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Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by all dealers.

ORCHARD.

From our own correspondent.

the day now, and it's hardly safe them; why not comfort me? I need light was wavering towards the par feelings, but I am sure he would be to hang up your hat.

out again after having been laid store Felix; give him his life; leave She did exactly what he surmised. antiquated ideas, especially about woup with a severe cold and lame him here on this earth; let him She kept the candle in her hand, pullback, a few weeks.

Man, is at present visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoeflin.

Those who braved the rain storm on Monday night last and attended the Shredded Wheat Banquet at Holstein, partook of a very dainty luncheon, and also enjoyed a good program afterwards. A number of others started, but turned back on account of the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McMillan spent Sunday with the latter's sister. Mrs. C. Nelson.

Mr. Chas. Nelson left Tuesday

morning for Regina, Sask. Most of the farmers around here lix had gone; he was there. are busy ploughing. We have not heard of anyone sowing anything yet. Reports from the West tell us they have done considerable sowing, but then we Easterners are always behind our soul, the light from my life; and now his mouth. Western brethren.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. W. Trimble, of Flesherton, our sincere sobbed; "draw me up to you!" sympathy in their recent bereavement. We knew the deceased in childhood, and regret to learn of his untimely and sad end.





will not warp, rot, crack, blister, crumble or rust. Strongly fire-resisting. Ru-ber-old roofs laid 21 years ago are still sound and weather tight. If you want a roof to last, investigate Ru-ber-old. 3 Permanent Colors—

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- - JOHN MARCH - -

(AUTHOR OF "A CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS," ETC.).

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"You must make sure of this last train, sixty-five," Johnson said, looking up at the cabman. "You must land the gentleman in time, you know, even if your old gee-gee gives up the ghost afterwards; it's-" he lowered his voice-"it's a matter of life and death, sixty-five!"

Paul was scarcely conscious of the run to King's Cross, but the sudden stoppage at the station, and the need New Pumps, Pump Re- for action, quick nimble action, roused him. He took his ticket, entered a pairs, Cement Curbing or first-class carriage of the waiting train and let down the window. There was hardly a soul about, he fancied he JNO. SCHULTZ or myself at the shop | must be the only or thereabouts the only passenger. Mewed up and pant-George Whitmore ing for air, he paced the narrow limits of the compartment until the train was in motion, then threw himself down on the cushions and stared out at the moon-lit night.

> This, then, was the black, damnable "something" that had dogged him continuously and cast its prophetic shadow across his path. It had come when he was least prepared for i and Felix was dying-perhaps dead; no, not dead, not yet; he (Paul) had sinned, but there was mercy as well as justice, and kind mercy would of howling wolves at his heels. avert that blow.

thing be?

bear it; I will not bear it. You are ger and the squire's best pointer was now?" killing me-my heart is breaking- killed. It was along this broad, even you are paralyzing it-oh, God-lift road that Felix had taught him to your hand!"

able pain, lifted his wild wonderful wholesome, and true-and Felix was eyes to the stars and prayerfully gone-gone like the rifle smoke clasped his hands.

"God," he breathed: "God—God you cannot mean it; you cannot mean ed the Larches, and pulled up sharp to take him. You don't know what at the Manor House gate. It was fasyou are about to take. Him? 'Tis I; tened. He fumbled at it. His fingers good. Couldn't you manage a short not Felix. If you don't know that, you were useless. He scrambled over it. | holiday?" are not a God at all. Here I am; I ran across the frozen grass and flay me, but leave Felix alone. Do and the moon shone full on the white you hear?" he shouted, as the train drawn blinds. Was he gone? Had he thundered along between the low- gone away into that vast silence withlying meadows, bathed in the clarified out a word, a look, a touch, of his leave him alone!"

the motion of the train, panting in Where was Agnes? quick spasmodic gasps, a slight froth

suspense. Christ, is that dear heart then threw another. Miss Lizzie Hoeflin, of Winnipeg, stars. I don't ask for his love-only and looked at him. his life; his dear, precious life. As precious boon, take my talent, my in- for Heaven's sake, open the door!" tellect, my learning; all the hope of what I dreamed I might become: all the door opened, and he stumbled over happiness and love. Blight my life the threshold. with this everlasting curse; but leave Felix. Oh, save Felix!"

turned to the unintelligible immensity the veins in his neck and temples above him, and lo! a star, brighter and farther removed from the rest, twinkled, gently scintillated and smiled down on him. It understood; it was sorry. Sorry for the sin, the pain, and understood; only Felix would care or to you to-day." be sorry. This was the answer. Fe-

the star, "if you are there I am com- est chair, laid his arms on the old ing. too. You know everything now, walnut table, his head on them, and darling; you know I love you; you burst into a wild, convulsive sobbing. know I cannot stay here; you know that you have taken my heart, my take me. Felix, come down," he yearning. "Draw me up, Felix," he

train, the low hoot of an owl, the

"Why did you send me away, Felix?" ne whispered. "Why, oh, why, did I a child without you. There is no

train ambled into East Weyberne Station. Pointer caught sight of him, and stepped forward to open the car subdued. riage door.

