

TANGLED
THREADS

"Who told you that?" he asked, a sharper accent discernible in his tone.

"Captain Bohun. He came in this morning to tell me of the death. Considering that I have no claim upon him, that a year ago I had never spoken to him, I must say that Arthur Bohun is very kind and attentive to me. He is one in a thousand."

"Perhaps the temptation to say, 'It's not for your sake he is so attentive,' momentarily assailed Oliver Rane. But he was good natured in the main, and he knew when to be silent, and when to speak; no man better. Besides it was no business of his."

"I entertain a different opinion," he observed, referring to the point in discussion. "Of course it is all guess work as to the writer's motive; there can be no profit in discussing it, mother, and I must be going, for my dinner is waiting. Thank you for sending me the chicken."

"A moment yet, Oliver," she interposed, as he was moving away. "Have you heard that Alexander is going to the States?"

"Yes; he was talking to me about it this morning."

"If ever a glow of light had been seen lately on Mrs. Cumberland's marble face, it was seen then. The tightly drawn features had lost their gray tinge."

"Oliver, I could go down on my knees and thank Heaven for it. You don't know how grieved I have felt all through these past two years, to see you put into the shade by that man, and to know that it was I who had brought you here! It will be all right now. New houses are to be built, they say, at the other end of the Ham, and the practice will be worth a great deal. I shall sleep well tonight."

He smiled as he shook hands with her; partly in affection, partly at her unusual vehemence. In passing the drawing room, Ellen Adair happened to be coming out of it, but he went on. She supposed he had not observed her, and spoke.

"Ah! how do you do, Miss Adair?" he said, turning back, and offering his hand. "Forgive my haste; I am in a hurry. And before she had time to make a reply, he was gone, leaving an impression on her mind, she could not well have told why or wherefore, that he was ill at ease; that he had hastened away, not from pressure of work, but because he did not care to talk to her."

It was feeling as possessing Dr. Rane, and had reference to the world in general, and not to the young lady in particular, it might not have been agreeable to him to encounter an acquaintance as he turned out of his mother's house. Mr. Alexander was swiftly passing on his way towards home from the lower part of the Ham, and stopped.

"I wish I had never said a syllable about going away until I was off," cried he in his off-hand manner, a pleasant and more sociable manner than Dr. Rane's. "The news has been noised—broad, and the whole place is up on me; asking this, that and the other. One man comes and wants to know if I'll sell my furniture; another thinks he'd like the house as it stands. My patients are up in arms;—say I'm doing it to kill them. I shall have some of them in a fever before the day is over."

"Perhaps you won't go, after all," observed Dr. Rane.

"Not go! How can I help going? I'm elected to the post. Why, it's what I've been looking for ever so long—a most eventful I came here. No, no Rane; a short time, and Daffory Ham will have seen the last of me."

He hastened across the road to his house, like a man who has the world's work on his busy shoulders. Dr. Rane's thoughts, as he glanced after him, reverted to the mental argument he had had in his chamber, and he unconsciously resumed it, putting himself in the place of the unknown, unhappy writer, as before.

"It's almost kinder than the death itself— if the motive was to injure Alexander in his profession, or drive him from the place—to know that he, or she—Mrs. North—might spare her pains! Heaven! what remorse it must be to commit a crime, and then find there was no necessity for doing it!"

Dr. Rane passed his white handkerchief over his brow—the day was very warm—and turned into his house. Phillis once more placed the dinner on the table, and he sat down to it.

But not a mouthful could he swallow; his throat felt like so much dried chip, and the food would not go down. Phillis who was coming in for something or other, saw him leave his plate and rise from the table.

"Is the fowl tender, sir?"

"Tender?" he responded, as though the sense of the question had not reached him, and paused. "Oh, it's tender enough; but I must go off to a patient. Get your own dinner, Phillis."

"Surely you'll come back to yours, sir?"

"I've had as much as I want. Take the things away."

"I wonder what's come to him?" mused the woman as his quick steps receded from the house, and she was left with the rejected dishes. A consciousness came dimly penetrating to her lazy brain that there was some change upon him. What it was, where it lay, she did not define. It was unusual for his strong firm fingers to drop a glass; it was still more unusual for him to expel air in such a manner, and had come from his fingers. "I've had as much as I want. I must go off to a patient."

It was quite out of the order of routine for Dr. Rane to be explanatory to his servant on any subject whatever; and perhaps it was his having been so in these two instances that impressed Phillis.

"How quick he must have eaten his dinner!"

