Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Green Flag" and "The Great Boer War" Copyright (1902) by A. Cenan Doyle. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Sir Henry had to assure him that it was not so and pacify him by giving him a considerable part of his old wardrobe, the London outfit having

now all arrived. Mrs. Barrymore is of interest to me. She is a heavy, solid person, very limited, intensely respectable, and inclined to be puritanical. You could hardly conceive a less emotional subject. Yet I have told you how, on the first night here, I heard her sobbing bitterly, and since then I have more than once observed traces of tears upon her face. Some deep sorrow gnaws ever at her heart. Sometimes I wonder if she has a guilty memory which haunts her, and sometimes l suspect Barrymore of being a domestic tyrant. I have always felt that there was something singular and questionable in this man's character, but the adventure of last night bring all my suspicions to a head.

And yet it may seem a small matter in itself. You are aware that I am not a very sound sleeper, and since l have been on guard in this house my slumbers have been lighter than ever. ing my room. I rose, opened my door, and peeped out. A long black shadow was trailing down the corridor. It was thrown by a man who walked softly down the passage with a candle held in his hand. He was in shirt and trousers, with no covering to his feet. I could merely see the outline, but his height told me that it was Barrymore. He walked very slowly and circumspectly, and there was something indescribably guilty and furtive in his whole appearance.

I have told you that the corridor is broken by the balcony which runs round the hall, but that it is resumed apon the farther side. I waited until he had passed out of sight and then I followed him. When I came round the balcony he had reached the end of the farther corridor, and I could see from the glimmer of light through an open door that he had entered one of the rooms. Now, all these rooms are unfurnished and unoccupied, so that his expedition became more mysterious than ever. The light shone steadily as If he were standing motionless. I crept down the passage as noiselessly as could and peeped round the corner of

Barrymore was crouching at the window with the candle held against the glass. His profile was half turned towards me, and his face seemed to be rigid with expectation as he stared out into the blackness of the moor. For some minutes he stood watching intently. Then he gave a deep groan and with an impatient gesture he put out the light. Instantly I made my way back to my room, and very shortly came the stealthy steps passing once more upon their return fourney. Long, afterwards when I had fallen into at Heat sleep I heard a key turn some: where in a took, but I could not tell whence the sound came. What it all means t cannot suess. But there is same secret husiness sains on in this ansa of stoom which sooner or later wa shall get to the bettem of I do not trauble ran with my theories, for you asked me to furnish you only with facts. I have had a long talk with Sir Henry this morning, and we have made a plan of campaign founded upon my observations of last night. I will not speak about it just now, but it should make my next report interesting reading.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Baskerville Hall, Oct. 15th. My dear Holmes,-If I was compelled to leave you without much news during the early days of my mission you must acknowledge that I am making up for lost time, and that events are now crowding thick and fast upon us. In my last report I ended upon my top note with Barrymore at the window, and now I have quite a budget already which will, unless I am much mistaken, considerably surprise you. Things have taken a turn which I ways they have within the last fortyeight hours become much clearer and in some ways they have become more complicated. But I will tell you all and you shall judge for yourself.

night before. The western window through which he had stared so intently has. I noticed, one peculiarity tween two trees which enables one from this point of view to look right down upon it, while from all the other windows it is only a distant glimpse way. which can be obtained. It follows, therefore, that Barrymore, since only this window would serve his purpose, must have been looking out for something or somebody upon the moor, The night was very dark, so that I can hardly imagine how he could have



'e in the right toe-shape to fit YOUR shoes.

hoped to see anyone. It had struck me sation seemed to be an outrage, and that it was possible that some love in- yet my clear duty was never for an trigue was on foot. That would have instant to let him out of my sight. To accounted for his stealthy movements act the spy upon a friend was a hateand also for the uneasiness of his ful task. Still, I could see no better wife. The man is a striking-looking fel- course than to observe him from the low, very well equipped to steal the hill, and to clear my conscience by heart of a country girl, so that this theory seemed to have something to support it. That opening of the door which I had heard after I had returned to my room might mean that he had gone out to keep some clandestine appointment. So I reasoned with myself in the morning, and I tell you the direction of my suspicions, however much the result may have shown that they were unfounded.

But whatever the true explanation of Barrymore's movements might be, I felt that the responsibility of keeping them to myself until I could explain them was more than I could bear. I had an interview with the baronet inhis study after breakfast, and I told him all that I had seen. He was less surprised than I had expected.

"I knew that Barrymore walked about nights, and I had a mind Last night, about two in the morning, speak to him about it," said he. "Two I was aroused by a stealthy step pass- or three times I have heard his steps in the passage, coming and going, just about the hour you name."

