CORINTH

r. and Mrs. Earl Ford, Thite, of Chatham, spent

with her parents, Mr. J. White.
1 of the late Mrs. E. eld on Wednesday last gely attended Inter-le in the Best cemetery. Hardwick, of Aylmer,

lays last week in Cormmers and Mrs. G. Monday in Aylmer. inson, of Montreal, has

her sister, Mrs G. L. E. Mitts and Miss C. Corinth were married

March 8th, by the Rev. the Baptist parsonage.

its has returned to her lemiss. Duff, who has been vis-

ner, Mr. Alex Duff, rehome in Chatsworth

Mrs. Mary Moore, nducted by T. Merritt ringfield, on Saturday, tended. The farm was eecher Noels. The adwas also leased to him Landon, of Bridgeburg, c-end at his home here. and daughter, Jennie, ve been visiting at Mrs.

meeting of the Ladies' at the home of Mrs. Wednesday., of Detroit and Mrs. f Toledo spent a few

in this place. as in circulation that tory was going toand that the Canaduct's Co., of Brownsg to buy it. Most of round here favor the and many think the d do would be to buy iemselves.

's Missionary Society e parsonage on Friday insey, of Calton, spent

isiting her aunt, Mrs. and Mildred Locker -end with their aunt,

of Maple Grove. mos spent Saturday Anger has returned latives in St. Thomas. is attended the meet-Elgin Liberal's As-

lmer last week. ting will be held in t (Thursday) to dis ed new church shed. Mayberry, of Tillson-nd at Mr. W. Court-

Jackson, Mich., is her, D. C. Floto. by was called to St. y man this week. vn is confined to her ckness. rk, and son, Herman,

heir new home near d, of St. Thomas, nd with her parents,

son Anger. near future, where good position. wardson, spent the friends in Corinth. at 18 cents.

the Best your Home



agency brated d Brunswick

graphs

the various styles d get our prices tor and Brunswick. rays on hand

at for anos and Player McLEAN albot St. E., Aylmer

Won By Devotion

Mary A. Fleming

"No, my angel. Mrs. Ellerton was not of the party, I regret to say. You do that very charming actress the honor of being jealous of her, don't you? I wonder why? I have never and any propagated attention and paid any pronounced attention, and beyond dining with her once or twice

at the 'Star and Garter'-Mrs Fanshawe turned her back upon him, and swept out of the room. Mr. Fanshawe watched her for a moment, with amused, sleepy, half-clos-Then he rose on his elbow

and called:
"My love!" No reply.
"My dearest Dora!"

Silence. 'My angel!"

Dora removed her hat, gloves, and lace drapery with compressed lips.
"Do look here one moment please, said Mr. Fanshawe plaintively, "don't be angry. I really have been boring myself to death at Hampton Court, with the people I mentioned. Met them by chance, and couldn't shake

them off, I assure you—awful bore, you know. On my word I should greatly have preferred going with you and our lovely sister to the garden party, because you see I discovered that Ffrench and Lopez and all those Mexican fighting fellows were to be there, and you were sure to meet. An the meeting could not fail to be more amusing to a dispossionate looker-on in Vienna, like myself behind the scenes, than any vaude-ville ever played. Come, petite angel chase away those clouds, smile once more upon your slave, and tell me all

about it. Did the bride and bride-groom meet?" Dora relented. After all, she was very fond of her husband. Why else had she married him? She was dying to make a confident of someone. If he really had been with that odious

"I see you have brought Sir Beltran Talbot home to dinner," resumed Mr. Fanshawe in his slow trainante voice. 'He dined with the Colonel here last evening-told me about it-admires Ffrench beyond everything. Belive me, my angel, when I say I laughed. It is really the richest joke of the

"I can quite believe it," retorted Mrs. Fanshawe; "the misfortunes of our neighbors are always the richest of jokes, I understand. As it chances however, even your keen sense of the ridiculous would have been at fault here. There has been nothing to laugh at; so you see you have lost nothing, after all, by being a martyr to your country, and escorting your

My Limbs Would Twitch

And Waken Me-Unable to Rest or Sleep, I Walked the Floor in Nervous State - When Specialists Failed I Found a Cure.

