shy so at a saloon. Besides, won't see any one. Joe has got back room where we can be and have a bite to eat while what do you say?" Oh, I would rather not," Hope falbewildered by this unexpected word, permany half-tempted to break regress, and run. "Really I-I don't

Hawley was evidently surprise at Hawley and aturally supposing from this recusar, Miss Maclaire's scruples is be easily overcome. This ober of the girl aroused his anger. women beat the devil," he



Oruggist and Optician Lindsay, Ont

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Vad With Terror, She Pulled the Similated, gruffly, "pretending to be dans particular. Maybe you'd ather stand out there on the prairie ad talk!" with a sweep of his hand wand the horizon.

"Tes. I would," catching desperately the straw. "I'm not afraid of you; In not blaming you at all, only I-I do't want to go to 'Sheeny Joe's.' " He looked at her, puzzled at her atthide and yet somewhat reassured by be expression of confidence. Oh. al what was the difference? It with he better to let her have her WE Way, and the change would not naterially interfere with his plans. M course, it would be pleasanter sitthe together at one of Joe's tables. ht he could talk just as freely out moder under the stars. Besides, it mint be as well now to humor the

"All right, Christie," his voice remining its pleasant tone. "You shall hre your way this time. There is to much at stake for us to quarrel

Mintened yet not daring to resist e shibit the least reluctance, she dues to his arm, and permitted him bled her to the right down a dark pusses and out into the open land berend He had to feel his way careeposited in one hily, and scarcely spoke, yet promeded as though the passage was successly familiar and he had some tenite point in view. She answered b monosyllables, now thoroughly repettul of having permitted herself to diff into this position, yet not in the last knowing how to extricate herself. Hawley took everything for granted, her very silence convincing him of her equiscence. With throbbing pulse, Hope felt the small revolver hidden with her dress, undoing a button so in emergency, she might grasp if here quickly. Hawley felt the moveme trembling of her arm. "Tou are afraid, just the same," he

d, pressing her to him lover-like. Wines always gets on a woman's

"Tes, that and loneliness," resentby his familiarity. "Do we need to pur futher? Surely, we are alone

"Only a few steps; the ravine is Roder, and we can sit down on the Min I want to smoke, and we will a stirely out of sight there." all mached the startled girl, thrust

de the dark hair combed low over M leck swang her about toward the light, and stared at a birthmark beand her ear. No one spoke, old



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Difeetly into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.

seemingly stricken dumb, the shrinking away from him as she feared he was crazed s it?" asked the sheriff,

Waite turned about and him, running the sleeve of his across his eyes. He appeared God. it's all right." he said,

that I can see why you | with a choke in the throat. "She's-

Christie stared at him, her lips parted, unable to grasp what it all

"You mean I-I am actually Phyllis Gale? That-that there is no mis-

He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed as though about to faint, and Fairbain caught her, but she slipped through his aums, and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the

"Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God! I know who I am! I know who I am!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Search for the Missing.

The note of unrestrained joy of relief in the woman's voice rang through the room, stilling all else, and causing those who heard to forget for an instant the sterner purpose of their gathering. Fairbain bent over her, like a fat guardian angel, patting her shoulder, her eyes so blurred with tears as to be practically sightless, yet still turned questioningly upon Waite. The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty.

"Then this lets Miss Maclaire out of the conspiracy charge," he said. gravely, "but it doesn't make it any brighter for Hawley so far as I can see there's a robbery charge against him if nothing else. Any one here know where the fellow is?" For a moment no one answered, al-

minded instantly of Hope's predicament. Before he could speak, however, Christie looked up, with swift gesture pushing back her loosened hair. "He was to have met me at the

theater to-night," she said, her voice trembling, "but was not there when I came out: he-he said he had important news for me." "And failed to show up-did he send

no message?" 'Doctor Fairbain was waiting for me instead. He said that Mr. Hawley was called suddenly out of town."