"Unusual time for you to return, sir," Pointer said, pleasantly. The man's familiar face, his calm, sensible, commonplace speech, had a wonderful effect on Paul. He had borne his trouble alone; been alone so long, so many days, that the kindly smile, the friendly greeting, brought a dreadful obstruction in his throat, a spring of water to his eyes. The spon-

taneous welling of of those precious tears relieved the tension of his brain; his eyes lost their fierce look; he was sobered, calmer, more rational, more self possessed.

"Any news, Pointer?" he asked, his lips twitching; "anyone ill or-dead?" "Not that I know of," he said, smiling cheerfully; "the squire had an accident a few days ago, as I think you know, and he's on the sick list still. Did you expect Birch to meet

"No: I am walking. Good-night." "Good-night, sir; you'll have a splendid tramp-the roads are as hard as

temperature during the day, with a suspicion of frost in the atmosphere; but here, in the open country, the air down." was stinging, while the roads had been dried and bleached by a cutting nestly. east wind. East Weyberne was

How well he knew the dear familiar He leaned from the window and turnpike, and how still and solemn it can't, Agnes; I've lost my nerve." drank feverishly of the keen night lay in the moonlight, with the hoar Felix dying! That strong man-dew diamonds sparkling on either that dear man-that heart so full of edge . How many times he had walk fire, so full of kind, unselfish thought ed. cycled, and driven along it with -the only soul he cared for in all the Felix: with the dear fellow who was wide world! Could such a monstrous dying-dying. In that plantation youder Felix had taught him to shoot, and "God," he exclaimed, in a sudden through that gap in the fence he had frenzy, "if this is your especial pun- carelessly crawled with his gun on drive; taught him to love him; taught brain. I am tired, Agnes; so fearfully He writhed in an agony of intoler- him everything that was helpful,

through the wood. He passed Weyberne Church: passme. Kill me-torture me-burn me- light; no sign of life or movement. light; "leave him alone, I tell you; dear hand? It could not be; not if this was a God-haunted, a God-govern-He clung to the window, rocked by ed world; and yet, where was Agnes?

"Christ," he implored, his eyes fixed his nails and threw them up at her time." on the dark blue vault of the heavens, window pane. The sharp click start-"you will pity me? I cannot bear the led him. He waited and watched, and on his hat.

have all sinned, and yet when Lazar- went and stood on the flight of steps | guessed-you know?" Spring cleaning is the order of us died, you wept and comforted which led to the French window. The breathe; let him be warmed by the ed aside the curtain, pressed an appresame sun, see the same moon and hensive wondering face to the pane,

> for me, in return for the almighty pered, a hush through his voice. "Oh, you here again." The bar slipped, the lock turned,

She held the candle above her head and stared at him. He was terrible to He paused, his grievous young face look at; his face white and drawn; swollen with running; his thin shoulders heaving; and, above all, the hungry yearn in the blood-shot eyes.

"Is he alive?" he gasped. "If you mean Felix, of course he's the misery he had brought into his alive. He's in bed and asleep. He's life. If so, it was Felix. Only Felix getting well fast. He posted a letter

Dear Heaven! The cruelty; the waste of human suffering! He stag-"Felix," he said, gazing fixedly at gered across the room into the near-Agnes set the candle down, rushed across to him, and put her hand over

"Hush!" she said, in a sharp under stretched out his arms with ineffable tone. "Felix is overhead; you must not do that here. Do you want him to see what I guessed the afternoon you Was there a voice? He looked refused to go back to town? How around and listened. The jar of the could you be so foolish as to comeand in the night, too? Paul-" she sough of the wind in the pines were shook him- "for goodness' sake don't make that dreadful noise, I am sure

Felix will hear and come down." He understood the Importance of go? I knew she would hurt you; I her request, and struggled desperately knew I should lose you. And I am to control the drawn-out, tearing sobs that seemed to rend and convulse his for him to descend without the old brain, no power, no nerve, no stay!" whole frame. Agnes, in great trepi-There came bubbling up from his dation; beside herself with all kinds throat peals of melodious laughter, of nervous conjectures, fears, and ansuch as he had never laughed before, ticipations, kept her hand over his nor likely to laugh again. He was mouth, and muffled his head in the still smiling and muttering when the folds of her dressing-gown until the worst of the freshet was staunched, and the sobbing became less, almost

mered, deprecatingly, "and I-I'll master it; you don't know what I've suffered. I did not get it till late this

For rheumatism you will find by all dealers.

evening," he whispered, handing her the telegram.

