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HE CAN BEAR. que appositeness Duke of Devon-12, 1694). It is being the only condescends to lis Grace's fam-h, and his mot-s'j (Safe by be-ghout, his pubighout his pub-has religiously

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#### HEALTH IN SPRING

NATURE REQUIRES ASSISTANCE DURING THESE MONTHS.

To Help Throw off the Impurities That Have Accumulated During the Winter Months-Purgatives Should Not be Used-It is a Tonic That is Needed.

In this climate there are many res sons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long bours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and house during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious the matter; you are only a little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appe-tite is fickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsibl for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfeetly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines. Nature does not require a violent measure in spring, but a helping hand to throw off the impurities which have accumu lated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone-old and young-ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says:—"Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines, but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills and a few boxes of these made me feel like a new person I would advise all who feel run down

Pink Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills-it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrap-per around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 5 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicin Co., Brockville, Ont.

and out of sorts te take Dr. Williams'

Phrenologist enthusiastically-Why. sir, your bump of veneration is the greatest I have ever seen; such a bump should make you a bishop! Delighted subject-Begorra, an' is that so? Well, I'll get Paddy Nolan to give me another whack in the same place, and I'll be an archbishon at once.

#### What Causes Pain?

Most pains and aches come from excess of uric acid poisons in the blood, due to deranged kidneys, rheumatism, backache, lumbago, paines in the sides and limbs, accompanied by bladder and urinary troubles, are warnings too serious and painful to be neglected. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on the kidneys, make them active, vigorous and thoroughly cure these ailments. One 25¢ box of this great kidney medicine will do you a world of good.

Mr. and Mrs. Clutton spent a few days at Pt. Rowan visiting relatives last week.

Miss Mable Quinan and Miss Maggie Pressy left Friday to visit friends at St.

Miss Edith Taylor, of Brantford, is the guest of Miss Estella Chute.

Miss Bertha Haney, of Glen Meyer, was the guest of Miss Minnie Campbell a few days last week.

Mr. Lena Gagen is spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Frank Watts, at Cayuga. Mrs. H. Balcom accompanied by Mr.

Ed. Balcom left on Thursday for Detroit to spend their Easter.

Miss Ella Gifford is spending a few weeks at Delmer and other places.

Quite a number of children are having the measles in this vicinity. Mr. Claude Brown leaves in a few days for Tilsonburg where he has a good situation.

#### A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

Sold by J. E. Richards and E. A Caughell.

"What are the holes for?" asked little Emma looking at the porus plaster that her mother was preparing to adjust on Willies back. "It's funny you don't know that, sis," interposed Willie. "They are to let the pain out, of

## \* Nov. \* The Paris Ihree Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

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

**₩◆**₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩◆₩

this spasm of virtue?" manded Craven Black, with a cynical smile. "The girl's dead, isn't she?" "Yes, she's dead! God help me!"

"What a tragic groan! This mornwhat a tragic groun: This morning you were in despair because Miss Wynde rejected you. To-night you are mourning after your corn-chandler's daughter. I'd like to understand you—I would indeed. Which are you wailing after, Miss Wynde or Lally Rockley."

Lally Rookh?"
"Which?" cried Rufus, with wild eyes. "For the girl you and I mur-dered! It is she whom I mourn! I think of her stark form and open eyes and dead bruised face, as she must have looked when they brought her up out of the river, and my heart is like to break within me. She haunts me day and night. In my bed I wake from my dreams to clasp her closer to me, but my arms close on the empty air. I seem to feel the touch empty air. I seem to feel the touch of her hands on my face—oh, Heaven! I shall never feel them there again! I was a poor pitiful coward. Yet what could I do? And yet you and I are Lally's murderers!"

Craven Black shivered involuntari-

"You act as if you had a touch of the D. T." he said. "Have you been spending the day in a Canterbury

"No; I have been wandering in the park, trying to forget. You need not fear that I shall get drunk again."

fear that I shall get drunk again."
"Your reflections were rather singular for a rejected lover of Miss
Wynde," sneered Craven Black, "I
thought you loved the heiress?"
"So I do, but not as I loved Lally. If Miss Wynde does not take
pity on me, I am lost. The love of
a good woman would save me from
madness and utter despair. In time
I might grow to love her as I loved
Lally, and in any case I would worally, and in any case I would worship her from very gratitude." "I am blessed if I can understand

ou, said Craven Black, his lips surling. You love a dead woman and a living woman, and mourn one while you want to marry the other. while you want to marry the other. It is very curious. It's a pity you are not a Mohommedan, so that you could have had both."
"Stop!" cried Rufus, in a tone of command. "Don't speak such words in connection with the names of Lalengary Words. I want to

and Miss Wynde. I want to marry Neva to save myself from going mad—"
"After another woman? Exactly. No wonder Miss Wynde declined the

onor, with thanks."
"I shall leave here to-morrow." said Rufus

"You won't do any such thing. You will stay at Hawkhurst for the remainder of the week, and play the lover to Miss Wynde, and sigh like any donkey in her ears, and spout poetry, and touch her heart. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' says the proverb. Girls often refuse a man the first time he offers, for fear of

the first time he offers, for fear of being held too cheap. Pursue the girl gently, but keep pursuing."

