Annan Water.

A Thrilling Story Of Love are Adventure

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

way down the narrow stairs, and found himself in the sanded entresol of the cabaret.

Several men in blouses sat at the table drinking, waited upon by Adele.

As Caussidiere crossed the room the girl followed him to the door and touched him on the shoulder.

"How is madame?" she asked, in a low voice. "I trust much better."

Caussidiere gazed at the questioner with no very amiable expression.

"Do you say Madame Caussidiere? How do you know that there is such a person?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Your wife or your mistress, it is all the same. You know whom I mean, monsieur."

"She is better, then."

"And the little garcon?"

"Quite well," answered Caussidiere, passing out into the street.

Leaving Mouche d'Or behind him, and passing along the banks of the Seine, Caussidiere crossed the river and reached the neighborhood of the Palais Royal. From time to time he exchanged a nod or a greeting with some passer-by, generally a person much more shabbily attired than himself. Lingering among the arches, he purchased one or two journals from the itinerant venders and then passed slowly on till he reached a narrow back street, before one of the doors of which he paused and rang a bell. The door being opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, who greeted him with a "bon soir," he passed up a dingy flight of wooden stairs till he gained the second floor, which consisted of three rooms en suite, a small salon, a bedchamber, and a smaller bedchamber adjoining.

In the salon which was gaudily but shabbily furnished in red velvet, with mirrors on the walls, a young woman was seated sewing, and playing near to her was a child about a year and a half old. Both mother and child were very pale and delicate, but both had the same soft features, gentle blue eyes and golden hair.

The woman was Marjorie Annan—Marjorie with all the lightness and happiness gone out of her face, which had grown sad and very pale. As Caussidiere entered, she looked up eagerly and greeted him by his Christian name. The child paused timidly in his play.

"You are late, Leon," said Marjorie, in French. "I have waited in all day, expecting you to return."

"I was busy and couldn't come," was the reply. "Any letters?"

"No, Leon."

Caussidiere uttered an angry exclamation, and threw himself into an armchair.

"The old woman had better take care," he cried. "Nearly a week has now passed and she has not replied to my note—that is, to yours. And we want money infernally, as you know."

Marjorie sighed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why are you crying?" demanded her husband, sharply. "Because you have an unnatural mother, who would rather see you starve than share her wealth with you, or with the child?"

"No, no, it is not that," answered Marjorie. "Miss Hetherington has been very good. She has given us a great deal already; but we require so much, and I am sure she is not so rich as you suppose."

"She is a miser, I tell you," returned Caussidiere. "What she has sent you is not sufficient for an ordinary sempstress' wage. She had better take care! If she offends me, look you, I could bring her to shame before all the world."

At this moment there was a knock at the room door, and the man who had admitted Caussidiere entered with a letter.

"A letter for madame," he said.

Marjorie took the letter, and, while the man retired, opened it with trembling hands. Her husband watched her gloomily, but his eye glistened as he saw her draw forth a bank order.

"Well?" he said.

"It is from Miss Hetherington—from my—mother! Oh, is she not good! Look, Leon! An order upon the bank for thirty pounds."

"Let me look at it," said Caussidiere, rising and taking it from his wife's hand. "Thirty pounds! It is not much. Well, what does the old woman say?"

"I—I have not read the letter."

"Let me read it," he said, taking it from her and suiting the action to the words.

It was a longish communication. Caussidiere read it slowly, and his face darkened, especially when he came to the following words:

"If you are unhappy, come back to me. Remember your home is always here. Oh, Marjorie! my bairn! never forget that! It is a mother's heart that yearns and waits for you! Come back, Marjorie, before it is broken altogether."

Caussidiere tossed the letter on the table.

"So you have been telling her that you are unhappy," he said with a sneer. "In the future I must see all your letters, even to the postscripts. And she begs you to go back to Scotland! Well, who knows?—it may come to that yet!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE receipt of Miss Hetherington's check seemed to come like oil upon the troubled waters of the little household. Caussidiere was certainly pleased. Though it was not so much, he said, as the old miser might have sent, it was certainly acceptable under the circumstances.

After taking care to pocket the draft, he tossed up the boy and kissed him, and told Marjorie he looked as if she coddled him too much. Then he prepared to leave.

"Shall you be back soon, Leon?" asked Marjorie, timidly. Whenever she addressed him now she was always fearful of the reception of her words.

