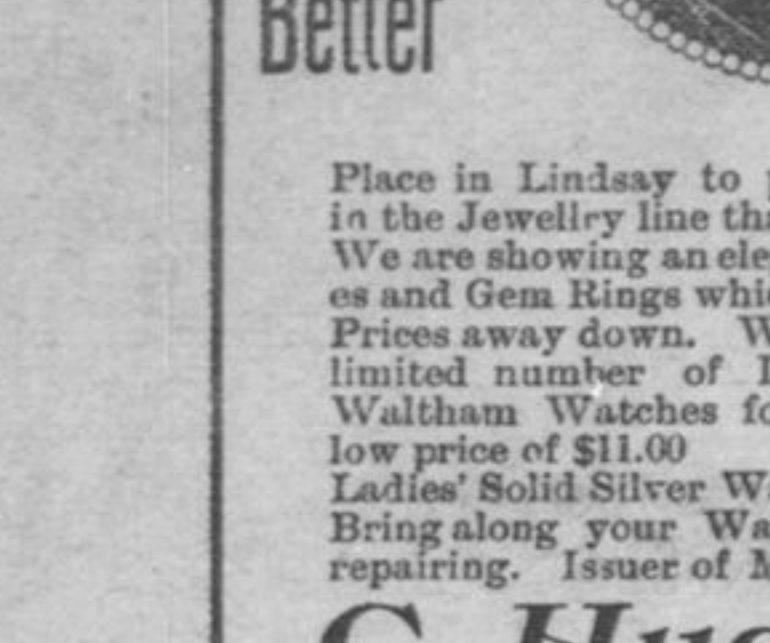
That is three weeks ago now, and the yellowing leaves on the trees in the parks and squares have begun to flutter down thickly on the faded sod beneath, and the Virginian creeper leaves are reddening in the cool nights and frosty dews of morning.

"But I suppose if I left a letter for her it would be forwarded with other business communications," Dallas Glynn says bitterly to himself, pausing before No. 9, Rutland Gardens, which has even a more shut-up desolate look than some of its neighbors.

The broad pearl-gray steps are begrimed with London smoke and dust, and quite a shower of red leaves from the Virginian creeper next door had rained down on the area steps and flags.

"The house I went out of on my ill-starred wedding-day, and have never entered since, and have no right to enter now," he mutters, as he rings the bell. A very dingy but amiable elderly lady of the genus char-woman opens the door, and stands blinking at the bright light, and staring at Captain Glynn as he stands staring at her, speechless with surprise and with a numb pain at his heart which seems to tingle through him. "Was you wishful to see anyone, sir?" the civil and grubby old personage inquires, with a proprietary smile on her heavily-smudged countenance.

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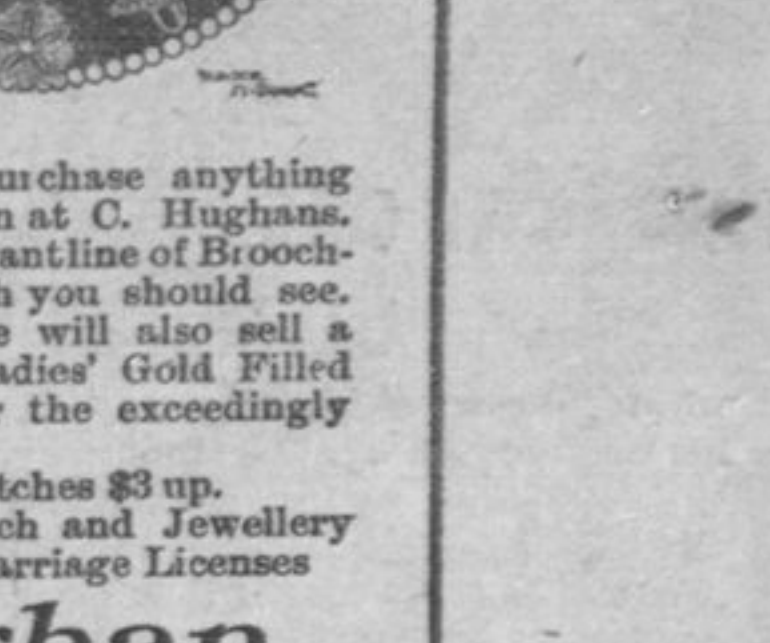
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