



J.N.
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A Fair Invalid

"Then I shall not be compelled to re-
main here," she interrogated.

"I am sure Miss Vane will be pleased
to show you all hospitality until Lord
Wynton has quite recovered. Pray do not
think of leaving him." Again came that
strange laugh.

"Does he know that I am here?" she
asked.

"I cannot tell you, Lady Wynton. I
do not know."

"Did he ask if I was living or dead?"
she inquired. I felt confused; for the
whole world I could not tell why. His in-
difference about her had not angered
me as did hers about him.

"You do not answer me—you do not
like to tell me the truth, that he forgot
all about me—never cared to know whether
I had been killed or saved. We
are certainly model man and wife. I
must be more considerate. Pray, how is
Lord Wynton? My heart is not one of
the easily broken kind—do not hesitate
to tell me." There was a mocking smile
on her lips, a mocking light in her
eyes—in her entire manner derision and
contempt.

"Lord Wynton's life was despaired of
at first," I replied, curtly; "but he has
recovered consciousness, and is in a fair
way toward recovery."

"I thought he would escape," she
said; and to me it seemed that there
was real regret in her voice.

"I have not asked to whom I have
the pleasure of speaking," she said, af-
ter a time.

"I am a friend of Miss Vane's; my
name is Mrs. Neville."

"Will you ask Miss Vane if she will
see me? I cannot think of remaining
here unless I can see the mistress of the
house."

"I will ask Miss Vane."

"There are one or two other things I
should like to mention. I cannot take
the tea that woman brings; I prefer
French chocolate. I like, too, a little
claret at breakfast-time, with fruit, not
your English compounds—they are hor-
rible. And have you no French novels in
the house. How am I to pass my time?"

"Feeling too angry for words, I left
her. I cannot describe the Lady Wynton.
I did not think she was an English-
woman, although she spoke with a toler-
able accent. She was beautiful, but it
struck me that her fair beauty was of a
make-up kind—all glitter. Her wealth of
hair was artistically arranged, her
eyes were large and blue, with a steady
glitter, her lips red, her teeth gleaming
white; but there was a touch of Parisian
art about her face and figure. She was
tall, well formed, and elegant rather
than graceful. One thing was quite
plain to me—she was not a lady, no
matter what her tastes or position, she
lacked the refinement and good breed-
ing of a gentlewoman. Still I was bound
to comply with her wishes. Going to
Miss Vane's room, I found her sitting at
the window. She did not look round as
I entered; on her face were traces of
bitter, passionate tears. "Lady Wynton
is desirous of seeing you, Miss Vane,"
I said. "She would like to thank you,
and to mention several little things
needful for her comfort."

"She turned her head quickly enough
then—such contempt, such unutterable
scoorn, such anger, I never saw evinced
in any face before. "I decline to see
Lady Wynton," she returned, curtly.

"So I told her; but she persisted in
sending the message."

"I persist also in sending refusal," she
declared. "Anything that she requires
for her comfort let her have; but for
Heaven's sake keep her out of my sight."

"She wants French chocolate and
French novels," I said, laughing.

"Oh! give them to her. Only keep
her away from me," was the contemptu-
ous response. After a short time she
obtained a little stool and sat down at
my feet, laying her head on my knee;
it was the first time she had used that
caressing manner with me. "Mrs. Nev-
ille," she said, slowly, "I want to ask
you a question. Tell me, what do you
think of Lady Wynton?" She asked the
question with curious shyness. My re-
ply was abrupt. "I do not like her at
all, Miss Vane."

"Do you not? She is beautiful, I sup-
pose."

"After the fashion of a Parisian ac-
tress—nothing more."

"For a time she seemed buried in
thought, and then, with a soft blush on
it, she raised her fair face to mine. "Do
not think me vain, Mrs. Neville, but you
have seen us both—should you imagine
Lady Wynton to be a woman whom a
gentleman—a man of refinement and
taste—would prefer to me—who would
be better loved than I could be?"

