

ER 9th, 1902.

say

Total Cost	Town's Share
240.00	\$ 146.00
978.00	\$ 614.00
951.00	\$ 603.00
2060.00	\$ 1340.00
494.00	\$ 466.00
1700.00	\$ 1100.00
1274.00	\$ 848.00
2052.00	\$ 1634.00
1586.00	\$ 1043.00
1224.00	\$ 786.00
1149.00	\$ 758.00
600.00	\$ 388.00
1074.00	\$ 735.00
794.00	\$ 504.00
463.00	\$ 335.00
492.00	\$ 310.00
1731.00	\$ 1154.00
1460.00	\$ 884.00
1450.00	\$ 950.00
1775.00	\$ 1144.00
1550.00	\$ 1035.00
2080.00	\$ 1302.00
1826.00	\$ 1200.00
1715.00	\$ 1115.00
468.00	\$ 288.00
1173.00	\$ 776.00
1428.00	\$ 924.00
1350.00	\$ 880.00
756.00	\$ 500.00
1143.00	\$ 707.00

WATERMAN -WARDER, OCTOBER 2nd, 1902.

# LADY NORA WIDOW

BY BERTHA M. GLAY.  
(Continued from last week.)  
CHAPTER XX.

repulses his caresses and defies his authority, seems to have suddenly become a dearer and more desirable possession than Joyce Murray's fickle fondness.

"No," Yolande answers quietly. "I was coming to speak to you on that subject just now—to propose that we should part."

"Part!" he repeats, his face paling. "Certainly, if you desire it. No open scandal, you know! I won't permit that."

"You couldn't help permitting it if I were base and faithless to you, regardless of your feelings and of appearances!" retorts Yolande sharply and passionately.

"As I am to you, that means," Dallas says. "Very well. Since you think so badly of me, we had certainly better part. What do you intend doing—if I may inquire?"

"I wish to go back to Rutland Gardens, to aunt Keren, of course," Yolande answers, in a sad, half inaudible tone, her mind misgiving her, her conscience reproving her, her heart bewailing the last vanishing hope of her lost love. "I thought of going up to London to-morrow morning. I do not care to stay here. It is—rather miserable for me, and—lonely."

There is a piteous quivering of the soft lips, and a tremor in the sorrowful voice, as Yolande turns her head away quickly.

Captain Glynn's eyes brighten with a smile.

"Poor little soul!" he tells himself. "She is trying dreadfully hard to steel herself against me."

"I must ask you to remain over to-morrow," he says, speaking in a different tone. "I cannot leave Pentreath as long as the Earl survives, for I have not seen him yet, though I believe he wishes to see me. So, as I must escort you, you see you must kindly defer your journey for two or three days longer."

"I can travel with Pitts," Yolande objects; but the voice is yielding and very unsteady, and the tip of her forefinger is most industriously tracing every curve and line of the carved chair back.

"No, you can't travel with Pitts!" Captain Glynn responds shortly, his voice changing as he grows brighter.

"I—I don't see why I cannot," Yolande says, with a last fierce mutinous effort.

"Because, whatever you think of me," he remarks gently, "I would not for the world offer you a public slight. We have not been married a month, Yolande, and, if I were to stay here and suffer you to go to London alone, it would publish our mutual unhappiness to everyone. You don't wish that, I am sure?"

Yolande shakes her head, and a smothered convulsive sob is his answer.

"You don't wish to punish me for my unfortunate involuntary wrongs towards you quite so severely, I hope?" he continues, with his hand laid on her arm—and a pretty girl, pink-white arm, which he feels an almost irresistible longing to kiss. "If I met a woman before I met you, or heard of you, or saw you, and loved her first, you can scarcely lay it to my charge as a willful wrong, can you?"

"No," Yolande answers, listening only too gladly and eagerly to the dear voice which persuades her. "It was not that. I did not blame you for—for—loving her"—in a pitying, almost irresistible longing to kiss. "She is a very pretty and elegant and attractive. I know well. But, if you had only told me the truth plainly and frankly! If you hadn't led me to believe that you cared for me!"

