

Constipation causes unpleasant breath—get relief with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Remember—only ALL-BRAN is wholly effective in driving out constipation.

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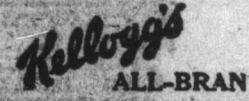
Pimples, sallowness, hollow cheeks, circles under the eyes and spots before them, unpleasant breath—these are the warning signs of constipation. Defeat it with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Doctors recommend Kellogg's ALL-BRAN! Why? Because they

know that only ALL-BRAN brings sure results. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has brought relief to thousands when all else has failed. If eaten regularly, it brings permanent relief in the most chronic cases—is guaranteed to do more for your grocer than the purchase price.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is ready-to-eat with milk or cream. Eat two tablespoons daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. Try the recipes on every package.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is made in London, Canada, and served in leading restaurants. Sold by all grocers.



**LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER
—OR—
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.**

CHAPTER XX.

"I carried a woman's picture and a whole tress of her hair in my bosom for three years; I worked in the mines of California. I toiled like a veritable slave for three years for a woman's sake—a woman who professed to love me, and who was to be my wife!"

"Well!" said Locksley, interested in spite of himself.

"I came home to find that my faith, my hope, my happiness, were but a dream of the opium eater!"

"She was dead!" whispered Edmund, pityingly.

"Dead? No! A thousand times worse!" the other said, with a savage sneer, and setting his teeth hard. "She was false! My love died a cruel death! I am blighted!"

"I am sorry for you," said Locksley. And he realized how trifling were his troubles compared with the troubles of this man. "The shock must have been terrible when you had so much faith."

"And I am sorry for you," replied the other, with an ugly laugh. "You reminded me so much of myself when I saw your rapturous gaze at that portrait."

Locksley smiled.

"Your disappointment makes a doublet of you—a cynic I am to be married in two days. My love is good and true. There is no cloud on our future's horizon."

"The old story," scoffed the stranger.

"A mere conspiracy of nature for pairing people off! I tell you that happiness and truth are but dreams of Utopia, invented to accentuate our misery. Be warned in time!"

The train stopped with a jerk, and the stranger jumped out without another word.

"I am sorry for him," repeated Locksley. "Poor fellow! He carries his misery in his face. His is a strong nature for either loving or hating—for either joy or woe."

The train was off again, and he had half-a-dozen companions until he reached Richmond. Still, amid all their talk, for they were busy discussing the suspension of a great banking-house, he could not forget the stranger's unhappy story—he could not forget that this was the second story in one day of woman's frailty and man's misery.

But he forgot it when he was out in the sunlight, and strode the platform of Richmond station.

A dozen hack-drivers waved their whips at him, frantically shouting:

"Carriage, sir, carriage!"

"I want to go to Mortlake road," he said to one of them. "There is a village near, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. Kew Village. A mile and a half from here," responded the man.

"Take me to the post office," Locksley ordered, "and from there I wish to go to 'The Myrtles,' in the Mortlake road."

The driver signified that he understood by touching the rim of a battered silk-hat with his grimy forefinger, while Locksley entered the carriage.

Another moment, and the vehicle started away, and was soon rolling through a delightful country lane, whose hedgerows were brilliant with the tints from autumn's lavish brush.

"It is a pretty place," thought Locksley. "I am sure that Dora will like it."

This was the one burden of his wishes. He hoped or he thought Dora would like everything that he did—everything that concerned them—that concerned him and herself.

At the quaint little post office he presented a card that Fairfax had given to him.

"I wish to look over 'The Myrtles,'" he said, "I understand that you have the keys."

The postmistress was an elderly woman, and she looked at him a little curiously, while handing the keys over the counter.

"Do you think of renting 'The Myrtles,' sir?" she asked, respectfully.

"If it suits me, I may buy the place. I hope that 'The Myrtles' has a good reputation!"

He spoke half-laughingly, but he noticed that the postmistress only smiled sadly, and made an evasive reply.

"It is a very pretty place, sir. I hope that you will like it, and that good fortune may attend you."

He half-turned, then spoke again.

"You have lived here for a long time, madam?"

"Forty years, sir."

"It is a good neighborhood? I want you to tell me truthfully and candidly. I can trust you to do this when I say that I wish to bring my wife here—my future wife, I should say, for we shall not be married until the day after to-morrow."

For a minute the woman seemed distressed.

"The mortlake road is the most select in Richmond," she said, at length, "and near to Sheen Park, where members of the royal family live. It is one of the healthiest places in all England, sir; but 'The Myrtles' is not a lucky place."