"No; there is as much difference be-
tween Lady Wynton and yourself as be-
tween a scarlet poppy and a maiden
bush-rose. But have you seen Lady
Wynton, Miss Vane?"

"Yes, I saw her once, but under
strange circumstances. I could not judge
of what she was really like; and then"
she continued, shyly, "Does she, do you
think, love Lord Wynton very much?"

"I do not think she does, Miss Vane;
I should imagine that all the love and
interest she feels are centred in herself."

"Poor Clive!" I heard her say; and
then she asked me if I knew where they
were going when the accident happened.

"I told her to Paris."

"Mrs. Neville," she said, "I have one
great wish, one intense longing—it is to
see them together—husband and wife.
I shall never, in all human probability,
see either of them again, and I wish, be-
fore they go, to see them together. Can
it be managed?"

"I will think about it, and tell you
later on," I replied, determined that she
should be gratified, if it were possible.

CHAPTER X.

"Mrs. Neville," said the shrill, clear
voice of Lady Wynton, "it is hardly
needful for me to remain here any
longer. The house is very dull and quiet,
and there is not a novel in the place fit
to read—in very truth, I am bored to
death, and should like to go."

"You will like to remain until Lord
Wynton goes," I said, surprised. She
looked at me in real, unaffected aston-
ishment.

"I believe the movements of a husband
generally concern his wife," I replied.

"We are an exception," said Lady
Wynton, laughing. "I do not live with
Lord Wynton; we do not share the same
house, home, or even country. While
Lord Wynton kills time after his own
fashion at the Park, I hold a little
court of my own in la belle France."

"I see," she continued, with a mock-
ing laugh. "Because we were travelling
in one carriage you fancied we were de-
voted—not the Darby-and-Jean type—
Nothing of the kind. My business rela-
tions with Lord Wynton were not satis-
factory—indeed, he did not allow me
sufficient to live upon. I wrote, asking
him to meet me at his lawyers, and he
consented. We came to a satisfactory
arrangement, and bade each other good-
bye. I was returning to France, and
Lord Wynton, it appears, was going to
Paris. I assure you that it was by com-
plete accident that we were put into the
same carriage. I did not feel pleas-
ed—I am sure Lord Wynton did not."

"Look at me, Mrs. Neville. I am sure
you see that I am not at all—quite—
even consumptive, that is why I live al-
ways in the south of France. I enjoy
my life so much that I do not care to
lose it."

"Looking at her, I saw that her eyes
were very bright, that her complexion
was transparent and delicate. "You will
understand now," she said, "why I am
in such a hurry to get away. This cold,
foggy England kills me. I want the
warm sun of fair France. Will you tell
Miss Vane that I am much indebted to
her for her kindness, but am compelled
to leave River House? I suppose, too,
that I must sacrifice to the proprieties,
and bid farewell to my huge lord. Will
it be convenient for me to see him this
afternoon? I thought of leaving about
five."

"It will be convenient; but I hope
you will not agitate him," I said.

"I do not think that is in my power,"
she said, laughing. "I will see him this
afternoon, Mrs. Neville, and I am sure
that I may trust to your kindness to
make all arrangements for my depart-
ure."

"I went to tell Miss Vane. "You wish-
ed to see them together," I said. "Lady
Wynton will bid her husband farewell
this afternoon."

"I must see them," she said. "It would
set the doubts and fears and wonder of
long years at rest if I could see them
together."

"It will be very easy," I observed.

"You have nothing to do but disguise
yourself as you did before, and remain
in the room. I will dress you—you shall
gratify the desire and longing of your
heart; you shall see them together."

"When the disguise was complete, we
went into the invalid's room together.
Lord Wynton was lying wide awake. He
watched Miss Vane as she went to the
drawers and busied herself in arranging
something. "A new nurse," he inter-
rogated.

