Make It a Rule

To refuse all substitutes when they are offered you. They give interest. the grocer a larger profit, but do not give the same satisfaction as turning from —, declares he saw Gwyn and young George Sanders on

CEYLON TEA The most healthful and economical tea grown.

GWYN.

"Miss Rylands," she said, "what did you bring me here to ask?" Marian, dropping on her knees, covered her hands over her companion's, and, raising her fair face to hers, an-

To ask of your honor, of your affection, Gwyn Rebna, not to let Row-land be ruined. Despite himself, to reconcile him to his father, who has disinherited—"
"No, no!" broke in Gwyn; "he does

but threaten! He could not-"Could not! You are unacquainted wit my uncle. Once offended, he does et the grass grow under his feet. To show his anger; yesterday his law-yer was summoned to Steinwood; he arrived today. Before I left the will, disinheriting Rowland, was signed. If my uncle die unexpectedly tonight, his son is a beggar. Oh! it was that thought which made me fly to you. I, his cousin, implore his preservation from you, who love him dearest of all!" Gwyn sat still, confused, stunned. The prompt severity of the Honorable Merton Gower terrified her, but scarcely moved her so much as Marian's be-

havior. Utterly ignorant of guile her-self, she could not divine it in others. She only saw herself the cause of misery to a whole family, and of misfortunes to the man whom she loved better than life. She passed her hand over her forehead; then, rising, said:
"My brain is confused; I cannot think. I cannot answer you now, Miss Rylands. Only give me time. But Mr. Gower shall not be ruined by me." "Oh! Gwyn, kind, generous girl!" and Marian kissed the hand she yet held.

edge of Gwyn's pure virtue did not negative the foul thought, the fact You will save him-you will reconcile him to his father?" "I will, if I can; but"-and the words came with a bitter cry—"it is hard— wery hard! No one thinks of me." Again she pressed her hands to her forehead, as she moved away with an

automatic motion. Marian paused irresolute; then she stepped after her.
"Gwyn Rebna," she said, persuasive-

ly, "what would you do?"
"I cannot as yet tell; I am too weak to decide. I must have time." "If you write, renouncing him?" haz-arded Marian, faintly. address, his anxiety now was to let Gwyn shook her head, and two tears

howed down her cheeks. It would be useless even did I know where he is. He would return hereknow him better than anyone-and in his presence I am weak, helpless. If I renounce him I must go from St. Tre-

bright gleam sprang into Marian's to Steinwood; and, on the very day of

Yes. Go from here to somewhere where he cannot find me. Then, in his anger, perhaps he will forget me, and be happy. I never can be; but, for his life's sake, I must not stop at St. Tre-

ick," she cried, passionately.

Marian was startled by the words, but she stayed not to ask a meaning. "If you go, dear Gwyn, it is for his-for our sake you do it. You may need money," she said.

Gwyn quickly recoiled from the

"What I do, if I do it, is for Rowland Gower alone," she said, proudly. "To offer money, Miss Rylands, is an insult. Give me until tomorrow; by that tione you shall learn whether I have the strength to give your cousin up or not. Now excuse me quitting you; I can bear this no longer."
"Oh! Gwyn, my heart bleeds for your

trouble," murmured Marian. The girl made no response. She went away under the cliffs, weeping passionately, and whispering:

"It is hard-it is hard! Who but Rowland thinks of me?"
Marian, doubtful, yet hopeful, watched her, and long, owing to the stillness of the night, caught the faint sounds of

"It is the penalty of looking above our sphere!" she exclaimed, crushing out a sigh of pity. "But will she do

She ascended the cliff-path, pondering over this question. As she went back to Steinwood, the reflection occurred whether she would have stooped towards a girl so beneath her as Gwyn Rebna as she had, only to re-concile her cousin to his family; or, if she had done it out of her own love to Rowland, whether the object was wor-thy? Her cheek flushed as she recalled the "humiliation" (so she termed it) she had gone through, and she felt

she had gone through, and she felt something very akin to hatred against her cousin for being the cause.

Nevertheless, she waited impatiently the next day for some answer from Gwyn; but none came. While dressing for dinner, however, her maid brought has a letter analysis of the country and the second of the country and the second of the country and the second of the country and her a letter, arrived by the country

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce..

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, Rodel French Peas, 15c.

Rodel Mushrooms, 28c. Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c. Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans French, Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce.

California Prunes, 8c. per 1b. California Silver Prunes, 121/2c. per lb. California Dried Peaches, 10c. per lb.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

69 DUNDAS ST.



post, and startled her with these words: AWFUL EFFECTS "Have you heard the news, miss, that Gwyn Rebna has run away from St. Trevick early this morning, and gone, nobody knows who nty ted Marian, im-"Only what?" e patiently, forgettin the letter in her

"Only John Trelidon, who was re-

Sanders—no, that she never believed. If they had been seen together it was

the work of chance; yet what a fortunate chance for her scheme.

