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Her Adopted Daughter

"My bonnie daugh—little lassie,"
said Errol, catching himself up "what
a tall girl you have grown! And—
this in German to Lenore—"what a
beauty she is. No wonder that even
Realty noticed her."

"Is she not lovely? And oh, Errol
I hope—I think you will find her all
you could wish!"

"Has she not been with you?" he
said, with a smile and look of such
deep love and tenderness that his
child noticed it as she nestled to him;
and, softly stroking his mustache to
attract attention, startled both father
and mother by asking, with an eager,
wistful look at the two faces:

"Cheri, do you love mother, ever,
ever so much?"

The girl flushed to the brow, but
her lover bent over the little question-
er, in no way dismayed after the first
start.

"Pearl, if I answer you will you
promise me never to tell anybody? Sil-
ence is golden, my little one." "That
is what mother says," cried Pearl,
delightedly. "And she says that
when words get in at my ear they
must stop here—touching her shape-
ly little head—and not come running
—running off my tongue. Isn't that
funny, Cheri? But it's all true, of
course; you know, because mother
says it."

"Ah, darling, keep that faith per-
fect forever, and be like her," Errol
whispered unthinkingly. "Listen, then,
my child. I love your mother more
than you can know or understand
now that you are such a little
maiden."

Pearl's eyes, big with joy and a
kind of vague wonder, went to the
beautiful young face of the only moth-
er she had ever known, and then back
to the handsome face of her unknown
father.

"And does mother love you too,
more than I know?" she said, with her
head on one side, like a golden canary.

Castlenau's eyes flashed.

"Ask her that herself, my darling."

"Errol!" came under the girl's
breath; but the child leaned eagerly
toward her.

"Do you, mother—do you love Cheri
—oh, so much?"

"Heaven forgive me if I am wrong.
Yes, child, more than life," she said,
hiding her face against Errol's shoul-
der.

Pearl looked at her father in puzz-
led distress; but she smiled, and, bend-
ing down, softly touched his lips to
that dear, bowed head.

"Not wrong," he whispered—"not
wrong to love, heart's dearest!"

Lenore lifted her head with a half-
tremulous smile as she met his gaze;
then she bent forward and kissed the
child they both loved. In that in-
nocent bond there was not even the
shadow of wrong.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT DID IT ALL MEAN?

Holly-Bush Lodge was a roomy, old-
fashioned, double house, with dining
room, library, and breakfast-room in
front, on either side of a good-sized
hall, and spacious drawing-room, bay-
windowed at the back, on suite open-
ing to the lawn and gardens, the stu-
bles and kitchen offices being built
out to the right side of the house, as
you faced it from the front garden.
Outside, as in everything was in that
perfect taste that could mark the resi-
dence of a well-bred gentleman of
good means; and if the taste and re-
finement were due to his daughter's
more than his own, Gus Featherstone
knew how to avail himself of it, and,
however he got his means, knew how
to expend money to draw money, like
a needle to the magnet, but without
any touch—the daughter's doing
again, perhaps—of that superabund-
ance and ostentatious appearance of
free expenditure which would have
been inconsistent with the culture of
the house, and therefore stamped its
character as shady at least. That did
not suit Gus—pleasant, free-and-easy
society, with just that agreeable dash
of Bohemianism about it where liter-
ary, artistic and fashionable merge.

Oh, no; that was not "Genial Gus"
platform now, whatever it had been
abroad in earlier days. Perhaps he
thought that on the whole it would
pay better. Perhaps his beautiful
stepdaughter, as she grew towards
early womanhood, had set her foot
down in part upon it. Of course,
there was always a kind of stealing
gossip and curiosity about them; and
when they first came to the Lodge
the neighbors had been exercised to
a high pitch about them; but among
them, and above all, was one Mr. Riv-
ers, a youngish man, and his elder
sister, a buxom, comely maiden lady
of forty, who lived in one of the small-
er houses in the wide road, and near-
ly opposite Holly-Bush Lodge.

"I can't make them out at all
George!" Miss Rivers had excitedly
declared, in quite the early days of
the new tenants' occupancy, just af-
ter Castlenau's departure for Sant
Anna. "I do hope they're not fast
sort of people, but it really looks like
it. And the horses, and carriages and
servants—well, it looks very odd, al-

together. Then—but, look, George,
a hansom just dashed up with such
a swell fellow."

A rush to the window at this cry
followed.

After several weeks of positively
praiseworthy industry in peeping and
inquiries, they had been able to in-
form themselves, with tolerable reli-
ability, of the following cardinal points,
with a big margin for doubt and
comment.

