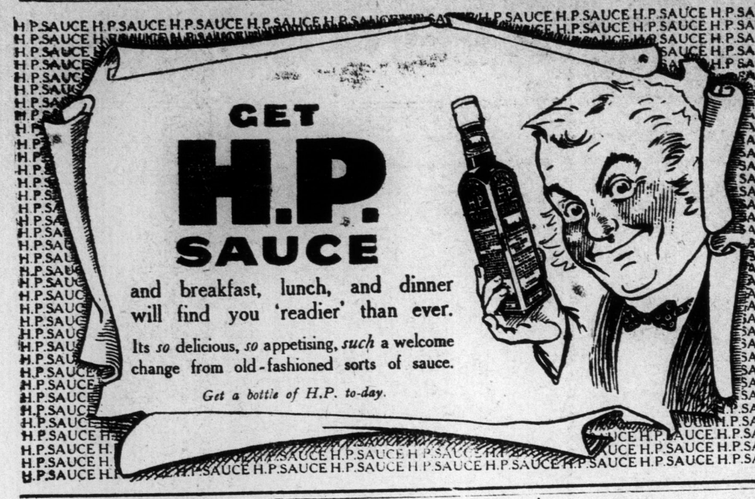


A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sisters.

This was not unlikely, and before the day was passed Mr. Carrollton had visited several different stations, and had talked with the conductors of the several trains, but all to no purpose; and, very much disheartened, he returned at nightfall to the old stone house, where, to his great surprise he found Theo and her husband. The telegram had done its mission, and feeling anxious to know the worst, George had come up with Theo to spend the night. It was the first time Madam Conway had seen him since her memorable encounter with his mother, for though Theo had more than once been home, he had never before accompanied her, and now when Madam Conway heard his voice in the hall below, she groaned afresh. The sight of his good humored face, however, and his kind offer to do whatever he could to find the fugitive, restored her composure in a measure, and she partially forgot that he was in any way connected with the blue umbrella, or the blue umbrella connected with him! Never in her life had Theo felt very deeply on any subject, and now, though she seemed bewildered at what she heard, she manifested no particular emotion, until her grandmother, wringing her hands, exclaimed, 'You have no sister now, my child, and I no Margaret.' Then, indeed, her tears flowed, and when her husband whispered to her, 'We will love poor Maggie all the same,' she cried aloud, but not quite as demonstratively as Madam Conway wished, and in a very unamiable frame of mind the old lady accused her of being selfish and hard-hearted.

In this stage of proceedings Mr. Carrollton returned, bringing no tidings of Maggie, whereupon another fit of hysterics ensued, and Theo behaved much worse than Mrs. Jeffrey had done. The latter was finally summoned home to the sick room, where she had just succeeded in quieting the excited woman. The next morning George Douglas visited old Hagar, but he, too, was unsuccessful, and that afternoon he returned to Worcester, leaving Theo with her grandmother, who, though finding fault with whatever she did, refused to let her go until Margaret was found.

During the remainder of the week, Mr. Carrollton rode through the country, making the most minute inquiries, and receiving always the same discouraging answer. Once he thought to advertise, but from making the affair thus public he instinctively shrank, and resolving to spare neither his time, his money, nor his health, he pursued his weary way alone. Once, too, Madam Conway spoke of Henry Warner, saying it was possible Maggie might have gone to him, as she had thought so much of Rose; but Mr. Carrollton 'knew better.' 'A discarded lover,' he said, 'was the last person in the world to whom a young girl like Margaret would go, particularly as Theo had said that Henry was not the husband of another.'

Still the suggestion haunted him, and on the Monday following Henry Warner's first visit to Worcester, he, too went down to talk with Mr. Douglas, asking him 'if it were possible that Maggie was in Leominister.'

"I know she is not," said George, repeating the particulars of his interview with Henry, who, he said, was at the store on Saturday. "Once I thought of telling him all," said he, "and then considering the relations which formerly existed between them, I concluded to keep silent, especially as he manifested no desire to speak of her, but appeared, I fancied, quite uneasy when I casually mentioned Hillsdale."

Thus was that matter decided, and while not many miles away Maggie was watching hopelessly for the coming of Arthur Carrollton, he, with George Douglas, was devising the best means of finding her. George generously offering to assist in the search, and suggesting finally that he should himself go to New York city, while Mr. Carrollton explored Boston and vicinity. It seemed quite probable that Margaret would seek some of the large cities, as in her letter she had said she could earn her livelihood by teaching music; and quite hopeful of success, the young men parted, Mr. Carrollton going immediately to Boston, while Mr. Douglas, after a day or two, started for New York, whither, as the reader will remember, he had gone at the time of Henry's last visit to Worcester.

