

FREE TO MOTHERS ONLY.

To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send, free of all charge, a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and young children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Grovesend.

Mr. Chas. Churchill and family have moved onto the Joe Marr farm, formerly owned by Asa Marr.

Mr. Chas. Matthews has moved into the E. Doolittle mill house.

Mrs. L. Fick is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hankinson celebrated their tin wedding on Monday evening last.

Mr. R. L. Chute has returned from a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Burdick, Chesham, Michigan.

Mrs. Frank Smith entertained a few of her young friends on Monday evening with her phonograph.

The sugar making in this section has taken a sudden cold.

It Strikes the Heart.

Not only is the victim of Rheumatism a constant sufferer, but he lives in continual dread that this disease will reach the heart, which means sudden and unexpected death. Rheumatism can only be cured when the uric acid is removed from the body by the healthy action of the kidneys. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills make the kidneys healthy and vigorous, and so gradually and thoroughly cure rheumatism by removing the cause. One pill a dose 25¢ a box.

"Why isn't it proper to wear a watch and chain with a dress suit?" "Frequently a man has to pawn his watch and chain to rent the suit."

Character in Medicine.

There is character in Dr. Chase's Ointment—just such character as has made Dr. Chase esteemed and admired the world over. Dr. Chase's Ointment has stood the test of time and remains to-day the only actual cures piles and itching skin disease. It is the standard ointment of the world. You can rely on it just as you rely on Dr. Chase's Receipt Book, because you know that it is backed by the sterling character of Dr. Chase—America's Greatest Physician.

Gotrox—I wish you to know that I am a self-made man. Cynicus—How noble of you to assume all that responsibility.

By BENDING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough, but the inflammation goes from bad to worse. Allen's Lung Balm, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat and lungs.

Richmond.

Mr. Donald who worked Mr. W. Nesbit's farm for the last year has moved his family to Eden and will take Mr. Buckner's farm. Mr. Borlen is moving on Mr. Nesbit's farm.

The people of Maple Grove have started a Ladies' Aid; the first tea they gave was held at Mr. J. Procuier's; the next will be held at Mr. Chamberlain's.

Mr. Will Procuier attended the reception at Alma College last week.

Mrs. Laing gave a large quilting bee last week.

Mr. T. Firby who was under the Dr.'s care last week is some better.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, of Norwich Junction, are visiting friends at North Hall.

Mrs. J. Vieth gave the ladies of North Hall a tea in Feb.; the March tea will be at Mrs. Frank Summers.

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN Pain-Killer will be found to fill your needs as a household remedy. Used as a liniment for stiffness, and taken internally for all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes. 25¢ and 50¢.

Eden.

John Kennedy has moved into Jas. Howey's house on Main st. south. Chas. Norman is moving into the hotel with W. Ostrander.

Mrs. Sarah Week had a cancer removed last Tuesday by Drs. Reid and Dean, of Tilsonburg. She is doing nicely.

Mrs. T. Allen and family, of Derham, called on friends here Sunday.

Del. Myers, of Pt. Burwell, visited at his sisters on Sunday.

Arthur Healy visited his uncle on Friday.

Isaac Atkinson visited his father-in-law, James Ford, Sunday.

The friends of A. N. Gray will be pleased to hear that the pending law suit against him came before the court last week, and after hearing the plaintiff's evidence the Judge non-suited it exonerating Mr. Gray.

Ralph Turnbull, of Corintha, visited at James Teaches, Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Best has returned from California where he went to visit his sister.

Three Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Lady Kildare," "Beryl's Husband," "The Old Life's Shadows," Etc., Etc.

and troubled. Certainly the awkward statement of Rufus did not agree with the supposed last declaration of her father.

"There seems some mystery here which I cannot fathom," she said. "I have a letter written by papa in India, under the terrible foreboding that he would die there, and in this letter papa speaks of you with affection, and says—"

"She paused, her blushes amply completing the sentence.

A cold shiver passed over the form of Rufus. He comprehended the cause of Neva's blushes, and a portion of his father's villainy. He understood that the letter of which Neva spoke had been forged by Craven Black, and that it commanded Neva's marriage with Craven Black's son. What could he say? What should he do? His innate cowardice prevented him from confessing the truth, and his awe of his father prevented him from betraying him, and he could only tremble and blush and pale alternately.

