my master to let me get him a bottle."

"Witch hazel. It was one of my mother's cures for poison from ivy or

sumac." "And that cured him?" Her face brightened wonderfully. She began to realize that she had been

a victim of her imagination. "Completely," I answered. "Then it was not-nothing more serious than ordinary poison," she added,

with a sigh of relief. "Nothing, ma'am." She gave expression to her relieved feelings in a short laugh. The sweet-



"You come from Mr. Goddard?" ness of it made me turn my head to look at her. The beautiful face had suddenly lighted up so that it seemed almost divine in its expression. Here, I thought, was true love, and I willingly adored her for it.

"Pardon me," she said after a moment of silence. "I was thinking of something else which amused me. You must take a message to your mas-

She walked toward the library table and drew pen and paper from a drawer. She hesitated a moment and then "No; I won't write. I will send a

verbal message by you. Charles has trusted you to bring one, and I will return it in the same way." "Thank you, ma'am. I shall endeav-

er to prove worthy of the trust." "Well, tell Mr. Goddard that I am quite recovered and that I expect to have him call on me today. Be sure to tell him that I must see him at He must give up every other engagement to come to me. Now, do you understand? Can you put it so he can't say no?"

"I can, ma'am, and I'll venture to give you my word of honor that he will be here before the sun sets." "Go, then, and prove your words."

As I left her presence I felt that my mission had been one of mercy that morning, for I had, apparently unconsciously, been the means of lifting a burden temporarily from one heavy heart. I knew also that I carried a message that would bring a ray of sunlight into the life of another. I might have stretched the impor-

tance of this interview to my master or I might have given him the literal truth. I know not which now. However, I delivered the message. It was sufficient to make him obev it. The result of their meeting was man-

ifest at once. Both of them appeared happy and normal again, and the old relationship seemed to be re-established. How much Miss Stetson explained to him about her fears and knowledge of his case I never knew, but for a time at least she was determined to put down all feelings of aversion for my master because of her knowledge that he was a doomed leper. Or perhaps-like another self sacrificing virgin that I have read about-she had decided to consecrate her life to him, to live by him and nurse him through the coming years of pain and suffering and mental agony which must ever be the lot of a leper.

CHAPTER XIII.



HAD now been in my position about six months. The interesting events which have recorded had kept me from longing to return to

the exciting experiences of my profession. During this time I had grown somewhat stouter, and my countenance had begun to assume a kindly, benevolent, well fed appearance. Necessarily I had grown a trifle lazier. Several times I had almost decided to return to my old methods of life, but a certain inertia, undoubtedly bred and nourished by my new existence of ease, always prevented. I would keep deferring the time until a more convenlest period.

A genuine fear that I would lose my skill through lack of practice occasionally tormented me, but each time I put it aside with the thought that my profession was no longer an absolute necessity. It did not mean bread and butter to me as it did at one time. was a full fledged butler, and I could secure a good recommendation from my master any time I chose to leave.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

Warned by my own experiences, never let an opportunity pass to help a young man just starting on the downward road to get back to the main highway. I never entertained any serious thoughts of getting back there myself, but I hate to see others

straying from it. Nevertheless I now found myself slowly drifting back to an honest life. This had been accomplished through no choosing of my own. Circumstances again were responsible for this change. I did not make any resolves to remain thus for any length of time-in fact, I rather expected that the time would be

As I just remarked, I never liked to see another, especially a young man, taking the downward road, and it was this strange feeling that gave me a little worry and anxiety in my idle life as butler for Mr. Goddard. I realized that my master was leading a double life; that he was pursuing his burglary tendencies systematically and that he as committing crime even while he was making love to Miss Stetson. This eircumstance at first puzzled me: then gusted me. I could not fathom its meaning. I saw my own crime, illustrated in him, in its true light, and it positively made me ashamed of my record. I longed to speak of the matter to him, but our peculiar relationship prevented it.

While I sympathized with him for the incurable disease which had always cast a blight over his young life, I soon learned to condemn him for his rash folly. No man of his position, intelligence and opportunities in the world had any business to stoop to crime. In some cases necessity may drive a man to the commission of a theft and habit may later deaden his conscience, but no such excuse could be held out for my master.

