

A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE. (CONTINUED). CHAPTER XLV.—CAPTURING COUNTERFEITERS. Another day has passed away, and this night...

they are seven to three, but six of the seven are covered by revolvers, held in firm hands; while they, because of the suddenness of the attack, stand, armed, it is true, but in the face of those deadly weapons, not daring to aim a pistol. Suddenly the girl at the desk leans over...

man. "How goes your work, Bathurst?" "It is nearly done, sir. And how is Mrs. Durand?" "The old man's face clouded. "Bathurst," he cried, "I think I could see that she fled long to-day. Listen...

tragedy, I discovered that the trap door opening upon the roof was not fastened. I mentioned this fact in my first report, and I made a mental note of it, for I was careful to let no one know the idea that the destroyer might have entered the house from the roof."

MISCELLANEOUS READING GRAVE AND OTHERWISE. Leisure Moments Can Be Profitably Employed in Carefully Reading These Interesting Selections. Consult at St. Bonnes. "Man was made for a home, and that's just what he gets."

"No; I tried that once and I didn't like it. I was the only woman reporter on a paper, and I was accustomed to lenient treatment. I am an editor, an old southern colonel; you know how chivalrous the men of the South are. If I am asked to see my dressmaker, or to go to an entertainment, nothing was said about keeping office hours. But one day I overheard one of the staff complaining to the editor that I ought to be treated like a woman, and that this was impossible for a woman, and that this was, even supposing the editor a man, a highly improbable one. If I had mentioned my suspicion that the house next door might furnish a clue to the mystery, that house would have been searched, and I would have been held out for the reward of the pursuers, as well as being deprived of the pleasure of carrying out my duty, and consigning to the hands of some sharp-gaited counterfeiter, that ever infested this city. You will know what this means, gentlemen, when you read the following papers. I made private inquiries concerning the house, and resolved to keep an eye upon it, and to reveal to the police the name of the man who had been my partner in the subject of the house."

Queer Firm Name. Dr. Holmes was usually very prompt at the Harvard Medical School, but he was mused one morning. Finally he entered the room hurriedly, glanced around with a smile and said, "Gentlemen, I know a little more about the firm name of my house. It was a good advertisement for Little & Brown, but it is probable that that name was never used. I have a name for you. It is 'The People's Butcher Shop.'"

THE PEOPLES' BUTCHER SHOP. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," says the proverb. He might have added that in this respect men and women are only children of a larger growth. And if he had fully understood the meaning of the proverb, he would have said that he was, in some respects, a very great fool."

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