"IT WAS JULIE LA FAVRE-HIS WIFE,"

thus pleasantly passed, the moon drew all the sea after it, and lifted the whole mass of the water mearer to their feet.

The Judge seemed silent and oppressed.
The "sound of a voice that was still"
seemed to linger round the place. There
were restless movings in the sea, and once
there was a splash of white foam on the

"The tide is rising, We cannot stay here

much longer."
Oh, no! Let me stay as long as possible.

This delicious air and the smell of the sea is doing me good."

You will not go far?"

"Very well. You sit here a few minutes

"No; just a step or two. You sit per-fectly still till I return. I shall not be gone

long."
Seeing that his wife was comfortable and

safe, he went back over the rocks to the

Hardly had the Judge disappeared when his wife heard light, firm tootsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a young

girl standing on the rocks not far away. Her dark oval face, piercing black eyes and wavy hair suggested some southern blood—

Spanish, perhaps. She was plainly dressed and seemed strong and vigorous. Some

native girl from the village, apparently.

'It's hardly safe to sit there, ma'am, with the tide rising."

"Not safe! Mercy! Where is my hus-

"Don't rise. There! If you must get

up, stand still till I come to you."

The lady, somewhat startled at the girl's

appearance and her warning words, tried to rise, and, after some trouble with her volu-

minous skirts, managed to gain her feet.

At that instant the green water rose swell-

ing close beside her, and the olive rock-

How it happened she did not know. The first sensation she felt was of intense cold,

and then darkness. Someone seized her,

"Hold her up, Mai! I'm comin'. Here

give me your hand. Let her go. I've got her. Scrabble out and lend a hand."

Judge Gearing could not tell how he got down to the wet and slippery rocks. He

was there in time to help the captain lift

his wife from the water, and then they took her gently to the little house and laid her

on a bed. Behind them came a young girl

calmly wringing the water from her cling-

"HOLD HER UP, MAI, I'M COMING."

"Mai? Lor'l That wasn't much. She

"Stand still-Oh !"

like a cat on the rocks below.

weed floated and swayed with a dizzy mo-

with its touch of memory belonged. Captain Breeze Johnson was at home, at

leisure and ready to talk.



"I mean you marry me—you leave me—
I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dressmaker. You acknowledge me, and I give
it all up. You refuse and I go on making
dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth
avenue—Mrs. Royal Yardstickie, Modes.
The Judge he dislike me. He will be so
proud when he see my card. Ha! ha! I
make no more dresses for the mother then.

The discover me no more."

In drifting mist, alone with that laming
sword of light wheeling in vast circles
reund the sky.

Suddenly his nerves shook with absolute
fear. Somewhere off to the left a dismal
hooting came through the fog. A screechowl in the woods gave its opinion of life
and the world. To the young man it seemed
like the cry of a lost soul. Not enough of
a woodsman to know what it might be, he
thought it a human cry: and it was only

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the

"Your arm, Royal. I wrap my veil about me. None know me." She had taken his arm, and observing two persons approaching in the darkness, he did not dare to withdraw it. "It is some silly creatures from the hotel.

Let us move on and pass them." "Evening, Royal." "Oh! How are you Beamish?"
"Evening, Yardstickie."
"That you, Lamkid? Fine night."

Most unaccountably Madamoiselle's veil slipped just at that instant, and fell to the ground. She stopped to pick it up, but Mr. Beamish was too quickly gallant, and caught it and offered it to her.

Thank you. You are very kind." Instead of taking it and moving on she withdrew her arm from Mr. Yardstickie's and calmly stood still and readjusted the truant veil over her head. "How very awkward! Have you a pin,

Mr. Lamkid offered her a tiny cushon

filled with pins. "Thank you, Mr. -Mr. -" "Mr. Lamkid, Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Rochet, Mr. Lamkid; Mr. Beamish,

She bowed most gracefully to both, and the gentle young things bowed too, and mentally cursed the darkness that prevent-

ed a clearer view of La Rochet. "You go to the music, I presume?" said Mademoiselle, sweetly. "Ah, yes, we thought of it."