"I shall not return at all," answered Caussidiere; "or rather, I shall be late, as I dine with a little party of friends. Do not sit up for me."

And with another kiss blown airily to his offspring he was off.

Marjorie did not cry or show any sign that this conduct distressed her. She was too used to it for that. She turned in tender despair to her only comfort—the child. They sat alone together, the little one perched on his mother's knee, listening opened mouthed as she talked to him of her old home. She told him of Miss Hetherington, about the manse, and Mr. Lorraine, who lay quietly asleep in the little kirkyard. How strange it would be, she thought, to take the little one there. How Miss Hetherington would love him; how old Solomon would stare and call it "uncanny" to hear him prattling so prettily in French! Ah! but would the day ever come when she could take him there indeed?

Long after the child had gone to bed, Marjorie sat by the fire thinking of those happy days; she wrote to Miss Hetherington, concealing as well as she could the dark spots in her life, speaking cheerfully and happily of her little boy, and still dwelling upon the hope of one day bringing him to her old home.

Then she sat down to wait for her husband.

Caussidiere was late, and when he appeared Marjorie saw at a glance that all his good humor had left him. He was angry at finding her up; accused her of wishing to time his going and coming, and peremptorily ordered her to bed. Without a word Marjorie obeyed; she saw that he was rather the worse for liquor, and that anything she might say would provoke him.

The next morning she rose early, according to her usual custom. To her amazement, just as she was about to give the child his breakfast, Caussidiere came down.

He had dressed with unusual care; he took his breakfast silently, and when it was over he went up stairs again to add a few more touches to his already carefully made toilet; then he reappeared, nodded to the boy and to Marjorie—he was too well dressed to touch either—and left the house.

Though he had said nothing, Marjorie was certain from his dress and mysterious manner that it was no ordinary work that had called him away that morning, and as she thought of the strange, cold way he had left her, her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Hastily brushing away her tears, Marjorie cried "Entrez," and the door opened, admitting a woman, none other than Adele of the Mouche d'Or.

Of all the women of Caussidiere's acquaintance, this was the one whom Marjorie most wished to avoid. She was half afraid of Adele, since she had on one occasion heard her singing one of her songs in a cafe crowded with men. Marjorie's strict Scotch training made her shrink from communion with such a woman. When she saw Adele's face, therefore, she felt troubled, and demanded rather coldly what she sought.

"I seek Caussidiere," returned Adele. "Is he at home?"

"No," returned Marjorie, quietly, "he has gone out."

She thought this answer was conclusive and expected to see Adele disappear, but she was disappointed. She came in, closing the door behind her, walked over to little Leon, and patted him on the head.

Leon gazed up and smiled; he had no fear of her; but Marjorie made a movement as if to protect him from her touch.

As Marjorie came forward, Adele looked up from the boy's curly head, and asked, almost roughly:

"Where is Caussidiere, did you say?"

"I do not know," returned Marjorie, drawing the boy toward her; "he did not tell me.

"He seems to tell you very little, about himself, madame," said Adele, fixing her eyes strangely upon her companion's face; then she added, suddenly, "Why do you draw the boy away from me?"

Marjorie did not answer, so, with a short, hard laugh, the girl continued:

"I suppose you think, madame, that I am not fit to touch him? Well, perhaps you are right."

"I did not mean that," returned Marjorie, gently.

"If I kissed the little one, would you be angry?" cried Adele, with a curious change of manner. "Ah, madame, I am bad enough, but not quite so bad as you think me. I love little children. I once had a little boy like this of my own."

"A little boy! Then you are married; you have a husband——"

"When my child was only a baby, before he could walk or speak," continued Adele, not heeding the question, "I—I lost him. I do not even know if he is alive or dead."

And she lifted little Leon in her arms, and kissed him wildly.

Marjorie's gentle heart was touched.

"You lost your child?" she cried, full of sympathy.

"He was taken from me, madame. I—I too poor to keep him, and one night—one cold winter night—his father placed him in the basket at the Foundling. I have never seen him since—never!"

"How wicked of you; how cruel! To desert your child!"

"You do not understand. In France it is the custom when folk are poor."

To be Continued.

