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 P. REID,
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 Principal points in Ontario, Manitoba, United Kingdom, and
 Agency.
 L. D. S.
 LONDON

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

A great lump rose in Daisy's throat. "Yes, madame," answered Daisy, raising her dark-blue eyes pleadingly to the stern face before her. "And may I ask by what right you dared violate the rules and regulations of this establishment by sending a sealed letter to a man? Your guardian strictly informed me you had no correspondents whatever, and I find this is a—blush to confess it—actually a love-letter. What have you to say in reference to your folly, Miss Brooks?" "I'm sure I don't know," sobbed Daisy. "You don't know?" repeated madame, scornfully. "Not a very satisfactory explanation. Well, Miss Brooks, I have fully determined what steps I shall take in the matter. I shall read this letter this morning before the whole school; it will afford me an excellent opportunity to point out the horrible depths to which young girls are plunged by allowing their minds to wander from their books to such thoughts as are here expressed. What do you mean by this secret to which you allude so often?" she asked, suddenly. "Please do not ask me, madame," sobbed Daisy; "I can not tell you—indeed I can not. I dare not!" An alarming thought occurred to madame. "Speak, girl!" she cried, hoarsely, grasping her firmly by the shoulder. "I must know the meaning of this secret which is so appalling. You fear to reveal it! Does your guardian know of it?" "No—oh!" wailed Daisy; "I could not tell him. I must keep the secret." "Poor little innocent Daisy! her own words had convicted her beyond all pardon in the eyes of shrewd, suspicious Mme. Whitney, who guessed, as is usually the case, wide of the mark, as to the cause of the secret Daisy dare not to reveal to her guardian or herself. "My duty is plain in this case," said madame. "I shall read this as a terrible warning to the young ladies of this institution; then I will send for Mr. John Brooks, your guardian, and place this letter in his hands." "Oh, no, madame, in pity's name, no!" sobbed Daisy, wildly, kneeling imploringly at her feet, her heart beating tumultuously, and her hands locked convulsively together. "Do not, madame, I pray you; anything but that; he would cast me out of his heart and home, and I—I could not go to Rex, you see." But madame did not see. She laughed a little hard, metallic laugh that grated, oh, so cruelly, on Daisy's sensitive nerves. When one woman's suspicions are aroused against another, Heaven help the suspected one; there is little mercy shown her. "Man's inhumanity to man" is nothing compared to woman's inhumanity to woman. Mme. Whitney had discovered a capital way to score a hit in the direction of morality. "No," she said, laying the letter down on the table before her; "Arise from your knees, Miss Brooks. Your prayers are useless. I think this will be a life-long lesson to you." "Oh, madame, for the love of Heaven," cried Daisy, rocking herself to and fro, "spare me, I beseech you! Do nothing alter your purpose!" "Well," said madame, reflectively, "I may not be quite so severe with you as you will confess, unreservedly, the whole truth concerning this terrible secret, and what this young man Rex is to you." "I can not tell you," wailed Daisy. "I can not tell you," sobbed Daisy. "Oh, my heart is breaking, yet I can not tell you." "Well," said madame, rising, "I shall not press you further on the subject. I will excuse you now, Miss Brooks. You may retire to your room." Daisy rocked herself to and fro, her knees at her feet. Suddenly a daring thought occurred to her. The letter which had caused her bitter woe lay on the table almost within her very grasp—the letter, every line of which breathed of her pure, sacred love for Rex—her Rex—whom she dared not even claim. She could imagine madame commenting upon every word and sentence, ridiculing those tender expressions which had been such rapturous joy to her hungry little heart as she had penned them. And, last of all, and far the most bitter thought, how dear old John Brooks would turn his honest eyes upon her tell-tale face, demanding to know what the secret was—the secret which she had promised her young husband she would not reveal, come what would. If his face should grow white and stern, and those lips, which had blessed, praised, and petted, but never scolded her—if those lips should curse her, she would die then and there at his feet. In an instant she had resolved upon a wild, hazardous plan. Quick as a

flash of lightning Daisy sprang to her feet and tore the coveted letter from madame's detaining grasp; the door stood open, and with the fleetness of a hunted deer she flew down the corridor, never stopping for breath until she had gained the very water's edge. Mme. Whitney gave a loud shriek and actually fainted, and the attendant, who hurried to the scene, caught but a glimpse of a white, terrified, beautiful face, and a cloud of flying golden hair. No one in that establishment ever gazed upon the face of Daisy Brooks again!