Here, for a time, we leave them, Hagar raving mad, Madam Conway in strong hysterics, Theo wishing herself anywhere but at Hillsdale, Mrs. Jeffrey ditto, George Douglas treading the crowded streets of the noisy city, and Mr. Carrollton in Boston, growing paler and sadder as day after day passed by, bringing him no trace of the lost one. Here, I say, we leave them, while in another chapter we follow the footsteps of her for whom this search was made.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Niagara.

From the seaside to the mountains, from the mountains to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Montreal, from Montreal to the Thousand Isles, and thence they scarce knew where, the travellers wended their way, stopping not long at any place, for Margaret was ever seeking change. Greatly had she been admired, her pale, beautiful face attracting attention at once; but from all flattery she turned away, saying to Henry and Rose, "Let us go on."

So, onward still onward they went, pausing longest at Montreal, for it was there Arthur Carrollton had been, there a part of his possessions lay, even after her companions wished to be gone."

"He may be here again," she said; and so she waited and watched, scanning eagerly the passers-by, and noticing each new face as it appeared at the table of the hotel where they were staying. But the one she waited for never came, "and even if he does," she thought, "he will not come for me."

So she signified her willingness to depart, and early one bright July morning she left, while the singing birds from the treetops, the summer air from the Canada hills, and, more than all, a warning voice within her bade her "Tarry yet a little, stay till the sun was set," for far out in the country and many miles away a train was thundering on. It would reach the city at nightfall, and among its jaded passengers was a worn and weary man. Hopeless, almost aimless now, he would come, and why he came he scarcely knew. "She would not be there so far from home," he was sure of that, but he was coming for the sake of what he hoped and feared, when last he trod those streets. Listlessly he entered the same hotel, then carelessly turned the leaves backward—backward—backward still, till one remained between his hand the page bearing date five days before. He paused and was about to move away, when a sudden breeze from the open window turned the remaining leaf, and his eye caught the name, not of Maggie Miller, but of "Henry Warner, lady and sister."

Thus it stood, and thus he repeated it to himself, dwelling upon the last word sister, as if to him it had another meaning. He had heard from Madam Conway that neither Henry Warner nor Rose had a sister, but she might be mistaken; probably she was, and dismissing the subject from his mind, he walked away. Still the names haunted him, and thinking at last that if Mr. Warner were now in Montreal he would like to see him, he returned to the office, asking the clerk if the occupants of Nos. — were there still.

"Left this morning for the Falls," was the laconic answer, and without knowing why he should particularly wish to do so, Mr. Carrollton resolved to follow them.

He would as soon be at the Falls as at Montreal, he thought. Accordingly he left the next morning for Niagara, taking the shortest route by river and lake, and arriving there on the evening of the second day after his departure from the city. But nowhere could a trace be found of Henry Warner, and determining now to wait until he came, Mr. Carrollton took rooms at the International, where after a day or two, worn out with travel, excitement and hope deferred, he became severely indisposed, and took to his bed, forgetting entirely both Henry Warner and the sister, whose name he had seen upon the hotel register. Thoughts of Maggie Miller, however, were constantly in his mind, and whether waking or asleep he always saw her face, sometimes radiant with healthful beauty, as when he first beheld her, and again pale, troubled and sad, as when he saw her last.

"Oh, shall I ever find her?" he would sometimes say, as in the dim twilight he lay listening to the noisy hum which came up from the public room below.

And once, as he lay there thus, he dreamed, and in his dreams there came through the open window a clear, silvery voice, breathing the loved name of Maggie. Again he heard it on the stairs, then little tripping feet went past his door, followed by a slow, languid tread, and with a nervous start the sick man awoke. The day had been cloudy and dark, but the rain was over now, and the room was full of sunshine—sunshine dancing on the walls, sunshine glimmering on the floor, sunshine everywhere. Insensibly, too, there stole over Mr. Carrollton's senses a feeling of quiet, of rest, and he slept ere long again, dreaming this time that Margaret was there.

Yes, Margaret was there—there beneath the same roof that sheltered him, and the same sunshine which filled his room with light had bathed her white brow, as leaning from her window she listened for the roar of the falling water. They had lingered on their way, stopping at the Thousand Isles, for Margaret would have it so; but they had come at last, and the tripping footsteps in the hall, the silvery voice upon the stairs, was that of the golden haired Rose, who watched over Margaret with all a sister's love and a mother's care. The frequent jokes of the fun-loving Henry, too, were not without their good effects, and Margaret was better now than she had been for many weeks.

