CHAPTER XXIII. (CONTINUED .

At last I caught sight of a black bag lying on the floor; it looked like the very black bag Sarah had had in her hand when I saw her start for Beaconsburgh on the previous day; perbaps she had not taken her purchases out yet. I took it up; but suddenly my attention was diverted by the fact that in one of the boards of the floor on the spot where it had lain there was a tiny ring. It I had not had my attention very much on the alert in this unaccustomed place, it would have escaped my notice. As it was, I put my neger through it, and found that it raised a trap door.

I raised it only a few inches, and shut it again directly-not that I had no curiosity about it, but that ! had also some fear. An unsuspected trap-door in a house so full of surprises as the Alders had an interest of a rather appalling kind. At last I gathered up my courage, and little by little raised the door and put it right back, not without a horrid wonder whether there was any spring in it which would shut me down if I ventured on the ladder I saw below me.

The rush of cold air when the trap-door was wide open seemed to take my breath away. I held my candle over the opening, and saw that some three feet below the ladder was green and slimy, and that a foot below that there was water. Was it a well? Sudden'y there flashed through my mind Sarah s words in her delirium of the night before-"The water's deep in the cellar." I looked about me for something to try the depth of the water with, for go down I must. I tound a rod that looked like those used for the bottom of window-blinds, and cautiously, candle in hand, ventured on the ladder. It was quite firm.

As soon as I was on the bottom dry step, the fourth from the top, I saw that I was in a targe cellar, on one side of which were empty wine bins which looked rotten and green. Above the level of the water the walls were green too. There was a tiny grating high up, from which down to the water there was a long green streak, as if water continually ran down there. I heard the drip, drip at intervals while I stayed. The cellar ran to the left-under Mrs. Rayner's room, I suddenly thought with horror. Did she know that she might as well be living over a well? I tried the depth of the water; it was between three and four feet. Then I looked through the rungs of the ladder I was standing on, and thought I saw something behind it. Putting out my rod, I felt something soft which shook at the touch. I peered round the ladder and saw on a big deal table the top of which had been raised to about eight or ten inches above the water's level, the little krown portmanteau I had seen Tom Parkes carry across the lawn, the same that I had asterwards dis covered inside the back-door. And I remembered now where I had seen it before stowed away at the bottom of a cupboard in the rocm I had occupied at Denham Court. I knew it by an old Italian luggage-label, "Termo," which I had noticed then.

It was within arm's reach through the rungs of the ladder. With trembling fingers 1 opened it—for it was not even fastened and, to my horrer, drew out from a confusion of glittering things with which it was haif filled a serpent bracelet I had seen Lady Mills wear. I put it back, closed the portmanteau with difficulty, and clung to the ladder, overwhelmed by my discovery.

Again my brain seemed to whirl round, as it had done on the previous night when Sirih had been on the point of revealing James Woodfall's other name. My candle slipped from my fingers, fell with a hiss and a splash into the water below, and I v as in darkness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I gave one cry as my candle fell, and then, instinctively shutting my eyes, as if to from hide myself the dreauful fact that I was in cackness. I felt my way up the ladder out of that dreadful cellar into the storeroom above. It was seven o'cleck, and only just enough light came through the one little grated window high up in the wall for me to see that there was a ward w there. But, once on the store-room flor, I crawled cuttiously round the square hole I had come the through until I came to the agor, which I shut down with a strong sense of relief. Then I groved about, stumbling over hampers and boxes now and then, and scarcely able to repress a cry at each fresh obstruction, until I came at last to the door. I had left it unlocked; and the moment after I rouched the nan He I was on the other side. Lickily I had slipped the keys into my packet at first sight of the black bag; and, after long but impatient fumbling, I managed in the dark to fit in the right one and to the the lock scenrely. . nen I groped my way along the passage; and I never in Rayner?" my line felt such a thrill of heartfelt thank-Juli ess as I did when the great baiz: covered door swang to behind me, and I found | the front spare room. myself once more in the lighted hall.

