

On the first indicaon of Diarrhœa or ysenteryafewdoses DR. FOWLER'S EXT. F WILD STRAW-ERRY will promptly eck the advance of ese dangerous dis-

It has been over 40 years of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle

## ALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

qualled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, , Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Uhilblains he, Neuralgie and Rheumatic Fains, Throat Ringworm, and Skin Allments generally, re Pots, 1s 13cd. each, at Chemists, etc., with ctions. trated Famphiet of Calvert's Carbolic Pre-parations sent post free on application.

CALVERT & CO. . Manchester

PATENTS When you want to patent go to a trust.

tions horrible to hear, as the salt water choked him.

Lord Erceldonne, shocked beyond measure at this unexpected terrible catastrophe lorget that Paul Barriogton was his bitter themy, and had probably taken the life of the one dearest to him on earth.

He flung an oar towards the two struggling in the water, for, richly as they deserved it, he could not see them drown before his eyes.

depths.

The blaze from the burning mansion lit up the face of the ocean, so that the minutest objects around could be easily seen; but no trace was found of the unfortunate Hilda, whose fall against the boat's side had probably stunned her before she found a merciful death.

For, the deep can be kind as well as pitiless, and it received gently in its soft bosom the belpless girl who, with the ill-lated Bella, shared in death, as at birtb, the same resting place.

A weight was litted from Lord Eroeldonne's heart when he heard the weak voice of the woman he loved assure him that she was out of danger—though likely to suffer for some time from the shock and the wound.

'Twice you have risked your life for me, dearest one,' he murmured, kneeling and stooping his head down to the coarse pillow where hers rested. 'My sweetheart my darling I how can I ever repay you?' he whispered, passionately.

She gave his fingers a weak pressure, and looked up into his noble face.

'Love me well, Ralph, my own! for I have no one in the wide world but you.

There was a long pause, oroken only by the lapping of the waves agains: the sides of the tarry old smack.

The small dark cabin, lighted by one swinging oil lamp, with its smoked browned timbers and painted sea chests upon which were heaped a miscollaneous lumber of the coarse of the tarry old smack.

The small dark cabin, lighted by one swinging oil lamp, with its smoked browned timbers and painted sea chests upon which were heaped a miscollaneous lumber of the coarse of the

mistake, thus bringing about her terrible doom.

But they felt that an avenging power, greater than that of man, had brought to its destruction the dark house of mystery on the cliff.

For many years its blackened ruins remained, a ghastly beacon to passersby, who, hearing the strange superstitions connected with it, would shudder and pass on quickly.

And ever at the base of the tall cliffs, the dark blue ocean stretched its wide expanse—deep, mysterious, inscrutable.

Adela shuddered, as she gazed at the sea.

sea.

Erceldonne and Joe Mills had improvised a rough couch on deck, where she lay, Relph sitting by her side through the long golden hours.

'I used to love the sea,' she said. with a shadow on her face; 'but it seems terrible to me now.'

shadow on her face; 'but it seems terrible to me now.'

"I can understand that well, dearest,' bella, shared in death, as at birth, the same resting place.

The two attendants succeeded in reaching the shore; but Lord Erceldonne and his party, now safely on board the smack, did not trouble to pursue them.

Adela's critical state engrossed everyone's attention; but Nurse Jane, who had some surgical experience, succeeded in extracting the bullet, which was quite near the surface, and stanching the blood.

A weight was lifted from Lord Erceldonne's heart when he heard the weak voice of the woman he loved assure him that she control were to guide him through the

couple for life, and, in addition, to buy a fine fishing-smack for Joe.

When he imparted this decision to the worthy pair, their delight and thankfulness knew no bounds.

'There's one favor I should like to anst—no offence,' and Jee, pulling at his forelock. 'I should like to call that there beat the Lady Hadels—that is, if you ain't got no objection to that same.'

'Certainly, my good fellow,' said Erceldonne, 'and we both thank you for the compliment.'

When the sailor and his sweetheart had left them, Ralph drew Adela towards him and kussed the cheek where a deep rose flush mantled.

