

"I Had Terrible Backache From Kidney Disease"



Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Casanovon St., N.B., writes: "I was troubled for years with terrible backache, resulting from kidney disease. At times in each month I remained in bed, the pain was more than I could stand, and to walk was almost impossible. I used about \$50.00 worth of other medicines, but with little result. Now I am completely better, after using only five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
At all Dealers.
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Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER V.

Life went on much the same at Lynwood. In place of the gray-haired old lord, a young and handsome one reigned. A gentle, high-bred lady ruled the house, and every one was pleased to obey her. The sisters were very happy, for they loved Mrs. Lynne, who was so kind a mother to them; and, as yet, there was no cloud in the sky.

But destiny was drawing nearer, for Philip was beginning to love Agatha very dearly. There was something in the calm, sweet face that charmed him. He liked the repose, the gentleness, the shy timidity of her manner. She had not any very brilliant accomplishments; she could not sing as Inez did, with a fire and passion that found its way into the depths of every heart. The one dazed and carried by storm; the other stole gently into your heart. When once known, it was impossible not to love Agatha Lynne. She was simply a fair, modest, thoughtful English girl, fresh and blooming as a rose; innocent and guileless as a child; open, frank, candid, full of high principle, sweet-tempered, and gay; not capable, perhaps, of either the deepest joy or the most tragical sorrow; a girl who had thorough command of her thoughts and words; one who would never be led away from what she knew and believed to be her duty. There was not the making either of a heroine of romance or of a tragedy queen in Agatha Lynne. She would be a good wife, a devoted mother, a kindly neighbor, and a steadfast friend. But it was not in her to love "not wisely, but too well." Genius and passion had not marked her as their own. Her life ran, and always would run, in commonplace grooves and channels.

It was this good and gentle girl who attracted the young heir of Lynne. When in her presence, he felt as one who, in the scorching noon-day heat, finds rest and shade. He was a better and truer man when he had talked to her. She never made his heart thrill—she never awoke in him that deep, passionate love he could give, but she calmed and cheered him; she did not fire his ambition, but she taught him more of his every-day duty than Philip had ever known before. So he grew to love her and intended, when the days of her mourning were over, to ask her to be his wife.

Lord Wyverne told Florence that their late guest, now Lord Lynne, had asked to be most kindly remembered to her. But that he found himself too busy to pay his promised visit. If he had observed his daughter attentively, he would have seen her lips quiver and her violet eyes grow dim; but his lordship was just then too busy with a Perigord pie to attend to any one but himself.

And if there were quiet tears shed over a bright hope faded, none knew of it; if a fair young head tossed wearily through the long night, unable to find rest on a pillow that seemed strewn with thorns, no one was any the wiser. Florence Wyverne knew how to keep her own secret.

The year of mourning expired at last, and then Lynwood resumed its usual hospitalities. The terms of the strange will had not been made public. It was the wish of all who were interested in it that it should be so. Lord Lynne was consequently considered as one of the most eligible men in the country. The ladies were pressing in their invitations, and it was very seldom that one refused to



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Mrs. Lynne was much attached to Agatha. She stood rather in awe of the brilliant and beautiful Inez, who was so different from the general run of young ladies, so intolerant of little conventionalities, so fatally dowered with the gifts of genius and song, so proud, so haughty, yet at times loving and tender—Inez, whose childhood and girlhood had been spent in that far-distant land, and was an unknown story to them; whose beautiful face paled, whose bright, dark eyes grew dim, when she spoke to her of her Spanish home—she who professed utter indifference and scorn of all love and lovers, while she sang such music as would have charmed a heart of stone. Fiftal, faulty, grand, generous, and hoble, capable of any extreme of good or bad, requiring the training and guidance of a master hand, gifted with the rarest and most wondrous beauty, capable of giving her life for one she loved, she was an enigma to the quiet English lady who ruled at Lynwood. Mrs. Lynne, through her very love for the girl, slightly tyrannised over Agatha, but it was very rarely that she interfered with Inez.