The eyes of the sheriff turned to Fairbain, whose face grew redde than usual, as he shifted his gaze toward Keith

"That was a lie," he confessed, lamely. "I-I was told to say that. "Just a moment, Sheriff." and Keith stood before them, his voice clear and convincing. "My name is Keith, and I have unavoidably been mixed up to this affair from the beginning. Just now I can relieve the doctor of his embarrassment. Miss Hope Waite and I have been associated together in an effort to solve this mystery. This evening, taking advantage of the re markable resemblance existing be tween herself and Miss Maclaire, Miss Hope decided upon a mask-"

"What's that," Walte broke in ex citedly. "Is Hope here?" "Yes, has been for a week; we've

had all the police force of Sheridan hunting you." The old man stared at the speaker,

open-mouthed, and muttered something about Fort Hays, but Keith, paying little attention to him, hurried on with his story.

"As I say, she decided upon impersonating Christie here, hoping in this way to learn more regarding Hawley's plans. We had discovered that the two were to meet after the evening performance at the stage door of the Trocadero. I escorted Hope there, dressed as near like Miss Maclaire as possible, and left her inside the vestibule waiting for 'Black Bart' to appear. At the head of the alley I ran into Fairbain, told him something of the circumstances, and persuaded him to escort Miss Christie back to the hotel. He was not very hard to persuade. Well, Hawley came, and Hope met him; they went out of the alleyway together arm in arm, talking pleasantly, and turned this way toward the hotel. The doctor and l both saw and heard them. I was delayed not to exceed two minutes, speaking a final word to Fairbain, and when I reached the street they had disappeared. I have hunted them everywhere without finding a tracehave even been through the resorts She has not rethened to the hotel, and I burst in upon you here hoping that Miss Maclaire might have some infor-

mation." She shook her head, and Waite, glaring impotently at the two of them,

swore sharply. "Good God, man! my girl! Hope, alone with that damn villain. Come on, Sheriff: we've got to find her. Wait, though!" and he strode almost menacingly across the room. "First, want to know who the devil you

Keith straightened up, looking directly into the fierce questioning eyes. "I have told you my name-Jack Keith," he replied, quietly. "Doctor Fairbain knows something of me, but for your further information I will add that when we met before I was Captain Keith, Third Virginia Cavalry, and bearing dispatches from Long-

street to Stonewall Jackson." The gruff old soldier, half-crazed by the news of his daughter's peril, the gleam of his eyes still revealing uncontrolled temper, stared at the younger face fronting him; then slowly he held out his hand.

"Keith-Keith," he repeated, as though bringing back the name with an effort. "By God, that's so-old Jefferson Keith's boy-killed at Antietam. And you know Hope?"

"Yes, General." He looked about as though dazed, and the sheriff broke in not unkindly. "Well. Waite. if we are going to

search for your daughter we better be at it. Come on, all of you; Miss Maclaire will be safe enough here

He took hold of Keith's arm, questioning him briefly as they passed down the hall. On the stairs the latter took his turn, still confused by what he had just heard. "Who is Miss Maclaire?" he asked.

"Phyllis Gale." "Of course, but who is PhylMs Gale? What has she to do with General Waite? His daughter has told me she never heard of any one by that name."

"Well, Keith, the old man has never told me very much; he's pretty closemouthed, except for swearing, but I've read his papers, and picked up a point or two. I reckon the daughter, Miss Hope, maybe never heard a word about it, but the boy-the one that was shot-must have stumbled onto the story and repeated it to Hawley. That's what set that fellow going. It seems Mrs. Waite's maiden name was Pierpont, and when she was seventeen years old she was married to the son of a rich North Carolina planter. The fellow was a drunken, dissolute, good-for-nothing. They had a daughter born-this Phyllis-and when the child was three years old her father, in a fit of drunken rage, ran away, and to spite his wife took the little girl with him. All efforts to trace them failed, and the mother finally secured a divorce and, two years later, married Willis Waite. Waite, of course, knew these facts, but probably they were never told the children. When the father of Mrs. Waite's first husband died, he left all his large property to his grandchild, providing she could be found and identified within a certain time, failing which the property was to be distributed among certain designated charities. Waite was named sole administrator. Well. old man took as much interest in it as though it was his own girl, but made mighty little progress. He did discover that the father had taken the child to St. Louis and left here there with a woman named Raymond, but after the woman died the girl completely disappeared."

"Then Miss Maclaire is Hope Waite's half-sister?" "That's the way it looks now."

