

will be sent to any...

insertions 8 cents per...

entirely stocked with...

some of the...

most popular...

complete...

accurate...

TEA...

TEA CUP...

supervision...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

and...

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

After leaving the proper medicines and giving minute instructions as to how and when it should be administered, Dr. West took his departure, with a strange, vague uneasiness at his heart.

"Pshaw!" he muttered to himself, as he drove briskly along the shadowy road, yet seeing none of its beauty, "how strange it is these young girls will fall in love and marry such fellows as that!" he mused.

"There is something about his face that I don't like; he is a scoundrel, and I'll bet my life on it!" The doctor brought his fist down on his knee with such a resounding blow that poor old Dobbin broke into a gallop.

But drive as fast as he would, he could not forget the sweet, childish face that had taken such a strong hold upon his fancy. The trembling red lips and pleading blue eyes haunted him all the morning, as though they held some secret they would fain have whispered.

All the night long Daisy clung to the hands that held hers, begging and praying her not to leave her alone, until the poor old lady was quite overcome by the fatigue of continued watching beside her couch. Rest or sleep seemed to have fled from Daisy's bright, restless eyes.

"Don't go away," she cried; "everybody goes away. I do not belong to any one. I am all—alone," she would sigh, dreadingly.

Again she fancied she was with Rex, standing beneath the magnolia boughs in the sunshine; again, she was clinging to his arm—while some cruel woman insulted her—sobbing pitifully upon his breast; again, she was parting from him at the gate, asking him if what they had done was right; then she was in some school-room, begging piteously for some cruel letter, then out on the waves in the storm and the on-coming darkness of night.

The sisters relieved one another at regular intervals. They had ceased to listen to her pathetic little appeals for help, or the wild cries of agony that burst from the red feverish lips as she started up from her slumbers with stifled sobs, moaning out that the time was flying; that she must escape anywhere, anywhere, while there were still fifteen minutes left her.

She never once mentioned Stanwick's name, or Septima's, but called incessantly for Rex and poor old Uncle John.

"Who in the world do you suppose Rex is?" said Matilda, thoughtfully. "That name is continually on her lips—the last word she utters when she closes her eyes, the first word to cross her lips when she awakes. That must certainly be the handsome young fellow she met at the gate. If he is Rex I do not wonder the poor child loved him so. He was the handsomest, most noble-looking, frank-faced young man I have ever seen; and he took on in a way that made me actually cry when I told him she was married. He would not believe it, until I called the child and she told him herself it was the truth. I was sorry from the bottom of my heart that young fellow had not won her instead of this Stanwick, they were so suited to each other."

"Ah," said Ruth, after a moment's pause, "I think I have the key to this mystery. She loves this handsome Rex, that is evident; perhaps they had a lovers' quarrel, and she has married this one on the spur of the moment through pique. Oh, the

pretty little dear!" sighed Ruth. "I hope she will never rue it."

CHAPTER XV.

Slowly the days came and went for the next fortnight. The crisis had passed, and Dr. West said she would soon recover. The beautiful, long, golden hair had been shorn from the pretty little head, and the rose-bloom had died out of the pretty cheeks, but the bright, restless light never left the beautiful blue eyes—otherwise there was but little change in Daisy.

It had been just two weeks that morning, they told her, as she opened her eyes to consciousness, since she had first been stricken down. "And I have been here ever since!" she inquired, wondering.

"Yes, my dear," replied Ruth Burton, softly patting the thin white cheeks; "of course you have been here ever since. I am afraid we are going to lose you soon, however. We have received a letter from your husband, saying he will be here some time to-morrow. Shall you be pleased to see him, dear?"

In one single instant all the dim, horrible past rushed back to Daisy's mind. She remembered flinging herself down in the clover-scented grass, and the world growing dark around her, as the terrible words of Stanwick rang in her ears—he would be back in just fifteen minutes to claim her.