"No," I replied; "she was here when
you were very ill." And then I bent
over him. "Lord Wynton," I said,
gently, "Lady Wynton is anxious to get
away as soon as possible, and would like
to say good-bye to you this afternoon."

"Very well," he assented, listlessly—
"whenever she wishes."

He had barely uttered the words when
a footstep was heard outside, and, with-
out any rapping or announcement, Lady
Wynton entered the room. She went up
to him smiling, cold, hard, polished, with-
out the faintest expression of sympathy.
"The accident was a terrible one," she
said; "we had a very narrow escape."

She made no remark about his appear-
ance, nor did she congratulate him on his
escape. Thinking my presence a re-
straint, I turned to leave the room. Lord
Wynton stopped me with outstretched
hand. "Do not go, Mrs. Neville!" he
cried, in a quick, faint voice.

Lady Wynton turned to me with a
glittering smile. "We have no secrets,
Mrs. Neville," she said. "I merely wish-
ed to bid Lord Wynton good-bye."

"Neither of them noticed the silent
figure bending over the open drawer.
"For your own sake," she continued,
coldly, "I should advise you to get out
of this terrible house as soon as you
can; the silence of it is enough to make
one melancholy for life."

"I like it," he opposed, abruptly.

"Well, all to the taste—I think it hor-
rible. Good-bye. Lord Wynton: I hope
you will soon be all right." Without
another word she went away. "Good-
bye," he responded.

When the door had closed behind her
he turned his face to the wall. "Great
Heaven! what have I been saved for!"
he moaned. He lay silent for some time;
we heard deep sighs come from his lips,
and then he asked for some lemonade.

CORNS, CURED

You can painlessly remove any corn, callus,
hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's
Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar,
contains no acid, is harmless because composed
only of healing gums and balsams. Fifty years in
use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists in
all bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Miss Vane hastened to give it to him.
I saw him look up into her face with a
smile. There was not the faintest gleam
of recognition. Then he looked at the
white hands that held the glass—looked
at them long and steadily.

There was a great commotion when
5 o'clock came, and Lady Wynton was
ready to depart. "Good-bye, Mrs. Nev-
ille," she said. "You have been very
kind to me, and I thank you. I am not
to see Miss Vane, I suppose?"

"She is really not well enough to re-
ceive visitors," I explained.

"I expect the truth is she is some-
what cross, old maid," she said, laugh-
ingly. "Well, you will say all this to
me civil for me. Good-bye." That was the
last I ever saw of Lady Wynton. After
her departure I went to Miss Vane's
room.

"Oh, Mrs. Neville!" she cried, "what
a dreadful woman! Why, she has no
heart! She does not love him—she does
not care for him!"

"I think it is a case of mutual indif-
ference, Miss Vane. She is entirely void
of feeling or affection. Lord Wynton
has heart enough, but I do not think
he has ever given any of it to her."

"It is strange," she mused to herself
"very strange; he must have loved her
once," and then she checked herself, and
looked at me with eager eyes. "You do
not think she has the least suspicion?"
she interrogated.

"Of you? No. I think she has a very
poor opinion of you—imagines you to be a
cross, eccentric, disagreeable old maid."

"I can bear that," she declared, with
a smile. "And, Lord Wynton—you feel
sure that he has no suspicion?"

"Not the faintest," I replied. "But I
saw him looking intently at your hands—
those white, beautiful hands of yours."

"Did he? Ah, well, I shall not see him
again! It will not matter; my hands
have ministered their last to him."

She never went near his room after
that; but there was scarcely a limit to
her care of him. He had the choicest
wines, the rarest fruits, the daintiest
dishes. She sent for every book or paper
she thought might interest him; she
superintended personally everything that
went into his room—she gathered the
fairest flowers and seemed to know by
instinct what flowers he loved best.

He said to me one day, "The lady of
the house—Miss Vane, you call her—
must have a very kind heart. It is a
sad thing that she is so great an in-
valid."

