on earth who has best ommand you. Would not it would not it show more ense to do it with a good a bad ope?"

silent, too utterly wrathful to bring out a single word; tubborn pride of her face how little effect his words

continues, severely, with a song sarcasm in his slow and words, "if neither affects and the week," if neither affects 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 affects and ill, and—" the ill?" cries Gillian, the her tongue suddenly loosed, rent of excited words pouring lips, while cheeks and chinfair throat grow all one red-

orrent of excited words pouring or lips, while cheeks and chin arl-fair throat grow all one redirection of the case, was 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 fo show his power over me. He

o show his power over me. He well as you or I—"
ops, out of breath.
time he is not as well as you Burnet, quietly; "you plies Bur be afraid!"

epiles Burnet, quietly; "you be afraid!"
or silence—a more hostile one, he possible, that the former ian's side; a coldly observant pectant one pn 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 unocdumb persons—he breaks it.
mail leaves Carnforth at 8.5," in a matter-of-fact business "I am told that the distance are is seven miles; and, as the re heavy, we had better not than seven in setting off."

he bows, no longer impeding, the contrary, aiding her exit, opens the door wide for her; the wilder another look at him, but, breating even to hold the arm and sinks are ampletest; the contrary of the process of the contrary of the contrary and in plettest contrary are to hold the arm and sinks are ampletest; the wilder contrary the process of the contrary are to hold the arm and sinks are ampletest; the contrary of the process of the contrary of the contrary and in the contrary of the contrary of

true on her brass, worste, d, reuted! If the village, the apt the reclaimed drunkards ber now, would they know

CHAPTER IV.

evera hours have gone by, and the lie drab day has already dropped to the maw of the huge and hungry ght. It was most unlovely while it ed, and nobody regrets it now that is dead. Probably to-morrow will not a little brother quite as vely; for the moment we may forget it, that the curtains are heavily windropped, and the lamps steadily rining under gay shades. Lights in the rooms, lights in the passages, ghts everywhere, save in the playon, where the Christmas-tree stands the all his peg-tops and trumpets, ith his crowning doll still poised on the leg, in the dark, forgotten and lipsed. Yes; eclipsed, and thrust to the shade by a newer topic of ingrest—by Gillian's going; for Gilan is going. Her high looks and fleriy the shade seek and flering the shade seek and the shade seek and the shade seek and flering the shade seek and the shade seek an est—by Gillian's going; for Gil-n is going. Her high looks and fiery res—her wreathed neck and flaming seks—have been among the utterly ll and waste things of this wasteful

Nobody seems one penny the worse or them; and the brougham is ordered to be at the door at seven o'clock. It is not seven yet, however. There is fill a spare half hour. A sensible sirl would be spending it in solid eating—one can eat a very great deal in helf an hour—in up-building herself to defy the raw night and the railway buns; but Gillian is doing nothing of the lind. She is sitting with her uncle in nd. She is sitting with her uncle in s study, giving him her last mournful mmands and prohibitions, which he receiving with his usual complete ss. Her head is resting on nd sorrow are welling into her eyes and flowing over their brims. Some-imes she wipes them away; sometimes s; sometimes they remain un-

is the best, thing to a suppose it is the best thing to do." 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. "I am no great physiognomist; I dare say you are right."

A pause.

pause. 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 am a little afraid of Jane," pur

sues 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. herself could have any sympathy.
"Will you try to keep her a little in check?"

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

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 mistake. Will you remind her?"

"Yes, Gill."

Again they are silent, but so is not the wind. Plainly they can hear it raying and tearing and hustling out-side.

Gillian shudders.

"What have I done to deserve a journey of a hundred and fifty miles on such a might, and in such company?" she growns 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-

"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 my lips to him."

Vhat! not between Carnforth and raising his gray eyebrows air of slight incredulity. "Medly not!"

ed 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 inten-

otally neglected by everybody-for not everybody fully occupied in kiss-ng and crying over Gillian?—he is inof-censively employed employed in the background in putting on his own coat

and drawing on a very ugly pair of woollen gloves.

"Good-by, dear!" says Gillian, solemnly, and in a raither choked voice, though still with a tone of authority and admonition in it as she throws two furry arms tound her uncle sneek. "Remember all I have told you, and let me find everything just as I left when I come back.

"If you are not back by Sunday, Gill, I will take your class," cries Jane, in a confident, managing voice. "I will Gill, I will take your class," cries Jane, 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 pasty candles, and easing his mind by

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

The adieux are ended now, and Gillian turns toward the snowy night, and the open brougham door, bit 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.

"If you please, ma'am, she has gone on in a fly with the luggage!

At hearing these words Gillian's heart sinks with a sick presage of misfortune. But desperate ills ask desperate remedies. Presence of mind and resolution 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 chill 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 box."

The sadieux are ended now, and Gil-contained hostility as her own; be cause, if not, I should be glad to read."

For a moment she demurs, unwilling to accede to any proposal made by hum, however harmless, or in itself even desirable; loath to give her consent, to anything that is likely to promote his comfort.

"It can not affect you much," he goes on, impatiently, while she feels, without seeing, that through the obscurity he is glowering irritatedly at her—"it will not hinder your sleeping if you wish. We have neither of us any desire to talk; and to get an undisturbed hour's reading is a great object to me." He stops, awaiting her answer.

She must give one of some kind or other.

"Pray do as you please," she says, ungraciously; "it is a matter of complete indifference to me."

