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THE WITCH OF CRAGENSTONE (Continued from page two) "soon buy a circlet!" the peddler cried, not seeing his companion's agitation. "That's a trinket for thee, Hetty." "A hot flush was on his face. "There wast a peddler at the Sign of the Red Heart a-selling them, and when I saw the gewgaws I thought at once on thee. Thou'rt so fond of trinkets, Hetty." "Had he succeeded in pleasing her this time? Simon's heart beat rapidly, and he could scarcely breathe with suspense as she slowly undid the wrapping, picked up the chain and hung it on the end of her finger, a dazed expression in her eyes; then she laughed a low, trilling, happy laugh. "Thou'ldst buy it for me, Simon?" "For thee, sweet Hetty." "The honest fellow's voice trembled with feeling, and tears of delight sprang to his eyes at sight of her pleasure. "Tis a good luck charm for lovers, they say." "Ha! doest, Simon?" "Hetty, dangle the chain and heart before the light of the candle blushed furiously. "Must do foolish things like spending thy money for trinkets for a cross patch maid who e'er finds fault with thee w/out adding on thy silly nonsense!" "Wilt wear it, Hetty?" he whispered, coming nearer. "Aye, gladly, Simon!" she cried, delighted with the gift, then, undoing the clasp and putting the chain about her white throat, said: "Couldst thou fasten it, Simon? My fingers are all thumbs, an' I'm all a-duster with surprise." He sprang to her assistance, taking the ends of the chain from her small hands. "A lucky day!" she continued in a lower voice. "I must wear it 'neath my kerchief. I wear, as mother is so wrauthful at a body's wearing a gewgaw. She says they are lappin' at the devil to make maids vain and worldly. Shame, Simon! Thou needst not pinch my neck with thy clumsy manners. Hist! 'Tis mother!" They sprang apart. Hetty sank into a chair, hastily covering up the chain and pendant, and Simon, bending over an open Bible, turned over the pages slowly, as if intent on looking for a certain verse. Mrs. Taunton entered, closing the door after her. "Good even, Simon Kempster. The night air growth chill!" "A fair greeting, good mistress." Simon pushed a chair toward her. "Yesternoon Josiah told me that some of thy lambs were ill, and I did but stop in to see if they were better of the malady." The dame seated herself gloomily. "Ah, woe is me!" she sighed. "All's adversity and trouble! Two more sheep lay down with the disease tonight. But, worse than that, Josiah, my good son, who hath ever had a hearty appetite, for the past fortnight almost refuseeth food." "What doth all Josiah?" Simon asked with interest. "No one can say," she answered, "but methinks 'tis the sight of so much wicked vanity and worldly display that our cousin hath seen fit to bring into this hitherto reverent village that hath upset Josiah. Ah, lackaday, such scenes as we performe must witness! Why, just tonight in going to the village I took the short path through the Mayland farm, and there before the door sat this papist lover of Margaret in a suit of lavender satin trimmed with gilt needlework, stringing a lute, and she, standing by with her hand on his shoulder, was humming the air of some French song. Both were so intent upon their wicked music that they did not even see me, Margaret's aunt. Such a sight sickened me, and I lamented my stultifness in taking the short way. To be a constant eye-witness of such foolishness, as perforce Josiah is, can ne'er help grieving him. Prithee, a pious, God fearing man, as he is well known to be, feels a responsibility for his cousin's soul and resents her cool and brazen determination to go her evil way." "Nay, good dame," Simon ventured to reassure her, "thou must ha' no fears for the loss of Mistress Mayland's soul, for I warrant thee that the spirit that must dwell in such a beautiful body could ne'er find else but a place in heaven." "There, that is the way w/ the men," cried the woman angrily—"ever seeing outward signs, which are devil's snares, and attributing them to the work of the good Lord!" Her eyes, glaring around wrathfully, chanced to catch a glimpse of the roses dangling from Hetty's little knot of black hair, which that maid in her pleasure at Simon's gift had entirely