CH. PIERIX.

"Where is Miss Brooks?" cried Mme. Whitney, excitedly, upon opening her eyes. "Jenkins," she cried, motioning to the attendant who stood nearest her, "see that Miss Brooks is detained in her own room under lock and key until I am at liberty to attend to her case." The servants looked at one another in blank amazement. No one dared tell her Daisy had fled. The torn envelope, which Daisy had neglected to gain possession of, lay at her feet. "With a curious smile Mme. Whitney smoothed it out carefully, and placed it carefully away in her private desk. "Rex Lyon," she mused, knitting her brow. "Ah, yes, that was the name, I believe. He must certainly be the one. Daisy Brooks shall suffer keenly for this outrage," cried the madame, grinding her teeth with impotent rage. "I shall drag her pride down to the very dust beneath my feet. How dare the little rebel defy my orders? I shall have her removed to the belfry-room; a night or two there will humble her pride, I dare say," fumed the madame, pacing up and down the room. "I have brought worse tempers than hers into subjection; still I never dreamed the little mix would dare openly defy me in that manner. I shall keep her in the belfry-room, under lock and key, until she asks my pardon on her bended knees; and what is more, I shall wrest the secret from her—the secret she has defied me to discover."

On sped Daisy, as swift as the wind, crushing the fatal letter in her bosom, until she stood at the very edge of the broad, glittering Chesapeake. The rosy-gold rays of the rising sun lighted up the waves with a thousand arrowy sparkles like a vast sea of glittering, waving gold. Daisy looked over her shoulder, noting the dark forms hurrying to and fro. "They are searching for me," she said, "but I will never go back to them—never!" She saw a man's form hurrying toward her. At that moment she beheld, moored in the shadow of a clump of alders at her very feet, a small boat rocking to and fro with the tide. Daisy had a little boat of her own at home; she knew how to use the oars. "They will never think of looking for me out on the water," she cried, triumphantly, and quickly untying it she sprang into the little skiff, and seizing the oars, with a vigorous stroke the little skiff shot rapidly out into the shimmering water. Daisy never once paused in her mad, impetuous flight until the dim line of the shore was almost indistinguishable from the blue arching dome of the horizon. "There," she cried, flushed and excited, leaning on the

oars; "no one could possibly think of searching for me out here." Her cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes danced like stars, while the freshening breeze blew her bright shining hair to and fro. Many a passing fisherman cast admiring glances at the charming little, fairy, so sweet and so daring, out all alone on the smiling, treacherous, dancing waves so far away from the shore. But if Daisy saw them, she never heeded them. "I shall stay here until it is quite dark," she said to herself; "they will have ceased to look for me by that time. I can reach the shore unobserved, and watch for Sara to get my hat and sash; and then—a rosy flush stole up to the rings of her golden hair as she thought what she would do then—"I shall go straight back to Rex—my husband!" She knew that John Brooks would not return home for some time to come, and she would not go back to Sephina. She made up her mind she would certainly go to Rex. She would wait at the depot, and if Rex did not come in on the early train, she would go back at once to Alledale. Her purse, with twenty dollars in it—which seemed quite a fortune to Daisy—was luckily in her pocket, together with half of an apple and a biscuit. The healthful exercise of rowing, together with the fresh, cool breeze, gave Daisy a hearty appetite, and the apple and biscuit afforded her quite a pleasant lunch. Poor Daisy! The pretty little girl- bride had no more thought of danger than a child. She had no premonition that every moment the little boat, drifting rapidly along with the tide, was bearing her rapidly onward toward death and destruction. Daisy paid little heed to the dark rolling clouds that were slowly obscuring the brilliant sunshine, or the swirl and dash of the waves that were rocking her little boat so restlessly to and fro. The hours seemed to slip heedlessly by her. The soft gloaming seemed to fall about her swiftly and without warning. "I must turn my boat about at once!" cried Daisy, in alarm. "I am quite a long way from the shore!" At that moment the distant rumbling roar of thunder sounded dimly over the leaden-gray, white-capped water, and the wind, rising instantly into a fierce gale, hurled the dark storm-clouds across the sky, blotting the lurid glow of sunset and mantling the heavens above her in its dusky folds. Daisy was brave of heart, but in the face of such sudden and unlooked-for danger her courage failed her. The pretty rose-bloom died away from her face, and her beautiful blue eyes expanded wide with terror. She caught her breath with a sob, and, seizing the oar with two soft, childish hands, made a desperate attempt to turn the boat. The current resisted her weak effort, snapping the oar in twain like a slender twig and whirling it from her grasp. "Rex! Rex!" she cried out, piteously, stretching out her arms, "save me! Oh, I am lost—lost! Heaven pity me!" The night had fallen swiftly around her. Out, alone, on the wild, pitiless, treacherous waves—alone with the storm and the darkness! The storm had now commenced in earnest, beating furiously against the little boat, and lashing the mad waves into seething foam as they dashed high above the terrified girl. No sound could be heard above the wild warring of the elements—the thunder's roar, the furious lashing of the waves and the white, radiant lightning blazing across the vast expanse of water, making the scene sublime in its terrible grandeur.

