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nce pasture and cement 42 x 60: arn 30 x 76; pro; eight onvenient to creamery. er. For furor at Rea's

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VICE.

Time Table

7.40 a.m. 7.43 a.m. 7.56 a.m. 8.03 a.m. 8.15 a.m. 8.27 a.m. 8.32 a.n. 8.40 a.m. 8.50 a.m. 10.25 a.m. 5.00 p.m. 6.50 p.m.

6.58 p.m. 7.05 p.m4 7.10 p.m. 7.20 p.m. 7.25 p.m. 7.33 p.m. 7.42 p.m. 7.50 p.m. 8.00 p.m. 9.15 a.m.

10.55 a.m. 11.05 a.m. 11.15 a.m. 11.21 a.m. 11.26 a.m. 11.35 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 11.53 a.m. 12.05 p.m. 12.15 p.m. 12.25 p.m.

4.30 p.m. 4.40 p.m. 4.52 p.m. 5.01 p.m. 5.10 p.m. 5.20 p.m. 5.29 p.m. 5.34 p.m. 5.40 p.m. 5.50 p.m.

6.00 p.m. 7.30 p.m. STOP, WOMEN AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman -a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, and for many years under her direction, and since her decease, her advice has been freely given to sick women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from,

it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Sar asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does | my testimonial, that others may know their not take advantage of this generous offer value and what you have done for me. of assistance. - Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result. First letter.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:-"For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month. The pains are exeruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have a severe female trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."-Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Sts., Washington, D. C.

and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you and always helpful.

The Bridal Eve

(Continued from Page 2.)

wrapped in forgetfulness, that sense of

per. I have had dreams, and mutter in-

"In other words, after a heavy sup-

"And upon the ramblings of an un-

easy dream you would found a charge

of guilt. Have you never dreamed of

doing things that you really never

could do-flying, for instance?" he in-

guilt remembers and raves."

coherent words in my sleep."

"Yes, you talk in your sleep."

"As you know, I wrote you that my Following we publish two letters could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realise the value of writing to you and your remedy,"-Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D.C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice-it is free

"Come, this is the prologue! let us

tinued Ruth, in the tone and manner of one speaking under a powerful inward you lurk around Lester House, hiding lair, like some wild beast crouching of it at the time, then?" interrupted in the deepest shadows, and from your to spring upon its prey, you watch the watch until it has passed; then swiftly and silently you dart down the basement stairs; you examine all the doors for you sealed my lips." and windows, and find one window carelessly left unfastened; you raise it and creep into the kitchen, closing it after you; you pause, watching and

out what then you only thought and

"Listen, then, Robert Thugsen," con-

ed the bedclothes, so that his left side is entirely exposed; their is nothing to shield his heart from your dagger's point; if the fiend had prepared his victim for the sacrifice, he could not have been readier for your hand.

"One blow and all will be over! But one or all will be lost! You clutch your Robert Thugsen, I must do my duty. dagger with a firmer grasp, and bend ing of that heart you mean to stop forever! You direct your dagger's pointone firm plunge, and the deed of death is ordered for execution on Monday.

up! glares upon you with his dying and affrighted eyes-shrieks forth that household! You fly! With the swiftness and silentness of the serpent you slip through the halls, glide down the stairs, and so effect your escape. Satan favors you, for as you emerge again from the kitchen window, the watch has just passed; they have not heard that smothered cry of murder; nor through the thick walls and closed shutters can they hear the hurrying footsteps of the roused household as it pours on toward the chamber of

murder! "You escape; you think your deed of darkness hid forever from the world; but, Robert Thugsen, I repeat, each night, when sleep has closed your eyes and sealed your senses, conscience awakes and re-enacts every minute scene of that tragedy, speaking out, what then you only thought and felt, as well as what you saw and did!" concluded Ruth, shuddering.

Could she have seen his face as she finished her narrative she had trusted her own life in his hands for another hour; but the gathering shadows of night concealed it from her; but his tones were light and bantering, as he said:

"A singular psychological phenomenon! What else? That cannot be all upon which you found your opinion of my guilt?" "It is enough; yet it is not all."

"What more?" "The dagger!"

"The dagger?" "Yes, Robert Thugsen, the dagger that was found in Mr. Cassinove's hand, but with which you had done the

now? What about the dagger? Come, what about it?" "It was produced to-day in court;

recognized it; it was yours! "Upon my word, you are trying to get up quite a case against me. Anything more?"

