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rrant issued by the the corporate seal b. 1902, and to me lots or parcels of hereby give notice shall on FRIDAY, 02, at the hour of Town of Lindsay. s much thereof as lawful charges in-

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Day Jack Pentecrosse!" recognized the Lady Anasta-

an to talk about Lynn and its people.

"She denies that she was married."

"Another woman was substituted.

"Another woman? Strange! Why

was she substituted? Who was she?"

the wedding. I was in the church."

found means to substitute another wo-

man dressed as Molly should have

been. I cannot understand it."

think you will ever find out?"

last will perhaps reveal the truth."

She was silent for a moment.

"Have you succeeded?"

weeks it will all be gone."

took the jewels?"

"Six months ago."

the lands."

"First he took the money and the

"What?" She sat up suddenly. "He

"He took them first. Then he sold

"He has had the jewels," she said,

he took the jewels. How long ago?"

wedding? Who was the bride?"

Molly was at home."

thought it was Molly."

STORY OF LOVE AND THE SEA

(Continued from last week) CHAPTER XVIII. HEN, six months later,

I returned from a Lord Fylingdale, having agreed to leave Molly free, had been put into possession without resistance of he bulk of her fortune and was makof "ducks and drakes" with it in Lon-

ore came into my head the thought | and charming manner, as if she was | him." of I might somehow, by going to oden, find out what manner of life ris led by my lord and in what ways wasted and scattered Molly's subnce. I could do nothing to stop or to inder the waste, yet when one knows truth it is generally more tolerable in the uncertainty.

thought over the plan for some its It assumed clearer shape. It wame a purpose. Molly, for her part, not live with her husband." other approved nor disapproved. She res for letting the man who pretended whe her husband work his wicked will nd do what he pleased provided that and a bull story-about the wedding." eleft her in peace.

The end of it was that I went to Lordon, riding with a small company and meeting with no adventures on the mir: that I put up at one of the inns entside Bishopsgate and that I found est my cousin and put the whole case before him. He was a grave and remusible citizen, a churchwarden and good standing in the Stationers'

"You want to know how Lord Fyandale spends his money. I can help un in this business."

h was by the kind offices of this genman, whom I found to be a person of quick wit and ready understanding, lesides being of a most obliging disusition, that I was enabled to see with ar own eyes an evening such as my ked loved. As for the details, you mst. if you please, hold me excused. Let it suffice that our observations bemat a gaming house and ended at a brem. At both places I kept in the heiground because I would not be

tengnized by Lord Fylingdale. He came in to the gaming table with the same lofty, cold carriage which he ad shown at our humble assembly. Eradvanced to the table; he began to My. No one could tell from his lordb's face whether he lost or won. In alf an hour or so my friend returned er corner. "He has lost a cool £500. by are whispering round the table at he loses hundreds every evening. the world is asking what gold the he possesses that he can stand ly's fortune. In a few months or

thew his gold mine." I replied. hasigh. "But it is nearly exhaust-

estaid a little longer. It was about fill in the evening that his lordship

Come," said my friend. "I know the where he will spend the next me or four hours. I can take you The bowls of punch and the and everything is provided as lordship's expense. Mr. Pentese, it must be not a gold mine, but the of Golconda, to bear this profu-

tell you, sir. whatever it is, the e is nearly run out." t will not be bad for the morals of

town when it has quite run out." is regards the tavern and its compahit is indeed astonishing to me that man should find pleasure in such empany and in such discourse. At bead of the table sat my lord. He Metred to be neither pleased nor disased. The drink flowed like a stream running water. It seized on all and ale their faces red, their voices thick. te noble leader sat unmoved, or, if ored at all, then by a kind of conapt. At 2 o'clock he arose and walkout into the street, where his chair

This is his humor," said my guide. ay is his passion. It is the one thing the lives for."