"I can rest here," she said, and a faint color came to her cheeks, making her look more like herself than she had done before since that night of sorrow in the woods.

And so three days went by, and Mr. Carrollton, on his weary bed, dreamed not that the slender form, which sometimes through his half-closed door cast a shadow in his room, was that of her for whom he sought. The tripping footsteps, too, went often by, and a merry, childish voice, which reminded him of Maggie, rang through the spacious halls, until at last the sick man came to listen for that party as they passed. They were a merry party, he thought, a very merry party, and he pictured to himself her of the ringing voice; she was dark eyed, he said, with braids of shining hair, and when, as they were passing once, he asked of his attendant if it were not as he had fancied, he felt a pang of disappointment at the answer, which was: "The girl the young gentleman hears so much has yellow curls and dark blue eyes."

"She is not like Maggie, then," he sighed, and when again he heard that voice a part of its music was gone. Still it cheered its solitude, and he listened for it again, just as he had done before.

Once, when he knew they were going out, he went to the window to see them, but the lagre straw hats and close carriage revealed no secret, and disappointed he turned away.

"It is useless to stay here longer," he said; "I must be about my work I am able to leave and I will go to-morrow. But first I will visit the Falls once more. I may never see them again."

Accordingly, next morning after Margaret and Rose had left the house he came down the stairs, sprang into an open carriage, and was driven to Goat Island, which, until his illness, had been his favorite resort.

Beneath the tall forest trees which grow upon the island there is a rustic seat. Just on the brink of the river it stands, and the carriage road winds by. It is a comparatively retired spot, looking out upon the foaming water rushing so madly on. Here the weary often rest; here lovers sometimes comes to be alone; and here Maggie Miller sat on that summer morning, living over again the past, which to her had been so bright, and musing sadly of the future, which would bring her she knew not what.

(To be continued.)

THREE YEARS OF MISERY

Mrs. Burnside Escaped an Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mahoningtown, Pa.—"For three years I suffered untold misery every month, and had to stay in bed the first two or three days. I also had a displacement and other ailments peculiar to women. I became so weak and run down I could scarcely walk across the floor.

"The doctor told me I would never be well unless I would undergo an operation, but I was advised by my mother to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after I had taken four bottles I am strong and well. I have got others to take your medicine with the same good results and they cannot say enough for it."—Mrs. J. A. BURNSIDE, Mahoningtown, Pa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Be Warned by Headache

It tells of Serious Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys—Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

You can stop a headache with powerful drugs. But it is not generally wise to do so.

A headache almost always warns you of derangements of the digestive system, the liver, kidneys or bowels.

Awaken the liver to healthful action by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you not only free yourself of headache, but remove the cause which will soon lead to more dangerous results than headache.

Pains are the result of poison in the system and whether you have headache, backache or aching limbs, you can be almost sure of relief and cure by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They are wonderfully prompt, as well as definite and thorough in action. You can depend upon them, no matter how long-standing or complicated your case. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Asthma Catarrh
WHOOPING COUGH CROUP BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

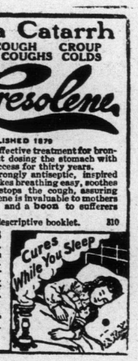
A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 110

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us. 10c in stamps.



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MONTREAL

Delicious Bread or Your Money Refunded

Every Barrel Cream of the West Flour Guaranteed for Bread

Yes, madam, I am the Cream of the West miller. I know what Cream of the West is. It's a strong flour. It has extra bread-making qualities, and I'll guarantee great, big, bulging loaves of the lightest, whitest, most wholesome bread.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Tell your grocer you want to try Cream of the West. Buy a barrel subject to the guarantee. Tell him we expect him to refund your money if the flour fails to do as we claim. He won't lose a cent. We will reimburse him in full. Show him this paper with the guarantee. It is his authority to pay you back if you ask him. 110

Guarantee

We hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of barrel if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT

CREAM OF THE WEST

R. C. ASH & Co., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors.

Asking For Death.

Requests From Prisoners Which Stagger the Judge.

At the Norwich (Eng.) Assizes in the last week in January a prisoner, accused of the murder of his child, bluntly asked Mr. Justice Channell to pass the sentence of death upon him without a trial the man pleaded guilty, and refused the judge's offer for counsel to defend him. Naturally, both judge and jury, and not less the crowd in court, were astounded at such a request from the dock; yet the man was firm in his desire to be at once sentenced to the direst penalty known to the law.

In these rare cases a certain course is taken, and this course Mr. Justice Channell took. Medical witnesses were summoned to testify as to the conditons of the prisoner's mind. Though there was a conflict in that evidence, it was found that the accused was in a fit state of mind to plead, and on that finding the only course open to the Judge was to pass the sentence which the man himself had asked for.