"Alas, yes! "Out with it, then? xet us have the whole at once. Never make two bites at a cherry.' You, I think, have made ten at this, and have not finished it yet. Come, what more?"

"The sheath." "Oh, ha, ha, ha! this woman certainly be the death of me! ha, ha! First it was the dagger; now it is the sheath! Ha, ha, ha! Well, what about the sheath?" "The night upon which you came

to me at the cottage at Chelsea, you threw off your coat upon the bedroom floor, I took it up to hang it-" "As you would like to hang its ownhave the play," said Thugsen, ironicaler," interposed Thugsen,

"As I raised it up, something fell from the pocket; I stooped to see what it was, and picked up the empty sheath impulse. "Each night, in dreams, again of your antique Toledo poniard; it was crusted thickly with dried blood-"Why the demon did you not speak

"Horror transfixed me. When I recovered the use of my faculties, fear

"Fear for me?" "Yes, fear for you! Laura Elmer, as I told you, was my guest that night. Her suspicions were already aroused against you; she might have overheard any words that passed between us. So I hid away the tell-tale sheath, and should never have spoken of it again, had not young Cassinove been convicted. Oh, Robert! the guiltless must

"Hush!" exclaimed Thugsen, with with the Duchess of Beresleigh, or the Duchess of Beresleigh with me?"

"You should have nothing to do with her, more than a spirit of darkness has to do with an angel of light; and yet you have twice cruelly deceived her." "Explain yourself, Ruth; by my soul, I do not understand you."

"Thugsen, you have buried me here, in the obscurest part of London. I am so completely isolated in this crowded quarter of the town as though I were in the midst of the deserts of Asia, or the forests of America. I speak to no person-I see no paper-and you think that I am, therefore, ignorant of what goes on in the great world; and so I am, to a great extent. But this morning a piece of an old newspaper fell into my hands. It came around a parcel that I had brought from the draper's. Your name attracted me to a paragraph, and there I read a short account of the charge brought against the young Duchess of Beresleigh." She paused, and held her hand to her side, as though in pain.

"Go on," said Thugsen. "I discovered by that account that you had cruelly deceived her twice. First, when she was a young girl, and you were hiding in her foster-mother's house, you passed yourself off for a single man, and attempted to consummate a marriage with her, a crime, the completion of which was prevented by the timely arrival of the constable in search of you. And now, when years have passed, and she is the lawful wife of one of England's proudest peers, you, knowing that you have not the smallest shadow of a claim upon her notice, dare to demand her as your wife, and threaten her with a criminal prosecution if she repulses you. Of course you are aware that that highborn lady can know nothing of the poor, obscure woman, who owns the position into which you would force her, nor could you suppose that any accident would reveal the wrongs of the Duchess of Beresleigh to me." Thugsen started, and walked once or twice up and down the floor; then pausing before her, and speaking with

as much calmness as he could assume "To whom have you gossiped of these matters?" "To no one on earth." "So help you Heaven?"

"So help me Heaven, in my dyin "It is well; I believe you," said Thugsen, taking his seat near her, and the demon into your council, else I de an instant; he sat up, wiped his brow, not see how you ever contrived to stared at Ruth with that confusion of smass such an amount of evidence stared at Ruth with that confusion of against an innocent man, and that mind that extreme pain and exhaustion man your own husband. And now, what produces, and exclaimed: de von man to do with it?"

"And if I do not choose to fly from

"It will not be a false charge." "But if I do not choose to fly?" "Then your blood be upon your own ead; for whether you fly or not. What duty? How will you do it?" inquired the man, in a low, stifled voice.

"Listen. This is Thursday, Cassinove | sed. On Monday, also, the trial of the Duchawakens! The wounded man bounds you until to-morrow evening to make time to reach Doven, and take the boat for Calais. To-morrow evening I will place all the facts with which I am acquainted in the hands of the police." "Ha! ha! ha! Why, even if the evidence were worth anything, it could not be taken from you. You are my

you could not be received in court, but rifled wife. I could give what information I possess to the police, and let them follow it up as they please. I must do this; it will kill or craze me, but I must." "And this is your final resolution?" "It is; oh, Robert, fly and save your-self! I have still a little money left;

you can take it all." "Come, I have had no dinner to-day, life, as you would answer on the last light the lamps and see to the soup." With a deep sigh at his apparent insensibility, Ruth lighted a lamp and sat changed the basins, but I never did it upon the table, and then went out to anything to the soup." attend to the dinner.

