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Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

the blood is one of the evil results that repeat to you that I will not aid in ler. usually follow any derangement of the the carrying out of these directions."

pregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

blood deteriorates. It loses its nourish- quickly. ing, vitalizing, health-giving qualand waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold. There is weak-

ness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood friend. My father would not dismiss start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve you." Pills they are assured of a cure. Every "I should like to be the first," he dedose acts on the heart itself, causing it clared. He began to perceive that he to beat strong, steady and regular.

make it rich and red.

place of tiredness and lassitude. Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly of any use opposing it?" troubled with my heart, together with He saw that she was listening with extreme nervousness for many years. more attention. Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all sidered. I am quite certain that Sir else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

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FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

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ld at the same price as inferior tea. Alt is put up in sealed caddies of 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and lus., and sold in three ilavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL. HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St

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Carpenters' Kidneys.



and stooping over are I offer them to you." exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic seve pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone, I feel fresh and vigorous in the mornings. and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARGECE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

Western Untario,

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER I.-CONTINUED.

"You understand nothing. Be silent Insufficient quantity or poor quality of you must not presume to pity me. "Yet it must all be done, Miss Neslie; If the heart becomes weakened in any unless it is the blame will fall upon way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs innocent servants. You know Sir 'Aras it should, there to be purified and im- thur's quiet, cool way; he will ignore all idea of your having failed, and dis-As a result the miss the whole household." "Why do you say that?" she asked

"I know it, Miss Neslie, Sir Arthur is very good, but there is a will (of iron under his gentle manner. For my own comes pale, thin part, I would submit cheerfully to the dismissal, but I should like to remain that I might --" He hesitated.

"That you might take my part, you mean," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I, who thought myself supreme one short hour since, may want a

might touch her through her gener-Every dose, too, introduces into the osity, influence her through her kindblood those vital elements necessary to ness of heart. "Pray do not consider me," he added; "I would sacrifica my-Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy self most cheerfully. But, Miss Neslie hue of health, there is strength instead of -do not be angry with me-is it of any weakness, energy and activity take the use to begin a course of opposition that you cannot keep up? Sir Arthur is Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, sole master; his will sole law. Is it

These complaints brought about great "It seems to me," he continued, weakness and feeling of tiredness. My "that the more dignified course would blood was of poor quality, so much so that I be to carry out Sir Arthur's directions. step-mother placed over her." became pale and languid. Milburn's Then there is another thing to be con-Arthur would dismiss the whole household for disobedience. The servants are, most of them, old family retainers; as such, they will naturally-no matter who comes-look upon you as their true mistress. A new set of domestics would just as naturally consider Lady Neslie first." "That is true," she said, "but I can-

not do it, Mr. Dovman. I will be passve. I will give no orders." "I will give them as coming from you

-with your permis ion. There is just one thing more I should like to say to your sorrow to be gossiped over by every one in the Abbey. If you refuse to recognize these orders in any way, it will be so. If, for example, you leave me to tell Mrs. Spenser what she has to do, she will think either that Sir Arthur has ignored you, or that you are too angry to speak. Pardon me if I put matters too plainlyit is only that I may serve you the better."

"So far your are right," said the young girl, sadly. "Oh, Mr. Dorman, what a trouble to fall on me this fair sunny morning. How little I dreambe possible? Nothing around me has moval and disposal of the pictures, Sir changed, yet how changed am 1! The Arthur had forgotten her mother's sun still snines, the flowers still bloom, portrait; otherwise he would never even this little white dove is still on have ordered it to be taken to the my shoulder-yet the whole world is changed to me. How shall I bear the

"Bravely-as the ladies of your race have ever borne trouble," he said. ard. If it were some great trouble picture; she looked long and lovingly that would call all my virtues-hered- at the fair, sad, high-bred face; and itary virtues, such as courage and forti- then her lips quivered, and her tears tude-into play, well and good; but it fell.

ferent reply.

would give it. My small talents, my mind, my heart, are at your disposal. I would die for you. Do not, because I with her hand on the open door. am humble-because I am of no account in this great world-despise the

do all I can."

You are very kind," she said, list- it, they must take the consequences."

checked himself. It would not do to touched." speak impulsively to Vivien Neslie. "Look round," he said, "and carry this blue sky-bear the picture in mind, and can be taken to my rooms." then remember the words written as it were beneath the picture-'I would lie," he replied. give even my life to serve you.' The gift of foresight is not mine, but I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this morning,, this picture, and, above all, these words will return to my mind and yours."

