

GILLETTS LYE

The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS 100% PURE

TRUE TO HIS RACE

CHAPTER XXXV.

Meanwhile Lord Wellrose went down to the drawing room to welcome his parents. But he had to wait a few moments for the duke and duchess, who had gone to their dressing rooms to change their travelling suits. At length they both entered together. And after an affectionate greeting, they sat down, and the duchess said: "Your letter surprised us very much, Wellrose."

"We set off at once, to know what was the matter," added the duke. "Heavens, Wellrose! how your face changes! What can have happened?"

"Out with your bad news at once! It will not improve by keeping," said the duke, uneasily.

"There is no bad news, father, although there is something to tell that will startle you very much."

"Tell it, then."

"First let me offer my mother a glass of wine and a biscuit," said the earl, and he rang and gave the order. After the refreshments had been brought and tasted, the duchess said: "For mercy's sake, my son, do not keep us longer in suspense."

"No, do not," added the duke.

"Then read this document, my father, and see if you recognize this little relic of my mother," said the earl, as he drew a small parcel from his bosom, and placed Dr. Seton's confession in the duke's hand, and the little embroidered sock on the duchess's lap.

The duke unfolded the paper and began to read.

The duchess picked up the little sock, looked at it, and, with a half-suppressed cry, turned her eyes on Wellrose.

Her color came and went; she trembled much; she could scarcely articulate the question:

"Where did you find it?"

"Folded in the document that my father is reading," replied the earl, in a low tone.

"She rose, pale and trembling, and stood behind the duke's sofa, and leaned over his shoulder to look at the document. His face was as pale as hers. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as they followed the lines of that written confession. But, considering his wife's approach, without taking his eyes from the paper, he put out his hand and drew her to a seat by his side, wound his arm protectively around her, and let her read as she did.

Their faces paled and paled as they read. Sometimes her head dropped upon his shoulder, and a great heaving sob convulsed her bosom. And then his arm closed tight around her; but his eyes never left following the lines of that paper until he had read it to its close. Then he turned toward his wife, and their eyes met in grief and horror.

The duchess found her voice first: "Oh, my son! my son! my first-born! my best beloved! Oh, my innocent! my holiest! what has become of you? What has been your fate?" she cried, wringing her hands in an anguish too deep for tears.

The Earl of Wellrose, who had been standing pale and silent before them, now dropped on one knee beside her, saying:

"Dear mother, be comforted. Your son, my brother lives."

"Lives!" echoed the parents, in a breath.

"Yes, lives! Be assured of it, for I know it!"

"Lives!" said the duke again. "Ay, but his life may be worse than death."

"Not so," said the earl, hastily. "He has won honor in the service of his country. He was foremost in the glorious charge at Inkerman. His hand placed his regimental colors on the walls of Sebastopol. And though he has returned wounded and ill, he will yet do well."

They listened to him with breathless interest. Suddenly the duchess caught his arm, strained her eyes into his, and murmured hoarsely:

was certainly legal in the last-mentioned country, though not in the first. The son of that first marriage would certainly be the lawful heir of all his father's and his mother's estates in Scotland."

"Most assuredly," put in Lord Wellrose.

"But not in England," continued the duke. "And, although he is even now master of Seton, and will be, after his mother, Baron of Lintilhagh, he cannot possibly become, after me, the Duke of Cheviot. This title, with all its appendages, in England, will be the inheritance of yourself, Wellrose, as the sole son of the second marriage, which was legal everywhere," said the duke.

"And yet, father, in strict justice, if not in law, my elder brother should have been heir to all."

"In strict justice, yes," admitted the duke.

"Then, I repeat, my brother shall have strict justice. It can be managed. A petition to the House of Lords would surely get a decree constituting that first marriage legal in England, as it is in Scotland, and making my elder brother the heir to all your titles and estates in both countries. Such decrees, under such justifiable circumstances, have been granted heretofore, and will be hereafter," urged the earl.

"I am, of course, aware of that, Wellrose. But you, my son—you who yourself have been brought up to consider yourself the heir?" said the duke with tears in his eyes.

"I repeat that I must not be thought of in this matter. I have held my brother's birthright long enough. I must hold it no longer. Besides, I can make my own place in the world, dear father."

"Heaven bless you, my boy; you have a noble heart," said the duke.

"Kinlock is here, father. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes, I should. I should like to hear from his own lips further details of this discovery."

"Then I will send him here to talk with you, while I go up to my brother's room and break the news to him."

And the earl kissed his mother's hand and left the room.

