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BY BERTHA M. CLAY

ham; the guard inspects the tickets. the newsboys call the evening pa- next morning, and draw their own pers; the doors bang, and the whistle conclusions as to the gallantry shricks; and Yolande sleeps through the bridegroom and the amiability

night in the wonderful excitement young wife to her usual state morning, and from anxiety about her enjoyment of his society.

hand, and sees the thick dark lashes he says to himself, smiling at the resting peacefully on the pale cheeks, ease with which he can bring sunhead resting against his breast.

ner, and gazes out into the gatner- it with a long gold clasp set ing darkness.

He moves into the corner-seat his eves of Dallas Glynne. "We are getting the sting before comfort!" the honey in this pleasant instance!" what we offer is of the high- through and through. He could not vourself?" have believed that he should feel so at any coldness or caprice of the girl he has married for her money. 'I was asleep. You-you frightened. me!" Yolande answers huskily, with

her head still averted. Her poor little foolish womanly his strong arms enfolding her. frightened me, bouncing up in that

says in a stifled voice, pressing her know. face against the glass. and when they arrive at Faverskam, smile and a slight frown.

"You will be all right now to Can- would not be Mrs. Glynne if yo terbury," he says coldly, pausing at were, I can assure you."

carriage door and marches off. ibly one line of the fascinating story, the very core of his selfish heart.

cushion. I love you so!"

lights come into view. "friend" of his cousin Lyulph Glynne passion for another woman. his "approaching" marriage.

ago that he was to be the 'best alarm. "One would think here for a smoke."

"A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "Her Second Love," "A Fatal Wedding," Etc.

of the bride. "Poor little soul!" Dallas says. But, when Dover is reached, after with a slight smile, as he leaves his a choice dinner-served in their own scat and sits down softly by her sitting-room-as they were expecte "It isn't exactly the most at the hotel-followed by a cup complimentary thing a bride could good coffee and a cigarette, Captain do, vis-a-vis to her bridegroom; but Glynne begins to think he must realsuppose she never slept a wink last ly make an effort to restore his hat she was to be married in the happy fondness for him and blissful

"She is upset about something, He peers up under the shading can see plainly-poor little goose! shine or shadow upon her life's He is not in the least apprehen-

her, intending to lift her on to his knows that Yolande appears curiouslet her sleep with her ly feverish, odd, and contradictory this morning, what you said to her, nonsense mean that you want, with st his breast. in her manner, and that, although as the encircling she is talking freely and even gaily now the girl you do love" — with a me ridiculous in the eyes of the tem, deranges every organ, weakens not eat anything. I lived on barley arms touch her, Yolande leaps up about their wedding breakfast and piteous glance of timid hopefulness world?" Captain Glynne demands every function. No permanent cure can water and Panopeptin for two years. with a violent start and wild fright- the guests, and the weather and the east wind, and the Channel crossing Where am I? Where am I? Don't, in the morning, her tones are sharp you can't have her. I wish I has and brief, her smiles few and cold. She has not changed her dress, but Yolande has wound a scarf of soft yellow into the opposite cor- lace around her throat, and fastened rubies. In her brown velvet gown and the yellow lace scarf, with the is the matter with you, rubics glittering like points of fire, demands with her flushed cheeks and fever

bright eyes, she is strangely piquan wasn't aware you were so nervous!" and pretty, even to the fastidious "By Jove, the little woman knows thing with her!" from the noise, sensational, his hat over his brows, watches her how to dress artistically!" he tells himself, well pleased. "That is

mademoiselle's advice," Yolande re- Yolande says slowly. The last spark

plies, with a faint smile. "It is a of hope is flickering out now. becoming shade and well cut." ed to find his compliment has not engagement with you at any cost because of her hasty wrath and re-gratitude. "Mademoiselle has cor-self to say it in a cool and business-

pulse of her husband. She did not rect ideas about millinery, if she like fashion, and not to suffer the hear his words; but she saw a bless- hasn't about other things," he coned glimpse of pitying fondness in his tinues, almost as if he were muttereyes and his soft half-hidden smile, ing to himself, whilst he lights anand felt the wooing tenderness of other cigarette. 'The gowns I saw this morning on your aunt Sarjent "It looked as if you were, certain- and some of those other ladies were ly," Captain Glynne retorts drily enough to give one Jaundice! Wasn't almost it pea-green velvet and some yellow fur Mrs. Sarjent wore?" to tell you," he goes on deliberately, and light sable," Yolande replies.

that if you don't mind, I shall get with the same chill smile and curl-"Aunt Sarjent is a clever, being in dress. She is vulgar-naturally. left, I will send your maid to you." We are vulgar people all of us-"No, I don't mind at all," Yolande sprung from the common people, you you.