She did not know; she never would. Only his Maker knew; only the Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps had seen. She read the message and knelt down beside him, drawing his head to

her shoulder.

"I didn't send it; I didn't send it, dear. It's a diabolical, cruel hoax!" "Agnes! Agnes! It's nearly killed

She sprang to her feet, pushed him back in his chair, sat on his knee, and held up his face so that his eyes met

"Paul," she said, cheeerfully, with a dash of practicalness, "if I had not seen it my own self, I would never have believed that you, mind, you, with your head-piece, your ambition, your furious craze, would run amuck as you have done; would ever be so inconsistent, so idiotic as to set your affections on Felix. What on earth possessed you to do it?"

"I don't know," he returned meekly. "I wouldn't have done it if I could have helped it, Agnes; it's no pleasure

"Pleasure! When I first looked at you through the window I thought you were an escaped lunatic. Listen, Paul, there is no time to waste; you can't stop here"-she wiped his forehead with her handkerchief-"what you have to do now from this moment is to In town there had been a fall in the get the better of this absurd attachment. You must never set eyes on Felix again until you have lived it

"How am I to do it?" he asked ear-

"You must go back by the first asleep. No one waited up for the last morning train, then you must resign If passengers, guests, or your post at the Hall and change your friends were coming they would not be hotel. You have an object in life. so insane as to arrive by the mail. Paul, and throwing yourself heart and He walked quickly through the quiet soul into the whirl and turmoil of its town and out on to the nard, white attainment will bring forgetfulness. road, and then ran-ran as for dear Use Sir Thomas's influence and work life; ran as if hounded, hunted, a pack your way up into the position you originally intended."

"I can't,' he said pathetically; "I

"Nonsense," she returned, brusquefrost on its bare, black trees, and the ly; "there is nothing the matter with you beyond being a little run down. You see you have been overdoing it lately, and had the worry of Judith and Mrs. Wycherly at the same time, besides working yourself up into this ridiculous state about Felix. All that anxiety removed, you will be able to give your entire mind to shaping your ishment for my especial sin, I cannot the day the bramble caught its trig. career. What are you going to do

> "I don't know," he said wearily; 'very likely put a bullet through my

> "I had no idea you were such a poor silly thing," she remarked, givin; him a shake. "Not that I think you will do anything of the kind; I give you credit for more sense; but I daresay a change, a rest, would do you

"III see what I can do." he said, am the culprit. Do what you like with stared at the house. There was no looking at his watch; "I can go back to London in five hours' time."

"What will you do with yourself in the meantime? It seems unkind, dear, but you understand, I can't ask you to life. remain here. Felix must not know you came. If he saw you in this state he would guess everything."

"I'll go to the Hall. I know James's window; I daresay I can waken him. He stooped and dug up a few small A chair in the library will be ample pebbles from the frozen gravel with accommodation for the length of

She rose, and he stood up and put

"Agnes." he asked, hesitatingly, putstill? Did he die to-day? You won't Ah! there was a light in the room; | ting a hand on her shoulder; "what is answer me. I have separated, severed, a shadow on the blind. She was com- your opinion; what line do you honannihilated myself by sin. But we ing. Could he live till she came? He estly think Felix would take if he-he at the right moment, in good odor,

it more than they. Have I sinned past | lor; she would come that way. He | horribly disgusted. You see," she all redemption? Christ, listen; let knew she would cross that dim hallow- went on, without noucing how he We are pleased to see Mrs. Tuck me make a covenant with you. Re- ed room and open the long glass doors. winced, "Felix has such old-fashioned, men; he would think it exceedingly breach meant. But despite the atwrong. He is not the kind of man to overlook such an unseemly thing. He would consider it depraved and low-"Open the door, Agnes," he whis- a degradation. He would not receive

"Thank you." He put his arm round her and kissed her. "Good-night; good-bye. Don't quite forget me, Ag-

"You don't think me unkind, Paul, turning you out like this?" "No; don't trouble about that," he

said sadly. "You will write to me, Agnes? You-you are the only person in the world who cares anything at all about me; don't let me drop out of your life." "Felix cares: he thinks no end of

you, and .lways will, so long as you can hide the truth. Live down the love. Paul, and keep his respect and liking." "I'll try, Agnes; I'll try. He is well

and safe: that is all I ask, and I am thankful; most thankful, so-" "Hush! Oh, my dear, that's Felix's door; he is coming down!"