This is the kind of cure that has set Windsor people thinking and talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The action of this food cure is so radically different to the usual treatments for the nerves that everybody wants to try it. Gradually and certainly it nourishes the starved nerves back to health and vigor and the benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting.

back to health and vigor and the benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting.

Mrs. M. Smithson, 27 Arthur street, Windsor, Ont., writes: "I was suffering from nervous breakdown, which was caused by a shock when fire broke out in the adjoining house. My nerves were in such a state that, after Soing to bed I could not get my nerves quieted down sufficiently to go to sleep. I used to get up and walk around the room, or go downstairs. Breen when I would be dropping off to sleep my limbs would twitch and waken me. I used to have cold, nerveus, night sweats, sometimes would become unconscious and lie that way for quite a little while. I was always cold and it seemed impossible for me to get warm or keep warm. When on the street I would see two or three chiects at once, and did not want any person to speak to me or bother me. Any little noise irritated and annoyed me very much. I had consulted specialists and tried many remedies during this time, but could not gain relief. At last I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before long could see that this treatment was proving of beach. I am now feeling so much better that I can go out on the street without any difficulty, can go across the river and go about the same as usual. I sleep well at night, and am feeling more like myself every day. I am pleased to be able to write you to tell you how much good the Nerve Food has done me. It has strengthmed and built up my whole system. I am recommending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of any kind." see the provided to the same as usual. The commending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of any kind." see the provided to be commended to the sort and son and the suffering from nervousness of the commending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of the commending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of the commending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of the commending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of the commending it to everybody I find s

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substituta. Imitations only disappoint.

Americans cousins to Hampton

"They did not meet, then?"
"They met, yes; that is to say, she has seen him twice, three times. But she has not spoken to him. I, how-

ever, have."
"Ah!" said Mr. Fanshawe with

more interest than he generally showed. "When?" "Last night, after our return. The dinner party you speak of was still in progress. And I sent for him

"Ah," Mr. Fanshawe repeated, "and

he came?"
"He came at once, and we had a long and very serious talk. I laid the case before him. I spoke of the change in Vera; and, by the bye, Dane, you who never knew her six years ago, have not the faintest conception how greatly she has changed. I spoke of Sir Beltran, and his love for her, of the dreadful blunder of the marriage, of Vera's love for Sir

Mr. Fanshawe lay back among the pillows, and laughed.
"You told him that! What aplucky

Amazon you are, my Dora, and, by Jove! what a pleasant thing to tell a man—that his wife is in love with another fellow, and 'please may she have a divorce and marry him?' By Jove, you know!" Mr. Dane Fanshawe laughed in his lazy, pleasant

way again.
"I see nothing to laugh at," said Dora austerely; "neither did Colonel "I should think not, by Jove!" par-

enthetically from the gentleman on he divan. "We discussed the matter in all

justice: no one could have been more amenable to reason than he. He acknowledged the justice of all my remarks." "My angel," said Mr. Fanshawe,

and looked at his wife with amused eyes, "tell me this: Do you mean to say Colonel Ffrench-this fire-eating free lance-sat before you while you told him his wife wanted to marry another man, and acknowledged the justice of your remarks? My hearing is not usually defective, but I really think it must have deceived me just now."

"What is there extraordinary in it if he did? It was an exceptional marriage, it is an exceptional case all through. He admitted that nothing I told him surprised him; he said it was exactly what he had expected, and that if Vera wanted a divorce. he would not lift a finger to prevent

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Fanshawe, for the third time," if Vera wants a divorce. But if I am any judge of my nearest and dearest, it is not Vera who wants the divorce, but Dora. I am rather short of ready money at me! I'll give you five to one on it."

