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F. C. Taylor.

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The profits of this old and reliable company are larger than any other lafe Office doing business in the Dominion, and its ratio of expenses to income are less than that of any other Canadian or Hritish Office. The policies of this company are indisputable on any ground whatever after two years, and Policies becoming claims are paid at once. The rates charged by this company are as low as any first-class effice. All forms of policies are sened.

F. C. TAYLOR. Lindear, Feb. 21th, 1885. - 81.

The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUG. 6 1896,

Capital and Labor. "Pray, Cineste dear," she couring said, "The difference tell me Twist capital and labor, so

That I may clearly see." He drew her on his manip knee. And stroked her pretty head. "Now this is capital, my dear."

The lover fondly said. The maiden pouted as he spoke And crossly oried: "I seas Tie assital until wa're wad

And then 'twill labor be.'

SLINGS AND ARROWS. BY HUGH CONWAY. Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days,"
"A Family Affair," etc.

(Continued from last week.) likely to meet at any mutual friend's house I had no sister, cousin or any one who could do me a friendly turn in the matter. Yet every moment of suspense would be an age to me. I must do something.

So one day I waited until I saw Viola leave the house. I watched her tall, gracefal form pass out of sight, and by a great effort represed invidestre to follow her. Then I walked to her house and requested to see Miss Ressiter, the prim old maiden Inde aforesaid

I told her in plain words the object of my calling. I spoke frankly of my great love for her companion, and I begged that my hearer would aid me to remove distacles which stood in the way of a closer intercourse. No doubt, with a lover's cunning. I made invself most agreeable to the ancient gentlewoman. Permission was graciously accorded me to visit at the house-as a

leave, longing for to morrow to come, as I did not like to venture two visits on the first day. Just then the door opened and Viola appeared.



hist then Viola appeared.

surprise, but not displeasure. A faint blush crossed her check, and these signs told me I should win her. Now that my foot was inside the citadet.

I went to work flercely, impetuously, to gain my desire. The days that followed are to me too secred to be described; but not many passed before I knew that Viole's love was my own.

We went to the kindly spinster who was responsible for Viole's safety and told her the glad news. The old lady dropped her knitting needles and looked bowildered. "Oh, no, no!" she cried in horrified tones; "you cannot mean isp

Viola's blush and my words showed her We were in solomn carnest,

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" signed Miss Resetter. "What shall I dot You have only known each other a week!"

"A day would have been long enough on my part!" I cried, looking rapturously at my lovely Viola. "It is so sudden," continued Miss Rossiter.
"I never dreamed of such a thing. In old

days matters were managed much more decoronsly. I thought, Mr. Vane, you would be no least three months in making her acquaintance. Oh, dearl I am much The old soul seemed so distressed that

Viola ran over and kissed her.
"Oh! what will Finstace say! He will blame me terribly. He is so masterful, you know, Viola,"

"Who is Enstaced I meed. I thought that Viola's face grow thoughtful as she beard the name.
"Mr. Orbins, thy guardian and good letend," she saidfriend," she saids
"Then I must see him. Where can I had

"Oh, I am so much to ble

stone you, Mr. Vane "Your friend can make them on the turn. When will thus her "No one knows, To-morrow, perhaps, next month, next year. One never can say

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"
I laughed and drew Viols away. We was so happy that we forgot all about Miss Ros siter's plaintive sighs, and I troubled nothin about Viole's guardian. I did not even as what manner of man he was.
But two days afterward I knew. In to

evening I called as usual at Miss Rossiter Viola heard my knock and met me in th

Eustace came back to-day. He is her now," she said joyfully.

I kissed her and followed her into the room to make the acquaintance of her guardian. Although she had called him by his

Christian name, I fully expected to find him soher, middle-aged man; but in the easy chair, lounging as if the place belonged to him, and talking volubly to Miss Rossiter, I saw a strongly-built, sunburned man who could be but few years my sentor. He rose as I entered and Viola shyly introduced us. He was tall-taller than I was. His shoulders were broad; his limbs long and muscular. A man who, if not handse would certainly be noticed anywhere. The thought which succeeded my astonishment at his unexpected appearance was, "By what right is this man the guardian of the

woman I lover He gave me his hand; but not, I fancied. ordially. He looked me full in the face, and I know that he was trying to gather from my looks some knowledge of myself. Then suddenly I saw a surprised expression on his face-saw the corners of his mouth droop as in half-suppressed scorn; and from that moment my feelings toward bim were those of mistrust and dislike