allow chandler's on my way up here. "Tis good verse, Hetty, and of marvelous rhyme. Fare thee well, sweet." Then, taking up his hat, he strode to the door, calling his adieu loudly to the older woman, who answered in a muffled voice from the interior of the cupboard. Once safely in her room, Hetty drew the wooden bolt across the door and, sitting down before the piece of glass that constituted her mirror, removed her kerchief and with sparkling eyes looked at her white throat encircled by the silver chain. "If mother e'er sees it she will burn it," she whispered, looking toward the door to make sure she had secured it against intruders. "Now for Simon's missive. For all he loves his farm, methinks he is not entirely lacking in sentiment. Mayhap 'tis a love verse." Undoing the crumpled piece of paper, Hetty deciphered the writing with great difficulty. To sweete Hetty I fane Would bring a chain With a love charm of a hart That will never—no, never—let us part. Hetty walked to the window and lifted her flushed, pleased face to the calm star lit sky. "Methought never to have liked that clumsy Simon so well," she whispered. "His comparisons were e'er so homely I much disliked him, but now that he can write such love verses I ween that he's not without good parts." (Continued next week.) Women Wise in Dyes. need but a brief introduction to DY-O-LA—the dye that colours all materials—no matter how mixed. Colours are permanent, rich and lovely. Positively won't rub off or fade. Mrs. E. Creemer, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"DY-O-LA does not wash out like other dyes." There's no acids or poisons in DY-O-LA to harm the goods. Use with common salt. Card of home-dyed colours sent on receipt of 2c. stamp Address, the Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Can. Ask your druggist for a package. Enough to dye one-and-one-half to three pounds, 10c. Notice to Farmers. We have now prepared all varieties of Fancy Peas to give out to the growers and we would ask those who have left their order to grow for 1906 to call at once and take delivery of the seed. Those who wish to procure seed and have not selected the varieties or left their order, will please call at once as some of the desirable sorts are getting all booked up. We might say that the prices paid this year on many varieties are advanced over last season. JAS. M. SQUIER & SON, SQUIER & FLAVELLE. Stallion for Sale. "Baron Rothschild," the great Manbrino Facing Stallion, will be sold at a reasonable price owing to the ill-health and age of the owner. Baron Rothschild is 9 years old and has a private record of 2.26 (no public record). He is sired by Kean Rothschild, dam Daisy Bell, private record of 2.36. Daisy Bell is by Mambrino Southern 2.26, private trial 2.20. Baron Rothschild has proved himself to be a sure foal-getter and one of his progeny sold in Montreal two years ago for \$800.00, while many others have reached the \$200.00 mark. He has never been trained but can easily be made to make a record of 2.15. For particulars and extended pedigree, apply to JOHN SHEEHY, Fenelon Falls, Ont. 6-13.

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Hookin's P. J. HURLEY Kent-st. Old Stand. LINDSAY. SOLD HIS WIFE FOR SMALL SUM. According to a statement made by Mrs. Cowell of Gosfield North to Crown Attorney, John Reid of Windsor, to-day, Richard Cowell, the husband of the woman, made an offer to Frank Dobson, a neighboring farmer, to sell her. Mrs. Cowell also avers that the terms were accepted by Dobson and the deal was actually concluded by which she was sold for promissory notes aggregating less than fifty dollars. Chief Constable Masters was at once sent to Essex with a warrant for Cowell's arrest. Mrs. Cowell is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie, of Windsor. GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days, 50c.

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Grand Trunk Railway Time Table. ARRIVALS. 60 From Toronto..... 5.00 a.m. 59 From Peterboro..... 8.00 a.m. 58 From Haliburton..... 8.55 a.m. 57 From Port Hope..... 9.10 a.m. 56 From Cobocok..... 10.10 a.m. 55 From Toronto..... 10.50 a.m. 54 From Port Hope..... 2.05 p.m. 53 From I. B. & O. Jet..... 5.45 p.m. 52 From Port Hope..... 6.25 p.m. 51 From Whitby..... 7.80 p.m. 50 From Toronto..... 8.05 p.m. 49 From Whitby..... 8.45 p.m. 48 From Toronto..... 9.40 p.m. 47 From Belleville..... 9.45 p.m. DEPARTURES. 44 For Port Hope..... 6.00 a.m. 43 For Toronto..... 6.20 a.m. 42 For Belleville..... 7.30 a.m. 41 For Toronto..... 9.15 a.m. 40 For Port Hope..... 10.55 a.m. 39 For I. B. & O. Jet..... 11.00 a.m. 38 For Whitby..... 11.05 a.m. 37 For Toronto..... 12.05 p.m. 36 For Haliburton..... 2.40 p.m. 35 For Toronto..... 6.25 p.m. 34 For Cobocok..... 6.35 p.m. 33 For Peterboro..... 9.46 a.m. 32 For Toronto..... 8.05 a.m.