"And Hawley merely happened to

stumble on to the right party?" "Sure; it's clear enough how that came about. The boy told him about the lost heiress his father was searching after, and showed him his sister's picture. 'Black Bart' instantly recognized her resemblance to Christie Maclaire, and thought he saw a good chance for some easy money. needed the papers, however, to ascertain exactly the terms of the will, and what would be necessary for the identification. He never intended to go into court, but hoped to either get Waite out of the way, or else convince him that Christie was the girl, relying on her gratitude for his profits. When Waite played into his hands by coming to Carson City the chance was too good to be lost. I'm not sure he meant to kill him, but he did mean to have those papers at any cost Probably because she was so ignorant of her parentage, and nothing prevented Hawley from winning except that Waite got mad and decided to fight.

That knocked over the whole thing.' They were outside now, and the first touch of the cool night air, the first glance up and down the noisy street, brought Keith to himself, his mind ready to grapple with the problem of Hope's disappearance. It seemed to him he had already looked everywhere, yet there was nothing to do except to continue the search, only more systematically. The sheriff assumed control-clear headed, and accustomed to that sort of thing-callassist and fairly combing the town from one end to the other. Not a rat could have slipped unobserved through the net he dragged down that long street, or its intersecting alleys -but it was without result; nowhere was there found a trace of either the

sambler or his companion. He helped her down the rather sharp declivity until both were theroughly concealed below the prairie level. Feeling about with his hands he found the surface of a smooth rock, and seated her upon it. Then a match flared, casting an instant's gleam across his face as he lighted his cigar. Blacker than ever the night shut down about them, and he groped for a seat beside her. She could perceive just one star peering through a rift of cloud, and in her nostrils was the pungent odor of tobacco. With a little shiver of disgust she drew slightly away from him, dreading what was to come. One thing alone she felt was in her favor-However familiar Hawley attempted to be, he was evidently not yet sufficiently sure of Miss Maclaire to become entirely offensive. She might not have frowned at his lovemaking, but apparently he had not yet progressed sufficiently far in her good graces to venture to extremes. Hope pressed her lips together, determined to resist any further approach of the man. However, his

earliest words were a relief. "I reckon, Christie," he said slowly, between puffs on his cigar, the lighted end of which faintly illumined his face, "you've got the idea I have brought you out here to make love. Lord knows I'd like to well enough, but just now there's more important matters on hand. Fact in my girl, we're up against a little back-set, and have got to make a shift in our plans -a mighty quick shift, too," he added.

almost savagely. "I-I don't think I understand." brought you up."

what else to say.

"Yes," he went on, apparently satisfied with her exclamation. "Of course, I know she's dead, or at least, you say so, but we haven't got enough proof without her-not the way old Waite promises to fight your claim— The and so we've got to hunt for a substitute. Do you happen to know any old woman about the right age who would make amgavit for you? She probably wouldn't have to go on the stand a all. Waite will cave in as soon as he

knows we've got the evidence." He waited for an answer, but she hardly knew what to say. Then she remembered that Keith insisted that Miss Maclaire had no conception that there was any fraud in her claim. you mean? I thought everything was straight? That there was no question

about my right to inherit?" "Well, there isn't, Christie," pulling fiercely on his cigar. "But the courts are particular; they have got to have the whole thing in black and white. I thought all along I could settle the entire matter with Walte outside, but the old fool won't listen to reason. I saw him twice to-day."

"Twice?" surprise wrung the word

a false scent and out of the way, the a bad penny. What's worse, he's evidently stumbled on to a bit of legal information which makes it safer for us to disappear until we can get the links of our chain forged. He's taken the case into court already, and the 1909. out, and so've you."

"I?" rising to her feet, indignantly. "What have I done to be frightened over the He laughed, but not pleasantly.

stand? Old Waite is after you the same way he is me. It'll knock our whole case if he can get you into court before our evidence is ready. All you know is what I have told you -that's straight enough-but we've got to have proof. I can get it in a month, but he's got hold of something CA which gives him a leverage. I don't know what it is-maybe it's just a bluff-but the charge is conspiracy, and he's gct warrants out. There is nothing for us to do but skip."

