lames Bshed Over of Tow

ny of those hose places of busi- were burne but lived over their s and they ve not only lost ev- ng, but are ndered homeless be-

THE BURNED OUT.

owing are buildings destroyed e firms whi have suffered loss:— ints' English church, Burke House, Clifton Hou hotel; Burk's Falls er Livery, Lambe and Smith, rs and gro rs; George Gilbe tore; C. W. arke, hardware; Col- nd Bligh, b chers; G. W. oul- eneral store; irk and McDougal, s; S. T. V stone, jeweler; F. n, restaurant J. J. Mitchell, candy Rutter, boarding house; S Da- ch, general store; Stewart, ivery; Sidler, general store; J. N Dodd, s; J. Beal, shoemaker; J. V. Har- ber; G. C. Church and , gen- re; Canadian Express and G. N. ice, E. E. Lebers, photographer; arris, tailor; ten other uildings, g dwellings, were all destroy-

the buildings damaged were rpe Co., general sto ; Dr. Part- rug store; Arrow Printing Office, owler, general merchant; Post- C. P. R. Ticket Office.

CONFESSED.

e at the Tillson- uiry.

was still burning. Naturally terested and stopped to watch doing. Chance placed him ckborough, now a prisoner, ith a crime, which, if he com- of the most ... the Ontario ... history of crime. Crossitt s brief conversation with h. He said: "I said to Buck- t's a pretty sad thing,' and one it. I told him (this with 'd get even with him.'"

elly, Simcoe, who, with W. Tillsonburg, appeared for the ubmitted Crossitt to a severe nation. "Why," asked Mr. you ask us to believe that this and told nobody?"

e Chief of Police," replied the

was the question rapped as quick came the reply: orning, when the hotel was g."

for the Crown was in the Ir. R. A. Ball, Crown Attor- odstock. At the outset Mr. d that it was not the inten- evidence at that stage of the laimed, therefore, that it was y for his client to plead.

SHOT HIS SISTER.

m Boy Pointed Rifle at Her and It Went Off.

ch from Fort William, Ont., children of James Harrison, eman, aged 5 and 9, were nd the roundhouse on Tues- the boy got hold of a rifle, play pointed the weapon at and it was discharged acci- tally wounding the little one, shortly afterwards.

Collins, Supreme Treasurer pendent Order of Foresters, urday afternoon, at Toronto. r Lincoln paper mill at St. was destroyed by fire, on sing a loss of over sixty thou- s.

DIE ELOPES

nt-Governor of Coachman.

and the Lieutenant-Governor disturbed. The man in the from Scotland about a year had been employed by Gov- die up to ten days ago. He and another coachman was Miss Tweedie had been visit- in St. Stephen. McKeown ad followed her to that place, dnesday they were married, y leaving for Montreal to hought, for the old country. weedie is nineteen years old an a few years older, noth- done by the parents.

A House of Mystery.

OR, THE GIRL IN BLUE

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Carnival!" she snorted. "A disgraceful exhibition of a town's lawlessness. A miserable pageant got up merely to attract the unsuspecting foreigner into the web spread for him by extortionate hotel-keepers. All the so-called fun is performed by paid mountebanks; the cars are not only inartistic, but there 's always something extremely offensive in their character, while the orgies which take place at the masked balls at the Casino are absolutely disgraceful. The whole thing is artificial, and deserves no support at all from winter visitors."

Mrs. Anson, for once, did not agree with this sweeping condemnation, while Mabel declared that she always enjoyed the fun of the battles of flowers and paper confetti, although she admitted that she never had the courage to go out on those days when the pellets of lime, or "hard confetti," are permitted. Both Hickman and myself supported Mabel in defence of the annual fetes at Nice as being unique in all the world.

But the Irritating Woman was not to be convinced that her opinions were either ill-formed or in the least distorted. She had never been present at a Carnival ball, she admitted, but it had been described to her by two estimable ladies who had, and that was, for her, sufficient. They were a pair of pious souls, and would, of course, never exaggerate to the length of a lie.