80 I had learned all that I wanted to low. It was now quite certain that were within a very short distance the end. The lands and houses, fleet and the business would be What next?

he day after this experience in the of a rake I paid a visit for the and only time to St. James' park the afternoon. It was, I remember, cold but clear and bright day in har. At the gates stood a crowd ackeys and fellows waiting for their and stamping on the ground the cold. Within a goodly "You can go," she said harshly, not within a goodiy | "You can go, she face. "You can go were the briskly up and down. | looking me in the face. "You can were the great people of Lonwhom I saw here. While I looked proffered hospitality of tea. "About proffered hospitality of tea." admiring the dresses of the ladies extravagances of the genwho seemed to vie with each goaded by wrongs intolerable to conin calling attention to themselves eir dress and by their gestures. passed me, walking alone, a lady ton at first I did not recognize. She blind bowever, and smartly tapped and with her fan. She carried the and design it was winter, just as the their canes from their

the cried, "It is my sailor!

character that awakens love and keeps it alive. A woman, Jack, loves a man. There is nothing more to be said. If he is a good man, so much the better; if not, still she loves him." She sighed heavily. "What do you sailors know about women? Virtue, fame and fortune do not make love, nor, Jack, which is a hard thing for you to believe, does all the wickedness in the world destroy love. A woman may be goaded into love. A woman may be goaded into revenge, but it makes her all the unhappy because love remains." revenge, but it makes her all the more

I went away, musing on this woman who sometimes seemed so true and earnest with all her fashion and affectations, for as she spoke about love the tears stood in her eyes as if she was speaking of her own case. But I never suspected her. I never had the least "And what is Jack Pentecrosse do- suspicion of her as the mysterious woing in this wicked town? And how is

Molly, the countess? Come, Jack, to my house. It is not far from here. I my consin's shop, where there were should like a talk with you and to hear | half a dozen gentlemen talking volubly the news. And I will give you a dish about new books, among them my of tea. Why, I left Lynn in disgrace- friend who had taken me to the gamdid I not? On account of the grand ing house and to the tavern. When he jury of Middlesex? It was that even- saw me, he slipped aside. "Mr. Penteing when Lord Pylingdale turned upon | crosse," he said, "your cousin reminds me that I once told him what I could Her house was not very far from | learn concerning an unfortunate poet St. James street. As we walked along | named Semple. If you would like to she discoursed pleasantly in her soft | see him. I think I can take you to

nade happy just by meeting me and I thanked him and said that I would as if she had always been thinking willingly have speech of Mr. Semple. So he led me down Little Britain and, She placed me in a chair before the by a maze of streets, to a place calldre. She sat opposite. She rang the | cd Turnagain lane. He stopped at an bell and called for tea. Then she beopen door. The street in the waning

"Tell me, Jack, about your friend Molly. Is she reconciled to her rank and title yet? I believe that she does "lies in the top chamber. You will find him there unless I mistake not, because he cannot conveniently go "Ah! I have heard, in fact, that abroad."

light looked squalid and the houses

there is some sort of a story-a cock So saying he left me, and I climbed up the dark and dirty staircase, some | nothing more to do with London. A faint voice bade me come in.

"I know not. The matter is a mystery. Certain it is, however, that Lord Fylingdale was married. I myself saw "You were in the church?" She raised ber fan for a moment. "You were in the church? And you saw the a man in the bed, a table and a chair. resentment and jealousy. On the mantelshelf stood a candle-"I do not know. At the time I box.