Phillis nearly dropped the dish. The words were spoken close behind her, and she had believed herself alone in the house. Turning, she saw Jelly, standing half in, and half out of the window.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Phillis, in wrath. "You needn't come staring at a body in that way, Mrs. Jelly. How did you know but the doctor might be at table?"

"I've just seen him go down the lane," returned Jelly, who had plenty of time for gossiping with her neighbors, and had come straggling over the fence now with no other object, "has he had his dinner? It's but the other minute he was at our house."

"He has had as much as he means to have," answered Phillis, her anger evaporating, for she liked a gossip also. "I'm sure it's not worth the trouble of serving meals, if they are to be left in this fashion. It was the same thing at breakfast."

Jelly recollected the scene at breakfast; the startled pallor on Dr. Rane's face, who told that Edmund North was dead; she supposed that had spoiled his appetite. Her inquisitive eyes turned unconsciously to the fowl, and she saw that the merest slice of the wing was alone eaten.

"Perhaps he is not well today," said Jelly.

"I don't know about his being well; he's odder than I ever saw him," answered Phillis. "I shouldn't wonder but he has had his stomach turned over them two half-drowned men."

She carried the dinner things across to the kitchen. Jelly, who assisted at the ceremony, as far as watching and talking went, was standing in the passage, when her quick eyes caught sight of two small pieces of glass. She stooped to pick them up.

"Look, Phillis! You have been breaking something. It's uncommonly careless to leave the bits about."

"Is it?" retorted Phillis. "Your eyes are in everything. I thought I took 'em all up," she added, looking on the ground.

"What did you break?"

"Nothing. It was the doctor. He dropped one of them dusty glass jars down the stairs. It did give me a start. You should have heard the smash."

"What made him drop it?" asked Jelly.

"Goodness knows," returned the old woman. "He's not a bit like himself today; it's just as if something had come to him."

She began her dinner as she spoke, standing, her usual mode of taking it. Jelly, following her free and easy habits, stood against the door post, apparently interested in the progress of the meal. They presented a contrast, these two women, the one a thin, upright giantess, the other a dwarf stooping forward. Jelly, a lady's maid, held herself of course altogether above Phillis, an ignorant as Jelly would have described her servant of all work, though condescending to find in for the sake of gossip.

"Did you happen to hear how the doctor found Kester?"

"As if I should be likely to hear?" was Phillis's retort. "He'd not tell me, and I couldn't ask. My master's not one you can put questions to, Jelly."

A silence ensued. The gossip apparently flagged today. Phillis had it chiefly to herself, for Jelly vouchsafed only a brief remark now and again. She was engaged in the mental process of wondering what had come to Dr. Rane.

(To be Continued.)

Tired, Weak, No Vitals
Means impure blood and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What is the cause for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. Biting Fortune's favor, you will find. Are very seldom banished. The man who "travels on his face" is apt to get it punched.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

"Do you think, dear, that absence makes the heart grow fonder?" "Perhaps it does," replied the maiden. "You might remain away one whole evening and let us test it."

Dyspepsia causes Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Variable Appetite, Rising and Sinking of Food, Palpitation of the Heart, Distress after Eating, Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions.

"Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes: "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now 73 years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here 37 years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your Vegetable Discovery, which has done such wonders in my case."

Artist (with enthusiasm)—The lines of beauty are always curves. Little Girl (amazed)—I guess you never saw a man on a bicycle, did you?

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is carache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hiccups, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

"I got off a pretty good thing last night," said Straddles. "What was it?" asked Raddies. "Took a header from my \$125 bicycle."

Some people laugh to show their pretty teeth. The use of Ivory White Powder makes people laugh more than ever. It's so nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

"Does your husband growl about his meals if they are not on time?" Wife—I don't know, I've never eaten at his club.

Why will you slow a couch to irritate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Eick'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 all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

May—Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of? Ethel—Myself, if he's nice.

Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia and all diseases arising from it, 99 times in 100.

The ladies know how to dress. These are the dog days that need muslin.

The man that thinks for himself thinks for many.

Rheumatism is Relieved.
NEWPORT, R. I., June 7, 1893.—"For years I have been one of the many sufferers of Rheumatism, and have tried most everything without success, but at last found great relief in your medicine, Pond's Extract. I told a lady friend of mine, who had been in bed since Christmas, and had doctor after doctor, but after using your medicine two or three times got up today for the first time."

S. D. TIDBALL.

78 William street.

MARS COMING NEARER.

SOME STRANGE THINGS GOING ON
UP IN THE PLANET.