"Perhaps then he pays a visit every night to that particular window," suggested.

"Perhaps he does. If so, we should be able to shadow him, and see what it is that he is after. I wonder what your friend Holmes would do, if he were here.' "I believe that he would do exactly

what you now suggest," said I. "He would follow Barrymore and see what "Then we shall do it together."

"But surely he would hear us." "The man is rather deaf, and in any case we must take our chance of that We'll sit up in my room to-night, and



Six Henry suddenby drew . Wiss Simpleton

wait until he passes." Sir Henry rubbed his hands with pleasure, and it was evident that he hailed the adventure as a relief to his somewhat quiet life upon the moor.

The baronet has been in communication with the architect who prepared the plans for Sir Charles, and with a contractor from London, so that we may expect great changes to begin here soon. There have been decorators and furnishers up from Plymouth, and it is evident that our friend has large ideas, and means to spare no pains or expense to restore the grandeur of his family. When the house is renovated and refurnished, all that he will need will be a wife to make it complete. Becould not have anticipated. In some tween ourselves there are pretty clear signs that this will not be wanting if the lady is willing, for I have seldom seen a man more infatuated with woman than he is with our beautiful neighbor, Miss Stapleton. And yet the Before breakfast on the morning fol- course of true love does not run quite lowing my adventure I went down the as smoothly as one would under the circumstances expect. To-day, for example, its surface was broken by a very unexpected ripple, which has caused our friend considerable perplexity and annoyance.

After the conversation which I have quoted about Barrymore Sir Henry pu on his hat and prepared to go out. As a matter of course I did the same. "What, are you coming, Watson?" he asked looking at me in a curious

"That depends on whether you are going on the moor," said I,

"Yes, I am." "Well, you know what my instructions are. I am sorry to intrude, but you heard how earnestly Holmes insisted that I should not leave you, and especially that you should not go alone upon the moor."

Sir Henry put his hand upon my shoulder, with a pleasant smile, "My dear fellow," said he, "Holmes, with all his wisdom, did not foresee some things which have happened since I have been on the moor, You understand me? I am sure that you

go out alone."

allowed him to go out of my sight, I me by becoming my wife. That seemimagined what my feelings would be ed to make the matter no better, so if I had to return to you and to con- then I lost my temper too, and I anfess that some misfortune had occur- swered him rather more hotly than I red through my disregard for your in- should perhaps, considering that she structions. I assure you my cheeks was standing by. So it ended by his flushed at the very thought. It might going off with her, as you saw, and not even now be too late to overtake here am I as badly puzzled a man as him, so I set off at once in the direc- any in this county. Just tell me what

tion of Merripit House. I hurried along the road at the top of more than ever I can hope to pay." my speed without seeing anything of I tried one or two explanations, but, Sir Henry, until I came to the point indeed, I was completely puzzled mywhere the moor path branches off. self. Our friend's title, his fortune, his There, fearing that perhaps I had age, his character, and his appearance come in the wrong direction after all, are all in his favor and I know nothing I mounted a hill from which I could against him, unless it be this dark

advances should be rejected so brusis cut into the dark quarry. Thence quely without any reference to I saw him at once. He was on the own wishes, and that the lady off, and a lady was by his side who protest is very amazing. However, our could only be Miss Stapleton. It was clear that there was already an underfrom Stapleton himself that very afterstanding between them and that they noon. He had come to offer apologies had met by appointment. They were for his rudeness of the morning, and walking slowly along in deep converafter a long private interview with Sir sation, and I saw her making quick lit Henry in his study, the upshot of their conversation was that the breach is tle movements of her hands as if she quite healed, and that we are to dine at Merripit House next Friday as a was saying, while he listened intently, and once or twice shook sign of it. his head in strong dissent. 1 don't say now that he isn't crazy man," said Sir Henry; "I can't fiant. forget the look in his eyes when he ran at me this morning, but I must allow that no man could make a more handsome apology than he has done." "Did he give any explanation of his he says. That is natural enough, and

stood among the rocks watching very much puzzled as to what I should do next. To follow them and break into their intimate converconfessing to him afterwards what had done. It is true that if any sudden danger had threatened him I was too far away to be of use, and yet I am sure that you will agree with me that the position was very difficult, and that there was nothing more which I Our friend, Sir Henry, and the lady

had halted on the path and were standing deeply absorbed in their conversation, when I was suddenly aware that I was not the only witness of their interview. A wisp of green floating in the air caught my eye, and another glance showed me that it was carried on a stick by a man who was moving among the broken ground. It was Stapleton with his butterfly-net. He was very much closer to the pair than I was, and he appeared to be moving in their direction. At this instant Sir Henry suddenly drew Miss Stapleton to his side. His arm was round her,