"But my clothes; my engagement?" she urged, feeling the insistent earnestness of the man, and sparring for delay. "Why, I cannot go. Besides, if the sheriff is hunting us, the trains will be watched."

"Do you suppose I am fool enough to risk the trains?" he exclaimed, roughly, plainly losing patience. "Not much; horses and the open plains for us, and a good night the start of them They will search for me first, you'll never be missed until you fail to show up at the Troadero. Never mind the ciothes; they can be sent after us."

"To-night!" she cried, awakening to 2 Old buggies in good condition. the immediate danger, and rising to her feet. "You urge me to fly with you to-night?-now?"

"Bure, don't be foolish and kick up row. The horses are here waiting 1 Sett double harness 11 in., new. just around the end of the ravine." shrinking away from him.

"No! No! I will not go!" she declared, indignantly. "Keep back! Don't touch me!"

Hawley must have expected the resistance, for with a single movement he grasped her even as she turned to fly, pinning her arms helplessly to her side, holding her as in a vise.

"Oh, but you will, my beauty," he growled. "I thought you might act un and I'm ready Do you think I am ing in Hickock and his deputies to fool enough to leave you here alone to be pumped dry? It is a big stake I'm W. A. Fanning playing after, girl, and I am not going to lose it through the whims of a weman. If you won't go pleasantly, then you'll go by force. Keep stil you tigress! Do you want me to choke

She struggled to break loose, twisting and turning, but the effort was useless. Suddenly he whistled sharply. There was the sound of feet scrambling down the path, and the frightened woman perceived the dim outlines of several approaching men. She gave one scream, and Hawley released his grip on her arms to

grasp her throat. She jerked away, half-stumbling backward over a rock. The revolver. carried concealed in her dress, was in her hand. Mad with terror, scarcely knowing what she did, she pulled the trigger. In the flash she saw one man throw up his hands and go down. The next instant the others were upon

> CHAPTER XXX. In Christle's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was cer tain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake -nowhere along that stretch of street filumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered. staring blindly about, failing utterly to comprehend this mysterious weatshing What could it mean? What had hap pened? How could they have disep peared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Fairbain? The man's heart beat like "No, of course, you don't. You im a trip-hammer with apprehension, a agine all we've got to do in a matter sudden fear for Hope taking posses of this kind is to step into the near sion of him. Surely the girl would day of April, A. D. 1913. est court, and draw the money. One never consent to enter any of those trouble is, our evidence isn't complete dens along the way, and Hawley -we've got to find that woman who would not dare resort to force in the (To b continued.)

"Oh!" said Hope, not knowing The Great PREMIUM STALLION!

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of Geo. W property Curtis, Lindsay, Ont. Will be at his own stable, 170 Kent-st. West, during the season of 1913

By Baron's Pride (9122) by Sir Everard (5353), by Top Gallant (1850) by Darnley (222), by Conqueror (199), Majestic Baron's dam Glendale Queen (14507), 2nd dam Lily III. of Meadowfield, (13251). "No, I know no one. But what 60 3rd dam Princess Lawrence (13249), 4th dam, Bell of Meadowfield (9015), 5th dam Lily of Meadowfield (6658) 6th dam Molly (1726). Majestic Baron is a grand big

a fine, close straight mover. It will be conceded small hardwood bush; 13 acres sumto none, every cross in his pedigree story with furnace; young orchard; "Yes; thought I had got him off on being a good one, and all over he is pasture with access to river. Apply first time, but he turned up again like typical Clydesdale and qualified in the premises. every way to give the utmost satis as a breeder. He was the Lanark Premium Horse in 1908 and the Lockerbie Premium Horse in and the Gatebouse Premium sheriff is here tryin' to find me so as Horse in 1910, and the Alnwick to serve the papers. I've got to skip Premium Horse in 1911 and 1912, and the Lindsay Premium Horse in 1913. Terms:-To insure a foal \$15, pay-

able 1st January, 1914. Mares not tried regularly will be charged as "Oh, hell, Christie, can't you under as season mares. Mares disposed of full insurance. All accidents at own- or less, lot 9, con. 11, Eldon, about

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10 Workers and drivers, all kinds. Brown mare, general purpose.

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3 Sett single harness, second hand. 6 Sett new single harness.