"She says her father wrote her a letter saying he knew me," said Rufus doggedly. "She asked me about him, and I told her I didn't know Sir Harold from a butcher."

"You did?" gasped Craven Black. "The devil!"

it. I knew you were a fool, but I didn't suppose you had arrived at such a low state of idiocy as it appears you have. Didn't I tell you what to tell the girl if she ever spoke of her father?"
"I believe you did, but I couldn't

stand there with her eyes on me and deliberately lie to her. I understood about the letter. You wrote it." "Hush! I've a good mind to leave you to yourself, and let you fetch up

in some union," declared Craven Black angrily. "Such a dolt as you are isn't fit to live. How do you expect the girl to marry you when you yourself put obstacles in the way?"
"See here," said Rufus. "What are you going to make out of my marriage with Neva Wynde?"
"Ten thousand pounds a year, which you are to formally agree to

pay me out of her income."

"I thought you had some motive in the matter besides love to me. But I'd pay it if she'd marry me. But she won't."

"She will, if you choose to be a little bolder. We leave here my.

wife, Neva and myself, next Monday for Wynde Heights. Mrs. Black will use all her influence with Neva dur-ing her absence to induce her to accept you, and I am even accept you, and I am sure she will succeed. You are to hold yourself in readiness to come to us at any mo-ment on receiving my summons."
"Where is Wynde Heights?"

'In Yorkshire. 'Very well. I will come when you notify me. But I don't think going

#### "JUST AS GOOD"

Has no glimmer of truth in it when it means a substitute for Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

There are cases on record where men and women too have suffered unspeakable torture from piles; where all kinds of remedies have been applied; where the surgeon's knife has been resorted to as the only hope; where electricity has tried its good offices, but without any permanent cure; and Dr. Agnew's Ointment, as the last resort, has proved its magic—one application has given relief. There is no other "just as good." Don't take chances. SOLD BY J. E RICHARDS 55

will do any good. Wiss wynde is no coquette, and not likely to change her mind. Besides, she is likely to marry Lord Towyn."
"I think not," said Craven Black significantly. "She is a minor, and I don't believe she would marry against the wishes of her step-mother?"

her step-mother," remarked Rufus, still recklessly. "The probability is still recklessly. still recklessly. "The probability is that the relationship is worn out by this time, and the sense of duty that Miss Wynde may have felt toward her father's widow will fall short when it comes to be directed toward Crayre, Block's wife." Craven Black's wife."

"We won't go into details," said his father coolly. "If you want to marry the girl, keep telling her so. There's nothing like persistence." 'Ye-s; but about that ten

res; but about that ten thousand pounds a year?' said Rufus thoughtfully. "I don't think it would be right to take any such sum out of her income, and besides, it might be impossible." might be impossible."
"Leave that to me. As to the right and wrong of it, a perjurer is not qualified to judge. Confine yourself to what you can understand. It

I advise you to come down with a cheerful face." Rufus resolved to act upon his father's advice, and when he went down to dinner with a pale, melan-

time to get ready for dinner, and

choly face, and haggard eyes, he wore an air of assumed cheerfulness which touched Neva's heart. That evening he sang with her while she played upon the piano. He quoted poetry to her in the third drawing-room, where they were alone, and afterward induced her to walk in the moonlight upon the terrace.

The next day he was full of delicate attentions to Miss Wynde. She found a bouquet of wood violets at her plate at breakfast, with the dew still upon them, and knew who had procured them for her. He asked to be allowed to accompany her on her morning ride, and Neva assented. After the ride, they played chess, gathered bouquets in the conservatory, and, later, walked in the park. Neva was gently courteous to him all the while, but there was a quiet reserve in her manner that forbade him to speak again of love or marriage to her.

