

kenbury is very ill with
P. L. will meet at the
s. P. Williams, Thurs-
- C. field their monthly
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rs. L. Herries, of Luton,
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erries and his family,
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g in a number of his
a pleasant evening.
rs. Fred Saxton, went to
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here Sunday owing to
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Mr. and Mrs. Sam Brack-
Monday, Feb. 10th, a son.

el of the Blankshires was
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Won By Devotion

— BY —

Mary A. Fleming

CHAPTER I

A Changed Woman

The time as summer, the place was London, the scene was a room in Langham's. A yellow-gray sky, with now and then a rift of golden sunlight, glimmered above the million roofs it was a London fine day. The windows of the room stood wide, the curtains were drawn back, all the light and air there were, had free play. Under one of the windows among the cushions on a broad lounge lay a man, his hand clasped under his head, the smoke from his cigar curling upward, his eyes fixed in dreamy smoker's content on the outside world. The door of the room—a private parlor—stood open, as well as the windows, and a lady, trailing some yards of silken splendor after her along the passage, caught a glimpse of the recumbent figure and smiled to herself. "How cool and comfortable he looks!" she thought. "I believe I must learn to smoke cigarettes," and so passed on sending a waft of wood violets to greet the nose of the smoker.

The parlor adjoining was the lady's, a very elegant apartment, with a glitter of books and flowers and fancy work, that gave it a harmonized and home-like look. The windows here, were open too, and she went over to one of them and stood looking out. She was in carriage costume—pale, flowing silk, some lace drapery, not to be stigmatized as a shawl, and a bonnet, a Paris marvel, to the uninitiated eye just a knot of creamy point lace and one pale guelder rose; but as to price—fabulous. Her whole array, from the diamonds twinkling in her ears to the dainty high-heeled shoes, proclaimed lavish wealth and excellent taste. Art, in the shape of a Paris milliner and manumaker, had done much for her. She set off her dress more than the dress set off her; you forgot the toilet in looking at the wearer, and that is high art. She was tall, was dark, she was handsome—in those three points there could be no two opinions. The degree of beauty was an open question—something more than handsome—the majority called her. She had a pair of eyes such as Murillo or Titian in their day loved to paint, eyes whose lustrous brown beauty might have redeemed from plainness even a plain face. She had a rich abundance of silken dark hair, worn in a thick twist high on her shapely head. Modistes and artists alike pronounced the figure simply perfect, the hand in its pearl-tinted glove was long and thin; the mouth was sweet and resolute the complexion clear and colorless as the leaf of a calla. It was the ugly duckling transformed into a swan. It was Vera.

Six times had the earth lain white and dead under the winter snow; six times had it stirred green and living under the summer grass, since you

Eczema Cured Five Years Ago

A Treatment Which Has Proven a Wonderful Healer of the Skin—Certified Evidence of Lasting Cure.

The old notion that eczema is a disease of the blood is refuted time and time again by the cures that are daily being effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It matters not what the cause may have been, if you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment regularly you will obtain relief and cure of eczema. Here is the proof:

Mrs. Stephen G. Thwaites, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, but had not quite finished the second box when he was cured. It is now about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Mr. J. E. Jones, 238 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$2 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you. Insist on getting what you ask for.

saw her last. You left her at night-fall of a drear November day; you find her at four in the afternoon of a day in June. You left a tall, straight, black, in her mourning dress; you find her tall, elegant, graceful, robed for a drive in the park, in perfumed silks and laces. You left her a tall, uniformed girl of sixteen; you find her a fair and gracious lady of two and twenty. You left her pale and sorrow-stricken at Carlton; you find her in blooming health and buoyant spirits at Langham's. You left her rusticated near the obscure town of St. Anne's; you find her a brilliant belle, running the round of a brilliant London season, thoroughly enjoying her life, her youth, her position, her pleasures, her beauty. They are two, yet the same—the moping, forlorn little "Mariana," deserted in her Yankee moaten grange, and this gay young lady in her gay Parisian attire—the same Vera—with a difference.