"But I did care for you, Yolande!" he declares, smiling, and slipping his arm around her waist. "I shouldn't have married you, if I had not thought you were a sweet, lovable, ladylike girl, whom I felt proud and pleased to call my wife, and with whom I hoped to spend many happy years."

Captain Glynn's fair, handsome head is resting on hers, with his coils of silken brown hair, and his right hand meets his left amongst the laces and ribbons at Yolande's waist. It is rather dull, this wooing of one's own wife; but, it is an experience by no means lacking in pleasantness or piquancy, Dallas admits.

"But if my wife's pride is going to punish me for another woman's falsehood," he continues softly, pressing his lips to her forehead—"going to condemn me to loneliness and desolation for the rest of my days—married and divorced, with a wife and no wife—why, I must only endure it as best I can!"

"Oh, Dallas, oh, Dallas!" Yolande cries with a convulsive sob, quite heart-wringing by this mournful picture of a solitary joyless life. "Oh, no, oh, no, my darling! Oh, my darling, I'll stay with you and comfort you as much as I can!"

"You'll not forsake me then, love?" Captain Glynn asks plaintively, as they sit side by side opposite the now blazing fire, and his young wife's arms are round his neck, and she is clinging to him in a passion of tender protectiveness, as if to save him from the horrible fate that menaces him.

"You won't leave me alone in misery and temptation, dearest, will you?" he murmurs, pressing a kiss to Yolande's cheek; and she smiles to herself to think how easy and complete, after all, has been his victory over his little rebel wife.

"I should have taken this tone with her from the first," he thinks, blaming himself. "I should have had a pleasanter honeymoon, I dare say, and so would she if I had humored her a little. She is easy enough to manage, poor little girl!"

"No, no!" Yolande says, in answer to his question, her slender arms tightening their hold on him. "I'll stay, I'll stay! I won't leave you, my darling. You won't stay very long here, will you?"

For Joyce Murray's fair, winsome face, with her curling hair and sarcastic smile, rises before her like a vision of evil. A chill comes over her in the warm glow of her fresh-kindled hopes and happiness, and a

heavy sigh rises to the lips her husband kisses. He has loved Joyce Murray—nay, he loves her now, though he tries, because he is married, to quell his love. Nothing can undo that or alter it. Joyce Murray has his first, best love—that is an irrevocable fact.

"Not very long, I suppose, in any case," Dallas replies. "Until after the poor old Earl is gone, you know, dear."

And Yolande wonders vaguely, with the selfish hopefulness of youth, how long it will be ere the last sands of the old man's life will have run out; and Dallas, trembling between hope and fear, wonders whether the Earl has put his name down in his will for a lump sum, as well as for the regular allowance which is paid to him from the estate, as it was to his father before him.

He has a good many debts, which, though not individually very serious, are hampering him somewhat, and of which he is most unwilling that the existence should come to the knowledge of Yolande or her trustees. The small sum of two hundred a year, which is his allowance for pocket money under his marriage settlement until Yolande inherits her uncle's and aunt's fortunes, will be forestalled for years to clear off these debts, unless the Earl has remembered him with a stray thousand pounds or so.

"Dallas, you won't be angry, will you, if I say something?" Yolande whispers falteringly, flushing and creeping closer to him.

"No, dear, I hope not," Dallas answers, guessing what is coming.

"You won't make me so miserable again as I have been to-day, will you?" she pleads humbly and tenderly, caressing his hand, but not venturing to look up into his face. "I have been so unhappy to-day—oh, so unhappy, dear!"

"Jealous?"—and Dallas smiles, as he chucks her under the chin.

"No, dear, I'll give you no real cause for unhappiness on that score. I can't answer for imaginary causes, you know."

"I shall not make unhappiness for myself without a real cause, Dallas," Yolande says, with a sigh.