Dinner over, the ladies retired, and Hickman and myself were left to smoke and gossip. He was certainly a very ugly man, and at times asserted an overbearing ... hough arrived ... this was his natural ... not intended to be offensive; but ever since that first ... I at ... was ... indeed. ... when I had entered ... been introduced, he had shown himself to be very pleasant and affable towards me.

"Poor Miss Wells!" he laughed, after the door had closed. "She's so infernally positive about everything. It would be as good as an entertainment to induce her to expound her views upon religious matters."

"Any argument seems utterly useless, I remarked as I lit a cigar.

"Do you know Nice well?" he inquired, after reflecting a moment.

"I've spent three winters there," I answered.

"And at Monte Carlo, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course," I responded, laughing. "I suppose scarcely any man goes to Nice without going over to Monty and risking a few louis."

"Were you lucky?"

"So, so. One season I won five thousand francs. In fact, I've never lost on the whole season. I've always left the Riviera with some of the bank's money."

"Then you can heartily congratulate yourself," he said. "I'm the reverse. I generally lose. Do you believe in any system at roulette?"

"No; they are all frauds," I answered promptly.

"Except one," he interposed. "There's one based on the law of averages, which must turn up in your favor if you're only patient enough. The reason why it is so difficult is because it's such a long and tedious affair."

"Explain it," I urged, for a new system that was infallible was, to me, of greatest interest. I had, in the days before my blindness, made a study of the chances at roulette, and had played carefully upon principles which had, to me, appeared most natural. The result had been that with care I had won—not much, it was true—but it was better than leaving one's money to swell the company's dividends.

"The system," he said, tossing off his glass of curacoa at one gulp, "is not at all a complicated one. If you study the permanences of any table—you can get them from the Gazette Rose—you'll find that each day the largest number of times either color comes up in succession is nine. Now, all you have to do is to go to a table at the opening of the play, and taking one color, red or black, it makes no difference, stake upon it, and allow your money to accumulate until it is swept away. If the color you stake upon comes up eight times in succession, and you have originally staked twenty francs, your gains lying on the table will amount to two thousand five hundred and sixty francs. Even then, don't touch it. The color must, in the law of averages, come up nine times in succession each day, taking the week through. If comes up, you'll win five thousand and twenty francs for the louis you staked, and then at once leave the table, for it will not come up nine times again that day. Of course, this may occur almost at the opening of play, or not till the table is near closing, therefore it requires great patience and constant attendance. To-day it may not come up nine times, but it will probably come up nine times on two occasions to-morrow, and so the average always right's itself."

His theory was certainly a novel one, and impressed me. There might, I thought, be something in it. He had never had patience to try it, he admitted, but he had gone through a whole year's "permanences," and found that only on three or four occasions had it failed.

For half an hour or so he sat lucidly explaining the results of his studies of the game with the air of a practised gambler. In these I became at once interested—as every man is who believes he has found the secret of how to get the right side of the bank; but we were at length compelled to put down our cigars, and he led the way into the drawing-room, where the ladies awaited us.

The room was a large, handsome one, elegantly furnished, and lit by two great lamps, which shed a soft, subdued light from beneath their huge shades of silk and lace. Mabel was sitting at the open grand piano, the shaded candlelight causing the beautiful diamond star in the coils of her dark brown hair to flash with a dazzling irridescence, and as I entered she turned and gave me a sweet smile of welcome.

A second time I glanced around that spacious apartment, then next instant stood breathless—transfixed.

I could not believe my own eyes. It seemed absolutely incredible. Yet the truth was beyond all doubt.

In the disposition of the furniture, and in the general appointments of that handsome salon, the home of the woman I so dearly loved, I recognized the very room which I had once explored with my keen sense of touch—the room in which had been committed that ghastly, mysterious, midnight crime!

CHAPTER XV.

"How you men gossip!" Mabel exclaimed, turning upon the piano-stool, and laughing merrily.