'Lady Adela!' he repeated, softly. 'I like to think how soon that title will be yours, dearest. You will become it well.'

In spite of the sad and torrible experiences, Adela and Lord Erceldonne had gone through at Redeliffs Manor, the two could not rest, until they had learned the fate of those whose darkened lives had been passed within its walls.

Search was made tor the bodies of poor Hilds and Paul Barrington, but they were never found.

The wide blue sea still rolls above the nameless grave of it myriad victims, guarded as it always will, the secret of its depth,' till the Day of Judgment.

The rescued patients were removed by their friends to other homes, where the Professor and Mr. Millichamp eventually recovered, and thus pass out of our story. Poor Cordelia Joy's health was seriously affected by the shock of the fire, and she died soon after her courageous rescue by Dr. Ives, who crossed Adela's path again in later years as a prosparous, middleaged London specialist much run after by elderly spinsters, and widows, as he remained a bachelor.

He retained to his dying day a profound admiration for Paul Barrington, always deploring his chiet's tragic death, the true cromustances of which never transpired.

And neither Lord Erceldonne nor Adela thought it worth while to disclose to him, or to anyone else, the real nature of the man who had been called with such terrible audenness to his last account.

And this for the sak

wards Whitby, with its quaintiy-clustering hous is and grand, warm-hearted northern people.

Good Squire Selby and his wife received them with a hospitable enthusianm neither can forget.

By the aid of the former, Lord Erceldonne's wrongs were redressed. He found himself once more master of the broad lands and ancestral old-world home, to which he was proud to take his beautiful bride, Adela, the fairest, noblest woman whose portrait graced the long picture-gallery of his aucuent line.

He would fain have sought out and pardoned his brother Cosmo, giving him means wherewith to lead a better lite, trying to believe that Paul Burington's evil influence had led him astray.

But such generosity was beyond the comprehension of so mean a nature, and, fearing just punishment, he fied to toreign lands, like Cain, an outcast till his death. Constance Villi rs and Adela became the most devoted of friends.

On the day when the marri tge chimes pealed from the grey church tower of Whitby, and Adela, radiant in bridal at tire, walked up the aisle on the arm of Mr. Selby, she wore a lovely diamond pendant at her neck, of which the two girls and Lord Erceldonne alone knew the meaning. It was a sparkling crown, composed of stones of the purest water, with an enamel band of the palest blue, bearing an inscription in gold lettering—

**CRSETS** 

D&A

**DYA** Corsets WILL YOU

They are fashioned on living models, not on sta-tues or theories, and the result is they fit

with Ease and Comfort. THEY WEAR WELL, LAST WELL AND SELL AT POPULAR PRICES.

Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Mr.G.O.ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months.

tilburn's Heart and Nerve Pills |

as Incurable.

Cure a Disease hitherto regarded

Messes. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me

known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by, Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

ion them.

'Look mother at that women; she keeps the keeps watching us all the time, with such an unhappy hungry face. May I give her something? See, over there,' pointing to a pitiful wreck of humanity, with ragged skirts, and a thin shawl drawn over her shoulders.

Her pinched face was wolfish with want, her claw-like fingers outstreached eagerly. Some vague recollection made Adela, pause as she was about to put a shilling into the women's palm.

'Surely I have seen you before?' she asked gently. 'Where, I do not remem ber; but I know your face.'

The women cringed, as if to ward off a blow, an an expression of fear came into her bleared eyes.

'I—I did not know your ladyship or I would not have spoken,' she whined. 'It isn't likely as you can torgive me, of course. Oh you need not call the police; I will be off.

But Adela laid a restraining hand on her

But Adela laid a restraining hand on ner arm.

'We will' go indoors,' she said, kindly and compassionately. 'If you have any-thing to say to me in private, we shall be quieter there.' Then, as her husband appeared at the door of the library, whither she had taken her strange visitor: 'Ralph, will you come in for a moment ?'