He found Dr. Kinlock pacing up and down the hall.

"Have you seen my brother lately?"

Lord Wellrose.

"I have just left him," answered the doctor.

"He is awake, then?"

"Oh, yes, awake and much refreshed."

"Then I will go to him. The hour for the revelation has come. Go you, dear doctor, and tell them they are in the big drawing room waiting for you," said the earl, as he bowed and passed up the stairs.

He found Benjamin still reclining on his sofa, but looking brighter and stronger from his sleep.

The earl sat down beside the invalid, took his hand in his own, and, while he held it, said:

"My father and mother are here for a few days. They wish to see you, Benjamin, as soon as you are strong enough to see them."

"It is very kind of their graces. I thank them very much. I hope they are well," replied Benny.

"They are very well. They both take a great interest in you. Douglas, they feel sure that you must be a near relative of the family."

Benny lifted his eyes enquiringly to the face of the earl. He seemed to think that there was something to be told.

"And I, Douglas, have told you often that I feel convinced you are very nearly related to us."

"Indeed I hope it may be so. I would like to be your cousin, Lord Wellrose."

"You may be even nearer kin to me than that. Very singular, your exact resemblance to myself and your earliest garments marked with the crest of my mother's family."

Benjamin, enquiringly into the face of his brother.

"Would it surprise you much to find out for a certainty that you are very nearly related to us indeed?" enquired the earl, looking wistfully into the clear eyes that were returned to his. Benny's color came and went; he breathed fast, but faltered forth the words:

"No; I do not think it would."

"Then, my dear Douglas, read this paper," said the earl, placing in his hand the written confession of Dr. Seton, watching him closely.

As Benny read, his face paled and he gasped alternately. And when he finished the paper slip from his hand, and he lifted his hands and laid them over his face.

"Douglas! Douglas! my brother!" murmured the earl, anxiously bending over him.

"My brother!" echoed Benny in a tone of infinite tenderness, as he uncared forly must have justice, and can have it. I see clearly enough how all this may be arranged," said the earl, earnestly.

"You were always unselfish, Wellrose. But let us examine this question in a legal point of view for a moment. You may not be so great a loser as at first sight it would appear," said the duke, reflectively.

Eglantine and her son both looked up inquiringly.

"Our first youthful marriage, secretly solemnized in England, and afterward openly acknowledged in Scotland

"Catarrhazone" Prevents Bad Colds Strengthens Weak Irritable Throats

zone goes right to the spot—acts quickly, cures thoroughly catarrh, bronchitis and all throat affections.

"Nothing could kill a cold so fast as Catarrhazone," writes Amey E. Snelling, from St. Johns. "Last month I had a frightful cold in my head, suffered from itching nose, running eyes and torturing headache. Ten minutes with 'Catarrhazone' inhaler gave relief and in one hour I was well of my cold. Catarrhazone I consider a marvel."

Carry "Catarrhazone" inhaler in your pocket or purse—take it to church—to the theatre—to work—use it in bed. It prevents and cures all manner of nose and throat troubles. Complete outfit, guaranteed \$1.00; small size, 50c.; sample size, 25c.; at dealers everywhere.

DEVILED SHIRTS. When Dumas Really Thought He Had Started a New Fashion.

Alexandre Dumas, the famous French romancier, was as recklessly extravagant as he was abnormally stout, and more than once found himself in awkward straits. Indeed, he was often enough without the commonest necessities, even of dress, as when anxious to attend an ambassador's reception he discovered he was without a single clean shirt among his linen. A friend, who chanced to be with him at the time, volunteered to go and buy one, to find that none of the shops had in stock a garment sufficiently large to encircle the novelist's generous girth of neck and chest.

At last, when on the point of relinquishing his search, Dumas' friend came upon a shop where a shirt called "the recruit" was advertised. The name struck him as being one of good omen, and he entered. But, alas, they had nothing approaching the size required, unless, indeed, their customer would care to take one made to order of a very corpulent Quartier Latin student, by whom it had been left on their hands. Although covered with little red devils, the student, in red, it was a case of Hobson's choice, so the shirt was purchased and taken home to Dumas, who, doubtless entering into the humor of the situation, resolved to wear it at the reception.

"You would hardly believe it," he said afterward, "but my costume was an immense success, and I really think I have started the fashion of deviled shirts for evening wear."—London Tit-Bits.

EVER FEEL "DOPEY" AFTER MEALS?

