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How many thousands are there who would gladly pay any sum to be cured of bronchitis or catarrh. Many could be cured if they would just use common sense in selecting their remedy. Bronchitis of course is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes which were made for the passage of air alone, and neither the moisture of an atomiser nor the liquid of a cough syrup can get where the trouble really is. The diseased parts can only be reached by a remedy that can force its way through all the breathing organs. Doctors who have used "Catarrhzone" say it is the only rational cure for bronchitis. It cures by inhalation. You breathe in its healing balsam.

Inhale its soothing antiseptic vapor and relief is immediate.

Simple to use, delightful and pleasant---nothing compares with Catarrhzone which is the cure of the day for all bronchial and throat troubles. Mr. H. B. McLaughlin, the well-known representative of Parks and Blackwell, Toronto, says: "I have used Catarrhzone for years and can honestly say it is the only remedy that relieves me from a painful attack of Bronchial Catarrh. The inhaler for Catarrhzone is always in my pocket and I simply couldn't get along without it. I firmly believe Catarrhzone is a wonderful remedy."

Large size sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed \$1.00; small size 50c; sample or trial size 25c. Sold by dealers everywhere.

## THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER LI.

He went into the nursery. Frank was playing alone, the nurse sewing at the window. The child came up to him and clasped his knees.

"Papa," he said, "I am not friends with Harry and Arthur. I wanted to drive, and Arthur would not let me."

"For Heaven's sake, hush, my boy!" said Lord St. Just. He tried to quiet the horrible emotion that was rapidly mastering him. "Nurse," he said, "where is Master Dorman and---and Master Arthur?"

The woman looked up with a placid smile on her face.

"They are playing in the grounds, my lord. Master Dorman came for Master Arthur some time since."

"Have they never returned?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, my lord," was the quiet reply. "They have not."

"Do not tell Lady St. Just that I have been here," he said, as he hastily quitted the room.

He went back to the river-side. Two or three of the men were standing now by the bank. They looked at him with wistful, scared faces, and one of them, drawing near, said---

"We are afraid, my lord, there has been an accident here on the river. These cars were picked up under the bridge near Hertion---they belong to the boat---and, my lord---" The man hesitated.

"Go on," said Lord St. Just.

"My lord, one of the keepers says that he saw a boat---our boat---on the river, quite an hour ago, and that a young gentleman and a little boy were in it."

They fell back, scared at the terrible cry that came from his lips, as he fell like one stricken dead to the ground; he lay so only for a few moments, then he rose, shouting wildly---

"The drag---get the drag! But be silent, men---it will kill her ladyship."

On the swift, clear, deep river, with its reeds and sedges, with water-lilies on its bosom, and willow branches bending over it, on the lovely, laughing, gleaming river the sun was now shining, and the restless water looked like a golden stream.

The men dragged it, while the unhappy father stood by, his white wild face raised mutely to heaven.

Half an hour afterward the missing were found---surely the bright summer sun had never shone upon so sad a sight---little Arthur clasped in the elder boy's arms.

They were laid side by side on the green bank, while Lord St. Just,

kneeling by them, tried frantically to bring back some signs of life.

"It is of no use, my lord," said one of the men, pityingly---"of no use at all---they are stone dead."

Stone dead, the slender, handsome stripling who was that week to have found his inheritance and his name! Stone dead, the lovely, laughing boy who had passed him so short a time since laughing in the sunshine! The pink rounded limbs were still, the shining curls all wet, the laughing eyes closed, the sweet lips white and fixed. Ah, it was too terrible that this still cold body should be that of his lovely boy! Oh, if the sun would but cease to shine!

He raised the little body in his arms, he called it by a thousand tender names, with all the passion of a man's love and grief he kissed the quiet face. He opened the white lips and tried to breathe in them---it was all in vain, and he laid the child down again with a cry that was never forgotten by those who heard it.

Presently he looked round.

"Will any of you men," he said wildly---"fathers and husbands yourselves---tell me how I am to break this news to my wife?"

It had to be told. When he entered her room she saw something in his face that caused her to spring from the chair and cry to him---

"What is it? What has happened?" He held her in his arms fast clasping to his breast.

"My darling," he said, "the worst that could happen to us has happened---the worst."

"It is Arthur," she cried, her thoughts flying straight to the best-loved object on earth---"it is Arthur, Adrian!"

Holding her clasped to his breast, his strong arms round her, he told her all.

She did not faint or cry; she neither wept nor swooned. An awful calmness came over her; she turned a face to him that he never forgot.

"Adrian," she said, in slow, measured tones, "it is Heaven's punishment of my sin. They are both dead, you say---the boy I robbed and my son, whom I meant to put in his place---they lay locked in each other's arms under the cold deep water---my little boy and the brother I robbed? You are sure they are dead? The light has gone from my darling's eyes, and his little lips are closed. Oswald's arms were round him, you say? So my sin is punished. Oh, just Heaven, let me die!"

He almost blessed the unconsciousness that came over her.

Many long days and nights---many weeks---passed before Lady St. Just knew what was passing around her.