I flung myselfinto a chair, over wrought and expended by what I had suffered in the left own room that I took the liberty of telling I suggested. wing, and it was not for some minutes that I noticed an envelope directed simply, in | the change this one day. Was it too for-Mrs. Manners's handwriting, to "Miss | ward of me?" I asked timidly. Caristie, The Alders,' which lay on the tab e beside me. I tore it open, and, scarcely glancing at he: kind little note saying she had received the enclosed when she called at the Beacorsburgh post-office that after. noon, pressed Laurence's letter to my lips again and again before I opened it. It

said-"Nice, Friday. ' My own sweet Violet, -1 had hoped to find a letter from you waiting for me on my arrival here: but I know very well it is not your fault that I am disappointed, even if I | Mr. Raynor disliked Doctor Lowe. But he do not hear from you for a whole week-for I will never doubt my darling again. I have anything. had the battle with my mother prematurely, and gained the victory. I intended, as you know, to break my resolution to her gently; but she herself hurried the denouement. We broke the journey at Paris, stopping there list night. As soon as we got there, opened my writing-case and wrote a tiny note to my darling, just to tell you how walked up and down the deck of the steamer and sat in a railway carriage, thinking of you and the last look I had into your beautiful loving gray eyes in the drive on Tuesday night-such a long time ago it seems! let the room for a minute to order something to eat, with my letter closed up and addressed to you on the table, ready to be enclosed to Mrs. Manners. When I came back I found my mother there; she had torn open my letter and was reading it. Then we had a scene. I asked for my letter,

and she tore it up and flung it into the fire-

place, with some works about you that sent my forbearance to the winds, and I told her she was speaking about my future wife.

"Your future wife,' answered she, drawing herself up to her full height and rolling out her voice in a way that always reduces my father to nothingness, 'is Miss Langham of Greytowers.'

"You have been misinformed, mother. In such a matter it is always better to get your information at first hand. Your future daughter-in-law is Miss Violet Caristie, the most beautiful girl in Norfolk or out of it. And as for Miss Langbam, if you are so bent upon having her for a daughter-in-law, and she doesn't mind waiting, you can save her up for Jack.

"I expected a lot more nonsense; but she was so much taken by surprise that that speech broke the back of the difficulty; and now, though she receives all my atten tions frigidly and we are getting along very uncomfortably, she knows her control over her eldest son is at an end. I only wish, my darling, that my promise to my father had not prevented my telling her this while we were still in England, for I begin to fany this journey 'for her health' was nothing but a trick-a plot, for there were two in it -for getting me away from you. However, I suppose I must live through the two months now somehow, as I promised her. She will keep me to that.

"But I am in a fever of anxiety about you. I will not distress you by a lot of vague suspiciens that are rising in my mind to torture me; but I beg of you, my heautiful gentle love, to let me know every little event that happens at the Alders. I pray Heaven you may have very little to tell. And now I entreat you to comply with this my earnest, solemn request. Don't trust your letters to any one to post-don't even post them yourself-but give them to my youngest sister, to send on to me. She teaches in the Sunday school. Get Mrs. Manners to send you up to the Hall on some pretext on Sunday; get Maud alone, and you will find she will do what you ask. Tell her to remember her I'll remember mine.

"Keep this letter where no one can get at it—not in a desk—if you don't tear it up. I feel already such a hunger for a sight of your sweet face-I can't think of the touch of your little clinging hands about my throat without the tears rising to my eyes. I think I must jump into the sea if I cannot find some means of getting back to you sooner. Good-bye; Heaven bless you! Write to me; don't forget. Keep safe and well, till you are once again in the arms of

"Yours devotedly for ever and ever, "LAURENCE."

It was new life to me, it was heartfelt unutterable joy, to read this and to put my cheek against the signature, to tuck it inside my gown and feel that I was in possession of the most precious treasure the whole world could produce, the first real long letter from the man I really loved.

'I went into the dining-room, took it out again, and began kissing each line in turn, I was so silly with happiness. I had got to the middle of the second page in that | that." fashion, when the iron bar which fastened the shutters suddenly fell down and swung backwards and forwards almost without noise. I thrust my letter hastily back into my gown and stared at the shutters, too much startled to think what could be the reason of this, when one of them slid softly back, and a man was in the room before I could get to the door. With a cry of relief I sprang towards him.

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, how you frightened me! I thought you were a burglar.'

"My poor dear little girl, I often come in this way to save kicking my heels at the door; but I wouldn't have done it, frightening you out of your wits, if I had known you were in here. I thought everybody would be occupied with the two invalids. And how are you, little woman?"