Dismissing her maid, she opened the

letter. It was, as she expected, from

"Dear Miss Rylands,—I leave St. Trevick this morring. You understand

The inclosure was a letter to her cou-

whole, satisfactory to the Honorable

Merton Gower. The firm belief in the hamlet, where Rowland's affection for

Daniel Rebna's daughter was not known, was that she had eloped with

the young sailor.

Captain Jack had ventured to call at

not been well received.

address must do so.

the old fisherman's cottage, but had

Daniel and his wife were evidently

in deep distress, yet showed a decided disposition to keep their sorrow to themselves, rejecting interference.

The young officer, however, discover-

when he nervously ventured to hint that perhaps she had followed him, old

Daniel, looking more like an ancient

Viking than ever in his indignation,

had imperiously shown the captain to

the door, saying that, if his own knowl-

that she was ignorant of Rowland's

Then he had shut the captain out,

with the final remark that if the Span-ish ship had only had the Honorable

Merton Gower on board, he wished it

had gone to the bottom before his brave Gwyn had risked her life for it. The Honorable Menton Gower bore

this speech with perfect equanimity. His joy at Gwyn's flight was too great.

Assuredly, after a consideration that

she could not have learned his son's

Rowland know what had occurred. Still, how was this possible, when he

himself was perfectly ignorant of the

The obsequies of the Earl of Chad-

leigh now called him and Lady Mary

to Graylands, the earl's estate; but he put an advertisement into the papers,

which, however, met with no success.

As early as was possible he returned

already found employment, and ask-

Instead, Mr. Rylands, who feared his

brother's severity of style, wrote the

letter himself, acquainting the young

cluding, he himself saw it dispatched,

so that no accident should delay its

CHAPTER IX.

his father, he had spent most of the

night in arranging his future course.
This was not in deciding whether he

should give up Gwyn; such an idea never occurred to him. He had not

answered the Honorable Merton Gower

in the heat of passion, nor out of a feeling of offended self-dependence.

If in the past he had ever hesitated

respecting the path he contemplated following, he did not now. The very

events that had happened had proved

to him how sincere, how unchangeable,

No; his reflections were as to the

means by which henceforth he might

procure a livelihood, and acquire suffi-

cient to wed Gwyn, without the need

[To be Continued.]

No man ever thinks he is as homely as he really is.

MARRIED HAPPINESS

is dependent upon the health of the wife

more than on any other one thing. If a

nerves. Poor, suffering wife—poor, distracted husband. If the husband is a cheerful, good-humored man he will sympathize—if he is nervous, tired and irritable himself, he will probably go off to the club or seek elsewhere more con-

A sick woman is to be pitied because she is miserable and because she has not yet learned that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-

"Favorite Prescription" was de

realth, happiness and contentment to as

many homes.

"My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Fulte, Esq., of Altamont, Grundy Co., Tens. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I rend about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I sent to the drug store, got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would outer her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well. We now have a fine boy at our house."

veloped over thirty years ago in the reg-ular practice of Dr. R. V.

Pierce who is and was then,

chief consult

ing physician to the Inva-lids' Hotel and

Surgical Insti-tute, at Buf-falo, N. Y. Since then it

has been used

scription will make her well.
The "Favorite Prescripti

man with all that had occurred.

young man's whereabouts.

ing Jack to write.

was his love.

of anyone's consent.

woman is troubled in

a distinctly feminine way the most delicate nerves of her body are

in a state of chronic irritation. She has headache and back-

ache. She is listless and spiritless. She is

cross and blue. She

worth living and her temper reflects the condition of her

genial company.

ed that they were cognizant of Row-land's affection for their daughter; but

his ship."

It said:

Gwyn's departure.

The Bicycle Neck, the Bicycle the railway platform together, at the Chin, the Bicycle Nose, junction, and everyone knows he loved her, and he's going to Liverpool to join

And Other Terrible Developments Marian could hardly believe her ears. Se was too amazed at first to feel joy. Gwyn, then, had gone. Not with George Discovered by Doctors-The New York Sun Has Some Fun With