12 Dozen sweat pads, given away. She pressed her hands to her breast, 12 Fancy woollen rugs any price. 6 Dozen rawhide whips, given away. 12 Dozen sweat pads, at any price. 6 New rubber dash rugs.

TERMS

Six months credit on cows. Three months on young cattle. Sixty days on horses and a discount at the rate of 7 per cent allowed on all credit amounts, over twenty dollars, and

G. Tackson

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the Estate of Alice Maud Anderson, of the Village of Hastings, in the County of Northumberland, Widow, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given pursuant

to "The Trustee Act" Statutes of entario, 1. George the Fifth Chapter Section 55., that all Creditors and others having claim against the Estate of the said Alice Maude Anderson, who died on or about the Fourteenth day of January, A. D. 1913, are required on or before the 30th day of May, A. D. 1913, to send post prepaid or delivered to Messrs Colville & Humphries, of the Town of Campbellford, in the County of Northumberland, the Solicitors for Alice Maud Kerr, Administratrix of the Estate of the said Deceased, their Christian and Surnames, Addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claim, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after such last mentioned date the said Administratrix will proceed distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that the said Administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereto to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been reeeived by her at the time of such distributions.

Dated at Campbellford this 29th

COLVILLE & HUMPHRIES. Solicitors for the said Alice Maud Kerr, Administratrix of the Estate of the said Alice Maud Anderson.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

ARM FOR SALE-North half of lots 4 and 6 concession 6 Mariposa. Two hundred acres, eighty five acres clear, balance good woodland with quite an amount of cedar a pulp-wood. Half a mile from Cres well Market, Church, Post Office, and School and one mile from Manilla Junction. Good brick house and first class modern barn, also hog pen and hen house. Two wells, one never failing well at barn, For sale separately or together. Prices right for quick sale. For further particulars apply to D. McIntyre, 274 Carlton St., Toron-

TARM FOR SALE-200 ACRES-Lot 27, con. 5, Ops. Well under great style, drained; 21 miles north of Lindsay. dairy farm. Bank Good grain and legs, good, sound, barn 52 by 72, cement floor all thro'; hen house and pig pen; three wells; that his breeding is second mer fallow. Eight roomed house, 13 of magnificient quality, a to W. R. Helson, Lindsay P.O. or on

> FARM TO RENT-100 acres, 85 cleared and in good state of cultivation, lot north half of 3, con. 10, Emily, 6 miles from Lindsay, two miles from tVV. goods store. E. E. W. McGaffey. church, school, post office and two stores. Leading road from Lindsay. Buildings on farm medium. For particulars apply to W. O'Neil, Lindsay,

foaling time will be charged FARM FOR SALE-100 acres more i mile south of Glenarm, the property of Mr. Hector McKay, all cleared excepting about 4 acres poplar, and 4 acres hardwood, well fenced, 1913 and in good state of cultivation, good house, frame barn 42x60 ft good house, frame barn 42x60 ft., with stone stabling and outbuildings, small bearing orchard, two good

wells, terms reasonable as owner is home from West, and anxious to sell before returning. For further particutate agent, Lindsay.

TOR SALE-Fine Scotch Pine 2 to . 4 feet high, White Pine 2 to Bay stallion 4 yrs old, by Hermitt feet high, Soft Maple 8 to 12 fee White Ash 8 to 10 feet high, I'hone

FOR SALE-in the beautiful village of Kirkfield, one frame house with good stone cellar, soft water cistern with pump, and an acre of land, stable for two horses and a cow, 4 hen pens well wired, six beautiful maple shade trees in front with property adjoining worth two thousand dollars. Just the spot for a retired farmer. Three churches, large school and good stores, and a good doctor in village. For price and all particulars, a clear deed with property, apply to H. Lacey, box. 35. Sirkfield.

TOOR SALE-A yearling bull. Jas. L'. Corley, West end of Kent St.,

FARM FOR SALE-Being the west half of lot 32, first Concession Townof Fenelon, on the Victoria Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one fifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist Church on the farm. Post office on the adjoining farm. Sixty acres uncultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch or grain. For further particulars apply to Myles Haygarth, Victoria Road P. O.

WANTED

YANTED-Young man

LOST

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