"So sorry! we are going to the light-A moment later they had parted, the tender young things greatly pleased at what they called an adventure, Mr. Royal Yard-

stickie incensed beyond measure, "That stupid Lamkid! He's enough of a Molly to carry a pin-cushon." "I'm sure he was more polite than my

"The idiots will tell every one in the hotel that they met us." "They will say they met Mademoiselle Rochet and Mr. Yardstickie."

"I believe. Julie, you dropped your veil on purpose,

"I did. I wanted to see what you would do. You are not so pleasant as in Paris. Once you would spring to pick it up and tie it on with such ardor that you would disarrange my hair. It is well. I know now what I shall do."

"My friend, it depends on you. Acknowledge me as your wife and all will be well. I shall drop the shop and be a good wife—as good as an American wife. And the 20,000 francs—I have more then that the shop and the s 20,000 francs—I have more than that now, for I do very well on the Fifth avenue-I keep them for you." "I can't, Julie. I cannot and will

"You will not ?"

"Oh, Royal! You cannot mean it? After all you said in Paris !"

"I don't care what I said. It's all over We were never really married. "Not married! Can you prove it?" "Can you prove that we were?"

To his amazement, she sank upon the sand at his feet with a cry as of one who is grievously hurt. "I did not tell you. The ship I crossed in was wrecked. I escaped with only my



ife and one robe. My marrying paper—what you call it—was in my trunk—lost."
"And the money too?"

"Oh, to think you say thas now! No ithe money was sewed in my robe. I saved that." He offered his hand as if to assist her.

"Can I help you, Mademoisselle "No," she sighed, "I can help myself, she rose quickly, shook the sand from her dress and said, in a hard, constrained

Without another word she turned and

Without another word she turned and walked slowly away in the darkness.

He had chosen his path.

Far out at sea a cold gray mist swept swiftly and silently towarbs the shore.

The young man went on, not thinking of what was before him. Behind him in the darkness, sifting a sob of mingled grief and indignation, came another figure closely veited and—following him.

The little path where they had parted wandered with many a curve over the sand towards the lightheuse. It was nearer the

night.

The young man had not gene many steps before he found he had strayed from the right path. As the light was in plain sight across the sands, he thought it easy to walk directly towards it and not mind the path. An instant later he tripped over some wild vine and fell heavily, toaring his hand on some hidden thorns. By the fragrance he knew he had touched some wild rose that had found a foothold in a little hellow in the sand.

A wiser man would have looked about

A wiser man would have looked about for the path. An imaginative man might have thought it an ill omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come ever the scene. A damp cold fog had sud denly come in from the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the lighthouse tower. The level beam of light traveling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all who came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, alone with that flaming sword of light wheeling in vast circles

thought it a human cry; and it was only when he turned aside towards the shore that he began to think it might be some unknown wild creature of the forest.

At that moment a solitary wave burst upon the shore with startling distinctness. He must be very near the beach. He must move cautiously, lest he fall over the low bluff by the shore. The water ran screaming back, and then he heard again the harsh hooting behind him. He paused to listen. It seemed more distant, as if the bird had moved away. He would waste no more time in foolish fears. It was only some wild creature straying down to the shore from the ture straying down to the shore from the deeper woods in the center of the island.

