rmer knows that grow better than may be the same ay seem the same ints are weak and

s the way with ey are like young food, same home, at some grow big while others stay

nulsion offers an of the difficulty. ess often means ot because of lack because the food

ulsion really feeds e child growing

the cause of weaklure to growsion seems to find matter right. r free sample. emists, Toronto, Ontario.

rmer's Hog.

rmer, whose hog was R. train recently. d himself to be somewrote these lines to settlement:

ed down your track me down the line le away. the hog you see. eneath the gate. ek for ten

surprised a few days he following: e down the line g we know: ilroad tracks

ith woe. d, we cannot send h you pine; place o'er his head h swine."

Cramps and Colic-

le cure for Cramps. and Summer Coms of Polson's Nervsweetened water. s the pain and dissures prompt relief are in every case. or external, and ry household. All recommend Nervi-

eceived from a rep-

who signs himhe following comidst of the general rospects of a great he Northwest, let tion to a deplorable settlers and shop-C. P. R between t Arthur are every this in particular) the harvesters. in stops for a few ed into stores and gardens and steal rything they can and use foul and ge to defenceless like you to say and is there any



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A. H. Jackson.

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DURHAM SCHOOL, and tapped him sharply on the should-

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WM. JOHNSTON, Chairman.

C. L. GRANT,

"Dut that will be a He!"

"Not at all. I have refused you, and an! And you talk about mar ing her! will do so again if you l.ke. You Great Scott, man, if you are tired of must tell him thet I have said 'No,' so life, isn't there a river or a rope handy? that he on his art may tell that to Can't you kill yourself in any other our aunt, who loves him and confides way? If you knew her as I do, you

"But, if he does not know you are my promised wife, he will be making If you care a hang about life, take my love to you himself!"

Francesca shugged he shoulders. "What does that matter?" she asked. of you again!" "I know quite well how to hold him

"Swear to me that you will not encourage him!

"I will do more," she said calmly. "I will even swe - to you on my honor that never in any circumstances will I become Dudley's wife, unless I find that you have broken your word to me and confided to him-and that, for my mother's sake, I will never for 've!"

With this compact Victor had preforce to be satisfied; and Francesca even allowed him to spend twenty-five guineas on a diamond-ring, which she graciously consented to wear as a sign, known only to themselves, of her promise to him. After slipping it upon her finger, and buying her a huge bouquet of crimson roses to match the wreath in her toque, Victor felt happier and more contented, and could even tolerate with some approach to equanimity the prolonged glances of admiration which Francesca's beauty excited from the male loungers in the Park as tion. they drove together slowly round the

carriage route. When the seats began to fill, it occurred to Francesca that she might be seen to even greater advantage if she made a short promenade along the Row. It seemed to her so long since she had had a chance of showing off her beauty and her wonderful grace of true. Since my husband's death three movement in any public place that she felt a not unnatural desire to make the my mother's sake. But, at nineteen, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A most of it. She therefore communicated her wish to Victor, who at once stopped the carriage and accompanied Park to-day." her in her triumphal progress along the footway.

It was by this time half-past four, and the park was begining to fill with carriages and with more or less illdressed pedestrians. Among the few to be married again. handsome and tastefully-attired women who had as yet put in an appearance Francesca easily held her own, eclipsing every member of her sex by her superb figure, her graceful walk, and not love, who left me almost immedi-

her lovely features and coloring. "Who is she?" the men asked each in every way hateful to me, and whose other; and more that one suggestion unfavorable to her reputation was made as an answer to the question. strong views and conventional ideas;

"If she were anybody of family, we should know her. And who's the little foreign-looking chap who watches her all the time as a cat does a mouse?" "She's too good-looking to be respectable."

"In that case Devereux will know her. Here, Bertie, we want you! There's a ripping fine woman, dressed in awfully swagger style, careering about the Row with a little foreignlooking fellow. They're talking French together, and they con't seem to know a soul; but, by Jove, if it's all real, she's the handsomest woman in Lon-

The young man whom his friends appealed to as "Par le" was tall and slightly built, dramed with elaborate care in clothes of the latest cut and style, and extremely handsome; but already his fair clean-shaven face was beginning to show traces of days and nights wasted in gambling and pro-

fligacy. He had but recently entered the Park, and had not yet beheld the lady whose beauty was the subject of so

much comment. "She must be infernally good-looking if she beats Nichalls," he drawled; "but some of you fellows are ready to gush about anything new in petticoats. Now I flatter myself I am a connoisseur in

