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ARMITAGE, The TAILOR. 71 Kent St.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1937.

THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

(Continued from last week.) had taken had pointed the way to the next; but he now found himself, as it were, confronted by a dead wall.

CHAPTER XXXIV. But Clement Hazeldine's business at Stavinger was by no means at an end. A certain purpose, the outcome of his visit to Broome, had been set on foot.

Among other information for which he was indebted to Lucy, he had learned that her uncle, Barney Dale, was in the habit of spending a couple of hours each week in a room in the bar-parlor of the "Chequers" Inn at Dutton, where he smoked his pipe and imbibed his tankard of ale.

But it was to Barney Dale that Clem had the most assiduous court, so concerned was he to get the seat next his, and to engage him in talk about such subjects as the old man was wont to make an interest in.

On the morning of the next day, Clem returned to Ashdown, where a great surprise awaited him. He reached Nain Cottage soon after five o'clock, but found no Hemia there to greet him.

his every movement; while, finally, he engaged that an hour and a half at the most should elapse between the time of his entering the house and leaving it.

The temptation proved too strong for the lovers to resist. Lucy foresaw no difficulty in carrying out her part of the scheme. A month before, under the name of Barney Dale, went to Meadfield, as he had done for the last quarter of a century, in possession of the woman's needle. Three days he was his time for going, and Dr. Hazeldine's exploration must have been while he was away.

Putting down the photograph for a moment, till he had got his spectacles on, he turned to the picture in the gallery at Broome, with which you are doubtless well acquainted.

Do you not recognize it in a photograph of a certain picture in the gallery at Broome, with which you are doubtless well acquainted. Again, the old man's eyes were turned to the portrait. "Aye, aye, to be sure, I know it now," he said, and yet there was an echo of surprise in his voice.

Presently he roused himself, and after starting to get up, he turned to the portrait. "But you say she isn't dead—that she is alive and well; is it the truth you are telling me now, or is it a lie?"

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what to show you." With that he opened the door of a side room, and Barney followed him. Having shut the door and turned the key, he took from the table a "tinted" cabinet-size photograph, and placed it in the old man's hands.

After looking at it for a full minute, his hands began to tremble, and he turned on Clem a face of emotion. "Whose likeness is this?" he demanded, hoarsely.

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WOMAN'S WORK. On the Mysterious Case of Mrs. Orr's Death.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS COMING OUT. The Arrests Already Made Amount to Nothing—A Galt Man Brought into the Affair Rather Prominently—The Old Market in the Case Had Been Fired.

Galt, Aug. 16.—The arrival of Inspector Murray and a swarm of reporters has served to intensify the excitement of the townpeople and farmers hereabouts over the mysterious murder of Mrs. Anthony Orr. There are about as many theories as there are people in this town. The tragedy is ever perplexing a mystery as Sherlock Holmes was ever called upon to unravel.

Now, as to the names of those whom suspicions have connected with the tragedy, the names of the persons and their movements before and after the tragedy. The circumstances are as follows: Harry Blair's connection with the woman is not likely to be missed in the woman's legs, which is about the elevation of the bullet in the fence.

At any rate no stains were found on the gun, and this afternoon a piece of wood which might have indicated such a connection was picked up on the corner of the fence near the corn patch. It was a stout cudgel of red oak, about four feet long, the end cut and slightly engraved. This strengthens another of Blair's stories that when he came back from the fence he went to work raking up a pile of chips which Mrs. Orr had told him he was to do as soon as he came back.

Whether by appointment or not Blair visited the woman on the morning of the day of the tragedy. The time of his arrival is in dispute. This much is certain, however, that Blair was in a room at the house of William Gill's butcher shop on West Main-street. John Allison has retained John R. Blake to investigate the case. Blair is positively that some time between 8:30 and 9 o'clock on Monday morning last, the day of the tragedy, Blair was in the house of William Gill's butcher shop on West Main-street.

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