He staid so late that I was the one to make the first move. For ones I was not sorry to leave Viola. The appearance of this man among us, the close terms of in-timacy upon which it was clear he stood vith Miss Rossiter and Viola, cast a kind f gloom upon me. I chafed at the thought that my bappiness was in any way dependent upon his favor. I grew monty and ilent, and for me the evening was a dull

But not for my friends. This Grant was evidently a brilliant and clever talker. He narrated, in an amusing way, his experiences in some out of the way Alpine village in which, for some reason which did not transpire, he had been staying. Yet at times I fancied that his merriment was forced, and again and again I saw his keep was turned on me with a searching glance, which annoyed me beyond measure.

When at last I rose, he followed my example. Viola, as was her custom, accompanied me to the door of the house, but this evening I noticed, or fancied I noticed, a certain reluctance and hesitation in her manner. Eastace Grant passed on in front of us. He opened the door and stood on the step. I lingered for a moment to bid Viola a last good night.

Presently Grant turned, as if impatient at iny delay. There was a lamp exactly opposite the house and the hall was also illumined. I could, therefore, see the man's face distinctly, and there was an indescribable look in his eyes which told me the whole truth. This Eustace Grant, whoever he was, loved Viola even as I loved her! All my jealous and mistrustful nature surged to the surface. I grasped Viola's hand and hastily drew her into a little sitting-room close by. She looked at me in a

startled manner.
"Viola," I said, "who is this man?"
"Dearest, I told you; Eustace Grant, my guardian.

Who is het what is his profession?" "Ah! that is a secret as not. He will tell you some day; for, Julian, you will love him like a brother when you know him. "Never! Listen, Viola. That man is in love with you!"

She made no answer, and by the light which passed through the half-opened door I saw a soft expression of pity and regret upon her sweet face. "You know it?" I asked.

She sighed. "I am afraid it is so, or has been so. Poor Eustace!" The intenation of the last two words carried comfort to my heart. It told me that I need fear no rival. I embraced Viola, and left her. Grant was still on the doorstep. He was evidently waiting for me. I paused in the road, looking out for a vacant han-

"Do you mind walking a little distance with me, Mr. Vane!" said Grant. "I have some distance to go. I would rather drive."

"I will not take you far, but I have son thing I must say to you." He turned in an authoritative manner, as though fully expecting I should follow him. I hesitated, then joined him, and we walked

There was frigid silence between us. but as I glanced at the tall, manly figure by my side, as now and again by the light of the gas lamps I saw that powerful, striking face, the demon of self-distrust began to rise again. How, I asked myself, could it be possible, all things being equal, for a woman to choose me in preference to this man! And thanks to my concealing my name and true position the chances apparently were that Grant had as much to offer

a woman as I had. By and bye my companion stopped and opened the door of a house with a latch key. He invited me to enter, and showed me into a room on the ground floor. Once inside his own house his manner changed. He was now host and I was a guest. He apologized for the state of confusion which reigned in the room. He had only returned to his lodgings yesterday, and had not yet got things straight. The room, although plainly furnished, showed that its tenant was a man of taste and culture Books were scattered broadcast, here, there and overywhere. Grant swept a pile off the chair which he offered me.

"You smoker" he said, producing a cigar case. "I can give you some brandy and

soda too." He opened the cupboard and brought out the bettles. I declined his proffered hospi-tality, and awaited his communication. He stood with his back to the mantel-piece, and mechanically filled a pipe. He did not, however, light it; and, although I looked as carelessly as I could in another direction, I knew that he was affentively somain my face. This scrutiny became unboarable.

"For have something to say to me, Mr.
Grant?" Fremarked.

"For I am only considering how to say

it. I am something of a physiognomist, and have been studying your face for my

I smiled scornfully, but said no more. He was welcome to look at me all night if he chose to do so. Suddenly, in a sharp, asrupt way, he spoke. "Why are you passing under a fall

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive?" The attack was so imexpected that The affect was so mexpected that I of money, and for a moment was speechless. I know that my true motive for the concentment was, in respect to Vola, if my worthly conceived, at least free from ovil. This thought strengthened me, and I was the thought strengthened me, and I was that it was a great mortification to feet that it were, lay bare my most continue.