The words died upon his lips. Coming towards him holding her rosehued parasol behind her head, her lovely lips curved in a smile as she listened to some amusing remark from her com. panion, was Francesca, and in the middle of his speech Bertie Devereux's

eyes met hers. In the full sunlight the young man grew cold from head to foot, and an ashen pallor overspread his face. This meeting was indeed different from that last one at the music-hall little more that a month before. Then Francesca thad been poor and timid-an ill-dressed unprotected suppliant. Now she moved towards him under the dappled shadows of the leaves radiant in youth and herith and triumphant loveliness, exquisitely diessed, and the cynosure of all eyes, with her carriage awaiting her pleasure ontside the Park-railing, and a man who adored her by her side Francesca realized the difference and

remembered. It would have been wises but notice; but human nature cannot be always wise, and Francesca had sufthis young man's hands. The temptation to show him she was now independent of the help he had recently so scornfully refused to give was too much for her. Inclining her head markedly in his direction, she smiling-

y recognized him. "How do you do, Mr. Devereux?" For a moment she paused immediately in front of him, while all around scanned the couple with inte st. And men the fair young man did an unprecedentedly rude thing. Without even raising his hat, and muttering an path half audibly, he turned his back spon the beautiful smiling woman and

comment. Francesca grew a little, a very little, paler, and tears started to ner eyes. But, before she could stop aim. Victor, beside himself with wrath at the insult thus offered to the woman he leved, darted in pursuit of Devereux

"Sir," he cried, white with anger, "that lady who is with me spoke to rou. Unless you return now and apologise for not raising your hat, I will knock it off for you now with my ane before everybody! I am a Frenchman, and I will not permit your Eng-

lish insolence!" "Do you know who the woman is?" asked Devereux, with a short laugh. "Most certainly!" Victor replied. "She is my cousin, and she is going to be my wife!"

said artlessly. "Your cousin-your wife! Are you returned, taking un the challenge. Secretary. mad on drunk ? She has no relatives

in the world-she is a devil, 1 of a wommade sure Victor would be with you." "How borribly unblieving and suspicious you are!" she exclaimed looking straight into his eyes. "I shall be sorry for your wife, if you ever have one! She will never go out to buy a would shun her like the plague-you yard of ribbon without your suspicions wouldn't breathe the same air with her. following her."

warning-escape from her while you

can, and never let her see you or hear

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What did that man say to you about

"All sorts of stupidities, my dear one.

me?" Francesca inquired, as she and

Victor were being driven along Pic-

He is mad without doubt. I followed

him some distance, but he hurried so

much that he aimost ran. And I could

not leave you alone among all those

men, so I was forced to return to you."

things did he say?"

man! Is it not 60?"

remember?"

"hat."

dead husband's brother?"

"Quite right. But what sort of

"Oh, they were follies! He declared

that you had no relatives, that you

were an angel of evil, and not a human

at all. He is assuredly mad, this young

Her cousin stared at her in astonish-

"A widow!" he faltered. "But you

are jesting, Francesca! In that beau-

tiful letter you wrote to our good aunt

Margaret, telling her that your mother

still lived, you said that you had kept

unmarried for her sake. Do you not

years ago I have inded kept single for

to save her from starvation, I married

the brother of the man you saw in the

"Yes; but I could never love him. It

was a terrible experience. Please do

not talk about it. Now perhaps you

can understand why I am not anxious

"Yes," he said-"I can understand."

continued. "How could I say to her,

'At nineteen I married a man I could

itely, who drank and gambled, and was

death from drink came to me as a re-

lease from a hateful slavery'? You

know aunt Margaret, you know her

and you can judge how she would have

received such a communication as

"Remember." she said, after a side

glance at his face-"I do not want to

marry you, Victor dear, nor do I in any

way hold you to your promise. You

man cried, taking her hand, which lay

apon her lap, for a moment and press-

ing it tenderly; "I wish to be bound to

Nevertheless the news that Francesca

had been already " "fe came upon him

as a strong and definetly disagree bla

shock. Unlike his 'rother Dudley, who

fought against her fascinations and

half distrusted ber - hile he half yield.

ed to their speil. Victor was wholly

idealised her with all the force of his

romantic and imaginative nature. The

knowledge that she had already been

the wife of another man came to him

therefore with a sense of desecration.

He was still, as before, passionately

desirous of marrying her; but he could

not help feeling that a good deal of the

bloom and the charm had been brushed

off his wooing by the knowledge that

he was courting another man's widow.

