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He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

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When you want a barrel of choice flour, give us a call; we sell all the leading brands and guarantee every barrel we sell.

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We have just received a shipment of this high-grade Flour direct from the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. It is made entirely from Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat and is without exception the best bread Flour made in Canada.

We have it put up in half bbls. as well as barrels. The half bbl. is a very handy package for small families. Ask for prices at

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BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

(Continued.)

"Mr. Haughton," said Lady Lawrence, her keen eyes moving from one to another of the group. "I will trouble you for your escort; and Captain Trent, you will doubtless be proud to lead both these young ladies."

There was a curious pucker in the corners of her mouth when she said this, almost as if she knew how unwelcome this position had ever been to Captain Hervey.

The dinner was an elaborate and ceremonious meal, yet the old lady's constant, easy chatter, and the genial and skilful conversation of the gentlemen of the house, overcame the heaviness which might easily have settled on the party. Besides which, there were one or two of old Myddelton's relatives who, in their pride, made a strenuous effort to appear thoroughly at ease; and these efforts, though painfully evident, were not without a partial success.

After dinner, Lady Lawrence retired to her own room, and her guests seemed all glad to follow her example. It would be less unpleasant to sit alone by the fires in their chambers than to have to discuss together the events of the day.

Next morning Lady Lawrence appeared at breakfast, and again made the meal a social and cheerful one. When it was over, she led the way to the library; and neither the chaplain, nor the lawyer, nor the secretary followed her now.

"I bring you here," she said, as her guests took their seats about the room, and she herself appropriated a large chair which stood beside a writing-table, to hear my intentions regarding my will. Mr. Stafford is with me for the purpose of drawing it up, and he may possibly make that a long process—lawyers always make everything lengthy and elaborate—but we need not be delayed by that. I have promised Mr. Stafford to give him notes of my wishes this morning. In three days' time the will is to be complete, and he will read it to me here—to me and to any of you who wish to hear it. I have promised him the directions at once, not only because I want the fuss over, but also because I should think it unfair to keep you longer in uncertainty, dancing attendance on my whims. Whims I call them," added the old lady, with a shrewd twinkle in her bright gray eyes; "but not quite idle whims, mind. It is true that I have practised a fraud upon you, but it was with a purpose solemn enough to legitimize it. I have in trust an enormous sum of money, besides property of other kinds, and this trust is not to be lightly disposed of. So for this fraud of mine I offer no apology; those among you who know that Lady Lawrence, coming in style to Station, would have found you only as Mrs. Payte, in her nameless insignificance, found you, have nothing for which to blame me. Those who have one nature for the poor and another for the rich—if there should be any such among you—would not merit apology; so, as I said before, I offer none. I have good opportunities of studying my kinsfolk's dispositions, and these opportunities have been of inestimable value to me. I am not quite a Myddelton at heart, and I have a great wish that the family wealth shall be neither squandered nor selfishly amassed. I want a pure and generous hand to wipe away that curse which rests upon old Myddelton's money, and I should like to think that, from the moment I give it up, the good which it shall do will bring a light and blessing on it, and redeem this wasted time and power abused. Now for the items," continued the old lady, dipping her quill into the ink, and scrawling a date upon the blank white paper before her.

"You can help me considerably here, for I am not quite sure of your baptismal names, and I wish to remember every one. Of course, I naturally should. My greatest difficulty at present"—as she spoke she raised her pen and looked quizzically into the faces around her, reading their expressions at a glance—"my greatest difficulty is in recognizing you as the Station friends who were so invariably hospitable and courteous to the commonplace old woman at East Cottage, and so kind and attentive to her sick companion. Still, in this change, I recognize the compliment paid to the rich old aunt, and I appreciate it at its full worth. Mrs. and Miss Trent, for instance," resumed the old lady, the cynical lines deepening about her mouth. "how could I at first be sure that I saw the ladies from Deergrove, who have hitherto appeared so differently before me? But I understand the respect they pay me, and that shall be remembered."

"Phoebe Owen, too. Let me congratulate you, child, on looking better in your plain dress than I ever saw you look before. Surely for such a denial as foregoing your finery for a few days, you deserve some recompense, and you shall be recompensed. Miss Haughton, yesterday evening, for the first time, I saw you bestow a pleased smile of greeting on me. It was at the moment my name was announced, and before you had seen me. I was unaccountably surprised to detect it, and though it should be the last as well as the first, it deserves to be remembered in my will. You, too, Mr. Haughton, were just then waiting with a smile for Lady Lawrence. I caught a glimpse of it, and it made me forget how few smiles you had, half an hour before, bestowed on the little old woman who had intruded into your presence here. You are a clever man, Lawrence Haughton, very clever—I have not lived near you so long without discovering that—and I know that the money I leave you will not be frittered away in any rash, Quixotic manner. As for you, Hervey Trent, you must, of course, be remembered, too, for the part you play so well in an extensive part. Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day—a most gentleman-like man; therefore you play well the part of Pyramus. — As for you, Honor Craven—the old lady's eyes swept over the girl with the greatest unconcern—"you have voluntarily forfeited your place in Lady Lawrence's will, as you are perfectly aware. Now, if you will excuse me for ten minutes, I will write my directions for Mr. Stafford."