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This is a question often asked of shoes, but not always thought of in connection with eye glasses and yet the latter is by far the more important. A poorly fitting shoe makes itself known by pain—poor eye glasses may not be noticed until material damage has been done. It's safer to have your eyes properly fitted with glasses from

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IF IT'S MONEY YOU WANT

To save in a shoe purchase, come to us. We sell a $5 walking shoe to gentlemen for $3. The statement is big, but we can back it up. You don't have to pay any money till you're perfectly satisfied, at any rate. If we gull you, it's our loss, not yours. Our aim is to make and hold trade. That is only gained by honesty and consistency. Our record thus far will bear inspection. Come and see us; it costs nothing to look at our goods.

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RADLEY'S CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA—

℞ *Potassii Chloratis*
Pulv. Carbonis Ligni
Pulv. Rad. Gentianae, aa ℥ ss
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Sig.—Give a tablespoonful, twice a day in the feed for ten hogs.

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Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successful, used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 2-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1, and No. 2, sold in Chatham at Central Drug Store. C. H. Gunn & Co.

ALL HEADACHES

Yield to the wonderful and powerful pain relieving properties of

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10 cents and 25 cents at all druggists.

THE RIGHT KIND.

"What are you taking that cheap-john watch to war with you for, Pete?"

"'Cause it won't run."

HERE RESTS YOUR HOPE.

New remedies come, and new remedies go; but Scott's Emulsion is the great rock foundation on which hope of recovery from weak throats and lungs must rest. It is The Standard of the World.

Politeness eases the jolts in life's journey.

A RAILWAYMAN'S STORY.

Mr. W. Franks, in charge of the Grand Trunk Engine Shops, Port Dover, Ont., says:—"Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of a very bad attack of Kidney Complaint and Lame Back."

What confection did they have in the ark? Preserved pears.

SORES GONE. SKIN CLEAR.

Mrs Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont., says:—"My little boy, aged 10, was a complete mass of sores, caused by bad blood. We could find nothing to cure him. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before half the bottle was gone he began to improve, and by the time the bottle was finished he had not a sore on him."

Man postpones or remembers. He does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to forsee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time.—Emerson.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

It's important you should have natural action of the bowels. Purging and griping do violence to the system. Laxa-Liver Pills are nature's own medicine for all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Cure Constipation by toning the bowel wall and stimulating the secretions. Leave no bad after effects.

"My wheel," said the inexperienced girl, has seemed to run awfully hard. it almost was as it it wanted to run backward."

"You," said the experienced wheelwoman, with the air of one who could explain it all, "have got your bloomers on wrong side before."

VIGOR FOR HEART AND NERVES.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves, or Weak Heart.

Mrs. Brown-Jones—They say there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven.

Her Husband—That's what makes it heaven.

BABY BRIGHTNESS

Soon fades when Diarrhoea seizes on the little form. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has saved many infants' and well as adults' lives. Mrs. W. Walters, Richmond Street, Hamilton, Ont., says:—"I cured my baby of a bad attack of Cholera by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Nothing else did any good, but the baby improved from the first dose of the Wild Strawberry."

"I long for the good old days of the drama," exclaimed the elderly man at a comic opera.

"So do I," replied the lady with him; "the days when the front rows were filled with bald-headed men instead of women with big hats."

THE CYCLIST'S FRIEND.

No cyclist's kit is complete without a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Can be taken internally or used externally. For Cuts, Bites, Bruises, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, etc., it is always effectual. Has no equal as an all round remedy.

The Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John.

The Husband—He's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.

The full intensity of living is reached only by the perfectly healthy. Sickness discounts the capacity for enjoyment. If his body is all out of order and run-down, he will not be able to enjoy anything, no matter how full of enjoyment it may be for other people. If he is just a little bit out of order, if he "is not sick, but doesn't feel just right," he will only be able to enjoy things in a half-hearted sort of way. The nearer he is to being perfectly well, the nearer will his capacity for enjoyment be perfect. If this condition doesn't exist, something ought to be done. That means nine cases in ten the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works directly on the digestive organs, and on the blood and through these on every tissue of the body. It makes the appetite good, digestion and nutrition perfect and supplies rich, red blood to all the tissues, building up solid, healthful flesh.

Send 31 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

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"My husband insists upon riding a hobby," announced the anxious wife to the cross-grained family physician. "What can we do about it?"

"Better consult a horse doctor."

MILBURN'S STERLING HEADACHE POWDERS are easy to take, harmless in action and sure to cure any headache in from 5 to 20 minutes.