CHAPTER II.

aside to see it.

story and song.

sprays of wistaria. She went to the ser received her with all respect. "I have something to say to you,

Come with him to the morning-Gerald Dorman had judged her right-Whatever she might suffer from not be matter of gossipl amongst servants. She seated herself in

Mrs. Spencer, and to Holmes, the but-

face, and when the two servants stood sistant. wondering before her, she said-

Neslie, here on Tuesday evening." seemed so sudden."

"Certainly," said the housekeeper. "I | answered-

for any information you may want." should not do. Between ourselves, missed, and withdrew, full of wonder. wish she had a little less of it." They understood that they were dis- "Well, you please yourself," said Sir

iHolmes, with a grave shake of his very proud girls make very strange head. "It will go hard with her, af- marriages." ter being mistress so long, to have a Sir Arthur, however, was right. To Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is

"Make no mistake, Mr. Holmes," re- her father's paid dependent-nothing agonizing of skin diseases, nothing sponded the housekeeper, sagaciously, more or less. 'neither step-mother, nor second wife, ner any one else will ever be set over

Vivien had kept her word. To check gossip, she had told the news herself. But she would do no more. Mr. Dorman went himself to the housekeeper's room, and repeated all the directions given. He was obliged to see that they were carried out. Vivien never interfered but once, and that moved from the Blue Room. Amongst them was a very beautiful protrait of you. You are proud. I know you her mother, Constance Howard-the would not like you disappointment, picture of a thoughtful, fair, aristocratic girl, with the shadow of early death in her eyes. It was not from this fair young mother that Vivien inherited her glowing, sunny southern loveliness. She entered the room just as the men were about to remove the portrait.

"Who told you to take down that picture?" she asked, quickly. "Mr. Dorman, miss," replied one of them, with a half-frightened bow.

"Where is it going?" she asked. "Into the boudoir in the western wing," was the reply. A keen pain seized her. It was evied of it! Is it all a dream? Can it dent that, in giving orders for the re-

room of his new wife, "Leave it where it is," she said. "I will speak to Mr. Dorman about it." Only too glad to obey, the men hastened away; and then the girl's pride "No. I shall not bear it bravely; gave way-the dark southern eyes filleven thinking of it makes. me a cow- ed with tears. She went up to the

is not. There is not a fault or a "He has put some one else in your defect, or a meanness in me but this place, mother, darling," she said; "he will not force into a gigantic growth. has forgotten you. Another wife has No blow so cruel had ever been dream-"It may not be so bad, Miss Neslie. will use your rooms, sit in your place, wandered listlessly through May I say one thing more to you?" wear your jewels; he will call anoth- grounds, musing no longer in the sun- a grip or gripe, curing Sick cess, is able to induse her windest grounds, musing no longer in the sun-"Say what you will," was the indif- er wife by the same loving names he shine over the great good she was to He looked at her beautiful downcast he kissed yours. But I will never galleries, the magnificent rooms, nev-"'A little mouse once,' says the gentle mother. I will love you the ters would end. She felt keenly enfable, 'set a lion free;' the humblest more that he loves you the ough that, let what happen might, she slave might save his master's life. Let less; and I will hate with

> She swept, like an avenging queen, into Mr. Dorman's study. She stood be pleased to remember one thing? I

"You shall be obeyed, Miss Neslie," His submission disarmed her. "After all," she thought, "it is not picture in your mind, Miss Neslie-re- his fault-he is not to blame." So she member the old sun-dial, the white lil- added, gently, "I will explain to Sir lies, the rich red roses, the gladioli Arthur that I do not wish my mothcrimson and gold, the tame doves, the er's portrait to be removed unless it