The next instant he stepped upon something that moved, and instantly he sprang back in a little tremor of alarm. Someback in a little tremor of alarm. Some-thing rustled in the grass. Drops of cold perspiration started on his face and hands. The unknown was terrible, and, though he had never seen a rattlesnake, his guilty heart proclaimed one in the grass. He could not reason with himself how unlikely this was, or that it was som harmless snake

innocently asleep in the beach-grass, or perhaps some still more innocent toad. Before he fairly recovered from this weak fright he was stunned with a deafening, roaring clang. It was the fog-bell at the light. Its murmurous note rose and fell in tremulous waves of sound that seemed to hill his heart. To his surprise, he found that he was close up to the white fence of the lighthouse grounds. The immense fog-bell had been started, and would boom and roar at intervals through the night. Again the surf roared in the darkness off to the

The young man steadied himself against the damp picket fence and tried to laugh away his fears, but at that instant there was a hoarse cry in the air overhead. A wild goose sailed "honking" through the darkness. To Roval Yardstickie it was an unearthly cry—a frantic yell of despair. An instant later there was a crash of falling glass, and a bright light close beside

"Who's there ?" "It's me. It's only me." The light came nearer, shedding a globe of yellow light on the mist and revealing a youthful figure in black.

A girlish voice, brave and confident,

"Who is it? What do you want here?"
"It's only Mr. Yardstickie. Miss Join "O! I thought it might be some tramp,

or some one lost in the fog. I have just wound up the-" A roaring clang from the bell cut short

"Well, no, thank you—not now. Fact is, I lost my way in the fog. I'll find the right path and go home."
"Take the lantern. You'll need it."

She drew near and held the lantern up to him over the fence. The light shoue on her face, but behind her there stood a gigantic shadow on the mist—fantastic and threat-

"Why, how cold you look!" "I am a little chilly. It's all right. Thank you for the lantern. I'll go back

"You'll excuse me, because I must go in and help father about the poor bird that tried to get at the light." "That you Mai?" said a voice in the dark-

"Yes, father. What is it?" "Got a fat goose. Killed itself ag'in' the light. Come help me fix the windy. Hulloo! that you, Mr. Yardstickie? Come and dine with us to-morrow,—wild goose and apple-sass. Come in, Mai, and help me. Good-night Mr. Yardstickie."

me. Good-night Mr. Yardstiekie."

The lantern in his hand seemed to rattle. It was strange how his hand shock. By the aid of the tiny circle of light he followed the white fence toward the water. As he turned that way a cold wind blew in his face, and over the invisible water came a faint, bloed-shilling moan. His very heart stood still with terror. Then he remembered the buoy, and tried to reassure himself and follow the fence until he should meet the path. Again the moan—this time at his very feet. He started forward, and there, fallen on the wet grass beside the yellow boulder that he knew so well lay a form in black. He held the lantern with a trembling hand over the prostrate figure. trembling hand over the prostrate figure.

It meaned slightly and he stooped and drew aside the black lace veil. It was Julie—Julie La Favre—his wife.

Her face was wet with mist or tears.
Her hair lay in dark disordered strands over her neck and shoulders, and her cloak had burst apart at her white threat. She opened her eyes and looked at him, and then closed them slowly and tried to turn away. Putting the lantern on the ground, he lifted her gently and placed her on the big yellow stone. She seemed to revive a little, and once more opened her eyes and tried to speak, but at that instant came the awful clang of the great bell over their heads. She closed her eyes and shivered.

As the murmurous sound died away in ripples of tone, she put out her hand to him.

"Help me, husband. Take me home.
That bell is killing me. I was sitting here,
waiting for you, when the fog came up,
and then I didn't dare to move till that
awful bell struck. I heard that that—that
girl—come out and wind it up with horrid
clankings. Why don't you help me? Give
me your arm. Take me home, husband;

"It is false, Julie"

"Oh, I know; I know. I have heard it all from those silly women while I fix their habits. She is stealing you from me. I've seen her pretty black eyes and her curly hair. I know her. I know what she isand where she came from."

"Take my arm, Mademoiselle. Let us return to the hotel."

She arose in silence and took his arm, and they both walked along the path, through the darkness in a little moving circle of light like an island in a sea of

"You must be very careful what you do.

