

(Continued from last week.) Silently the stranger lifted his hat, and cast it on the floor. A mass of thick, streaming black hair, on which one wild March night, the pitiless rain had beat, fell over her shoulders. The long cloak was dropped off, and, stern, dark and menacing, he saw the lofty, commanding form, the fierce, black eyes, and dark, lowering brow of the wronged gipsy queen, Ketura, his relentless, implac-

The last hue of life faded from the white face of the earl at the terrible sight; a horror unspeakable thrilled through his very soul. Twice he essayed to speak; his lips moved, but

no sound came forth. Silent, till, she stood before him, as rigid as a figure in bronze, her arms folded over her breast, her lips tightly compressed, every feature in perfect repose. You might have thought her some dark statue, but that life-burning life-was concentrated in those wild dark eyes, that never for a single instant removed

So they stood for nearly five minutes, and then words came at last, to the trembling lips of the earl. "Dark, dreadful woman ! what new crime have you come to perpetrate this night ?"

"No crime, lord earl. I come to answer the questions you asked as I "Of the child? You have stolen it?"

he wildly demanded. Her malignant eyes were on him still: her arms were still folded over her breast; no feature had moved; At last: a strange, inexplicable smile flickered round her thin lips, as she quickly answered:

"I have!" "And, woman!-demon in woman's her, and held up his clasped form! what wrong had that helpless babe done you?" he cried out,

passionate grief. No change came over the set, dark face, as from the lips, reathed in that dreadful, ominous stalle, slowly dropped the words:

"The sins of the father shall wisited upon the children's children, even to the third and fourth generation. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

"Devil incarnate! blaspheme not! O Heaven of heavens! how had you the heart to murder that child?" "You had the heart, lord earl, to murder mine."

"I believed him guilty. You know I did! And she was an innocent babe, as pure from all guile as an angel

from heaven!" "So was he, my lord. He was as free from that crime as that babe; and yet for it you took his life. "Devil!-fiend! you shall die for

this!" he cried, madly springing up. "What ho! without there! Secure this hag of perdition before-

A low, strangled gurgle finished the sentence; for with the bound of pythoness, she had sprung forward and grasped him by the throat. She had the strength of a giant. He was a weak, broken-down old man, powerless in her strong, horny fingers as an infant.

He grew black in the face, his eyeballs projected, and he struggled, blindly and helplessly, to extricate himself. She laughed a low, jeering laugh at his ineffectual efforts, and insultingly as she released

"Softly, softly, lord earl! wicient straining of your lungs not good for your constitution. You are quite helpless in my hands, you perceive; and if you attempt to raise your voice in that unpleasant manner again, I shall be forced to give you a still more loving clutch next time. Your best policy is to keep as quiet as possible just now." He ground his teeth in impotent

"Besides, you take things granted too easily, my lord. What proof have you that I am a murderess? You are, and in the sight God; but that is not saying I am!" "O woman! guilty, blood-stained, mendess! your own words confirm

fury, as he grasped for breath.

Ri" he passionately cried out. "Gently, my lord, gently! Have you heard me say I murdered her?' "You did not deny it."

"That is negative proof, very unsubstantial as you evidently know, although you found it sufficient to condemn my son!"

"You are too much of a demon to spare her innocent life one moment when in your power. Oh, I know -I know she is dead! Dear little angel! Sweet, helpless little Erminie!" He almost lost his dread of her in his passion of grief. His chest heaved as he buried his face in his hands, and something like a convulsive sob shook his frame. "Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of stern-browed men."

But the woman felt no remorse No; an exultant sense of triumph-a flendish joy filled her heart, at the proof of what she had made suffer. She had still a fiercer in store for him; and waiting till he had lifted his pale face again, she

began, in a low, mocking voice: "And thinkest thou, O Lord De Courcy, there is no darker doom than death? Do you think vengeance such as mine is to be sated by such paltry revenge as that? Pshaw, man! You are only a novice in the art of torture, I see; though you commenced a dangerous game when you practiced first on me. Why, if I had slain her, that would have been momentary revenge, and fifty thousand

mine. Other children might be born. years would pass, and she, in course of time, would be almost forgotten. No my lord; such vengeance as that from the room, from the house, out would never satisfy the gipsy Ke-

'Saints in heaven! Am I same or mad! O woman, woman! speak, and tell me truly. Does the child yet

"It does." "Thank God! O bless God for that "Thank God! Oh, bless God for that!" he cried, passionately, while tears of joy fell fast from his eyes.