Captain Glynne crosses his legs, "That's all right then." he returns and leans back in his chair, survey shortly, settling himself comfortably; ing his girlish bride with a satisfied "You are not vulgar," he says gathering up his traveling rug, he in accents of reproof, his smile and frown growing more haughty. "You

couple of minutes, and there is no scornfully, looking at him with eyes. that blaze—the handsome, self-satis-"Oh, yes, thanks, I shall be all fied, cold-hearted aristocrat who has right!" Yolande agrees, barely glan- sacrificed her to his need for money. cing up from the page of her maga- and spoiled all her life merely to zine; and Captain Glynne shuts the avoid earning his own livelihood. "Oh, yes, I think I should—no mat- liked before I saw you? But, having punction and passionate pity for Viscount's letter, has hurriedly open- ness and falseness, and of how uttercarriage door and marches on.

She keeps her eyes fixed on the ter how vulgar—in the circum—

met you and asked you to be my her and her youth and helplessness ed and read the letter he handed to ly he will scorn her if she ever

carriage-not that it matters in the at this moment, and yearns fiercely least, for she has not read intellig- to wound him in some manner to ing it upside down for the past ten he has thrust upon her for her daily minutes-and, with a bitter cry, portion as long as they both shall throws herself face downwards on the live.

Captain Glynne drops his cigarette "Heaven pity me! Heaven pity in his amazement-more at the look in his young wife's face than even It manner. As he stoops to pick would kill me, when oh, my darling, up, the smouldering cigarette burns his fingers; and a keen pang of re-When the train reaches Canterbury, gret thrills through poor Yolande's loved me. I should have gone on passed, and slowly and emphatically Captain Glynne, in the worst pos-tender, womanly heart at witnessing believing that for ever so long, per-ejaculatessible temper, returns to the carriage even this small suffering of her false haps. I am glad I found it out so "By Jove!" Half a dozen word: soon. over his eyes, and wraps his "Maud" purposes - and the current of boti have been for me. I have been sav- April morning by the snowy-apronect around his shoulders, for the night their lives, it may be -- for ever ed from that," I am glad to say!" garcon, and laid on the breakfast has grown bitterly cold, with a pierc- She would weep out the secret of her 'Glad of what?" Dallas demands table at which Captain Glynne and ing cast wind blowing; and so, lugu-burning grief and disappointment it sharply. "I wish you wouldn't his wife are seated. briously comfortable, they pursue her husband's arms, and wildly pleas make a scene over discovering a pritheir journey in silence until Dover like Esau, for even such blessing as vate affair of mine with which you girlish "madame!" - is pouring out there is left to bestow, for such have nothing whatever to do. I her husband's coffee, and adding h In the smoking carriage he was un- warmth and comfort as are to be was deeply attached to Miss Murray, milk to the exact degree which she

"Though I was under the impres- ing to control his rising irritation. means, I determined to marry a girl but vis-a-vis, as "respectable" "For there is something wrong; and, who had some money of her own to ried folks do—though it is only isped the beardless Cavalry lieuten- if I don't take care, I shall have a supplement mine. Those are the teen mornings since they sat "Ormond told me ever so long scene," he tells himself in some 'ins and outs' of the whole story," their wedding breakfast. There

"I am married," Dallas said cool- morning," he says, smiling at her passing by all he had said beside - 1 v, yet shrinking a little from the languidly, with a touch of ridicule Miss Joyce Murray? Did she?" of the American's in a countess, is in very bad health, Mrs. that he had walked ing and dutiful little wife to me!" ter." Dallas answers sharply and Captain Glynne opens it first, reads Murray takes the hostess's place that he had walked ing and dutiful little wife to me!" 'My wife is in the The words, the smile, the tone of engrily. 'I wish you would drop it, changes color, frowns, and next carriage; I have only come in croical amusement with her petul- the subject, Yolande. It is not a reads it. The pleasant one to me. We have taken "I shall go back to England toance, are as slame to wax.

like this handsome fury. 'It was wretched money! Take it - take it you.

our cruel, cruel falsehood! feet, and steadying himself by leaning on the table, for he feels absolutely stunned with shocked surprise

The cause of this passionate outbreak reveals itself also to him the same time, and he is hot cold with wrath and dismay. "That double-faced traitress told her!" he thinks, grinding the next time I meet her!"