You might compromise us both. If my father knew, not a cent would I ever get. I'd starve in the street." "And if the mother knew, she would dis-

Again the great bell clanged behind nem. He felt her arm tremble at the

"Oh, Royal, husband, why must it be Take me home. I will love you again-better than she can. We were so happy— She seemed quite cowed and broken in spirit, and for a moment or two he went on in silence, thinking bitterly of Paris and

"We make a home in New York. grow rich very fast. None shall ever know. We have a little flat as in Paris. I to my business every day, you to your business and we have our home, and—oh, Royal, send for him."

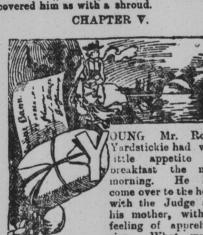
"Send for whom?" "You do not know? O, husband! It came-vour son."

She clung to him and weighed heavily on "It is in Paris-with my sister; you re nember-Jeannette. It is like you. has your mother's eyes. I weep at night that it does not sleep on my breast. Tell me to send for it. Why do you not speak? Ah! you have let fall the lantern. It has gone out. Look! What is that?"

"It's nothing. Don't cling to me so. It's the light of the hotel shining through the mist. Hush! you can hear the music There must be a dance to-night."

"You speak of music and dance to me It is well! I now understand. Come not with me. I go back to the hotel alone." She moved away, hesitated, came back and stood before him, pleading mutely. He turned away from her towards the sea. The drifting fog seemed to lift, and for an instant the sword of light from the tower swept over the wet grass between them. "I say no more. The tears are dried out

of my eyes. I see what to do.' And she was gone-lost in the damp cold mist that again swept in from the sea and covered him as with a shroud.



Yardstickie had very come over to the hotel with the Judge and his mother, with a feeling of apprehen-sion. What would she do, how conduct herself, after the meet ing of the night be-

ore? A chair had been placed at the table or Mademoiselle Rochet, but she was unaccountably late. As soon as the meal was finished, Mrs. Gearing suggested that Royal ascertain why she had not appeared. ing clothing. As they reached the cham-ber she said : "I hope she is not unwell. The work is "I hope she is not unwell. The work is in just such state that I can do nothing more to the less without ter aid. Ask at the office. It, if she has been to breakfast?"

She's all right, father. She's fainted—out of fright. She wasn't in the water a quarter of a minute 'fore I had her head up and was striking out for the rocks. You

telephone to the village for a wagon, and do this vay should R yal be hunting up I'll fix her dress, and "She is not dead, miss!"
"Of course not. She'll revive presently.
Don't worry, sir. I'll take care of her.

a stray was-maker?" "I'm going past the office. I can inquire. You go with father and hurry up the wagon while I change some of her clothes. Guess one of my dresses will fit her.'

Judge Gearing recognized the truth of what the girl said. Her homely speech Ha aid. The result was somewhat unexpected. "Mademoiselle Rochet and her maid had

breakfast at 6 o'clock, and took the first boat for New London. "Not gone to New York?" and evident skill and confidence reassured him. He could see that it was only a faint, due to fright or the sudden fall, and "Yes, sir. Said she wished her trunks sent by express to New York."

"I should think she would have taken he slowly left the room, closing the door behind him. In the little hall he heard the hem with her." "Guess she's going abroad by to-morrow's voice of the old man calling through the telephone for "a team to the light quicker nor lightnin"." steamer. She was asking last night about the sailings. Quite welcome, sir. Sorry we can't give you more information."

we can't give you more information."

Seeing his mother coming from the diningroom he decided to wait till she reached the cottage before telling her the news. The poor lady was dreadfully upset at the loss of her dressmaker. The unfinished Surah was put away in a trunk with lavender, and she put herself in bed with a headache.

As for the young man, the experience of the surface of the surfac

As for the young man, the experience of the night was like a bad dream. Just as the fog had melted before the sunshine, so his fears had faded away. Julie, whom he regarded only as a burden and a hinderance, had taken herself off, perhaps forever. The blond giant had sailed away, and would be gone a week or more. His luck had not deserted him. He would have a little musement for a few days in peace.

