

OF LIFE!

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d annoying sympl by most women. E. Pinkham for has done for me. I was in a bad way at the trying life.

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Mrs. Pinkham for has done for me. I was in a bad way at the trying life.

Root Compound used monthly by over 500,000 Ladies ask for it. Cures Root Complaints, Piles, and all other ailments. Price, 50c per box. No. 1, \$1 per box. No. 2, \$2 per box. No. 3, \$3 per box. No. 4, \$4 per box. No. 5, \$5 per box. No. 6, \$6 per box. No. 7, \$7 per box. No. 8, \$8 per box. No. 9, \$9 per box. No. 10, \$10 per box. No. 11, \$11 per box. No. 12, \$12 per box. No. 13, \$13 per box. No. 14, \$14 per box. No. 15, \$15 per box. No. 16, \$16 per box. No. 17, \$17 per box. No. 18, \$18 per box. No. 19, \$19 per box. No. 20, \$20 per box. No. 21, \$21 per box. No. 22, \$22 per box. No. 23, \$23 per box. No. 24, \$24 per box. No. 25, \$25 per box. No. 26, \$26 per box. No. 27, \$27 per box. No. 28, \$28 per box. No. 29, \$29 per box. No. 30, \$30 per box. No. 31, \$31 per box. No. 32, \$32 per box. No. 33, \$33 per box. No. 34, \$34 per box. No. 35, \$35 per box. No. 36, \$36 per box. No. 37, \$37 per box. No. 38, \$38 per box. No. 39, \$39 per box. No. 40, \$40 per box. No. 41, \$41 per box. No. 42, \$42 per box. No. 43, \$43 per box. No. 44, \$44 per box. No. 45, \$45 per box. No. 46, \$46 per box. No. 47, \$47 per box. No. 48, \$48 per box. No. 49, \$49 per box. No. 50, \$50 per box. No. 51, \$51 per box. No. 52, \$52 per box. No. 53, \$53 per box. No. 54, \$54 per box. No. 55, \$55 per box. No. 56, \$56 per box. No. 57, \$57 per box. No. 58, \$58 per box. No. 59, \$59 per box. No. 60, \$60 per box. No. 61, \$61 per box. No. 62, \$62 per box. No. 63, \$63 per box. No. 64, \$64 per box. No. 65, \$65 per box. No. 66, \$66 per box. No. 67, \$67 per box. No. 68, \$68 per box. No. 69, \$69 per box. No. 70, \$70 per box. No. 71, \$71 per box. No. 72, \$72 per box. No. 73, \$73 per box. No. 74, \$74 per box. No. 75, \$75 per box. No. 76, \$76 per box. No. 77, \$77 per box. No. 78, \$78 per box. No. 79, \$79 per box. No. 80, \$80 per box. No. 81, \$81 per box. No. 82, \$82 per box. No. 83, \$83 per box. No. 84, \$84 per box. No. 85, \$85 per box. No. 86, \$86 per box. No. 87, \$87 per box. No. 88, \$88 per box. No. 89, \$89 per box. No. 90, \$90 per box. No. 91, \$91 per box. No. 92, \$92 per box. No. 93, \$93 per box. No. 94, \$94 per box. No. 95, \$95 per box. No. 96, \$96 per box. No. 97, \$97 per box. No. 98, \$98 per box. No. 99, \$99 per box. No. 100, \$100 per box.

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HER SECOND LOVE.

Continued from page 6.

ness as a matter of course, but it is not always on that her fancy dwells with the utmost complacency, but on strength and intellect. What crime would we not forgive sooner than cowardice?

"My dear, I should not like, for one, to do without goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Erskine.

"No, no; I was not saying that, but simply that goodness does not hold so prominent a place in a woman's first ideal, as in a man's; a very faulty and undisciplined ideal you may say, but it is true for all that."

"Well, you are right in a way, certainly. I cannot deny it."