"Jack," she leaned over, looking me "Who is it?" asked the man in the full in the face, "have you no suspi-

"None. I cannot understand how all you Sam Semple?" in a moment and when he found that Molly was not there the bridegroom

"I know that voice." The man sat up. "Is it the voice of Jack Pentecrosse?" "The same. What cheer, man?" For all answer he buest out crying

like a child. "It is, as you say, strange. Do you "Oh, Jack," he said, "I am starving. I made up my mind to starve. I have "Why not? There are three persons no longer any clothes. I have not even in the plot-Lord Fylingdale, Mr. Pura candle. I have no money. I have den and the woman. One of the two not even a sheet of paper to write a

letter, and I deserve it all-yes, I deserve it all." "Well, and what are you doing in "Why, this is bad. But let me first get you some food. Then we will talk." "I came to learn, if I can, some-I went down stairs and found a wothing of Lord Fylingdale's private man who told me of a shop where I could get some necessaries, and I pres-

ently returned bearing food and a bot-"He is a gambler and a rake. He is tle of wine, some coals and candles rapid'y wasting the whole of poor Moland a warm coat, which I thought would be useful. "Yes," she replied. "All will be

mostly stuffed with rags in place of glass-in a word, everything betokened the greatest extremity of poverty. As "Oh, tell me no more! He is wasting for the man himself, he had neither and destroying. It is his nature. First coat, waistcoat nor shoes. He sat on the bed half dressed, but the rest of his wardrobe had been pawned or sold. There were no books, there were no papers, there was nothing to show his calling, and there was no sign of food.

At the sight of my basket and its contents the man fell to. With just such a rage have I seen a sailor picked up at sea from an open boat fall upon food and devour it. Nor did Sam finish till he had devoured the whole of the cold beef and bread, a goodly ration, and swallowed the whole of the bottle of wine, a generous allowance. Then he breathed a sigh of satisfaction and put on the thick coat which I had bought for him.

"Well," I said, "can we now talk?" "Jack, you have saved my life. But I shall be hungry again tomorrow. Lend me a little money."

"I will lend you a guinea or two. But tell me first how you came here. thought you were in the confidence of

a certain noble lord." pain. Her smiling mouth became hard.

him! The lying villain!" get for it?"

dered what this change might mean. You will think that I was a very simple person not to guess more from all Lynn." these indications. She pushed back her "Yes, I understand. You invented the chair and sprang to her feet. She

spa. The water in the well"-"The water is very good water. It could do no harm. I wrote to the doctor. I invented the analysis, applying ber the date well and shall always re-else. You will despise me; you will it from another. I told him about the member it. The Lady of Lynn had ar curse me. Yet I must needs speak." discovery and the things said by the rived two days before and we were "Madam, I protest I know not what newspapers. There was no discovery. moored off the quay. At 2 o'clock or you mean." Nobody had heard of the water. No thereabout one of the stable boys my lord and his friends."

"They were all his friends, then?" bully and a gamester. Sir Harry is a but in the morning had asked if my ary." shares her bank with Lord-Fylingdale. It was, she desired that a boy from the am." They were a nest of sharpers and vil- stables might carry this message to lains, and their business and mine me.

shining virtues of his lordship."

what were you to get by it for your-

"I was to have an appointment under government of £200 a year at least." "Well?"

"I was to have it directly after the marriage. That was the promise. I have it in writing."

"And you have not got it?" "No, and I shall not get it. When I claimed it, his lordship asked me to read the promise. I showed it to him. I had kept it carefully in my pocketbook. 'On the marriage of Lord Fylingdale with Miss Molly.' What do you think he said? Oh, villain, villain?"

"What did he say?" "He said: 'Hold there, my friend! "On the marriage." Very well, I say that I am not married to that lady. Very oddly, the lady swears that she is not married to me. Now, when that I took oars into the city and went to lady acknowledges the marriage I will fulfill my promise. That is fair, is it not?' Then I lost my head and forgot his rank and my position, and the next moment I was knocked into the street by his lackeys without salary, without

anything. Oh, villain, villain!" It seemed as if there was here some opening, of what nature I knew not. However, I spoke seriously to Sam. I pointed out that in introducing a broken gamester, a profligate, a man of no honor or principle, the companion of profligates and gamesters, to the simple folk of Lynn, who were ready to believe anything, he had himself been guilty of an act more villainous even than the breaking of this contract. I gave him, however, a guinea for present necessities, and I promised him 5 guineas more if he would write a his-"The darling of Parnassus," he said, | tory of the whole business so far as he was concerned. And I undertook to leave this money with my cousin, the bookseller, to be paid over to him on receiving the manuscript.