"What a fool the man is!" she said, bitterly, "thanking God that her life is spared, when she will yet live to curse the hour she was born. O man! can you comprehend depths of a gipsy's hate you, with

your cold, sluggish, northern blood? Yes: she shall live; but it will be for a doom so dark that even the fiends themselves will shudder to hear it; she will live to invoke death as blessing, and yet will not dare die! And then I will return your Erminie to her doting grandsire, thing so foul and polluted that the very earth will refuse her a grave. Then, Lord De Courcy, my revenge himself up. will be complete!"

His hands dropped from his face as if he had been stricken with sudden death; the sight seemed leaving his eyes; the very life seemed palsied in his heart.

She was calm still; that terrible, exultant smile had not left her lips; but he would sooner have seen looked at that moment, standing sure; and I dare say it was all

"This is our second interview, lord earl," she said while he sat speechless. "The first time, I pleaded on my knees to you, and you spurned their uncompromising glare from his | me from you as if I had been a dog. plead, for you have almost as much frontispiece with her stiletto-like at stake as I had then. If you do eyes. not choose to do so, that is your when it comes-you will have realized what a gipsy's revenge is like."

of human nature in your savage child!" cried the earl, wrought up | England yx, you know. We're going to a perfect agony by her words.

ed at him for an instant in silence. "I pleaded to you on my knees," she said, with an icy smile.

Her words gave him hope. proud man fell on his knee in supplication. The high-born Earl De Courcy knelt in wildest agony at the feet of the outcast gipsy. Her hour of triumph had

Folding her arms over her breast, she looked down upon him as he knelt there, with a look no words can ever describe.

sake, spare that child! There was no reply. Erect, rigid, and moveless as a figure in stone she | night, a little over two years ago, stood, looking down upon him with when you was walking along her blazing eyes.

to heaven guiltless and unstained - little hasty at times, take you anything rather than the doom you and drive you to town. You didn't have destined for her!"

Still no reply. With that triumphant smile—a smile such as Satan himself might have worn, she looked steadily and quietly down at the man at her feet.

"Besides, you dare not keep her!" he said, gathering courage from her silence; fancying, perhaps, it was sign of relenting. "The officers the law would find you out, a worse fate than your son's would

brow grew black as a thunder-cloud; but she only laughed scornfully.

"Find me?" she repeated. "Yes; if they can find last year's snow, last about it," he began, pitcously; "it's year's partridges, or last summer's real distressing to listen to such rain. Let them find me. Why, if it groans as that. Everything happens came to that, I could dash its brains for the best, you know; and though, out in an instant. before it's moth-

ger a human heart in your body?" I groveled in vain at your feet." haunt me, pursue me, as you will, jured you; if there is guilt anywhere, it rests on my head. Let me, therefore, suffer, and give back the child." She smiled in silence.

"You will relent; you are a woman, and not a devil. Consent. to what I ask, and, if wealth be any object, you shall have the half - the whole of my fortune. Tell me you consent, and all I have in the world, together with my everlasting gratitude, will be yours."

"You should have thought of this the night you refused to grant my prayer, my lord. Will your wealth and 'everlasting gratitude' my son from the dead?"

"God knows, were it in my power, of his coat, he held it out I would willingly give my life to re- his companion; but she, with store him and cancel the past. All that remains for me to do I will do.

if you restore the child." you commanded me to get up. It is to replace it again where it came my turn now. You have been suffic- from iently, humiliated, even, to satisfy

faint with many emotions that

vow is fulfilled! Palsied be my heart, make it a great deal nicer if

if it ever relents! Withered be my thought you weren't taking on." hand, if it ever confers a boon you or one of your house! Blighted | She lifted her haggard face and fixbe my tongue, if it ever heap but ed her piercing eyes so suddenly, full curses on you! Doomed be my soul, upon him, that, with an alarmed if it ever forgives you for what you 'Lord bless me!" he sprang back have done. Once again, lord earl, we and gazed upon her in evident terare to meet, and then, beware!"