"Rex! my love, my life!" she cried, in the intense agony of despair, "you will never know how well I loved you! I have faced death rather than betray the sweet, sad secret—I am your wife!" Was it the wild flashing of the lightning, or was it a red light she saw swinging to and fro, each moment drawing rapidly nearer and nearer? Heaven be praised! it was a barge of some kind; help was within her reach. "Help!" cried Daisy, faintly. "Help! I am alone out on the water!" she held out her arms toward the huge vessel which loomed up darkly before her, but the terrified voice was drowned by the fierce beating of the storm. Suddenly her little boat spun round and round, the swift water was drawing her directly in the path of the barge, another moment and it would be upon her, she beat the air with her white hands, gazing with frozen horror at the fatal lights drawing nearer and nearer. "Rex, my love, good-bye!" she wailed, sinking down in the bottom of the boat as one end of the barge struck it with tremendous force. Leaning over the railing, evidently unmindful of the fierce fury of the storm that raged around him, stood a young man, gazing abstractedly over the wild dashing waves. A dark smile played about the corners of his mouth, and his restless eyes wore a pleased expression, as though his thoughts were in keeping with the wild, warring elements. Suddenly, through the terrible roar of the storm, he heard a piteous appeal for help, and the voice seemed to die away over the angry, muttering waves. He leaned over the railing breathless with excitement. The thunder crashed almost incessantly, and there came a stunning bolt, followed by a blinding blaze of lightning. In that one instant he had seen a white, childish face, framed in a mass of floating golden hair, turned toward him. One instant more and she would be swept beneath the ponderous wheel, beyond all mortal power of help; then the dark, hungry waters closed cruelly over her, but in that one instantaneous glance the man's face had turned deadly pale. "Great God!" he shrieked, hoarsely, "it is Daisy Brooks!" To Be Continued.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

Ten Months of Hard and Scientific Training Outfitted—Manoeuvres on a Grand Scale.

According to the London Daily Mail a scheme of army reform of a very sweeping character will come into operation early next year. "The scheme," says The Daily Mail, "will make the British private a trained soldier. Instead of a system giving the recruit merely a housemaid's work and allowing no more than six weeks of military training, he will in future get ten months of scientific drilling, all fatigue and orderly duties being performed by a special corps of time-expired men. The first four months will be devoted to company training, including scouting, entrenching, bridging and taking cover. The second four months will be used in battalion manoeuvres, attacking and defending positions and field firing. Two months will be given to grand manoeuvres on a war scale. The remaining two months of the first year will be occupied by furloughs. "The greatest attention will be devoted to marksmanship, and the allowance of ammunition will be greatly increased. Artillery training will also be improved. The War Office is now acquiring control of large tracts of land in various parts of the country for training grounds.

SOUNDED FUNNY TO HER.

Mrs. Snaggs. Old Closefiat is dead I see.
 Mr. Snaggs. Yes.
 "What did he die of?"
 "He died of enlargement of the heart."
 "That old miser! What a joker you are, Frank!"

SHE KEPT DUCKS.

At a country fete a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy:
 Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?
 Of course she can, replied the boy.
 Why how is that? asked the conjurer.
 She keeps ducks, replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.

TREE CLOCK.

