command you. Would not it show more sense to do it with a good an a bad one?" n a bad one?"
silent, too utterly wrathful
to to bring out a single word;
stubborn pride of her face
n how little effect his words

ong sarcasm in his slow and words, "if neither af-luty weighs with you, ast you will listen to the rest. Let me assure you persist in refusing, you yourself and your own more than you will any one ir father is ill, and—"
Is he ill?" cries Gillian, the of her tongue suddenly loosed, correct of traited words nowing.

of her tongue suddenly loosed, torrent of excited words pouring for lips, while cheeks and chin arl-fair throat grow all one redme-"that is the question. Peryou are so fully in possesse circumstances of the case, a ware that twice—three times course of my life he has sent in the same way, suddenly, it a moment's preparation was called up in the middle of ht, and when I got to him. I that it had been a mere whim, a re show his power over me. He well as you or I—"

ops, out of breath. time he is not as well as you epiles. Burnet, quietly; "you be afraid!"

silence-a more hostile one. be possible, that the former ian's side; a coldly observant ectant one on his. When it has some two or three minutes—a piece out of time's long sum if asure it by the clock, but irk-great for two perfectly unoc-dumb persons—he breaks it.— mail leaves Carnforth at 8.5."

in a matter-of-fact business am told that the distance e is seven miles; and, as the e heavy, we had better not re heavy, we had better not than seven in seiting off."

he bows, no longer impeding, a the contrary, aiding her exit, sopens the door wide for her; she, whom and the contrary even to hold head with sinks in a milketest titure on her brast, worstand, reuted! If the village, the api the reclaimed drunkards her now, would they know

## CHAPTER IV.

wera hours have gone by, and the e drab day has already dropped the maw of the huge and hungry was most unlovely, while d, and nobody regrets it now that is dead. Probably to-morrow wil ng a little brother quite as vgly for the moment we may forget it to the moment we may lorget it, that the curtains are heavily wn-dropped, and the lamps steadily rning under gay shades. Lights in rooms, lights in the passages, hts everywhere, save in the play-m, where the Christmas-tree stands on, where the Christmas-tree stands
th all his peg-tops and trumpets
th his crowning doll still poised or
e leg, in the dark, forgotten and
interpolation of the shade by a newer topic of in
cest—by Gillian's going; for Gil
n is going. Her high looks and fiery
kis-her wreathed neck and flamin her wreathed neck and flamin ks-have been among the utterl

at the door at seven o'clock. It t seven yet, however. There is a spare half hour. A sensible ill a spare half hour. A sens -one can eat a very great deal in an hour—in up-building herself to the raw night and the railway s; but Gillian is doing nothing of the study, giving him her last mournful nmands and prohibitions, which he receiving with his usual complete chableness. Her head is resting on shoulder, and tears of mortification sorrow are welling into her eyes flowing over their brims. Somesshe wipes them away; sometimes they remain un-

is the best thing to suppose it is the best thing to point says the Squire, in a dolorous small voice; "I suppose we could not do-otherwise?" A moment later, with a rather more cheerful intonation: "I think he seems an honest fellow, Gill." "Do you?" says Gillian, with an expressive accentuation. "I am sorry to differ from you, dear; but I think, as far as one can judge from appearances, that he has quite one of the worst countenances I ever beheld." "Has he?" replies the Squire, meekly. "Has he?" replies the Squire, meekly.
"I am no great physiognomist; I dare say you are right."

A pause. "I can not think what you will do "I can not think what you will do without me," says Gillian, with unconscious conceit, sadly gazing at the glowing coals, as pictures of the total disorganization of family, house, and village, consequent on her departure, march gloomily through her mind.

"I am sure I can not think," echoes the poor Squire, humbly.

"I fear you will be at sixes and sevens by the time I come back."

"I am sure we shall."

"Try to keep things together, dear," in a gently hortatory voice—"try to keep a tight hand, on the reins."