for this," Yolande says slowly and always had-a hundred a year; hoarsely. Her rage has spent itself shall not want a shilling more. already; nothing but her misery and -do take all the rest, and go away contradiction - "has money. He is sorry for her; he cannot but

be sorry for her. The piteous eyes, from him and repels him still, and, and to whom he is wedded for life. thinks with angry impatience. always was afraid of this sort

a sibilities." he says in response her passionate words. "Since "That is a very pretty gown you listened to a conversation which you don't supply the goods, he mutters to himself, a sensation of are wearing, Yolande," Captain were never intended to hear, you his passion. mingled anger, disappointment, and Glynne graciously remarks aloud to ought to be satisfied that I would keen mortification thrilling him his young wife. 'Did you choose it never have acted dishonorably towards you." "Yes-partly, and partly through "What do you call dishonorably?"

> "I mean that, having asked you to "It is," he agrees, rather surpris- be my wife, I would have fulfilled my fluttered her with pleasure __ | he answers, and tries to steel him-

sight of the slender figure in the in him not to strike her to th clinging velvet gown, with the white ground, not to beat the life out ful eyes, to overcome his resolution. his power, and yet taunts and defice "Thank you," she says huskily. "It him. was not acting dishonorably then, to take all and give nothing. "Nothing?" he asks haughtily.

wildly. "And I have given you

slowly, gazing at his cold handsome the world. with wide-open eyes, staring as if duce you? Answer me!" half blind with misery. "You cared "Oh, yes!" nothing for me - I thought you did. quietly, the pallor of her tortured worlds if I had known what I heard I can safely promise to behave mythis morning!"

Glynne irritably, the heart-broken face, the heart- please?" that I had never met a woman I releases her, and a throb of wife," he continues in a more assur- and misery thrills him through. page until the train starts, and then startes:

| Page until the train starts, and then startes:
| She almost hates and despises him | ed tone, resuming his cold, composite to your maid her pocket. The envelope bears the of wealth and title as to marry the fings the magazine across the | She almost hates and despises him | ed tone, resuming his cold, composite to your maid her pocket. The envelope bears the of wealth and title as to marry the land the magazine across the | She almost hates and despises him | ed tone, resuming his cold, composite to your maid her pocket. The envelope bears the of wealth and title as to marry the land to be detailed to be deta manner, "I determined to be faithful and say good-night to you," he Pentreath postmark as well as Lyulph Glynne, whom he knows she and kind to you, to be a good hus- says, trying to keep up his frigid Lord Glynne's letter and the dainty dislikes and despises. band to you, and make you happy; tone. "We are both too upset to letter with the mourning border. and, but for that gossiping chatter- carry on this discussion any long- "Well, have you made up your never has to wait for her at any

box of a woman and your own silly er. But we understand each other. mind, Yolande?" Captain Glynne time. She is wearing one of her jealousy, you would have been happy That is the main point. Will you asks presently. "Yes, for a while," Yolande savs civil war?"

slowly, gazing at him still in pitiful, wonderment that there is no mercy ly, hurrying out of the room with in him for her anguish. "I should unsteady steps; and Captain Glynne, should wish to visit Pentreath just deep color. have gone on believing-I am so silly left all alone on the evening of his now" and absurd, as you say-that you wedding day, looks about the desertwouldn't have married me unless you ed room, and thinks of all that has The longer I believed and this trusted you, and loved you, and liv-

In the smoking carriage no was at found in the ashes of his burnt-out it is quite true; but, as I had no has learned suits his taste, whilst he and, while he is dressing for dinner, his tones, and wincing a little before lucky enough to encounter a City found in the ashes of his burnt-out it is quite true; but, as I had no has learned suits his taste, whilst he and, while he is dressing for dinner, his tones, and wincing a little before money and she had no money. she helps her to omelette and butters Captain Clynne asks his valet what Yolande's cold, inquiring eyes. -a keen, shrewd, dashing speculator, "What circumstances?" he demands decided on marrying a man who the petits pains. Briefly, they are a Parisian-American — and an Army imperiously, his dark brows drawing could give her wealth, and I thought practising all the amenities of a though he knows quite well already, indifference. a Parisian-American — and an Army imperiously, his data of the long of the Honourable Mrs. Murray "Well, you have seen very few of man, an acquaintance of his own; together. "What do you mean, -Yo- I could not do better than follow tete-a-tete breakfast of a "respecta" Only the Honourable Mrs. Murray "Well, you have seen very few of the married pair and they both congratulated him on lande? You are speaking and acting her example; and, as I could not ble" married pair. n lander 104 are speaking and acting line in the land relatives yet, and her daughter, the man tens in iteratives yet, and relatives yet, and rela

you he adds impatiently.