The dashing gentleman's name was
Featherstone, and he was well off;
the beautiful girl was his daughter
or stepdaughter (not sure which) Mrs.
Deleware, the child's mother, and wid-
owed, and they had come from abroad
where they had mostly lived; but Mr.
Featherstone had taken the Lodge on a
lease and bought the furniture. This
was from questioning.

From assiduous and inquisitive ob-
servation a good deal more was add-
ed. They kept a cook, housekeeper,
housemaid, parlormaid, the bonnie,
(who was lady's-maid, too), and a
steady, trustworthy man, out of liv-
ing, who was quite a factotum, evi-
dently. A gardener came twice a week
as a rule, and of course there was a
groom, for they kept a brougham and
a victoria, and two very handsome
horses, both suitable for light harness
or saddle. That used in the Victoria,
a spirited and beautiful creature
whose dainty limbs and springy step
told it was an Arab breed, and was
only ridden by Mrs. Deleware, while
the other would carry a man or draw
the brougham.

The man-servant (not the groom)
rode it when he attended his mistress
in her rides, either solo or "with gen-
tlemen, as she often does," said Miss
Rivers; "and he too, always drove
her. They went out much, and saw
much company at home, in an open
house, half-foreign kind of way, and
were certainly rather too—well, un-
conventional," ended Miss Rivers who
would have given her two ears to have
seen an acquaintance, and would cer-
tainly have managed some excuse to
call if their own means had not
been so moderate as to be a bar.

Of course, Lottie Rivers happened
to be at her window. How is it, by
the way, that such folks always do
manage, by chance, no doubt, to be
at their spyholes at the right moment?
But there she was when Castlenau
drove up to the opposite gate and dis-
missed the hansom with—yes, she was
sure—a half sovereign.

Here was something indeed; the
poor thing was simply bursting with
her news till her brother came home
—about half-past six; he was in a
bank. Who could this stranger be—
this very handsome, dashing-looking
fellow—dark as a Spaniard or Italian,
I assure you George? and there he
is, still."

"Are you sure?" asked George,
nearly as excited as she was.

"Of course I am; I haven't left the
window since. He is there still with
Mrs. Deleware; and, what is more, Mr.
Featherstone, who went out after lun-
cheon, has not come home to dinner
as usual. No, that foreigner is dining
with her alone. I'm certain, for I saw
the blaze of light through the dining
room blinds in spite of those horrid
trees and holly bushes between, and
I sent our Eliza across to peep through
and she says she saw a tall man's shad-
ow across the blind. Oh, he's there!
Really, those people are too—Bohem-
ian, isn't it? Those young married
women do presume upon it nowadays
beyond all doubt. Good gracious!
there is another cab."

Up jumped both from tea and rush-
ed to the window.

"There is Mr. Featherstone at last;
he has a latch-key. Do open the steps
an inch and listen whether his shag
goes up to the hall door or round by
the trellis gate into the garden behind."

Perfectly unconscious of his opposi-
te neighbor's ill-bred espionage, Gus
Featherstone, who had dined in town
earlier, went around, meaning to enter
by a drawing-room window at the
back.

Just as he reached the corner of the
house where he would turn around it
to the low, broad terrace that ran
along the south or back of the house,
there came wafted on the air the deli-
cate perfume of a very daintily-scent-
ed cigar, and he paused.

"Halloo!" he muttered; "who has
la belle fille got there now, and al-
lowing to smoke—and Montague, I'll
warrant! Peep on her whims! Ha!"

He muttered, and bent forward, as he
caught the deep, soft murmur of a
man's voice, too low to catch words,
but mellow as music.

Gus moved a step and moved around
the corner.

Leaning lightly against the outside
woodwork of one of the open bay-win-
dow, with folded arms, and dark head
a little bent as toward some one just
inside stood a tall slight man's figure
thrown out in strong relief in all its
grace of attitude and outline by the
light within the room.

"It is—it must be Castlenau him-
self, by Jove!" exclaimed Gus, hur-
rying forward as Errol swung around
flinging away his cigar. "My dear
fellow, when did you arrive? How did
you come?"

"Why, by the usual modes of trans-
it," said the other, laughing, as they
shook hands, "and I got here about
four. I think; came on straight here."

Gus, good-humoredly. "Do you find
Lenore changed?"

"Only to be more beautiful" than
ever, if that is possible," said Castle-
naul, bowing low to her; "but not a
day older, I think—nor you, either
Gus, for that matter; you fair, ruddy
men wear better, I fancy, than we
pale, dark-skinned fellows."

"I don't know that. I don't see any
change in you as to looking older,
only a deeper bronx from that awful
tropic sun; I should give you from
thirty to three or four years over."

"Which I am, you know."

"Yes; but ten years hence I'll bet
you will scarcely look different, while
I shall have aged; but, then, I'm fit-
ty now. Oh, dear! years make a dif-
ference. I'd like to be back at your
age, my boy."