"My name is Julian Loraine,"
"Julian Loraine," he repeated, musingly.
"Thave heard that name in the world, and with little good attached to it. But it could not have referred to yourself. You are too

young. But your reason for the decep-out Speak?" he said farcely.

I curbed my rising anger, and, as well as I could, told him why I had wood Viola-under a false name. I think he believed me, but I saw scorn on his face as he lis-

"The act of a fool," he said, "Mr. Loraine, such romantic affairs should be left to poets and novelists. Viola Keith would need neither riches nor poverty with the man she loved. I tell you, if I were to go to-morrow and make known to her your doubt of her single-heartedness, I could atter the whole fabric of your happiness. Why should I not do so?"

"It would be the act of a fiend," I said. He laughed, not pleasantly. "Yes, it would, I will not do it. I will even keep your secret, and let you carry out your ridiculous plan. But I will also do this: I will follow you on your wedding morning, and see with my own eyes that you have married Miss Keith in your right name. "No!" he said, seeing I was ready to spring from my seat in indignation, "No! I will have no protest. You have brought this upon yourself. You have given me the ight to mistrust you."

Will you be good enough to show me the right by which you interfere at all?" "Until her twenty-first birthday I am

Miss Keith's guardian.' "A very young one," I sneered.
"Yes; but older than you think. Her

mother died six years ago. I was then 30; she thought me old enough to be her child's guardian, and I will see the trust to the The meaning thrown into the last sentence did not escape me. It implied that he

still viewed me with distrust. My anger was thoroughly aroused. "Perhaps, Mr. Grant," I said, "there is a nearer and dearer right you wish to exer cise over your ward-one which she her

self alone can bestow."

He drew himself up to his full height.

"That, sir," he said, calmly, "is ungenerous. I had hoped that my love for Miss Keith was a matter unknown to all save myself. I love her as it may be beyond your power to love a woman. I would lav down my life for her far more easily than to-day I lay down my love. Yet I do this, and to you, my rival, can say: 'Take her, and make her happy—make her

The repetition of the last three words was not a wish; it was a command, a threat.
Grant was still standing above me, and as
I looked at him I saw that his face was pale, and on his forehead were drops of moisture. His appearance almost startled me; but I said nothing. I rose and wished him good-night. Somehow, in spite of the dislike with which the man had inspired me, there was about him a strength and dignity which impressed me more than I cared to own. He accompanied me to the door. When it closed, I paused for a moment to light one of my own cigars. Then I crossed the road. As I did so, I glanced back. The gas was burning in the room which I had just left; the blind was drawn up. I saw Grant enter, throw himself into the chair which I had left vacant, stretch his arms out on the table, and lay his head upon them, like one in agonies of grief. He was bewaiting the loss of the happiness which I had won

I pitied him, but I hated him. It seemed to me that if this man set his heart upon a woman's love, sooner or later she must give it to him. What would it be if now he used all his power to rob me of Violat I knew that till the ring was on her finger I

The next day, when I paid my visit to Viola, I was full of the fear that I should find Eustace Grant at her side, perhaps exercising all his craft. In spite of his assumption of frankness, I believed him to be crafty, to my disadvantage. It was a fear which had no foundation. Neither on that nor on succeeding days did Grant in any way interfere with my monopoly of Viola. Once of twice I met him, apparently coming from the house. On these occasions he howed gravely, but did not stop to speak. His visits were evidently paid at such times as did not clash with mine. I raged in-wardly to think that he had a right to visit Viola at any time; but I was too proud to remonstrate. It was some comfort to me to hear Miss Rossiter occasionally remark that they saw little or nothing of Eustace

Viola seldom mentioned his name. No doubt, with a woman's quickness, she understood that it was distasteful to me. Nevertheless, I knew that she held her guardian in the greatest esteem, and looked forward to the time when we should be friends. This I swore should never come. Viola once my wife, the acquaintance between her and this strong-willed, attractive

man should cease.

As I said, I am indeed a pitiful hero But if I saw nothing of Grant I heard from him. He wrote me, telling me he had been informed by Miss Keith that our marriage was to take place very shortly. He would be glad to know my intentions respecting the settlement of her own small fortune. There was a peremptoriness about the wording of the letter which nettled me extremely. I wrote back that it was quite true we were to be married in a few weeks time, but that it was not my intention to settle my wife's money upon her. The sum was too paltry to trouble about, as it would be quite lost sight of in the large post-nuptial settlement which I proposed mak-ing. If Mr. Grant felt any doubt as to my means he could make inquiries of my solicitor, who had my instructions to answer all his questions fully.