Had the proud, passionate heart spoken yet? Ah, yes. She scoffed at love, but she would have laid down her life at Lord Lynne's feet, content to die if but once he would look upon her as he did upon her sister.

"I never feel as though Inez were one of our own," said Mrs. Lynne to her son one day; "that strange foreign life has made her so different to Agatha. I cannot understand a girl having no stories of her girlhood to relate. She seems to dislike the very name of Spain."

"I quite disagree with you, mother," was the reply. "I believe she loved her early home so much that she cannot endure to hear it mentioned."

Lord Lynne was away from home very frequently during the first few months after his uncle's death. He did not return to Sovernock Castle. Some one there watched, waited, and hoped, but all in vain. He wrote a note to Lord Wyverne, and told him how constantly he was engaged, but that he hoped to see him after Christmas. Lord Wyverne knew exactly what that meant, and he inwardly raged against the poor old lord for his inopportune death.

"It was all going on so charmingly," he said, to himself. "If he had remained here another week, he would have made an offer before he left. He went away too soon."

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visit Lynwood, whether for picnic, dinner, or evening party. Mrs. Lynne did the honors of the house gracefully, and no one was more popular than the young lord and his half-bred, gentle mother.

None of the family had been to London during the season. The time of mourning had been spent in the strictest seclusion; but next year Mrs. Lynne was to present the young ladies, and under her auspices they were to make their debut in the world of fashion.

That summer, the one after the death of the late lord, was an unusually fine one—it was also unusually warm; and the sisters spent but little time in-doors. Reading, walking, and sketching in the shady dells of the park—listening to the reading of the world's greatest poems in which Lord Lynne took the keenest delight.

He had not spoken yet. He had grown to love Agatha Lynne, calmly, deeply, and intensely. He thought of her as the one woman whom he should like to have near him through life. He did not know if his love was returned. Agatha was not of the demonstrative kind; but he intended, before he left Lynwood again, to ask her to become his wife.

Some one else had learned to love besides Lord Lynne. With all the passion and warmth of her Southern nature, with all the force of her genius, with that fatal, concentrated fidelity that knows no change, that counts no risk, Inez Lynne loved the handsome debonaire cousin who devoted himself to her sister.

One bright morning in August, the two sisters, with Mrs. Lynne, sat under the great cedar tree. It was too warm to work, to read, or to sketch. Inez declared that the only life endurable on such a morning was that of a bee, who could rest himself at his ease in the very heart of a rose. Agatha, by way of soothing her conscience, held some delicate piece of work in her hand. She was talking to Mrs. Lynne, and Inez was watching the shadow of the trees on the grass.

"There are two gentlemen!" cried Agatha, suddenly. "One is Lord Lynne; but who is that with him?"

"Some one who seems to know you," said Inez, more by way of hiding the crimson flush upon her face than from any need of speech.

"Oh, Inez," cried Agatha, "it is Allan Leigh! How long has he been home, I wonder? How altered he is!"

The two gentlemen walked slowly over the grass.

"I have brought you an old friend," said Lord Lynne, with a smile, to Agatha, "and you, Miss Lynne, a new one."

There was little doubt that poor Allan was an old friend, for he had loved Agatha Lynne for so many years back as he could remember. He had loved her without hope. He knew she would be a great help, while he—although some day he might be comparatively poor. He loved her, but he never told her so. He was too diffident, too-conscious of what he thought his own inferiority, to dream of asking her to be his wife. So he worshipped her at a distance, longing with an unutterable desire for something which should place him in a better position; but the something never came.

(To be continued.)

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"To Err is Human!"

DON'T BE AFRAID OF MAKING MISTAKES; INSTEAD LEARN TO PROFIT BY THEM

It has been said that the man who never makes a mistake never makes anything else—and certainly, the cock-sure type always does seem to come a cropper sooner or later.