"I will try, Gill," not very confidently.

"I will try, Gill," not very confidently.
"I am a little afraid of Jane," pursues Gillian, thoughtfully; "she is a good girl, but rather inclined to be self-willed and masterful"—as if these were the last qualities with which she herself could have any sympathy. "Will you try to keep her a little in check?"

"If you wish, Gill," with less confidence.

dence.

Another pause.

"Sophia Tarlton has promised to take my drunkards," continues the girl, thoughtfully. "I have left all my Temperance tracts in the order in which I wish her to read them; I am anxious that she should make no misetake. Will you remind her?"

"Yes, Gill."

Again they are silent, but so is not the wind. Plainly they can hear it raving and tearing and hustling outside.

Gillian shudders.

side.
Gillian shudders.
What have I done to deserve a journey of a hundred and fifty miles on such a night, and in such company?" grouns with an accent of angry

"Perhaps, after all, he may not be such bad company," says the Squire, consolingly: "perhaps—who knows?—he may turn out quite a pleasant fel-

ow!"
"I shall certainly not give him the chance," returns Gillian, with dignity: "his proximity is forced upon me, but I may, at least, be spared his conversation; nothing will induce me to open

lips to him. hat! not between Carnforth and raising his gray eyebrows air of slight incredulity.

ned in this splendid resolution, timer, now that the last half-s up and the brougham at the door, prepares to go off into nky night with the escort, who is et ignorant of her sociable intentional him. toward him.

Gill, I will take your class, eries bare, in a confident, managing voice. "I will do the mothers' meeting and the Temperance room—do not be afraid!"

Emilia says nothing, being dumbly whimpering; and Dick has begun to bellow so monstrously loud that he has to be carried off, tearfully bawling that it is all the fault of those nasty candles, and easing his mind by

hammering the face of the unoffend-

permission, come inside."

She can not suggest that he shall run behind the carriage like a boy, or underneath it like a dog, which are the only other alternatives; and as they are all talling to her, and bidding her make haste but of the storm, there is nothing for it but that the put her indignant foot on the already whitened step and spring in. He follows her without an instant's delay, and the horses figety and stung by the cold, set off at once with a plunge. Even ther last look at her beloved ones is spoiled by having to be thrown across her neighbor. And yet it is not very likely that he should think that any of its valedictory sweetness was meant for him, or try to appropriate it. They are off on their six hours, tete-attete; the same foot-warmer communicating its peaceable warmth to both hilke; the same wolf-skin rug covering both their knees, and yet with as honest an intention of being disagreeable to each other as circumstances will allow as ever filled two human breasts. To make a good beginning, Gillian has overationally contracted herself, into To make a good beginning, Gillian has ostentatiously contracted herself into

To make a good beginning, Gillian has ostentatiously contracted herself into as small a compass as she can, and shrunk up into her corner, sweeping away her für cloak as far as may be from his neighborhood; but it is to be feared that owing to the complete darkness this action is somewhat thrown away, and that till the last hour of his life he never knows, though he may suspect, how solicitous she was on that first night of their acquaintance to shun his slightest contact. They have reached the lodge. Gillian lets down the glass, and cries out a friendly good by in the darkness to the lodge-keeper, who, lantern in hand and shawl overhead, runs out to the open gate. They are in the road now—the broad main road. It is already several inches deep in snow; but the horses, are strong, and gallantly breast the long, steep, hills, so there is no cause for apprehension. So Gillian thinks; and, resolving to abstract herself as much as possible from her disher corner, thrusting her hands still further in her muff, and raising her shoulders so as to sink ner neck more deeply into her fur tippet, like a bird's head into its feathers. Her mind travels first back into the past into the nest. confidently, for she knows the