"You all have no real cause, my darling!" Dallas assures her affectionately, but wondering at the same time, with grim amusement, how he could contrive to keep Yolande and Joyce on good terms with him and each other while they all remain under the same roof.

"I almost wish, upon my word, that Yolande would go up to London in the morning," he thinks. "I have a presentiment that mischief will come of her visit here. I have felt it all along."

"Well, I won't worry you about imaginary grievances, my dearest," jealous Yolande says fondly, her pale face lighting up anew with happy hope, as she dutifully kisses her lord's hand in gratitude for his goodness to her. As she does so, she misses one well known gewgaw from the slender fingers.

"Where is that beautiful red cameo ring, Dallas?" she asks. "That one I admire so much? You haven't lost it, I hope?"

"No, oh, no!" Dallas answers quickly, with rather overdone carelessness of tone, and involuntarily, he puts his hand into his vest pocket to feel if the other ring is safe.

"Is it there?" Yolande asks, smiling, nestling closer, and playfully twining her fingers with his, as she thinks how she will take the ring from him, put it on his finger (formally, repeat a passage from the marriage service over it, and say—"Now, Dallas, we are married over again.")

"Don't!" he says irritably and sharply, pushing her hand away. "No, not it! It isn't here!" And he is so startled to find that Joyce's ring is not in his vest pocket, where he thought he had placed it, that he loses his presence of mind.

He looks about on the carpet eagerly, then thrusts his fingers into the pocket on the right side of his vest, and getting somewhat distracted, jerks the ring up for a moment into the light, as he gropes for it.

The diamonds, catching the fire-light, emit a scintillating ray, and Yolande sees

"Oh, Dallas, what is that?" she asks, with open-eyed amazement. "A diamond ring! Oh, it is a splendid one, I know! Do let me see it dear! It's yours, isn't it?"

"No—that is—it isn't mine—it's only a friend's—lent it to me—at least, to take to the jeweler's when I go up to town. Something's the matter with the setting of one of the stones," Dallas stammers confusedly, as he starts up and walks over to his dressing-case.

"Even so, why may I not look at it for a moment?" Yolande asks very quietly, a strange benumbed feeling creeping over her.

For, as by a lightning flash, all is revealed to her, as she stands there, her angered spirit clearly perceives what her husband is trying to conceal from her. A icy shudder of wrath and of excitement shakes her from head to foot.

"You might let me see it?" she persists in a cold, quiet voice, following him.

"Well, there!" he says, handing it to her in sullen desperation; and Yolande examines the ring attentively in silence.

"It is a beautiful ring," she remarks at length, handing it back to him—"a beautiful ring, and I should think a valuable one. You got that to-day in exchange for yours? I saw your red cameo ring on at breakfast time. This is a pledge of future fidelity from your lady love, I suppose?"

There is not a trace of anger or excitement in her voice; she even laughs—a cold, mirthless laugh—though a grayish pallor like that of death overspreads her face to the very lips.

Dallas, in his mortification and regret, can not find a word to say. He is ashamed of himself, angry with Yolande, and humbled before her, who has trusted and loved him only too well.

And Yolande, seeing that he has

not a word to say in his own defence, turns away, with a disdainful smile and shrug of the shoulders.

"Rather a hopeless thing for poor Miss Murray, if she is waiting for my death!" she says deliberately. "We are both rather young, you see, and she is five years older than I. Thank you for a pleasant visit!"

She laughs as she turns the handle of the door of her room; and Dallas, who has been standing stock-still, now starts forward, panting with excitement.

"Come back!" he cries hurriedly. "Yolande, do you hear me? Come back, I tell you!"

"No, thank you," she replies, with a slight, scornful laugh, closing the door. But the next moment it is snatched back from her hand, and her husband stands in the doorway, his eyes lurid with rage and excitement.

