

## TOO LATE.

It is a short title for my tale, yet when Marion Leigh wailed forth those two words in my ears, they meant to her a lifetime of misery.

Years have passed since then, and I am now an old, gray-headed woman, yet I never hear anyone say them without a thrill of horror rushing through my veins; and I will tell you why.

Marion Leigh was my schoolfellow and companion; she was not strictly speaking a pretty girl; but when you looked into her wistful gray eyes you thought not of her features; and when the sun's rays lit up her wondrous auburn hair, you would murmur to yourself, "She is indeed lovely."

For six years we were inseparable; but at the end of that time I was summoned home to the marriage of my elder brother; and as I was nearly eighteen, I did not again return. We, however, corresponded regularly; and when Marion left school, which was not till two years more had been reckoned with the past, she invited me to her home.

Now, the Leighs were rich people, while we were poor, and for a long time my parents hesitated because of the expense, but at last consented, and to The Cedars I went.

Marion was overjoyed once more to be in my company, and for the first two days I think we did little else but talk; but on the third day a dinner-party was to be given, so we dismissed our chit-chat, and assumed once more our company manners.

Mr. Leigh, Marion's father, was a wealthy country gentleman, quiet and unostentatious in everything, leaving the honors both of his house and family to his wife, who was a clever managing woman, equal to any emergency. She could be two different persons in the same minute; to her visitors on the right she was all attention and urbanity, whilst at the unfortunate wait on the left she would hurl a withering glance. I soon saw her disposition, and disliked her accordingly; but poor Marion saw not her faults, and of course I could not say a word to her against her mother, who I must say was always kind to me.

Marion had two sisters, but they were both younger than herself, and at school when I first visited them; but their photographs were shown to me, and I drew my own conclusions concerning them. Evelyn, the second girl was the counterpart of her mother; whilst Ada, the youngest, was my Marion's sister indeed—the same wistful, plaintive eyes, and the same wondrous hair.

The dinner-party was a grand one—at least, I thought so: the glittering plates, the splendid linen, the beautiful flowers with which the table was decorated, and above all, the ease and quietness with which it was all done—no trouble to the hostess or anybody. Dear me, a party at home was a bore, because for two days beforehand I had enough to do to give out various articles, and to see that everything was in its place; but at The Cedars there was no such fuss, and we were quite as ignorant of what was going on as the visitors.

Amongst the guests were the Irvings—Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. Irving junior, and Mr. Gifford Irving. Mr. Irving was a barker in the neighboring town, and the other two were his sons, who were both with their father in the bank. The eldest was a still, pragmatic-looking piece of mechanism, about seven-and-twenty; whilst Gifford, the youngest, was a free, gay, light-hearted handsome young man, who won your heart the moment you looked at him. He was two years younger than his brother, and six years older than Marion.

My visit extended over two months, and before I left I saw enough to convince me that my own pet Marion loved and was loved by the handsome, dashing Gifford.

I, however, returned to my home without having mentioned a word of my suspicion to my friend; and I believe, in her true and happy innocence, she never imagined I had divined her secret; for her letters came as regularly as before, and they were always full of news regarding the Irvings; either she was going to a picnic with them, or they were coming to The Cedars to a ball, or, again, she was going to Sister (the name of their residence) to meet Florence Stanley, the elder Irving's intended wife. Shortly afterwards another letter came, saying that she was going with Florence to London, as that young lady had asked her to be one of her bridesmaids, and the same letter told me that Gifford Irving had asked her parents' consent to their union; but that they had refused upon the plea that they were both too young.

"I do not mind it much," she added, "because we both love each other dearly; and as we shall see one another every day, we can afford to wait; but at first I fretted a great deal, for I thought it so unkind of mamma; but we all go to London together next week, so we shall be certain of not being separated much till after the wedding, which is to take place the third of next month, and I will send you a long account of it, darling," which account came; and then her letters were not so regular, they were shorter, and hinted at things I could not understand.