Though extremely unusual, it is not unprecedented for a man to comport himself in the dock as this man. At Liverpool Assizes in summer of last year a man accused of a sordid crime faced Judge with a very determinad requst, often repeated, to be at once sentenced to death without the long ordeal of a trial. He refused to be considered otherwise than as guilty, or to set up any defence or extenuation of his deed. Yet the doctor specially summoned to assist the judge with his expert testimony assured his lordship that the rationality of the man was beyond question. Ultimately the judge had to do as the prisoner had requested.

Almost as surprising, if not in exactly the same category, was the staggering request made to the late Mr. justice Grantham at the Central Criminal Court, London, last year. A man named Charles Arthur actually asked the judge to order him what even the most hardened criminals dread—the "cat." Notwithstanding this request was made to escape some of the sentence of imprisonment for life passed upon him for shooting at a police constable—he asked the judge to give him a short term imprisonment and liberal punishment with the "cat," in preference to the life sentence—it was a most surprising request, and had probably not been paralleled in an English court of law. It was not granted.

"ANYTHING IN REASON"

Can Be Cured with Douglas Egyptian Liniment

So thinks Mr. Nathaniel W. Reid, of Enterprise, Ont. Here are his grounds for thinking so:

"Some time ago I was troubled with a lump growing on the side of my neck near the ear. I had consulted several physicians, and tried everything I could hear of, but obtained no beneficial results.

I was told to use Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, which I did and was permanently cured Since that time I have used this Liniment for everything where an outward application is required, and have yet to learn of anything in reason that I cannot cure with it. No man has any idea of its value until he has used it, and no one will be without it after once using."

Mr. Reid is exactly right. No amount of praise impresses one so favorably as a trial of the Liniment itself. Try a bottle. 73

25c. at all dealers'. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

Prescription 'A.'

Is the one and only genuine preparation that cures **Indigestion** and **Dyspepsia** in all its forms.

It is quite a daily occurrence to hear a person say: "Oh, what a feeling of distress I have after meals, fulness of the stomach, heaviness and headache. I feel too tired to do anything. I have no heart to exert myself, and at times I care for nothing.

I often have a pain in the pit of the stomach after eating, that is (if I am able to eat). My heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertion, and I am just as tired when rising in the morning (even worse) than when retiring at night. I often awake in my sleep and imagine that I am going to suffocate, and very often afraid to go to sleep again. I have to take particular good care of what food I eat. All these symptoms make my life not worth living."

So, why do you insist on suffering from all these unnecessary symptoms when **STAFFORD'S "Prescription "A"** will do the work.

This **genuine** preparation is manufactured by **DR. F. STAFFORD & SON**, St. John's, Nfld.

Price, small size, 25 cents, postage 5 cents extra. Large size, 50 cents, postage 10 cents extra.

A Notable Will.

In 1797 there died in London a merchant named Peter Thelusson, of foreign extraction, who bequeathed $500,000 to his wife and children, and the rest of his property, amounting to upwards of $3,000,000, to ftrustees, with instructions that the money was to be invested and the interest suffered to accumulate until his three sons and all their sons should have died, when the entire property was to be transferred to his eldest great-grand-son. In the event of no such heir being then alive, the accumulated property was to be appropriated to the reduction of the National Debt. Many calculations were made as to the probable amount which the accumulations were likely to reach, and according to the lowest computation it was believed that the sum would, in seventy years, amount to $95,000,000. The family of the deceased disputed validity of the will, and some years were passed in litigation, the rusult being that the ocument was declared vaild, but and Act of Parliament was passed in 1800 rendering null and void all bequests for the purposes of accumulation for longer than twenty years after the testator's death.

The last grandson of Peter Thelusson died in 1856, fifty-nine years after the death of the author of the will. Prolonged litigation again ensued, and when, in 1859, the House of Lords decided that Charles Thelusson was the heir, the legal expenses and costs of maintenance were found to have swallowed up the whole of the accumulated profits, leaving to the heir a sum as nearly as possible equal to original bequest.

Patient Tells Strange Tale.

The man who says he is George A. Kimmel, whose skull recently was operated on by Chicago surgeons, last night issued a statement in which he declared he had lived a Jekyll and Hyde life.

If you remember the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde you can understand my plight', he said. After fourteen years of darkness I regained my lost personality, and my better nature has asserted itself.

I now remember every detail of the assault which changed my life. I know the names of my assailants.