To this letter he did not reply; but I

heard that he made the inquirtes, as I suggested. No doubt, in Viola's interest, he was right in so doing; but I liked him none the more for the action.

Yes: Viola, overcome by my impassioned prayers, had consented to an aimost immediate marriage. There was, indeed, no reason why we should wait a day. She loved me, and was willing to trust her future in my hands. I loved her, and longed for the moment which would make her mine forever. Moreover, I longed for the time to come when I might tell her all; confess the innocent but foolish deception I had practiced, and beg her forgivenessnot for mistrusting her, but her sex in general. I was sorely tempted to reveal the true state of affairs without further delay; but Grant's warning rose to my mind. and Idetermined that, until the irrevocable words were spoken, I would keep my

We were married in the quietest way possible. Viola, it seemed to me, had no bosom friends—no relatives who would be mortified unless they were asked to the wedding. The old spinster, who looked very prim, and ready to apply her favorite word, "indecorous," to the whole proceedings; a brother, as prim as herself, and one tracked friend of my own formed the wedding guests. Busines Grant had been select to accompany us, but Viola told me that, for some reason or another, he had exensed himself. At this she seemed greatly

We drove straight from the church to the railway station. When alone in the currings almost the first words my wife said were; "Tollian, Eustave was in church. Diff you see him?"

"You I now say the him to the company of the compan

I hated the idea of Eintnes Grant heigh in such a moment as this, uppermost in in wife's thoughts. "Never mind, dearest," said; "what is Eintnee Grant to us?"

"Oh, much, very much to me, Juliant He was my mother's friend, he has been my one friend ever since I can remember.

"I do not like him," I said. "But you will like him; you must like him. He is so good, so noble, so clever. Promise me, Julian, you will like him for

Although I would not credit him with the two first qualifications—godiness and no-bility—I was willing to believe that Eustace Grant was clever—perhaps too clever. The disadvantage at which he had held me upon that night when I was for the time, in his eyes, an imposter, rankled in my mind. But to-day I could afford to be generous. I

drew Viola close to me.

"Dearest," I said, "I will try and get rid
of my prejudice. I will try and forget that
this man loved you, and would have made you his wife. I will try to cease from wondering why, when he is so good, noble and clever, you should have chosen me," Viola laid her soft cheek against mine.

"Julian, my husband," she whispered "are you not all that Eustace Grant is—and I love you."

With her words all my doubt, all my fear of Eustace Grant fed-never, I hoped, to return. With Viola's arms round me, her kisses on my lips, I could afford to pity my unsuccessful rival. When we were installed in the compartment of the train which was, by a venal arrangement of the guard's, reserved to ourselves, I fell to considering how I should best make known to Viola that the name by which she had hitherto known me was assumed I was beginning, or fancied I was beginning, to know something of my wife's true nature; and I told myself that the task be fore me was not so easy as I had once imagined it would be. My confession was hurried on by a question she herself

"Julian, what name was it you signed in the book at church?"

I had hoped that in the agitation natural to a bride who signs her maiden name fer the last time she had not noticed my autograph. But she must have done so, although she had said nothing about it until

So I made the plunge and told her all. Told her my true name; told her of the heantiful house in the west which would be ours: told her of the life, free from care and anxiety as to the future, which stretched before us. Then I besought her forgiveness for keeping her in ignorance of these things. I had, be it said, given her to understand that I was a man with an income just enough to live upon in comfort.

Grant was right. He knew Viola when he told me that, by revealing my deception, he might destroy the fabric of my happiness. She said little, but her look told me she was hurt and wounded. I verily believe her first thoughts were that she would rather I had been what I represented myself to be, than to have the power of sharing such a home and so much wealth with her. How little men understand women! Perhaps because no two women

But Viola forgave me. A woman always forgives the man she loves, but I knew that she was sad at the thought that I could have dreamed that riches might have infinenced her. Nevertheless, it was days before I could get her to join me unrestrainatly in the schemes which I wove of our future

on the south coast. Here we staid for a fortnight. Oh, those sweet summer days! Shall I ever forget them? For the time there seemed no cloud which could possibly shade our joy. All the cynical, suspicious, misanthropical elements seemed swept out of my nature. I told myself that the con stant society of the wife I loved was making a better as well as a happier man of me. At the end of our stay by the sea it was our intention to return to London for a couple of days, and then start for Switzerland. Here, or in what country we chose, we were to spend months. In fact, I had as yet no home to offer my wife. The tenant of Herstal Abboy would not turn out without six months' notice; so, for the time, we must be wanderers.