"Papa might have taken an interest in you, without making himself known to you," suggested Neva, after a brief pause. "Some act of yours might have made your name known to him, and he might secretly have watched your course without betraying to you his interest in you, might he not?"

"He might," said Rufus huskily. "I can explain the matter in no other way. It is singular. Perhaps poor papa might not have known what he was writing, but the letter is so clearly written that that idea is not tenable. After all, so long as he wrote the letter, what does it matter?" said Neva wearily. "He must have known you, Rufus, or else the letter was forged!"

Rufus averted his face, upon which a cold sweat was starting.

"Who would have forged it?" he asked hoarsely.

"That I do not know. I know no one base enough for such a deed. It could not have been forged, of course. Rufus, but the discrepancy between your statement and that in the letter makes me naturally doubt. Papa was the most truthful of men. He hated a lie, and was so punctilious in regard to the truth that he was always painfully exact in his statements. He trained me to scorn a lie, and was even particular about the slightest error in repeating a story. How then could he speak of knowing you? Perhaps, though, I am mistaken. I may find, on referring to the letter, that he speaks of liking you and taking an interest in you, without alluding to a personal acquaintance."

"If I had known Sir Harold, I should have tried to deserve his good opinion," said Rufus, his voice trembling. "I have the greatest reverence for his character, and I wish I might be like him."

"There are few like papa," said Neva, a sudden glow transfiguring her face.

"How you loved him, Neva. If I had had such a father!" and Rufus sighed. "I would rather have an honorable, affectionate father whom I could love and trust than to have a million of money!"

Neva reached out her hand in sympathy, and the young man seized it eagerly, clinging to it.

"Neva," he exclaimed, with a sudden energy of passion, "it is more than a month since I asked you to be my wife, and you have not yet given me my answer. Will you give it to me now?"

The girl withdrew her hand gently, and rested her cheek again on her hand.

"I know I am not worthy of you," said Rufus, beseechingly. "I am poor in fortune, weak of character, a piece of drift-wood blown hither and thither by adverse winds, and likely to be tossed on a rocky shore at last, if you do not have pity upon me. Neva, such as I am, I beseech you to save me!"

"I am powerless to save any one," said Neva gently. "Your help must come from above, Rufus."

"I want an earthly arm to cling to," pleaded Rufus, his tones glowing with the sudden fear that she would reject him. "I have in me no noble impulses, Neva; I have in me the ability to become such a man as was your father, I would foster all noble enterprises; I would become great for you sake. I would study my art and make a name of which you should be proud. Will you stoop from your high estate, Neva, and have pity upon a weak, cowardly soul that longs to be strong and brave? Will you smile upon my great love for you, and let me devote my life to your happiness and comfort?"

His wild eyes looked into hers with a prayerfulness that went to her soul. He seemed to regard her

CURED TOTAL PARALYSIS!

It puzzles the Doctors and astonishes his patients how South American Nervine cures so many who are "given up to die" it never fails.

"My wife was stricken with nervous prostration, which developed into total paralysis. We had hardly any hope of her recovery, but had heard of the great cures made by South American Nervine in cases of nervous troubles. We decided to try the treatment, and it was astonishing the results that followed the taking of three bottles—it worked wonders indeed. I feel I cannot speak too highly of this great remedy."

—Edward Parr, Surrey Centre, B.C.

SOLD BY J. E. RICHARDS,

as his earthly saviour—and such indeed, if she accepted him, she would be, for she would bring him fortune, and, what he valued more, her affection, her pure life, her brave soul, on which his own weak nature might be stayed.

"Poor Rufus!" said Neva, with a tenderness that a sister might have shown him. "My poor boy! and her small face beamed with sisterly kindness upon the tall, awkward fellow, the words coming strangely from her lips. "I am sorry for you."

"And you will marry me?" he cried eagerly.

The young face became grave almost to sternness. The lovely eyes gloomed over with a great shadow.