He was either bad at heart, a criminal by instinct, or he had a weak will that had been perverted by others when young and unformed. In everything else he seemed a model of strength, self command and intelligence. Why should he be so helpless

in this respect? Since that first memorable meeting at the dead of night in the Stetson mansion no word or sign had ever passed between us which indicated that we knew anything of the other's criminal tendencies. Out of a sense of honor I kept my part of the agreement, and for some reason he remained uncommunicative about the subject. Nevertheless I longed to break the ice between us. If I could once more meet him when robbing a house, I would have the liberty to speak, and I would

not again bind myself to silence. Admiration for his skill, love for him as a man when not engaged in his professional work and a certain disgust at his deceptive, double existence produced strangely conflicting emotions in me. At times I felt that his crime should be atoned for and that if he should ever attempt to marry Miss Stetson I would reveal all I knew to Gradually his moral disease seemed more terrible to me than his physical. As a leper he was suffering for the sins of another, but as a criminal he was pursuing dangers and pleasures of his own free will which in time would entail suffering upon

A wave of moral reform swept over me for a time and possessed me so completely that I decided to make amends for my past deeds by trying to convert my master from his evil ways. If I could accomplish this, I should feel that my life had not been

Meanwhile I lived in the fear that he would be discovered. I knew from the reports that somebody was conducting a systematic series of burglaries in the neighborhood, and I did not hesitate to attach the blame to my master. Detectives were constantly prowling around at night to capture the robbers, but all their skill seemed to be without avail. A better testimony to the ability of my master could not be

CHAPTER XIV. HEN I reached the conclusion that some thing ought done to save Mr. Goddard from himself, I began planning the best course to pursue. First'I would

have to meet him at night under circumstances similar to our first meeting, and then I would have the liberty to speak to him. To accomplish this I watched him every night, often sitting up until nearly daybreak to see if he left the house. For nearly a week l followed this course, and I could swear that he had not left his bed after mid-

On the seventh night he had an agreement to meet Dr. Squires at his office, and, feeling worn out with my unsuccessful vigils, I retired early and enjoyed a sound night's sleep.

That night a big robbery was comnitted not five miles from the house, and the following morning everybody daring to move or scarcely breathe. was talking about it. When I heard Undoubtedly the noise made by my

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. 7/2 Journal on every box. 25c.

me. My master was using his alleged appointments with the doctor as a means to throw me off the track. trace back the dates of the various robberies, and I imagined that could establish a coincidence between them and Mr. Goddard's visits to Dr. Squires.

All that day my master was indolent and worn out, as usual, and I instantly attributed it now to his work of the preceding night and not to any poison which the doctor was administering to him.

When this light dawned clearly upon my mind, I knew exactly what to do. I slept soundly and peacefully during the next few nights, but about ten days later when my master announced that he had another appointment with Dr. Squires I prepared to spend the night following him.

He left the house about 8 o'clock. To my surprise, he did not take his horse, but walked leisurely down the road toward the old haunted mansion that the doctor had so long occupied. I followed him at a respectful distance, but he did not seem nervous er at all suspicious. He walked carelessly along, without once looking behind

He reached his destination about half past 8 and walked lightly up toward the house and entered. This did not astonish me, for I supposed that he really did go to the doctor's and probably submitted to some sort of treatment. His midnight marauding would begin after he left to go home.

I cautiously approached the house and tried to get a glimpse of the interior, but the blinds and shades were so closely drawn that I failed to get glimpse of even the light. I contented myself with examining the burglar alarm, for at some future time I might find it useful to unfasten it from a window without giving an alarm. The minutes passed slowly. Not

sound or movement from inside could be heard. Accustomed to waiting it patience for a long time, I did not find my vigil so difficult. I entertained myself in various ways to keep from falling asleep. A few moments of sleep might spoil everything for me.

It must have been shortly after midnight when I heard the front door creak on its hinges. I was concealed behind some shrubbery at the time, where I could command a good view of the entrance to the house. The door, I knew, was opening, but no ray of light streamed through the crack. The whole house was, in fact, wrapped in darkness.

I saw the shadows of two men on the front porch, and by their general outlines I knew that one was my master and the other Dr. Squires. Neither spoke for some time. Then I heard the doctor say in a low, muffled voice:

"Now, Charles, the house is three miles below, and you ought to reach it in half an hour."

"Yes; I'll reach it in half an hour." "You must be extra cautious, for there are many detectives around," the doctor continued.

"I shall be very careful." "Then go and return as soon as pos-

They separated. The doctor stole noiselessly back into the house and my master walked stealthily down the gravelly drive toward the main high-His manner had completely changed.

Syery movement as made indicated suspicion and alertness. He was not nervous, but every faculty was strained. He was now the professional burgiar on the scent. The slight breaking of a twig or the clinking of a pebble, I knew, would arouse and alarm him.

