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e) resumed his old business, and is prepar ed to loan any amount of money on real estate Old mortgages paid off on the most liberal terms. Fire and Life Insurances effected in the best Stock Companies | FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED at lowest rates. Correspondence Orchardville, P. O., or a call solicited

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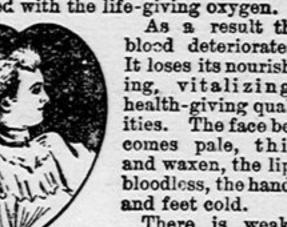
The Chronicle is the most wide the County of Grey. Western Untario.

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

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.



As a result the ing, vitalizing, o. Lancewood." health-giving qual-

shortness of breath and palpitation. When bred manner, the innate good taste, start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve born to rule. She was arfable and Pills they are assured of a cure. Every courteous one day, haughty and imdose acts on the heart itself, causing it perious the next. She was either too to beat strong, steady and regular.

blood those vital elements necessary to governing. make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy | fain have consulted Vivien, or asked hue of health, there is strength instead of her assistance, but that she feared weakness, energy and activity take the showing her ignorance. It was a place of tiredness and lassitude.

else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

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It is put up in sealed caddies of 16 lb., r lb. and lbs , and sold in three dayours at 400., 500. and 600 If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL. HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St

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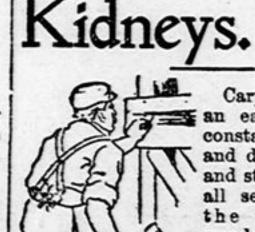
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constant reaching up whose child was heiress of that grand and down, the lifting domain. and stooping over are that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was

piercing his own back. He uses **DOAN'S Kidney Pills** now on the first sign of Backache and is

able to follow his trade with comfort and "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 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." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont

12-Page Local Newspaper in Is it a portrait?"

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER X.

Deprived of her accustomed avocaions. Vivien spent more time than usual in the library, quietly, without noise or unpleasantness. Valerie had managed to take all authority from her. The servants never went to her now for orders, having found out that, when they did so, Lady Neslie invariably countermanded them.

"Flowers always greet the rising sun," said the girl, bitterly. It loses its nourish- seem to torget that I am still heiress

Yet, though Lady Neslie asserted her ities. The face be- authority, and Sir Arthur upheld it, comes pale, thin Vivien was by far the best loved. "Miland waxen, the lips dai" gave liberally-she was generous bloodless, the hands to her servants; but, with the quick instinct of their class, they saw that There is weak- she was not a lady like their "own ness, tiredness, young mistress." She lacked the high those suffering from thin or watery blood the air or command natural to one namiliar or too severe; she did not in Every dose, too, introduces into the the least understand the science of

There were times when she would fact that the beautiful, bright, court-Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, ed Lady Neslie, mistress of Lance-Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly wood, stood more in awe of Sir Artroubled with my heart, together with thur's daughter than of all the world blood was of poor quality, so much so that I disguises, all affectations. She felt un- you are of contempt." became pale and languid. Milburn's easy in that tair, stately presence; her But Lady Neslie had recovered her- He worshipped her as pagans do the pretty airs and graces, which seemed self by this time. She laughed. sun outshines the flame of a taper. It about it, Vivien." was the unconscious incluence of truth She found that she was talking to raised for himself no such false hopes,

> al dislike increased, Lady Neslie studi- That little incident simply deepen- ing in return. It was the very maded how she could hurt and wound Sir ed Vivien's contempt for her father's ness of love-it was too great, too en-Arthur's daughter. One morning, un- wife, while it increased in some vague tire, to have any alloy of selfishness. der some slight pretext, she paid a vis- way Lady Neslie's awe of her. it to Vivien's apartments. More than There had been a slight disagree- bidden him lay himself at her feet,

> asked. And Joan was compelled to also spoken to his daughter of them. a smile, a kind word, or even a kind

such a visit would be. will be my young lady's turn to rule stones must be reset."

some day !" distant relative, Clarence Howard-a where the cases were all arranged for ed. distant cousin of her mother's-whose inspection. They had never been photograph had been sent to Miss Nes- touched since the dead Lady Neslie had steady steps he left the room.