"I want to obey papa's wishes as if they were commands," she said. "I have thought and prayed, day after day and night after night. I like you, Rufus, and I cannot hear your appeals unmoved. I believe I am not selfish, if I am true to my higher nature, and obey the instincts God has implanted in my soul. I must be untrue to God, to myself, and to my own instincts, or I must pay no heed to that last letter and to the last wishes of poor papa. Which shall I do? I have decided first one way, and then the other. The possibility that that letter was—was not written by papa—and there is such a possibility—I cannot now help but consider. Forgive me, Rufus, but I have decided, and I think papa, who has looked down from heaven upon my perplexity and my anguish, must approve my course. I feel that I am doing right, when I say, and here he had took his, 'that—that I cannot marry you.'"

"Not marry me! Oh, Neva!" "It costs me much to say it. Rufus, but I must be true to myself, to my principles of honor. I do not love you as a wife should love her husband. I could not stand up before God's altar and God's minister, and perjure myself by saying that I loved you. No, Rufus, no; it may not be."

Rufus bowed his head upon the piano, and sobbed aloud.

His weakness appealed to the girl's strength. She had seldom seen a man in tears, and her own tears began to flow in sympathy.

"I am so sorry, Rufus!" she whispered.

"But you will not save me? You will not lift a hand to save me from perdition?"

"I will be your sister, Rufus."

"Until you become some other man's wife!" cried Rufus, full of jealous anguish. "You will marry some other man—Lord Towyn, perhaps?"

The girl retreated a few steps, a red glow on her features. A strange sweet shyness in her eyes.

"I see!" exclaimed Rufus, in a passion of grief and jealousy. "You will marry Lord Towyn? Oh, Neva! Neva!"

"Rufus, it cannot matter to you whom I marry since I cannot marry you. Let us be friends—brother and sister."

"I will be all to you or nothing!" ejaculated Rufus violently. "I will marry you or die!"

He laid his hand on the girl's arm, and with a wild cry upon his lips, dashed from the room.

In the hall he encountered Craven Black and his bride, just come in from the garden. He would have brushed past them, unseeing, unheeding, but his father, seeing his excitement and agitation, grasped his arm forcibly, arresting his progress.

"What's the matter?" demanded Craven Black fiercely. "What's up?"

"I'm going to kill myself!" returned Rufus shrilly, trying to break loose from his father's grasping clasp. "It's all over, Neva has refused, if you do not have pity upon me. Neva, such as I am, I beseech you to save me!"

"Oh, is she?" said Craven Black mockingly. "We'll see about that."

"We will see!" said Neva's stepmother, with a cruel and fierce expression of her lips. "I am Miss Wynde's guardian. We will see if she dares disobey her father's often repeated injunctions to obey me! If she does refuse, she shall feel my power."

"Defy your suicide until you see how the thing turns out, my son," said Craven Black, with a little sneer. "Go to your room and dry your tears, before the servants laugh at you."

Rufus Black slunk away, miserably, yet with reviving hope. Perhaps the matter was not ended yet? Perhaps Neva would reconsider her decision?

As he disappeared up the staircase, Mrs. Craven Black laid her hand on her bridegroom's arm, and whispered:

"The girl will prove restive. We shall have trouble with her. If we mean to force her into this marriage, we must first of all get her away from her friends. Where shall we take her? How shall we deal with her?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Nearly six weeks had intervened between Rufus Black's proposal of marriage to Neva Wynde on the roadside bank and his final rejection by her in the music-room at Hawkhurst.

It will be remembered that there had been a hidden witness to the half-despairing, half-loving, proposal of Rufus, and that this hidden wit-

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pale, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St. Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 15 years old, and developed to rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

ness, seeing, but unseen, was whom Rufus Black mourned as dead, and whom in his soul he loved a thousand-fold better than the beautiful young heiress.

During the six weeks that had passed, what had become of Lally? Poor, heart-broken, despairing Lally?

He had narrated how she staggered away in the night gloom, after seeing Rufus and Neva together in the square of light from the home windows upon the marble terrace, not knowing what she was doing, and hurrying as swiftly as she might from her young husband, from happiness, and from hope itself.

She had no thought of suicide. She had learned many lessons by the bedside of her old friend the seamstress, whose dying hours she had cheered. She had learned that life may be very bitter and hard to bear, but that it may not be thrown aside, or flung back in anger or despair to the Giver. Its burdens must be borne, and he who bears them with earnest patience, and in humble obedience to the divine will, shall some day exchange the cross of suffering for the crown of a great reward. No; Lally, weak and frail as she was, deserted by humanity, would never again seriously think of suicide.

