Annan Water.

A Thrilling Story Of Love are Adventure

BY ROBERT

Caussidiere.

Yes, it certainly was he, beyond all manner of doubt! He was carrying on such an excited conversation with his companion that he not even noticed Sutherland, whose sleeve he had al
"He has told me of my mother. Lecn of my dear mother."

Sutherland, whose sleeve he had almost brushed.

Sutherland's first impulse was to rush forward and confront the Frenchman, his next to drop back, to remain unobserved behind and follow him.

The latter course he followed.

Where he went he could not tell, being unversed in the ways and the byways of the great city, but he was taken in and out of by-streets and slummostly inhabited by French refugees; presently the two men entered a house, from which, after a lapse of an hour, which to Sutherland seemed an eternity, the Frenchman emerged alone. He called up a hunsom; Sutherland called up one also, and they rattled away after each other.

The Frenchman's hansom stopped presently at a house in Gower sireet. Sutherland, after noting the number of the house in passing, pulled up his hansom at the corner of the next street and walked quietly back again. By this time both Caussidiere and his hansom had disappeared, but Sutherland recognized the place. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the way, examining the house, staring at it as if he would fain penetrate those dark walls and see the fair face which he suspected to be within.

Then he calmiy walked over knocked at the door and inquired for "Madame Caussidiere."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE ON THE DEUREASE

Doan's Kidney Pills

Ouring it Right and Left, as well as Other Serious Kidney Troubles, which Even-tually Lead to Bright's.

some time ago, and she could not deny it."

"Then you did not know of it, and you never uttered a word; you never told me, Leon!"

"Told you! certainly not, mon amie! It was not my province to reveal the dark spots on the fame of the proud old lady of the Castle."

"It was not your province to tempt an innocent girl away from her nome and her friends," cried Sutherland hotly; "yet you have done it."

The Frenchman flushed angrily.

"You will oblige me by leaving the house," he said, "if you cannot speak civilly. I have made this lady my wife. She belongs now to me and my country, and she accompanies me to Paristonight."

"No, mot tonight," said Marjorie quickly. "You will not take me away tonight, Leon!"

"And why not tonight, Marjorie?"

"Because I have promised Mr. Sutherland to go back with him to Annandale to see my—to see dear Miss Hetherington. She is ill, and she wants me, monsieur."

"I regret it, but we do not get every—this."

leave the room, when Caussidiere stopped him.
"Monsieur," he said, "you will also, if you please, bear a leetle message to our much esteemed Miss Hetherington from me. Tell her that, though in the first days of our married life she has tried to separate my wife from me, I bear her no ill will; on the contrary, I shall be glad to hear of her prosperity. Tell her, also, monsieur," added the Frenchman blandly, "that since Marjorie Annan and I are one, we share the same good or evil fortune; that the cannot now gratify her malignity by persecuting Leon Caussidiere without persecuting her own child!"



BUCHANAN.

It seemed a useless errand, but he was in no mood to argue or disober. So he took the first train that was going mouthward, and before mid-day was far on his way to London.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OR days Sutherland by her side.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OR days Sutherland searched London in vain for a moment; then he came forward with a sinister smile.

"So it is you, monsieur." he said. "I am amazed, but I cannot say that I am altogether pleased, since through finding Marjorie in your presence, I see he with a sorrowful face, and with tears in her eyes."

When suddenly he started and trembled from head to foot. A voice, it seemed to him a familiar voice, struck upon his ear. It was speaking volubly in the Prench tongue.

Hurriedly he drew aside to allow the person to pass him by: then, looking up, he recognized the French tongue.

Teams and the foot and to defer mid-day was far on his way to Loudent with a sinister smile.

"Ab. Leon." she said, "do not be anary because I cried a little at seeing an lold friend. Though I love the past, my love for you is not less; and he has told me such strange news."

Caussidiere smile down upon her rain price. The present of the serious her countries that a lail manner of doubt! He was carrying on the said, "and what the last chapter, a man was setted in the last chapter, and on the was miles with was shed. The presence of the sounce of the sounce of the share the same of the was mercuting the man dead of the set with a sinster smile.

The found Marjorie in

The woman answered with a curious nod.

"Give him these papers—let him fly with them to the printer. Stay! Is any one below?"

"No one, Monsieur Fernand."

"Death of my life, Caussidiere is late," muttered the man. "Bring me some absinthe and a packet of cigarettes."

The woman disappeared with the parcel of manuscript, and returned almost immediately, b wring the things ordered. She had scarcely set them down, when a foot was heard upon the stairs, and our old acquaintance, Caussidiere, elegantly attired, with fault-less gloves and boots, entered the room.

hacking

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ERYSIPELAS CURED.

CHEK IN THE BACK.

WONDERFUL FEAT.

Rainy Sunday at Church Where He Was the Only Sinner.

Dr. Payson, the famous and beloved preacher of Portland, Me., used to tell the following, pointed story:
One very stormy Sunday he went to church, more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Fust after he had stepped inside the door an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town and had been advised to go to his church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made up my mind to preach my sermon, if nobody else came."

Nobody else did come, so the Doctor preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he happened to meet the negro, and, stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I clar, Doctor, I nebber heard a better one. You seu, I had a seat pretty well up front, an 'whenebber you'd say somethin I'd jess look all roun' to see notody-on'y jess me. An' I says to m'self, 'He must mean you, Fomp, you's sech a dretful sinner. Well, Doctor, dat are sermon set me a thinkin' what a big sinner I war, an' I went an' jined the church down home. I'ze a deacon new."—Christian Endeavor World.

eriand to go back with him to Annandale to see my—to see dear Miss Hutch the erington. She is ill, and she wants me, monsieur.

Terret it, but we do not get everything we wish in this world. I make the come a little late, mon camarade. I should have likely for the heart of the late of the late. The said, "If you allow Marjorie he sitated and looked congricus uttering the thoughts while which was half a sneer.

"You can go to Paris," he said, "If you allow Marjorie to return with me." The Frenchman gave a smile which was half a sneer.

"You are consideration itself, monsileur," he said. Then, turning to Marjorie, he added: "What does my wife!"

"I have signed it at full legar. "I have signed it at full legar. "I have signed the thereoff."

"I have signed it at full legar. "I have used thing, the ried of the People."

"I have signed it at full legar. "I have used thing, the condition of a few days, perhaps, and—I could follow you,"

"You seem to be tender-hearted, "I said, "I said, "I said, "I said, "I said, "I say the time comes. Nature has given and the ward to make to could follow you,"

"You seem to be tender-hearted, "You seem to be tender-hearted, "You seem to be tender-hearted, me the sould be only for a few days, perhaps, and—I could follow you,"

"You seem to be tender-hearted, "You see



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