further in her muff, and raising her shoulders so as to sink ner neck more deeply into her fur tippet, like a bird's head into its feathers. Her mind travels first back into the past into the past, confidently, for she knows the road is pleasant; into her own full busy life, a life, of guiding, ordering, managing. She sighs gently, and replats to herself the apprehension she had already expressed to her uncle: "What will they do without me?" Then her mood of self-complacent regret melts and changes, 'It is the future, through whose haze looms, the figure—little known, yet how much dreaded—of her father; the father, old, very old—old enough to be her grandfather—with whom she has never lived, in segaration from whom her mother passed the last years of her short and blameless life; who for as long as Gillian can remember, has not been on speaking terms with her uncle; concerning whose mode of life she knows absolutely nothing, save what she has gathered from a few dark hints picked up hap-hazard here and there; hints which imply that it were better she should not know. She is roused from her meditations by the sound of a movement of some kind on the part of her companion. It is too-dark to see what he is about. Is he going to sneeze? In her present mood even this would seem an impertinence. I do not think that even a pick-purse motion of his hand in the direction of her own pocket would greatly surprise her. She is not long left in doubt. The indeterminate sounds of stirring and seeking on his part are soon exchanged for the distinct scrape and scratch of a lighting match; and now a little point of flame has sprung into being, and is dimly seen to be protected from death by a woollen gloved hand. Then there comes anothet little sound, as bf a lanten being opened, and the next moment the match's unsteady light is communicateft to the candle in a small carriage lanp, and

the sound, as of a lantern being opened, and the next moment the match's unsteady light is communicated to the candle in a small carriage lanp, and is burning clear and steady. Then

### Back Lame

And Kidney Disease for Five Years-Couldn't Turn in Bed-Made Well Again by Two Boxes of

## Dr .Chase's Kidney-Liver Pilis

Eackache and lame back are the first marked symptoms of kidney disease. Scores and hundreds of people suffer with weak and aching backs, not knowing that their kidneys are diseased and that they are liable to attack by the most fatal diseases.

Railroad men, teamsters, and labor-Rairroad men, teamsters, and thooling men are especially subject to back-ache because they are exposed to all sorts of weather and straining and jarring of the body, which is conductive to kidney disease. But women, too, suffer frequently with backache and bittony disease, and clerks who seemd

kidney disease, and clerks who spend much of the time on their feet com-plain of weak, lame backs.

Other symptoms of kidney disease are painful or too frequent urination and deposits in urine. All these sym-toms are cured and kidney disease is cradicated from the system by using oradicated from the system by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Fred Meggs, General Merchant,

In the standard of the standar manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

You will soon get rid of that cough if you use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 ots a bottle. Shrine with cyclists.

n one rug.

hammering the face of the unoffending footman who is bearing him away.

The adieux are ended now, and Gilian turns toward the snowy night, and the open brougham doer, b. i.d. at a sudden thought once more looks round. What has become of her maid the maid whose protecting presence is to insure her against all danger of the proximity of her obnoxious companion, for the brougham is a single one, and of course, holds only two.

"Where is Griffiths? Tell her that I am waiting."

"Gose on in a fly with the luggage."

Gose on in a fly with the luggage!

At hearing these words Gillian heart sinks with a sick sprease skinks with a sick pressure she should not of character have ere now saved people out of worse dilemmas than this; but, in order to effect her own rescue, she must even thus early break through her vow of silence. She turns to her fellow traveler, and says, with an air of child decision:

"You, no doubt, wish to smoke! There is no reason why we should take a footman; you will therefore be able to go on the hox."

The snow is driving into and the wind cutting her eyes as she speaks, which no doubt renders her vicion imperfect, else where she not assured that it is impossible—she would say that there was a twinkle of angry mirth in his eyes, as he answers, bowing formally:

"Thank you, I do not smoke. 'As thave aiready a cold, I will, with your permission, come inside."

"Thank you, I do not smoke, 'As thave aiready a cold, I will, with your permission, come inside."

