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MADE IN CANADA

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XLIII.

Her eyes almost devoured him. Her breath came in thick hot gasps as she looked at him. How was she to hide him? How was she to hide her sin? She saw before her a tall, slender boy with Valerie's golden-brown hair, and Valerie's eyes. There all resemblance to his mother ended. The face was exactly like her own—a true Nestle face. There was no mistaking it—no passing it by unnoticed. He looked up at her with bright, fearless, laughing eyes so like Valerie's.

"Are you quite sure," he said, "that you want to see me? I did not think any one in the wide world knew me." She took his hands in hers; all her heart went out in pity to the desolate, lonely boy.

"I knew your mother, Master Dorman," she said, "when you were quite a child."

"I wish I had known her," he returned. "When all the other boys talk about their mothers, I wonder what mine was like."

"Do you remember her?" she asked.

"I remember two faces," said the boy. "I think one was very fair and laughing, the other dark and beautiful, but I cannot tell whether either of them was my mother. I remember the faces only indistinctly, like a vague dream. Did you know my mother?"

How her heart ached for him, warmed to him, beat with passionate pity, and passionate pain! She would do anything for him except give up Lancewood.

"Yes, I knew her. Because I knew her I have come to see you."

"How did you know that I was here?" he asked; and the question puzzled her.

"I heard it by accident," she replied, "and I thought I should like to see you."

"For my mother's sake?" he interrupted; and she could not say it was for Valerie's.

"I shall come and see you sometimes," she continued, "and, if there is anything you would like, I will bring it."

"There are many things I should

like. I should like a good bat for cricketing and a bow and arrow."

"Would you?" asked Vivien, with a cricketing, and a bow and arrow," have them."

It was some little comfort even to give him those things.

"I shall be passing by here next week," she told him, "and I will bring them to you."

"That is very good of you," said the boy; and the voice was so entirely like Valerie's, that she was startled. She saw him looking intently at her veiled face.

"You have not told me yet who you are," he said, laughing.

"You would not know my name if I told it to you," she replied; "you will easily remember Mrs. Smith."

"Are you Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"We have five Smiths in this school, and the boys say that the doctor will not take another. Mrs. Smith, did you know my father?"

"Heaven pardon me!" she sighed from the depths of her heart. His father was her own.

"Yes," she replied, in a low faint voice.

"He and my mother are both dead," sighed the boy. "I have been in America with my uncle, Mr. Dorman. Now he is dead, and I am quite alone in the world."

"Was Mr. Dorman your uncle?" she asked.

"Yes. I used to call him Uncle Dorman."

"And where did he live?" asked Lady St. Just.

"I think he had always lived in America," replied the boy, thoughtfully; "he never spoke of England to me when we were in New York. We came to England together. He placed me here at school, and now he is dead."

"He was very kind to you?" she said.

"Yes—no one could have been kinder," answered the lad. "I cannot remember going to America—I should not think I was more than five years old when I went."

"You were a young traveller," she said.

"Yes. I went with some one who was always reading and studying—he never seemed to remember that I was alive. He used to look at me in such surprise and say 'Oh, little boy! I cannot remember how I went from him to Uncle Dorman.'"

"Did your uncle never tell you, never speak to you, of any one who



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Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia and nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal "Wingarris," the "Wine of Life."

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WINGARRIS

Agents for Newfoundland—
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you knew—of England, of any friends?"

"No," said the boy—"never."

"Then," thought Lady St. Just, "I am quite safe; there is no link here. He does not know the name of Lancewood; there is nothing to connect him with it in any way. Even should any one know he had an 'Uncle Dorman,' they would never dream that this uncle who he says lived in America, was Gerald Dorman who lived at Lancewood. I am quite safe; there is no connecting link whatever."

"I shall be very kind to you," she said; "I shall bring you everything that you like. Have you plenty of pocket-money?"

"Are you any relation to me?" asked the boy, curiously. "Do you know I fancy that I have heard your voice before; it is just like music; and it seems to me that years ago I heard one just like it. May I see your face? Your veil is so thick."

She hesitated a moment, and then she said to herself, "There can be no danger; he does not even know the name of Lancewood—he will not remember me."

"See my face?" she replied. "Yes, certainly—I am sure to have talked to you all this time with my veil down."

She threw it back, and the boy looked long at the beautiful face.

"Why, you are like a picture, Mrs. Smith!" he said. "I wonder if I have ever dreamed about you."

"How could you dream about me?" she asked.

"I do not know; all my thoughts are so confused, so vague, so like dreams. Now that I look at your face, I think I have seen one like it once."

"Where?" she asked, in sudden fear.

"I cannot tell you where," he laughed; "I only remember a background of trees and a face like yours looking sorrowfully at me. I do not remember it when you smile, but I do when you look serious. Have I ever seen you before?"

"I have never been to America," she replied, evasively.

"Then I cannot have seen it. I am so glad you know me, Mrs. Smith; it is very dull all alone here. Perhaps some day, when you are not very busy, you will take me out—I have never been out since I came."

"Poor child—poor boy!" she said, her beautiful eyes growing dim.

"I shall soon be old enough to go out by myself," he told her proudly. "You will come to see me again?" he added.

"Yes," she replied, "I will come again."

She bent her stately head and kissed the brow so like her own. The boy blushed.

"I do not remember that any one has ever done that before," he said.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Smith."