A Glasgow man has in his garden what he calls a "tree clock." Fir trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of sunlight. For example, at nine o'clock in the morning the "nine o'clock tree" shades the dining-room, while as the sunlight changes—the "ten o'clock tree" shades the room above or the room adjoining it, and so on through the day. On a Sunday this "tree clock" ensures a succession of shady places around the house.

AN ARISTOCRATIC CLERK.

LORD FAIRFAX WORKS IN A NEW YORK BANK.

Intends to Restore the Glories of His House—Such is the Ambition of the Young Nobleman Who Wishes to Become a Banker With This Object.

Every work day morning at 9 o'clock a handsome young man, tall, erect and dressed in deep mourning, enters the counting room of Brown Bros. & Co., at 59 Wall St., New York, and takes his position behind a desk, with a score of other clerks. In a few minutes he is immersed in the business of the big firm.

If this young man was a resident of Scotland, where his ancestors lived, he would be addressed as "your Lordship." In New York he is simply Mr. Fairfax. In reality he is the only American citizen who can rightfully use the title of Lord. He is Albert Kirby Fairfax, otherwise Baron Fairfax, of Cameron, to which title he succeeded upon the death of his father a few weeks ago.

Young Lord Fairfax, who is the twelfth Baron, and is the oldest son of the late Baron John Coutell Fairfax, of Northampton, Prince George county, Md., was born in 1870. In appearance he is much younger. This may be in a measure due to his light silken hair, which, with an unusually pallid complexion and deep blue eyes, suggest the Saxon.

FAIRFAX UNMARRIED.

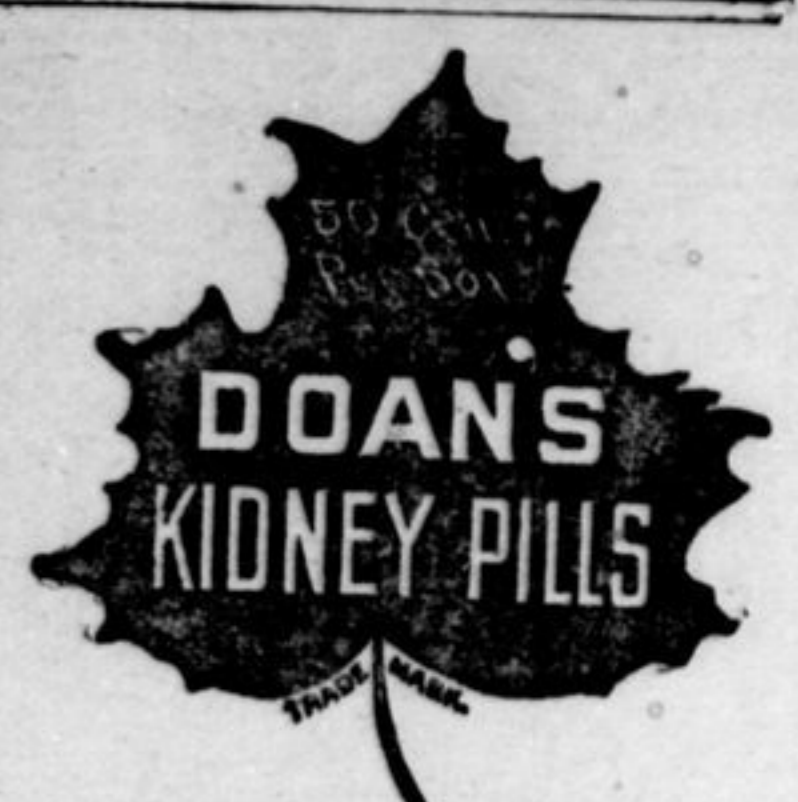
Lord Fairfax is unmarried. His brother, Charles Edmond, is the next in line of succession. Like his father, the present Lord is unaffected and modest to a degree. He is plain in dress and quiet in manner. He is much like other young men of his age and similar pursuit in life, save that his manner is unusually reserved, and in his quiet dignity the real gentleman is ever apparent. How some young men with far more money than Lord Fairfax would revel in his title and ancestry!

The Fairfax peerage dates from 1677. It was Thomas, the sixth Baron of that line, who left Scotland and settled in Virginia in 1739. He had inherited a tract of about 6,000,000 acres of land, called the Northern Neck, between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers. Upon this vast estate he erected two mansions, Bevoir and Greenway Court, where he lived for years in state in true baronial fashion.