My prey was not an easy one to follow. He would stop and turn upon his racks in the most unexpected way. His ears and eyes appeared gifted with wonderful powers of sensation. I had to increase the distance between us to avoid detection.

I managed to keep him in sight for about a mile, and then he suddenly gave me the slip. In some inexplicable manner he had dodged away from me and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Chagrined at thus being thrown off the track, I put all my energies at work to regain the lost trail. For two hours wandered around, vainly trying to catch a glimpse of the man. I became so reckless that I would have exposed my person to him if it would have discovered his whereabouts to me.

Finally I gave it up in disgust. seated myself under a tree near the highway and reflected. Certainly was baffled for the night. I was on the point of returning home when the words of Dr. Squires recurred to me. The two were evidently engaged in the same criminal practices, and they would probably meet again that night

With this thought uppermost in my mind I cautiously retraced my steps to the doctor's house. Once I thought that I had discovered my master again by accident, but upon closer observation I found that I was on the very point of accosting a detective. An arrest at such a time of the night might lead to unpleasant complications, and so I remained half an hour hidden in the bushes until the man had disap-

When I reached the old mansion, everything was as dark and gloomy as when I left it to follow my master. There was not the sign of a living being around. I cautiously started to walk up the gravelly drive, and the crunching noise of my boots sounded clear and distinct on the night air. fust had time to drop down behind some shrubbery before the front door of the house opened, and the dark shadow of a man seemed to fift out of it. I remained perfectly quiet, not

Cures Grip

in Two Days.

boots had attracted the attention ody in the mansion. I remained in this reclining position

for a full half hour. The shadow on that I half imagined that it was an fusion or the reflection of some intervening object. But my policy has ever been to make sure of a thing befor deciding what course to pursue, and so I accepted the benefit of the doubt and waited patiently. Once or twice I thought of the tales of spirits and ghosts related about the old mansion and of how they walked through the empty rooms after midnight and made free with all earthly occupants. This did not disturb me, however, for I knew that somebody besides spirits was awake around the house that

I was getting tired of watching that immovable figure on the porch, and my eyelids were winking and blinking spasmodically when my ears caught a sound directly back of me. I did not dare move my head an inch, but the thought of the bloodthirsty Danes suddenly made me cold and clammy. I imagined I detected the patter of their

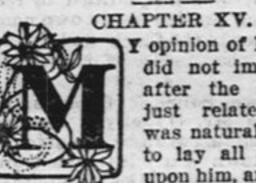


feet on the drive, and I gripped my revolver tightly, determined to make a desperate stand for my life.

A moment later my feelings were considerably relieved. "The steps approached nearer and nearer - soft, stealthy, delicate steps that might have been made by a child. Then the figure of a man loomed up within three yards of me and moved swiftly toward the

But in that momentary glimpse I caught the features of my master. In his hands he carried a clumsy bundle or article, which I failed to make out. Then for the first time the shadow on the porch moved. The two met at the top of the steps and quickly disappeared in the house, the door closing noiselessly behind them.

I would have given much just then to have had the power to penetrate behind those wooden walls or to have raised the shades and looked into the doctor's office, where I knew that a light must be burning. But I felt that my quest was ended for the night and that further work would be useless. After waiting around another half hour I quietly stole out of the yard and hurried home to reflect over the strange occurrences of the night.



Y opinion of Dr. Squires just related, and was naturally inclined to lay all the blame upon him, arguing that he had misled

master in some way or that he held a price over his head and forced him do his will. I took this view of the question for several days, upholding my master and reviling the doctor, attributing all sorts of evil things to him. Certainly he was as great a criminal as Mr. Goddard, and if one was ever caught in the act of robbery the other would have to be implicated. felt that the doctor was accepting the easy part of the job, staying home to receive the stolen goods while my master ran the risk of capture and even of being killed.

In the event of the latter's arrest I knew that Dr. Squires would suddenly leave the neighborhood, and my maser would be left to suffer the penalties of their mutual crime. Incidentally I decided to prevent any such unjust punishment by being on hand when the doctor found the place too hot for him. I knew enough about their partnership to have him sentenced to the state prison for a good long term.

My old hatred of the doctor returned with double force. I had more tangible reason for disliking him now than when I first suspected him of attempts to kill my master with poisons. My suspicions that he was not all above board in his lonely life in the haunted mansion were now confirmed. I would make it a point to investigate the premises in spite of all opposition.

Thereafter I coolly but deliberately went to work to effect an entrance into the old house, and it may be remarked, incidentally, that when a professional burglar of my standing makes up his mind to enter a building no locks, bolts, bars or electric alarms can keep him out. Moreover, I felt that I had justice on my side this time, and, re-enforced with a quiet conscience, I made specially good plans.