"I don't suppose, though," said his
daughter, smiling, as both passed in-
side, "that Mr. Castlenau would ex-
change."

"Who is Mr. Castlenau?" said Er-
rol, boldly. "I am too old a friend
to be put off into 'Misterden'—after
a long banishment, too, fairest Len-
ore. No, no; Christian names, please,
in the home circle, among ourselves."

"Errol, then," she said, smiling and
coloring a little, as her father said
heartily:

"Certainly; that's right, dear,
though you're as audacious as ever,
my boy—ha! ha! Where have you left
your luggage—at the hotel?"

"No, I wrote a month ago to my old
landlady, where I had such jolly, cozy
rooms, you know, before I left—wrote
through my lawyer, and she was de-
lighted, so I took everything straight
there first, and then drove on here
after luncheon."

"Well, you'll camp here to-night,
anyhow," said Gus, decidedly; "there
is a spare room, and I'll answer for
Lenore's not saying you nay; and to-
morrow, after breakfast, we can talk
over business."

"I will go and order the room to be
made ready," said the young hostess;
"and Pearl, my darling, say good-
night now, for it's late for you, and
you will see Cheri tomorrow. You
shall breakfast down-stairs with us."

That consoling Pearl for the present
parting, and her mother took her off
to Angelique.

"She is a good little soul," said
Featherstone, "and a lovely child; but
I don't think she'll ever be as beau-
tiful as her mother."

Castlenau could have smiled out
right, though the bitterest memories
of his most miserable marriage were
stirred.

"No," he said, quietly, "but, then,
Lenore's beauty is of a very rare or-
der, any man must admit. I have
never seen any other like it."

"And you're a good judge—and ex-
perienced, too, by Jove!" said the el-
der with a laugh and a quick glance
at Errol's handsome face; but what
ever idea of suspicion was in his mind
that face was things at Sant Anna?
this added as the door opened, and
his daughter re-entered.

"Oh, well enough! The ore is of the
richest and purest, and, as far as it is
possible to discover with certainty,
the mines will prove deep and yield
well; but," said Castlenau, "as I wrote
they will have to be worked, as I have
kept them at work, and as I think the
man I have left in my place will go
on, and money must be planked down
to the tune I did it, or I tell you frank-
ly the whole spec. will crackle up."

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About the healing power of the air
of the pine woods everybody knows,
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study a scientific remedy, now known
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which enables the sufferer to breathe
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it permanently.

CURE IS GUARANTEED.

You cannot fail to be cured by Cat-
arrhazone, because it reaches and de-
stroys the cause of the disease. You
simply inhale the antiseptic vapor go-
ing constantly through every part of the
breathing organs. The micro-organ-
isms infecting the diseased tissues of
your nose, throat, and lungs die in-
stantly. There is nothing left to cause
inflammation. Any spots that are
raw and sore are quickly healed by
Catarrhazone, and you soon are com-
pletely cured.

IT RELIEVES INSTANTLY!

It is impossible to breathe through
a Catarrhazone inhaler without at
once feeling better. Your head is
cured of mucous discharge, your nos-
trils are cleansed of all putrid mat-
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throat. Every trace of catarrh is
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body.

Catarrhazone is the only natural re-
medy for catarrh. It cures by clean-
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an hour, coughs in two hours, and
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the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston,
Ontario.

Nothing like mines for gobbling up
money to make money, you know;
and then there is a lot of chance about
them."

"Oh, well, of course; but, then,
chance, is the soul of speculation,"
replied Gus airily. "You certainly
pulled on my resources lately; but we
are getting it on here—we're getting
it on; it's drawing well in the city;
the Sant Anna Gold Mine to pay no
end of per cent" said he, laughing
and rubbing his hands.

Mrs. Deleware gave Errol a covert
look, searching, anxious, questioning.
Was this Sant Anna business of her
father's only a cruelly reckless piece
of gambling in speculation, or a swindle,
or a mixture? and how much er-
ror of it did this man she loved sus-
pect or know as probable? He caught
the look, and smiled reassuringly;
but a moment later, as Featherstone
went to stir the fire and close the win-
dow, Errol bent down quickly and
whispered in her ear:

"It is all right as far as I am con-
cerned, my darling. I know nothing
but I suspect everything he does."

"It was not you I doubted," her
eyes rather than her lips, said, and
he answered:

"I know it."
"By the by," said Featherstone
dropping into a chair by the fire,
"what kept me dining in town was a
new acquaintance, introduced to me
lately in the city. He came to-day to
the Sant Anna Office, to speak to
me about it; got money, and I think
will invest; he lives at Highgate, he
says, a bachelor—lives very quietly—
but he likes to make a little in the
city, by way of amusement and mon-
ey-loving combined," added Gus with
a laugh. "A queer fish he is, yellow
as a guinea—sallow, rather, I should
say; cold, light-blue eyes; gray as a
badger; stoops a little, though he is
not older than I—if as old."