"Yolande," he says slowly, "if you leave me now in anger and jealousy, refusing any explanation or any apology for—for—what has annoyed you, and attributing the worst motives to me, I tell you once and for all it is the last time that you and I shall be more than strangers to each other! You have had your innings and have treated me with unwifely disobedience and injustice since the day we were married—it is my turn now! I have pleaded with you for your affection and for forgiveness for the trouble I caused you; now I tell you I will put up with your disdain and coldness, your airs and tempers, no longer—I am tired of them!"

"And I am tired of putting up with your neglect and unkindness, and your insulting admiration and preference for another woman—vaunted before my face, and carried to the utmost lengths behind my back!" retorts Yolande, reckless and desperate.

Dallas bites his lip to prevent his uttering stronger words than hers.

"You have heard what I said, Yolande," he says, speaking quietly, but with difficulty. "If you leave my room now, you shall never enter it again with my permission; you and I shall be strangers to the end of our lives, unless you come back to me now as my submissive wife!"

"I am to be your submissive wife?" and Joyce Murray your beloved sweetheart?" Yolande sneers, though it appears to her she is thrusting a knife into her own heart as she utters the taunting words. "No, not if you went down on your knees to me!"

"I have not the slightest intention of going down on my knees to you," Dallas rejoins. "This is final, then. Good-night, and—good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" Yolande says, very bravely, shutting the door and locking it with a decisive click.

CHAPTER XXI.

Yolande shuts the door behind her husband and herself, and stands defiant, palpitating, smiling, flushed from her miserable victory for the space of five minutes. Then she shivers as she looks all around the big, cold, gloomy room—her "mausoleum," as Dallas called it—and sighs—a weary, despairing sigh that is almost a moan.

"I am so wretched!" she murmurs, and bursts into tears.

She is standing close to the door still, and, laying her head against the wall, she sobs aloud. Dallas is sure to hear her, and sure, of course, to knock at the door to ask her what is the matter.

Five minutes later, Yolande is exhausted by her fit of weeping, and is shivering violently; but no notice is taken of her misery. Then she sits down and listens for a time. She can hear Captain Glynn moving about his room; by-and-by there is a silence, and she can see the warm glow of the firelight through the key-hole and beneath the door. He is in bed and sleeping comfortably; and everyone in the house has retired, for it is close upon midnight, and there is not a sound to be heard but the mournful wailing of the wind and the passionate beat of the rain in gusts against the windows, while in a distant stable-yard a house-dog howls loud and long.

Yolande begins to think of the old Earl on his death-bed, and to wonder whether the fading life will flicker out before the dawning of the next day, and how he will look when he is dead and lying in solemn state in his coffin, until superstitious terrors begin to creep over her, and the shadowy corners of her large room seem filled with misty shapes of horror.

Oh, to see Dallas now! Oh, to hear his voice and feel the warm clasp of his dear hand! He is her wedded husband, her very own, and not Joyce Murray's; and she will seek him humbly, meekly, dutifully—his "submissive wife"—as he has told her she shall be.

"So I will," she says, abandoning all her high and haughty resolves, her coldness and disdain, without a second thought, all other feelings overcome by sudden passionate yearning for a sight of her husband's face. "Let him be angry with me, or blame, or punish me if he likes! He has a right, the best right in the world to make me obey him, my own, dear, married love!" she whispers to herself, trembling in mingled hope and fear.

She will confess all her faults to him most humbly, she resolves; she will ask his forgiveness if she has wronged him—ay, on her knees, if he bids her; she will conquer his anger and his coldness by the meekness of her obedience, the warmth of her love; she will ask him to kiss her, and tell him she cannot know sleep or rest, strange so cruelly from him. So she softly knocks at his door, and, finding there is no response—ah, cruel Dallas, to have fallen placidly to sleep while she is in such unrest and wretchedness—gently turns the key in the lock, and tries to open the door.

Even the sound of his voice will comfort her; even to hear him say, "Good-night, Yolande," in pleasant tones will be happiness.