At last the truth was told. Mr. Irving, the father, died; and when his estate came to be settled, he was found to be insolvent, and Gifford Irving went forth to earn a name and bread for himself.

For two years I scarcely heard anything of Marion, as the family went abroad; but one lovely spring morning a note came for me in the dear old writing, asking me to hasten to The Cedars, to be present at her wedding, which was to take place in a few days.

I complied with her request, overjoyed to think that Gifford had been so successful but picture my surprise when I arrived at The Cedars, to be introduced to a tall, dark-looking man, with a sensual expression of countenance, called Sir William Marston, who, I was told, was to be Marion's husband.

I said not a word at the time, but watched all narrowly; Marion I was certain, disliked him, for there was a sorrowful look upon her face, and she appeared to be always reviewing the past, and to avoid thinking of the future. As for Sir William, I did not think he cared for her; but then he was twenty years her senior. Mrs. Leigh was the greatest puzzle to me: she appeared to be always anxious and nervous. If the bell rang an hour later than usual, she would start, lose all her self-possession, and pause with her head slightly bent, as if she dreaded to hear the footsteps or voice of some unbidden form. Mr. Leigh was the same as

usual—"a nobody;" still, I thought at times that a feeling of pity would pass over his face when Marion looked more than usually wretched, and this she continued to do as the wedding-day approached. It was Friday night; the following day was to be the wedding-day, and I stood at my window, wondering what was to be the sequel to all the trouble I had been viewing these past few days, for I had found out nothing. Marion had avoided me, although not unkindly; still, I saw she dreaded a private conversation, and I also fancied her family had a motive in keeping us apart; for it by chance we were left alone for a few minutes, Mrs. Leigh would come bustling in with a string of questions on the tip of her tongue, which would keep us both engaged till other members arrived; or else Evelyn would bring in some flowers, and request us to take our choice, and lead us into some trifling conversation, which precluded all chance of my inquiring into the cause of Marion's distrust look; and now my friend was to be married on the morrow, and yet I, who had known till now all her secrets, was left in ignorance of the wretchedness which it is she was encountering. As, however, I turned away from my window, I heard the handle of my door move, and, looking up, I saw Marion enter my room.

"Dear Marion," I said, springing towards her, "this is so kind! I was just longing for a quiet chat with you once more."

"Yes, once more," she repeated, in a thick, husky voice; and then, resting her head upon my lap, she burst into tears, and said: "Bear with me, Katie: I shall not trouble anyone much longer, for my heart is broken."

Then the tale was told: Gifford Irving was false; he had married a rich widow, and left Marion Leigh, with all her gentleness and love.

"I love this man, Katie! Oh! I read him," she continued, with a shudder. "I believe he is everything that is bad."

"Then, why marry him, darling?" I said.

"Oh! I must," she replied; "or, if not, mother—then she stopped, and the tears again came welling forth."

"Don't—don't," I said. "Marion, darling, remember it is a sin to marry one man, and love another."

"Hush," she said—"hush! don't say that. I am wretched enough already."

"Then pause," I replied; "let not—"

"It is too late now," she added, with a broken voice—"too late!" and then, with one silent sob, she glided from my room.

The morning came, the gay guests arrived, and Marion Leigh became Lady Marston.

The voice of revelry sounded through the house long after the newly-wedded pair had left its walls, and I, who was indeed truly wretched, stole away to my own room, packed my clothes, and the day after, left The Cedars, never wishing to enter its hateful portals again.

Five months passed away; I occasionally heard from Marion; but she said little about either herself or husband. They were travelling, and her letters mostly spoke of the places they had visited; but one day a letter came, bearing the London post-mark; but the writing was so blotted and stained, that I could scarcely make it out. Upon tearing it open, I saw, however, that it was from her I so dearly loved. It contained but a few words, but to her they were a death knell.