It was a strange and puzzled silence which held the group for those ten minutes—a silence freighted with anxious thought, and broken only by the crackling sound of Lady Lawrence's pen upon the thick, white paper. Honor stood looking out into the chilly garden, conscious of no feeling beyond her great astonishment. Again and again, as through the night before, she was going back to those days she had spent at East Cottage, wondering why she had never suspected any cause for Mrs. Payte's always inexplicable interest in old Myddelton's family.

Lawrence Haughton took down a book and buried himself in its pages, his face as inscrutable as was the face of Lady Lawrence while she wrote. His sister watched him with an anxiety which, for her, was almost ceaseless.

Captain Trent, leaning back in his chair with an attempt at his characteristic listlessness, looked over—with the greatest unconcern for its contents—a large album, which stood on an ebony stand near him.

Mrs. Trent had brought in her wools, and was knitting busily; but in her face there was a curious, restless watchfulness only equalled by that which glittered in Theodora's eyes as, every two or three seconds, she raised them quickly and surreptitiously, and fixed them upon the engrossed face of the old lady.

It would be impossible to describe the thoughts of any of the group, because over all still lay the shadow of selfish anticipation. So much depended on the words which that quill was forming! Until they knew them, how could they judge of Lady Lawrence, or how could they form an opinion as to their own parts in the past or future?

The ten minutes had stretched themselves to twenty, when Lady Lawrence put down her pen, and raised her head with a glance which took in the whole room.

"That is finished," she said, in the quick tones which reminded them of Mrs. Payte. "Now let me read you my bequests."

Her motions were as rapid as her words, when she took up, one after another, the sheets of paper which she had covered only on one side.

"To Mrs. Isabella Trent, of Deergrove—that name is right I know—I leave one thousand pounds, to defray the expenses of a short and fashionable mourning for old Myddelton's sister. Though I do not suppose she will ever again be tempted to lay aside her naturally expensive habits, I hope this

BACKACHE?

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Dodd's Kidney Pills

To her daughter, Theodora Myddelton Trent—is the name correctly entered?"

"Quite correctly," answered Theodora—in a faint, anxious voice.

"I leave one thousand pounds, in acknowledgment of the delicate attention she paid in being here first to await me. To Phoebe Myddelton Owen—the busy voice paused after each name, waiting for its corroboration, then continued, as if uninterrupted—"I also bequeath one thousand pounds. Her wardrobe is at present an anxiety to her, and this sum will add fifty pounds a year to her allowance, and save her, perhaps, from future debt and trouble. To Jane Myddelton Haughton I leave the same sum, knowing it will be cautiously and scrupulously garnered; and feeling that—to be garnered so—one thousand pounds is as useful as one hundred thousand. To her brother, Lawrence Myddelton Haughton, I bequeath two thousand pounds, with which he can speculate (according to a fancy he has) for—his clients' benefit."

A flame of wrath rose in Lawrence Haughton's cheeks, but no one connected it with anything beyond the natural anger excited by this legacy.

"To Hervey Myddelton Trent," continued Lady Lawrence, unmoved, "I leave the same sum. To one who has been so confident of a large fortune, I know it will appear trifling; but it may possibly supply him with cigars for the term of his natural life—and a good cigar, he once told me, was the essence of comfort."

(To be continued.)

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In vain did Mrs. Jas. Brown, of Hinton, near Ottawa, search for a cure for piles. In Europe and America she tried every remedy available, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Ointment to effect a cure.

Mrs. Brown writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in Europe I have tried every remedy available to effect a cure."

"I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all who are suffering from that dreadful ailment."

Physicians and druggists recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the one preparation that will never fail to cure piles. It is guaranteed to positively cure piles, whether itching, bleeding, or protruding. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

JUNE MAGAZINES AT Haszard & Moore SUNNYSIDE.

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Clearing out Sale by Auction

I am instructed by H. H. Shaw Esq., to sell by auction, at his residence Weymouth St. opposite King Square, on

Thursday June 7th, inst.

commencing at 11 o'clock, a.m. all his household effects, comprising Parlor, Dining Room, Hall, Bedroom and Kitchen furniture.

Terms cash.

R. BEAIRSTO, Auctioneer.

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"Watermere"—House and Stables with about five acres of land. Rent \$250.00. Also Parkview Cottage, adjoining above, with about three acres of land. Rent \$100.00.

Both pleasantly situated and in good order. City water in both houses. Lessee to pay taxes. Apply to
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Now is the time. We have a big range of Men's Suits in Tweeds and Worsteds.

Tweed Suits \$2.75 to \$10.00

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500 pairs mens separate pants 75c to \$1.50. Separate coats and vests at any price you want to pay. We'll consider it a favor if you look through our stock. Whether you buy or not, we are sure you will be pleased. Our men's collars and ties are beautiful. Men's collars 8c and up. Call to-day.

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