I was so delighted to see him back once more, to feel that at last there was some one to lock up to and trust in the house again, that I laughed and cried together as he shook my hands and patted my shoulder, and told me that it would never do to leave me at the Alders in his absence again; he should have to take me with him.

laughed. "Why, I am too useful here, Mr. Rayner! I don't know what they would have done without me, with first Haidee ill, and then Sarah. You see, as Mrs. Rayner is never well enough to give any directions, I was and I hope you won't be angry when you

hear all I've done." "No, my child, I am sure I shall not," said he, helping himself to some cold beef on the sideboard—there was no regular supper at the Alders, but there were always meat and biscuits on the sideboard after tea for those who cared for them. "How is Mrs.

worse, and that she had moved to-day into | think."

"To-day?" "Yes. She was so reluctant to leave her Sarah I would answer to you for delaying

,'No," said he very kindly, drawing me into a chair beside him at the table; "I give interruption you full permission to use my authority in any way you think proper."

"Thank you, Mr. Rayner. And, oh, I don't know what you will say, but I made Sarah take Haidee's cot up to my room! The dressing-room in the left wing is so very cold. And then I sent for Doctor Lowe. Was that right? I had heard he was the | child," said he at last. "I must sift the

best doctor in Beaconsburgh." I asked this rather nervously, for I knew was in too good a humour to find fault with

"All that you have done is perfectly right, and always will be, in my eyes; so you may never fear what I may say to you, child. Have you any more news? I want to hear about Sarah's accident, and whether you were very much alarmed when you heard is able to give an account of herself. In the about the robbery at Danham Court."

"I have a lot to tell you," I said hesitatingly; "but I won't tell you any of it to-night, Mr. Rayner, because it is all bad. evening. It is bad enough to come back to a house as full of invalids as a hospital. But it will all come right again now you are

Mr. Rayner laughed, and seemed much pleased. He put his hand on mine, which was lying on the table, and looked into my face very kindly indeed. "Do you think so, my child? Are you

so glad to see me again ?"

bow dull the place is when you are away. There is nobody to talk or laugh, and one creeps about the house as if one were in a Trappist monastery, and didn't dare to ing at Monaco, which is, as you know, not freak the sacred silence."

'Thanks, my child; that is the very prottiest welcome home I have had foryears," said he, with much feeling in his | stale news to you, and anyhow it is a matter

And he kept me a long time chatting to him and listening to his account of what he had seen in Lindon, until at last I grew very sleepy while he finished the story of his adventures; and I said I must really go to bed, or I should never be able to get up in time for breakfast. 'As it was the clock struck eleven before I went up stairs.

The next morning at breakfast the talk war chiefly about the robbery at Denhan. Court. Mr. Rayner had read the accounts of it in the newspapers, besides the bare mention of it I had made in my letter to him; but now he wanted to hear all we had heard, and whether we were very much alarmed by it. Mrs. Rayner said very little, as usual; and I only told him Mr. Carruthers's story, reserving the suspicious things I had seen for when I should be able her papa. Miss Christie goes to look after to talk to him alone. The opportunity soon

I went into the schoolroom after breakfast, thinking I would employ the hour and a half there was to spare before church-time in just beginning my letter to Laurence. But I had not got beyond, "My own dearest smiled in a mischievous manner that saw what I was doing. I put away my | ing." letter at once, so I do not know how he knew to whom I was writing.

"Am I disturbing you?" he said. "Oh, no! I was only writing a note to pass away the time."

"Well, and now for all the bad, miserable news' which was too overwhelmning for me

to hear about last night." last promise to me in the conservatory, and | begin, and it seems ungenerous to tell it you | him, when to me she always seemed as now, as the person it concerns most is ill | weak as a reed. and unable to answer for herself!"

·Well, trust to my generosity, child," said he gravely. "I suppose you mean Sarah. , Has she been annoying you again?" "Oa, yes! But that is not the worst. If it had been only that, I would not have told you anything about it until she was well enough to defend herself. Indeed I am not so inhuman as to have any vindictive feeling against the poor woman now, when her very life is in danger. But I must tell you this, Because 1 know something ought to be done, and you will know what it is.'