"It is a glorious face, papa," Vivien Papa," she said, "I can be of no was saying, "noble, thoughtful, high- use here. Why did you send for me?" bred. It is like my mother's face— "I thought you would assist Valerie had loved his life through, and met and I have seen none so beautiful as in selecting what should be reset-you with reward. His fate was so differ-

"No," replied Sir Arthur, "that I "I can suggest nothing," said Viv- love her!" he would say to himself. certainly have not." And Vivien was ien. "They were my mother's jewels. He had never betrayed this love of a grip or gripe, curing Sick so delighted with the reply that she If I were consulted, I should say, keep his. True, he had made her some arkissed him lovingly, as of old, before them for her sake ijust as they are." dent speeches. He had talked of liv-"That does my heart good, papa," she said. "I thought you had quite ly-

forgotten my mother."

"I should like to see what the face Vivien, is there anything amongst was like that he thought so beautiful," them that you would like?" a portrait of the late . Lady Neslie; fashion. She took up a pretty little it was, she had a kindly feeling for

was a very beautiful picture of the late Lady Neslie, and that if hung in Lady Neslie, looking up, saw the Miss Neslie's boudoir-it used to be in softened expression on her husband's love her she never dreamed. made up her mind, that, if it were pos- dead came over her. sible to give Miss Neslie something disagreeable to think of, she would do so, Carpentering is not She was jealous-jealous of the dead an easy trade. The wife who had been so dearly loved, and

So, with a sharpened arrow in her all severe strains on heart and a smile on her lips, she went the kidneys. No into Vivien's room. She was so bland wonder a carpenter and smiling that it was hard to imagexclaimed, recently, ine she could be so unkind.

"I ought to offer you a thousand some really good book to read."

answered kindly-"I do not know what your taste in would. Arthur, let us have a beautiliterature is-I have not seen you read ful pendant made for her-she will be many books. fry one of Dickens'." pleased." "I will. Wint a pleasant room this boudoir of yorrs is! You have a beautiful view from the window. How fond you are of flowers! Your room is full of them."

"Yes; ? love flowers," assented Viv-Then Lady Neslie went to the door, as though about to leave; she looked round the walls.

Neslie looked at her.

"Have I annoyed you?" she said, of events. quickly. "I am sorry. Surely this is not the portrait of any one you care for? If so, I am sorry. I would not seeming carelessness and light-hearthave spoken of it had I known." Vivien's anger was terrible.

is my mother's picture.' "How sorry I am! Why did you not ful friend. In a thousand ways that stop me? How could I know? I always no one save himself understood he

peated Vivien, "and you know it. You the time of her downfall than he had are very clever, Lady Neslie, but you shown in her prosperity. He always are not clever enough to deceive me. spoke of her and to her as though she From some motive of your own you were still mistress of the Abbey. have come here purposely to insult me Whenever she was not present, and he through my dead mother; you have could make an opportunity, he spoke achieved your purpose. Will you of her as heiress of Lancewood. oblige me now by leaving me?" Lady Neslie turned scarlet with that he loved Vivien Neslie with the shame at having been detected.

"I assure you-" she began. extreme nervousness for many years. besides. Those dark, proud eyes seem- is no need for further words. That is was content to lavish his adoration on These complaints brought about great ed to look into the very depths of her my beloved mother's picture—and she her, to pour out the love of his soul weakness and feeling of tiredness. My soul-they seemed to pierce through all was as worthy of honor and esteem as at her feet. He had never dared to

so charming at other times, suddenly "What an absurd mistake! I am of those who delude themselves. He but torture during the day and twoappeared vulgar. Vivien outshone really sorry. I must tell Sir Arthur, never said to himself that he had talher as the grand, clear light of the But it is roolish of you to be cross ents, and that he would work until,

over talsehood, of a noble soul over an the air-Miss Neslie had left the room. he dreamed no foolish dreams, he nevignoble one, of a lofty nature over a "Never mind," said her ladyship to er imagined that he should win her; herself, "I have hurt her; but the vic- but his love was so great that he was As time passed on, and their mutu- tory is not a great one, after all."

once she had tried to obtain an entree, ment over the jewels that Vivien's mo- that she might trample on him, he but Miss Neslie would not consent. She ther had worn. At her mother's would have done so; had she bidden had a suite of rooms oin the eastern death they were all locked away; but him give her his life, he would have wing-rooms that she had chosen for it was the right and privilege of the laid it down with a smile on his face, hersel .- and she was determined that reigning Lady Neslie to wear them, He gave her all-he asked nothing; he they should be sacred from all intru- and Valerie was not one to forego her was content to live in her presence as As Lady Neslie walked along privileges. Sir Arthur had spoken to flowers live in the sun. He asked for the broad corridor, she met Joan Hab- her about the jewels, and she was all nothing but permission to serve her, anxiety to see them. It happened to live and die for her. He was con-"Is Miss Neslie in her room?" she that more than once Sir Arthur had tent if from time to time she gave him

asked Joan, who knew how unwelcome them, you must wear them, Vivien, and skill. when you come of age."