In another minute she had left him, standing thinking about her face, and how he had come to dream about her.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Lady St. Just could not forget her half-brother. She had fancied that going to see Oswald would put an end to the intensity of her thought about him. It did not. His face never left her by night or by day. She admired him very much. He was tall for his age, with a fine, well-built figure. She was startled, too, when she looked in the glass, to see how much her face was like his. He had Valerie's eyes and Valerie's hair, but the true Nestle mouth and brow.

She was of a loving, tender disposition, and the thought of this boy alone in the world, with no one to visit him, no one to care for him, desolate and lonely, touched her with keenest pain.

"I took him from mother, home and friends," she thought. "I must make it up to him—I must do all I can for him."

But the consciousness of the difference between his position as heir of Lancewood and as an unknown boy in a boarding school was great—and that was what troubled her. She silenced the pleading of her own heart with an iron hand; she would hear none of it. It was for the best—Lancewood would have ruined Lancewood.

She had found her first visit to the school so uncommonly easy that she called again and again. She took Oswald the cricket-bat he had longed for; she gave him pocket-money; she

gratified every whim and wish of the boy.

"You are very kind to me, Mrs. Smith," he would say—"what shall I do for you in return? Is it all for my mother's sake?"

"I have learned to like you for your own," she replied.

He noticed that she always seemed to have a difficulty with his name—she paused slightly before uttering it.

"You do not like my name," he said to her one day.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Because you always hesitate before you say it. If you do not like Henry, call me Harry—the doctor always calls me Harry."

She knew that her impulse always was to call him Oswald, but she could not tell him so.

"Shall you ever take me out?" he asked her one day.

"Not at present," she replied. "You shall have a long holiday—you shall go to the seaside; but you must wait awhile."

She had decided that it would not be prudent to take him out; she might meet people who would recognize her, and then she would be asked awkward questions about the boy. Besides, he was so fatally like her self, she did not dare to do it. There was no mistaking the likeness; it could not be overlooked. It would never do for any one who knew her to see them together.

Another thought occurred to her one day. What of his future? Had any provision been made for it? Or, when the quarter was over, would Dr. Lester send him away? In all conscience and in all honor she was bound to provide for him; she wished to do so. She would have shared her fortune with him; she would have given him all she had—all save Lancewood.

She pondered over this long and anxiously. She had no wish or desire to be imprudent; perhaps her seeming immunity from all danger made her reckless. She resolved upon seeing Dr. Lester himself. Amongst the number of people whom the master of a large school must see, he would hardly remember Mrs. Smith.

Dr. Lester had been rather curious to know who Henry Dorman's visitor was. In fact the pupil himself had been a puzzle to the learned doctor. He had been brought to him a year before by a Mr. Dorman, who had just arrived from America. Mr. Dorman had made all suitable inquiries about the school, and he told the doc-

tor that he was in delicate health, and might in all probability go abroad again. He had asked permission to pay for five years in advance, saying that if he should be travelling it might be difficult to send the money. He had also left a small sum of money with the doctor for the boy's private use and benefit.

"If," he said, "anything should happen to me, and the boy shows talent, you can make him a tutor in your own school first, doctor. He will fight his own way after that."

The doctor had asked one or two questions about the boy, and Gerald had evaded them, and so he knew nothing either of his friends or of his parentage. Hearing, therefore, that a very beautiful lady, who had been a friend of his mother's, often came to see the boy, bringing him handsome presents, and showing a great liking for him, he felt some little curiosity about her.

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CORNS DROPPED OUT

Paint on Putnam's Corn Extractor tonight, and corns feel better in the morning. Magical the way 'Putnam's' eases the pain, destroys the roots, kills a corn for all time. No pain. Cure guaranteed. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.

Dr. Lester was a man of science. He was known and valued wherever learning was valued, consequently he had but little time to spare. More than once Lady St. Just asked to see him, but was not able to do so.

One morning she went to Hammer-smith. She had with her some books that Oswald had asked for. Just as she was going away again, Dr. Lester, with another gentleman, entered the college. He watched her for a moment, and then he said to a manservant who was by the door:

"Which of the young gentlemen does that lady come to see?"

"Master Dorman, sir," was the reply.

"What a mistake some of you have made!" he said. "I was told that it was a Mrs. Smith who came to see young Dorman—that is Lady St. Just. I am going to meet her husband this very day. Dorman must be a poor relation, I should imagine."

(To be Continued.)

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It's in the nostrils and air passages that Catarrh germs breed. The germ-killing vapor of Catarrhoxone means instant death to these germs—means that a healing process is started throughout all the sore membranes, thereby effectually ridding the system of the real cause of the trouble. Catarrhoxone promptly opens up

closed nostrils, takes that irritating mucus out of the nose, prevents the formation of hard painful crusts. If there is a nasty discharge it disappears with a few hours' use of Catarrhoxone Inhaler. If a bad cold keeps you sneezing, if you have dull frontal pains over the eyes, you'll get the speediest cure possible with Catarrhoxone.

Years of wonderful success in Europe and America have proven Catarrhoxone a specific for all catarrhal, throat, bronchial and breathing-organ troubles. Simple, pleasant, safe and sure. Use the tried and proven remedy. Any dealer anywhere can supply Catarrhoxone, large complete outfit at \$1.00; small size 50c.; trial size 25c.

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No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim; to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit made on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware.

Get Nerviline when you ask for it, when you are sure of a remedy that

will cure all aches, strains, swellings, and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago.

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