The day after Lord Towyn called at The next day he was full of delicate

The day after Lord Towyn called at Hawkhurst, and Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black received him with all courtesy, and were so politely attentive to him that he could not exchange a word with Neva unheard by them

The young earl went away, as may supposed, troubled and annoved On Friday he rode over again from is marine villa, and was similarly ntertained, and again could not see

On Saturday he came to Hawk-hurst in the early morning, and learned at the lodge gate that Miss Wynde, attended by her groom, was gone for a ride, and that she had gone by the Dingle Farm. Eis heart bounded within him, and he spurred away in eager pursuit.

away in eager pursuit.

He traversed the wood and crossed the wide common, and skirted the dangerous chalk pit, and rode up to the old farm gate just as Neva, remounting her horse, came riding out on her return.

on her return.

The young earl's warm blue eyes flashed a tender radiance upon her, and he raised his hat, his golden hair gleaming in the sunshine, while his noble face glowed with a laughing delight. An answering radiance flashed from New's rad-brown orbs flashed from Neva's red-brown orbs.

and she blushed as she bade him a careless good-morning.
"I came out to meet you," said!
Lord Towyn, as he wheeled his horse

and rode at her side. "I have much to say to you."

He glanced over his shoulder, but the discreet groom was hanging back, and with a mental blessing upon the fellow, Lord Towyn saw that the field was clear, and that the the field was clear, and that the time had arrived in which to learn

They rode on for a little while in silence, until they were past the chalk pit, and out upon the breezy chalk pit, and out upon the breezy common. The groom was out of ear shot, and the young earl said gently: "Neva, I have been twice to Hawk-hurst to receive the answer you promised me, but I could not speak to you alone. I may not find an-other opportunity than this, as you go with the Blacks to Wynde Heights on Monday. And so, although this does not seem a fitting place, I ask does not seem a fitting place, I ask you again if you will be my wife. I love you, Neva, with all my heart and soul. If you will trust your happiness to me, you will find in me a true lover to the end of our days. Do you think you could be happy with me?"

Neva's pure proud face flushed hot-ly, and she bent her head low to-ward her saddle-bow. Lord Towyn waited for her answer in an almost breathless suspense, but she did no peak until they were in the wood ath and out of sight of even the

gging groom.
Then she lifted her head shyly, and upon her lover s divinely fair as a June more urned as roseate as a June morning, and although she spoke no word he read assent in the drooping eyes, the

eddening cheeks, and tremulous mouth

He pressed toward her in rapture, and seized one little gauntleted hand, pressing it in his own.
"It is Yes, Neva?" he whispered, as if fearing the very birds might hear him. "Oh, my darling, how.

He raised her hand to his lips, and the contact thrilled his very soul. He looked back. No one was in sight. He stooped in his saddle and bent toward her, and his kiss, warm, tender, and passionate, fell upon her scarlet mouth, and thus they were betrothed.

The next instant he was

betrothed.

The next instant he was again erect in his saddle, and the estacy of his glowing face and the unrepressed rapture of his manner. and the tender caressing in his very gaze, proclaimed his great and solemn joy.

'I have a ring, it was my mother's, Neva, and I ask you to wear it as a sign of our engagement to each other," he said. "When I see my mother's ring on your finger, I shall feel that you are indeed mine."

He took from his little finger a

He took from his little finger a gold ring set with a single brilliant of great size and splendor. Neva trembling removed her gauntlet, and the young earl placed the ring upon that finger which custom has dedicated to the purpose.

"That is the seal of our betrothal," he whispered.

"That is the seal of our betrothal," he whispered.
Neva slowly put on her glove.
"Arthur," she said suddenly, "do you think papa would have approved my marriage with you?"
"I know he would, my darling. It was his wish, as it was my father's, that we should marry.
"If I could only think that he never changed his mind!" sighed the

"If I could only think that he never changed his mind!" sighed the young girl. "I have a letter howote me the night before he perished in India, Arthur, and in his letter he sals that he desires me to marry Rufus Black

marry Rufus Black."

The young carl looked surprised, incredulous.

"I have the letter with me," said Neva. "You can read it. In it papa says he desires me to marry this young man, whom he esteems and loves. I have struggled to obey papa's last wishes, but I cannot—I cannot! And he was such a good father, Arthur, that I reproach myfather, Arthur, that I reproach my-self continually for my disobedience. I never disobeyed him before, and I seem to see his eyes full of reproach fixed upon me, and to hear his voice—Oh, Arthur! Arthur!"

"Let me see the letter, darling."
Neva extricated it from the fold of her dress, and gave it to him They halted while he read it. They halted while he read it. A look of surprise, wonder and incredulity mantled Lord Towyn's face as he read. It was followed by a sternness that well became his fair and haughty face.

"I pronounce the letter a forgery!" he declared. "May I keep it Neva, for the present? I desire to show it to Mr. Atkins, who shall give us his opinion on the handwriting."