"Tell me first how she has annoyed you, and—how the accident happened." "She stopped a letter of mine by running after the postman and getting it out of the

bag by some excuse or other. "When was that?"-"On Wednesday." "That is the most unwarrantable thing I ever heard of. "I knew the woman was prejudiced against you; but one has to forgive old servants a good many things, and I never guessed she would dare so much as

'Oh, don't be so angry with her, or I shall never dare to tell you the rest, Mr. Ray-

nor !" And it required several questions and account of the accident to Sarah, and the inevitable suspicion as to how it came about. Mr. Rayner turned quite pale when I came to my slipping on the stairs and catching my foot in the string, and he looked up and out of the window from under his frowning brows with an expression of hard fury that made me instinctively move away from him on my chair, it was so terrible, so merciless. And I had still so much that I must tell him! It was with averted head that I whispered all the suspicious things I had seen and heard connecting Sarah and Tom Parkes with the Denham Court burglarymy view of Tom carrying something across the lawn; his returning with Sarah; the fact of two men in a cart having been seen outside-I did not say by whom, but I fancy Mr. Rayner guessed; my seeing the brown portmanteau inside the back-door; and lastly my discovery of the portmanteau in the cellar under the store room, and my recognition of it and of the bracelet I took out of it at haphazard as having both come from Denham Court.

Mr. Rayner listened with the deepest interest, but with some incredulity. "My dear child, it is impossible—at least obliged to take a good deal upon myself; I hope from my soul it may turn out to be so! Poor old Sarah is, I acknowledge, the worst-tempered and most vindictive woman alive. But the accomplice of thieves! cannot believe it." He got up and walked about the room, questioned me again closely, and then remained for a few minutes in deep thought. "She would never dare! Sarah is afraid of me, and to bring stolen goods into my house would be a greater liberty I told him that sho was no better and no than even an old servant would take, I

> "Ah, but you were away, Mr. Rayner She may hav reckoned upon getting the things out of the house before your return,"

"And Tom Parkes too, a fellow I have a great liking for, and whom I have trusted with money too over and over again," he went on to himself, scarcely noticing my

I wondered Mr. Rayner did not ask me for the store-room keys and go himself to prove at least one part of my story; but I did not like to suggest it, half fearing, coward that I was, that he would ask me to go with him to that dreadful cellar.

"Don't say a word about this to any one. matter to the very bottom. It is possible that they may both have been cheated by some clever knave into assisting him innocently. But didn't you say you saw Tom Parkes carrying what you took for the portmanteau on Tuesday night?"

"Yes, Mr. Rayner." "But the burglary was on Wednesday! No, no; you may depend there will be some explanation of the matter as soon as Sarah meantime I will make inquiries, and I will set your mind at rest as soon as possible." He remained silent again for a little while, then shook his head, as if to dismiss all dismiserable news, and I won't spoil your first | agreeable thoughts, and said, in his usual bright tone, "And now I have a little bit of news for you, which I hope you will think neither bad nor miserable. How would you like to leave the Alders for a short time, and spend a couple of weeks on the borders of the Mediterranean?"

I looked up at him in bewilderment, which amused him.

magician who could transport you against paths.

"Yes, indeed I am. You can't think your will to the uttermost parts of the earth by a wave of my mind. This is how it is. I have to see one of Mrs. Rayner's trustees on important business at once. He is stayfar from Nice, where, I learnt by a letter from Mrs. Reade the other day, she and her son are staying. But I dare say that is of no consequence."

This was said so mischievously that could not help growing very red indeed and

being thankful when he went on-"Having to go there myself, I thought the change might do my wife good; and this morning I tried every inducement to persuade her to go, but in vair, as I expect ed. But for Haidee some change is absolutely necessary, as the Doctor told you. And, as I cannot look after the child entirely by myself, I pondered as to who could do it for me, and I decided upon you."

"Oh, but," I began, the impossibility of my travelling alone over Europe with Mr. Rayner and Haidee being clear even to my

not very wise brain. "Now listen, and hear how cleverly have managed it. Haidee goes to look after Haidee, Mrs. Christie goes to look after Miss Christie."

"My mother!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I went to see her yesterday, and proposed the plan to her, not forgetting to put in a word about our friends at Nice. She was delighted, and asked your uncle's Lou-" when Mr. Rayner came in and consent at once. We have already settled that she is to meet us at Liverpool Street brought the color into my cheeks when he on our arrival in town next Friday morn-

> "Next Friday!" said I, utterly bewilder-"And leave Mrs. Rayner all alone hera?"

> "Unless you can persuade her to go with You can wheedle a bird off a bough, and I really believe you have more influence with her than I have."