"My Own Dear, Darling Katie—"

"It is the last time I shall write to you. My life's sands are ebbing out fast. Oh! how I wish I had taken your advice—given only a few short months ago—not to marry a man I disliked. It is indeed a sin—a sin for which I suffered bitterly, but I hope, since I repented of it now, although I knew not how deadly it was, till the other night, when I met my first, and only love, Gifford; and, Katie—oh! I know not how to write it—he was never false—he loves me even now; it was a deception practiced upon me to procure this empty title, by her who should have shielded me from all such sorrow; but I forgive them. I stand now upon the brink of the grave, and I will not go into it with anger in my heart, or uncharitableness in my soul, for in those bright realms where no sorrow or trouble is known, Gifford and I shall one day meet and be at rest."

"From your dying friend,"

"Marion."

This was all. Mrs. Leigh had indeed deceived my own and only friend to get her fairy title; but it proved a fleeting one, for before I received her letter she had breathed her last, barely seven months after her marriage. The interview with him she loved so dearly proved too much to her already weakened frame, and she sank under it, and I was left alone, but with the happy assurance that she was where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Irving never married, and yesterday I heard that he, too, had been laid in the tomb.

## CURED OF SCIATICA.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BRUCE CO. FARMER.

Suffering So Severely That He Became Almost A Helpless Cripple—Is Again Able to Be About His Work as Well as Ever.

[From the Walkertown Telescope.]

During the past few years the Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had any doubt remained it is last vestige would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock, Mr. Allen is so well known in Walkertown and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what is called an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while working in the bush,



Mr. Allen was seized with what appeared to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg, and he where they finally settled and so completely helpless did he become, that he was unable to do more than walk a few steps, and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this same John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Get it however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him.

"Well," said he in reply, "I am as well as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us in a very frank manner, the whole story of his sickness, and the cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted, and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr. Allen is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicly, hoping that it might catch the eye of someone who was similarly afflicted.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and hundreds of cases testify to their power to build up all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in Boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents in box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HILDA THULE'S TRUST.

It was while on a visit to the Orkneys that the following story came to my knowledge. When ever I returned to an evening from shooting wildfowl along the picturesque coast, my attention had always been attracted to a female figure seated on a rugged headland. Her form declared youth, her attire that of one of the inhabitants. Fine weather or foul, there I was sure to see her, motionless, save for the tossing dark hair, her hands clasped on her knees, her gaze strained seaward.

Once, venturing to draw near, I found her to be singularly handsome.

Her eyes were large, of an intense blue, and had the dilation, the peculiar clearness and inner gaze of the visionary.

She had not apparently heard my step; therefore, loath to disturb so deep a musing, I retired softly to the cottage in the little hamlet where I lived. From my sitting-room that silent figure was discernible, and, on my land-lady's appearance, I could not resist referring to it.

"Ah! but ye mean Cray Hilda," she rejoined, peering out of the window under her wrinkled hand. "Ay, sure! there she is, an' there she will be till the darkness falls."

"Is she insane?" I asked.

"Hoot, sir! no. I, nor ain itter will gart to say that, though a think she has a wee bit bee in her bonnet. How itter could it be, when for two bonnie years she has sat like yonder, waitin' for her sailor laddie, who a'kens has been dead this lang syne?"

"She, then, believes otherwise?" I said.

"Eh, she does. When the callant left, he vowed, if she'd be true, he'd come back alive or dead. An' she is true, so declares Steenie Rantzel will e'en keep his word. But, sir, as ye seem inclined for a claver, I'll tell ye the story."

Readily acquiescing, I gave my hostess a chair, and from her heard the following, though, in relating it, I shall not entirely keep to her verbiage:

"Hilda Thule," she began, "is the only daughter of Jarlsfuit Thule; 'his o'd mon, ye maun a' seen, wi' the white hair and stoop form, which well he deserves. Nearly three years syne, Hilda was ain o' the handiwork, gayest lassies in the Orkneys. Many were her suitors; but, o' her ain will, wi'oot asking name opinion, she troth-plighted herself to Steenie Rantzel, a young sailor, who only visited the island when his ship was in the port."