Northampton, the present home of the Fairfax family, is a tract of land of about 700 acres, which the late Lord Fairfax purchased from the descendants of former Governor Spriggs, of Maryland. The property was at one time a part of a tract owned by Lord Baltimore.

AN OLD HOUSE.

The old house on the plantation is over 150 years old. In it the present Lord Fairfax and his sisters and brothers, Sister Mary Cecilia, of New York; Mrs. Tunstall Smith, of Baltimore; and two daughters who have never left their ancestral home—Carolina Snowden and Frances Mervin Fairfax—and his brother, Charles Edmond Fairfax, were born. It is a quaint old structure for a baronial home. It has a frontage of over 100 feet and is about 30 feet deep, with a great wide hallway running through the middle. Surrounding this house are numerous others, barns and ser-



In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pill, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

vants' houses, while venerable trees and foliage shade the grounds for acres.

There are many quaint relics in the possession of the Fairfax family. Old heirlooms, family portraits of former lords and ladies of the house of Cameron, and some ancient plate. Most of the family's valuable possessions, however, are stored in New York in the care of the present head of the house. Young Lord Fairfax does not go into society to any extent. Many doors would be open to him, but he prefers the company of old acquaintances.

His ambition is not to go to England and take his seat in the House of Lords, to which he is entitled, but to become a banker and acquire wealth sufficient to restore the glories of old Fairfax in the South.

THE HEARER AT CHURCH

- Is not apathetic, but sympathetic.
 - The kind of hearer I like best is one who:
 - Is rain-proof, sun-proof, food-proof and visitor-proof.
 - Comes at the beginning and stays to the end.
 - Prefers edification to entertainment.
 - Is rich in prayer and poor in prejudice.
 - Keeps his ears busy and his tongue idle.
 - Brings his thinking cap to church, but leaves his night-cap at home.
- A few such hearers make a poor sermon good, and a good one better, for the rest of the congregation.

NO HARM IN LOVING THE WORLD.

We cannot know or enjoy or love the world too much if God's will controls us. Has a mother anything but joy in watching her little daughter's devotion to her doll? Not until the child is so absorbed that she cannot hear her mother's voice. Did anyone ever love the world more than Jesus did, yet was anyone ever so loyal to the Father's will? Worldliness is not love of the world, but slavishness to it.

AN HONORABLE MEDICINE

That Appeals to the Best Judgment of the Best People and Gets Right Down at Cause of Disease is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Why is it that in nearly every home in the land you find some of Dr. Chase's family remedies? Why is it that Dr. Chase is honored and esteemed as a true physician of undoubted skill? Why is it that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are kept in the family medicine chest as indispensable for everyday ills which arise from constipation and sluggish action of the liver and kidneys? It is because Dr. Chase's remedies are all honorable medicines. Medicines that have been tried in the severest cases and proven to be of most unusual value. They are immensely successful, because everybody has learned to have confidence in them and confidence in their discoverer, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have for nearly a quarter of a century taken the lead as the greatest seller of which medicine dealers handle, and this enormous sale is entirely due to the downright merit which they possess. They cure when others fail. It is when there is a bitter taste in the mouth, heaviness about the stomach, headaches, backaches, pains in the shoulders and limbs, and depressed, languid feelings, that people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Torpid liver, inactive kidneys and irregular bowels are the cause of at least seven-tenths of human ills, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills invigorate these organs as no other preparation was ever known to do; and what is best of all they not merely afford relief but strike deep

er and make thorough and lasting cures.

Mr. Walter Booth, Consecration, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "I was troubled for some years with kidney and liver disease and pains in my back, and my stomach was so bad I could not eat hearty food and had difficulty in keeping any food in my stomach. I was so nervous that I could scarcely take a drink of water without spilling much of it, my hand trembled so, and I had lost flesh until my weight fell from 155 to 138 pounds.

"Hearing of a similar case that was cured by Dr. Chase's Remedies, I commenced by taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, six boxes of which cured my kidney and liver troubles. I then began Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my nervousness. It strengthened my stomach and whole system, and I gained in flesh. I cannot speak in terms of too great praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food, for besides curing me they did my father, who is an old man, a great deal of good. I have every confidence in recommending these remedies."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., certifies that he knows Mr. Walter Booth, and that this statement of his cure is perfectly correct.

The chances are that your neighbors have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Ask them. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Cash System

Adopted by
N., G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.