"Yes, she has a most generous na-
ture," I acknowledged.

"What is her ailment?" he asked. "Is
she old or young? Is she a confirmed in-
valid, or does she suffer from a recent
illness?"

"She is a confirmed invalid," I re-
plied. "As for her age, sometimes she
looks much older than at others."

"I should like to see her," he said;
"her story on me. By the way, Mrs.
Neville, who is the old nurse who was in
my room yesterday? What strangely
beautiful hands she has!"

"Yes," I returned, "everyone notices
the beauty of them."

"They remind me," he said, with a
bitter sigh, "of hands that I used to
see years ago, and loved very dearly."

CHAPTER XI.

After a few weeks more, Lord Wynton
was pronounced well enough to leave
River House. I ventured one day to say
that I hoped at some future time our
paths in life would cross again.

"Miss Vane is not a happy life, Mrs. Ne-
ville," he said. "I never go into the
great world. I live at Lynton Park
and I try to forget a very great sorrow
in the strict fulfilment of duty. The
sins of our youth always find us out,
I committed a great folly in mine."

"You may have committed a folly," I
observed; "but a sin, a mean, delib-
erate sin, you have never committed,
I am sure."

"You have faith in me?" he interro-
gated, eagerly.

"Yes—unbounded faith."

"Thank you. It is a long time since a
woman's voice spoke of faith or trust
in me, Mrs. Neville. We shall be
friends."

"I hope so, Lord Wynton," I respon-
ded.

"The friendship of a good and true
woman would be invaluable to me," he
said, musingly; and then he continued:
"Doctor Fletcher advises me to leave
England for a time. I shall obey him.
I shall be absent some months—a year,
perhaps; but when I return, may I come
to Neville's Cross to see you?"

"Yes; I shall be delighted, Lord Wynton," I replied.

"I want to ask one question more.
You know Miss Vane and understand
her. Do you think she would allow me
to see her? I am so deeply grateful to
her that I must express my thanks."

about herself up in her room during that
time, for Lord Wynton was much bet-
ter, and had asked permission to look
through the grounds. "It must be a
great privation," he said to me, "for
the mistress of this beautiful place to be
an invalid, Mrs. Neville. Do you know
that I shall never rest until I have in
some measure repaid my great obligation
to Miss Vane? I shall send her some-
thing that she would like. When I re-
turn to England she will be the first
person that I shall visit. I feel that, un-
der Heaven, I owe my life to you and
to her."

The day came when he was to leave
us. It did not surprise me that Miss
Vane refused to see anyone on that day.
As for myself, I made no effort to hide
my regret. He asked me to accept a very
beautiful opal ring, and to the servants
he made handsome presents. For Miss
Vane he left the letter, which I promised
to deliver when he should be gone. I
stood in the porch until the carriage dis-
appeared, and then I was not at all
ashamed of the tears which filled my
eyes. I did not take the letter to Miss
Vane on that day.

On the morning she was downstairs be-
fore me. Her eyes were full of tender
light, her lips sweet with smiles. I had
never beheld a face so wondrously fair.
She held out her hand to me in silent
greeting. "He is gone," I said. "He
went yesterday."

"I know," she returned. "I saw him
go. Heaven has been very good to me. I
have seen him, and have forgiven him.
Life will never be quite so empty or
dreary for me again."

I gave her the letter. "Do not go
away," she said; "I can read it in your
presence as well as though I were
alone." It was a long letter. She read
it attentively, her lips quivering, her
eyes filling.

"He had not the least idea who I am,"
she said. "Poor Clive! I should like you
to read that letter, Mrs. Neville." She
gave it to me and I read it attentively.

It was the letter of a well-bred gentle-
man, thanking his hostess both warmly
and heartily, making much of her
kindness, and showing how deeply he
had felt it.

"It is a charming letter," I said; "and
I admire Lord Wynton more than any-
one I have met of late years."