"Folks shook their heads, and said, though he was gude an' bonnie, he had na sufficient gear for Jarlsfuit Thule."

"Hilda lo'd him weel, though, an', only for a wee bit fear of her father, wud have given him herself as readily as she ge'd him her heart. An' a' this while, Jarlsfuit Thule was the sole aim blind to his daughter's affection for gude-haired Steenie."

"But noo he was vera soon to learn it."

"It was just about the keeping season, when Steen Rantzel, just arrived, resolved na longer to keep a still tongue, but to declare his love to Thule, an' ask his aye to it."

"What does he see?" I inquired.

"No less than that the stranger from the mainland, staying at old Thule's house—a fine book-scholar, but wi' a wizened face, an' body like an eel—had cast his e'en upon Hilda, an' because o' his gow'd had hal' won the old man's consent to become his son-in-law a' ready."

"To make a long story sho't—which my landlady did not—Steen Rantzel met Hilda on the shore to say farewell, for that night he had to join his ship; but when he accompanied her home, he did not leave her at the gate, but w'n in, and frankly, manfully told his love."

"Old Jarlsfuit Thule's wrath, they say, was terrible to witness. He lo'd d the young sailor with insult—with cutting names, hard to bear; and, calling him a graceless beggar, bade him quite the house, and never cross its threshold again."

"His fair face flushed crimson, his strong hands knit, Steenie listened; but would not so much as answer, remembering the speaker was his darling's father. Hilda saw it, and it made her strong and grateful to speak for him. Stepping to his side, clasping his hand in hers, she address'd old Thule."

"Father, I ha'e ever been a dutiful bairn to you. But now I canna! I warn you; sae do na drive me too far. I ken the non ye'd ha'e me wed; but I never will! I hate the vera sight o' his wrinkled face, an' I lo'e Steenie as my life—may, ma'ir, for I'd draw myself o' Sorna Head for his sake. Na'ither than he shall ever ca' me wife."

"She looked so strangely grand and beautiful as she spoke, that the old man cowed; but only for an instant; then his wrath broke forth he'd curse her if she ever married Steenie Rantzel."

"A shiver ran through the girl at his cruel words, and she drew slightly from her lover, as she replied:

"Father, I'll no bring a curse on my head which a dead mither has blessed. The day may come—I believe it will—when ye'll thin o' this an' me wi' a kinder heart. If I may co' marry Steenie, I'll marry na a'ner, that I vow, sae I fancy ye'll t'ink better o' it if ye'd see me happy."

"The old man made no answer in his anger, and she proceeded, holding out her hand to Rantzel:

"Steenie, it's time ye were gang, laddie. Dinna be down-hearted; I'll be true till death, though I die a maid. Mind you come back and see."

"I trust you, my bonnie Hilda," he cried, fondly embracing her, even before Jarlsfuit Thule's own face; "as you maun trust me, I swear, alive or dead, I'll come back!"

Without heeding the infuriated old man, Hilda accompanied her lover to the beach, and the last words he called to her as his boat shot away, were:

"Alive or dead, I'll come back, lassie, as the blue heaven is aboon us!"

After he had gone, Jarlsfuit Thule used all his persuasion, his threats and passion, to force Hilda to accept the "dri d haddie" of a scholar till the poor girl was near deaf; and one day, starting up, she said:

"I am going to Sorna Head. Tell Robert Archer to come to me there, an' he shall ha'e my answer."

"Thule was not long in sending him, and soon he stood by Hilda's side. For a moment she regarded him in angry scorn, then exclaimed, through her set white teeth:

"Ken this, Robert Archer, I am no gangin' to ha'e my life dinned oot o' me for sic a you! I lo'e Steenie Rantzel, who's coming back to wed me for his ain wife. Sae, if you do na leave this island,

## A Strong and Happy Assurance

Paine's Celery Compound Positively and Permanently Cures.