"No one shall touch it," Miss Nes-

"They may do so," she said, indif- even he could guess. She had been, "They will, and when they do, Miss the Abbey ever since her mother's Carpentering is not a friend—if ever the strength of a year. They were an ancient family man's arm, the subtlety of his intel-Neslie, if ever in sore need you want death, which had happened in her sixth wonted event, and the world seems an easy trade. The man's arm, the subtlety of his intel- these Neslies of Lancewood. They had constant reaching up lect, the devotion of his heart, the had no title. Time after time honors and down, the lifting sacrifice of his life, can serve you. had been offered them and refused. Still Vivien had spoken no word. "We can have no nobler title than all severe strains on "You are very kind," she declared, Neslie of Lancewood," those scions of the kidneys. No listlessly, as with a bow she turned a fine old race would say. The estates wonder a carpenter from him and went toward the house, were strictly entailed until the reign still. of George IV., when the entail was broken, and it became simply a code of the family honor that, when there should be sent to the station." Lancewood Abbey is one of the show- was a son, that son should succeed, and places of England. Every book of pic- when there was a daughter, the daughturesque views contains an engraving ter should succeed, but even in marryof it; artists of eminence without ing, should keep her name of Neslie. now on the first sign of Backache and is number have sketched it; people trav- The present Sir Arthur was the first

able to follow his trade with comfort and elling within thirty miles of it turn baronet, and it was said that he ac-A grand, picturesque pile, massive in trouble to accept than to decline it. Arthur's wishes-it was to save her structure; time has colored the stones, Early in life he married Constance that he went so carefully and anxiousand round some of the tallest towers Howard, one of the noblest girls in ly through the house, trying to find and turrets luxuriant ivy clings. The England. He dearly loved his fair out if everything was as its master gardens that surround it are brilliant high-bred wife; and when she died, would like it. with many-hued flowers; over the leaving him with Vivien. he said that stone balustrades of the terraces pas- nothing should ever induce him to marsion flowers droop and hang. It is ry again. People believed him. The the very beau ideal of one of those Neslies were a constant race, faithful bole in the ground and put a turkey stately homes of England so famed in and loyal. They believed him, and Vi-The "Chronicle" is the only trance. She went round to one of the her up as his heiress—he taught her ough to let out the turkey's head. The 12-Page Local Newsparer in side entrances, a small postern door all that concerned the estate. She head of the unfortunate bird is used overhung and half hidden by drooping knew the history of every wood and as a target.

housekeeper's room, where Mrs Spenplantation, of every farm and home-

stead, of every house and cottage. When she grew older and was able to be more of a companion to him, Sir ess of Fife had a very small dress al-Arthur resolved upon finding a secretary who would relieve him of some of his correspondence. He was long in yach ting and everyday dresses and pleasing himself. At length he met all the usual costumes required by a Gerald Dorman, and found in him the girl of the upper classes, royal prinson of an old college friend. There cesses have also to wear the costly were two brothers, Gerald and Thomas.

and elaborate dresses which their Sir Arthur went up to London to see then.. He found Gerald a quick, intel- rank demands at the weddings of ligent, honorable young man-his bro- near relatives. They are, however, either wounded pride or tove should no thought or care or interest outside fortunate in having stores of beautino thought or care or interest outside his books; they were everything to ful laces, priceless furs and marvelmorning-room—one of the prettiest him—Gerald used to say he would sit lous jewels, all of which can be used rooms in the Abbey, all rose-hued and reading while the house was burning again and again. gold, with white lace hangings. She around him. Sir Arthur engaged Gerbanished all trace of emotion from her ald as his secretary and general asthat a frugal princess may spend as

"I have sent for you, as the heads risk to bring a handsome, talented while her more wealthy and extravaof the household, to tell you that my young man like Gerald into a house gant sister may find her dress bills father, Sir Arthur Neslie, is married with a beautiful girl like Vivien. amount to ten times that sum. Age again, and will bring his wife, Lady Those who talked in that fashion did has nothing to do with the matter, not know much of Sir Arthur's daugh- for the Queen of Italy spends far more "Merciful goodness!" cried Mrs. ter. He himself never dreamed of than does her beautiful young daugh-Spenser, startled out of all propriety. risk. He knew Vivien-he knew her ter-in-law, the crown princess of morning. I beg your pardon, Miss Neslie-but it | pride, her dignity; he never thought

"Sudden to you, perhaps," returned The only person who ever said a word Miss Neslie, proudly. "Sir Arthur has to him about it was Sir Harry Lane, chosen his own time for wishing the an old friend and neighbor. Sir Arcommunication to be made to you." | thur listened patiently, and then he

beg your pardon for speaking so hast- "My dear Sir Harry, if my daugh-What orders have you to give, ter has one quality, one characteristic stronger than another, it is intense "Sir Arthur has sent a list of in- pride of race; that alone will keep her structions to Mr. Dorman. Go to him from ever doing anything a Neslie

"She will not like that," said Mr. Harry, testily; "but I have seen some Vivien Neslie the young secretary was often called, is one of the most

CHAPTER III.