Ah, bonny little Daisy, tossing on your pillow, babbling empty nothings, better would it have been for you, perhaps, if you had dropped the weary burden of your life into the kindly arms of death then and there than to struggle onward into the dark mystery which lay entombed in your future.

"Shall you be glad to see Mr. Stanwick, dear?" repeated the old lady, and, unconscious of any wrong, she placed the letter he had written in Daisy's hands. Like one in a terrible dream, Daisy read it quite through to the end. "You see, he says he incloses fifty dollars extra for you, dear. I have placed it with the twenty safe in your little purse."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you are so very kind to me. I shall never forget how good you have all been to me," said Daisy, softly, watching the three peaceful-faced old ladies, who had drawn their rocking-chairs, as was their custom, all in a row, and sat quietly knitting in the sunshine, the gentle click of their needles falling soothingly upon Daisy's poor, tired brain.

"We shall miss you sadly when you go," said Ruth, knitting away vigorously. "You have been like a ray of sunshine in this gloomy old house. We have all learned to love you very dearly."

"You love me?" repeated Daisy, wondering. "I was beginning to believe every one hated me in the whole world, every one has been so bitter and so cruel with me, except poor old Uncle John. I often wonder why God lets me live—what am I to do with my life! Mariana in the moated grange, was not more to be pitied than I. Death relieved her, but I am left to struggle on."

"Heaven hear her!" cried Ruth. "One suffers a great deal to lose all interest in life. You are so young, dear, you could not have suffered much."

"I have lost all I hold dear in life," she answered, pathetically, lifting her beautiful, childish blue eyes toward the white fleecy clouds tinted by the setting sun.

Their hearts ached for the pretty, lonely little creature. They be-

lieved she was thinking of her mother. So she was—and of Rex, the handsome young husband whom she so madly idolized in her worshipful childish fashion, who was worse than dead to her—the husband who should have believed in her honor and purity, though the world had cried out to him that she was false. He had thrust aside all possibility of her writing to him; cast her out from his life; left her to be persecuted beyond all endurance; bound by a vow she dare not break to keep her marriage with Rex a secret. Though he was more cruel than death, she loved Rex with a devotion that never faltered.

Daisy lay there, thinking of it all, while the soft, golden sunlight died out of the sky, and the deep dusk of twilight crept softly on.

Then the old ladies arose from their chairs, folded their knitting, and put it away. Dusk was their hour for retiring.

They were discussing which one should sit up with Daisy, when she summoned them all to her bedside.

"I want you all to go to bed and never mind me," coaxed Daisy, with a strange light in her eyes. "Take a good sleep, as I am going to do. I shall be very happy to-morrow—happier than I have ever been before!"

She clasped her white arms about their necks in turn, clinging to them, and sobbing as though she was loath to part with them.

Ruth's hand she held last and longest.

"Please kiss me again," she sobbed. "Clasp your arms tight around me, and say 'Good-night, Daisy.' It will be so nice to dream about."

With a cheery laugh the old lady lovingly complied with her request.

"You must close those bright little eyes of yours, and drift quickly into the Land of Nod, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow. Good-night, my pretty little dear!" "Good-night, dear, kind Ruth!" sighed Daisy.

And she watched the old lady with wistful, hungry eyes as she picked up her shaded night-lamp, that threw such a soft, sweet radiance over her aged face, as she quietly quitted the room.

A sudden change came over Daisy's face as the sound of her footsteps died away in the hall.

"Oh, God! help me!" she cried, piteously, struggling to her feet. "I must be far away from here when daylight breaks."

She was so weak she almost fell back on her bed again when she attempted to rise. The thought of the morrow lent strength to her flagging energies. A strange mist seemed rising before her. Twice she seemed near fainting, but her indomitable courage kept her from sinking, as she thought of what the morrow would have in store for her.

Quietly she counted over the little store in her purse by the moon's rays. "Seventy dollars! Oh, I could never use all that in my life!" she cried. "Besides, I could never touch one cent of Stanwick's money. It would burn my fingers—I am sure it would!"