Men and Women Made Strong for the Hot Weather

If the Doctors Have Failed to Give You Health, Paine's Celery Compound Will Meet Your Case—Your Blood Will Be Thoroughly Cleaned—Your Nervous System Will Be Strengthened—You Will Feel Bright and Happy.

There ought to be no necessity of continually reminding people that they should look closely to their condition of health at this season of the year. Notwithstanding constant warnings thousands seem to be quite indifferent to what they term the small ills of life. Small streams make mighty, rushing rivers; the small ills of life, when neglected, frequently bring on dangerous maladies that end in death.

The trifles of to-day—weak and deathly feelings, nervous twitchings, debility, sleeplessness, tired feelings, and heavy dull pain in the head—may to-morrow result in dread disease, paralysis, insanity, or that awful paresis that ends life so quickly. This is indeed the time when Paine's Celery Compound should be used by old and young who feel they are not up to the standard of full health, strength and activity.

The hot, enervating weather of summer will soon overtake the weak, languid, nervous and broken-down. The results must be appalling and fatal to thousands, if the system is not fortified by earth's best medicine, Paine's Celery Compound.

The fact that Paine's Celery Compound has met the most sanguine expectations of physicians, and cured so many in the past, should be the strongest and happiest assurance to those who need a life-giving medicine at the present time. That Paine's Celery Compound cures positively and permanently all diseases arising from impure blood, or from decline in vigor of the nerve system, is fully proved by thousands of earnest and happy men and women who have signed letters to that effect.

Let us kindly urge every individual, young and old, who is out of condition, to make trial of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. The results will be astonishing, convincing and gladdening. No other medicine in the world like it for pure, blood, a d for bestowing that robust health that can successfully cope with the dangers that have to be encountered in mid-summer.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. See that you get "Paine's" the kind that "makes people well."

But remain to send me daft rather than be false to my true laddie, I'll throw myself from this headland, or I'll throw you! Look—it's death!"

By a sudden movement, her eyes flashing, drew his lean form so close to the fearless edge, that, fearing she intended to murder him, he leaped back with a cry of terror.

"Yes; I can do it, an' I will!" said Hilda so determinedly, that Robert Archer took to his heels, and that same night sailed for the mainland.

"And did not Steenie Rantzel return?" I asked.

"Na; the ship was wrecked at sea. An' co' o' the crew, only three escaped, and na o' them was pure, bonnie Steenie, the handsome callant."

"Hilda Thule, however," I remarked, "does not believe in his death?"

"Na; she will na. Fra that morn, when the news came, she has gang about her duties as usual; only by degrees a' the gaiety an' brightness ha'e faded oot o' her face, which ever is calm and white, as ye see it noo. It's no the whiteness o' despair, though, for it ye question her, she'll answer, wi' a bonnie smile: 'He will come, be it ever sae lang first. Have na I his word? An' my laddie never deceived me yet. He promised me, alive or dead, he'd come.' An', it's for to catch the glimpse o' his boat that she sits up there alone, looking seaward."

"And Jarlsfuit Thule?" I asked.

"Oh! he's repented mony a day. Hilda was his lie an' joy; an' noo her white cheek an' mirthless e'en sair cut him to the heart."

I need not state the motionless, youth-like figure of Hilda Thule possessed a double interest for me after this recital; and, once I dared to speak to the maiden, when, on her touching on the subject, fixing her clear blue eyes upon mine, with a smile, she even answered as my landlady had predicted.

It was the third night after the above, when I was startled from my sleep by the voice of the tempest. All day the wind had sounded with a hollow moan, echoed by the heavy pulses of the sea, as reflecting heaven's face, over which flew the stormy rack in weird shapes, with sullen beat it had heaved and broken amid the rocks.

The bronzed browed fishers congregated on the beach had foretold, with no dissatisfied voice, a fearful tempest, and it had come.

The one terrible blast, which like the roar of cannon, had banished slumber, was succeeded by the turmoil of the hurricane.