"Yes; keep it," assented Neva.

'Yes; keep it," assented Neva. Lord Towyn carefully put

his pocket.
"I pronounce the letter a forgery," he repeated sternly. "How did it come to you, darling!"

"Lady Wynde gave it to me on my return from France. Papa desired her to retain it for a year. Who would forge such a letter, Arthur?" "I don't know. I am puzzled, One cannot suspect Lady, Wynde, and yet—and yet—I don't know what to think, Neva. I don't believe Str Harold ever saw Ruius Black."

"Rufus says he never saw papa, or that he never spoke to him," said Neva. "And that remark made we don't the latter Parallel Parkers."

said Neva. "And that remark made me doubt the letter. But Rufus never forged it, Arthur. Rufus is a kind-hearted, but weak-willed boy—he is no more. If the had more backbone

in his character, he would be even noble. I like him, Arthur, and I know he never wrote that letter. Lady Wynde did not. She is too good for that. It might have been written by Craven Black. I do not like him, and think him quite capable of the forgery, only so many of the words are papa's own that it seems wicked to doubt its authenticity."

I will prove it a forgery," cried the young earl. "Sir Harold was in-capable of binding your fate in this manner to a man you never saw be-fore it was written. There is some foul conspiracy against you. Neva, but we have outwitted your enemies. I am impatient to have possibility that you have enemies makes me afraid to trust you from me. Give up this visit to Wynde Heights, darling."

Heights, darling."
"It is too late, Arthur. We shall stay there but a fortnight, and I have promised to go. Papa hade me love his wife and obey her, and though she no longer bears his name, and I no longer owe her obedience, yet I have given my word to go up to Yorkshire with her, and must keep my promise."

"But when you return, Neva, you will marry me? Do not condemn me to a long probation. Let us be married quietly some morning at Wyndham church, after due intimation to our friends. Shall it not be so?"

Neva yielded a shy assent.
"We will be married a month hence, Neva?" whispered the ardent

oung lover. 'Two months,' said Neva, ing. 'I must not be too lightly won, Lord Towyn. And besides I must have the orthodox trousseau. I will tell Mrs. Black of our engagement when I am with her at Wynde Heights. Rufus is not going with

is, nor is Artress."

They had threaded the wood and sirce while they were talking, and were now within sight of I hurst. Rufus Black was riding f the great gates, on his way to neet Neva. The tete-a-tete of the young pair was over for the mor ing, and recognizing the fact, not Wishing to proclaim his secret to his defeated rival, secret to his defeated rival, Lord Towyn made his adieus to Neva begging her to write to him daily

CATARRH CURE ... 25c. to sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower, it is the ulcers, commend and droppings in the commendation of the comm

from Yorkshire, which she promised

to do, and then raising his hat to Rufus Black, the young earl spurred his horse and rode swiftly on toward Wyndham.

Neva returned home with Rufus.

On Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black, accompanied by Miss Wynde, departed for Wynde Heights.

On Wednesday, Lord Towyn looked for a letter from his young betrothed, None came. Thursday, Friday and Saturday went by, and still there came no letter from Neva, announcing her safe arrival in Yorkshire.

shire.

The young earl wrote every day, The young earl wrote every day, his uneasiness increasing as the time passed. He communicated his alarm to Sir John Freise and Mr. Atkins, and they telegraphed to the clergyman of the little town whose vicinity Wynde Heights was situated, begging him to call and see if Miss Wynde was in good

The answer to this despatch came

romptly, and also by telegraph. It was to this effect:
"Sir John Freise and Mr. Atkins: Wynde Heights is untenanted, save by the housekeeper. Miss Wynde has not been here, nor have Mr. and Mrs. Black."

On receipt of this astounding mes-sage, the young earl posted up to town, as did Sir John Freise and Mr. Atkins. They searched for the missing heiress and her guardians, but their search was futile. Not a trace of her could be found. She had come up to London with her en-emies, but no further clue to her could be found. She had completely disappeared, and her fate was shrouded in dark and horrible mys-

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The north half of Lot No. 10, in the 3rd Con., containing 100 acres. On it are situated a 1½ story brick house, large bank harrande acres of the story brick house, large bank harrande story brick house, large bank harrande story brick house, large bank harrande story brick house. situated a 1½ story brick house, large bank barn and a good orchard. Also the costhwest quarter of Lot 9, in the 3rd Con., containing 50 acres. On this farm is a nearly new two story frame house and two barns. These properties are about two miles from Vienna and three miles from Port Barwell and are desirable farms.

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