"I wasn't aware that we had been very long," I answered, sinking into a low armchair near her. "If so, I'm sure I apologize. The fact is, that Mr. Hickman was explaining a new system of how to break the bank at Monte Carlo."

"Oh, Mr. Hickman!" she cried, turning at once to him. "Do explain it, and I'll try it when we go to the Riviera."

"Mabel, my dear," exclaimed her mother, scandalized, "you'll do nothing of the kind. You know I don't approve of gambling."

"Oh, I think it's awfully good fun," her daughter declared.

"If you win," I added.

"Of course," she added; then, turning again to Hickman, she induced him to explain his new and infallible system just as he had explained it to me.

The trend of the conversation was, however, lost to me. My ears closed to all sound, and now that I reflect I am surprised that I succeeded in retaining my self-possession. I know I sat there rigid, as one held motionless in terror; I only replied in monosyllables to any remark addressed to me, and I knew instinctively that the color had left my countenance. The discovery was as bewildering as it was unexpected.

Every detail of that handsome room was exactly as I pictured it. The blind, with their keen sense of touch, are quick to form mental impressions of places and things, and the general character of this apartment I had riveted upon my mind with the fidelity of a photograph.

The furniture was of gilt, just as I had detected from its smoothness, and covered with a rich brocade in wide stripes of art green and dull red-brown—an extremely handsome pattern; the carpet was dark, with a pile so thick that one's feet fell noiselessly; the three long windows, covered by heavy curtains of brocade to match the furniture, reached from the high-painted ceiling to the ground, exactly as I had found them in my blind gropings. About the room were two or three tables with glass tops, in trays beneath which were collections of choice bric-a-brac, including some wonderful Chinese carvings in ivory, while before the fireplace was spread the great tiger-skin, with paws and head preserved, which I so well remembered.

I sat there speechless, breathless. Not a single detail was there wanting. Never before, in all my life, had amazement held me so absolutely dumfounded.

Close to where I sat was a spacious couch, over the centre of which was thrown an antimacassar of silken crochet-work. It was covered with the same brocade as the rest of the furniture, and I stretched forth my hand with feigned carelessness and touched it. Its contact was the same, its shape exact; its position in the room identical.

Upon that very couch I had reclined while the foul tragedy had been enacted in that room. My head swam; I closed my eyes. The great gilt clock, with its pendulum representing the figure of a girl swinging beneath the trees, standing on the mantelshelf, ticked out low and musically, just as it had done on that fateful night. In an instant, as I sat with head turned from my companions and my eyes shut, the whole of that tragic scene was re-enacted. I heard the crash, the woman's scream, the awe-stricken exclamation that followed in the inner room. I heard, too, the low swish of a woman's skirts, the couc ... rested ... those s ... about me ... became fill ... that I sat th ... to stone?

The square, ... had been placed ... of the couch, and ... to keep it in its pl ... sitting fortunately in ... when Mabel commence ... —unsteadily I think—a ... self upon the couch, as being ... fortable. Then, while the woman ... held me entranced played a select ... from the "Trovatore," I, unnoticed by the others, succeeded in breaking the stitches which tacked the antimacassar to the brocade. The feat was a difficult one, for one does not care to be detected tearing the furniture of one's hostess. Nevertheless, after ten minutes or so I succeeded in loosening it, and then, as if by the natural movement of my body, commenced to work it aside.

The music ceased, and even though all my attention was not centred upon my investigations, I congratulated Mabel upon her accurate execution. Hickman was standing beside her, and together they began to search for some piece he had requested her to play, while Miss Wells, with her hearts and elephants jingling, turned to me and commenced to talk. By this I was, of course interrupted; nevertheless, some ten minutes later, I rose, and naturally turned back to straighten the rumpled antimacassar. In doing so I managed to lift it and glance beneath.

In an instant the truth was plain. Concealed beneath that square of green crochet-work was a large dark-brown stain upon the brocade. It was the mark of the life-blood of that thin, well-dressed, unknown victim, who had, in an instant, been struck to the heart!