But it is not. However, he requires no further permission, but at once fastens the lamp by its little hook into the cushion behind him, and takes out a book. Gillian tries to resume her meditations, and to pick them up again at the

go on the box."

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:

that there was a twinkle of angry mirth in his eyes, as he answers, bowing formally:

"Thank you, I do not smoke. As I have already a cold, I will, with your 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-atele; the same foot-warmer communicating its peaceable warmth to both alike; 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 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

as small a compass as she can, and shrunk up into her corner, sweeping away her fur 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 tinnet, like a bird's

further in her muff, and raising but 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 repeats 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 which she is now facing; 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 grand father-with whom she has never lived

return with whom she has never lived, in separation 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 surmotion 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 another lithand. Then there comes another little 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 a voice comes.

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

Dr .Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Eackache and lame back are the first marked symptoms of kidney dis-ease. 'Scores and hundreds of peo-ple suffer with weak and aching ple suffer with weak and aching backs, not knowing that their kid-neys are diseased and that they are liable to attack by the most fatal

liseases.

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Mr. Fred Meggs, General Merchant, Wolverton, Out., writes: "I was

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Fred Meggs, General Merchant,
Wolverton, Ont., writes: "I was
troubled for five years with kidney
disease and a very lame back and was
so bad I could not ride in a buggy.
At times I could not turn over in my
bed, and there were brickduct deposits in the urine. In vain I took medicines of various kinds. They seemed
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Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills helped me
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healthy kidneys, active liver and keep
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You will soon get rid of that cough if you use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cts a bottle. Shrine with cyclists.

ungraciously: "it is a matter of complete indifference to me."

But it is not. However, he requires no further permission, but at once fastens the lamp by its little hook into the cushion behind him, and takes out a book. Gillian tries to resume her meditations, and to pick them up again at the point where they had been broken off; she tries to summon up again the image of her father, and to remarshal in order her faint reminiscences of him, and her resolution to do him good, whether he likes it or not. But it is no use. It is true that the candle is no annoyance to her personally, since her head and eyes are in deep shade. The modest light fally only on the open book, on the wolf-skin rug, on Burnet's woollen fingers as he turns the page; but the idea of it teases her. There is also a new sense of offense and brooding injury in her breast. His "neither of us has any desire to falk" rankles in her mind. If it is undoubtedly true, yet it is not his part to say so. Though, of course, nothing would induce her to converse, yet he ought to be not only willing but anxious to do so, did she give him an opening. By and by that 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 fastness of her corner, she can make out that the broad and clearly printed age outspread on her neighbor's known companion is reading, and so peep, as through a loophole, into his mind, begins to worry her. Even from the comparatively distant fastness of her corner, she can make out that the broad and clearly printed the last the last though she was sequaint—

After resisting the temptation for some time, she at last edges a little mearer, quite noiselessly, and without any danger of detection, as she flatters herself. Finding that nothing can be easier, the begins, almost before she is ware, to read over her enemy's shoulder with him. It is apparently

any danger of detection, as she flat-ters 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 sparkle and blaze on threads of prose. Some minutes pass. She has read a page 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 I may classify my poets, but full of epithers almost impossible to English.

"I cry you, love, at earliest break of day;
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 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

or earth denies the wanton child his 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 A dainty snare Over your hearts at last. "But, see—"

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, reherself. In a moment she has shrunk up again into her corner, shamed, re-morseful, red, and hoping that her lapse from dignity and self-respect has been perceived by no one but her-self. But in this she is apparently

"Did you speak?" he says, lifting his 'No-o!" she stammers: "I-I-only

coughed."
"I beg your pardon," he rejoins, dryly; "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, execrating the Greek anthology, and forgetting even to think of how much they are missing her

CHAPTER V.

Carnforth station is very empty when they arrive there. The wind, with his long, stinging lash, seems to have driven every one off the platform, exept the porters and a few ulstered, omfortered men, stamping up and own, waiting for the night mail. In the waiting-room Gillian 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 and ringing bell tell her that it is soming. 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

door of an empty carriage, into which he motions her, speaks: "Will you tell my maid, please? I always have her in the same carriage

with me."
"I am afraid that you will have to

"I am afraid that you will have to 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," rejoined 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

you as soon as possible. I think I must ask you to get in, please." He looks so resolves, and the porters

He looks so resolves, and the portersare beginning to shut the carriage
doors so quickly, and her own mind
is in such a 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 unnatural tele-a-tete. There is but one
improvement upon the first part in it, matural tote-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 each other. There need be now no contact of hostile cleeves, no enforced partnership

(To be continued.)

becoming a popular

Little Boy's Terrible Eczema, Mass of Sores from Head to Foot. Not an Inch of Body Unaffected.

Skin Came off with Bandages. Screams Were Heart-Breaking. 3 Doctors & Institute no Avail. CURED BY CUTICURA.

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The Skin and Scalp.

That is to say, CUTICURA RESOLVENT PURIFIES the blood and circulating fluids of HUNON GERMS, and thus removes the cause, while warm bath? With CUTICURA SOAP and gentle autointings with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures, cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, allay itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal. Thus are speedily, permanently, and conomically cured the most torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fall.

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It shouldn't be so—wouldn't be so in nine cases out of ten if women only knew that backaches are kidney aches -that tired limbs are merely tired kid-

neys.

Kidneys are delicate little organs.

Can't stand too much work, get tired and out of sorts just as any other

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"I have been troubled with my kidneys for some time, the result of a

"The pains in my back were very severe and gave me a great deal of suf-

rering "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 troubles and lumbago, and can do any kind of hard household work without pain or fatigner."

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