Indeed it seemed so; for I had often "Oh, Mr. Rayner, I don't know where to I wondered how she could be so obstinate with

> "There, child," said Mr. Rayner, taking a letter from his pocket and putting it into my hands. "You don't seem able to take it all in. Read that."

It was a letter in my mother's handwriting. I opened it, still utterly bewildered.

"My darling Violet,-Your kind friend Mr. Rayner is waiting; so I can pen you only these few lines; and I don't know how to express my feelings at his generous offer. He says I am to write to you and persuade you to go; but I do not think you will need much persuasion. He has directed me to provide an outfit for you at his expense, and bring it with me to Liverpool Street Station, where I am to meet you on Friday, though I don't like starting on a journey on a Friday. Heaven be praised for sending us such kind friends! I have no time for more, as Mr. Rayner is waiting. With best love from your uncle and cousins, in the fond hope of seeing you very soon,

Your affectionate mother, "AMY CHRISTIE." My dear mother! It was just like her to see nothing so very extraordinary in this offer, to take it as a matter of course, and thank Heaven for it in the most simpleguesses on his part to draw out from me the | minded way, while it troubled me somewhat | still. I read the letter twice through, and then tried deprecatingly to thank him for the outfit he had got her to provide.

"Oh, does she mention that? I told her not to do so," said he, laughing. "You don't know my mother. When

she has anything to tell, she can not resist telling it. This letter is just like her. But fied. Sold everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., she has done two things she never in all her life did before-dated her letter and put na postscript."

CHAPTER XXV.

As soon as we came out of church that morning, I found an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Manners, and asked her shyly if she could give me any message to take that afternoon to Miss Maude Reade at the Hall. "Laurence told me to ask you,"

whispered timidly; it is because he particularly wants my next letter to be enclosed in hers. He didn't say why; but he is very emphatic about it.

"Dear, dear," said kind Mrs. Manners

anxiously, "it is a pity young people cannot get on without so many subterfuges! don't know whether Mr. Manners would approve. But there-I promised Laurence I would help you-and there is no harm in it -and so I will. Come up to the Vicarage after afternoon service, and I'll give you a packet of tracts for her." I thanked her; but she had already turned

to repreach a deaf old woman bent with rheumatism for not coming to church oftener, and to promise to send her some beef tea jelly next day. I made my way to where Mr. and Mrs. Rayner were standing, the former advising old Mr. Reade to send his plate, which was known to be valuable, to the bank at Beaconsburgh for safety.

"Jewel-robberies are epidemic, you know, and I dare say we haven't seen the last of this series yet," said he. "There was Lord Dalston's, and now Sir Jonas's; but they never stop at two. You remember some years ago, when there were five big robberies within six weeks? I shouldn't wonder of

the same sort of thing occurred again." "They wouldn't try for my little store; it wouldn't be worth their while," said Mr. Reade, with undisturbed good humour, "If Laurence were at home, perhaps I'd get him to send the lot off; but I can't see after things myself; and, if I put 'em all in a cart and packed 'em off to Beaconsburgh, the chances are they would all get tilted into a ditch. So they must take their chance in the old cnest at home. I've given Williamson a blunderbuss-but I think it frightens him more than it would a thiefand I sleep with a revolver at my bedside; and a man can't do more."

"Don't you think the thieves will be caught, Mr. Rayner?" asked Gregson, the village carpenter, timidly. It was rumoured that he had fifteen pounds and a pair of silver muffineers hidden away somewhere; and he turned to Mr. Rayner, who always took the lead naturally in any discussion, with much anxiety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go and it is'nt the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 50 cents.

A poet hath remarked that "All paths lead to the grave." He undountedly referred to allopaths and homeopaths and "You look at me as if you thought me a hydropaths and all the rest of the M. D. Books Made of Clay.

Far a way beyond the p'ains of tamia, on the banks of the river Tion the ruins of the ancient city of None Not long since huge mounds of taring stone mirked the place where the place an i walls of the proud capital of the Assyrian empire stord The spade, fire the Frenchman, then of the Englishman cleared all the earth away, and laid baren that remains of the old streets and plan where the princes of Assyria walking lived. Tre gods they worshipped and a books they read have all been revealed the sight of a wondering world. The curious of all the curious things present in this wonderful manner are the clay both of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineral was contained in the place of Kinyunji The clay books which it contained are con posed of sets of tablets covered with ver small writing. The tablets are obling shape, and when several of them are the for one book the first line of the tablet lowing was written at the end of the w by foliage. preceding it. The writing on the table was of course done when the clay was son and then it was baked to harden it; the each table or book was numbered and a signed to a place in the library with a con could readily find it, just as our libraries Among these books are to be found collection those little Ninevite children of len ; ar insects of Assyria. The Assyrians and B

Dr. M. Souvielle's Spirometer Given Francisco called upon me the

be compared to the sun dial for accuracy.

inventions by the old Babylonian one.