They could form no satisfactory conjecture as to how the accident had happened. It seemed reasonable to suppose that Oswald had discovered the boat-house, and, seeing the

boat with its oars lying idle, had resolved to use it. He knew how to row---it was one of the things Gerald Dorman had taught him. He must have offered the little one a treat; and the child, knowing no better, was probably delighted.

They might have rowed on until the boat filled, or---what seemed more probable---the little child might have leaned over to grasp at a water-lily, and, in so doing, have upset the boat---that seemed not unlikely---and the older one, springing after him to save him, perhaps caught him in his arms, and they were both drowned together.

(To be Continued.)

## "ECHOES of the Past;"

OR,

### The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER I.

The woman was still panting, and was apparently incapable of speech; but Clive, whose calmness never forsook him at critical moments, waited patiently. Suddenly she pointed behind him, and gasped:

"Look!"

It was so old a dodge that Clive ought to have been prepared for it; but instinctively he half turned; the woman wrenched her hand free and darted among the crowd. With a little shrug of annoyance at having been so easily tricked, Clive was about to start in pursuit; but the brain moves more quickly than the feet, and it swiftly struck him that he could only capture the woman with an accompaniment of publicity, row and police; so he contented himself with walking quickly in the direction she had taken. Parliament Street was crowded with carriages, and he had the disappointment of seeing her disappearing on the other side of the road before he was able to cross it.

CHAPTER II.

Clive stood for a moment or two and pondered over the strange incident. Of course, intoxication, as an explanation of the woman's conduct presented itself; but, though apparently half-beside herself with rage she was certainly not under the influence of drink. Had the man she had seemed about to attack been any other than Lord Chesterleigh, Clive would have been inclined to ascribe her conduct to motives having their root in scandal; but to suggest that there was anything in Lord Chesterleigh's irreproachable life which should cause him to be attacked by a woman in the street was absurd. Lord Chesterleigh had been a widower for some years; indeed, since the birth of early childhood of Lady Edith, and no breath of scandal had tarnished his domestic life; it was impossible to connect the ex-minister for foreign affairs with anything discreditable.

It was more than possible that the woman had mistaken Lord Chesterleigh for some one else, some one who had injured her in the past. Clive dismissed the affair with a little shrug of his shoulders; and, naturally enough, as he walked toward his modest rooms in Burleigh Street, Chelsea, allowed his mind to dwell upon the triumph of the evening. The success of his speech was, in great measure, attributable to his sincerity. Strangely enough, he, the son of "Dandy" Rafterborough, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, a notorious butterfly and trifter in the world of butterflies and triflers, was a Radical and a reformer. During the election he had been called by his supporters "the friend of the people"; and, great as the title was, it was not altogether unmerited; for Clive had made a study of poverty and the poor; had made himself acquainted with the rights and the wrongs of the laboring classes, and had started on his political life with a sincere intention to do what he could for them.

He saw, on one side, the world of wealth and rank and fashion demoralized by luxury, sloth, and self-indulgence; on the other, he saw the great mass of the people fighting for a bare existence; a helpless mass wrapped in abject misery, and struggling in the whirlpool like blind pup-

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"The efficiency of any drug," says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. We are able to give relief and disease by means of any preparation, whose use is warranted in its use. One of the principal symptoms of all disease is pain, and this is what the patient most often applies to for, i. e. something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-kamnia Tablets. Many varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine. Anti-kamnia Tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper digestion; also for headaches of a neurotic origin, and especially for women subject to painful certain times. Two Anti-kamnia Tablets will promptly relieve, and in a short time the patient is able to go about as usual. These tablets may be obtained at all drug stores, and for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for headaches, neuralgia and all pains.

pies for just enough to keep body and soul together, and often sinking in the attempt.

In London all the materials for such a study are painfully ready to hand. Turn sharply from any of the wealthy, fashionable streets, and you plunge instantly into the slums where poverty and dirt, squalid vice and violent crime dance, hand in hand, a devil's carminole.

As the son of Dandy Rafterborough, Clive was intimately acquainted with the life aristocratic; he made himself as intimately acquainted with the life of the gutter; and he had cast in his lot once and for all with the people.

Lord Rafterborough's amazement and indignation, when he was informed of his son's intention to contest Brimfield as an out-and-out Radical, became, in the commonplace phrase, more easily imagined than described; but he was always polished and courteous, even when suffering from the gout, an attack of which Clive's conduct produced, and he dismissed and cut off his son with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders and the following words:

"Of course, my dear Clive, you are old enough to go your own way; and I would not be so rude as to suggest that you are a young fool; but you will permit me to remark, more in sorrow than in anger, that you cannot expect me to countenance this new departure of yours. It is more than wicked; it is absurd. We Rafterboroughs have, I admit, been guilty of some foolish things, but none of us has been quite so idiotic as to pose as a Radical and a friend of the people---I believe that is the ridiculous title that they give you---and I am sure you will not be surprised when I hint, as delicately as possible, that we have no desire to be connected with your enterprise, or to countenance your extravagant political opinions.

(To be Continued.)

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