

—WANTED— Houses to Rent.

We simply want to help you rent them by preparing them with some of our hand-picked. 6, 7 and 8 paper. You will get the cost back in extra rent. Try it.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

To Whom She Said "Yes."

"Will the carriage be long?" gasped the overwhelmed wife and mother, thankfully accepting the attentions of Mrs. Aubrey, who, in the face of her great sorrow, could not retain any anger, but soothed her with sisterly kindness.

While she arranged Mrs. Lyssendon's shawl, and compelled her to swallow a little wine, the ensign timidly approached Eden.

"Miss Aubrey, I scarcely dare to address you, it seems madness to hope that you will ever forgive me my share in that disgraceful business."

"Ah, do not speak of it," murmured Eden, shivering and averting the eyes that had become so hollow and sad. He bowed and drew back.

"I will not, then; but if you ever can overlook my fault—no, I ought not to be so importunate; but my father is a stern man, and till I have won your forgiveness, he refuses me his. He will not let my mother or the girls write to me. I am an outcast; and, knowing how they must feel, this makes me very wretched."

Eden held out her hand.

"I have no quarrel with you. Perhaps you, like myself, believed Captain Lyssendon to be an honorable man."

The lad fidgeted, stammered, and longed to plead something in extenuation of his friend; but the severity of Eden's look made the words refuse to flow. He could only say, after all:

"I am afraid, Miss Aubrey, the wine and brandy I had been foolish enough to swallow had added my head to such an extent that I was not able to think at all. And this is what I regret most of all; for if Lyssendon had only been fortunate enough to have one faithful friend at his elbow that night, the message that deceived you would never have been sent."

"Did he write it?" asked Eden, below her breath.

"No; nor do I believe that he knew what it was."

Eden turned away abruptly, for the stretcher carriage, driven by Venetia, was in sight, and Mrs. Lyssendon rose to hurry out and meet it. But she was so feeble, so exhausted, that she could not stand without the support the ensign hastened to give her.

As she leaned on his arm she put out her hand and drew Eden towards her. There was such a depth of entreaty in her gaze that the young girl trembled, and covered her face with her handkerchief; but as Mrs. Lyssendon, sighing helplessly, released her fluttering fingers, and signed to her escort to lead her away, Eden suddenly raised her head.

"Stay," she said hoarsely and uncertainly. "I will do what you have asked of me. I will stand at the altar with Frank Lyssendon; but it shall only be on condition that he never attempts to claim me as his wife, never approaches me—that we go our several ways as soon as the ceremony is over, and meet no more."

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that again and again she murmured, drearily:

"If I had but died in the forest!—if I could but creep away now and die where none could find me!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Frank Lyssendon followed his mother as soon as he learned the reason of her sudden departure, traveling all night in his overwhelming anxiety to win one word of forgiveness from the father whose death, ere he could arrive to entreat it, would be the climax of his misfortunes.

But Mrs. Lyssendon came to meet him with a smile on her tired face. The attack, alarming though it had been, had yielded to the remedies applied; the doctor was out of danger, and as she had been able to whisper a hope that their boy would yet escape the public disgrace with which he was threatened, the mental distress, which had been at the root of Mr. Lyssendon's illness, was considerably alleviated.

He consented to see his son, and, instead of the stern rebukes Frank was dreading, the few words he was able to say were so full of sorrowful kindness that the young man broke down completely, and, rushing out of the room, hid himself from every eye till he could regain his composure.

His mother, too, was very tender and pitiful, and forgot her own fatigue in ministering to him.

It was not till he had been persuaded to lie down on the sofa in her dressing-room, and snatch a few hours' sleep, that she told him the particulars of her visit to Eden. He grew alternately hot and cold as he listened.

"And, in her generous compassion for you, mother, she consents to marry me!" he exclaimed, agitatedly. "It was not right to demand such a sacrifice of her; she should be mean indeed if I accepted it."

"Oh! Frank, you will not refuse?" cried his mother, vexed and alarmed beyond measure at his obstinacy.