The last words were uttered with a | "Going to America?-are you!-tomaniac shriek, as she turned and fled | morrow?" she asked rapidly. from the room. There was a heavy "Why-a-no, sir-that is, fall; and the servants, rushing in in ma'am," stammered Mr. Toosypegs, terror, found Earl De Courcy lying his self-possession considerably shakon the floorl with a dark stream of en by those needle-like glances. blood flowing from his mouth. They With lightning-like rapidity there raised him up, but they were too Sashed through the gipsy's mind a late. He had ruptured an artery of scheme. London was no longer a safe the heart, and with the clotted gore | place for her; she was liable to be still foaming around his lips, he lay arrested, now, at any moment, and there before them, stark and dead! | with her half completed revenge this

CHAPTER XIV.

With that last terrible denunciation on her lips, Ketura had into the night.

Half delirious with mingled triumph, flendish joy, and the pitch of passion into which she had wrought herself, she walked with rapid, excited strides along, heedless of whither she went, until she suddenly ran with stunning force against another pedestrian who was coming toward

The force of the concussion sent the unfortunate individual sprawling, with rather unpleasant suddenness on on his back; while the gipsy herself, somewhat cooled by the shock, paused for a moment and grasped a lamppost to steady herself.

"Good gracious!" gasped a deeply aggrieved voice from the pavement, "if this ain't too bad! To be run into this way and pitched heels over head on the broad of one's back without a minute's warning! it's a shame!" reiterated the voice, in a still more aggrieved cadence, as its owner, a pale young man with a carpet bag, slowly began to pick

The gipsy, having recovered from the sudden collision, was about to hurry on without paying the slightest attention to the injured owner of the carpet bag, when that individual, catching a full view of her face,

burst out in amazement: "Why, if it ain't Mrs. Ketura. Well, if this isn't real surprising! How do foaming with passion than as she you do? I am glad to see you, I'm accident. I hope you have been quite well since I saw you last, ma'am, said the pale young man, politely; "I've been very well myself, I'm obliged to you,'

"Who are you?" said the gipsy, im-This time it should be your turn to patiently, scanning his mild, freckled

"Why, you haven't forgotten me, affair, not mine. The third time - have you?" said the young man, straightening out his beaver, which had got stove in during the late cat-"O woman! if there be one spark astrophe; "why, I'm O. C. Toosypegs! I dare say you didn't expect breast, for God's sake, spare that to see me here, but we haven't left the day after to-morrow, Aunt Pris-She stepped back a pace, and look- ciller and me; and I'm glad of it too, for this here London ain't what it's cracked up to be. I had my pocket picked at least twenty times since I came here. They took my watch, The my pocket book, and my jack-knife, and didn't even leave me so much as hands a pocket handkerchief to wipe

> "I don't know you-let me pass," said the gipsy, harshly, trying to walk away from him; but Mr. Toosypegs quickened his pace likewise, and

nose with."

kept up with her. "Why, you do know me, Mrs. Ketura, and I hope you haven't went "Spare her-spare her! For God's and forgot me so soon," said Mr. Toosypegs in a deeply injured tone. "Don't you recollect that nasty wet north road, and I made Mr. "Slay her, if you will; let her go kins, who is a real nice man, only a seem in very good spirits that night, and I was real sorry for your trouble; I really was, Mrs. Ketura."

The gipsy made no reply. Bitterly her thoughts went back to that night -when she had bidden her son last farewell. She had had her revenge; she had wrenched cries of anguish from those who had tortured her, but oh! what revenge could remove the gnawing at her heart? what vengeance could restore her her son? With one of those It was an unfortunate allusion. Her groans that seem rending the heart they burst from, her head dropped on her bosom.