Their attack had been carefully planned. I was slugged on Sixteenth Street, St. Louis, in July, 1898 after having been taken there drugged from the Midland Hotel, Kansas City.

I had $520 in American National Bank at Kansas City. One of my enemies telephoned in my name and had the money taken to the Midland Hotel. Since this operation I remember counting that money when it was given me by the cashier. I now remember dropping a coin as I counted this was picked up by the cashier and returned to me.'

Another fact that came back to me since the operation is my return to Niles, Mich., where I became cashier of the First National Bank, taking the place of George Howard, who was believed to have been drowned in a lake near the city.'

The Kimmel claimant, said that the names of the three men who he say slugged him and caused him to lose his memory, will not be told until the mother of George A. Kimmel, who brands the claimant as an imposter, begins her case in St Louis this mount for recovery of $25,000 from au insurance company in which she says her dead son held a policy.

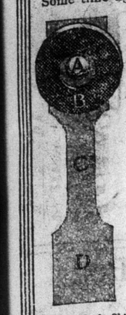
No More 50,000,

Some time ago a chemist discov ered how to com pletely end a corn.

He made a wax— the B & B wax— which forms th heart of a Blue-ja plaster.

This little plaste has since then re moved fifty millio corns.

It is applied in jiffy, and the cor



A in the picture is
B protects the cor
C wraps around th
D is rubber adhes

Blue-ja

Sold by Drug
Sample Mailed

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Maker

The Bo

By WA

Our country's headed for the d orators, upon the stump, assure ims of our dads are mostly all for scads, and all our ways are rot game they heard the same old st that was conceived in glory. The yet the land was youthful; alarmi than truthful. It was the same in ing; alarmists howled for the po so the prophet of despair can't get paw the air and say the land is bl better our condition, and show us demnition; I've heard that hoary y bosh is; so I'll dig round to beat Dutch, and plant my spuds squashes.

12 Tumors Remove

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I am enjoyin and I think I am entirely cured. I grateful for my present health, and

the start in all cases of women's dis womb, irregularities, leucorrhoea, etc. I will send a sample box containi suffering woman who has not yet tried stamps and address MRS. FRANCES

Here and There.

PASSED BERGS.—The Pomeran yesterday evening passed 104 bergs all shapes and sizes.

OFF RENEWS. — A marconigr was received from the Mongolian 10 o'clock last night saying that s was off Renews in a dense fog.

The schr. Duchess of Cornwall, t laden from Job Bros., sails to-day f Pernambuco.

BE SOBER AND WATCH.—The a journed monthly meeting of the St John's T. A. & B. Society will be he to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 2.3 Business of importance. A large a tendance is particularly requested. order, GEO. J. COUGHLAN, Secretar may18,1i

HER FIRST VISIT. —This is t first time the Pomeranian was ev in St. John's. Two years ago it w be remembered she picked up t tramp steamer Bangore Head, i after towing her several miles w obliged to let her go, and she w afterwards taken in tow by the Bo venture. Her present captain w then on the ship as first officer. T Pomeranian is over 30 years old. S will make another trip to St. John and will then be replaced by the Sl dinian.

SELF CURE NO FICTION MARVEL UPON MARVEL

NO SUFFERER NEED NOW DESPAIR, but without running a doctor's bill or falling into the deep ditch of quackery, may safely, speedily and economically cure himself without the knowledge of a second party. By the introduction of

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

THERAPION

a complete revolution has been wrought in this department of medical science, whilst thousands have been restored to health and happiness who for years previously had been merely dragging out a miserable existence.

THERAPION No. 1—A Sovereign Remedy for discharges, superseding injections, the use of which does irreparable harm by laying the foundation of stricture and other serious diseases.

THERAPION No. 2—A Sovereign Remedy for primary and secondary skin eruptions, ulcerations, pains and swellings of the joints, and all those complaints which mercury and sarsaparilla are popularly but erroneously supposed to cure. This preparation purifies the whole system through the blood and thoroughly eliminates all poisonous matter from the body.

THERAPION No. 3—A Sovereign Remedy for debility, nervousness, impaired vitality, sleeplessness, distaste and incapacity for business or pleasure, love of solitude, blushing, indigestion, pains in the back and head, and all disorders resulting from dissipation, early excesses, etc., which the faculty so persistently ignore because so impotent to cure or even relieve.

THERAPION is sold by principal Chemists throughout the world. Price in England 2/9 and 4/6. In ordering, state which of the three numbers required, and observe that the word 'THERAPION' appears on British Government stamp (in white letters on a red ground) affixed to every package by order of His Majesty's Honourable Commissioners, and without which it is a forgery.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Dragees (Tasteless form.