"Not refuse!" he echoed. "My dearest mother, I should despise myself more than I do already, if I accepted the hand of Eden Aubrey under such circumstances. Her consent was wrung from her; you do not deny it. She detests—she loathes me, even while she suffers herself to be persuaded to be mine. No, mother, no; I cannot let Eden do this."

"But, Frank, consider! It is not of yourself alone that you must think, sighed Mrs. Lyssendon, almost in her wits' end as she saw fresh perplexities arising. "Think of the lad who is implicated in this abduction almost as deeply as yourself; of your other companion, who will not dare to return to England unless the prosecution is quashed; of your father, and of me. If you were the only sufferer by what you have done, I should call your determination heroic; but, as it is, I feel that you ought to consider us."

"But Eden, Eden!" he exclaimed. "If I dared see in her decision a sign of relenting towards me; if I could hope that my contrition, my earnest entreaty, would teach her to forget the treachery—"

"Oh! don't refer to it—pray don't!" implored his mother. "But, even in speaking of Miss Aubrey, you give me another argument in favor of this marriage; for, to be candid with you, I believe that one of the poor girl's principal inducements to consent to my prayers was her horror of being dragged into further publicity. She is, and I believe truly, that the order of appearing against you in a crowded court would kill her."

[To be Continued.]

Experience in England.

Diamond Dyes Have First Place in the Old Land.

A Hamilton Lady Says: "Diamond Dyes Are Far Above All Others."

Mrs. J. S. Burton, Hamilton, Ont., says: "While living in England, I had considerable experience in home-dyeing work, and never had perfect success there till I used the Diamond Dyes. When I came to Canada I still used the Diamond Dyes, and am using them now, and will never have any other kind to do my work. Diamond Dyes are far above all others."

A life spent worthily should be measured by deeds not years.—Sheridan. Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing the affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Pain in the Back. Being troubled off and on with pains in my back, caused by constipation, I tried several kinds of pills I had seen advertised, and to put the truth in a nutshell, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the only pills that have proved effectual in my case. I can heartily recommend them.

JOHN DEVLIN, Unionville, Ont.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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JOTTINGS FROM NEAR-BY PLACES

The Petrel is still frozen in at Goderich.

The infant daughter of Mr. Dobson, Glencoe, died Saturday morning.

Mr. Archie Duncanson, of Ekfrid, was leading a colt out to water when it turned and kicked him in the face, knocking all of his front teeth out.

Mr. W. M. Faulds, of Dorchester, has purchased the 200 acre farm of Mr. Jas. Cox, Muncey Road, Caradoc, for \$10,000. Mr. Cox is selling his stock.

STRATHROY.

Strathroy, April 12.—Prof. Slight-holm, formerly superintendent of the Western Dairy School, has purchased the old Front street, opposite the electric light works, and will erect a large, commodious building, which he proposes using as a creamery. The contract for the erection of the building has been given to Mr. Geo. McBeth, and it is expected that it will be completed within a month.

Mr. J. Bolton, of Adelaide, left on Tuesday for Sidney, Man.

Dr. W. Bradley, a former well-known resident of Strathroy, has established a hospital in Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana.

Mrs. (Rev.) Connors, of Adelaide, Mrs. Geo. Wilson and Mrs. Kinder, of Strathroy, attended the Woman's Auxiliary convention recently held in London.

Mrs. Frankie Campbell, of Detroit, is spending a few days at her home here.

Miss Sifton was presented with an address by the Front Street Epworth League last week. Miss Sifton, who has been a faithful worker in the league, left on Wednesday to attend Trafalgar Ladies' College in Montreal.

Miss Minnie Hill, of Petrolia, has been spending the holidays with her parents, Caradoc street.

The sudden death of Mr. George Ross, son of Mr. Hugh Ross, of this town, was heard with deep regret by his many friends here. Deceased has been running a drugstore in Tavistock, and had been ill but a short time. The body was brought to Strathroy, the funeral taking place from the family residence to the Strathroy cemetery.

Mr. H. D. Johnson, public school inspector, attended the meeting of the Ontario Educational Association held in Toronto. Mr. Johnson is president of the inspectors' division of the association.