(To be continued.)

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

Remedies That Digest the Food
Will Not Cure the Trouble—
The Stomach Must be
Fitted to do Nature's
Work.

The tonic treatment for indigestion,
dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and
gastritis is having remarkable success in
curing obstinate cases, and deserves at-
tention from every sufferer.

Its principal is that remedies for
indigestion that digest the food for the
stomach give relief for only a short
time. Ultimately they unfit the stomach
to do its own proper work, because they
make its already weak powers still
weaker by disuse, while the remedy that
strengthens the stomach makes it cap-
able of digesting the food for itself, and
this benefit is lasting. A remedy that
is not only a tonic for the stomach, but
for the blood and nerves as well, in-
vigorates the entire system and makes
recovery from the painful, weakening
effects of indigestion rapid and thor-
ough. Every sufferer from indigestion
will find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
just the tonic needed, as they enrich the
blood, tone the stomach and thus en-
able it to do the work nature intended
it should do. This has been proved in
thousands of cases, and it is worth the
while of every sufferer from stomach
trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
a fair trial. Mr. Edward Chatterton,
Campbellton, N. B., says: "I have been
a great sufferer from indigestion and
stomach trouble, and although I had
treatment from several doctors, I did
not find a cure until I began using Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills. I can hardly de-
scribe how much I suffered at times.
Every meal brought with it more or
less agony, and I seemed to have a
complete distaste for food. I had al-
most begun to think my case incurable
when I came across a pamphlet adver-
tising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I
decided to give them a trial. I am very
thankful that I did so, for I had not
been taking the Pills long before I found
them helping me, and in six weeks every
symptom of the trouble had vanished.
I can now eat heartily almost any kind
of food, and no longer experience pain
and discomfort after eating."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
make new, rich blood that they cure
such troubles as indigestion, rheuma-
tism, neuralgia, headaches and back-
aches, St. Vitus' dance, and other forms
of nerve troubles. They cure the irregu-
larities of girlhood and womanhood,
and bring ease, comfort and health to
sufferers. Sold by all medicine dealers
or by mail at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Lest We Forget.

Those who were in Peking during the
Boxer rising, and who visit the foreign
settlement to-day, see many changes.

The Legation walls show no signs of
warfare save one corner of the British
compound, near the gate opposite the
Forbidden City. Here the bullet holes
remain, and the broken bricks lie just as
they were when the allied forces re-
lieved the garrison. To preserve the
memory of those trying days and nights,
Sir Claude Macdonald, then in command
of the British post, had the words, "Lest
We Forget," painted at the spot where
the attacks were fiercest. This is the
only real mark to-day in Peking of the
great trouble of 1900. The words are
far-reaching, and they bring back to
mind the scenes of treachery and
strife which were enacted near by, and
the many anxious hours spent by those
who had friends and relations within
the walls of the British Legation during
the siege. From the November Wide
World Magazine.

"Fate Like A New Woman"

YEARS OF ILL HEALTH CURED.

"Like many another woman," writes
Mrs. J. H. Hilliard, of Ashland, N. Y.,
"continued weakness caused by poor
stomach and constipation led me to be-
lieve I would always be sick. It was
Mrs. Ryan, my neighbor, who advised
me to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and it
was the means of teaching me 'It is
never too late to mend.' I am rather a
small woman, always pale, except when
my skin became a muddy yellow. I never
had much of an appetite because my di-
gestion was never very good and still
worse my system was seldom regular.
Mrs. Ryan had become healthy and well
with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and kept tell-
ing me that they would fix my system
so it would work well, too. Certainly
Dr. Hamilton's Pills must have made
right all that was wrong, because I
weigh ten pounds more than ever before
and feel fine. If you could see my
rosy color, and watch how quickly I do
my housework, I am sure you would
think just as much of Dr. Hamilton's
Pills as I do. They are a real fine medi-
cine for woman and like as not would do
a man just as much good, too.