"There, now, don't take on as I remarked at the time to my friend Mr. Harkins, it was real dis-"O worst of fiends! does there lin- agreeable of them to take and send your son away, when he didn't want "No; it turned to stone the night to go, still it can't be helped now, and there's no use whatever in mak-"Take any other revenge you like; | ing a time about it. As my uncle, who hadn't the pleasure of your acbut restore that child! She never in- quaintance, has left me two thousand pounds, I should be real glad to aid you as far as money will go. and you needn't mind about giving me your note for it either, I ain't particular about getting it again, I'm very much obliged to

During this well meant attempt at the gipsy had heard, Mr. Toosypegs had been fumbling uneasily in his pockets, and shifting his carpet bag in a fidgety manner from managed at last to extract

a plump pocket some mysterious recess eyes gloomily fixed on the ground seemed so totally oblivious of both himself and it, that with a comical "Lord carl, when I knelt to you, expression of distress, he was forced

"Now I wouldn't mind it so much if I was you, you know," he resum-He arcse, and stood before her, so ed, in a confidential tone. "Where's the good of making a time was obliged to grasp the chair for | things can't be helped? I'm going to | sail for America the day after "You will restore her?" he breath- morrow, in a great, nasty, tarry ship, and I would like to see you in "Never, so help me God, till my good spirits before I go. It would little plump leg and arm. he

The last words caught her ear.

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was not to be thought of. She felt her best course would be to England altogether for some and she determined to avail herself of the present opportunity.

"If I go with you to America, will you pay my passage?" she abruptly asked, transfixing Mr. Toosypegs with her lightning eyes.

"Why, of course, with a great deal of pleasure," responded the young man, with alacrity, "it will make it real pleasant to have you with during the passage, I'm sure," said Mr. Toosypegs, "perhaps, as start the day after to-morrow, you wouldn't mind coming and stopping with us until then, so's to have things handy. Aunt Prisciller will be delighted to make your acquaintance,

"There will be two children bring," said the gipsy, hurriedly; "I must go for them. "Half price," muttered Mr. Toosy-

pegs, sotto voce, "what will Aunt Prisciller say?" "I will meet you here by daybreak the day after to-morrow," said the gipsy, stopping suddenly.

you come?" 'Why certainly," responded Toosypegs, "I'll be in this precise spot by daybreak the day after tomorrow, though I don't approve of early rising as a general thing; it ain't nice at all.'

"Very well, I will be here - you need come with me no farther," said Ketura, dismissing him with a wave of her hand; and ere he could expostulate at this summary dismissal, she turned a corner and disappeared. That night a trusty messenger was

dispatched by Ketura to the gipsy camp for little Raymond, who arrived the following night. His free gipsy life seemed to agree wonderfully well with that young gentleman. Five years old now he was tall and well grown for his age, could climb the highest trees like a squirrel, set bird traps and rabbit snares, and was as lithe, supple, and active as a young deer. The eyes of Ketura lit up with pride as she gazed upon him; and for the first time the idea occurred to her that he might live to avenge his father's wrongs when she was dead. She would bring him up hate all the house of De Courcy; that hate should grow with his growth until it should become

one ruling passion and aim of his

life, swamping, by its very intensity,

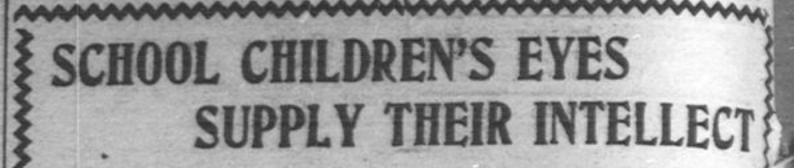
every other feeling.

Master Raymond, who seemed quite as chary of caresses as his grandmother herself, met her with a good deal of indifference; but no sooner did he see little Erminie, than a rash and violent attachment was the result. Accustomed to the dirty, dusky, gipsy babies, who rolled all day unheeded in the grass, this little snowy skinned, golden-haired, blue-eyed infant seemed so wondrously lovely that he had to give her sundry pokes with his finger to convince himself she was real, and not an illusion. Miss Erminie did not seem at all displeased by these attentions, but favered him with a coquettish smile, and with her finger in her rosy mouth, gave him every encouragement he could reasonably expect on so short an acquaintance. Being left alone together, Master Raymond, who did not altogether approve her wasting her time, lying blinking at him in her cradle, began to think it was only a common act of politeness she owed him, to get up, and seeing no symptoms of any such intention on the young lady's part, he resolved to give her a hint to that effect. Catching her, therefore, by one

(Continued on Page 3.)

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