It was three nights later that I found myself on the premises again. This time I was prepared for a work that had become a second nature to me. Leaving my shoes in a clump of bushes In the woods, I proceeded to approach the house with catlike treads. I reached the front porch without mishap. There was no moon out, and the place was extremely dark.

When satisfied that everything was quiet, I climbed up the largest plants nest and drew myself noiselessly upon

the upper perch. Here I rested a moment and then crawled along the side so as not to make any crackling noise with the tinned roof. I gained the dark side of the house, and by placing one foot upon the staples which supported the blinds I deftly swung myself up

on the slanting roof of the third story. On the top of the house was a roun cupola tower inclosed in glass, and 1 judged rightly that no burglar alarm would be attached to these windows and that noises made there would hardly be heard by the doctor and his old servant in their rooms below. reached the cupola in safety and after resting a few minutes I proceeded to

In a few minutes I had cut out a small piece of glass from the window pane, and then, inserting my hand through the aperture, I easily unfastened the catch. I took the precaution, however, to be sure about a burglar alarm. There was none attached to the window, and so far I

Once inside the cupola, I flashed a bright ray of light from my dark lantern and inspected my surroundings. It was a small circular room with the accumulated dust of many years gathered on the window sills and floor. It was perfectly bare of articles of furniture and, as I judged, had not been visited by any one for years.

A trap in the floor opened into a hall below. I tried this door and found that it was locked on the inside. An ordinary lock is easier to pick than a padlock attached to a staple on the opposite side of a two inch board. However, I was prepared to encounter all sorts of difficulties.

I could work in comparative safety in the cupola. So I took a cold chisel and softly pried up the ends of the staple driven into the door from the opposite sides. When I had straightened these out, I forced them gradually out of their holes. They fell back with a little clatter that startled me. Would anybody hear the noise?

I waited breathlessly for a full balf hour, squinting my eye through the small boles to detect any ray of light. But apparently nobody slept in that part of the house, and the noise had done no harm. I tried the trapdoor. It stuck a little at the corners, but by prying it up with my chisel I managed to raise it without creating any noise. An old ladder led from the trapdoor

to the hall below. I tested it with my feet before venturing my whole weight on it, for I was not certain whether it was strong enough to hold me. Then I quietly dropped down into the hall. At last I was actually in the doctor's house, but whether I would find what wanted was another question. Be-

fore attempting any investigation I made sure of where the doctor and his old servant slept. Their sleeping rooms, I discovered, were on the ground floor. They opened into each other, and both doors were standing on the jar.

This gave me the two upper stories all to myself, and I began my investigation with an easier mind. The first room I entered was empty, with the exception of a few old clothes, blankets and discarded furniture. The secowl was furnished as for a bedroom, but very little furniture was in it. The third and fourth were disposed of in a few minutes-because of their barren

The large back bedroom which overlooked the woods was securely locked and the key missing. With fingers all of a tremble in anticipation of a great discovery I proceeded to pick the lock. Fortunately it was a common lock which required but little real skill to open. The spring was a little stiff and rusty, but otherwise it worked easily, and I threw the lock back in its socket without causing anything more than

a slight grating noise. Then I entered the room and closed the door behind me. I flashed the light from my lantern on every side, taking in the whole room in one circular sweep, and for a moment I was disappointed. There was nothing visible in the room except piles of old furniture covering. It looked as if furniture had been stored in the room and then covered over with the cloth to keep the dust from accumulating on the arti-

But why should the doctor have such fine furniture stored away in this



upstairs room? I raised one end the covering and started back in astonishment. I could almost have shouted in my surprise. Throwing back the cloth in eager haste, I soon disclosed to view a collection of treasures that made my hand tremble. No robber's cave ever revealed a richer store of wealth than that which lay spread out

There was the silver and gold plate of a dozen different families. The jewels and diamonds that had come down as heirlooms from several generations, small statuettes, gold framed pictures and photographs, solid silver knives, forks, spoons and plates, watches, rings and bric-a-brac of more or less value were piled in heaps and clusters on the floor and tables. In short, there was everything that a robber could collect from a house and carry away in a bundle.

Gazing at this strange accumulation of miscellaneous goods, I felt that I was standing in a dangerous place, for the collector of them would not hesitate an instant to kill me if he once dis-

PUNPS

Do you want to buy the best pump in Canada? get one of the Dennis Patent Pumps. They draw fast and work easy. We manufacture these pumps in de ent sizes in wood and iron, and will guarantee satisfa per ann with them in any depth of well up to 150 feet.