She was showing it to Sir Ar- closed them, and Sir Arthur remem-Vivien felt it deeply.

have so much taste in such things."

"No, I cannot wear them as they to homage. It was nothing new for "My dear Vivien," returned Sir Ar- are. They would not suit me. I should her to hear that some one was willing thur, earnestly, "when you know more like these pearls arranged as flowers, to die for her. There were times of life, you will know that a man nev- and this huge, old-fashioned diamond when she was inclined to think the er lorgets and never ceases to love his comb made into a pretty tiara. They first love." And Lady Neslie, over- will not do for me at all as they are." hearing the words, felt the bitterest "Well, you shall please yourself, only those whom she considered her hatred for the dead mother and the Valerie," said her husband. "They are equals should use. It was but naturyours to wear during your life-time.

she said. And that evening she call- The girl's proud dark eyes were dim ed her maid to a solemn consultation. with tears. It was inexpressibly pain- retary loved her with a love that was "Marie," she said, "I want you to dis- ful to her to see what had been her cover for me-first, whether there is mother's taken possession of after this

out by a few well-directed questions "The last time I saw my mother she wore this, I should like it, papa. I In twenty minutes' time Marie re- remember taking hold of it, and she quired fidelity. She knew that it turned to teil the "miladi" that there told me to mind that I did not injure

were removed from there. Miss Nes- "Every time he sees that on his lie insisted on having it taken to her daughter's neck he will think of her apartments. "Miladi" laughed a mother," she said to herself; and again mocking little laugh, and instantly a quick unreasonable jealousy of the

> "You will spoil the set if you take that," she said, quickly. Vivien laid the pendant down. "I will not take anything, papa," she said, quietly, and fearful of betraying

Sir Arthur's face clouded over. "That was not very good-natured, that nothing could cause her such in-

"Wait until you hear why I did it, apologies, Vivien," she said. "I know dear. You do not know what a tenthat I am intruding, but I wanted to der-hearted, earnest girl your daughask you if you would recommend me ter is. If she had taken that pendant, every time she wore it she would have Vivien was not pleased at the in- been miserable; believe me, I did it rusion, but she was always polite. She from kindness. I knew she might not understand it-but I thought you

> "My dear, generous wife," said the easily persuaded baronet, "I hardly gave you credit for so much consideration. We will send the order to Lon-

Some weeks afterward a beautiful pearl necklace and pendant arrived for Vivien-but she never wore either.

CHAPTER XI.

they knew nothing for certain, insensibly they ranged themselves on eith er side-they became partisans either and he believing that she had not seen of Lady Neslie or of the heiress of it, hastened to pick it up. He took it Lancewood-but outwardly all was

calm and gay. Only one person saw beneath the surface, and that was Gerald Dorman. Sir Dorman." of Vivien's mother. Vivien made no Arthur's marriage had considerably inanswer. Lady Neslie walked up to it. creased his labors. Belore that Sir "It is a strange face," she said, as Arthur would at times answer a letthough studying it. "I do not like ter, audit his accounts, give audience it; the expression is disagreeable, sul- to his tenants; now he did none of len, and proud-the eyes want intel- these things-they all ie! upon the ligence. I should not keep such a pic- secretary. Sir Arthur was too deepture in my room. Is this one of your ly engrossed with his wife. He had to peat the words. With a low bow he attend to her whoms and caprices, and placed the (lower in her hand and left Vivien had grown white even to the to escort her during her visits; he had her. very lips; her anger was so great that not been so busily occupied for years. she was literally speechless. Lady Yet, though his work was incessant, Gerald found time to watch the course

He soon grew to dislike the new mistress of Lancewood; beneath all her ed gayety, he saw malice and jealousy. Every slight, every trilling insult, of-"Lady Nesl.e," she said, slowly, "that fered to Vivien made his blood boil. He had kept his word-without ever in-"Your mother's! exclaimed Valerie, truding, he had been her most faithunderstood she was a beautiful wo- shielded her. He was care ul to show her the greatest deference and re- Oct. 2nd "That is my mother's portrait," re- spect-more, if possible, during this For the secret of this man's life was

whole force of his heart and soul-loved her silently, desperately, hopelessly, "Hush! said Vivien, calmiy. "There He never dreamed of any return; he If the fair proud young heiress had "They are family heir-looms," he had look-if she allowed him to do some-"Shall I say your ladyship is here?" said. "As I have no wife to wear thing for her that required both time