"Excuse me, Mr. Fanshawe. neither bet nor gamble; one of that kind is enough in any family. It is very possible she may refuse, just at first-all the same, it shall be an accomplished fact by this time next year. Now, as I see you are dressed suppose we drop this discussion, and you join Sir Beltran in the drawingroom," said Dora decisively.

Mr. Fanshawe rose negligently, and still vastly amused. To him the whole

thing was a most capital joke. "I only wish I knew this Mexicar colonel, I would most certainly have invited him to our select little family party today. He and Vera and the baronet would make a most interesting and unique group. I wonder if he knew her when they met? She must have changed a good deal in six years."

Mr. Fanshawe sauntered away, after his usual indolent fashion, to the drawing-room, where he found

Vera alone. "Oh! sweetest, my sister," was Mr. Dane Fanshawe's greeting, "what have you done with our guest? I am under orders to entertain Sir Beltran Talbot, and was told I should find him here.'

"He has been called away for a moment," Vera answered coldly. She did not like her brother-in-law, she never had liked him. The "languid swell" was a species of biped she especially detested, and a languid swell Mr. Fanshawe was, or nothing. Why Dora had ever married him was the chronic wonder of her life; she wondered now for the thousandth time as he stood smiling, complacent, self-

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satisfied there beside her. Compare him with other men, with Sir Beltran Talbot, who entered on the instant, with Richard Ffrench, but no, even in thought there could be no comparison there. There were times when she hated him, this self-sufficient, shallow, empty-headed coxcomb, who made Dot so miserably unhappy with his vices and follies; so quickly, stunned me so utterly-I who drifted along through life, aimlessly, purposely, lazy, caring for himself, and his own comfort and pleasure, and for nothing else under the

They looked a cozy little family party enough, sitting in the after- and false words sounded in her ears? glow of the sunset, and a most excellent dinner-two pretty, richly dressed women, two well-looking, well-bred men. But, perhaps, of the Eleanor when she died. By the bye, quartette, Mr. Dane Fanshawe, with I wonder where Eleanor is? And his subtle sense of humor, was the only one who really enjoyed himself. It was not a half-bad joke to sit there and watch the admiration in portrait of Eleanor Carlton." poor Sir Beltran's eyes, Dora's smiling graciousness and encouragement, its bearings, and I will do him this Vera keeping herself to herself. hundreds of miles away in spirit, with Ffrench, no doubt. It was almost better in the drawing-room after dinner, with Dora at the piano, interpreting Chopin and Strauss, Sir Beltran beside Colonel Ffrench's wife, and he, the amused looker-on and listener, lying in silent enjoyment of it all. If his wife brought about the consummation she so de voutly wished, in the face of all that chill, delicate frostiness, why, then his wife was a cleverer little person than he gave her credit for. Miss themselves; she was very fond of her sister; but where her heart or she was the sort of a woman, unfortunately rare, to possess both-there would be a line which that sister

must not cross. Two hours later. Vera sat in her room, glad it was over, glad to be she must tell or die. alone, glad to be away from Sir Beltran Talbot's too ardent glances, from his too tender words. The lace present, but I don't mind laying you a fog from the river was rising. Two dare say his man will help him up to bed somewhere in the small hours.

or three wax tapers lighted the room propose the D. C. to Vera, she rewith a soft glow, and revealed her with a soft glow, and revealed her with a soft glow, and revealed her with a soft glow, and revealed her that man?"

I sent for him—they were having a dare say his man will help him up to bed somewhere in the small hours.

Vera, what a fool I was ever to marry as I say, we had it out." face, pale and more wearied than

These **Bad Results**

follow a lazy liver:-Constipation; Disordered Stomach; Headache; Biliousness, and other evil, painful, dangerous things.

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Take two or three pills at bedtime—once. After that, one each night; two, nowand then, if necessary.