And, this business arranged, I had of the steps of which had been taken had been, however, as you shall presaway for firewood, and presently ently learn, more successful than I myfound myself at the top of the last | self understood, for I had learned by flight before a closed door. I knocked. | actual presence the daily life and conversation of this noble lord, and I had There was no fire in the fireplace; laid the foundation for a proof of the there was no candle. By the faint light | conspiracy to disguise his true characwhich struggled through the window I | ter. and, what was much more imporperceived that I was in a garret; that | tant, I had unwittingly fired the mind all the furniture visible was a bed and of the mysterious woman berself with

We were now, indeed, although we stick without a candle and a tinder knew it not, very near to the end of these troubles.

I returned with the satisfaction of bringing with me the confession of the "I am in search of Sam Semple. Are conspiracy which we had long known. Still it is one thing to know of a conspiracy and quite another thing to have a plain confession by one of the chief conspirators. You may imagine that the poet was not long in writing out a full and complete confession and in claiming the 5 guineas of my cousin, who took the liberty of reading the document and of witnessing his signature before he gave up the money.

> One after the other the victims of Lord Fylingdale's perfidy and of their own wickedness came over, so to speak, to the other side, impelled by rage and the desire for revenge, and made confession. The first was our old friend Sam; the second was Colonel Lanyon. Like the poet, he also fell upon evil days. But, less lucky than Sam, he had lost his liberty and was now a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench pris-

By the light of the candle and the The voice of the third confederate fire I could perceive that the condition followed. It was a voice from the of the unhappy poet was miserable in- tomb. Sir Henry Malyns, the poor old deed. Never was there a more wretch- beau who had lived for 80 years in ed den of a garret. The plaster had the world of fashion, who had spent fallen from the walls, the window was his patrimony and had in the end been reduced to the miserable work of a decoy, as you have heard, was at last summoned to render an account of his life. He repented of his degradation as the secret servant of Lord Fylingdale; he repented of his share in the deception which led to the promise, if not the performance, of marriage between his patron and Miss Molly. And ue dictated to some one who attended him in his last moments a brief note, which was accepted in the spirit of forgiveness which he desired.

Next came the Rev. Benjamin Pur den. A. M., in a truly impudent letter to Captain Crowle, which the captain read to us all. The reverend gentleman exposed the whole scheme.

CHAPTER XIX.



FREE. the pretended marmagnificent property

"Tell me more. What were you to at the quay and the counting house are very good to come when ! call. It had been sent to his lordship's attor-"It was I who invented an excuse neys. In one short twelvemonth the call from me." for taking my lord and his friends to destruction had been such that in June there was actually nothing teft-nothing out of that princely fortune except | make thee my bitter enemy-yes, my the fleet of ships and the general busi-

was to spread abroad reports of the I landed at our own quay. I say our case of jewels." own, but it was no longer ours-that "Molly's jewels. Yes, I told you how for a worthless man. Women are so. nounced you all at his assembly. But conversation with the captain of one of ly's fortune."

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our ships. He beckoned me to speak with him. When he had finished his discourse with the captain, he turned

to me. bas now begun. Tell Captain Crowle. you see, they were my own." I should choke if I had to tell him. Alas, poor man! It seems as if the ly's." work of his life was ruined and destroyed." So saying, be handed me a riage had nothing. All became my letter to read. It was from my lord's lord's property. The jewels were mine, attorneys, Messrs. Bisic & Son. "I Jack, mine by promise and compact." suppose," said the manager, "that they are really acting for his lordship Their power of attorney cannot be de kneeling at the boxes where they connied, can it? Mr. Redman, our attor fess to the priest. Jack, will you be ney, says that there is nothing for it

but obedience."