How the preparations for the homecoming of Sir Arthur Neslie and his bride were ever accomplished was a cures the worst kind of Eczemamystery to Mr. Dorman. Miss Neslie relieves the itching, burning and spent the greater part of her time in her favorite garden; she talked little to any one, she gave no orders, she never interfered with any of the arrangements made. Great van-loads of new and beautiful things came from was when the pictures were being re- London and Paris-all was activity and disorder at the Abbey; she looked on with supreme indifference, asking no

questions, giving no advice. How she passed those days was known only to herself; whatever she suffered, she made no sign, she never by look or word betrayed it. She saw the extensive preparations-great arches of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" in crimson roses; she saw banners and flags flying from the trees in the park; sne saw the stir amongst the tenantry, the subdued excitement of the household; more than once she heard the servants speak of Lady Neslie's room, but she treated all with supreme indifference.

The young secretary looked at her more than once with wonder; anything would have been better to him than this silence. If she had complained, reproached her fate, broken out into invectives against Sir Arthur, it would have been better than the unbroken silence she maintained.

On the Tuesday that was to bring and a bad cough, with great difficulty in the travelers home, he felt no slight breathing. After taking two bottles of degree of agitation himself. What Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was comwould she be like-this new wife whom | pletely cured." Sir Arthur called young and beautiful? What difference would her coming make? He felt that amount of uncertainty always produced by the introduction of a new element into one's

What Vivicn Neslie had suffered his heart and his love; another wife ed of by her-ne fate so bitter. She gave you. He will kiss her face as do; she wandered through the long forget you, my darling, my fair, fond, er resting, wondering always now matme, without presumption, say that, if all my heart the insolent girl that has she had been. It was not possible she should ever again be her father's sole care and his sole love. She would never again be his only source of inter-"Mr. Dorman," she said, "will you py life in which they two had been offer of my entire devotion. Let me forbid any one to touch my mother's familiarity would never be again. There would be a stranger present, one whom her father loved and she "Kind!" he repeated; and then he he replied. "I will see that it is not be a barrier between them. Her father would never be to her the father of old; the shadow now lying between them would never grow less.

"My mother is dead," thought the girl, with a bitter sigh, "and my father will be dead to me." Gerald Dorman never forgot the day of the baronet's return. It was intensely warm and bright, one of those days in June when the blue sky has Vivieu went away, and as he watch- no cloud, when no summer wind stirs ed her, the young secretary said to the trees; even the birds seemd to find it too hot for singing, and had "It is very hard for her-very hard." retired into the shadiest depths of the And so, indeed, it was, harder than trees. The warm air was full of sweet odors, the rippling of the fountains to all intents and purposes, mistress of made pleasant music-it was a day when nature seems awaiting some un-

> to stand still in its golden haze. The day had arrived, the travelers were to be at the Abbey about seven. Gerald went to ber when the morning was over; he looked at the proud face-it was unnaturally calm, and

"I am half frightened, Miss Neslie," he said, "to ask you what carriage "Any you please," she replied short-

ly, "I have no suggestion to make on the subject, and decline to discuss it.' With that answer he was compelled to be content, but it was to save her that he studied so hard to make all cepted the title because it was less things pleasant, and to carry out Sir

To be Continued.

A favorite Boer sport is to dig a vien was always looked upon as heir- into it. Then they cover the pit with

ROYALTY'S DRESS ALLOWANCE. An enterprising fashion writer tells us that before her marriage, the Duch-

lowance-about \$1,500 a year. Besides

Eczema.

fold torture at night.

smooth and healthy.

Couldn't sleep at night

with the torture.

but torture during the day and two-

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smarting and soon leaves the skin

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was so bad that I could not sleep at night

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two

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feel better in the morning.

says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe

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ine for the first insertion; 3 cents per . . . line each subsequent insertion-minior On the whole, it may be asserted measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific People said at first that it was a little as \$5,000 a year, on ner dress, cordingly Transient notices-"Lost," "Found," "For Sale," etc .- 50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid

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