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"She can not suggest that he shall run behind the carriage like a boy, or underneath it like a dog, which or any the proper is not ready to the cold, set off at once with a plunge. Even the last look at her beloved ones is spoiled by having to be thrown

ded us, in boat and train and public conveyance, to find out what our unknown companion is reading, and so peep, as through a loophole, into his mind, begins to worry her. Even from the comparatively distant fastiness of her corner, she can make out that the broad and clearly printed page outspread on her neighbor's knees belongs to the "Nineteenth Century;" but what the special article is that engages his attention is more than she can decipher. Only it has a light and winsome look, large islands to verse apparently swimming in little seas of prose.

After resisting the temptation for some time, she at last edges a little nearer, quite noiselessly, and without any danger of detection, as she flatters herself. Finding that nothing can be easier, the begins, almost before she is aware, to read over her enemy's shoulder with him. It is apparently a paper on the Greek anthology, in which little jewels of Greek fancy. Greek love, Greek sorrow, deftly done into English verse of different metres, sparkle and blaze on threads of prose. Some minutes pass. She has read a page and a half, and has forgotten the sowstorm, her father, Burnet, and herself. Her eyes are eagerly travelpage and a half, and has forgotten the snowstorm, her father, Burnet, and herself. Her eyes are eagerly traveling over this paragraph; "The next is Elizabethan, too, if may classify my poets, but full of epithets almost impossible to English."

Cut

"I cry you, love, at earliest break of But now, even how, his wings the wan-derer spread And passed away, Leaving his empty bed.

"Ho! ye that meet the boy-for such is he—
Full of sweet tears and wit, a fickle sprite,
Laughing and free,

With wings and quiver bright! "Yet know I not on whom to father

name, The air above, And the broad sea the same.

"With each and all he lives at feud Beware, Lest while I speak he cast dainty snare Over your hearts at last.

At this point, and while she is still At this point, and while she is still six lines from the bottom the bottom, a woollen finger and thumb smartly turn over the page and whip the rest of the poem away from her sight. Involuntarily she utters a little inarticulate cry, and half stretches out her hand in prohibition. The sound and the action together recall her to herself. In a moment she has shrunk up again into her corner, shamed, reup again into her corner, shamed, re-morseful, red, and hoping that hel lapse from dignity and self-respec-has been perceived by no one but her self. But in this she is apparently nistaken. "Did you speak?" he says, lifting his

"No—o!" she stammers; "I—I—only coughed."
"I beg your pardon," he rejoins, dry-ly; "I thought you spoke."
For the rest of the distance before Carnforth is reached, Gillian sits as still as a mouse, gnawed by angry self-reproach, executing the Greek anthology, and forgetting even to think of how much they are missing her at home.

## CHAPTER V.

Carnsorth station is very empty when hey arrive there. The wind, with his ong, stinging lash, seems to have riven every one off the platform, ex-

driven every one off the platform, except the porters and a few ulstered, comfortered men, stamping up and down, waiting for the night mail.

In the waiting-room Gilian finds half a dozen chilly, muffled women, who grudgingly make way for her to draw in her chair also, and put her boots on the fender.

The train is late. It seems to Gillian that she spends a long time staring at the big lump of coal and the plentiful ashes in the dirty grate, before the sounds of distant whistle and ringing bell tell her that it is coming. Then all the other women pick up their bags and boxes and hurry away, either alone or beckoned off by a summoning husband. Her own escort is the last to appear, but at length he, too, puts in his head.

"Will you come, please?"

She follows him in silence along the platform; but, having arrived at the door of an empty carriage, into which he motions her, speaks:

"Will you tell my maid, please? I

ne motions her, speaks: %
Will you tell my maid, please! I
always have her in the same carriage

'I am afraid that you will have do without her to-night," he answers not offering to move. "I have just as

do without her to-night," he answers, not offering to move. "I have just ascertained that neither she nor your luggage has yet arrived."
"Not arrived!" cries Gillian, in a voice of consternation, facing him in the windy gas-light; "and you suppose that I am going to set off without her! Quite impossible! Of course I shall wait!"
"That is much more impossible," reis much more impossible,"

"That is much more impossible," re-joined Burnet, firmly; there is no other train till 7.5 to-morrow morning. I have left word that she is to follow you as soon as possible. I think I must ask you to get in, please."