The shock of its discovery caused me to start, but next instant I smoothed out the antimacassar into its former place without attracting any attention, and passed across the room with the motive of inspecting an object which I well remembered discovering when I had made my blind search. Upon a pedestal of black marbel stood an exquisite little statuette of a Neapolitan dancing-woman, undoubtedly the work of some Italian master. Without pausing to examine it, I took in its every detail as I passed. It was exactly as I had felt it, and in the selfsame spot as on that fatal night.

Beside the couch, as I turned again to look, I saw that a large skin rug had been thrown down. Without doubt it had been placed there to conceal the ugly stain of blood upon the carpet.

And yet there, on the scene of one of the foulest and most cowardly assassinations, we were actually spending the evening quietly, as became a respectable household! The thing seemed absolutely incredible. A dozen times I endeavored to persuade myself that the whole discovery was but a chimera, arising from my disordered imagination. Nevertheless, it was impossible to disguise from myself the fact that in every detail the truth was borne out. In that very room the unknown man had been struck dead. The marks of his blood still remained as evidence of the truth.

I saw that beside the high lamps at that moment in use, there was a magnificent candelabra suspended from the ceiling, and in this were electric lamps. Then, at the door, I noticed the switch, and knew that it was the same which I had heard turned off by the assassin before leaving the house.

At the end of the room, too, were the folding-doors, now concealed by curtains. It was through those very doors that Edna, my mysterious protectress, had passed and repassed to that inner room whence had come the sound of champagne being uncorked and the woman's piercing scream.

Mabel leaned over and spoke to me, whereupon I sank again into the chair I had previously occupied. She began to chat, but although her beautiful eyes held me fixed, and her face seemed more handsome than any I had ever seen, the diamonds in her hair dazzled my eyes, and I fear that my responses were scarcely intelligible.

"You are not quite yourself to-night, I think," she remarked at last, rising from the piano, and taking the low chair that I drew up for her. "Are you unwell?"

"Why?" I asked, laughing.

"Because you look rather pale. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I answered, as carelessly as I could. "A slight headache. But it has passed now."

My eyes wandered to those curtains of green plush. How I longed to enter that room beyond!

At that moment she took out her handkerchief. Even that action added to the completion of the mental picture I had formed. Her tiny square of lawn and lace exhaled a sweet odor. It was that of peau d'Espagne, the same subtle perfume used by the mysterious Edna! It filled my nostrils until I seemed intoxicated by its fragrance combined with her beauty.

Her dress was discreetly decollete, and as she sat chatting to me with that bright vivaciousness which was so charming, her white neck slowly heaved and fell. She had, it seemed, been striv- go ng to ... I shall be ... We've been ... and have such ... "Then I shan't ... row?" I said in de ... "No, I fear not ... a matter of fact, ... next few days are ... "But you'll write ... you are free?" I urged ... "If you wish," she res ... sweetly. Apparently she was in ... averse to my companionship, a ... which had become to me more apparent now that she had induced her mother to invite me to their table.

I endeavored to extract from her some appointment, but she only whispered—"Remember that our meetings are clandestine. Don't let them overhear us. Let's change the subject." And then she began to discuss several of the latest novels.

She had apparently a wide knowledge of French fiction, for she explained how a friend of hers, an old schoolfellow, who had married a French baron and lived in Paris, sent her regularly all the notable novels. Of English fiction, too, she was evidently a constant reader, for she told me much about recent novels that I was unaware of, and criticized the style in a manner which betrayed a deep knowledge of her subject.

"One would almost think you were a lady novelist, or a book-reviewer," I remarked, in response to a sweeping condemnation which she made regarding the style of a much-belauded writer.