"I think we might be allowed to care for dress. I do not know that any other passion is lawful to woman-kind," said Margaret, flippantly, returning to the charge.

"Only one other; the love of children," said Constance, in a tone of unaffected regret.

"Children, yes," and Margaret's harsh manner changed; when she spoke of children, she was always at her best.

"How differently people wish for children," said Constance, who was never at a loss for a theory. "Some through the pure instinct of maternity, and others, often only through their devotion to another; they wish,—they wish, in short, to be the mother of Caesar's children; and the two feelings, one of devotion to Caesar, and the other of abstract maternity, are not the same."

They laughed at Constance's illustration.

"Mrs. Everett quoting Caesar. Ah! she really knows about everything," chimed in Mrs. Lewis, who had just entered the room; and they all laughed more.

Margaret and Constance still sat talking, working the allegory of Caesar's wife, &c., and imagining wonderful situations, which happily are never (all at least) accumulated in the destiny of one unfortunate.

Margaret grew melancholy, making as the French book would say, "a return upon herself." Georgy thought how different Margaret must have been before she grew bitter, and became Mrs. Lewis. "When she was in love with Caesar, for instance," when she was legitimately sentimental, and did not live on the lukewarm remnants of her feelings. It sometimes strikes one that such fare must be insipid. Those who partake of it do not always follow the natural law of progression from word to deed; which must make the course all the more rapid. They do not take the comfort which sentimentality suggests at last; but they are excellent people, and fulfill all the duties of their station.

Mrs. Lewis was in reality a good woman, so with what she liked our private taste need not interfere.

Georgy's reflection was that matrimony had wrought this change in her. "Why could not Margaret, too, have married a Mr. Erskine?" Such a marriage as that would have been Georgy's panacea for all disappointments; and she felt guilty as she thought of the superiority of her lot over that of all other women.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next morning Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Lumsden were talking in the drawing-room, and Georgy was idly turning over some books; she was not interested in their conversation, but startled at the words.

"And will Jim Erskine take upon himself to comfort pretty Constance Everett, do you think? She would be a capital match for him now."

"These are early times to speculate, and a poor woman should be allowed breathing time before she rushes a second time into matrimony."

So they chatted on, and in a short time James and Constance were dismissed. Georgy was greedily scanning a past of which she knew nothing.

"Who had he loved in his life?" more than one person, perhaps. Perhaps of course I and she was for nothing in all that past."

But she still confided in her happiness; still felt so secure, that even that name of Constance gave her no real uneasiness.

The next morning Mrs. Erskine went suddenly to Edinburgh, for she had received permission to see her daughter, and Georgy was disappointed to think that she would not yet meet the mother and the son together, and be set thoroughly at ease.

Letters and luncheon came that day as usual; there were letters for every one; an angry letter from Mr. Sandon, who still refused a reconciliation with Georgy, and another for

her from Mr. Erskine, which very soon effaced all recollection of the former. Mrs. Everett had two letters also,—one was from Miss Stanley; for Sir Hugh had persecuted his sister into corresponding with Mrs. Everett. The good girl complied and her periodical effusions were rather a demand upon patience, if thought to require an answer.

Miss Stanley asked Mrs. Everett what she was reading, and named the books which she herself had just finished, stating, moreover, that the books in their club were at present very uninteresting. But Constance I am sorry to say, did not quite finish the letter; she turned unwearily to the other, which was in her own straight, delicate handwriting; a foreign letter returned to her from Bruxelles.

A short time after the death of her husband, Constance had written again to James Erskine, in answer to his cold, business-like note. Her letter was not cold, for she sincerely repented of her fit of anger against him, and wished to make amends. The letter had never reached him, and Constance, receiving no answer, had once again tried to nurse herself into an angry fit; but she had never perhaps regretted him more than now, when she had lost her hold upon him. This was the letter now returned.