"No-never!" Dallas answers grimchained and locked to each other for never! I would kill myself first! You now, madam," he says, with a rathhave deceived me and wronged me, er mocking smile. "You must put vilely, cruelly, for the sake of that up with me, and I must put up with Come. Yolande." he adds. l; but leave me free of you and you smiling vexedly-"we had better stop Martin drama. Nothing is in worse "Have you gone suddenly mad, or taste in real life than a disagreeare you practising for amateur the ment between a bride and her brideatricals, Yolande, may I ask?" Dal- groom; come here to me, and let us las Glynne demands, rising to his kiss and be friends." And he crosses the hearth-rug to her as he speaks,

But Yolande rushes back from hir to the other side of the room, with hands thrust out in repulsion. again!" she cries, with dry. his fiance at him. "I told you I would with medicine. They take medicine for teeth. 'I'll wring that woman's neck kill myself first! You can have my money-all of it-to do what you "You know well the reason I have please with. Give me only what

symptoms by removing the cause. that waits even now for a word of fierecely, the defiance and rage and be expected until the systemic catarrh Now I can eat with pleasure. Everyand aversion visible in his young wife's is removed. had face and attitude nearly maddening

He follows her, though she shrinks tress of Orum, S. C., writes: catching her arm, forcibly draws her eve of the law-you belong to me

also tried lots of patent medicines. But he owner and master," he hisses furi- still I suffered with sick headache, cold South Carolina, writes from Wash-"I ously through his clenched teeth "and I shall not allow you to make me ridiculous-to make a scanda ous I could not bear anyone around me. I had been given up to die. ing her arm with the grip of his sinewy fingers in the vehemence

"You can kill me," she cries, with

a short, wild laugh; "but you can't prevent me from hating and despising you! You can't prevent me from loathing your false, treacherou kisses-bought every one of them or the very touch of your hand!" He tightens his grasp of her arr. at this fresh taunt. He is so taken disappointed, that a murderous pas sion takes possession of him.

"I don't want to kiss or touch you, I assure you," he says, in

tone, with all the icy "Nothing - nothing!" she repeats contempt he can express. "I would as soon kiss a baboon! But I mean to insist on your obeying me as far Not that I care much for Lady first time 'Really," Dallas Clynne says, as the letter of the law goes. You Jeannie as a companion for you." with frigid displeasure, "beyond giv- can keep to yourself as much as you of your temper, I am not aware of ing society, except in public. Will "I loved you." the poor girl says tion as my wife before the eyes of

Dallas acquaintance, and not to disgrace kind."

affected by you. Will you let my arm go, "You are a romantic | He sees plainly the marks where his deep interest - a most dainty letter they appear, and, when he is ready expect absurdities. How fingers have crushed the velvet of with a narrow mourning border - to go down stairs, he knocks at his imagine for a moment her sleeve, he sees her totter as he and so does not notice that Yo- wife's dressing-room door, thinking

"Good-night," she responds faint- am sure."

the worse it would English post is brought in one sunny "Madame" - such a slender, pale

but the width of the oval table be-Did she love you," Yolande asks, tween them apparently - in reality there is the width of the world. Yes; but she loved herself bet- crest on the top of the pile; re- "by her ladyship's desire."



medicines do any good because they de

This is exactly what Peruna will do.

not reach the cause of the complaint.

feeling. I am so thankful that I can say Peruna at once mitigates all these after using several bottles of the Peruna and Manalin I am restored to perfect

Systemic catarrh is the trouble. Sys- health. body is so surprised at my improvement. Everyone says I am looking like a rose. Miss Alma Cox, Assistant Postmis- I would advise all suffering women to take your remedies. I know if it were "I have been a great sufferer from not for Peruna and Manalin I would chronic disease and dyspepsia for five have been in my grave to-day. I cannot years. How I suffered no tongue can thank you enough for the kind advice "You are my wife. Yolande, in the tell. I tried eight or ten of the best phy- you have given me."-MISS ALMA sicians without receiving much benefit, L. COX.