Folding the bill carefully in two she placed it beneath her little snowy ruffled pillow. Then catching up the thick, dark shawl which lay on an adjacent table, she wrapped it quickly about her. She opened the door leading out into the hall, and listened. All was still—solemnly still.

Daisy crept softly down the stairs, and out into the quiet beauty of the still, summer night.

"Rex," she wailed, softly, "perhaps when I am dead you will feel sorry for poor little Daisy, and some one may tell you how you have wronged me in your thoughts, but you would not let me tell you how it happened!"

In the distance she saw the shimmer of water lying white and still under the moon's rays, tipped by the silvery light of the stars.

"No, not that way," she cried, with a shudder; "some one might save me, and I want to die!"

In the distance the red and colored gleaming lights of an apothecary's shop caught her gaze.

"Yes, that way will be best," she said, reflectively.

She drew the shawl closer about her, pressing on as rapidly as her feeble little feet would carry her.

How weak she was when she turned the knob and entered—the very lights seemed dancing around her.

A small, keen-eyed, shrewd little man stepped briskly forward to wait upon her. He started back in horror at the utter despair and woe in the beautiful young face that was turned for a moment toward him, beautiful in all its pallor as a statue, with a crown of golden hair such as pictures of angels wear encircling the perfect head.

"What can I do for you, miss?" queried the apothecary, gazing searchingly into the beautiful dreamy blue eyes raised up to his and wondering who she could possibly be.

"I wish to purchase some laudanum," Daisy faltered. "I wish it to relieve a pain which is greater than I can bear."

"Toothache, most probably!" intimated the brisk little doctor. "I know what it is. Lord bless me, I've had it until I thought I should

jump through the roof. Laudanum's a first-rate thing, but I can tell you something better—jerk 'em out, that's my recipe," he said, with an off little smile. "Of course every one to their notion, and if you say laudanum—and nothing else—why it's laudanum you shall have; but remember it's powerful. Why, ten drops of it would cause death."

"How many drops did you say?" asked Daisy, bending forward eagerly. "I—I want to be very careful in taking it."

"Ten drops, I said, would poison a whole family, and twenty a regiment. You must use it very carefully, miss. Remember I have warned you," he said, handing her the little bottle filled with a dark liquid and labeled conspicuously, "Laudanum—a poison."

"Please give me my change quickly," she said, a strange, deadly sickness creeping over her.

"Certainly, ma'am," assented the obliging little man, handing her back the change.

Daisy quite failed to notice that he returned her the full amount she had paid him in his eagerness to oblige her, and he went happily back to compounding his drugs in the rear part of the shop, quite unconscious he was out of the price of the laudanum.

He was dreaming of the strange beauty of the young girl, and the smile deepened on his good-humored face as he remembered how sweetly she had gazed up at him.

Meanwhile Daisy struggled on, clasping her treasure close to her throbbing heart. She remembered Ruth had pointed out an old shaft to her from her window; it had been unused many years, she had said.

"The old shaft shall be my tomb," she said; "no one will think of looking for me there."

Poor little Daisy—unhappy girl- bride, let Heaven not judge her harshly—she was sorely tried.

"Mother, mother!" she sobbed, in a dry, choking voice, "I can not live any longer. I am not taking the life God gave me, I am only returning it to Him. This is the only crime I have ever committed, mother, and man will forget it, and God will forgive me. You must plead for me, angel-mother. Good-bye, dear, kind Uncle John, your love never failed me, and Rex—oh, Rex—whom I love best of all, you will not know how I loved you. Oh, my love—my lost love—I shall watch over you up there!" she moaned, "and come to me in your dreams! Good-bye, Rex, my love, my husband!" she sobbed, holding the fatal liquid to her parched lips.

The deep yawning chasm lay at her feet. Ten—ay, eleven drops she hastily swallowed. Then with one last piteous appeal to Heaven for forgiveness, poor, helpless little Daisy closed her eyes and sprang into the air.

To Be Continued.

WHAT TO DO.