If she, or he, has insisted a good deal on her, or his, own perfection, there is very little sympathy shown on them when they are "out of luck."

A man who is so strictly honorable and exact that his precision is framed in the whole town has been made honorary treasurer of a big public fund. He finds that his accounts will not balance by eight pounds odd.

He is so absolutely positive about the correctness of his figures that he is unpleasant to the secretary and offensive to the members of the committee when they suggest possibilities of error. When an independent audit reveals that the error is more in the nature of a foolish mistake—a foolish mistake—a silly slip that a sixteen year old clerk ought not to make—the great "I am" goes down like a pricked balloon.

It is not only mere bounce, it is self-confidence that vanishes under the conviction of a first real blunder.

Or take the case of the typist who is loudly contemptuous of every girl in the office because they make mistakes in spelling, and—well, she doesn't.

"There is no excuse for bad spelling," she informs the office at large, "if you have had even a County School education and are not ridiculously careless."

Then one day she types a letter to the chief's most particular client, a learned lord, asking "weather" he could see him that week.

PEOPLE EXPECT TOO MUCH.

The few sarcastic remarks on carelessness made by the chief rank so deeply that the office atmosphere develops a purple storm-aura, from which the angry tylist emerges minus her job.

It is decidedly apter to make a little human mistake now and again in the place of getting upon a pedestal of perfection, which gives one such nasty bruises when the "tipple-over" comes.

Perhaps it is in the long run just as bad to be too perfect as too full of errors. People do not expect such a wonderful lot from the person who never makes any mistakes.

The generals of adminals who have nothing to learn from their staff, the teachers or scientists who throw aside all text-books because they have reached to perfect knowledge, the businessmen or housewives who run their affairs as they did five years ago because they are "not given to making mistakes," and their way is the only right way—all these people are liable to get a nasty shock some day.

A little study of that Book, which never gets out of date, wherein a man is advised to "walk humbly all the days of his life" might be rather useful.

As the old West Country wife said to her man: "Thee be a bigger fool nor me, Tom, for I be in the right of it most times, but thee makes out to be right all the time."—Answers.

Among the Wild Men of Australia.

The generally accepted idea of the physique of the Australian aboriginal is that he is a small, undersized man, with thin legs and under-nourished body.

The early settlers and pioneers who came in contact with the aborigines of the southeastern section of Australia found such men, but then again we find a great contrast in the build of the natives who inhabit the northern and particularly the north-west sections of the continent, writes M. F. Adams, who recently accompanied an expedition into the north-west of Australia.

For instance, the Nor' West scientific expedition "Culwilla" to make an investigation of the Nor' West coast under the leadership of E. J. Stuart of Perth, secured four blacks at Sunday Island, through the courtesy of Sydney Hedley, and these men proved a most useful addition to the party. How unlike the blacks of the southeast—now practically extinct. One member of this fine quartette stood six feet six inches and weighed nearly two hundred pounds.

On the adjacent island to Montgomery Island, a tribe of blacks live whose tribal markings and body ornamentations are said to be the most unique in Australia.

By opening up the skin and by rubbing mud into the incisions, some remarkable electricities are brought about. They closely resemble layers of sausages on the back and shoulders of the native. The mud used is usually obtained from around the roots of the mangrove scrub, which grows in the salt water. When fully developed these raise markings quite soft to the touch.

At long Island there is a wild and most unprepossessing tribe, of tall, scraggy men and women. They are all absolutely nude, the men having long hair and chin whiskers.

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White Handled Knives & Forks, 2.40, 3.00 doz.	Preserve Spoons, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00 each.
Pen Knives, 1.20, 1.50, 2.20, 3.00, 4.50 dozen.	Carving Knives & Forks 1.50, 1.90 set.
Sheath Knives, 95c. 1.50, 2.00, 4.75 dozen.	Carvers in Cases, 4.75, 6.50, 8.00, 10.00 set.
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Putty Knives, 1.10, 2.00, 2.50 dozen.	

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