

WAY.

WALWORTH.

Annexette H. Walworth.

On the broad
looking the
the Buxton lawn.
all the wide world,
to call kindred. Small
clinging with ravening
the silent sleeper in the
his back.
placed his steps and re-entered
where his father lay. He
open the windows and moved
toward the casket. The ur-
peacefulness, the majestic repose
the sleeper filled his soul with a
strange quietness.
At that moment he remembered the
seal ring which his father had always
impressed upon the wax of his letters.
It was on his finger when he died. He
should like it for his very own. He
drew the white draperies from the
broad chest to secure the ring. In the
pallid clasped hands a single white
cosmos flower had drooped to its death.
The seal ring was not upon his fa-
ther's hand. The flower had not been
in his quiet clasp when they laid him
in the casket.
Who would unravel the knot of this
twofold mystery?

CHAPTER IV.
THE FIGURE IN WHITE.

Having nearly arrived at the mature
age of 18 Miss Olivia Matthews con-
sidered herself qualified to give her fa-
ther advice on all matters of impor-
tance.
Tom Buxton was a matter of impor-
tance, one which came up with increas-
ing frequency and growing importun-
cy as his term at college rounded to its
end.

On the subject of what was or what
was not best for Tom the small moni-
tor assumed large airs of gravity and
decorum which tempted one to smile
into her dimpled face. Not that she
would have countenanced such levity
for an instant. She took herself in her
relation as semiguardian to the last of
the Buxtons quite seriously. Ever
since that dismal day on which they
had laid the dear colonel to rest under
the weeping willows of the Mandeville
churchyard and brought Tom to stay
temporarily at the Matthews cottage
while "arrangement for his future"
were perfecting she had come to look
upon him as in some sense her personal
charge.

That had been four years ago. The
years have healing properties for the
young which they lose in later years.
A correspondence had been one of the
inevitable consequences of Olivia's self
elected guardianship and Tom's crav-
ing for friendship.

His 11 months of seniority, which
counted for little on the calendar, were
entirely reversed in their social rela-
tions. In their letters he figured as
quite 11 years her junior. She never
forgot his birthday. It was always re-
membered by a gift chosen with a
view to a man's ever recurring demand
for neckties, gloves or the like and al-
ways sent accompanied by a neat lit-
tle homily on the approaching years of
responsibility, prettily indited on her
best society stationery.

Fresh from the perusal of an effusive
letter of thanks for the latest donation
of gloves and advice, Olivia sagely
wrinkled her brows and looked across
the breakfast table at her father.

"Just to think, papa, the dear boy is
18 years old! I suppose he will be put-
ting on all the airs of a grown man
when he gets back. I can hear the
peeping of restless wings in each letter
more distinctly. That is as it should
be. If I were a man, I know I should
strain at the leash violently long before
the college doors closed upon me."

Her metaphors were somewhat
mixed, but as she was preparing her
father's second cup of coffee with just
so much sugar plus so much cream
metaphor had to look out for itself.

**ABSOLUTE
SECURITY.**

Genuine
**Carter's
Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

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LIVER
PILLS**

FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The lawyer, deep in his own mail
matter, glanced up quickly, showing a
dark, unsmiling face.
"Who is straining at the leash, my
dear?"
"Oh, that was just a figure of speech! I
was talking about Tom. I've got an
absurdly grateful letter from him,
thanking me for his gloves. If I had
sent a shoeing, he would have waxed
just as eloquent over it. Tom is a
wee bit sophomore. I must admit, but
time will tone all that down."
She was conscious of a very abstract-
ed auditor.

Her father's head had been lifted
just so long as his hand had been ex-
tended for the cup of coffee. He was
once more poring over his morning's
mail with knitted brows. Her malice
cat, always discreetly observant of the
progress of the meal, gently reminded
her by a velvet pawed caress that he
was waiting to be served. Her canary
bird, swinging in its gilded cage in the
sunny bow window, shrilly monopo-
lized the realm of sound.