Major Dawson, of Strathroy, has received a veteran's jewel from Gore Lodge, I. O. O. F., Brantford, the token of 25 years' membership. The jewel was presented to him at a meeting of Howard Lodge on Wednesday evening last.

DE MONT.

Belmont, April 11.—Mrs. Lee, relict of the late Richard Lee, succumbed to paralysis on Tuesday, April 4, at the home of Elder Thomas Campbell, of Westminster. The deceased was born in Cumberlandshire, England, in 1812, and came to Montreal with her parents in 1818. Mr. Richard Lee, her father, who predeceased her 22 years, was a stonecutter, and assisted in the construction of the Erie, Rideau and Welland canals, together with other public works in Canada. His last work in this line was upon the Welland Canal, which he went to farming in 1844, pitching his tent in Wellesley, Waterloo county, where he lived for 27 years, when he retired to the village of Clifford, and died in 1871. The subject of this narrative was united in marriage to Richard Lee, of Montreal, in 1832. Seven daughters and four sons were born to them. The surviving children are: John Lee, of Bruce county; Joseph Lee, of Norwich; Robert Lee, of Sanilac county, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas Campbell, of Westminster; Mrs. Robert Watson, of South Dorchester; Mrs. William Moore, county of York, and Mrs. C. Moore, of a lifelong Presbyterian. Her maiden name was Sarah Ranson, being a daughter of Robert Ranson, of Montreal. The obsequies were conducted at the house by Rev. E. H. Savers, of Wilton Grove, and Rev. W. Quance, of Belmont, on Thursday afternoon. The casket was taken to London, and thence to Crosshill cemetery for interment. The chief mourners were Mr. John Lee, of Walkerton; Robert Lee, of Sanilac county, Mich.; Mrs. Robert Watson, of South Dorchester, and Mrs. Thomas Campbell, of Westminster.

The gun club at York Centre on Friday to try conclusions with the Yarmouth Center gun club at a range of 8 rods.

Score for the home team: Thomas Warren 0, A. Jones 0, Angus Jones 0, John Cousins 2, Wm. Moore 2, J. Jones 13, L. Murphy 0; total, 17.

Yarmouth team: Wm. Gilbert 0, Wm. Mullen 10, E. Cline 5, J. Gilbert 4, Wm. Herbert 8, G. Smith 7; total, 39.

MOUNT RYDOES.

Mount Rydges, April 11.—Miss Rossie Pettit, having spent the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Grigg, returned to her home on Monday. On Saturday night she was entertained by a number of the young people of her acquaintance, and after an enjoyable evening was spent the crowd dispersed by singing "God be with you till we meet again."

DORCHESTER.

Dorchester Station, April 11.—Robert Sutherland has purchased the farm of the late Donald McKay, 75 acres, for \$2,800.

J. A. Johnston has leased the premises of Daniel Buchanan at \$250 per annum.

Daniel Munro has bought a dwelling and lot from Thomas Hunter for \$700.

Lyman Shaw has leased the farm of Daniel Munro, comprising 100 acres, for five years, for \$150 per annum.

Edward Burke has leased the property of Robert McLean for \$200 per annum.

Mrs. Oakley has removed to London, and E. E. Smith, formerly of the firm of Hunt & Smith, merchants, has moved into the residence vacated by Mrs. Oakley.

James Hicks, of Lambeth, has arrived here, and has entered into partnership with Warner Hunt. The firm will be designated as Hicks & Hunt, merchants.

Rev. Mr. Rapson has contracted typhoid fever.

W. H. Trott has bought the boot and shoe business from Mr. Carroll.

Thomas Strong has left for Dakota, and Mr. Dundas has moved into the premises vacated by Mr. Strong.

The estimated loss sustained in the recent cheese factory fire is \$2,200, partially covered by insurance. The basement of the drying compartment is to be utilized for the manufacture of cheese until a new structure is built. One week from today the basement will be ready for reception of milk. Prof.

T. B. Millar states that the plans and specifications are being prepared for the erection of a new making compartment to provide for all recent appliances.

Arch McMillan has removed to his new premises near Dickson's corners, where Elder John McCallum and wife have entered the services of Arch McMillan for the ensuing year.