Lord Erceldonne obeyed, a quiszical smile on his face, his hand already in his pocket. ... It is not a substant and old time good health, comfort and youthful buoy-networks of charity, as in everything else, shough he suspected her of otten being imposed up on.

'What are you reading about ?' asked the man with a wise manner.

Faithful to Trust Die if Needs Must,
It was an old motto of the house of Erceldonne.

Who more fitly might wear it than the women who had been ready to face unknown peril at the desparing prayer of a stranger who trusted her?

Adela had braved death, she had found lite; nay more, the best of all thinge—love, enduring, unchangeable.

Her riches and proud position did not make her hard and arogant.

She was ever ready to help those in bitter need or sorrow, remembering the day when she had wandered homeless and penniless, a wait of the great city.

One afternoon, she was sitting in her luxurious carriage, at the door of their house, with her two lovely children, Ralph and Muriel, waiting for her husband to join them.

Look mother at that women; she keeps the keeps watching us all the time, with such an unhappy hungry face. May I give her something? See, over there, pointing to a pitiful wreck of humanity, with mendal to the property of the woman, and had been ready to face the world alone. If you regret the past, which I freely pardon, prove it by giving a helping hand to those who know lite's bitterness, as I knew it once.'

'I cannot forgive that woman,' said Lord Erceldonne, I as a sweet smile lighted up her face, chasing the last shade of sadness called up by memories.

'Dear Lady Erceldonne. I can't tell you case was anything but a hopedul one.

'Dear Lady Erceldonne. I can't tell you case was anything but a hopedul one.

'Dear Lady Erceldonne. I can't tell you cheep our serrow, our shame is, that so dreadful a mistake should have been made,' stammered the obsequious matron, following Adela out to her carriage. 'I do not know what we can do to make amends; but, if there is anything—'

She paused, arrested by the strange expression on Lady Erceldonne. I can't tell you cannot get the obsequious matron, following Adela out to her carriage. 'I do not know what we can do to make amends; but, if there is anything—'

There is nothing.' Adela replied, coldly, for she was disgusted by the extrange expression on Lady

A sweet same ligated up her lace, chasing the last shade of sadness called up by memories.

'Dear Ralph, your love for me makes you say so; but I do not find it very hard. Think—if it had not been for that terrible time, we should never have met.'

He pressed her white hand passionately to his lips, for he was still her lover, though they had been married seven years.

'My wife, you are an angel upon earth, he said, reverently.

But, softly as the words were spoken, baby Ralph, who was jealous of a conversation in which hh had no share, heard them.

'W.ll, if she is, l'll just get nurse's big scissors and cut/off her wings; then muvver will never, never go away and leave us,' he said, confidently.

They all laughed, and, as the carriage rolls away homewards through the golden September sunshine, we bid them farewell.

'What are you reading about P' seked the man with a wise manner. 'The stock market,' replied the youth.

of charity, as in everything else, though he suspected her of often being imposed up on.

The beggar, still more frightened, continued her whining protest in answer to an interrogation of Afela's.

'Yes, my lady, you are right; I am Martha Slater, though as you can see, I've come down in the world. I may as well make a clean breast of it.

'I stole that bracelet and put it is your box, for I wanted to get you out of the place, the old lady was so set en you. But I was punished, for things never seemed to go well with me after; and I did not get a tarthing, for my mistress died with a will. My savings were soon gone, and I took to drink, callously. 'I don't care if it hills me; it's better than starving to death.'

Ralph's face had grown stern and dark during this recital, and Adela could see he was inclined to deal severely with the west inclined to deal severely with the was attement to the authorities.

The matter ended, however, by their making her accompany them to the haspital, where she was compalled to repeat her statement to the authorities.

Lady Ercaldonne countrived to slip a gift of mansy into her hand, begging her to try and referm; but though she appear-to try and referm to try and referm; but though she appear-to try and referm to try and referm to try and referm to try and referm to try and referm; but though she appear-to try and referm to try and referm; but though she appear-to try and referm to try and re



l. Office, 906 F St., H. W., Weshington, D.C. TTER & SANDANL, 15e Bloory St., Montreel.