About four years ago an English

doctor announced in the St. James Budget that the mental organ which enabled a bicyclist to maintain his equilibrium on the wheel was to be found below the lambdoidal suture, why. In return, I pray you, on your honor, to deliver the inclosed. It is but a few words of farewell. Yours, "G R." that is to say, somewhere in the cerebellum; and after that and other parts of wheelmen's heads and bodies were frequently discussed. Their eyes, ears and nose received special criticism, and each formed a subject for considera-tion by itself. From the alleged dis-Marian was triumphant. She locked both letters in her desk, determined not tinct shape and tendency of the suto deliver the one to Rowland unless it perior and inferior maxillaries of the scorcher, particularly of the inferior, arose the denomination "bicycle chin;" and the supposed elongation of the spinal column in the medullary reproved necessary; then she hurried to her father with the intelligence of many minutes the news had circu: ed through Steinwood. Of the gion produced what was called the ostrich-like "bicycle neck." Then the arms, wrists, hands, back, legs, knees, two pieces of information, that of her having gone with George Sanders, though it was known he loved her, ankles, feet and toes came in for their share of private and professional study; and after they had all been lubricated, so to speak, by scientific created the most surprise; indeed, it threw such a doubt upon the whole that Captain Jack volunteered to go to the hamlet, and get the right end of the investigation and treatment, close attention was given to the riders' reported discomforts internally. What he brought back was, on the

It was thought that the cyclist's heart was in danger. A few physicians averred that wheeling had caused, or at least hastened, the death of their patients, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the hearts of a great many wheelwomen had become so seriously affected after they had cycled a few months that they gave up the wheel and went to housekeeping. Other riders hesitated to re-sume their spins, even after the reassurance of a high medical authority that in cardiac affections which only involved a mild degeneration of the muscular fibres, and "in dilated hearts either with or without compensatory hypertrophy," bicycling might prove extremely beneficial. A doubt existed amony weak-hearted bikers as to whether their cardiac difficulty assumed the form of a mild or an exaggerated degeneration, and also as to whether it was with or without compensatory hypertrophy. While in many cases the doubt was removed by continued riding and assiduous study of the wheel as a therapeutic agent, scientific consideration of the organ referred to was suddenly diverted by the appearance of another ab-normality, thought to be of British abstraction, the "bicycle nose."

The bicycle nose was discovered in England about a year and a half ago. At that time a prominent English doctor stated that a longer provider doctor stated that a large number of his cycling patients, complained of a sensation of obstruction in the nasal cavity, which was accompanied by considerable irritation to the nasal mucous membrane. Things began to look serious when wise medical sharps announced later that the trouble was caused by the unconscious inhalation of extraordinary quantities of comminuted micaceous and calcareous sub-As early as was possible he returned to Steinwood; and, on the very day of his arrival, Captain Jack received a letter from Rowland. It merely stated in this country, probably through fear in this country, probably through fear of unconsciously inhaling comminut-ed micaceous and calcereous bodies, he was getting on pretty well, having steered shy of dusty roads and took to the sidewalk whenever they could do so without violating the law. So far as can be learned, however, the bicycle nose of the real John Bull type hasn't yet poked itself past the United States commissioner of immigration. In fact, the exciting revela tions of the English doctor were almost forgotten when, a few weeks ago, this paragraph appeared in the Lon-It is now necessary to follow the steps of Rowland Gower. On quitting

don Globe: "The 'cyclist's cough' is the latest ailment to which wheelmen are said to be specially liable. For some years, we are told, doctors have noticed that coughts are more prevalent in summer than in winter. No doubt the exceptionally mild winters which we have enjoyed since 1894-95 reduced the recent average of lung complaints; but that dry summer weather should multiply them seemed inex-plicable until it seemed to a doctor that the majority of his patients were enthusiastic cyclists. Since, moreover, the characteristic of road traffic in dry weather is dustiness, it was easy to arrive at the conclusion that the coughs were mainly due to irritation of the lungs, caused by the in-

halation of dust.
"Nor does the conclusion appear unreasonable to the lay mind; for an-alysis of the dust of our roads has repeatedly shown that it consists in large number of spicules of triturated vegetable matter, such as would re-variably cause irritation when imbed-ded in the tissues of the lungs. When, too, we bear in mind how thickly a cyclist becomes coated with dust after ten miles or so of the high road in dry weather, and how common it is to see him scorching by with mouth wide open, like a fish out of water, we can realize the terrible amount of det week's hard riding. And that the inhalation of large quantities of dust may cause fatal illness is proved by the inquests which are occasionally held upon dustmen, who have been

suffocated from the cause." What stronger evidence could there be that the micaceous and calcareous granules, formerly so mischievous in the Englishman's nostrils, are now getting in their fine work within his thorax? There has been no authoritative denial that the bicycle nose is flourishing as proudly in the Queen's domain this year as it did last; and with that in view, it will be interesting to observe how the micaceous and calcareous visitors manage to co-operate with the spicules of triturated vegetation. What if they should com-bine efforts against a rider affected with paraesthesia and atrophy in the interossel, lumbricacles and the adductor policis! The gravest apprehension would be felt for his recovery. It is consoling to know that at pres ent these afflictions are all on the other side of the sea. Nevertheless their invasion cannot be guarded against too carefully by the officials at the barge office.