Robert Sutherland has purchased 40 acres of land from Wm. Partlow for \$600.

PETROLIA.

Petrolia, April 10.—About 2 o'clock Sunday morning fire was discovered in the old Oil Exchange Hall, occupied by J. W. Downer as an implement warehouse, J. W. Knight, harness shop and Jupp & Young, V. S., as an office.

The flames spread rapidly, but the fire was confined to the one structure, notwithstanding the number of old buildings surrounding it and the strong wind blowing at the time. J. W. Downer's loss will be quite heavy, with a small insurance. Loss of the others not known.

Charles Dunfield, young son of D. Dunfield, is very ill with appendicitis. The many friends of Mrs. Anderson, of Queen street, will regret to hear of her illness from typhoid fever.

The community was greatly shocked on Monday morning to hear of the sudden death of Neil McQueen, second son of Ewan McQueen, from an abscess on the brain. Deceased had only been confined to the house a few days, and it was not generally known he was so ill. Much sympathy is felt for his young wife, to whom he had only been married a little over a year. Mr. McQueen was one of the most popular young men in town, and his untimely end has cast a gloom over the town. The funeral will take place on Wednesday afternoon.

R. Lawyer returned to Toronto on Saturday, after being in town for a few days on business.

C. H. Fraser, E. L. McDonald, T. McDonald and Mrs. A. E. Fitzgerald attended the St. Andrew's ball in London last Friday night.

J. Slater, while working at the fire at the Oil Exchange Hall on Sunday morning, was struck on the leg with the hose and hurt.

Alex. McDonald spent Sunday at Chatham.

Mrs. Courtwright, of Inwood, is in town for a few days.

Parties Were Neighbors, Fellow-Soldiers in the S. A. and Both Had Families.

[St. Thomas Journal, April 10.] Man's duplicity and woman's inconsistency were strikingly exemplified in this city on Saturday afternoon. As a consequence two homes in the northern part of the city have each a vacant chair today and two young children watch at the window for a father who has not returned, while in an adjoining home a fair-haired little boy calls in vain for his mother.

Seven years ago Robert Goodchild married a Miss Rich and they lived happily together till quite recently. Between four and five years since a little boy came to bless their union and today he is a bright, handsome child.

Next to the Goodchild's on Barwick street, just north of the G. T. R. shops lived John Moore, with his widow, mother, and his two children. Moore's wife has been in the London insane asylum for several years. "Jack" Moore is a cement worker and Goodchild being a laborer, they worked together and were quite chummy. "Jack" often visited the Goodchild's, but the husband never had the slightest suspicion that he came to see Mrs. Goodchild. The men worked together on Saturday morning, but "Jack" knocked off in the afternoon.

When Mr. Goodchild came home on Saturday evening he found a note from his wife awaiting him. It was brief and to the point. It said that she was going away and that he need not look for her for he would not find her. The husband was, naturally, at a loss to explain his wife's disappearance, as they had always lived happily together and he had provided her with every comfort his means would afford. He began to put two and two together, however, and subsequently he learned from a neighbor that Moore had been seen to leave home with his banjo under his arm and go towards the L. E. and D. R. station. Mrs. Goodchild's mother, who lived with her daughter and son-in-law, was positive she saw her daughter in the window of a coach on the 5 o'clock train to London, and then little doubt was left in their minds that Moore and her daughter had fled together.

This morning Goodchild went to the conductor of the train and he confirmed his suspicions. He remembered the parties as described on his train. The aggrieved husband went to the police, but they could do nothing. He does not blame his wife, but is very bitter towards Moore, whom he believes alienated her affections and enticed her away.

Mrs. Moore, the widowed mother of the missing man, is left destitute with his two children, and several months' rent past due.

Mrs. Goodchild is only 24 years of age and is said to be rather prepossessing in appearance. It is thought they have gone to Detroit.

Salvation Army circles are much excited over the matter, both the elopers having been members of the local corps. They were, however, expelled from the army last Monday, on account of their conduct, which is alleged to have been highly improper.

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.