She took a low, easy chair, and sat down to wait. The window at which she sat adjoined that at which her masculine neighbor smoked. Now and then an odor of waft greeted her. Presently he finished, and began to whistle. Then he rose and started on a constitutional up and down the room, keeping step to his own music. Next he went to a piano, standing open in a corner, and struck half a dozen deep chords with a hand that understood the instrument. This seemed to inspire him, for it was followed by a ringing ulan song, in a fine, mellow, tenor voice:

"Der Husar,
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?
Sein Wein—flink! flink!
Sabel blink! Sabel blink—
Trink Blut! Trara!
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?
Sein herliebster Klang,
Sein Liebesang,
Schlafesang, Trara!
Vera listened, and smiled at first—evidently the gentleman was in fine spirits, and not at all lonely in his solitude. But after the first verse the smile faded, her dark brows contracted. She had heard that song before, once before. It seemed to her even that she had heard that voice. For a moment she was puzzled to recall where—then, with a start and a thrill, almost of terror, it flashed upon her. A long, lamp-lit drawing-room, a girl in a short dress and cropped curls, standing by a piano, a man sitting at it, striking a spirited accompaniment, and trilling out this ballad of Nicholas Len-aun, smiling up at her as he sings. It was so long ago—so long ago, and yet—only six years.

"Der Husar,
Trara!
He had left the piano, and resumed his quick march up and down. Vera's heart had started beating with a rapidity that it had not pulsed with for the two years of her fashionable life. How plainly the voice came to her—how like it was!

"Sein Wein—flink! flink!
Sabel blink! Sabel blink—
Trink Blut! Trara!
Trara!
She rose quickly, impulsively, and rang the bell. A French maid appeared after a moment. "Felician," her mistress said rapidly, "go and get me a list of all the arrivals at this hotel, for the past week. And be quick."

The girl went. The voice of her musical neighbor had ceased singing, and resumed whistling. Vera's brow were contracted, one dainty foot tapping an impatient tattoo.

"If the carriage comes before Felician!" she thought. "And Dot so hates to be kept waiting."

But the carriage did not come first—Felician entered triumphant with the list. It was a long one but the young lady's eyes glanced over it in one flash. It dropped from her hand. There it was—the name she had looked for. The voice that sang for her six years ago the same dashing trooper song.

All was quiet in the next room now, he had gone out and downstairs. Her sense of hearing had quickened painfully within the last few minutes; the ringing refrain vibrated in her ears as though it were still sounding.

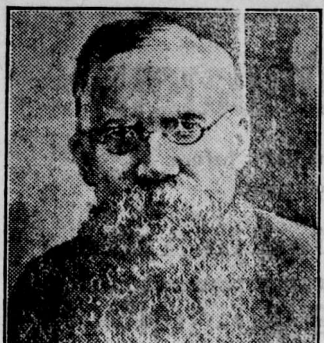
"Der Husar,
Trara!
Was ist die Gefahr?"

"At last, at last," she said to herself, and like this!

She had known it must come, some time or other, this meeting—with both living it was inevitable. She had wondered often how and when and where it might be, and had tried to brace herself to all chances. After all, nothing could be more common-place, less dramatic; they were both here in the same hotel, and his ulan song had betrayed him. He was on his way to America, perhaps; but that was a very wide guess, perhaps.

A CRIPPLE FOR THREE YEARS

Helpless In Bed With Rheumatism Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO

R.R. No. 1, Lorne, Ont.
"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. During that time, I had treatment from a number of doctors, and tried nearly everything I saw advertised to cure Rheumatism, without receiving any benefit.

Finally, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. Before I had used half a box, I noticed an improvement; the pain was not so severe, and the swelling started to go down.

I continued taking this fruit medicine, improving all the time, and now I can walk about two miles and do light chores about the place."

ALEXANDER MUNRO.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The world was his home; he was of the nomad tribes, a wanderer, an Ishmaelite, a bohemian, a soldier of fortune. He was wounded when last she heard of him—from him she never heard—but that was more than six months ago. He sounded in very excellent spirits now at least; a bullet more or less through the lungs did not seem to impair his musical powers. And he was here! Well, this world was full of wall papers, and they held men and women asunder as surely as though they were of iron and adamant. He did not know they were here of course; she hoped, drawing her breath quickly, and her cheek flushing—that he might not. She would not lift one finger to let him know. If only Dot did not find out! But that was hopeless; Dot found out everything. Luckily they were to go soon, and Felician entered.

"Madame's compliments, mademoiselle, and she is waiting in the carriage."

Vera rose, and swept her silk flounces after over the carpeted corridor. A gentleman was running up stairs at the moment—she drew quickly back to let him pass. He gave her a fleeting glance of grand, careless, surprised admiration, uncovered and passed on. It was too rapid to indirect for recognition, he had seen only a fair woman, richly robed, making way for him, and forgotten her as soon as seen. She went down and entered the carriage, where her sister already sat, as Felician had intimated. It was Dot, but a faded Dot, a pale, thin, aged Dot with transparent skin, and sharp cheek bones, and bistre circles under the blue eyes. There was rouge on the poor, wan cheeks, blanc de perle on the lost complexion, and a white

"The Wise Old Bird"

Nature's First Law is order—regularity. Obey it in your own body.

