FULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

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JUST IN TIME.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT,

AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER FALSE PRETENCES," &c.

"Ye've sworn that ye speak truth," she said. "God forgi'e ye if aught else has been upon your lips. But it's Gerald that has lee'd to ye; he was aye feart at his brither, the gran' Lord Morven. Let him say what he like—he's deid now an' canna tak' it back—but I was his wife—although wi' his dying breath he has tried to cast me aff."

Her whole form seemed to collapse. She swayed to and fro, as if the room were going round to her dizzy brain, then sank to the ground in a swoon, with the child still clasped in her arms. The little boy woke up and screamed as the doctor lifted him away. But Maggie did not move. She had done her best for herself and for her child; but she had had failed and the failure was more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

"I have altered my mind," said Dr. Airlie, with an air of mild urbanity. "I advised your Lordship not to leave home for the present, did I not? I rescind that statement. I think it would benefit your health to travel for a time."

It was the evening of the day on which the doctor had had his interview with Maggie Logan. He was seated with Lord Morven in the dining-room. The servants had left them; dessert was on the table; and these were the first words which the doctor had uttered for fully fifteen minutes.

Lord Morven was leaning back in his chair. He had eaten little and spoken less. The look of profound melancholy which had lately characterised him seemed to have grown deeper since Beatrice left the house. It was the look of a man with whom melancholy was the symptom of disease.

"I am in your hands," he said drearily.

The doctor bowed.

"I am gratified by your confidence," he said. "As a patient, you are admirable. Not every man will place himself unreservedly in his physician's hands."

"I was not thinking of you as a physician," remarked the Earl sullenly. "You have, I suppose, your own reasons for wishing to get me away. Well, let me hear them."

"My reasons," said Dr. Airlie, with an artistic assumption of well-bred surprise, "are based entirely upon the state of your health, my lord. You are unnerved, unstrung: in a perilously excitable condition. A sea voyage, a journey on the Continent, would be the best tonic and restorative that you could have."

Morven was silent for a moment. Then he raised his eyes with a gleam of hope in their sombre depths. "I will go to Switzerland," he said.

"To Miss Essilmont and Lady Lilias? No," said the doctor slowly, "I do not think that you had better take that course. You would unsettle them. Lady Lilias would try to work upon your feelings; Miss Essilmont upon your judgment. It would be unwise. Besides, my young friend, Mr. Wiggins, is already on his way to Zermatt. You had better not meet him until the affair is finally arranged."

"Arranged? But it is not yet begun."

"It is 'begun' so far that he knows you will not oppose the engagement," said the doctor firmly. "I telegraphed to him yesterday to start."

"Lilias will not accept him."

"Give her time; give her time," said Dr. Airlie. A woman's mind is a variable thing. Wiggins is rich, generous, and madly in love with her. They will return betrothed, if not already married."

"Beatrice will prevent that," muttered the Earl.

"You must not let Miss Beatrice prevent it. There is no need to do anything at present; but when young Wiggins begins to make himself felt, you must write to him and to Miss Essilmont that you have no objection to his suit. Remember that only in this way can you save yourself from ruin.

The Earl sighed and turned uneasily in his chair.

"If it were only for myself," he said, "I would face ruin."

"And disgrace?" the doctor asked very softly.

Lord Morven rose as if he had been stung. He walked to the fireplace and stood for some minutes looking down into the clear bright blaze.

"I suppose not," he answered heavily at last. "No; not disgrace."

"Then the matter is settled," was the doctor's rejoinder. "Don't concern yourself, my dear Lord Morven. Go abroad for the good of your health—but not to Switzerland; to America, if you like; to Norway, to Austria. You are fond of untrodden ways. Go abroad and come back a new man. You may find yourself a free man, too, on your return."

"What do you mean?"—The Earl turned round and faced Dr. Airlie somewhat sternly. "I will have no underhands means, no—no—foul play, Airlie," he said, dropping his voice, but still looking steadfastly into the doctor's eyes. "If I go I shall expect to find everything on my return as I leave it."

"Exactly," said the doctor with a little smile. "I will carry out your wishes to the best of my ability, as I believe I have always done. But there are accidents against which one cannot always guard. A sudden chill, a feverish attack, an access of faintness—all these things are possible evils, and evils not easy to avert. You will acquit me of blame, I am sure, if any untoward circumstance should, in your absence, render my care unavailing."