Thugsen made a turn or two around Thugsen, in horror. the room, muttering to himself:

very wretched, that it would be 2 mercy to put her out of her misery, by some quick and easy process, especially as it must be done if I am to have Rose restored to me; yet I would have spared her as long as possible; spared her forever, if I could have smuggled her off somewhere. Allons, a willful woman must have her way; it is her fault, and not mine."

small vial filled with a grayish-white powder, and muttering: "I have had this quietus about me "What the fiend are you driving at for the last ten days, without having followed by convulsions so violent that the courage to administer it to the he fell from the chair, and writhed uponly one on earth that loves me. But on the floor. now that very one, besides being the

greatest obstacle to my worldly advancement, is, also, the most dangerous enemy to my safety. Her life or mine must fall. Well, self-preservation is the first law of nature. It will soon be over; she will not suffer much, and then-why, then I shall be at peace -" He suddenly ceased muttering, and closed his hand upon the little vial as he heard the approaching foot-

steps of his doomed wife. Ruth came in, bearing in each hand a basin of soup. She sat one down beside her own plate at the head of the table, and the other beside his, at the foot. Then she returned to the kitchen for something else.

As soon as she had left the room, Thugsen went to the table and poured the contents of the little vial inte her basin of soup, saw the powder dissolve, and then immediately went into the adjoining bedroom to destroy the vial. He looked around, and seeing a hole in the plastering, dropped it through, where it fell into some inaccessible depth in the wall. Meanwhile, he heard Ruth moving

about the dining-room, and arranging the dishes upon the table. He paused a moment to compose himself, and then "Your dinner is quite ready, Robert, said Ruth, sitting down at the table.

eating his soup. Presently he looked up Ruth was looking down upon hers, and delicately skimming it, and dropping the scum into a waste plate. "What is that?" he inquired, un-

He took his seat and commenced

"Only a little soot fallen upon my soup," she replied, beginning to eat. He was reassured. Soot was black; the powder he had poured into the soup was white, and, besides, he had seen it dissolve. He watched her eating. Poor creature! notwithstanding her troubles, she ate rather eagerly, for she was faint and hungry from long

"She enjoys her last meal without a thought that she partakes of it in her last hour. Well, after all, how much easier her death will be than if she should live to die what is called a natural death-a long, painful illness, slowly wearing out her life. It will soon be over; I hope, even in that little time, she will not suffer much, thought Thugsen, as he watched her. "You do not eat your soup; there is no soot fallen into yours?" inquired

"No, there is none in mine," replied Thugsen, with a hidden significance, as he fell to and rapidly finished his

Ruth removed the empty basins, and began to carve the roasted fowl that formed the next course. Thugsen watched her for some sign of approach-There was none as yet. Ruth finish-

ed carving, and set his favorite pieces "Are you not going to take any?" "No; the soup was quite enough for

me; I felt faint and hungry when I sat down, but my appetite has gone off "You are not well," said Thugsen.

"I am as well as I can be, with the anxiety that oppresses my mind, Rob-

"Ah! you are still resolved to inform the police of what you suspect to-

"Alas! yes, Robert! but not until "I think you will not," said Thugsen aughing defiantly; but in the midst f that laugh, his face turned pale, and

shiver passed over his frame. What is the matter?" said Ruth. "A sudden qualm; you upset me with your diabolical nonsense; it is over now-bring in the pudding." Ruth cleared the table, and went out nto the kitchen to fetch the pudding.

When she returned she found Thugsen white and convulsed in his chair. She sat down the dish, and ran to him, ex-"Robert! Robert! what is the mat-"Ill, ill to death!" gasped the

sufferer, while a cold sweat bathed his my dying burning up!" whispered Thugsen, burning up!" whispered Thugsen, what you have to sell and give cash price on what you have to sell and give cash price on Ruth poured out a glass of brandy,

Ruth hastily poured out a glass of water, and held it to him. He drank it eagerly, swallowing with

Windsor Castle.

J. R. C. Honeyman, Deputy Mini-ster of Agriculture for the North-

"But I am! How is that?" "I do not know, Robert. You talk, and act, and look so strangely. Come into four room and lie down, and perhap you will be better," said Ruth, gently

aking his arm to assist him. But a third, and more violent fit o pain and shivering seized the man; his features were blackened and distorted; his limbs drawn up and convul-

this? You are not ill!"

Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of On-Ruth was dreadfully frightened; sh Hon.R.P. Roblin, Premier of Manisupported his head, and wiped away the icy sweat from his brow. As soon as the fit passed, and he regained the power of utterance, he glared at Ruth,

and shrieked: "You have poisoned me! you have poisoned me! Murderess, you shall swing for it!"

"I-I-Robert? I polson you? But you don't know what you are sayingyou are so ill. Come, let me help you to bed, and I will run for the apothe "I know, and my evidence against cary over the way," exclaimed the ter-

"Traitress! murderess! poisoned me, and you know it!" "Answer me, woman! what did you

do to the soup while I was in the bed-"Nothing, on my soul and honor." "Nothing? Think-answer on your

day! what did you do to the soup?" "Nothing, as I hope for salvation! I "You changed the basins!"

"Yes; when I came in I noticed, for "She knows too much; she knows the first time, that a little soot had too much; her own lips have spoken fallen into yours, and knowing you to her own doom; it can be delayed no be very dainty with your eating, I longer. Yet, poor Ruth! but she is so changed the basins—giving you mine, and taking yours. You saw me afterward, at dinner, taking the soot off." While she spoke, he sat listening, with a face blanched by bodily pain,

horror, and despair. Ruth gazed at him in consternation, exclaiming: "There was no ill in what I did, Robert, was there? I did it for your sake.

Oh, Robert, what is the meaning of "You have poisoned me! that is it-His words, arrested by a spasm, were

Ruth dared delay no longer. She rushed from the house, and ran across

the way, into the apothecary's shop, "Oh, Mr. Jones, for Heaven's sake, come immediately! I do fear my husband is dying in a fit!" "Your husband? Who is he? Has he

been drinking?" inquired the drug-"No, no; he fears it is poison! but it cannot be that, and I do not know what it is! Oh, do, pray sir, be quick! It is just over the way," cried Ruth, dis-

Mr. Jones took his hat, and ins mediately attended Ruth. They found Thugsen extended on the floor, bathed in a cold sweat, and nearly speechless through exhaustion. Mr. Jones knelt down by his side, and began to examine his condition, while Ruth, in an agitated manner, recounted the first symptoms of his at-

"It seems a case of poisoning by strychnine, madam," said the chemist, "Yes, yes, it was in the soup; she

prepared it," gasped Thugsen. "I will return again immediately," said the chemist, leaving the room and hurrying over to his shop, whence he dispatched his shop boy to fetch a policeman. Then, calling his assistant to attend him, he returned to the house, bringing with him the most powerful known antidotes to strychnine. With the help of his young man, he

undressed Thugsen and put him to bed, when the convulsions returned with accelerated violence. As soon as these had left, and he was able to swallow, the druggist administered the antidotes, which procured the patient a short respite from acute suffering. Meanwhile, the shop boy arrived with the policeman.

"Take that woman in charge, and see that she does not make her escape. I suspect her of having poisoned her husband!" said Mr. Jones to the

"Me! me!" cried Ruth, in dismay. "He charges you, with much appart reason, madam! You alone prepared the dinner; he was taken ill after His illness is the effect of strychnine. You will, therefore, see the propriety of your being kept in restraint until the affair can be investigated," said Jones. "But I am innocent; indeed, I am,

sir. If he has taken strychnine, I cannot imagine how it could have got into the soup, unless-oh! my Lord!" exclaimed Ruth, sinking into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, as a suspicion of the truth, for the first time, glanced into her mind. "Officer, do your duty," said the

The policeman advanced toward She held up her hands deprecating-

Oh, do not remove me from this room! I am innocent. He is my husband; let me stay to watch him. I will not run away; indeed I will not." "If you please, sir, I can take the woman into custody, and keep her in this room all the same," urged the "Very well; see that she does not

elude you and make her escape," said And the policeman told Ruth that she was his prisoner, and must not

leave the room, and then he took up his position at the door. "He seems easier, Don't you think he may get over it, sir?" said Ruth, wringing her hands.

"Impossible to tell, ma'am. It will be a severe struggle between the powers of life and death. The very antidotes I am obliged to administer are terribly exhausting," said the cautious As if to prove his words true. Thug-

en was again seized with frightful convulsions. His face was black, and his frame horribly distorted

(Continued on Page 12.

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East Peterboro, Norwood, Gct. 9-10. Coe Hill-October 11. Bancroft-October 12. Bradford, Oct. 16-17.

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