Eustace Grant-I had by now almost forgotten him-wrote once to my wife. She seemed overjoyed as she saw his handwriting, but vexed at the ceremonious way in which his letter began. It lies before

me now. I copy it:
"My DEAR Mrs. LORAINE: You will remember that next Tuesday is your twenty-

first birthday.
"As I am going abroad very shortly, I am anxious to submit the accounts of the trust to you and, of course, Mr. Loraine. I hear that you will be in town on Tuesday. Can I call upon you anywhere, or would it be more convenient for us to meet at my solicitor's-Mr. Monk, 36 Lincoln's Inn Fields! Please let me know. Yours sin-"ETSTACE GRANT." "He might have sent a word of congrat-

ulation," said Viola, in a vexed tone, 'How shall I answer this, Julian?' "Say we will meet him at Mr. Monk's at

12 o'clock on Tuesday." To which effect Viola wrote, I did not read the letter, but I wondered at the

CHAPTER V.

"THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS." We reached town on the Monday night and slept at an hotel. Thursday morning we were to start for the continent. Besides the interview with Eustace Grant, there were many business matters to which I was bound to attend. I had to see my own solicitor, and give him instructions about the settlement which I wished to make on Viola. I had also to make my will, a matter which until now I had neglected; so that the Tuesday and Wednesday promised to be fully occupied. Viola also wished to pay a visit to her old friend, Miss Rossiter. The prim spinster would never forgive her f she passed through town without calling. She did not press me to accompany her. Perhaps, in the present changed and unex-pected state of affairs, she had much to say to her old friend which could not well be said in my presence.
So I suggested she should go alone to her

old home, spend an hour with her friend and meet me at Mr. Monk's at 12 o'clock. In the meantime I would go to my own solicitor's and arrange my business, the purport of which I did not make known to my wife. I hired a private brougham for her, placed her in it and stood at the windew saying adied. It was the first tim since our marriage that we had been parted for an hour. It was, moreover, her twenty-first birthday, and on her hand was a ring which I had just given her—a ring the value of which had startled her, for she had not yet realized what it was to be a rich

man's wife.
As I wished her good-by I remembered that my own business would take some time.
"If I am not very punctual, you won't mind waiting!" I said. "No. I shall like it. Eustace will be

there, and I have so much to say to him-so much to ask him. Don't hurry, Julian."

I fameled that Viola wished to see Em-tace Grant alone, if possible, in order to persuade him, as she had tried to persuade me, that we had only to know more of each other to be like brothers. She could not understand the gulf between two men who inderstand the gulf between two mens who love the same women. I thought it was well she should so him. He would make clear to her the impossibility of anything like friendship existing between us. Just as I was about to bid the conclumin drive off Viole-looked at me with a little pout. I know its meaning. I passed my head through the carriage window, My shoulders inpured strict privacy. Then a light kissfell upon my lips, and a word of love passed between us. I linger on these trivial evidences of affection. It will soon be seen

I watched the carriage which held all I loved join in in the broad stream of traffic. Then I lighted my cigar, and, the happiest man in England, walked over to my solic-

My tusiness took even longer than I expected it would. There was much to discuss. What stock could be settled as it stood -what should be sold out-who were to be trustees—what was to happen in the event of Viola's death: was she to have power of appointment or not? All sorts of questions like this had to be ventilated. The consequence was that when I gianced at my watch I found it was nearly 1 o'clock. I told my solicitor I must defer giving instructions for my will until to-morrow. I ned into a cab and drove to Lincoln's jumped into a can and drove wo lim Fields, No. 36, ready to make the full-

est apologies for my unpunctuality.