A storm in the Orkneys was something to see, and dressing hurriedly, I hastened forth. All the hamlet was astir. Why? Was the storm so rare? No; the answer came even as the question passed through my brain. Over the waters broke the deep boom of the munt-guns.

Every face, every foot, was turned seaward, and I, with a feeling of awe, blended with despair for the unfortunate crew, at my heart, went with the stream. Soon we all stood on the shore, our strained gaze bent over the tumbling waters.

A flash!

Yes, now it was discernible; the brave ship battling with the tempest amid the breakers. Even as the light revealed it a cry of horror arose from those on land; for that one glance had shown the vessel to be doomed.

But a shriek which chilled each heart— which echoed above that cry, above even the hurricane—made every eye turn in one direction, and there, on Sorna Head, stood Hilda Thule in her old place, but how different her attitude! Erect, her dark hair streaming back from her pale face her eyes dilated, standing on the very edge of the rock, her arms extended towards the ill-fated ship, she shrieked aloud: "Steenie—Steenie, I wait! You have come at last—at last!"

All gazed in astonishment, then once more the attention of each was recalled to the vessel. Its final struggle was nearly over. A mighty wave, even as we looked, lifted it aloft, then dashed it high on the jagged rocks, which tore her timber from timber. A dreadful cry arose.

In vain the strong ship, like a thing of life, strove to free itself; a few moments, and nothing was longer seen of her save dark, floating timbers and the struggling forms of drowning men.

Afterwards came silence—a silence most

awful except for the still raging tempest. Then again succeeded action. The rushing, leaping waves, dashing inland, were bringing in the wreck on their foamy crests, to fling it down, as though weary with their awful play, upon the beach. No wreckers dwelt there, and strong, honest arms were stretched to save, the fishers' broad beams fearlessly meeting the billows.

Suddenly, among that excited group, I—not an idle looker-on—perceived Hilda Thule, still with that clear dilated expression; her gaze was directed over the water. For a brief space she was motionless, silent; then her lips parted with a cry.

"Steenie, my own laddie! she shrieked, 'you have kept your promise: you have come—come!'"

Even while she spoke, she had sprung to meet the advancing mountainous wave. Twenty hands were stretched to arrest her, but too late. Hilda had disappeared; only, however, for an instant. The next, her long hair streaming about her person, she was whirled fiercely back upon the beach, clapping a wrecked seaman in her arms.

Readily did they aid her now, drawing her and her prize out of the reach of the ocean, where, yet holding the prostrate man in her embrace, Hilda Thule exclaimed, in frantic joy:

"Steenie, living or dead, you have come, and I am true!"

In wonder, the fishers, seeking a lantern, brought its light to bear upon the two. Truly, indeed, extended on the shore, his eyes closed, his fair hair clinging dank about his white face, was Steenie Rantzel.

By some strange mesmeric power—by some innate sensation created by love, or by whatever the learned may term it, though it is indescribable—Hilda had divined her lover's presence in the doomed ship, and had saved him.

Yes, saved him, for the young sailor was not dead, as anyone may find who cares to visit that picturesque hamlet in the Orkneys, where they will see him, with his true, brave wife, in the centre of a group of happy, healthful children.

He had been wrecked, as reported; but he had also been saved by a foreign vessel, outward bound, having by a miracle maintained life in him, borne up by the hope of yet seeing Hilda. Through a contrariety of events, his return to his native land had ever been delayed, and the one letter he sent must have miscarried, for it never came.

The morning following the tempest—a bright one, full of sunshine—I left for the mainland. As the boat danced over the flashing waves, I looked back at Sorna Head, where so frequently I had seen the young, solitary figure. It was not dead. Hilda was again there; but beside her stood handsome Steenie Rantzel; while near them was the bent figure of Jarlsfuit Thule.

I went on my way rejoicing, for Hilda's story had much interested me, and, for her sake, I was glad her prediction had proved true—that the day had come when Jarlsfuit Thule had thought of her and her affection for her lover with a kinder heart.

## STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

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