"I do not understand you," smiled Edmund. "I do not place any reliance in mere luck, as it is generally accepted. If the elevation is right, and the drains upon the latest scientific principles, there cannot be much the matter, unless," he added, jokingly, "there is a ghost!"

"I never heard of a ghost, sir," the postmistress replied; "but I will tell you my meaning. I may be a foolish old woman, but I can't help it; and since you have spoken so nicely to me, I advise you not to look at 'The Myrtles!'"

"Come, come! that is too absurd."

Now let me hear your reasons."

Locksley was amused.

"I will tell you in a few words, sir, and then I expect that you will laugh at me. It is just eight years since a fine young gentleman came here, sir. He was a perfect stranger to everybody, but he had plenty of money, and he built 'The Myrtles,' and furnished it on the most lavish scale. The grounds were planned and laid out by the most expert landscape gardeners that money could obtain; and then, when all was finished, he brought home his bride. They came here from the church to spend their honeymoon at 'The Myrtles.' It is a dreadful tale to tell, but the poor creature died that very night—died and fell into her husband's arms, while speaking to one of the servants upon some trifling matter."

"Well!" demanded Locksley, "I suppose the poor lady had a diseased heart, and the excitement had been too much for her!"

"In a measure that may have been so, but it was rumored that one hour after their marriage the young husband discovered that the woman he had honored and loved beyond all others was not worthy at even a kind thought! He had been abroad, fighting for his beautiful home-land, for one who was false to her vows. The proof he held was indisputable, and the servant said that the look of hopeless despair upon his face was terrible, when he gazed upon her lifeless form."

"Heavens!" thought Locksley, "Can that man be my acquaintance in the train, only one short hour since?"

"When the ill-fated bride had been taken to her last resting place, 'The Myrtles' was closed and the furniture sold by auction, piecemeal; the postmistress went on. 'For years no one seemed to notice the house, hidden as it was by the trees that surrounded it, until everybody was surprised by seeing that it was full of workmen again, and the story soon leaked out that Mr. Fairfax had bought 'The Myrtles,' to bring his bride there."

"Yes?" questioned Locksley. "I know that my friend was disappointed, but he has not told me how."

"His wife-to-be eloped on her wedding eve, with another man!"

"Great God!" ejaculated Edmund. "One would think the place were haunted by ghoulish memories! Still I am not of a superstitious turn of mind, and since I have come so far, I will look over 'The Myrtles,' madam."

He thanked her and stepped into the waiting carriage.

"Because there have been two false brides, must there of a necessity be a third?" he thought, a little contemptuously. "Even if I could believe it possible for my darling to be other than an angel—to be influenced one iota by what I have heard would be an insult to the dearest and truest little woman on earth! It is certainly strange how fate pursues its way, and I shall soon begin to believe that the novelist was right when he accused nature of plagiarizing the wonderful events and coincidences of fiction."

The carriage rattled along smartly for ten minutes, then pulled up before a pair of ornamental wooden gates, and in the stone columns that supported them Locksley read:

THE MYRTLES.

Each of the keys in the bunch had been handed to him and labeled, so that Locksley had no trouble in selecting those he wanted.

He opened a small door in the wall then drew wide the gates that led into the drive, and told the coachman to follow him.

The "vindex" way was flanked on the right by a soft line of magnificent *Hinden* trees; on the left was a high and continuous bank of velvety grass, flowing meads, and lovely ferns.

Some two hundred yards from the highway he came upon the house, almost surrounded by a grand stretch of lawn, the borders of which were adorned with many flowers, growing in wild disorder.

Beyond was a picturesque pleasure garden, and a miniature park, that ended in a gentle slope to the river Thames.

Locksley was delighted by all that met his eye. The house itself was handsome from every view. There was not an angle or a nook that did not add to its outward beauty.

(To be continued.)

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STILL THANKFUL.

James Jerkin fell a paralytic while he was making shingles; he landed with a frightful bang that jarred the distant dingies. I called upon him with a pile and ake a tested c h i c k e n; "such stimulants as these," thought I, "will make his life blood quicker."

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(To be continued.)

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THE PRINCE A CAPE

The Prince of V tremendous ovation here to-day on the time through the fort to her way, a val escort, to the late hour for the Governor General's arrival. The Governor General, Princess Alice, and the Princess Louise were welcomed by members of the local address. The Princess Alice, Malay and from the Princess Louise. He had such Bodice. The Princess Louise was the only service men throughout the Princess Louise and as evening and surged.