CARTER'S TITLE VIVER PILLS

ine bears Signature Brentsoon Colorless faces often show

the absence of Iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pilis will help this condition. Vera's bright face aften looked. But a tender, musing half smile was there, too, and her thoughts were not of Sir Beltran Talbot. He did not know her-well, that was not strange; there is not much resemblance between the girl of sixteen and the woman of twenty-two. But he would find her out, she felt sure of that; to-morrow at the latest, would come, and then-a tap. Dora, in a white dressing gown, all her floss silk fair hair undone, and hanging over her shoulders, entered without

ceremony.
"What!" she said, "not begun to dress. What are you mooning about wonder, as you sit here, with that ridiculous smile, all by yourself? You used never to have any thoughts or secrets from me, but now-Vera, I wonder if any one in the world ever changed so utterly in six years as you? I don't mean alone in fooksin everything."

She seated herself in a low chair, and gazed curiously at her sister. "They say we all turn into some body else every seven years, don't they You certainly have, and I don't like that somebody else half so well as your former self. What a wild, silly, ignorant child you were, what a dignified, wise, self-repressed young woman you are! I wonder what has done it-your marriage?"

"Perhaps," said Vera slowly. "Yes my marriage and-what followed. The revelation of how and why Richard Ffrench made me his wife think I have never felt quite the same since."

Her face darkened as she recalled it. Had there ever been a day since that that parting scene had not been before her, that Mrs. Carlton's harsh

"A more venomous old toad never lived." said Dora trenchantly: "what a happy release it must have been for I wonder where Eleanor is? And that reminds me-do you know what I found the other day hidden among some things of Mr. Fanshawe's?

Vera looked up silently. Nothing that Dora could find in Mr. Fanshaw's possession would greatly surprise her, but this came near it.

"Eleanor's portrait? Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure-do you think I could be mistaken? And there were her initials 'E. C.,' New Orleans, and the date of the year-the very summer we spent together at Carlton." Vera was silent. Where Dane Fanshawe was concerned silence was al-

ways salfest and best. "I taxed him with it, of course," pursued Dora, in an irritated tone, Martinez was one of those uplifted ible lies in return. He couldn't for "and, of course, also got a few plaussort of people who are law unto the life of him, remember how the photograph had come into his possession-he had never known the orher conscience was concerned—and iginal. Bah! I never believe a word he tells me.

Mrs. Fanshawe allowed no sentiment of false delicacy to prevent her pouring her marital grievances into her sister's reluctant cars. She felt

"Where is Mr. Fanshawe?" Vera asked, after a pause.

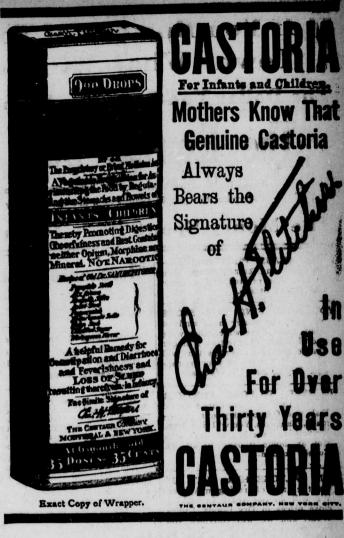
"Gone out," his wife answered with draperies hanging over the windows a short, contemptuous laugh. "When stepson combined is privileged. Yes, fluttered in the damp night wind, for is Mr. Fanshawe not gone out? I I sent for him-they were having a that man?

> The small, worn face looked woefully pinched and pale, haggard and gloomy as she said it. It was a very ged fairy that sat there in the glow of the wax lights, making this wifely confession—a very old and faded fairy. Vera looked at her, tender pity in her eyes.

> "Yes, Dot," she said compassionately, "I think myself it was a mistake. Do you know I have often wondered why you married him. You are not of the sort to fall in love easily, and, f you were, what is there in Mr. Fanshawe to fall in love with?"