Francesca, who could by this time

vined what was passing in his mind,

But she knew her power, and sat beside

him in silence, as though lost in sad

memories of the past, untill Victor

band's brother-hate you so bitterly?"

he asked at length, after a considerable

one time," Francesca answered prompt-

ly, "and he will never forgive me for

having repulsed him when I married

his brother, he conceived a violent

hatred of me, which he has cheerished

ever since. But he drinks so much

and leads such a dissipated life that I

really believe his brain is affected, and

that he is not responsible for his ac-

tions or his words. I should never be

surprised," she added musingly, "to

hear of his dying suddenly, just as his

brother did. Men with weak hearts

Victor glanced at his cousin quickly.

manner which struck even him as a

trifle cold-blooded. But the sad ex-

pression on her beautiful face con-

vinced him that she felt far more deep-

ly that could be divined from her mere

words, and, dreading to cause her pain,

he changed the subject of their talk

until they reached the railway-station.

by the wadow of her compartment,

having arranged to follow by the next

train, Francesca laid her hand warn-

"Above all,' she whispered impres-

sively, "if you care for me at all, Vic-

tor, do not breathe one word to any

living creature of anything that has

happene' to-day. Remember how

much -how very much depends upon

"I have given my word, my darling,

At Kingston Station Francesca's

gaze fell, at the moment when she

ingly upon his arm.

your silence!"

from the train alone.

ward to greet her.

Here, as he stood taking leave of her

The was something in her tone and

who lead such lives seldom last long."

"He was in love with me himself at

"Why does that man-your hus-

spoke again.

and heartily devoted to Francesca, and

"I do not wish to be free," the young

Victor bowed his boad.

are free as air."

"I did not dare to tell my aunt," she

"You married him?"

"I remember. But it was only partly

ment not unmingled with consterna-

cadilly towards Waterloo Station.

"There is no fear of that," Dudley retorted gravely, "for, please Heaven, I will never marry a woman I cannot trust."

Heaven need not have anything to do with it. We are distinctly told that marriages are not made there. Falling in love in a thing of the senses -- a magnetic influence which one particular person exercises over another for the time being---"

"What a degraded view to take of

Francesca colored deeply. "One must judge by one's experiences," she murmured.

"I am sorry for you if your experiences lead you to take such a view." "Here is the omnibus!" she said abruptly. "We must defer our discussion on love if we go by it. But I am not a bit tired.'

"Would you like to walk home "Would you love me less, Victor," thrigh Bushey Park?" he inquired. she asked suddenly, "if I told you that "We have time." I am a widow, and that that man is my "I should love it!" Dudley led the way across the bridge

to the Hampton Wick enterance. Never had Francesca appeared more lovely or more desirable. Her long day in town had not tired but had excited and pleased her. Under her crown of red roses and in her long flowing dust-cloak, she looked like a Greek goddess who had adapted her draperies to suit nineteenth-century tastes.

'I like that thing you have on your Park. "You certainly have the art of choosing what suits you."

"It does suit me-doesn't it?" she asked, turning her radiant face towards him. "I was so longing for you to see me in it; and I half guessed you would meet me at the station! As the train neared the platform, I said to myself, 'I believe he will be there'; and I was almost afraid to look out of the window lest I should be disappointed." Dudley stopped abruptly in his walk

and faced her, looking straight into "Do you know what you would make me believe by that sort of speech?' he

asked almost roughly. Francesca caught her breath as she murmured something inaudible. "You would make me believe." he

pursued, in a raised harsh voice, "that you are in love with me." "Well?" Francesca had lowered her eyes, but row she raised them and looked full

into his face. There was a meaning and a passion in her own which made his heart beat fact. "Well," she repeated in low tones, in which there was suspicion of a son

"and suppose that I am in love with Dudley determined to resist the allurement of her voice and eyes.

"If you care about me," he asked coldly, "why are you playing fast and loose with my brother?" "In the first place, he is not your brother at all."

"He is dearer to me than any one in the world, and I will never stand by and see any woman make a fool of him to satisfy her own vanity!"

"Dudley, Dudley," Francesca cried, in a tone that was almost a wail, "why are you always on terribly hard! Can't you understand that I am grateful for affection, and do not therefore perhaps repress poor Victor as I might? He is a boy-or, at least, he seems so to me. I feel so many years older than my age already after the hard sad life I have led. Then 'oo the poor fellow is so delicate—commptive, is he not? -and I am afraid, 'f I were really unkind to him, he would take it to heart read him as an open book, easily di- and perhaps fret himself into a serious mont.

> "Victor consumptive! He is not particularly muscuiar, but he has never had any thing the matter with him in his life. Just now he is so much in love that he can ne'ther eat nor sleep, and no woman with any heart ought to encourage a man to get into that state about her."