One hears of such terrible accidents from fire that every one should know what to do in an emergency. Women and children are more liable to be set on fire than men, as their dresses are usually made of more inflammable material. The very first moment you discover you are on fire, instantly lie down and roll over and over, wherever the flames may be. Do not scream or run for water, or even for a blanket. You can do more for yourself the first few seconds than a host of friends together can do afterward. Fire cannot burn without air, so to smother the fire is even a surer way of putting it out than pouring water on the flames. If a child catches fire clasp it tightly to you, the flames next to you, and lie down with the child, wrapping your skirts round it, and roll onto the flames.

SHREWD.

You've been in a fight, said his mother, reprovingly. Oh, not much of a one, answered the boy. Did you count one hundred as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising? Oh, sure, returned the boy. I counted one hundred all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way.

NO BACKBITER.

Mr. Johnson—Did you remark at de club last night dat I looked like a lobster, suh? Mr. Jackson—No, suh; I am no backbiter, suh! If I wished to cast my aspersions upon de lobster family, I should go right to a fish market and do it straight to deyr faces, suh! Dat's my style, suh!

GOLDEN SILENCE.

Mamma—You're very fond of your dolly, aren't you, dear? Little Ethel—Yes. She's nicer than anybody else I know. Mamma—O, no. She's not nicer than your mamma. Little Ethel—Yes, she is; 'cause she don't never 'sturb me when I'm talking.

CULTIVATED AREA.

Within the last 50 years the cultivated area of the earth has increased 200,000,000 acres.

NEW BRITISH ARTILLERY.

Orders Given for War Material Exceeding \$50,000,000 in Value.

The rearming of the British artillery and the replenishing of the stores of ammunition and other war material will, it is stated, necessitate a vote at the next session of the British Parliament of from forty to sixty millions of dollars. A good deal of this money has been already spent or anticipated, the Krupp works in Germany being employed on an order for fifteen batteries of quick firers, and large orders having been placed in the hands of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim in England for guns and mountings. One order is for forty-two of the 4.7-inch guns that are reported to have proved very serviceable in the South African war, and another is for thirty-five howitzer batteries with the wagons, limbers and carriages. The same firm is also at work on the mountings for twenty-seven garrison battery 9.2-inch guns of the Vickers type, one of the most powerful and destructive weapons in either the British land or sea service.

As the order for these armaments were given without reference to Parliament, the necessity for them must be very urgent. The despatch of arms and ammunition to India for the rearmament of the British garrisons there and the transfer of the discarded rifles to the native regiments proceeds as rapidly as the arms arrive. Arrangements for making smokeless powder, and other war materials have also been made, the establishments being located in central India.

THE CARE OF THE BODY.

Great stress is laid by all instructors in physical training on deep breathing. A simple shoulder exercise that the children may take several times a day, consists in raising the shoulders slowly but vigorously as high as possible, then slowly lowering them. This may be done either with both shoulders at the same time, or with the left and right alternately. Inhale while raising and exhale while lowering the shoulders. In a case of a so-called high shoulder, which is caused by a lameness of one side, or a lateral weakness of the backbone, the exercise may be performed only on one side, that is, by the lower shoulder. The bending of the body sideways is helpful for lateral curvatures of the spine. The bending should be performed by the opposite side from that towards which the curvature bends. All exercises should be taken if possible out of doors, or at least, with opened windows. If children do not breathe deeply naturally, they should be encouraged to take quick leg work by running and leaping—exercises that demand a great deal of force in a short time. Let the children associate pleasure with the care of the body, let them run and jump and climb and shout, indulging freely in all out of door exercises, remembering girls as well as boys need just this training to keep them hardy and healthy.

THE PUMP THAT FAILED.

The tramp had walked a good three miles and was particularly thirsty. A sudden turn in the road brought him to the foot of a steep hill, at the top of which stood a large, substantial-looking house.

The tramp paused a moment before attempting the herculean feat of storming the hill. Yet he felt hungry and thirsty. He glanced to the left. These words caught his eye; Tarry, weary traveller, and refresh thyself.

