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WE HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF THESE WATCHES.  
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**NAPANEE SELLS ITS LIGHT PLANT**  
Napanee, July 24.—The by-law authorizing the town to sell the municipal electric light plant to the Seymour Power Company was carried to-day 408 voting for and 46 against. The town sells the plant to the Seymour Company for about \$40,000 and gives the Company a thirty-year contract, and secures electric light at eight cents net a kilowatt hour for consumers.

**OBITUARY**  
WILLIAM SHYNE.  
The death occurred in Arlington, Washington, of Mr. William Shyne on July 14th. The deceased was born in Ops and was 42 years of age. He has been in Arlington for sixteen years. He was married in Lindsay about 8 years ago, and leaves to mourn his loss his devoted wife and two children, a boy and a girl.  
The late Mr. Shyne was well known, and his many friends will be sorry to hear of his demise. He was very devoted to his home and much loved by his sorrowing family.  
Mrs. James Baldwin and daughter Helen have returned from visiting friends in Islay.

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**The Cableman**  
AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE  
BY  
**WEATHERBY CHESNEY**

wide open as richer men may. I say that I saw nothing."  
Scarborough put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a milreis note.  
"Think again," he said quietly.  
"Were your eyes quite shut?"  
"No, Senator, not quite," said the Azorean.  
"What did you see?"  
"I saw that the fingers of the dead man's right hand were tightly closed. There was something in the hand. I opened the fingers gently. It was only a flat stone with some scratches on it."  
"Have you not the stone?"  
"Sim, Senator. It is a thing of no value. I keep it to remind me of the tragic affair in which I assisted this morning. A poor bean-seller's life is uneventful, Senator."  
"I will buy it from you," said Scarborough. "Two milreis."  
The man put his hand into his pocket.  
"Five," he said insinuatingly.  
"Very well, five."  
The bean-seller produced the stone and gave it to Scarborough. It was, as he said, a small flat stone, about three inches square. It was covered with the white incrustation caused by the Caldeira water, and there were marks on it where something had been written in pencil. But half a day's rubbing in the pocket of a peasant's blouse had obliterated most of them, and those that were still legible owed their preservation to the fact that they were in the hollows of the stone's surface.  
"What is it?" said Varney.  
"It was a message, but this fool has rubbed most of it out. Can you make sense of it?"  
Varney examined the stone closely. "ache . . . blue . . . N. drip" was all that remained of the writing.  
"It isn't much," he said. "But it may be the clue we want."  
"No, to the diamonds, 'ache' looks uncommonly like the end of the word 'ache', and the rest tells where the cache is."  
"Or did tell, before this idiot's blouse rubbed it out."  
"Stay, though! There is another possibility," said Varney. "Mrs. Carrington's name is Rachel. Perhaps it is not a C that has gone, but an R and an L. This stone may have carried a dying man's last message to his wife. What next, Horace?"  
"We'll go and see Davis."

**CHAPTER IX.**  
The Hooded Woman  
"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Davis, when he had heard what Scarborough had to tell him, "there is a woman in it."  
His daughter, who was standing behind him, exchanged a quiet glance with the two young men, and shrugged her shoulders slightly. She was a dainty little blonde, with big eyes which tried to look earnest, and managed to look dreamy.  
"That's what you always say, father," she said.  
"Well, yes, Muriel," he admitted, smiling. "believe it is a somewhat frequent remark of mine. Generally true, too."  
Muriel frowned.  
"I don't see why you should suppose that a woman had anything to do with it," she insisted.  
"No? But you will find that, as usual, I shall turn out to be right."  
Mr. Davis backed this confident judgment with the ghost of a smile to Varney, and laughed. The discussion which threatened was one which frequently arose in this household; for Muriel, having spent the thinking years of her life—not, as yet, a very long one—in the seclusion of a lonely pine-apple quinta, was an aggressive disputant, and made up of the violence of her views on the wrongs of her sex for her total lack of practical knowledge of her subject. Her daily life from the time she was fourteen had been almost conventional in its simplicity; she had had no opportunity of verifying by the observation of actualities the opinions which she held so strongly; therefore she was never troubled with doubts. If there was another side to the question, her favorite novels did not teach it, and no one had ever made her see it. To be perfectly frank, no one had ever seriously fought her father, and his efforts were chiefly aimed at drawing her out. He opposed her for the sake of seeing her eyes lose their dreamy look in a flash of temper, and her color rise with indignation; and when he had enticed her into saying something sufficiently cutting about the folly and brutality of men, he usually chuckled and owned meekly that she was right. He was almost absurdly proud of his fanatical little daughter.  
Varney did not know that this exercise was part of the daily routine at the pine-apple quinta, and was enjoyed by both father and daughter; consequently he was inclined to be angry at that wink. For Muriel Davis was very pretty.  
"If you mean," he said, "that there is a woman at the bottom of most of the good deeds that are done in the world, I am ready to agree with you."  
"And Muriel will agree with you, and think you are a very sensible fellow," said Mr. Davis, laughing. "But I meant there is a woman in every piece of mischief that is done, and always will be this side of the Golden River! And I won't say that the same state of things may not obtain on the other side, too!" he added, chuckling.  
"Have you any reason for thinking that there is a woman in this case?" said Scarborough. He knew the tendency of all discussion at the Casa Davis, and experience told him that if he was to get any useful information, both father and daughter would have to be kept to the point.  
"Yes," said Mr. Davis.  
"Father means that he has the same reason that he usually has," opined Muriel. "You know how prejudiced he is. Scarborough's made a slight move-