but it seemed to me that she straining away from him with her face averted. He stooped his head to hers, and she raised one hand as if in protest. Next moment I saw them spring apart and turn hurriedly round. Stapleton was the cause of the interruption. He was running wildly towards them, his absurd net dangling behind him. He gesticulated and almost danced with excitement in front of the lovers. What the scene meant I could not imagine, but it seemed to me that Stapleton was abusing Sir Henry, who offered explanations, which became more angry as the other refused to accep them. The lady stood by in haughty silence. Finally Stapleton turned upon his heel and beckoned in a peremptory way to his sister, who, after an irreselute glance at Sir Henry, walked off by the side of her brother. The naturalist's angry gestures showed that the

his head hanging, the very picture of dejection. What all this meant I could not imagine, but I was deeply ashamed to have witnessed so intimate a scene without my friend's knowledge. I ran down the hill therefore and met the baronet at the bottom. His face was flushed with anger and his brows were wrinkled, like one who is at his wits'

lady was included in his displeasure.

The baronet stood for a minute look-

ing after them, and then he walked

slowly back the way that he had come,

"Halloa, Watson! Where have you dropped from?" said he. "You don't mean to say that you came after me

t explained everything to him: how how I had followed him, and how I had witnessed all that had oe-FOF AN Instant his eyes blazed at me, but my frankness disarmed his anger, and he broke at last into a rather fueful laugh.

"You would have thought the middle of that Brairie a fairly safe place for a man to be private," said he, "but, thunder, the whole country-side seems to have been out to see me do my weeing and a mighty poor wooing at

that! Where had you engaged a seat?" "I was on that hill." "Quite in the back row, eh? But her brother was well up to the front. Did you see him come out on us?"

"Yes, I did." crazy-this brother of hers?"

"I can't say that he ever did." "I daresay not. I always thought him sane enough until to-day, but you can take it from me that either he or I ought to be in a strait-jacket. What's the matter with me, anyhow? You've lived near me for some weeks, Watson. Tell me straight, now! Is there anything that would prevent me from making a good husband to a woman that I loved?"

"I should say not." "He can't object to my world! position, so it must be myself that he has this down on. What has he against me? I never hurt man or woman in my life that I know of. And yet he would not so much as let me touch the tips of her fingers."

"Did he say so?" "That, and a deal more. I tell you, Watson, I've only known her these few weeks, but from the first I just felt that she was made for me, and she, too-she was happy when she was with me, and that I'll swear. There's a light in a woman's eyes that speaks louder than words. But he has never let us get together, and it was only to-day for the first time that I saw a chance of having a few words with her alone. She was glad to meet me, but when she did, it was not love that she would talk about, and she wouldn't have let me talk about it either if she could have stopped it. She kept coming back to it that this was a place of danger, and that she would never be happy until I had left it. I told her that since I had seen her I was in no hurry to leave it, and that if she really wanted me to go the only way to work it was for her to arrange to go with me. With that I offered in as many words to marry her, but before she could answer down came this brother of hers, running at us with a face on him like a madman. He was just white with rage, and those light eyes are the last man in the world who of his were blazing with fury. What would wish to be a spoil-sport. I must was I doing with the lady? How dared I offer her attentions which were dis-It put me in a most awkward posi- tasteful to her? Did I think that betion. I was at a loss what to say or cause I was a baronet I could do what what to do, and before I had made up I liked? If he had not been her bromy mind he picked up his cane and ther I should have known better how to answer him. As it was I told him But when I came to think the mat- that my feelings towards his sister ter over my conscience reproached were such as I was not ashamed of, me bitterly for having on any pretext | and that I hoped that she might honor

> not my secret, and that I cannot tell it. If it concerned no one but myself would not try to keep it from you." A sudden idea occurred to me, and I took the candle from the trembling hand of the butler. "He must have been holding it as it all means, Watson, and I'll owe you any answer." I held it as he had done, and stared out into the darkness of the

of doubt and misery.

ing a candle to the window."

Henry to me.

point of yellow light had suddenly transfixed the dark veil, and glowed square framed by the window. "There it is!" I cried.

"No, no, sir, it is nothing-nothing at all!" the butler broke in; "I assure

Watson!" cried the baronet, "See, the other moves also! Now, you rascal, do you deny that it is a signal? Come, speak up! Who is your confederate out yonder, and what is this conspir-The man's face became openly de-

"It is my business, and not yours.