Her father's absorption in letters
which properly belonged to his office
work was an infringement of her most
cherished household regulation. She in-
terfered despotically.

"Papa, you know I regard the break-
fast hour as my exclusive property.
You are breaking my rules."

The dark face opposite her was lifted.
The light of a mighty love illumined
its gloomy eyes. Lawyer Matthews
pushed his letters from him in a heap
and smiled.

"You are right, my queen of hearts,
as you always are. I beg your pardon
for my rude inattention. I am all yours.
You were saying?"

"Nothing very profound." She smiled
with restored good humor. "I have
been wondering what we are going to
do with Tom Buxton when he comes
back to Mandeville for good. He can't
live alone in that great barn of a
house. He would meet a ghost at
every turn. And he could not live here
with us. Every old woman's tongue
in Mandeville would chorus 'improp-
er.' What on earth can we do with
the poor boy?"

Twice during her remarks her fa-
ther had taken off his glasses, wiped
them abstractedly and replaced them
on his nose with nervous energy. In-
stead of the direct answer her direct
question invited, he looked straight
over her head through the vine clothed
bow window, frowning incidentally at
the shrilling canary.

"Is there no way of silencing that
noise?"

"Dick's modelling? Certainly. I did
not know it annoyed you."

She left the table long enough to in-
sert a lump of sugar between the bars
of the birdcage. Returning, she perched
on the arm of her father's chair, re-
taining her precarious vantage ground
by clutching his coat lapels firmly with
one hand.

"Father, you must be working too
hard. You are horribly nervous of
late. I shall have to take you in
hand." She passed a caressing hand
over the lawyer's troubled forehead.
"There are at least a dozen new worry
lines here. This will never, never do.
But about Tom."

"What about Thomas?" Her caress-
ing failed of soothing. He drew her
hands down with almost a petulant
gesture.

"What are you going to do with him
when he leaves college and comes
home to live? You know we must
plan for it."

"There is no immediate call for agi-
tating that point, my love. Thomas
is to go abroad for two years after
leaving college."

"Does he want to go?"

"I want him to go."

"Of course, papa, as his guardian
you may advise him to go, and I think
every boy ought to travel. But has
Tom expressed any wishes of his own
on the subject?"

"I have not broached it to him as
yet. I anticipate no objections on his
part. His father was a great traveler
in his day. Indeed, I may say he was
passionately fond of it."

"Then you have not consulted him
about it yet?"

The lawyer rose from the table with
his hands full of letters. A slight frown
contracted his forehead, bringing
his bushy gray brows almost into con-
tact with each other. He loved this
breakfast hour above all the hours of
the day. It was full of peace and
pleasantness. It was pleasant to look
across the table into his child's beau-
tiful, spirited face, a face which always
brimmed over with intelligence and
with love for him; it was pleasant to
look beyond her, out through the vine
enclosed bay window into the tangle
of beauty and perfume which Olivia
called her garden; it was pleasant to
contemplate the fact that this dear
child had but to express a wish and he
was able to gratify it. Things had
gone well with him the last four years.
Men said he was waxing rich as no

DO YOU FEAR HEART FAILURE?
No death comes so suddenly and unexpectedly as
that caused by heart failure, but the trouble had its
beginning; months or perhaps years before when the
blood became thin and watery and the nerves ex-
hausted. Gradually the waste had become more rap-
id than the process of repair; the tissues of the heart
have become diseased and finally some over-exertion
or nervous shock has caused the beating to cease and
life to depart. Dr. Chase's nerve food prevents heart
failure and all similar diseases by building new,
rich blood and nerve force, and creating up the
system.

The Old Reliable Remedy for
Diarrhoea and Dysentery.



Grandma Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, Ar-
rived in Ont., recently wrote:
"My little girl, three years of
age, was taken very bad with diarrhoea,
and we thought we were going to lose her,
when I remembered that my grandmother
always used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild
Strawberry, and often said that it saved her
life. I got a bottle and gave it to my child,
and after the third dose she began to get
better and slept well that night. She im-
proved right along and was soon com-
pletely cured."

lawyer of Mandeville ever had before
him. It was pleasant to prolong this
communion time.