She looked at it, and then a deep shade of vexation passed quickly over her face. She was terribly vexed and discomposed; she seemed as if she could hardly refrain from explaining to some one the cause of her disappointment, and yet she did not speak. She put the letter into her pocket and began at last to eat her luncheon with a melancholy, defiant air; the other letter lay unheeded by her side. Just then Sir Hugh and his sister were well-nigh forgotten; and yet a brilliant position was before her, an immense fortune, with all the pleasure and display which she had ever coveted. She would surely take all this, with so handsome and amiable a man as Sir Hugh and one who was so completely at her beck. Many of her friends would have thought it no hard task to accept him without these appurtenances. Luncheon was not yet finished ere another incident occurred: Algegon, the eldest boy of Mrs. Lewis, appeared.

"Ma! there's been such a smash on the railroad, and all the people's killed."

"Algy, child, what do you mean?"

"Thomas says, 'All the people's killed; they must be, if Thomas says so.'"

"Algy, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis, quickly.

How much longer Algy would have sanctified them was uncertain; he was no lucid expositor, and was dreadfully confused about the matter himself.

Thomas arrived, and explained how a telegraphic message of a dreadful accident had reached Eastham. The butcher had just brought the news; he was in Eastham when it arrived at twelve o'clock, and now it was near three.

"Of course they always make the worst of such a thing," said Margaret quietly; but she looked very grave. That train ought to bring her husband, who had been at D—, horse-dealing, Mr. Erskine and Capt. James, another guest of Mr. Lewis's. One could not get much out of Thomas or the butcher. At the station near Millthorpe Grange, they knew nothing, and Mrs. Lewis must either wait patiently or send all the way to Eastham in the hope of hearing more.

"Many people had been killed," Thomas said; "he couldn't say how many; he did not believe the telegraph knew."

Margaret looked grave, but she admitted no gloomy possibilities, and silenced everybody who got frightened, though appearing very much so herself.

Georgy was quiet also; she was not easily upset; but she wished that the evening would come as she never had wished for any evening before.

Everybody had an indistinct idea of going to the station, only that as yet it would be too early. By-and-by Georgy went upstairs, and in going to her own room she passed Mrs. Everett's. The door was open, and a voice asked—

"Who is there?"

Constance was lying on the sofa with her face against the cushion.

"Georgy, Georgy; oh! let us go to the station."

"No, not now; it would be useless; but we will later."

"If this day would only pass! Oh! Georgy, I shall go mad with waiting."

It was no use reasoning with Constance; she had killed Mr. Erskine over and over again in her imagination, and would not be gained.

There was a common feeling between them: an unconscious sympathy, which neither acknowledged nor defined. It was partly chance, partly some secret attraction, which drew them together on that afternoon.

"He was the truest, kindest friend I ever had," said Constance. "It was only to-day that I discovered my mistake; and the thought that it is too late now, perhaps, makes me mad; I cannot bear it."

And she talked on with singular lucidity for a woman on the verge of madness. She positively needed some one to talk to; and that day she poured forth her whole heart, and Georgy saw her as she was; as she was made; not as the world and

its influence had made her.

It was another and still prettier Constance that she saw,—true, tender,—as she talked of past days. Her feeling not too deep to find expression, even then, as she heaped loving praise upon James Erskine, and deprecated herself; no child in a fit of repentance was ever more sincere. She praised him, and talked of him as he deserved. Georgy thought, and had found the words which she herself needed.

"Constance had misunderstood him and now her letter was returned to her." Constance did not say upon what occasion she had written to him, and did not appear willing to explain with a very new feeling, and a new dread. She could not ask what Mrs. Everett was not inclined to tell, and who else was she to ask? Shyness, and some feeling that it would raise up a barrier between them, made the announcement of the relation in which she stood to Mr. Erskine almost impossible.

She could not begin. Besides, she must know more; it was her right.

The afternoon was passing, and they still sat together. Constance, too full of her own impressions to observe Georgy, who, besides, was not demonstrative.