The other two shot a look at each
other at this description—the girl's
full of sudden dread, Errol's half-
amused. He asked carelessly, pulling
his moustache as he spoke:

"What's your new fish's name, Gus?"
"Clement Everest. I told him I had
a friend of mine out managing at Sant
Anna—a very clever fellow," says I
"who knows all about that kind of
thing."

"H'm! Didn't name that fellow
I hope—in your own interests I mean?"
"No," Gus looked at him, startled.

"What? Do you know this Everest?"
"Rather," said the other, dryly.
"And if you wish to catch him in even
a corner of your net, I advise you
not to name me, or let out that you
know me, unless, perhaps, passing by."

"But why not, my dear fellow—why
not?"

Now the fiery blood quickened Er-
rol's pulse as the question roused
afresh the memory of his own bitter
wounds, and his eyes glowed, though
tone and manner were still carefully
contemptuous.

"He believes, or affects to believe
me to be as black a scamp as ever
walked; while I know him to be a
cowardly, perjured villain, unworthy
a shot from my revolver. I don't care
mind you. Tell him, ask him about
me if you like, and believe or hear
him, but I tell you truly that he won't
touch anything, or any hand that I
have touched."

"By Jove!" said Gus, staring.
"And don't bring him here, either,"
said Castlenau, with that dangerous
flash in his eyes.

"Whew! That's cool, though, Cas-
tlenau."

To be Continued.

CAN REACH AGREEMENT.

New York and Canada May Have
Joint Water-Power Plan.

ALBANY, N.Y., Feb. 25.—As a re-
sult of a conference he had yesterday
with the Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden,
Premier of Canada, Governor Sulzer
last evening expressed the belief that
a joint plan for the utilization of the
water powers latent in such boundary
streams as the Niagara and St. Law-
rence Rivers might be formulated
by the state of New York and the
Dominion Government. No details
have been worked out as yet, and the
project is in a purely tentative stage.
The three members of the Conser-
vation Commission which is concern-
ed with the water storage problem
now confronting this state attended
the conference, which lasted more
than half an hour.

The close ties of friendship exist-
ing between the United States and
Canada were dwelt upon in addresses
last night by Premier R. L. Borden
of Canada and Governor Sulzer, at
the annual dinner of the University
Club of Albany.

Referring to the natural resources
possessed by the United States and
Canada, particularly along the St.
Lawrence River, Premier Borden ur-
ged that they be "preserved and de-
veloped for the people."

Governor Sulzer predicted that the
great Canadian northwest is destined
to become ere long the granary of
North America. "Many of our best
citizens, I regret to say," said the
governor, "are leaving our states of
the west and going to the Canadian
northwest because of the fertility of
its soil, the liberality of the Canadian
Government, and the ability of these
people to better their conditions there."

"We should extend to them a help-
ing hand in their onward march of
progress. Instead of closing our doors
by tariff barriers against these coun-
tries and their products, in my opin-
ion we should open them wider and
do everything in our power to facili-
tate closer commercial relations."

Normanby township residents ban-
queted Andrew Schenk, who retired
after thirteen years as reeve.

The 19th annual reunion of the An-
cient and Accepted Scottish Rite is in
progress at London.

Mrs. Gordon Hall is president of the
New London branch of the Canadian
Suffrage Association.

W. SURPLIS & CO'S. WEEKLY STORE NEWS

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according to width. We have
put them in 4 lots, priced as fol-
lows:—

Lot 1	20 pieces, at per piece	50c
Lot 2	40 pieces, at per piece	65c
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Lot 4	29 pieces, at per piece	\$1.00

The above is a special purchase by us
and we offer them to you at consider-
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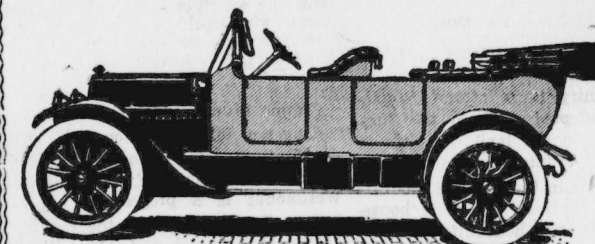
Don't leave it to your friends to tell you
about these bargains when they are all
gone. Come and see them, and to see
means to buy.

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Successors to L. M. HARRIS, — INGERSOLL

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clear-vision, ventilating wind-shield, rain-vision type