"Then you leave my employment

"Very good, sir. If I must I must." "And you go in disgrace. By thun-"His sister is everything in his life, der, you may well be ashamed of yourself. Your family has lived with mine am glad that he should understand for over a hundred years under this her value. They have always been to- roof, and here I find you deep in some gether, and according to his account dark plot against me.

he has been a very lonely man with "No, no, sir; no, not against you!" only her as a companion, so that the It was a woman's voice, and Mrs. Barry thought of losing her was really more, paler and more horrorstruck terrible to him. He had not un- than her husband, was standing at the derstood, he said, that I was becom- door. Her bulky figure in a shawl and ing attached to her, but when he saw skirt might have been comic were it with his own eyes that it was really not for the intensity of feeling upon so, and that she might be taken away her face.

"We have to go, Eliza. This is the from him, it gave him such a shock that for a time he was not responsible end of it. You can pack our things, for what he said or did. He was very "Oh, John, John, have I brought you sorry for all that had passed, and he to this? It is my doing, Sir Henry-all

recognized how foolish and how selmine. He has done nothing except for fish it was that he should imagine that he could hold a beautiful woman like my sake, and because I asked him." "Speak out, then! What does his sister to himself for her whole life. If she had to leave him he had rather mean?" "My unhappy brother is starving on it was to a neighbor like myself than to anyone else. But in any case it was the moor. We cannot let him perish a blow to him, and it would take him at our very gates. The light is a sig-

himself to meet it. He would withdraw and his light out yonder is to show all opposition upon his part if I would the spot to which to bring it." promise for three months to let the "Then your brother is-"The escaped convict, sir-Selden, tivating the lady's friendship during the criminal."

some time before he could prepare nal to him that food is ready for him,

matter rest and to be content with cul-

that time without claiming her love.

ing, but no sound of any sort did we

hear execut the chiming clock upon

the stairs. It was a most melancholy

vigil, and ended by each of us falling

asleep in our chairs. Fortunately we

were not discouraged, and we deter-

mined to try again. The next night

we lowered the lamp, and sat smoking

cigarettes, without making the least

sound. It was incredible how slowly

the hours crawled by, and yet we were

helped through it by the same sort of

patient interest which the hunter must

eel as he watches the tran into which

ha hanes the same may wander. One

struck, and two, and we had almost

for the second time given it up in des-

eats, when in an instant we both sat

BUF WEATH SERSES KEERLY OR the alert

once more. We had heard the creak of

Very stealthily we heard it nasa

along until it died away in the dis-

tance. Then the barenet gently enemed

his door and we set out in pursuit. Al-

ready our man had gone along until we

lery, and the corridor was all in dark-

ness. Softly we stole along until we

had come into the other wing. We

were just in time to catch a glimpse

of the tall, black-bearded figure, his

shoulders rounded, as he tip-toed down

the passage. Then he passed through

the same door as before, and the light

of the candle framed it in the dark-

ness and shot one single yellow beam

across the gloom of the corridor. We

shuffled cautiously towards it, trying

"What are you doing here, Barry-

great that he could hardly speak, and

the shadows sprang up and down from

the shaking of his candle, "It was the

window, sir, I go round at night to see

"Look here, Barrymore," said Sir

Henry, sternly; "we have made up

you, so it will save you trouble to tell

No lies! What were you doing at that

way, and he wrung his hands together

like one who is in the last extremity

"I was doing no harm, sir. I was hold-

"And why were you holding a candle

"Don't ask me, Sir Henry-don't ask

me! I give you my word, sir, that it is

night. Vaguely I could discern the

black bank of the trees and the light-

er expanse of the moor, for the moon was behind the clouds. And then I

sooner rather than later. Come, now!

The fellow looked at us in a helpless

our minds to have the truth out

that they are fastened."

"On the second floor?"

"Yes, sir, all the windows."

a step in the passage.

upright in our chairs, with all

rests."

thoroughly cleared.

"That's the truth, sir," said Barrymore. "I said that it was not my se-This I promised, and so the matter cret and that I could not tell it to you. So there is one of our small myster- But now you have heard it, and you ies cleared up. It is something to have will see that if there was a plot it was touched bottom anywhere in his bog not against you." in which we are floundering. We know This, then, was the explanation of

now why Stapleton looked with dis- the stealthy expeditions at night and favor upon his sister's suitor-even the light at the window. Sir Henry and when that suitor was so eligible a one I both stared at the woman in amazeas Sir Henry. And now I pass on to ment. Was it possible that this stolidly another thread which I have extricated respectable person was of the same out of the tangled skein, the mystery blood as one of the most notorious criminals in the country?