Presently he would go off to his of-
fice, and the sweet music of his dar-
ling's voice would be swallowed up in the
harsh tones of angry men char-
gering for their rights. But just now
Olivia was growing a trifle inquisi-
tious, and it was that which sent him
away from the table somewhat abrupt-
ly.

"No," he said, standing on the hearth
rug; "I have not written to him yet. I
don't want the pleasant anticipation of
travel to get between him and the closing
exercises of his college. I am some-
what apprehensive that Thomas may
be lacking in energy."

"I don't know why you say that,
papa. His reports from the very be-
ginning have been just splendid. He
stands first in all of his classes and—"
"Oh, as a student Thomas has made a
fair record, but I should prefer more
fire, more vim, more fervor of anti-
cipation."



"You stupid papa—to want a fretful,
puny baby always under your wing!"
pation for the future, in so young a
man. He shows no signs of restles-
ness. That is a bad sign."

Olivia championed the absent with
warmth and decision.
"I think you are altogether mistak-
en, father, and inclined to underrate
Tom. His letters to you, I suppose, are
more restrained and formal. I see
abundant evidence of ambition and of
purpose. Tom is essentially well bal-
anced. I have seen plentiful signs of
restlessness."

"I hope I have molded him fittingly,"
said the lawyer, with pious self grati-
fication. "Yes, I think he may be called
essentially well balanced."

"He is just what I fancy Colonel
Broxton was at his age," Olivia resur-
ed, with unconscious point. "He is not
one of those tiresome boys who bore
you to distraction with wordy vapor-
ings about what they are going to do
and be, winding up by doing and being
nothing. Moreover, the fact of his be-
ing so rich would incline him to delib-
eration. The spur of necessity is not
pricking him to select a career in wild
haste. Tom is very rich indeed, is not
he, papa?"

Some of his letters slipped from the
lawyer's grasp. He stooped to recover
them. His sallow face was deeply
flushed when he straightened himself
almost defiantly. He did not look at
Olivia as he answered curtly:

"By no manner of means. That is
one of the current local fallacies, a
great mistake. Thomas' personal ex-
penses have been heavy, and some of
his dear father's investments turned
out very badly."

Olivia soared superior.
"I am rather glad to hear that. Rich
young men are so apt to wax conceit-
ed and worthless on the strength of
their father's hoarding. They lose the
incentive to personal endeavor."

Her father rewarded this slight with
a somewhat acid smile.

"Your worldly wisdom becomes start-
ling, my love. I think I shall have to
get you a new doll to dress."

"Doll, indeed?" She mimicked his
gravity. "Your capacity for insulting a
helpless female becomes startling, my
love. I think I shall have to get you a
new pair of eyes the better to see, my
dear." She came toward him, a riant,
sparkling creature, and stood before
him with crest uplifted. "Observe the
length of my gown, if you please, and
the Psyche knot which tops my mature
and classic head."

Her father drew her to him almost
roughly. "Olivia, you startle me in
earnest. You are a young lady. The
fact has burst upon me in a second.
You are no longer my loving, trusting,
unquestioning little darling. You will

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Colds
etc.

be measuring your strength with mine,
demanding your place at my side rather
than under my wing. It frightens
me."

She laughed musically up into the
furrowed face.
"And it delights me. You stupid
papa—to want a fretful, puny baby al-
ways under your wing in place of a
wise young woman by your side! And,
you naughty papa, to let my eighteenth
birthday almost dawn without a
breath touching appropriate celebra-
tions!"

"Celebrations?" He repeated the
word perplexedly.

"Don't you even know, father, that
a girl comes of age when she is 18?
She doesn't come into a vote and all
that sort of nonsense, but she comes
out, and I propose to do that appropri-
ately."