The letter was short: sord as argently pressed for money and begs that the usual channel for moneys in hand. Your obe-Bisic & Son, Attorneys. dient servants.

"A draft for moneys in hand!" cried the manager. "There are no moneys in hand! And I have to sell without delay a tall ship, cargo and all as she stands. Without delay! Who is to buy that ship-without delay?"

I returned him the letter and shook my head. My ship perhaps was the one to be sold. She was the latest arrival. She was filled with wine. The cargo belonged altogether to the house. So I should be turned adrift when just within hail, so to speak, of becoming a captain. I could say nothing in consolation or in hope. I walked away, my heart as heavy as lead. Never before had I felt the true meaning of this ruin and waste. All around me the noble edifice built by Molly's grandfather and her father and continued by her guardian had been pulled down bit by

But one felt the loss of a farm or a house very little. It was not until the ships, too, were threatened that the full enormity of the thing, the incredible wickedness of the conspirators, was borne in upon my mind. It threatened to ruin me, you see, as well as Molly.

Therefore I walked across the market place to the Crown inn more gloomy in my mind than I can describe. Hitherto, somehow, a ship seemed safe. No one would interfere with a ship. Like Lord Fylingdale himself, I was ready to ask whether a ship could be bought and sold-that is to say, I knew that she was often bought and sold, but I never thought that any of Molly's ships -any other ships as much as you please, but not Molly's ships-could be brought to the hammer.

The lady sent word that she would receive me. Imagine my surprise. She was none other than the Lady Anastasia. She was greatly changed in six months. I had seen her last, you remember, in January; when I met her in the park. She was then finely dressed, a handsome woman, with a winning manner and a smiling face. Thus she was when I met her. When I left her, this time a whole she was a bandsome woman marred

year had passed since with a consuming wrath. Now I should hardly have known riage and our submis- her. She was plainly attired, without sion. Never was a patches or paint, wearing a gray silk dress. But the chief change was not so destroyed and di in her dress, but in her face. She was minished in so short a pale, and her cheeks were haggard. time. Farms, lands, houses, were sold | She looked like a woman who had re-"He is a villain, Jack. He is the for what they would fetch - at half cently suffered a severe illness and greatest villain unbung. Oh, hanging | their value, a quarter of their value | was, indeed, not yet fully recovered .is too good for him! After all I did for All the money out at mortgage had "Jack"-she advanced, giving me her been called in; all the money received hand with her old graciousness-"you

is the last time that you will obey any

"Why the last time, madam?" "Because, Jack, I am now going to enemy for life." She tried to smile, but her eyes grew bumid. "I can nev-It was on the 15th of June-I remem- | er be regarded henceforth as anything

"And I, Jack, I protest I know not physician sent any of his patients there. from the house came aboard bringing how to begin. Do you remember tast The only visitors from London were a message for me. A lady lodging at January, when we talked together? the Crown desired to see me immedi- Let me begin there-yes, it will be best ately. The lady had arrived in the to begin there. I do not think I could "All. His reverence is in the pay of evening in a post chaise, having with begin at the other end. It would be Beelzebub, I believe. The colonel is a her a maid. She had given no name, like a bath of ice cold water in Janu-

well known decoy. Lady Anastasia ship was in port, and, on learning that "I remember our conversation, mad-

"You told me-what was it you toldme? Something about a certain box or

"All this, or part of it, we found out is, Molly's quay. At the door of the his lordship seized upon them at the times go mad after a man and for his ated Molly. It was perhaps out or love or guessed. The vicar publicly de-counting bouse stood the manager in first when he claimed courted over Mol-

"You told me that. It was in January. He had seized upon them six months before. The thing surprised me. He had always told me that he "Mr. Pentecrosse," he said, "the worst | could not get those jewels, and, Jack, "Yours, madam? But they were Mol-

"Not at all. Molly after her mar-I understood nothing.