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FOR internal or external use HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL cannot be excelled as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pain.

—Seekers after gold are often disappointed. Seekers after Health take Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it meets every expectation.

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Will make a round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every

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Leaving Rankin Dock, Chatham, at 7.30 a. m.; and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph st.) at 5.30 p. m., Detroit city time or 4 o'clock Chatham time,

Round Trip - - - - 60 Cents
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Leaves Chatham for Detroit on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, and leaves Detroit for Chatham on Friday morning at 8.30 Detroit city time or 9 o'clock Chatham time.

E. Cornetet, Captain

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Are You Aware of the Fact that the

CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE

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is doing more for its pupils than any other Business College in the Dominion?

Forty-three pupils were placed in two months. Students from all quarters are flocking to this worthy Business School.

Besides a large attendance from Chatham, there are already this year, 93 pupils registered from outside points,—69 of them from points nearer to other Business Colleges than to Chatham.

We presume these people investigated the merits of the different schools, and decided that nothing but the best would satisfy them, hence, they are here.

Write for catalogue of either department and a list of the 43 pupils placed in two months.

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MEN WANTED.

MEN WANTED—100 good railway laborers; Crow's Nest Railway; work until road is finished for suitable men; wages $1.75 per day; board $3 per week; men must furnish their own blankets; no men shipped without baggage, which must be checked to destination; free transportation to Macleod from this place only. Apply in person, to Alex Golder, Chatham.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a two story frame house on Crest St., City, up to 12 o'clock noon, Saturday 21st inst., same to have basement, hot air heating, plumbing, etc. Tenders must be sealed and addressed to A. E. Pilkey, and left at the office of Powell & Carswell, Archts.

Notice to Contractors.

Whole or separate tenders will be received up to noon on Saturday, the 21st inst., for the erection of a frame residence for E. J. Toll, Ridge Road, Harwich.

All tenders to be addressed to E. J. Toll and left at the office of the undersigned where plans and specifications may be seen.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

POWELL & CARSWELL, Architects.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a two story Frame House on Wellington St., City, up to noon Saturday, May 28th, 1898, same to have basement, hot air heating, plumbing, etc. Tenders to be sealed and addressed to Mr. W. G. Richards, and left at the office of the Architects.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

POWELL & CARSWELL, Archts.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a two-story brick veneer house, with stone foundation, hot water heating, and slate roof, up to Thursday, May 19th. Same to be built according to plans and specifications, which can be seen at the Architect's Office. All tenders must be sealed and addressed to A. Park, and the same left at the Architect's Office by the date mentioned above. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

POWELL & CARSWELL, Architects.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection of a two story brick house with stone foundation, hot air heating and slate roof, up to noon of May 28th, 1898, same to be built according to plans and specifications which may be seen at the office of the Architects.

All tenders to be sealed and addressed to Charles Wright, and the same left at the office of the Architects, by the date above mentioned. House to be built in the Township of Howard.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

POWELL & CARSWELL, Archts.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Whole or separate tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection and construction of a veneer brick convent with stone basement, hot water heating and plumbing, up to noon of Thursday, May 19th. Also tenders will be received on the same date for the erection of a brick school house with stone foundation and hot air heating.

The plans and specifications will be at Father Langlois', Tilbury, from Saturday 14th to Thursday 19th inst. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of Powell & Carswell, architects, up to Saturday, 14th inst. All tenders must be sealed and addressed to Father Langlois, and the same left at the office of Powell & Carswell, Architects. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

POWELL & CARSWELL, Architects.

Father Langlois, director.

TENDERS.

To Contractors and Bridge Builders:—

Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the construction of an iron bridge 125 feet long, with a 16ft roadway, over the Sydenham, on the road allowance between the 7th and 8th concessions of the Gore of Camden, and known as Dawn Mills Bridge, and also for the construction of two masonry piers, to contain approximately 235 cubic yards.

Tenders will be received for the whole work, and also for the iron and masonry work separate. Specifications, plans, etc., may be seen by calling at the residence of James B. Crafts, lot 5, Con. 8, Gore of Camden,—Dawn Mills P. O.

Tenders to be submitted by letter, and will be received up till 7 p. m., May 31st, 1898.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

M. A. BLACKBURN, Clerk Tp. of Camden, Kent Co.
eod-w Box 43, Dresden P. O.

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