Keep your liver active and your bowels regular and natural. Good health is possible in no other way.

One pill a day is the regular rule. Two—perhaps three—now and then, if necessary.

Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.

Genuine bears Signature

Carter's Iron Pills

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gauze veil over all. That her dress was elaborate, was costly, was from Worth, goes without saying; the pale golden hair, too, was profuse—more profuse than ever; Dora was rich and regarded not expense. But in spite of false tresses, false bloom, white gauze and India muslin, Dora would not bear inspection too nearly, or in too strong a light. Her pink silk parasol cast a fictitiously roseate hue over her, but it could not obliterate the fine lines of care and premature age between her bismuthed eyes.

"How long you have kept me waiting," she said querulously, "and, good gracious! how pale you are. Is it that yellow rose that you wear, or is it that you are ill?"

"I am not ill," Vera answered slowly; "it will soon pass. I am never very red, you know. Where is Mr. Fanshawe?"

"He keeps me waiting, too—how tiresome everybody is!" still querulously. "Oh! here he is at last."

A gentleman joined them on horse back, an excessively handsome, fair man, with a profuse blond beard, a complexion as delicate as that of a Miss in her teens, and a pair of light-blue eyes.

"Not detained you, I hope?" he said, and took his place at the side of the carriage where Dora sat. But he looked curiously at her sister, a half smile on his bearded lips. She did not notice him; she was gazing straight before her, with a certain blankness of expression that showed she saw nothing. He pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and leaned down to Dora.

"Read that," he said, in a guarded undertone, and pointed out a paragraph; "Do not let Vera see you."

She took it and glanced in some surprise. It was headed, "The Mexican League," and was something about a meeting of the "Executive Committee of the Mexican League, held at the rooms of Doctor Emil Englehart, Langham's hotel, at which Colonel R. C. Ffrench was one of the nobilities present. The Colonel, it may be mentioned, had recently distinguished himself in 'Mexico Libre,' notably at the capture and destruction of the city of Las Tunas. On that occasion he was severely wounded, and left for dead on the field. His health was now almost entirely restored, and he shortly returned to join the cause of the Ever Faithful Isle. In science as in war, Colonel Ffrench was equally distinguished; he was of the little band of explorers who, three years ago, returned from the Honduras expedition. His book, 'Among the Silver Mines,' was spoken very highly of among certain readers.

The article was lengthy, but Dora read no more. She made a sign, except to frown darkly at the printed page, and handed the paper back to her escort. A glance of intelligence passed between them, then they looked at Vera, but Vera still sat abstracted and silent, and noticed nothing of this little play.

"How long has he been here?" Dora asked at length, in a low voice. "Three days, and by the oddest chance his rooms adjoin ours. He and this Dr. Englehart are there together. They have a dinner party, it seems to-night. It is impossible but that he and Vera shall meet."

She frowned more deeply, the fine lines between the eyes gathered themselves into two little furrows. "It is only a question of time, you know," the gentleman said lazily. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I must see him," she said impatiently. "What a bore! And just as I was beginning to enjoy myself. Why couldn't he have died respectably in Mexico when he was about it? People have no right to go about with bullets in them."

"The bullets were extracted, my dear."

"He ought to die—it would be every so much more convenient in every way. And just as Sir Beltran Talbot is growing so particular in his attentions too! The other men of the expedition caught fevers and died; why couldn't he? Other men were shot at Las Tunas and stayed shot, but this Ffrench—"

The gentleman laughed, still lazily, and showed very white teeth.

"Widow's weeds would be eminently becoming to our pretty Vera, I think myself. I know three men who would prefer her in them—if they knew the truth. Would she don weeds and crape, do you think, if this Ffrench really went over to the silent majority?"

"Of course not. How absurd Dane! After all these years and nobody knows a thing of it. What a mistake it was—what a stupid mistake, and no one to blame but myself. I must own that. He didn't want to, and she—but she was such a little fool in those days!"

"Was she really?" he said, and glanced over at her with interest. "I cannot fancy our stately Vera in the role, or any role except the dignified and uplifted and gracefully possessed. She was not always the law unto herself, then, that she is at present? For even you, my angel, must acknowledge that hers is the ruling spirit of our ménage. Was she in love with Ffrench in the days when she was a little fool?"

"I don't know. No—yes—she was a child, and a simpleton, I tell you, and did not know the meaning of the word. No, she never was in love with him!"