"But I don't encourage him!" cried Francesca. "I encourage you," she added, in a lower tone, "because I love

you, Dudley!" Her tones were !!ke the softest music Dudley could not ust himself to look at her, feeling that her eyes were fixed upon him, and therefore walked on rapidly, staring down the alley of chestnuts which stretched before them and at the dappled deer among the

"I am not vain, as you think," Francesca said presently. "Men's admiration means very little to me-I have always had it. I suppose I should miss It if it were not there, that is all. But I long to be loved as I can love, if it were only for one bissful week-for a day even! You are so much colder and hardier than I; I suppose I connot make you understand . But I know, inspite of your hardness and your cold. ness, that you love me. And-and why won't you tell me so, Dudley?"

The young man turned and looked at her then, looked down into her glowing face and shining eyes, controlling his emotions, and compelling himself to speak in terms of studied indifference. "I told you ," he said, with brutal frankness, "that I would never, please Heaven, marry a woman I did not trust. And I can't trust you." "Why not?"

Brain-Food Nonsense.

authorities. They have dispelled the alighted from the train, upon the talk silly notion that one kind of food is Wall Paper broad-shouldered figure of Dudley Revelsworth. He was strolling a'ong the platform, holding an evening paper in and still another for bones. A conhis hand, and scanning the occupants rect diet will not only nourish a parof each compartment with lowered brows. He had not come to t a station | ticular part of the body, but it will with the deliberate intention of dis- sustain every other part. Yet, howcovering whether or not Victor's "day ever good your food may be, its upon the river" was a ruse to conceal | nutriment is destroyed by indigestion the fact that he had spent the day in or dyspepsia. You must prepare for London with Francesca; but he was their appearance or prevent their coming by taking doses of Green's certainly both suprised and relieved when his beautiful cousin descended August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions: A few doses All Paper Trimmed Free of Cost. A mischievous look flashed into Francesac's eyes as he haste ... d for- aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and "You look surprised to see me," sho makes you feel buoyant and vigor- MacFARLANE & CO. ous. You can get this reliable reme-"I am surprised 'o see you alone," he | yd at Darling's Drug Store.

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Many women lift and strain, over-work and over-tax thei. strength. Their back gives out Their kidneys becomeaffected. They have a painful or sore feeling in the small of the back that takes

all the life and ambition out of them. They feel dull, depressed, lifeless.

Listen! The hard work you've been doing has thrown extra work on the kidneys. They cry out in protest through the aching back. You feel wretched all over because the kidneys are not working right and poison is circulating in your system. The kidneys must have help-better give them the benefit of the best Kidney Medicine made -Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets-the prescription of a kidney specialist-the result of years of study of kidney diseases.

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Mrs. N. Laviolette, Amprior, Ont., head," Dudley said, as they entered the writes as follows: "I have used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. They are beyond question the best kidney remedy I have ever used. I had lameness and an acute pain between the shoulders. could not sleep nights. I had more or less headache. Often I suffered from indigestion caused by uric acid in my system. These troubles departed after I had used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tab- Lace Curtains at 25c, 65c, 75c, 90c and \$1.25 lets, my kidneys were strengthened and I rested better nights. I think these Table is the most effective kidney remedy I have ever seen. I know that they surpass every other that I have tried heretofore, and I do not hesitate in recommending them."

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GLASCOTT.

Among the young men that left this neighborhood for the western now in for Inspection harvest fields were Reuben Sowerby, Willie Gill, John and Chas Duncan, Willie Boyle, all of whom are able fellows and are not afraid of work.

The hum of the binder and threshing machine can be heard in all direc-

Our popular bachelor, Mr. Will Bell, don't like his name mentioned so often. but judging by what we can see and hear, we may be obliged to mention him again in the near future; it may not be personally, but connected with some one else.

Mr. M. Scott, of Priceville, spent a few days last week with his son, Sam, here

There was a pleasant gathering of young folk at Mr. Frank Priels last Thursday evening, where all enjoyed themselves tripping to the excellent MARBLE & GRANITE music of Pat Malone and the McNally

Mr. W. K. Reid was in these parts last week and called at Mr. S. Scott's. Mrs. Joseph Sproule spent last

Mr. Mike Barrie and the Priel brothers purchased new binders this

Mr. Will Barclay, who took the All work warranted. Orders taken contract of drilling a well on the by Messrs. Barclay and Noble. Lamb farm, gave it up for a bad job. Mr. Barclay is the loser, as the contract was taken no water no pay.

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