There was a long pause. Morven's eyes were fixed upon the ground. The doctor maintained an apparently careless demeanor, but watched his former pupil out of the corners of his serene blue eyes with some anxiety. He thought that Morven had paled a little when at last he lifted his head and answered gravely.

"I will trust all to you."

"You need have no fear," said Dr. Airlie almost gaily. "If that is your feeling I can smooth you difficulties away with very great ease. Confess now, my dear Morven, that it would be a relief to you to have this little matter settled before your marriage. Let me feel that I am doing you a kindness in freeing you from a burden which circumstances have unhappily imposed upon you—"

Morven shivered involuntarily, and broke out in an angry tone.

'Freeing me? Settling the matter? You know you can't do it. If I trust to you, I trust you to act as you know I wish. The matter must be left to—to—"

"To Providence?" asked the doctor mockingly.

"To time and chance," said the Earl, violently. "What else do you expect? Do you want me to murder my own—"

"Hush!" said Dr. Airlie quietly. Walls have ears. Never mention names. I understand you well enough."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure. The only thing of which I would remind you is that Miss Essilmont, as Lady Morven, will tolerate no secrets within these walls. If you think of baffling her curiosity, you are mistaken. Your only chance of safety lies in letting me act as I please with respect to the person of whom we speak. I will treat him gently; but he must be removed."

"Remove him then."

"Yes. Where?"

"There are surely asylums—private asylums, perhaps—where a patient could be treated—Good heavens, Airlie, have I not said I would trust it all to you? Do as you please, but spare me the details. I can't tell you how they torture me! I will go away tomorrow, as you suggest—it is perhaps the best plan—and you will keep me informed of all that I ought to know. I give you full authority."

His face twitched with strong emotion; he stretched out his hands as he spoke in a sort of wild appeal. Dr. Airlie knew when to be silent; he saw in this case that he had strained his power to the utmost. He made no opposition, therefore, to Morven's abrupt departure from the room; but when he was alone he smiled to himself—an inscrutable sort of smile that was not without triumphant meaning. He had made Lord Morven say all that he had wanted him to say, and he was well content.

And so it happened, rather to the surprise of the world at large, that Lord Morven went off to Austria, and did not join his sister and her betrothed in Switzerland. Both Beatrice and Lilias felt some astonishment at his conduct; he had declared to them so positively that it was impossible for him to leave the Towers that summer!—but Beatrice remmembered his refusal to grant her what she had asked him, and fancied that he shrank from meeting her after the repulse. Perhaps this thought softened her heart a little towards him—though it was not very tenderly inclined just then.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pirie harboured her various guests and lodgers under one roof, and heartily wished that she could see her way out of her troubles. For Maggie was a constant source of anxiety to her, and was perhaps, as Mrs. Pirie herself expressed it, "more plague than profit." Her interview with the doctor had left her in a depressed state of body and mind, which Mrs. Pirie (who had not been told what passed between them) could not understand. The girl's only care now seemed to be for her boy. She sat with him in her arms for hours at a time, not speaking, scarcely seeming to hear when she was addressed. Mrs. Pirie used to wonder what was amiss with her. She had been far fuller of life and spirit when she first came to Glenbervie.

The fact was that Maggie was stunned by the hopelessness of her position. She thought of doubting the story that Dr. Airlie told her of Gerald's denial of his marriage. She did not know enough of law to see that publicity would be her best policy. Her one idea was to creep out of sight and hide herself and her child in some forgotten corner of the world where no one would ever speak to her of the man who had betrayed her so cruelly. And in this passive state she allowed Mrs. Pirie to stay and do what she would—even when it came to Mrs. Pirie's passing her off as the young widow of an imaginary seafaring man named Drummond who had been drowned in a voyage to America. Maggie uttered no protest. Mrs. Pirie was as studious to uphold the honor of her house in her own way as Lord Morven himself did in his.