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more than once, only to be steadily crushed down. It seemed difficult to believe that Elsa's faith could have withstood unshaken the various shocks to which it had in these last two days been subjected; but apparently it had. He remembered, too, that she had said that there were proofs, and that the murderer had not succeeded in destroying those. But what proof could there be? He was quite unable to guess at what she meant; but he could not but think that if she was, as he feared, pinning her faith on documents that her father told her contained his vindication, there could only be another bitter disappointment in store for her.  
"Are you going to tell her about the pencilled note?" asked Varney.  
"I don't think so."  
"Or about the hooded woman?"  
"No, not at present. What's your theory about the hooded woman?"  
"Haven't got one," said Varney. "Unless it's that Miss Davis is right, and that her father is making a great deal out of nothing. By the way, I got the impression that he wasn't fond of Carrington."  
"What made you think so?"  
"Well, he didn't express any sort of grief at her death, and he seemed very ready to believe that he was running away from that woman. When a man fears a woman so much that he runs from her, the most usual theory is that the man has something to be ashamed of. It struck me that that was the theory that had occurred to Davis."  
"Very likely," said Scarborough. "I believe he didn't like Carrington."  
"On general grounds? Or did he know anything so much that he has to say?"  
"I don't think so."  
Presently Scarborough returned again to the subject of the hooded woman, and Varney said sharply:  
"I see what you're driving at, of course; but you're wrong. You think it was Mona."  
"I don't."  
"Well, anyway, you are prepared to believe that it may have been. I tell you the idea is absurd, but you don't seem to be inclined to believe me."  
"I want to hear so much that she has to say," Scarborough returned steadily.  
"Exactly! You suspect her. I promise to introduce you, and I'll do it; but I'm more than half sorry I promised, and I'm altogether sorry I ever told you about that vov business. It's that that's sticking in your throat all the time, isn't it? You can't understand that it was all a piece of high-falutin' nonsense, which she has forgotten long ago. She's a rare good sort, and plucky; but you want to make her out a fool!"  
Varney spoke with some heat. He and this girl had been comrades for nearly two years, and he resented suspicion as an insult to her.  
"It was you who suggested," Scarborough reminded him, "that she refused to perform last night because she had business with Carrington."  
"Great Scott, yes! But things have happened since then that she can have had no hand in. Her business wasn't murder!"  
"I don't suggest that it was."  
"But you won't take it for granted that she had nothing to do with it, being the girl I know her to be."  
"No," said Scarborough.  
Varney laughed, but there was vexation in the laugh. "The only cure for that," he said, "is the only cure for you is to meet the girl herself. If you're not a hopeless fool, you'll see in five minutes that you've been insulting her. Hurry up, and let's get there as soon as possible."  
Twenty minutes later they dismounted at the door of the circus building.

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**CURE SICK HEADACHE**  
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**JAILOR ANDREW JACKSON HAS RESIGNED AFTER NEAR HALF A CENTURY'S SERVICE**  
Mr. Andrew Jackson, the venerable jailor of the local "Bastille," has resigned his position, and has been succeeded by Mr. D. Balfour, of Omemece.  
Mr. Jackson is probably the oldest jailor in the Province, and he will spend the remainder of his days, (which his host of friends hope will be many), in private life.  
Mr. Jackson came to Lindsay from Eldon township in 1863—one year after the jail was built, and was appointed by the late Sheriff McDougall to the position of turnkey, succeeding the late Mr. Thos. Nugent, father of Mr. Robert Nugent, of Lindsay. A short time afterward, owing to the resignation of the jailor, the late John McHugh, he was appointed his successor, and has filled the position ever since.  
Mr. Jackson was recognized as a most capable official. He can recount many interesting stories of incidents occurring during his tenure of this important office—more especially during the early history of the jail.  
Mr. A. J. Campbell went to Pennington Falls to-day on business.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. Rundle and maid, Toronto, passed through town to-day.

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