Then Georgy quieted herself with the thought that surely her life and treasure lay too deep for Constance to touch it; and yet she half thought that, always excepting a railroad, there might be other places more desirable for James than the vicinity of Mrs. Everett.

It was only half reflection, though; for she deemed that her possession could never pass from her.

"We will go now," she said, when the clock had struck four; "they may come by the five o'clock train." Constance had grown happier again, and she still anticipated the possibility of meeting James Erskine alive. Georgy was glad to go, and glad of a companion; and Constance, as she opened the door, turned round, and leaning her forehead against Georgy for a moment, kissed her sadly and tenderly. It was the only time she had ever done so, and long afterwards Georgy was glad to remember it. When they came downstairs they found the other two ladies going to the station likewise. And so as a flock of sheep, one going because the others were, they all set off.

"Constance would be tired," Mrs. Lewis said, "so she should ride children's pony." That was soon settled, and the others walked. Their half hour's walk seemed long that evening; no one talked but Mrs. Lumsden, who rather wished for the excitement of having some one to be anxious for, and who strove to create for herself a fictitious interest, by displaying more feeling than anybody else; and then she was wretched about Jim Erskine.

The train was late, of course. Possibly, it had been run into by some other ill-disposed train. Possibly, all the people at the station took it coolly. They displayed a little delicate feeling concerning the safety of Mr. Lewis, as being proprietor of Millthorpe Grange, but none concerning the other gentlemen.

"If Mr. Lewis had taken any harm he would surely have sent word," and the station-master viewed the matter cheerfully.

Margaret insisted on her being returned, and she being respectful, they all acquiesced. Constance was on the pony again, when a whistle was heard at length. "She's coming now," said the man, touching his hat.

Yes, at last, Constance pulled the pony, and the pony pranced. "Oh, don't—stop!" she cried; and when she stopped pulling, it stopped prancing. There was Mr. Lewis, uninjured with a cigar in his mouth, on the platform in an instant,—and Mr. Erskine, too. That gentleman got out likewise, with his full complement of arms and legs, and threw away the end of his cigar. The other gentlemen seemed drowsy and had probably been asleep. They looked so blissfully unconscious of all the anxiety which they had caused, and were so placidly surprised at seeing the ladies there, that it was quite ludicrous.

Except Constance, who was on her pony outside the platform, they all began to laugh. It was rather

vexatious to have spent so much feeling upon the ghost of a danger, as far as concerned them.

There had, indeed, been a frightful accident, but it had befallen an earlier train than that by which they had started, and they had been delayed; that was all.

This explanation was soon given, and Constance was still on the platform at the gate, whilst the other three ladies stood upon the platform. No one noticed her whilst the first greetings were exchanged; and Mr. Erskine, who was shaking hands with Georgy for the second time, suddenly recognized her, as an imploring "Don't! oh, stop!" addressed indifferently to the pony or the train, startled them. The only thought a child's pony, was anything but quiet, and, grown fidgety with waiting, reared,—"stood up" on end, as Algy said; which he enjoyed, but which ladies naturally did not. Mrs. Everett was easily unseated, and was thrown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BROOKE COUNCIL.

Alvinston, Dec. 15th, 1902. Council met pursuant to adjournment. Members all present.

Minutes of previous meeting read, and on motion of Mr. McCallum, seconded by Mr. Darville were approved.

Mr. M. Burford owner of E₃ Lot 14, Con 5, said that at considerable expense he had put in a drain of large tile to carry away the water from the S. E. corner of his farm. In doing so he had drained a low wet hole on the road along side, and asked Council to allow him some amount for the benefit done roadway.

Moved by Mr. Darville seconded by Mr. McCallum that Mr. Burford be granted the sum of \$15 as recompense for benefit to highway.—Carried.

Dr. G. S. Taylor asked Council to settle the balance of his account for small services, which Council had declined to pay when first rendered giving as a reason, that he might be able to collect it. This he had failed to do. Order issued in his favor for \$35.