"Ah, what?" Dora said bitterly. Do you think I never asked myself that question? He has neither brains nor ability, heart or feeling for any human creature. He has a handsome face and wears his clothes well," with a short, mirthless laugh; "I suppose it must have been for those wo excellent reasons. People commit suicide under temporary aberration of the mind-do you supose they never marry under the same?'

A smile dawned on Vera's facesort of wondering scornful smile. "And Abdallah grew to be a man." she quoted from the Turkish legend, "and was so handsome that a hundred maidens died for the love of him. Well, it is done, I know, but I shall never understand it-why any woman in her senses, and past sixteen, will marry a man for his face alone. At sixteen," said Miss Martinez retrospectively, "we are fools enough for anything. When a man spoils his life for the sake of two blue eyes and a pretty complexion we take it as a matter of course—he belongs to the privileged sex, to whom all folly



is possible and pardonable; but for

"And a woman of thirty-don't forget to add that," put in Mrs. Fan- eyes. shawe with intense self-scorn. "I he-but there! it is just one of the it right?" things that won't bear talking of, and I did not came here at this hour of he agrees with me, too, that no tiese night to discuss my madness or my should be lost-a divorce!" husband. I came, Vera, to talk ofyours."

A shadow of annovance passed over Vera's face. Of all subjects this one, as discussed by Dora, was most distasteful to her.

"I wish you would not," she said, lieve me Dot, it is better not. I thought we had said our final say on

that subject this morning." "You did, you mean-I said nothing, if you remember. It is my turn now. Vera, your warning came too late. Last night, after we returned from the ball-after you were in bed and asleep, I sent for Colonel Ffrench

and had it out." "Dot, at that hour; three in the morning!"

"Improper, was it?" laughed Dora. 'You are not jealous I hope. We don't stand in the nicer shades of propriety where vital interests are at stake. And one's brother-in-law and

"Had what out?" Vera's voice was thoroughly iced and impatient, also. "Good heavens!" she thought. "Will Dot never leave other people's business alone?"

"The subject of your marriage, my dear-I don't mind admitting that I began it. Vera, it is no use your mounting to the top of high-and-mightydom with me. It is I who made the mistake-it is I who am duty bound to repair it. Colonel Ffrench thinks as I do, that it was a horrible blunder, and the sooner it can be set right the better.'

Vera turned to her, a slight color rising and deepening in her face, a slow, angry light kindling in ther "Yes," she said steadily, " a her-

don't wonder you wonder. And to rible blunder, and the sooner it can add pathos to folly I am besotted be set right the better! How do you enough to be fond of him yet. While and Colonel Ffrench purpose setting

"There is but one way-and bere

A flash—swift, dark, fierce teaped from Vera's eyes. She half rase. "Dot!"

"A divorce." went on Dora steadily. 'Sit down, Vera. There need be no publicity, he says; you can apply for it in some obscure State when we her dark brows contracting. "Be- return to America; he of course, will not interfere in any way with the action of the law-he pledges himself to this 'I will not lift a finger to prevent it'-those were his words I should be sorry to stand in the way of your sister's accession to fortune and rank'-those are his words, too Of course he has heard of Sir Beltran-

She stopped. Vera had risen in a sudden flame of wrath to her feet.

"Dora," she cried, "look at me, tell me the truth! Do you mean to say Richard Ffrench said that-urged a divorce-spoke of my marrying another man?"

The words seemed to choke bershe stopped gasping.

"I mean to say he said every word I tell you,' Dora answered with dignity, and meeting the blazing eyes full. "Do you think I tell lies ? Those were Richard Ffrench's exact we ask him, if you like. He looks upon his marriage as the bane of his life, he looks upon a divorce as the one atonement that can be made. Will you kindly sit down again, or do you intend doing a little high tragedy for my exclusive benefit?"

Vera sat down. The flush faded from her face and left it grayish pale. She even laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Dot; I wont do high tragedy any more. Pray go ou. I should like to hear a few more of

(continued on page 8)