HOW THACKERAY WROTE OF

DEATH. The following is taken from a letter of condolence written by Thackeray to Mrs. Proctor on the death of her mother, shortly before Thackeray's death. The letter is found in the biographical introduction to Denis Duval, the twelfth in the valuable bio-graphical edition of Thackeray's complete works, published in the United States by Harrer & Brothers, and shows the great novelist as he was at The "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and no opium or other narcotic, and is perfectly harmless in any condition heart, earnest and sublime; not the cynic, the satirist that so many have considered him. The introduction to the thirteen volumes of this new edi-

tion constitute the only biography in existence of Thackeray.

"Thinking of death," says Thackeray, "is thinking of God, inscrutable, immeasurable, endless, beginningless, beginningless, supreme, awfully solitary. Little children step off this earth into the infinite and we tear our hearts out over their sweet, cold hands and smiling faces, that drop indifferent when you cease

holding them, and smile as the lid is closing over them. I don't think we deplore the old, who have had enough of living and striving and have buried so many others, and must be weary of living—it seems time fon them to go—for where's the pleasure of staying when the feast is over, and the flowers withered and the guests gone? Isn't it better to blow the light out than to sit among the broken meats, and collapsed jellies and vapid heeltaps? I go to what I don't know—but to God's next world, which is His, and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet awhile, and looks towards the unknown ocean, and thinks of the traveler whose boat sailed yesterday. Those we love can but walk down to the pier

happy, I can't say I am sorry for any one who dies." ORDERED NINE COCKTAILS

with us—the voyage we must make alone. Except for the young or very

Why a Western Girl Was Asked to Give Up Her Room.

A young won an from the Pacific was a recent guest at a well-known uptown hotel. She had innocent blue eyes, fluffy brown hair, and much independence. She had come to New York alone and unchaperoned, and spent her time industriously shopping. Nothing in the least remarkable happened until several days after her arrival when coming in late in the afternoon she rang the

bell and ordered a Manhattan cocktail. It was brought to her. Five minutes later she rang again and ordered another. Scarcely had the boy retreated when an order for a third cocktail startled the office. Within the next half hour she had four more. The office was thoroughly excited by this time, and when the ninth coektail went up to the young woman authority was the state of the state. authority went, too, and politely conveyed the information that her room was needed for another guest. The girl turned pale and her innocent eyes widened with surprise.

"Why, what is the matter?" she fal-red. "Have I done anything?" tered. Authority murmured something civil-

'But I insist upon an explanation,"

cried the girl with rising spirit. "I won't be turned out like this."

Then she was told frankly that the Blank hotel did not care to entertain young women who dissipated to the extent of nine cocktails in rapid succesion. The young woman burst into

"Oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I didn't think how it would look downstairs, or I wouldn't have done it! Of course, I didn't want all those horrid things to drink. You might have known that!"

And she made a dramatic gesture toward a row of untasted cocktails on the mantel.

"You didn't want them to drink? Then what did you want them for?" "Why—why—I just wanted to eat the lovely brandied cherries that they put in the bottom of the glass!" wept the gentle young thing.—New York Sun.

DUD

All Over London They Have Found a Good Thing and It Makes Them Happy.

It's just like a great big revival meeting; people popping up here and there all over it, anxious to relate their experience, and in their fellow feelings for a fellow creature desirous that others should receive the same benefits that have been accorded to them. Many cases have been investigated, and scores of citizens are giving their experience in the public press. Here is one case, and it's worth the read-

Mrs. L. Steinburg, 701 York street, says: "I have been suffering with kidney troubles for a year. My back was very weak, and was the seat of a great deal of pain. Last February I went to Strong's Drug Store and there got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. Since taking them the pain has completely disappeared, never, I am sure, to return; and I feel much better and stronger he must swallow in the course of a in every way from the use of these

Doan's Kidney Pills are a much imitated but never equaled remedy for all kidney complaints. They cure backache, lame or weak back, puffiness of the feet or ankles or under the eyes, gravel, rheumatism, sediment in the urine or scalding, frequent risings in the night and all diseases and disorders due to deranged kidneys. Price 50c a box, or 3 boxes for \$1 25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

Conscience enables people to feel sorry when they're found out. The man who changes a counterfelt bill returns good for cvil.

Beats the Klondike. Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klon-For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Sold by W. T. Strong & Co. Regular size 50c and \$1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

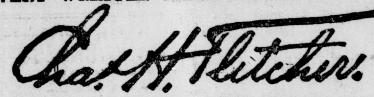
Too many men salt away money in the brine of other people's tears. To Cure a Gold in One Night Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists retund the money if it ails to cure. 25 cents.

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D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N B., May 21, 1897

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