"Appropriately? Why, bless my soul,
yes, of course! What shall we do,
Ollie?"

"I should like a fete champetre,"
said Ollie grandly. "Such a fete as the
people of the country shall date back
to and from for generations to come.
I shan't come of age but once in my
lifetime, you know, papa."

Her father looked overhead out of
the bay window into her garden and
upon the grassy terraces intervening
between it and the cobblestone street.
The Matthews cottage, perched upon
its well kept terraces, was one of the
show places of Mandeville, but its di-
mensions were by no means imposing.
In land it was conspicuously cramped.

"A garden party, my love? I believe
that is your idea done in English. Do
you think our modest little yard?"

She interrupted him with a gay
laugh. "Oh, no, papa! That would be
absurd, ridiculously so. Over at Tom's
house is where I mean to hold my
fete. We could give a lovely garden
party among the grand old trees on
Broxton lawn and such a delicious
dance in the long, yellow parlor."

"But the people?"

"The Westovers are expected back
from Europe on Monday. I should es-
pecially like them to see that one does
not have to go abroad to know what to
do on occasion. Oh, I want it to be
very grand indeed, papa! Miss Malvina
Spillman will help me to make it just
perfectly lovely. She can act chaperon
too. I can make out quite a splendid
list of guests."

A strange hesitation seemed to bind
her father's tongue. He, who was gen-
erally eager in his readiness to gratify
her slightest wish, stood mute and
frowning in face of her very dearest
one.

"You have a guardian's right to use
the house, papa, haven't you?"

"Yes, Oh, yes, of course!"

"And I know Tom would be only too
glad. I shall write for his permission."

Still that unfriendly silence. "My
heart is quite set upon it, papa."

Continued on 6th page.

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Neglect a Trifling Cold
and the most serious consequences
will follow. It lives on your vital-
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come inflamed—causing a cough,
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CLEARLY PROVES THAT

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HEADACHE POWDERS

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OUR WITNESSES.

Newcastle, N. B., Oct. 25th, 1900.
Newcastle's leading barber, Mr. James Collins, whose shop is near the Post Office, Pleasant St., writes:—"I
use Kumfort Headache Powders and find they always cure, and I also find them pleasant and safe to use."

H. S. Miller, of Miller Bros., butchers, whose place of business is opposite the Waverly Hotel, writes:—"I can
safely recommend Kumfort Headache Powders. They are a good thing for my headache."

Naguac, January 6th, 1900.
"The most satisfactory and perfect cure for headache I find are the Kumfort Headache Powders."
A. V. SAVOY, Merchant.

Thomson Station, N. S., Feby. 25, 1899.
3rd Witness. E. Mattinson & Son write under this date: "Please send us 6 dozen Kumfort Headache
Powders, they are the best selling medicines we have in the shop." Sales talk.

4th Witness. W. C. Balcolm, the well-known travelling jeweller of Hantsport, N. S., writes: "I used
Kumfort Headache Powders recently and found them a marvelous cure for headache."

5th Witness. H. C. Fulton of Truro, well known to the employees of the I. C. R., being in the Superintend-
ent's office at Truro, writes: "Undoubtedly the best cure for headache. I cannot praise Kumfort Headache
Powders too highly."

Burnt Church, N. B., May 12th, 1899.
6th Witness. "I have used Kumfort Headache Powders and my experience is that they will cure a headache
in a few minutes.—It is nervous headache in my case."

MRS. J. P. DAVIDSON.
Harcourt, N. B., May 19th, 1899.
7th Witness. Miss Jennie Goodwin of Harcourt writes: "The best Headache Powders I have ever used are
the Kumfort Headache Powders."

8th Witness. Rogersville's Leading Merchant, Mr. John D. Buckley, writes May 20th, 1899: "The best
remedy for Headache that I ever used are the Kumfort Headache Powders—They cure in a few minutes—Create
no habit from continued use and I find them safe and harmless."

J. D. BUCKLEY.

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