The tramp was sorry the sign was attached only to a pump-handle. However, water was better than nothing, so he commenced to pump. The spout remained dry. He pumped with more vigour. Still no water. After ten minutes of hard work he said harsh things about the pump, and continued his journey.

At the top of the hill he mentioned his grievance to a native. The latter pointed to the fine house across the road.

The owner of that house, he said, has some big water-cisterns which have to be filled from a stream in the valley. He is too lazy to fill 'em himself, though, so he rigged up that pump and connected it with his cisterns, and now—

But the tramp was already sprinting across the road to argue with the man who owned the pump.

WHY THEY WERE THERE.

I am here, gentlemen, explained the pickpocket to his fellow-prisoners, as a result of a moment of abstraction. And I, said the incendiary, because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things.

And I, chimed the forger, on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself.

And I, added the burglar through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Extravagance is just a sin. No wise young man can doubt it; it's easier to live within your income than without it.

NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN. NO CURE—NO PAY

THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT, original with Drs. K. & K., will positively cure forever any form of Blood or Sexual disease. It is the result of 20 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases.

WE CURE SYPHILIS

This terrible Blood Poison, the terror of mankind, yields readily to our NEW TREATMENT. Beware of Mercury, Potash, etc. They may ruin your system. If you have sores in the mouth or tongue, pains in the joints, sore throat, hair, eyebrows falling out, pimples or blotches, stomach derangement, sore eyes, headache, etc., you have the secondary stage of this Blood Poison. We will cure the most obstinate cases, and challenge the world for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. By our treatment the sores heal, the hair grows again, pains disappear, the skin becomes healthy, and marriage is possible and safe.

CURES GUARANTEED

Thousands of young and middle-aged men have their vigor and vitality restored by early advice, later success, mental worry, etc. No matter the case, our New Method Treatment is the refuge.

WE CURE IMPOTENCY

And restore all parts to a normal condition. Ambition, life and energy are renewed, and you are able to stand among men. Every case is treated individually—no cure—all—hence our wonderful success. No matter what ailment you consult us confidentially. We can furnish bank bonds to guarantee to accomplish what we claim.

250,000 CURED

We treat and cure: EMIBSTONS, VARIOUS SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, GONORRHOEA, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St. DETROIT, MICH.

DO YOU FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNING?

Does Sleep not bring Refreshment? Do you feel wretched, mean and miserable in the mornings—as tired as when you went to bed? It's a serious condition—too serious to neglect, and unless you have the heart and nervous system strengthened and the blood enriched by



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, collapse is almost certain to ensue. Mr. Fred. H. Graham, a well known young man of Barrie, Ont., says: "I have had a great deal of trouble with my heart for four years. I was easily agitated and my excitement caused my heart to throb violently. I had dizziness and shortness of breath, and often arose in the mornings feeling as tired as when I went to bed. I was terribly nervous. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done wonders for me. They have restored my heart to regular healthy action, giving me back sound restful sleep, and making my nervous system strong and vigorous."

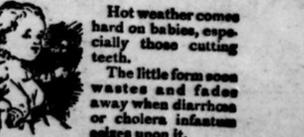
R-I-P-A-N-S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

IS BABY CUTTING TEETH?

Watch him carefully.—On the first indication of Diarrhoea give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



Hot weather comes hard on babies, especially those cutting teeth. The little form soon wastes and fades away when diarrhoea or cholera infantum seizes upon it. As you love your child, mother, and wish to save his life, give him Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. There is no other remedy so safe to give to children and none so effective. Mrs. Chas. Smith, Shovel Lake, Minn., says: "I think Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best medicine that was ever made for diarrhoea, dysentery and summer complaint. It is the best thing to give children when they are teething. I have always used it in our own family and it has never yet failed."

It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust, in the urine, scanty or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease. Mrs. Pursley, 130 Lippincott street, Toronto, says: "I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in it. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back are left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to

add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies." Mr. James Clark, Concession, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states: "Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unbearable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief. "At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.