Mr. Johnston, chairman of the Board of Health for 1902, presented his annual report together with an account of \$35 for services of members of the Board.

Moved by Mr. McCallum, seconded by Mr. Kelly, that report be received and filed and order issued for \$35 in favor of Mr. Johnston.—Carried.

Geo. Campbell applied for remuneration for one sheep killed by dogs, valued at \$8 and on motion of Mr. McCallum, seconded by Mr. McRae, Mr. Campbell was paid the sum of \$5.33 being 2 of Inspector's estimate of loss.

By law No. 15 introduced and read appointing the Municipal Nominations for 1902 to be held in the Hall, Alvinston, and naming John McAlpine, Samuel Johnston, W. G. Willoughby, John McLean, John Shirley and Donald Fisher as Deputy Returning Officers for polling subdivisions 1 to 6 respectively.

Moved by Mr. Darville, seconded by Mr. McRae, that by law making these appointments be read a third time and passed.—Carried.

Report of Reeve and Clerk read on settlement with Eniskillen, showing a balance due Brooke of \$88.95 on Tonville road expenditure, and a balance due Eniskillen of \$11.62 on drainage account. The amount due on drains to be raised by special assessment on lots interested.

Moved by Mr. Darville, seconded by Mr. McCallum, that report be received and adopted and ordered to be published in the forthcoming Auditors' Report.—Carried.

Letter received from J. E. Logan, Esq., Sarna, on behalf of John Laing, claiming he (Laing) had paid \$8.00 more than half of the assessment levied on lot E₃ 24 Con. 14, for the Edgar drain, and that when lot was subdivided into two portions of 60 acres each the assessment for drain should have been equally charged to both. Instead the 40 acres nearest drain had been charged the most.

Council refused to pay the \$8.00 asked for as Mr. Laing and his father should either have mutually agreed, as to the amount each should pay, or else have called on engineer to divide the assessment for them.

Commissioner Kelly reported that the repairs to the Kelly drain were completed, the total levy for the same being \$192.00 and expenditure \$186.29 leaving a balance to its credit of \$5.71.

Moved by Mr. Darville seconded by Mr. Kelly that Joseph Rillet be allowed a bonus of 12c. per rod for wire fence to be erected by him along side of 12-13 side-road and forced road across lot 12, con. 1. Places where fences is to be put up and fence itself to be approved of by Com. McCallum before payment of bonus.—Carried.

This being the last meeting of council for 1902, the Reeve thanked the members of same for their close attention to the business brought before them, and for the kind and courteous manner which they had treated him as presiding officer.

Moved by Mr. McCallum, seconded by Mr. Darville, that Council do now adjourn sine die.—Carried.

V. G. WILLOUGHBY, Clerk.

SCHOOL REPORTS

Report of S. S. No. 17, Brooke for October and November. Class IV.—Lucy Bryce, Blanche Holbrook, Violet Lucas, Ollie Lucas, Roy Lucas Class III.—Ernest Lucas, Fred Kidd, Lorne Lucas. Class II.—Norman Brain, Mary E. Lucas, Ed. Taylor, Mary F. Parker, Harold Taylor. Part III.—Lottie Berdan, Mary Moffat, Maggie Bisset, Lizzie Bisset, Roy Brander John Davis, Class II.—Rhea Holbrook, Brian Davis, Gertie Lucas, Edith McMaeken. Part I.—Burton Lucas, Wilbert Brain, Willard Brain, Clark Taylor. Class (a) Stirling Lucas, Lily Saunders, Russell McMaeken.—LELLIAN MAIDMENT, teacher.

More cheese is manufactured in Dereham township than in any other township in the Province. There are ten large factories stationed at convenient places over the township. At these ten factories it is estimated that three and a half million pounds of cheese will be made this season.

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A. MAVITY, NORTH END BAKERY.

Bossenberv, a young man from Grand Bend, is cutting quite a figure as a boxer in Winnipeg. He offers to match any boxer in Manitoba for a ten round contest.