It was her lodger, Bertie Douglas, who rendered it necessary in Mrs. Pirie's eyes that she should invent a history for Maggie. He was on the high road to recovery, but was still far from strong, and was treated much as an invalid by Anthony and by his landlady. The cousins had found themselves very comfortable in their lodgings, and had resolved to stay there for the present. The house was conveniently close to Bertie's estate, and, as he had resolved to take the management of his affairs into his own hands, he wanted to be as near the place as possible. Lockhart had lately been speaking more or less vaguely of going back to London; but he felt that at present his departure would be an unkindness to Bertie, who needed help in various ways. So they both stayed; and in staying they became aware of the existence of beautiful Maggie Logan.

"A lady is staying in the house, I see," Bertie remarked one day to Mrs. Pirie, in a questioning tone. Anthony had gone out, and, in her absence, Bertie was not averse to a colloquy with his landlady.

"My neice, sir," said Mrs. Pirie briefly.

"Your neice! Oh." Bertie was distinctly surprised. He added after a short pause, "She young to be a widow."

"She's aulder than she luiks to be," Mrs. Pirie replied. "The bairn's gaun on for twa year."

"How long has she been a widow?"

A faint color appeared in Mrs. Pirie's cheekt. "Sax months or mair," she answered, with some reserve. "I dinna mind the time exactly." And then she made an excuse for getting out of the room and away from Bertie's questions.

It was impossible that Bertie would scarcely have given the girl a second thought but for an unexpected meeting with her one afternoon in September. Anthony had driven him over to Glenbervie for the first time since his illness. Bertie had been anxious to see the blackened ruins of his home, but his strength had hitherto not availed him for the required effort. On this especial afternoon, however, he seemed stronger and brighter than usual, and Anthony had no hesitation in setting him down at the end of the avenue to go alone toward the ruined heap of stones which was all that remained of Glenbervie, while he himself drove back to the lodge in order to leave the dog-cart in the lodge keeper's care, meaning to rejoin Bertie in a few minutes.

As it happened, however, Anthony was detained. He had already made himself well-known in the neighborhood by the interest which he took in all matters respecting the estate, and some people looked upon him as certainly the general manager and factor of the place, if not indeed its acknowledged owner, and were inclined to appeal to him for help when anything went wrong. In this case, there had been some misunderstanding, perhaps even some carlesanes on Bertie's part, and Anthony had to devote several minutes to hearing various statements and counterstatements before he could understand what the trouble was about. He listened patiently, and promised to represent the matter to the laird. But nearly an hour had elapsed before he joined Bertie among the ruins. And in that hour Bertie had made a new acquaintance.

Anthony could not at first find his cousin at all. He strode about the heaps of stone, in and out of unroofed walls or half-destroyed corridors, carelessly at first, pfterwards with some anxiety or annoyance. Where on earth had Bertie concealed himself? He had almost made up his mind as he stoood in what had once been the Glenbervie drawing-room, to put his hands before his mouth and give a 'view-holloa,' or an Australian 'Coo ey,' when he was restrained by the appearance of a very unexpected visitor. From a corner of one of the half levelled walls, there stepped out, with bow and smile, the ubiquitous little doctor, Stephen Airlie.

Anthony started, frowned, and was on the point of turning away when the doctor accosted him.

"Excuse me," he said politely. "you are no doubt seeking for your cousin, Mr. Douglas. Allow me to show you where he is."

"I can find him myself," said Anthony. He was purposely rude to Dr. Airlie. In after days he said that this rudeness of manner was due to the instinct of selfpreservation. He always wanted to take Stephen Airlie by the throat and shake the life out of him. By extreme incivility he prevented the doctor from remaining in his society more than a minute or two, and thus kept his own hands clean. This statement was possibly no more than a sort of jest on Anthony's part, but it had a grim sound of truth about it too.

"Allow me to assist you," said the doctor. He signed with his hand so meaningly towards an aperture in the wall near which they stood that Anthony could not refrain from casting a reluctant, contemptuous glance towards it. And when he had looked once he looked again. A startled ejaculation, for which he could have bitten his tongue out afterwards, escaped his lips. Yet—what did he see?

"A pretty picture, is it not?" Dr. Airlie remarked sarcastically. "A very pretty picture. Ah, the spell is broken. They have moved. Well, you were just in time?"

Anthony turned from him abruptly and went out into the air—away from the blackened walls, away from the man whom he distrusted and despised, away from a scene which filled his heart with sickening dismay.