For Pumps, Pump Fixings and Repairs, also Call on_

SYLVESTER BROS. M'F'& CO., Lindsay.

J. J. WETHERUP. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BEALER

Mason & Risch Dominion.

Bell.

Dominion.

New Williams Standard-Grand. Domestic. Wheeler & Wilson, All busi

half ye

Expense

OTHER MAKES SUPPLIED TO ORDER.

J. J. WETHERUP. Box 415, LINDSAN AND PEEL STS.

Doherty.

A Business Proposition.

We offer you a better investment than Government Bonds

Better for three reasons. 1st .- Canada Life 5 per cent. Gold Bonds yield a much

rate of interest than Government Bonds. 2nd .- They are paid for by instalments-thus placed within this ye reach of men without capital,

3rd .- They are insured. That is, should the investor die at Wolvin paying only one instalment on his bonds, all his future payments the Company would be immediately cancelled and the benefits of stupi investment would at once become available.

Ado to all these advantages the very material one that the invernited or shares in the surplus earnings of this leading Company, and MLawren have an opportunity for safe and profitable investment rarely equalithe set A handsome booklet, giving a full explanation, will be sent on require sen

W.R. WIDDESS.

AGENT, LINDSAY.

covered my presence. Here were the ill gotten gains of both my master and the doctor, and either one would be provoked and frightened enough to take my life if he once saw me in the storeroom. Nevertheless I was so fascinated by the glittering heaps of gold and silver and precious jewels that I could not refrain from examining and handling each one individually. I must have run considerable risk in so doing, for some of the pieces rolled out of the heap and fell upon the floor. But the fever of excitement which possessed me could not be controlled. In all my experiences I had never beheld such a sight. It seemed like a glimpse of a Give us a trial before patronizing Oakwoonlist

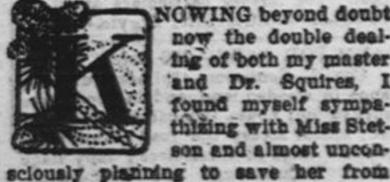
I believe for a short time I was bewildered and half crazy. I know that I seated myself on the floor and took up one article after another, holding it up to my lantern to be sure of its genuineness and then pressing it closely against my fage Then I flied my pockets with the

and tried to estimate the wealth that I could carry away, although I had no intention of removing a single article from the house. My plan was to retrace my steps; so that the doctor would not know that his storehouse had been visited by a stranger. I had another way to corner him or at least to bring him into my power by holding his secret over his head. When I was finally satisfied in gloat-

ing over the stolen goods, I began to

think of returning. I put the articles back in their places just as I had found them and drew the cover over them so as not to excite any suspicion. Then I left the room after one longing look behind, locked the door and retreated up the ladder to the cupola. I could not fasten the staple in as securely as before, but by means of a long piece of wire I succeeded in attaching it loosely into the door so that nobody would notice it unless he happened to visit the cupola. This I judged rarely occurred, and I thought I was safe in leaving matters as they were. I climbed down the plazza post and once more found myself on the green lawn without having aroused any of the inmates of the

My night's adventure had been successful, and I retired to my bed feeling that I possessed a secret which made me the equal of either my master or the doctor in power. At any time I might use this knowledge to ruin them or to force them to do my bidding. Altogether I thought I was a pretty lucky dog. CHAPTER XVI.



ing of both my master and Dr. Squires, I found myself sympathising with Miss Stet

son and almost unconsclously planning to save her from cither one It may seem a little strange that one of my character should find fault with anybody following the same line of business that had occupied my ettention for half a lifetime and that

If you have not already ordered you WINTER OVERCOAL

t is not too late. We can make you up nice stylish fitting Overcoat from \$10 1+ 18 \$20. Why buy a ready-made Suit wiGriffin you can get a better one made to order afactur beaten for quality, and as for style on alla reputation as a cutter and tailor speaks dias.

Port Perry or Lindsay tailors. cause

LITTLE BRITAIN.

Mr. Ingle can supply BUILDING MATERIA

always on hand. Being in over thirty years, I am satisfied I the wants of the people. first-class material for house or buildings turned out of my fore making a contract.

Cor. Cambridge and Wellington-

DOORS and FRAMES Sasnes and Frames for Sale

ALL KINDS OF SAWS FILED at she setting on Lindsay-st., south of Brown's Hestel

GEORGE BRYANS, Lindsay

moutt

Worke

manul

Next

Satisfaction guaranteed in every cast