"Well, personally, I like books with some grit in them," she declared. "I can't stand either the so-called problem novel, or a story interlarded with dialect. If any one wants nasty problems, let them spend a few shillings in the works of certain French writers, who turn out books on the most unwholesome themes they can imagine, and fondly believe themselves realists. We don't want these queue-de-siecle works in England. Let us stick to the old-fashioned story of love, adventure, or romance. English writers are now beginning to see the mistake they once made in trying to follow the French style, and are returning to the real legitimate novel of action—the one that interests and grips from the first page to the last."

She spoke sensibly, and I expressed my entire accord with her opinion. But this discussion was only in order to hide our exchange of confidences uttered in an undertone while Hickman and the two ladies were chatting at the further end of the room.

All the time I was longing to get a sight of the interior of the adjoining apartment, the room whence had burst forth that woman's agonized cry in the stillness of the night. I racked my brain to find some means of entering there, but could devise none. A guest can hardly wander over his hostess's house on the first occasion he receives an invitation. Besides, to betray any interest in the house might, I reflected, arouse some suspicion. To be successful in these inquiries would necessitate the most extreme caution.

The fragrant odor of peau d'Espagne exhaled by her chiffons seemed to hold me powerless.

The gilt clock with its swinging girl had already struck eleven on its silver bell, and been re-echoed by another clock in the hall playing the Westminster chimes, when suddenly Mrs. Anson, with a book in her hand, looked across to her daughter, saying—

"Mabel, dear, I've left my glasses on the table in the library. Will you kindly fetch them for me?"

In an instant I saw my chance, and, jumping to my feet, offered to obtain them. At first she objected, but finding me determined, said—

"The library is the next room, there. You'll find them on the writing-table. Mother always leaves them there. It's really too bad to thus make a servant of you. I'll ring for Arnold."

"No, no," I protested, and at ... went eagerly in search of th ...

(To be Continued ...

"John, I met a woma ... seen for years. "Did ... "Yes; she recognized ... hat." Then the silen ... sive.

Wha ... The ... made war on rusty cans fr ... tary standpoint. It is im ... keep them clean and the a ... graph gives another strong ... they should be discarded.

In taking up last year the ... pasteurizing the whey the ... that this would be one of th ... the end of preventing to som ... least of cans becoming rust ... whey is heated properly and ... kept clean it should go b ... cans comparatively sweet, a ... case will not take the tin of ... quickly as when the whey ... unheated and sour. I still me ... all the whey which is return ... cans should be from tanks ... kept perfectly clean and the ... teurized in order to keep it ... pasteurizing the whey, how ... not mean that the tanks do ... any further cleaning. They ... cleaning just the same, but w ... very much easier to clean ... clean.

It is hoped that the large ... factories that have adopte ... the system of pasteurizing th ... do the work properly so that ... may be given the system. ... temperatures below 160 to ... and heating two or three d ... only will not give proper ... heating must be done at the ... perature, 160 to 165 degrees ... every day at the proper tim ... is before the whey has star ... on any more acid than wha ... dipping and the tanks mu ... clean.—Frank Herns, Chief ... structor, Western Ontario.

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY F ...

Each year as the seaso ... corn growers are put to the ... to stop the depredations o ... crows, upon their corn. Th ... ways of combatting these ... young corn. Some keep ... by means of scarecrow ... kinds, ranging from ... around the field, to bri ... shining tin and dummy ... of man. These are all mo ... fective, depending upon ... ity of the crows and their ... tions.

An effectual remedy, ho ... will meet all cases alike is ... ing: Procure from your dru ... grains of strychnine. With ... a small knife, break open th ... of a few fresh hens eggs, pla ... of the strychnine in and mix ... tents of the eggs with the st ... means of a toothpick or ot ... instrument. Carefully seal ... ings, with some wax, or pa ... paper over the holes. Befor ... at night, place these eggs ... field, staking them in ord ... may be able to find them th ... Before you have arisen the ... ing, the crows will be on ... corn fields and will readily ... the dainty, that you hav ... Make an early trip to the fie ... will find your enemies, the ... and stiff upon the cornfield ... from it. Gather up the eggs ... in order that stock may no ... ed. The writer has tried ...