They moved together to the French window; Agnes opened it noiselessly; he stole softly down the steps into the moonlight, and she fastened it carefully behind him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Agnes in the Wrong

Agnes stood still with a palpitating heart and listened. Evidently she was mistaken; no further sound issued from above or below. The door was ajar, and Felix, being powerfully, heavily built, it was next to impossible staircase creaking prodigiously. It was a false alarm, and she need not have rid herself so unceremoniously of Paul. However, it was all for the best. He had to go, and, therefore, better to go quickly at the last.

She gazed round the parlor. How "One minute, Agnes," he stam- cheerless it was in the partial gloom. The antique furniture had put on menacing aspect, the harpsichord had a spectral look standing behind where the shadows lurked deepest; the portraits of the dead and gone Flemings nothing better than Chamberlain's assumed a mournful air, as if they re-Liniment. Try it and see how gretted the untoward incident enacted quickly it gives relief. For sale in full view of their unprotesting pres-

Why Have "Nerves?"

This is the reason why women have "nerves." When thoughts begin to grow cloudy and uncertain, impulses lag and the warnings of pain and distress are sent like flying messages throughout limbs and frame, straightway, nine times in ten, a woman will lay the cause of the trouble to some defect at the point where she first felt it. Is it a headache, a backache, a sensation of irritability or twitching and uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong with the head or back, a woman naturally says, but all the time the real trouble very often centers in the womanly organs. In nine cases out of ten the seat of the difficulty is here, and a woman should take rational treatment for its cure. The local disorder and inflammation of the delicate special organs of the sex should be treated steadily and systematically.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice, found that a prescription made from medicinal extracts of native roots, without the use of alcohol, relieved over 90 per cent. of such cases. After using this remedy for many years in his private practice he put it up in form of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that would make it easily procurable, and it can be had at any store where medicines are handled.

MRS. LILA B. HAWKINS, of Zeus, Va., writes: "I had been failing in health for two years-most of the time was not able to attend to my household duties. Female weakness was my trouble and I was getting very bad but, thanks to Doctor Pierce's medicines, I am well and strong again. I took only three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' and used the 'Lotion Tablets.' I have nothing but praise for Doctor Pierce's wonderful medicines."

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ence Doubtless they, too, had joyed and suffered in this self-same room, and, perchance, looking back across a century's mystic absence, they grieved at the sable strands of pain each toiling weaver mingled and wove with the bright scarlet; the sweet, harmonious coloring, and the golden thread than ran through the woof of

Heigh-ho! So it was over! She had often wondered how it would be. She had imagined and anticipated a hundred different dramatic endings, always attended by one huge calamity. She had never dreamed of this quiet, prosaic end: the unbarring of the French window, Paul stepping softly out into the November moon-light, and the door re-closed upon a long mysterious silence, instead of some horrible, baleful tragedy. She drew a deep breath of relief. He had left with the breeze of popularity blowing "Dear, I don't want to hurt your about him. Everything had gone smoothly, swimmingly well.

It was true the trio were parted; the charmed circlet broken; snapped suddenly with such bewildering haste that she scarcely realized what the tendant regret, how excellent, how good a thing it was to be freed from the weight of so much anxiety. That the climax should have come so soon was essential, and welcome in more wavs than one, for the men were inseparable during Paul's leisure hours. They were either driving or shooting, or tramping the country toogether, or arguing and smoking their heads off in the keeping-room. Under such circumstances could she have married, settled in East Weyberne, and left those dear, stupid things in undisputed possession of the old Manor House? Of course not. If by any mischance or miscarriage of Paul's weakened nerve Felix discovered-. A slight sound caught her ear. She held up the candle and looked anxiously across the room to behold Felix standing overwhelmingly large and substantial in the now wide open doorway.

He had slipped a cloth dressinggown over his pyjamas, and he looked wonderfully handsome, his face flushed with sleep, his fair hair picturesquely rumpled; the ends of his moustache bent upwards. "What is the matter?" he asked, as-

tonished. "Nothing," she returned hurriedly; "I thought I heard a noise." "I heard a noise; was it you?"

"Yes," she said, relieved; "I kicked

over a stool." "I heard voices as well, Agnes. To whom were you speaking?" "Felix, you were dreaming. To whom should I be talking in the middle of the night?"

"That is what I want to know. To whom were you speaking?" "To no one; it's your imagination.

Continued on page 7. WHY HE WAS LATE.

"What made you so late?" "I met Smithson." "Well, that is no reason why you

home to supper." "I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

should be an hour late getting

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