"No, I will go to Miss Neslie's bou- That promise he could not keep. he had never dared to touch even the doir," said her ladyship; and Joan Lady Neslie mentioned them when she hem of her dress. Once, in giving her looked after her with a darkening face. bad been some days at Lancewood. a book, his hand touched hers, and it "What is she going there for—some "I should like to see them, Arthur," seemed to him that even that slight piece of mischief or spite?" she asked she said. "Perhaps some of the set- touch drove him almost mad. Her herself. "Ah, well, please Heaven, it tings are old-fashioned. If so, the beautiful face often bent over the same page with his own, her hair And one morning when a sudden brushed his cheek; he trembled then The fact was, that on the previous shower of rain prevented their going like a man seized with ague. She raisevening Lady Neslie had overheard out, Sir Arthur asked his wife and ed her dark, proud eyes to him once. Vivien talking to her father about a daughter to join him in the library, "Are you ill, Mr. Dorman?" she ask-

He answered "Yes," and with unthur and speaking of it when Valerie bering that, looked gravely at them. am!" he cried. "Dear Heaven, how "How mad-how worse than mad I is it to end, this love of mine?" He saw no end to it but death. Well, ent. "Only let me live, and, living, "Perhaps you are right," said Sir ing and dying for her, of thinking only Arthur; but Lady Neslie cried, abrupt- of her; but, then, Miss Neslie was used to compliments-she was accustomed young secretary presumptuous-when al, she thought, that he should offer her what all the rest of the world gave her-praise and homage. If any one overpowering in its intensity, she him. She placed a certain amount of trust in him. He would be faithful to her, she thought, if ever she rewould be a pleasure to him to serve her-no matter in what manner-but

that he was presumptuous enough to

So he kept his love in his heart, and it grew there like a fair flower. A queen might have been proud of such devotion-it was so deep, so genuine, so entire, so utterly unselfish; it was the love of an artist for his ideal, of a musician for the most cherished offspring of his brain.

He did his best to serve her. When the news of Sir Arthur's marriage how keenly she was hurt, she quitted be did. He would a thousand times rather have endured pain himself than little wife," he said; and she laid her tensity of pain as this marriage. It was to screen her from Sir Arthur's anger that he had worked so hard to prepare for the bride's com-

ing home. He had both sense and self-control. He knew that fighting against fate was worse than uselessif Viviea showed her anger, it would be all the worse for her. There was no course open to her but submission. "Had I been Sir Arthur," he said to himself over and over again, "I would rather have died than contracted this marriage." Now that it was done, all contention was useless.

He never knew whether his love gave him most pleasure or most pain. There was never a moment in which hed dared indulge it. He dared not look long at the face he loved so well. If he did so, hoping that it was unnoticed, Miss Neslie would say, "Did you ! wish to speak to me, Mr. Dorman ?" The "Chronicle" is the only Dear me, what a strange face that is! Is it a portrait?"

Though there were all the elements of strife in the household at Lance-wood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" She would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" She would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" She would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" She would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" she would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" she would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present to me, Mr. Dormant" she would not admit, even in the utwood, yet all was perfectly calm. Peolidea that her father's secretary present the most depths of her heart, the father's secretary present the mean that her father that her father's secretary present the mean that her father that her father that her father's secretary present the mean that her father that her father th

Once, as she was crossing the draw-'ng-room, a lower fell from her hair, in his hand, when she turned round with a calm face, and said-"I will thank you for my flower, Mr.

"Will you not let me keep it?" he The proud calm deepened. "I beg your pardon," she said, looking at him with clear, cold, pitiless eyes-"I did not understand."

coldly at nim, he did not dare to re-

(To be continued.)

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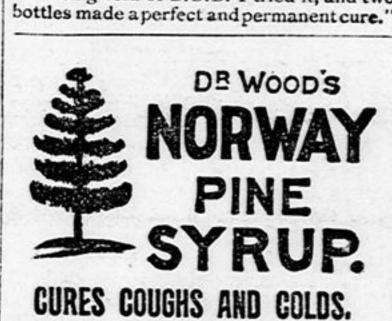
Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

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Mrs Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says: "B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night

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



Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurher, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Gripps and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

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ed the bank. And didn't the assistant cashier know anything about what was going Certainly! He was assisting the

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