I went up stairs, found Mr. Monk's office, and sent my name in to him by his clerk. was invited to enter his private room. Mr. Monk was busy with some papers.
"You will and your friends in the next

room, Mr. Loraine," he said. "I will join you in a moment.' The clerk opened a green baize door, through which I passed, and found myself in another office. In it, however, were no

signs of Viola and Grant. I returned to Mr. Monk, and told him they were not "Then they must have grown tired of waiting for you, and have gone for a stroll. There is a door which opens into the passage. No doubt they went that way. You

must sit down and take your turn at waiting, Mr. Loraine." I waited half an hour, then determined to go in search of them. It was impossible they had gone to look for me; so I went down into the street and asked the driver of the brougham if he had seen the lady. "Yes, sir; she went by about an hour ago with a tall gentleman."

Which way?" "I don't know, sir. I saw them hail a cab and drive off. I didn't notice in which di-

rection they went." Why in the world should they have taken a cab, when the brougham was at the door! was very cross at the thought of Viola's driving about London in a cab with Eustace Grant; but, as the brougham was still wait ing at No. 36, it was clear that they meant to return. After all, the best thing I could do was to wait. As yet, not a thought of the truth had ventured to invade my brain So I waited on the pavement outside Mr. Monk's office for at least an hour longer. Still no sign of my wife. I grew nervous and anxious. Surely some accident must have happened-something that obliged her to go straight to the hotel. But even then Grant would have come to let me know it. Still not a thought of the dreaiful truth! But where could she be?

I jumped into the brougham, and drove to the hotel. No; Mirs. Loraine was not there. I drove to Miss Resiter's. Viola had een there in the morning, but had left about 11:30 o'clock. I did not see Miss Rossiter, who, I was sorry to hear, was ill in byl. As a last resource, I drove to Grant's house and asked for hm. He was out. Had not been home since the morning. Quite uncertain when he would return. It was now past 3 c'clock. Anxious and annoved. I could do nothing but go back to

the hotel and wait my wife's return. Still not a thought of the truth. I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening passing from the hotel to Miss Rossiter's, from there to Grant's lodgings, and from Grant's lodgings back to the hotel. Only at one of these three places could I hope to find tidings of Viola. Repeatedly as I had called, it was not until nearly 11 o'clock

that I found Eustace Grant at home. But by now I was in a different mon! Shall I be blamed for saying that this long and unexplained absence of Viola's in company, it seemed, with Grant, brought a borrible dread which I scarcely dared to breathe to myself? The news that Grant heart. He would be able to tell me when and where he parted with Viola. No doubt he had a message for me which would clear up everything.

But although Mr. Grant was at home. the servant informed me that he would see no one to-night. I made no comment on this denial. I simply forced the door open. and, putting the frightened servant aside. strode through the hall and entered the sitting room in which Grant had, on the night when I first met him, interrogated me. It was empty. I threw myself into chair, and waited until some one made my presence known to the man whom I was bent upon seeing.

No doubt he heard the noise of my forcible entrance. In a minute the folding door, which, as is often the case in lodgings, divided the sitting-room from the bed-room, opened, and Eustace Grant appeared. As he did so I caught a glimpse of the bedroom from which he emerged. An open portmanteau, apparently half packed, was ying on the bed, and there were other evidences of preparation for a journey.

Grant advanced toward me, but he made no pretense of greeting me. He neither offered his hand nor bade me good evening. I rose and faced him. He was pale, almost ghastly pale. His

brows were bent, and a slight twitch of the nostril told me he was suffering from some great, though suppressed, emotion. He looked at me haughtily and angrily; but whatsoever he had wherewith to reproach himself, there was neither fear nor triumph in his gaze. I looked at him and wondered but I felt certain that he knew all about Viola's absence.

Still, as that absence might even now be satisfactorily explained, I resolved that I would not, by evincing premature distrust or suspicion, let this man triumph over me so I spoke with forced composure: "Mr. Grant, I have missed my wife comewhere. Can you give me tidings of

"I cannot," he replied, coldly. "Where did you part with her? You left Mr. Monk's with her in a cab. Where did you leave her?"

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Loraine," "Do you mean that you are ignorant of r whereabouts?" "You have had my answer."
My blood boile1. "You mean you will ot, dare not tell me, you utter villain!" I

ried. "I will know, or I will kill you!" The table was between us, or I should have sprung at his throat. "I care nothing for your threats, Mr. Loraine," he said, with galling contempt. Wherever Mrs. Loraine may be, she is there of her own free choice." "She is here—in this house with you!" I

"Look for her search every cupboard and cranny. I will ring; you shall be conducted over the whole building. Make it public property that you are a jealous husband looking for a faithless wife. No; that shall not be done, for her sake. Wherever she is, she is not here."