She wandered on in the soft starlight and moonlight, a helpless, homeless, hopeless creature, with nowhere to go, as we have said. She had no money in her pocket, no food, and her clothes were worn out, and her clothes were patched and darned and initially frayed and worn. The very angels must have pitied her in her utter forlornness.

For an hour or two she tottered on, but at last wearied to exhaustion, she sank down in the shelter of a way-side hedge, and sobbed and moaned herself to sleep.

She was awake again at daybreak, and hurried up and on, as if flying from pursuit. About eleven o'clock she came to a hop-garden, divided from the road by wooden palings. There were men and women, of the tramp species, busy at work here under the supervision of the hop farmer.

Lally halted and clung to the palings with both hands, and looked through the interstices upon the busy groups with dilating eyes.

She was worn with anguish, but even her mental sufferings could not still the demands of nature. She was so hungry that it seemed as if a culture were gnawing at her vitals. She felt that she was starving.

The hop-pickers, many of them tramps who lived in unions and almshouses in the winter, and who starved down in Kent during the hop season, presently discovered the white and hungry face pressed against the palings, and jeered at the girl, and called her names she could not understand, making merry at her forlornness.

The hop raiser heard them, and discovering the object of their merriment, came forward, opened a gate in the palings, and hailed the girl. He was short of hands, he said, and would give her sixpence a day, and food and drink, if she chose to help in the hop picking.

Lally nodded assent, and crept into the gate, and into the presence of those who mocked her. Her eyes were so wild, her manner so strange and still, that the workers stared at her in wonder, whispered among themselves, discovering that she was not of their kind, and turned their backs upon her.

It was taken for granted that the new hand had had her breakfast, and not a crust was offered to her. The hop raiser had doubts about her sanity, and observed her narrowly, but a dozen times that day he mentally congratulated himself on his acquisition. Lally worked with feverish energy, trying—ah, how vainly—to escape from her thoughts, and she did the work of two persons. She had bread and cheese and a glass of ale at noon, and a similar allowance of food for supper.

That night she slept in the barn with the women tramps, but chose a remote corner, where she buried herself in the hay, and slept peacefully.

The next day she would have wandered on in her unrest, but the farmer, discovering her intention, offered her a shilling a day, and she consented to remain. That night she again slept in her remote corner of the barn, and no one spoke to her or molested her.

She made no friends among the tramps, not even speaking to them. They were rude, vicious, quarrelsome. She was educated and refined, had been the teacher and companion of ladies, and was herself a lady at heart. She went among these rude companions by the courtesy of "The Lady," and this was the only

name by which the hop farmer knew Canterbury, shoeless and ragged, a For a week Lally kept up this toil, laboring in the hop-fields by day, and sleeping in a barn at night. At the end of that period, the work being finished, she was no longer wanted, and she went her way, resuming her weary tramp, with six shillings and sixpence in her pocket.

For the next fortnight she worked in various hop fields, paying nothing for food or lodging. Her pay was better too, she earning a sovereign in the two weeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hereditary Weakness.

"How ignorant Miss Swamper is of history!"

"She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."

Rhodes is Better.

Cape Town, March 10.—Cecil Rhodes, who is suffering from angina pectoris, is better to-day.

Yerkes Gets Control.

London, March 11.—After many months of negotiations, Charles T. Yerkes has concluded a deal with the Baker Street, Waterloo Railway, giving him control of four different underground railways.

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Deering Machinery

Full line of Farming Implements, Also agent for Buggies, Cutters, Wagons, Sleighs, etc. Repairs of all kinds in stock.

W. R. HARE,

Talbot st. west.

FOR SALE.—A comfortable home for a little money, within two minutes' walk of the Post Office. For particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

A GOOD FARM.—For sale or exchange 100 acres, being part of Lots 13 and 14, Con. 1, Minshill, 30 acres cleared, balance timbered with beech and maple, good clay loam soil, fair house and bank barn, and other out buildings in good shape, convenient to school, church and post office. There is an apple orchard of about three acres, also a peach orchard of 1000 trees of the very best variety. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.</