In an hour or two Mrs. Judge Gearing felt more resigned. She thought perhaps a walk would do her good, and, afterselecting a suitable robe, she accepted her husband's invitation to visit the light-house. As they reached the yellow boulder at the stile, she seemed to take pleasure in the nearness of the water and the peace and beauty of the spot.

"Let us go down there and sit on to rocks close to the water. There seemed to be no reason why they might not do this, and presently they had descended to the beach and were walking over the polished rocks under the sea-wall. The tide was low, and the wet rocks next

The tide was low, and the wet rocks next the water were festooned with olive green rock-weed. At one place there was a little hollow in the rocks filled with limpid sea water and lined with white barnacles—a microcosm of sea-life. The barnacles opened their double doors and thrust out white feathery fingers. A hermit crab tumbled over the limpets, and a rose-colored sea-anemone bloomed like a living pink chrys-anthemym under the water. anthemum under the water.

wife! Was she speaking again? It was that voice, still all these years. It seemed as if the two wives spoke face to face. For a moment it seemed as if his heart would never move again. It had died in his breast. What irony of fate had riven two voices, separated by years and by death, tones as like as those as two violins made by the same hand.

"It's all right, Judge. Mai says the lady's revived and wants to go hum."

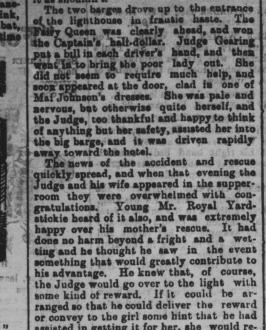
"How can I ever thank you for all she did?" Mrs. Gearing was charmed, and would sit upon the rocks and gaze into this magic mirror of life.

"I suppose it's safe?"

"Oh, perfectly—if you sit still."

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw. And the air is so delicious here. See how pure and what a beautiful green the

two barges comin' long the road and racin' to see which'll get here first. I telephoned I'd give a half-dellar to the team that got here first. Mail Oh, I guess she ain's lookin' for any thanks. She only done her duty—just as she done it before. Mai's a



ranged so that he could deliver the reward or convey to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had

mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and in the table were writing materials. Just ashe had guessed. The materials. Just ashe had guessed. Judge had been making out a check.

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably re-warded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am while I go up and see the old fellow at the very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."
"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money,' Royal Yardstickie thought it was-a end of the sea wall. It was only instinct—
he felt it could be no more—and yet it drew
him by some strange attraction to the lighthouse. He would see to whom that voice good deal of money.
"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it.'

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, "Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know You're acquainted with the family?" "Well, yes. I've call d there once

"On I'm so glad, Royal! You can go over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?" "Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I

"We might as well go to-night, Maria.

It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did

"Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to morrow.

Royal Yardstickie seldom carried bundles -it was not good form, he said-yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after at a little dis-tance. His luck had returned. Julie had OUNG Mr. Royal
Yardstickie had very ittle appetite for breakfast the next morning. He had come over to the hotel

A shout and a plunge startled the women, and they ran around the little house towards the water. Breeze Johnson took a flying leap from the sea-wall, and landed time while he remained at the beach.

Capt. Breeze Johnson came to the door, candle in haud, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

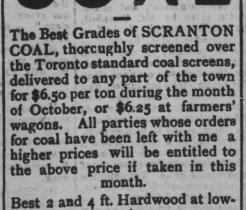
"Come right in. Glad to see you. Evenin', Mr. Yardstickie. Come right in and
make yourself to hum. Sorry Mai's not to hum. Went to the village not more'n five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him, but he took her two hands in his big brown fist and shook them warmly. "Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor'!
'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for anybody. Dou't speak of thanks. It wasn't a
thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was
round to help you. Mai's handy in the
water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was
five years old."

(To be Continued.)

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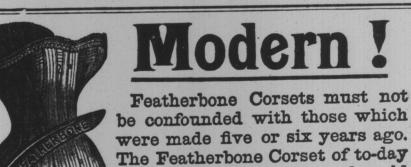
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