She tries to open the door, but it

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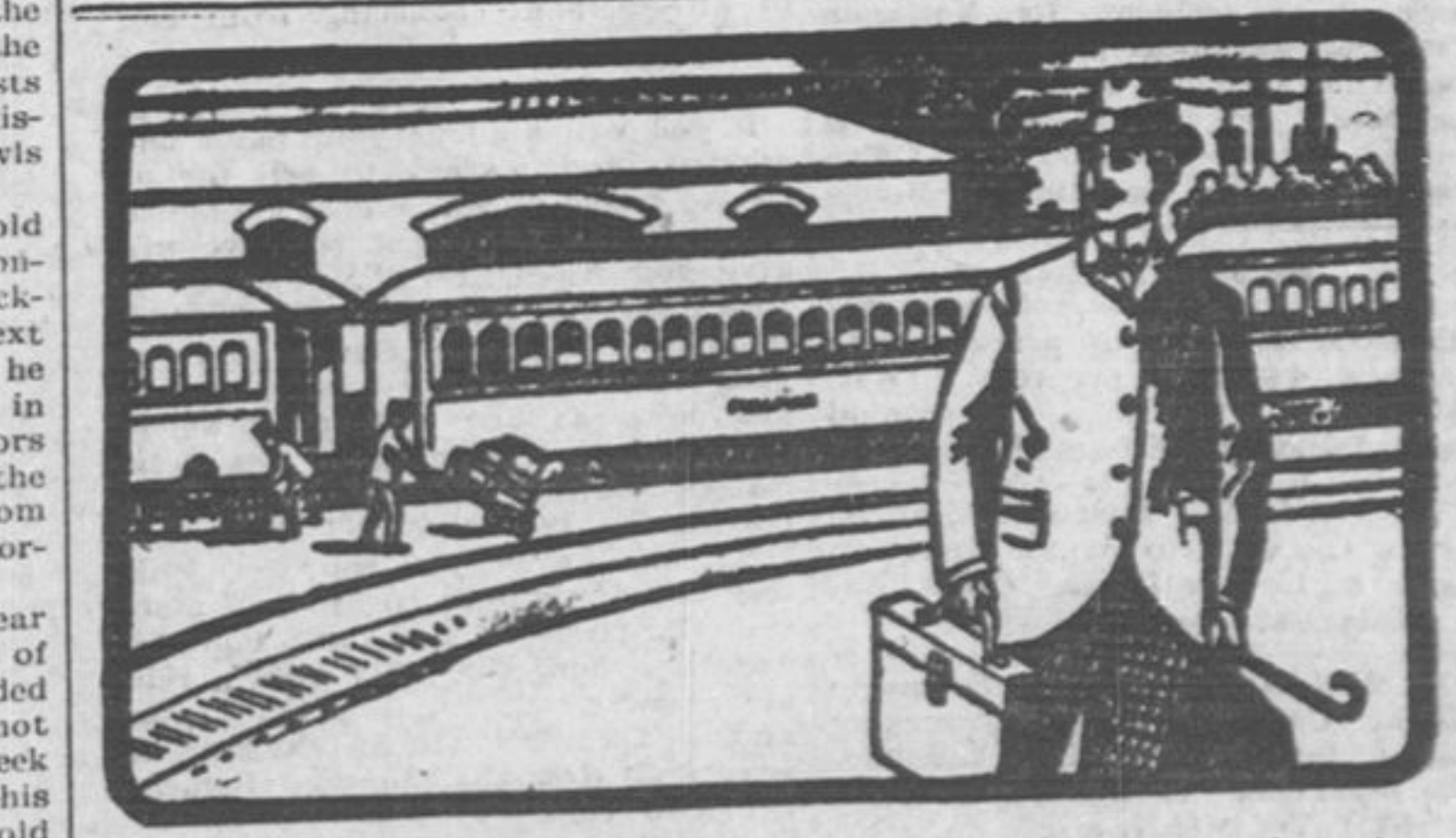
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(Continued on Page 4.)