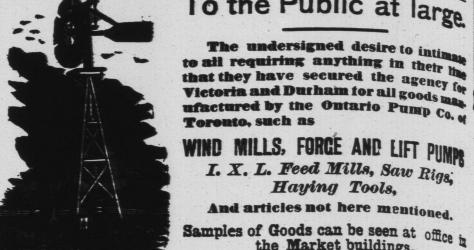
exclaimed

He spoke as if expecting me to believe him. Strange to say, I did believe him. The thought that his house would be the last place in which he would hide Viola from my search, no doubt conduced to this be-lief. But now I could no longer doubt the horrible truth. This man, by some deve craft, had torn my wife from me-had taken away the woman who, a few hours ago, pressed a Judas' kins on my lips, even as she was going to meet her lover.

Stay! perhaps he had killed her. Such things have been done before now by men who fail to win the woman they love. Perhape he had decoyed her away, and was de-taining her against her will. Even now

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she might be longing for me to come and All these thoughts whirled through my brain, and for a moment unmanned me. I sank upon a chair, cold and trembling in every limb. Grant stood like a statue until I recovered myself.

"You villain!" I gasped. "I will know—I will see her! Tell me where she is!" He leaned forward. He looked at me "Listen!" he said, in a fierce voice. this room I said to you. Take her, and make her happy.' Have you done sof"

shed one's blood for her can make a false woman happy, she should have been happy. Does she expect to find bliss in a life of shame with you?" His eves blazed. "You had better go!" he said. "Go at once!" I laughed mockingly. Now that I had

I laughed wildly. "If being willing to

lost all hope; now that my one desire was vengeance, I could speak calmly. "I shall stay here." I said, "until you leave to join her. I shall follow and be with you. Surely a bridegroom can claim the right of bidding his bride Gouspeel! For : dy Grant rang the bell. "Leave

the front door and this door wide open," he sai: to the servant; "then go ou; of the He came toward me. I started to my feet, : d struck fair and full at his white

set fa .. He parried the fierce low, and in a moment his arms were around me Although physical strength is an accident. or at the most an inheritance, n an illus to confess that another is immea wably wis superior in muscular power. S it is with feelings of keen annoyance that lanoi "ged to relate the result of that he lete-mand struggle. I was strong, and b mea ared my strength with many, but ever with such a man as this. The mom : we closed I felt that I should be conquere :; that right does not always gain the victory. Grant's arms were like bars of iron, the girth of his chest almost abnormal; moreover, he stood two inches taller than I did. Hal I been told that any man could have lifted me from my test, carried me through two open doors, and finall; thrown me staggering into the center of the roadway, I should have laughed the idea to scorn. But Eustace Grant did all this, and shut and bolted the outer door before I could recover my-

Mad with the rage of defeat, I grasped the railings and panted for creath. I cursed Eustace Grant. I cursed my faithless wife. I cursed myself and my imp tence. Such was my state that, could I have obtained a pistol, I would have waited on that doorstep and shot the man who had betrayed me, as soon as he emerged from his place of safety-shot him dead without compune tion. Nor was my mind any way soothed by hearing the window thrown up, and seeing my hat tossed out contemptuously. I was fain to steep and pick it up, in order to save myself from becoming an object of curiosity to passersby.

What was I to do! My mind at present could only grasp one fact-that Grant had, by some diabolical means, induced Viela to leave me and give herself to him. For a while my course seemed limited to one issue: I must wait here, outside his house, until at last he came forth. Then I must dog his footsteps until they led me to the faithless woman who had ruined my life and brought me to shame. I grouned at the thought of what little more than twelve hours had done. This morning I was the happiest man in England: to-night I was the most miserable!

So, for hours I walked up and down in front of the house which held the traitor. I saw the light extinguished. Once or twice I saw the biind drawn aside, and guessed that Grant was looking out to see if I had left my post. No, you traitor! you villain! I am still there, and shall be there until you come out. Then I will dog you to the bitter end.

The hours went by, the dawn began to break. Still-an object of curiosity, if not suspicion, to the policeman—I kept my post, and should have kept it for hours longer, had it not all at once occurred to me that so long as I was there so long would Grant remain where he was. I must meet craft with craft. Nevertheless, I must [Continued next week.]

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