"And yet he is a proper fellow, too, to win a lady's favor—better-looking now, I think, than even in those days.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

He is tanned to a fine shade of burn-

ed Sienna—I met him yesterday—and looks every inch a soldier. There is no saying that any of you angelic beings will do in any given case, but it seems to me an outside barbarian like myself and easy enough thing for any woman to fall in love with this dark and dashing free lance."

"Vera is not the kind to fall in love at a moment's notice, my Dora shall!"

"But sooner or later she is bound to do it, you know, and very probably make an idiot of herself for her pains. You were not the kind to fall in love at a moment's notice, my Dora, and yet you—"

"I have done it, and made an idiot of myself for my pains!" Dora interrupted with sudden bitterness; "is that what you are trying to say, Mr. Fanshawe?"

"No, my love, it is not," murmured Mr. Fanshawe, carrying his blond beard; "far be it from me to stigmatize as idiocy what has been the crowning bliss of my life. Sir Beltran Talbot, guardian, is an ass, or thereabouts—a good-natured ass, I allow, but still too profoundly asinine in any case to the hand of our royal sister. Colonel Ffrench is a fine fellow, as I remarked before, only unfortunately he is in the same predicament as the immortal 'Peter, it is only a question of time, you know,' the gentleman said lazily. 'What are you going to do about it?'"

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"And yet he is a proper fellow, too, to win a lady's favor—better-looking now, I think, than even in those days.

They dined out that day, then followed Covent Garden, afterward a ball. Royalty was present at the latter; it was one of the most brilliant and exclusive of the season, but still, through all, Dora kept that thought uppermost—she must see Richard Ffrench first. She watched her sister closely; she was not so radiant as usual to-night; her face looked pale, her eyes listless, her manner was distraught; she avoided Sir Beltran Talbot with a very pronounced avoidance. Dora bit her lip; it was such a pity—such a shame! His "place" in Dorsetshire was a place to dream of; his rent roll stood first in the baronetage; the infatuation for Miss Martinez was patent to gods and men. Oh, it was too bad! And all because of this Richard Ffrench—this wild, wandering, soldierly, good-for-nothing—

She tapped her delicate fan so impatiently that the frail sticks snapped. She must see him there must be some way found out of this muddle. It was all a mistake—she saw it now, when it was too late. Vera might be my Lady Talbot tomorrow if she would. And she did not care for Ffrench—never cared for him in that way. It was such a pity! That nonsensical marriage must be set aside.

"You look tired, Vera," she said,

some time in the small hours. "Would you not like to go?"

Vera was tired; she said it wearily, listlessly; she would very much like to go, if Dot was willing.

Dot was always willing and brisk, when she had mischief on hand. So the carriage was ordered, and under the chill morning skies, they drove home.

"Now go at once to your room, and go to bed," said Dora, kissing her, and get rid of that fagged face before the garden party at Kew, tomorrow."

Vera smiled, and departed. Dora did not follow her example. She heard voices and laughter in the next parlor, and recalled the dinner party, of which she had been told. Evidently it had not yet broken up. Prompt decision was one of Dora's virtues—she did not hesitate now. The hour was abnormal, but there was never any time like the present. She took a card from her cardcase, looked at the name and smiled. The name printed thereon was "Mrs. Dora Fanshawe."

"That will tell him nothing," she said; "he does not know, of course."

She took a blank one and wrote in pencil:

You have not retired, I know. Will you overlook the hour, and grant me the favor of an interview in my sitting room? Theodoros Lightwood.

I sign the old name, that you may recognize it the more readily.

She rang for Felician, and sent that sleepy damsel to Colonel Ffrench. There was a cessation of the gay voices and a pause. But she was not kept waiting. The sitting-room door opened, "Colonel Ffrench, madame," announced Felician, and vanished. And Dora gracefully came forward, and held out her mite of a hand, all flashing with jewels, and looked up with the old smile into Dick Ffrench's face.

(to be continued)

Wise is the individual who can condense a peck of trouble so that it will go into a quart measure.

The closer we get to our good deeds the smaller they seem.

Some people make a life study of things that are of no earthly use.

It was Sarah Jane's day out, and she was comparing notes with Susan, from a neighboring house. "So I hear you've left that artist's house," Susan said. "Yes, indeed," remarked Sarah Jane. "I couldn't stand the misus' insults. I hadn't been there a day when she said to me: 'Sarah Jane,' she says, 'when you're dusting off the studio you must be very careful not to touch the old master. It's worth hundreds of pounds,' she says. Well, that got my temper up proper. 'Excuse me ma'am,' says I, but I've got a young man of my own and I don't want any old master, not if he was worth millions!' And with that I walks out!"

Palace Livery

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Single and Double Turnouts

on short notice

Graves