> Senator M. C. Butler, ex-Governor of feet and hands, palpitation of the heart, ington, D. C., the following: and such a heavy feeling in my stomach "I can recommend Peruna for dysand chest. At times I would be so nerv- pepsis and stomach trouble. I have

been using your medicine for a short period, and I feel very much relieved. "One day a friend sent me one of Dr. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, and Hartman's pamphlets, and I decided to besides a great tonic" --- M. C. Butler. write to him. He advised Peruna and Peruna restores health in a normal Manalin, and after taking the medicine way. two weeks I felt greatly relieved. My Peruna puts right all the mucous mem-

head did not pain me any scarcely, and branes of the body, and in this way remy stomach was relieved of its heavy stores the functions of every organ. Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, of Columbus, O., gives advice to women free during the summer months.

II. night," he says briefly, "and run up ished desire, too," mutters Dallas, has a struggle with the demon with to Pentreath. My uncle is very ill with hitter contempt. "A far-sighted and wishes to see me, and the Vis-schemer that smooth-voiced lady 15, of count is extra civil, which I don't as full of guiles as she is full understand, and urges me to come. smiles, as one might say, like Silas marble-like face and glittering woe her-the pale, slender girl who is in What would you wish to do?" he Wegg. How could such a mother have asks carelessly, tearing open his oth- a daughter that was not false and er letters and papers. "Oh, here is treacherous in every fibre of her beone for you, Yolande! Stay here, ing?' suppose? I shall come back in He uses his ivory military brushes

lany case, in a week or ten days, and mercilessly for several moments, and you will be all right for society, as then drops them suddenly as a susthe Ormonds and Mainsteys are here. picion dawns vividly on him for the "And I do not care at all for daughter - waiting?" he asks himing me a very disagreeable specimen please. I want none of your charm- Lady Jeannie," Yolande says, in a self slowly. "I know Mrs. Murray voice which she vainly tries to was always anxious to hold the reins

receiving anything unusual from you promise to behave yourself ac- steady. "Couldn't I go back to of government here even as a decording to the duties of your posi- London and stay with aunt Keren?" puty. But can it be possible that "Certainly, or come with me to they are waiting now to see Lyulph and not disgrace me Pentreath, if you don't mind the cir- Glynne an earl and a widower? face and symmetrical figure—"I loved amongst the gentlewomen of my cumstances - rather gloomy and all it possible that Joyce would you. Captain Glynne," she repeats, acquaintance to whom I must intro- that," Dallas answers, with affected herself to a man whom she hates indifference, but watching her close- and despises, even to be Countess of Yolande replies very ly. "Read the Viscount's letter for Pentreath? No, no, I could never beyourself - you see, he says Lady lieve it of Joyce, hard and worldly I would not have married you for face spreading to her lips. "I think Maria - poor soul! - is worse than as I know her to be!" usual. She has got a new nurse, or

> and begins reading another and with bility of his suspicions the stronger com- lande, after hastily reading the still of Joyce Murray and her fairher, and then instantly put it into wrongs herself so deeply for the sake

say 'Good-night,' or is it to be un- care to visit Pentreath just now, I crimson silk, simply made, perfectly in a quiet, constrained voice, "On the contrary," Yolande says rose-petals from the contrast of rich

CHAPTER XIV.

think so. Yolande seems to have re- fect fit pented to some purpose of her outbreak on that pleasant wedding day It is a cold, wet spring evening,

and he and Yolande have just ar- guests whom you haven't met." he rived at Pentreath Place from Paris, says, with a slight unsteadiness in guests are staying in the house. and her daughter, the man tells my friends and relatives yet. Yobut have stayed on since the ter- And she knows he is prevaricating. rible news of poor Lord Dunavon's and her sad heart grows heavier. death. They will probably stay on and the pain of jeulous anguish that now "until the Earl is better," the seldom leaves her makes her feel cold every servant in the house knows she grows hot with burning unger that the old peer's days are number- against him and his duplicity. There is a letter with the family ed; and, as her ladyship, the Vis-

"Are they both - mother and

self as well as the ladies of your attendant, or some one of that assistance, in a dazed and bewildered frame of mind: for the more He hands his wife the open letter, (thinks of the possibility and proba-

"You" would not pretty new dinner dresses - a rich "I fitting - and her pale face and milk white throat gleam fair and soft as

Glynne's eyes soften and his hear! "Oh, very well!" he replies coldly, aches with regret as he gazes at her. and he wishes she would smile a him as once she used to do. She is Instening the top button of her long creamy gloves, and adjusting her apprehensively, "if there is another does smile, when she has finished, some partly at him, partly at the gloves, kind in the air? And you I hardly because she is pleased with their per-

> "Ready, Yolande?" he asks gently "Quite, thanks. We are rather early, I think." "Yes But there are probably some "Yes? Who are they?"-with calm

"Ay, and by her own most cher- New York.

makes friends, and better