of the sobs in the night, of the tear-"Yes, sir, my name was Seldn, and stained face of Mrs. Barrymore, of the secret journey of the butler to the he is my younger brother. We humorwestern lattice window. Congratulate ed him too much when he was a lad, me, my dear Holmes, and tell me that and gave him his own way in every-I have not disappointed you as an thing until he came to think that the agent-that you do not regret the con- world was made for his pleasure, and fidence which you showed in me when that he could do what he liked in it. you sent me down. All these things Then, as he grew older, he met wickhave by one night's work been ed companions, and the devil entered into him until he broke my mother's I have said "by one night's work, heart and dragged our name in the dirt. From crime to crime he sank for on the first we drew entirely blank. lower and lower, until it is only the sat up with Sir Henry in his room mercy of God which has snatched him until nearly three o'clock in the morn-



"My God, what's that, Watson ?"

whole weight upon it. We had taken was always the little curly-headed boy might be attacked by him, and it may the precaution of leaving our boots be- that I had nursed and played with, as have been the thought of this which hind us, but, even so, the old boards an elder sister would. That was why made Sir Henry so keen upon the adsnapped and creaked beneath our he broke prison, sir. He knew that I tread. Sometimes it seemed impossible was here and that we could not rethat he should fail to hear our ap- fuse to help him. When he dragged proach. However, the man is fortunate- himself here one night, weary and your boots. The sooner we start the ly rather deaf, and he was entirely pre- starving, with the warders hard at his better, as the fellow may put out his occupied in that which he was doing. heels, what could we do? We took him light and be off." When at last we reached the door and in and fed him and cared for him. In five minutes we were outside the pane, exactly as I had seen him two and cry was over, so he lay in hiding wind and the rustle of the falling there. But every second night we made leaves. The night air was heavy with room, and as he did so Barrymore hoped that he was gone, but as long came out on the moor a thin rain besprang up from the window with a as he was there we could not desert sharp hiss of his breath, and stood, him. That is the whole truth, as I am livid and trembling, before us. His an honest Christian woman, and you dark eyes, glaring out of the white will see that if there is blame in the mask of his face, were full of horror matter it does not lie with my husand astonishment as he gazed from Sir band, but with me, for whose sake he has done all that he has." The woman's words came with an intense earnestness which carried con-

"Nothing, sir." His agitation was so, viction with them. "is this true, Barrymore?" "Yes, Sir Henry, Every word of it "Well, I cannot blame you for standing by your own wife, Forget what I have said. Go to your room, you two,

> matter in the morning." When they were gone we looked out of the window again. Sir Henry had flung it open, and the cold night wind beat in upon our faces. Far away in the black distance there still glowed that one tiny point of yellow light.

"I wonder he dares," said Sir Henry. "It may be so placed as to be only visible from here." "Very likely. How far do you think

"Out by the Cleft Tor, I think." "Hardly that."

"Well, it cannot be far if Barrymore had to carry out the food to it. And he is waiting, this villain, beside that candle. By thunder, Watson, I am going out to take that man!"

The same thought had crossed my own mind. It was not as if the Barrymores had taken us into their confidence. Their secret had been forced from them. The man was a danger to a signal," said I. "Let us see if there is drel for whom there was neither pity the community, an unmitigated scounnor excuse. We were only doing our duty in taking this chance of putting him back where he could do no harm. With his brutal and violent nature, others would have to pay the price if we held our hands. Any night for exPIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

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every plank before we dared to put our from the scaffold; but to me, sir, he ample, our neighbors the Stapletons

"I will come," said I

peeped through we found him crouch. Then you returned, sir, and my bro- door, starting upon our expedition. We ing at the window, candle in hand, his ther thought he would be safer on the hurried through the dark shrubbery. white, intent face pressed against the moor than anywhere else until the hue amid the dull moaning of the autumn We had arranged no plan of cam- sure if he was still there by putting a the smell of damp and decay Now paign but the baronet is a man to light in the window, and if there was and again the moon peeped out for an whom the most direct way is always an answer my husband took out some instant, but clouds were driving over the most natural. He walked into the bread and meat to him. Every day we the face of the sky, and just as we

(Continued on page three)

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Looking Down His Own Throat One of the quaintest reasons put forward for the origin of squinting was that given by a parent to Harold Grimsdale, who read a paper before the Childhood society on the detection of imperfect condition of eyesight. A boy had swallowed a large sugar almond, and it was owing to his attempts to locate its position in his throat that the squint had developed. If taken in time squint was curable, but too often parents neglected the symptoms and only scoided their children for a bad habit. Short sight was entirely a disease of civilization, being absent in savage races.

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