In a few minutes Bertie joined him with a light word of surprise at his long absence. Anthony turned and surveyed him curiously. Bertie's cheek was flushed, his eyes were a little brighter than usual. There was rather an elated look about him. Anthony frowned at the transformation.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, somewhat sharply.

"Wandering about—resting—talking," iaid Bertie lazily, yet with that look of subdued animation in his eyes, for which at that moment Anthony could have hated him. "What else should I be doing?"

"To whom were you talking?"

Bertie glanced at him, then shrugged his shoulders. "Guess," he said, with a half-laugh. There was a momentary embarassment in his face, and some emotion which his cousin did not know how to characterise. Instead of guessing, therefore, Lockhart walked on with darkening brow and displeased demeanor. Bertie did not seem inclined to pursue the subject. He began to discuss some of his plans for the rebuilding of the house, and as he talked he turned his steps towards the lodge. It was tolerably evident to Anthony that he was purposely being led away from the Glenbervie ruins, possibly in order that he might not see anything of the person with whom Bertie had been in such earnest converse. This notion did not add Anthony's good humour.

But a little reflection tended to calm his vexation. Bertie had, of course, a right to act as seemed good to himself. Even if his actions were in other people's eyes rash, foolish, inconsiderate, nobody had any right to interfere. And if Bertie were only foolish—if he did nothing that could be called by a worse name than that of imprudence—Anthony did not care. After all, the shock that he had experienced in seeing Bertie in attitude expressive of greater affection, admiration, sympathy, or something of the kind than it was right that Bertie should show towards anyone but Lady Lilias Ruthven—this shock, he thought to himself, would scarcely have been felt by other people. It was the effect of Dr. Airlie's sneering tone, of Dr. Airlie's veiled insinuation. But for him, Anthony was conscious that he might not have thought twice of the clasped hands, the meeting eyes, the lips that seemed so perilously near! This was the consciousness that galled him more than all. To think that he was still only a puppet in Dr. Airlie's hands!

This undercurrent of reflection went on in him while he was replying with his lips to Bertie's question, and apparently listening attentively to his plans. In reality he heard very little, and spoke almost mechanically; but in process of time his irritation of feeling calmed itself, and he could acknowledge that he had been hasty in his conclusions. It was while he was driving back to Mrs. Pirie's that he said in his customary manner.

Mrs. Pirie's niece was up at Glenbervie, I saw."

"Yes," said Bertie and said no more.

"It was she whom you were talking with?"

"You saw us?"

"I did."

Then there was a short silence. By a furtive glance, Anthony saw that the color had mounted his cousin's cheeks, and that his brow was contracted, as though he was not particularly well pleased. He pursued his advantage.

"Need I say that your suit would scarcely be furthered in Lord Morven's eyes by episodes of this kind?"

"Of what kind?"

"Need you ask?"

"You are very ambiguous, Anthony. Suppose we defer this conversation until inside the house. The wind's too keen to make talking pleasant."

Anthony assented grave. He fancied that this delay meant that Bertie wanted to arrange his thoughts a little, and make up his mind what to say before continuing the discussion. And he felt some impatience with him for not speaking out.

But Bertie's face hardly justified this supposition. It was a trifle perplexed and eager, but it wore no look of guilt. Once or twice he even smiled a little—not a smile of amusement, but rather of wonder and grave surprise. It was this smile that irritated Anthony more than anything.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal robe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness, and vivacity, and rich attire; and when, during the evening, her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with love and pride for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world. Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion, and, of course, it had been altered and remade, and old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil, and care, and motherhood, and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and preoccupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten-year-old husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness, came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking him for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him, and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured, and ennobled, and glorified all the toil and privations they had endured.—[The Issue.

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ROLL CARDING.

Our facilities for this work cannot be surpassed. We will endeavor in most cases to do it the day it is brought in, if required.

Custom Spinning and Reeling, or Spinning on the Cap, coarse or fine, hard or soft twist, as required.

We are in a position to do all kinds of custom work, usually done in a full set custom mill, and we will guarantee to do for you fully equal, if not a little better than any in our surroundings.

A cal respectfully solicited.

E. McCANN,
East End Woolen Mills.
Goderich, May 18th, 1885.

Arouse the Liver when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious acthartic, sugar coated. 1m