At times we all feel dull and heavy. Just one thing to do—relax the bowels and cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Unclean matter is flushed out, the liver is toned, blood is purified, and at once you feel better. Good health and jovial spirits are quickly found in this celebrated medicine. Enormous benefits follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills in every case; they are very mild, very prompt and guaranteed by the makers. Insist on getting Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25 cents per box everywhere.

GIANT GUNS WEAK POINTS

"Shells can play more odd tricks on a battlefield than the fires of heaven ever did during a storm. After the French three-inch rapid-firing gun, the most interesting as well as probably the most discussed weapon used by civilized men to know into kingdom come, their equally civilized brothers, is the 420-millimeter (about 17 inches) mortar used by the Germans and built by Krupp—in the utmost secrecy. It was said, and it has since been verified at Maubeuge, that the concrete foundations from which these mortars can only be fired had been prepared for years by representatives of the German military authorities in various spots near the fortified cities of Belgium and France. Such representatives were generally welcomed into those countries as managers, or proprietors of various factories."

THE BANK GRAVEYARD.

It is not generally known that the Bank of England, "the Old Lady of Threadneedle street," contains within its walls a graveyard. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, having the peculiar name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and an act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. This, now tastefully laid out, is called the "bank garden." It is the largest lime tree in London.—London Standard.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM

The Disease is Always Rooted in the Blood, Which Must Be Made Rich and Pure.

There are still many people who imagine that rheumatism can be cured by liniments and rubbing, overlooking the medical fact that the trouble is rooted in the blood. Rheumatism can only be cured by cleansing and enriching the blood, thus drying out of the system the poisonous acids which cause the rheumatic pains. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism because they go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. Every dose helps to make rich, red blood, and this new blood expels the poisonous acid bringing health and comfort to the tortured victim. Do not waste time and money in liniments and outward applications. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and thus drive the disease out of your system. Here is proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do in cases of this kind. Mr. Richard Palmer, Wroster, Ont., says: "For months my life was made miserable through a combined attack of rheumatism and sciatica. The rheumatism seemed to settle in all my joints and the sciatica pains were so great that I could scarcely hobble about. I am a farmer and so you can understand that in my condition I was unable to do my ordinary work. Neither doctors nor various remedies I took did me any good. Finally I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for this I have much to be thankful for, as after taking a few boxes the pains began to disappear, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every tinge of both the rheumatism and the sciatica had disappeared and I was able to go to work again as usual, and have not lost a day through illness since. I am thoroughly grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

It is the curing of just such cases as these that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide popularity. You can get the Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ACHING BONES AND SORE JOINTS CURED! ALL RHEUMATIC TENDENCIES DESTROYED!

Away Go the Crutches, Every Sufferer Made Well Quickly.

Old age is usually afflicted with rheumatism. Very few past fifty escape its tortures. Many it bends and deforms. Upon the countenance of others it marks the effects of its awful poisoning. Nerviline will cure rheumatism. It takes the pain out of throbbing muscles and swollen joints. It untwists knarled knuckles. It does this quickly and surely.

Nerviline is not used internally. You just rub it on—lots of hard rubbing is required for a minute or two, and then you feel Nerviline penetrat-

ing through the tissues, you feel it drawing out the congestion, feel it sink in deeper and deeper till at last it touches the core of the joint or the heart of the muscle affected.

You won't stay in pain with Nerviline—no one ever does. Just try it—you will be amazed at its magical power over pain, a power it gets from the extracts and juices of certain rare herbs and roots it contains. It's harmless—any child can use Nerviline, can rub it on for a sore throat, for a bad cold, or stiff neck, or earache. No family remedy half so useful.

The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers, or the Catarrhazone Co., Kingston.

Finding Relief She Tells Others

MRS. W. J. MALONEY TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE.

She Had Tried Numerous Other Remedies, But Found No Relief Till She Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Barachois West, Gaspé Co., Que., March 15th—(Special)—Mrs. W. J. Maloney, a well known resident of this place, is recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to those who suffer from Kidney Troubles. In an interview Mrs. Maloney says:

"After suffering for many years with backache, and trying many remedies without obtaining relief I read about Dodd's Kidney Pills and decided to try them."

"After using two boxes I was greatly benefited, and recommend them to other sufferers. I also used them for my little girl for kidney troubles."

Mrs. Maloney got relief from her backache because Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her Kidney trouble, and that was the cause of her backache. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure their work and strain all the impurities out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure so many diseases that are caused by impure blood.

Encouraging.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your eldest sister. Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but she says the first fellow that comes has to have her.