Encouraged by the fact that during the lar five years thousands of patients who have used rect term, sir, and I am my Spirometer have been cured of Asthma Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrha!-Deafness, Cos. sumption, or Weak Lungs, and finding that m in who could be cured are financially un d I am seriously informed able to procure the instrument. I WILL GIVE THE SPIROMETER FREE to any one suffering from any of the above airments who will call at 173 Church Street, Toronto. and consult the gratissimaly) somehow know Surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute. The medicines above to be paid for. Treled bee, "and adding If unable to call, write for particulars at treatment which can be sent by express to any four stock of honey, sir." address. Dr. M. SOUVIELLE, Ex-aide Sur. geon, French Army.

A scientist asserts that a bee can only where will have hives as r sting once in two minutes. We would re. . Appalling prospect spectfully add that that's all it generally big as a rat bouncing needs to.

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The question now is :- Can a man who orders, and if he has rejects a leap year proposal be sued for a medily improve off the breach of promise? Things are looking little busy bee whom very dark for the male sex.

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Walter Woods HAMILTON, ONT.

AGRICULTU

Shade |Trees. la importance of shade er no circumstances, be farmer, and where the where these gitts of n a location, it should he he time to prepare for sp this should be accomp. at the frost is out of the the buds of the spring to ated begin to swell. The both utility and croame allings, and they may be borders of cattle yards, luxury of shade for dom warm weather. In pas set out in groups, for th ecially when the fields are nently in gra s. tant that there is no excu n by any farmer. The I me is the one that is alm

Value of Milk to Young To wean a calf as soon a n and eat grass, is to wear responding number, so that the libraria tare intended, and earlied ble to wean it. The sa of to day number the books we red the litter of ligs. Acun ving and farrowing time of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of an end by anticipating the di mile and birds, stones and vegetables, a fish of the dam ip to a well as history, travels, etc., etc. Perhap andard during the wint erally during the flow. took the same delight as the young folks all that starts in with a fi to day do in stories of the birds, beasts, 34 being in a condition to can, without undue to bylonians were great students of astronom; kept up to the maxim The method of telling time by the sun, and rts in a low condition, of marking it by the instrument called a sur lagrely filled, she will dial, was invented by the latter nation to a high standard of None of our motern clocks and watches car ring any portion of the Indeed we have to regulate our modera The Bee of the

> "I'm an apiary, sir!" sa hat?" "An apiarist is, I my new hives!" Ho He had got hold o feasible one-for increa e of the common dome one, and producing a can absolutely increase es indefinitely, and the use, bellowing hoarsely rah Anna have gone to canwhile, my shiny fri d, because we sang of,

Frank D. Curtis, in his w York State Agricul veral good things in llowing, in regard to th andings of the dwellin , with no trees around d unhomelike. Have relling. Tear away th g the house up as if t running away. Let th acre of dooryard; t can be no waste, but auty; and a thing of steful; nature and beau od taste and econom de handmaids to eac pit trees in this inclos em with a spade each e whole, and the trees grass will grow lu: hase will grow beautif ow contented, the fat

y grow old will grow

* will grow to emul

waship will grow attra

and the young wor

that there is no I

Farmers' H

.me, Sweet Home." How Cheese Can b The close connection gions, statescraft, odern world is illustra y in a recent number Re of the Royal Socie itish Government, d ese-making as an Ind the difficulty that the aced an absolute ve em of cheese, in the nnet obtained from imal had been emple species of Pinguicu ps to coagulate rein overnment circulate information as to ar a known to have rgeon Major Aitchis ithania coagulans, Ithern India plant, ere said to coagulate material was sen eridan Lee, of Cam He was able to ent identical with th

acted from them. Roots for Recently the writer nich was daily givin very rich milk. To y, a small feed of shel of sugar beet ised is, why this par ortly due to calve in fifty days of calvin an eighty pounds of

e gastric mucous m

d capable of preser

commercial article in

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lantity, and is read