The Astronomers Are Now on the Look-out—Mysterious Flash Lights and Shadows Which May Be Part of an Interplanetary Signal Code—A Martian View.

Mars is coming this way at a rapid rate, and making signals to all smaller planets to look out. Mars will be close to the earth now in a few weeks, and every night that goes by brings the red orb clearer and clearer into the field of vision of the big telescopes which are pointed at him. The astronomers are telegraphing to each other from eligible points about the discoveries they are making, and scientists are wagging their heads wisely, but with thought. They say that we are upon the eve of astounding discoveries, but they are reluctant to say what these discoveries may be.

One man has said within a few weeks that he has found that Mars has no atmosphere. Another scientist asserts that the atmosphere of Mars is so heavy that it falls to the ground with a loud thud, and that the people who live there have lungs of an entirely different make from those

used on earth. Prof. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, proceeds to say that "If Mars has an atmosphere," thereby proving that he is taking a conservative course, and prepared to win either way when the point is finally settled.

But it is no longer to be denied that some very strange and mysterious things are going on on Mars, and that things are appearing there which are to be found in none other of the heavenly bodies. It is these things which, taken together, form the basis for the assertion that Mars is inhabited by a highly civilized race of people who are making every effort to open up communication with the residents of Earth. The phenomena are to be accounted for in no other way. Astronomers, however, are loath to admit that the scientists are right in saying that Mars is inhabited by a highly civilized race of beings. Although their own discoveries have afforded the proof upon which this belief is based, yet they hesitate to carry the subject to its logical conclusion. Many of the astronomers, however, do not thus evade the conclusion to which all their work points. Flammarion has put the question in a nutshell by saying that the burden of proof now rests on the other side, that it must be shown that Mars is not inhabited by a highly civilized race. All of the proof and all of the innumerable observations and discoveries made during the past two years go to show that Mars is inhabited.

There has not been anything added to show that Mars is like the moon, a dead, dry ghost of a planet. This answers to the description of the two moons of Mars, one of which was discovered by Prof. Hall, of Washington. They are dead and dry like our own single moon, and strange to say, they swing about the planet in different directions. They are as different from Mars as our moon is different from the earth. If Mars had no atmosphere and was existing under physical conditions, which would make animal and vegetable life there impossible, then Mars and its two moons would be of the same nature. But Mars is like the earth and its moons are like our moon. Mars is warm in color and warm in fact, with a rich red soil capable of producing much and sustaining a vigorous animal life. It throws off heat of its own, unlike its moons, which are white and ghostly and dead. Given heat and life must result. This is an axiom of science. Given certain conditions of heat with earth and air, and trees must grow, grass sprout, insects breed, animals wander about, and man himself be present.

Here are a few of the strange things seen on Mars:

Canals.
Three lights in a triangle.
A nick in the rim.
A luminous projection.
Black, shifting marks on polar cap.
A pyramid.
Disappearance of lights.
A flashlight in a dark place.

From Australia come reports of recent observations showing what looked like hieroglyphics on the south polar cap. These closely resemble the shifting black marks observed by Prof. Barnard at the Lick Observatory, and are apparently part of the same single system.

Mars has been especially observed during the past few months by Prof. Maunders, of the Greenwich Observatory in England. He flatly contradicts the assertion that the red planet has little, if any, atmosphere. Prof. Maunders says in a recent article in the Westminster Budget: "The spectrum gives evidence of watery vapor." He also finds water, snow and ice on Mars, which could not exist without an atmosphere.

Early in October Mars will reach a nearer point to Earth than for many years to come. Unfortunately the Great Yerkes telescope, the object glass of which is four inches larger than that of the Lick, will not then be in operation. Prof. Lowell, however, took with him to Flagstaff several very powerful instruments, especially prepared for observation of Mars by correction of the lenses for the color red, and at the Lick Observatory the big telescope is nightly trained on the planet. Besides this, astronomers all over the world have dropped all other work, and for the next few weeks will confine their attention altogether to watching for signals and interpreting their meanings.—New York World.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

OAK HALL

A rare exposition of bright new things, correct styles
and latest designs inGentlemen's Fall Overcoats,
Fine Readymade SuitsBoys' and Children's
Suits and Overcoats.

OAK HALL,

148 and 150 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

ALFRED TAYLOR, Manager.

New Fall Suitings,
New Fall Overcoatings
New Fall Trouserings
New English Ties

THE LATEST TIE FALL MALL WIDE END.

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MONTREAL.

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Redpath

Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes
and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 pound boxes.
"CROWN" GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest
which can be made.