"I have seen in France the women my priest? I can confess to you what I could never confess to Molly, though I have wronged ber. Jack, oh, my We have noted your information conveyed in priest!" Here she fell on her knees and clasped her hands. "No, no!" she cried. "I will not rise-on my knees, on my knees, not to ask your pardon, but for the shame and the disgrace and the

villainy!" "Madam, I pray-I entreat." I took ber by both hands. I half lifted her and half assisted her. She sank into an armchair, sobbing and crying, and covered her face with her hands. She was not play acting. No. no, it was real sorrow, true shame, Ob, there was revenge as well. No doubt there was revenge. If she had been wicked, she had also been wronged. Presently she recovered a little. Then she sat up and began to talk.

"I am the most miserable woman in the world, and I deserve my misery. Jack, when you go back to your ship fall on your knees and thank God that you are poor and that Molly has been robbed of her fortune and is also poor. Oh, to be born rich-believe me, it is a thing most terrible. It makes men like Lord Fylingdale, who have nothing to do but to follow pleasure-such pleasure! Ah, merciful beaven, such pleasure! And it makes women, Jack, tike me. We, too, follow pleasure like the men. We become gamblers. There is no pleasure for me like the pleasure of gambling. We fall in love for the pleasure and whim of it till we are slaves to men who treat us worse than they treat their dogs, worse than they treat their lackeys. Then we forget bonor and honesty; then we throw away reputation and good name. We accept recklessly shame and disbonor. My name has become a byword. But what of that? I have been a man's slave. I have done his bidding." "But how, madam"-still I under-

stood very little of this talk, yet hecame suspicious when she spoke thus of the jewels-"how came Molly's jewels to be your own?" "I tell you, Jack, by promise and

compact. I must go back to another discourse with you. It was on a certain evening a year ago. You had made the fine discovery that Lord Fylingdale was a gamester and the rest of it. You told me. You also told me that Molly would not keep her promise and would certainly not be at the church in the morning. Do you remember?" "I remember that we talked about things."

"We did. Go back a month or two earlier. By a most monstrous deception I was brought here. I was told first that it was in order to further some political object, which I did not believe; next, to help him in getting the command of this money-some women, I said, easily lose their sense of honor and of truth when they want to please their lovers. As for marriage, be declared for the hundredth time that there was but one woman in all the world whom he would marry-myself. Now do you understand? He had deceived me. Very well. Then I would deceive him. At first my purpose was to await in the church the coming of the bride and expose the character of the man. Since she was not coming I would take her place." "What? It was you, then-you-

you?" "Yes, Jack. I was the woman you saw at the rails. I had a pink silk cloak like that of Molly. I am about the same height as Molly. I wore 2 domino, as had been arranged. You took me for Molly."

"But if you were the bride"-"I was the bride. I am the Countess of Fylingdale-for my sins and sorrows-his wretched wife."

"But you woul" be revenged. And et you suffered this monstrous fraud." "I was revenged. Yet why did I say nothing? Did I not say that you could never forgive me? Well, I have no excuse only when I said that women like me, with nothing to do, some-

(Continued on Page 4.)



face became hard and drawn as with

The light died out of her eyes. She be-

came suddenly 20 years older. I won-

walked over to the window and looked

out upon the cold street, in which there

were flying flakes of snow. Then she

came back and stood before the fire.

go," she repeated, forgetting her

that woman, Jack, you may find her

yet. Many a wicked woman has been

fess her wickedness. I think you may

find her. It will be too late to save

Molly's fortune. But when it is all

spent there will be a chance for you,

Jack." She turned upon me a wan and

sad smile. "Happy Molly!" she added,

laying her hand upon my arm with the

sweet graciousness that she could com-

mand. "Jack." she added, "I think we

may pity that poor wretch who person-