He looks so resolves, and the porters are beginning to shut the carriage doors so quickly, and her own mind is in such 6 whirl of doubt and disgust, that there is nothing for it but to is in such 6 whirl of doubt and disgust, that there is nothing for it but to obey. Put to the rout for the third time within six hours, she stumbles up the high step, blinded with rage. Again they are off; embarked now upon the second and larger half of their ubnatural tete-a-tete. There is but one improvement upon the first part in it, and that is that they may at least be farther away from a cach other. There need he now no contact of hostile cleaves, no enforced partnership in one rug.

(To be continued.)

Killarney is becoming a popula

Little Boy's Terrible Eczema. Mass of Sores from Head to Foot. Not an Inch of Body Unaffected. Screams Were Heart-Breaking.

Skin Came off with Bandages. 3 Doctors & Institute no Avail. CURED BY CUTICURA.

My little boy broke out with an itching rash. I tried three doctors and medical college but he kept getting worse. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body unaffected. He was one mass of sores, and the stench was frightful. At the tine I was induced to try CUTICURA remedies, he was so bad that I had to cut his hair all off, and put the CUTICURA (ointment) on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. In removing the bandages they would take the possible to touch nim with the bare hand. In removing the bandages they would take the skin with them, and the poor child's screams were heart-breaking. After the second application of CUTICURA (ointment) I saw signs of improvement, and the sores began to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but now he is entirely cured. I used CUTICURA RESOLVENT for his blood, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is today. boy you never saw than he is to-day. ROB'T WATTAM, 4728 Cook St., Chicago, III.

# Begins with the Blood and Ends with The Skin and Scalp.

That is to say, CUTICURA RESOLVENT purifice the blood and circulating fluids of HUMON CERMS, and thus removes the cause, while warm battle with CUTICURA SOAP and gentle aucintings with CUTICURA SOAP an Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. AND C. CORP., Props. Boston. How to Cure Torturing Skin Diseases from

SAVE YOUR SKIN Hands and Hair by using

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# WOMEN

Suffering from Backachs Headaches, Limb Aches can find a cure in Doan's Kidney Pills.

A GUELPH WOMAN'S. EXPERIENCE PROVES IT

4t seems as though many women were doomed never to know what it means o be healthy. It shouldn't be so-wouldn't be so in nine cases out of ten if women only knew that tackaches are kidney aches—that tired limbs are merely tired kid-

Kidneys are delicate little organs. Kidneys are delicate little organs. Can't stand too much work, get tired and out of sorts just as any other part of the body does.

And when they do, it means serious trouble, for if the filters of the system aren't working properly, the poisons that they ought to carry off remain in the blood and make backaches, headaches, limb aches, and all sorts of misery.

Doan's Kidney Pills are as simple,

Doan's Kidney Pills are as simple, never-failing, reliable cure.

Hundreds of women in this city of Guelph have found them so.

And their testimony can be more readily relied on than statements of people living in Vancouver or Halifax.

Here is what Mrs. T. Halton, who lives on the London road, has to say:

"I have teen troubled with my kidbers for some time, the result of a for some time, the result of a

"The pains in my back werd very

ferings
"Not finding any relief from the
various remedies I was using, I resolved to try Doan's Kidney Pills.
"The result of taking them has been that I am now free from kidney trou-bles and hambago, and can do any kind of hard household work without pain or

fatigue,"
Doun's Kidney Pills contain no purgatives. Taking them does not interfere with your work. Price 70c. a box at all druggists, or by mail. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

Undertaker

.... And .... Embalmer

Quebec Street. Next to Chalmers Church,



Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurher, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

8 ociates

Phone After