Spel Colds.
Fevers, to cleanse the
yet cents when cos-
then the Blood is impure
ensently cure habitual
vaiage, the Kidneys and
ectively. Neither irritat-
ncin, nor Syrup of Figs.
ates there are about 16,
for every toss persons.
ning, Loss and Invest
Henry H. Boots, Jun.
ed at Boots' Cash
Mon. Monday, 22nd
ACHE GUM
GIE

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THE
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SOAP OF THE DAY
EVERYWHERE,
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AND MADE BY
TOILET SOAP COMPANY
IN GILLIES & CO'Y,
ONTARIO
YOU the man
for ?
would urge you not to keep
OFF a mat-
so much importance.
meet with such another opportun-
INSURING YOUR LIFE
now presented by us.
ars write the Confederation Life, Toronto, or
at any of the AGENCIES.

LOVED AND NOT LOVED.

CHAPTER IV.

"WEEK-DAY WOOING."

came, again, the next Sunday, and
xt; and by that time the Sunday
ecame, having become an institution
ecount. Matthew and May began
ge other plans for meeting, independ-
them. Woodshot Village as custom-
as usual: the vicar was abroad, the
was in a lodging; the "young French
man" came to play the organ on Sun-
and Mr. James gave him his luncheon.
Paul Ball was away with little
Egypt,
ound of visits, and there were no
to indence or idle fancies to conciliate
was to say the truth, not Matthew,
who made the plans for other
s. But they were plans, "my dear,"
would say to herself, before the glass,
down the corners of her lovely
in imitation of Paul Ball—"which
might have made!"
gave her many an excuse; there
several churches between Woodshot
Burntoo-ough where the organs were
with a trial. It was not a country
school, but the summer solstice, a
winter place, deserted in August
impossible than the country would
at a greater distance from Lon-
churches were rich, and no con-
liest to feel that it was outdone
at the appointments of its
—
an feeling sensation to Miss
her pony-carriage through
ge at some little stile
t wheat or barley near the
the sunny space
porch, where the sound
never failed to greet
walk up the empty aisle
with her wholesome
er chose to feel—
did not stop playing
If he felt anything
it was just that she
of the afternoon,
all made of broom,
and hard, car-
good stare of wild
long stalks about it
Calm, and going,
would sit and
Rich, and she, not
yet charmed,
side, sweet of the
wild flowers, and never
at all.
say, when, indeed, he had
primarily irresponsive,
to return to tea without hav-
with him more than
ways as she loosened the
to drive back to Wood-
chagrin, she felt
then to escort her to the
he waved him a signal
to be afraid—no!: to
sure, just to be sure that
for him. She felt her
afternoon air; she longed
to follow her to
to walk back to Churn-
was the garden without
their best!
other pupils away, what
Pictures? Why does he
Is it possible that he
—
the pony with her whip
thought, knowing that—
fide—it was not yet true,
to be true. She did not
feelings were; she got to
with her own. She got to
thoughts, but she never
her because her occupa-
And, strange to say, she
wished wish to go away
state his life, only to bring
For she had lived so long at
hardly imagine herself
She often pondered
accented with the life
unvaried; he seem-
everything: it had never held
was ashamed. She con-
her life as a man reviews
of it in relation to
was it sufficient? was
hollowed out her heart
and then—out of the
place—she set to work
the hole. And it was
symbol of it all. He
her own selfishness to
conceited; she never
Sh only said, "At
that she had gained
and at it thankfully.
dull passion—it
mothers and sis-
her life w
her. Ma
absorbed in his
ness, that
that he never
them in her own
gentle, reserved,
whom she might
because it is exing
for him—a little
—
ways, as if her life were
Her voice got a new
—
Matthew noticed this; they
a churchyard together
the smell of
he was tired with playing,
of music books. As
he began to shift the
from one arm to another,
the latch, when,
gate?" she said,
shing his shoul-
like a white bird.
in his brain and his
were so intently
Matthew that moment he
—
although he had not
the subject to my
Ah! true—it was not yet true.
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