

The York Herald.

VOL. XI, No. 46.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1870.

WHOLE No. 613.

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
RICHMOND HILL,
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when desired.
The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.
TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.
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Business Directory.

- JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,**
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.
July 22, 1869. 575-ly
- DR. HOSTETTER,**
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF Surgeons, England. Residence: North of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House. All calls (night or day) promptly attended to.
Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598
- DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF**
WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT home from 8 to 9 A.M.
Mr. A. F. Armstrong is authorised to collect Accounts.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 568*
- JOHN N. REID, M.D.,**
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.
* * * All consultations in the office, Cash.
Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1
- R. E. LAW,**
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-1f
- GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,**
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR. of Bloor and Yonge Streets, Yorkville, Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery &c.
Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-ly
- THOMAS CARR,**
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.
By Royal Letters patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1869.
- DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.**
JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.
All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.
Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-1f
- MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,**
[Formerly J. L. Margach]
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
44 King Street East, Toronto.
OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
Paints, Oils, Varnish &c.
BRUSHES,
ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,
At Low Rates for Cash.
Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure in showing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-ly
- P. A. SCOTT,**
LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER,
618 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting, Mouldings, &c.
All kinds of Building Materials supplied.
Post Office Address—Yorkville.
Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.
- PETER S. GIBSON,**
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman,
Office at Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the County of York.
Orders by letter promptly attended to.
Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1869. 596-ly

Law Cards.

- J. N. BLAKE,**
BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE:—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto.
December 20, 1869. 593
- WILLIAM MALLOY,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE: No. 78 King Street East, Toronto; over the Wesleyan Book Room.
Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594
- DUGGAN & MEYERS,**
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Toronto.
JOHN DUGGAN, G.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.
Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-ly
- READ AND BOYD,**
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, &c.
OFFICE:—77, King St. East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto.
D. R. READ, G.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.
May 6, 1866. 52-1f
- McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,**
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE:—In the Court House, Toronto
August 1, 1865. 95

Licensed Auctioneers.

- M. FISHER,**
LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession, Vaughan. P. O. Address, Concord. Orders promptly attended to.
Concord, March 16, 1870. 606
- HENRY SMELSOR,**
LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty of do.
Lasker, March 2nd 1865 39-ly
- FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,**
LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE County of York.
Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at moderate rates. P. O. Address, Buttonville, Waukegan, July 24, 1868. 497
- H. D. BENNETT,**
LICENSED AUCTIONER FOR THE County of York. Residence Lot No. 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carleton Place, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.
Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y
- JOHN CARTER,**
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
FOR THE Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence Lot 13, 6th Concession, Markham. Post Office—Unionville.
Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr. Carter's services will be promptly attended to June, 27, 1867.
- EDW. SANDERSON,**
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEELE.
Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P. O. Address—Buttonville.
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office. January 4, 1865. 31

TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!

- A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO** repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Richmond Hill.
A trial is respectfully solicited.
Richmond Hill, March, 24, 1870. 610
- FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE**
JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and Shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.
Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.
- RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.**
P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF all kinds of Monuments, Headstones, &c.
Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.
* * * Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497
- Card.**
N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE take notice that Mr. John Taylor has ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is authorized to collect for the subscriber until further notice.
JOHN N. REID, M.D.
Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597
- LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,**
RICHMOND HILL
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANSFERRED their Library to the HERALD Book Store, where Stockholders and others may procure Books every Friday afternoon.
A. SCOTT, Librarian.

New Firm.

H. SANDERSON & SONS,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,
RICHMOND HILL,
Having purchased the Stock and Interest of R. H. Hall, (late Chemist and Druggist of the same place) have greatly enlarged the old stock and have now on hand a good assortment of
Drugs, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy articles Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, and all other articles kept by Druggists generally.
* * * Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders attended to with care and despatch.
Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete—warranted genuine—and of the best quality.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR any number not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor,) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.
For particulars apply to
M. TEEFY, Postmaster.
* * * Mr. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of
MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
May 4, 1869. 563-1f

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,

215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.
THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING public will find first-class accommodation at the above House, at low rates. There is an extensive Stable attached, and large covered sheds. A attentive and obliging hostler.
597 J. L. PARKER, Proprietor.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,

YONGE STREET,
NELSON DAVIS, - - Proprietor.
* * * Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.
Yonge St., April 7, 1869. 559-ly

MARRIAGE LICENSES

RICHMOND HILL.
M. TEEFY NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Agent for the sale of Marriage Licenses in the County of York.
Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

JAMES BOWMAN,

ISSUER OF Marriage Licenses,
ALMIRA MILLS,
Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 92

J. S. SCOTT, M.D., L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST!
RESIDENCE—PORT HOPE.
ROBT E. LAW, ASSISTANT,
RICHMOND HILL.
N.B. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless Extraction of Teeth,
Toronto, Jan. 27, 1869. 549-ly

DENTISTRY

W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S.,
95 King Street East, Toronto,
NEAR CHURCH STREET,
I am prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it.
Consultation free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865. 21-y

Money to Lend.

\$1200 TO LEND, FOR A TERM of years, on a satisfactory Mortgage. Apply to
GEO. B. NICOL, Barrister,
Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593-1f

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants. Apply to
DUGGAN & MEYERS,
Attorneys, Court St.
Toronto, April 1, 1869. 55-3m

Money to Lend on Landed Security.

THE Undersigned is authorized to state that he has
\$20,000!
Can be procured, in sums to suit borrowers, on Landed security. Terms made known on personal application to
M. TEEFY,
Notary Public, Agent, &c.
N.B. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Bonds, &c., drawn with neatness and despatch.—M. T. continues to act as Division Court Agent. Fees moderate.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 28, 1866.

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto
* * * Masonic and other emblems made to order
Toronto April 27, 1866.

Literature.

A Bit of Bath Romance.

In the ancient Roman city of Bath, about the end of last century, the frequenters of the Pump Room and the Balls were divided into two rival factions and long and fierce were their quarrels over the topic of dissension. This was neither more nor less than the not inappropriate one of the merits of two rival doctors, who divided between them the smiles and guineas of the elite of Bath. Dr. Heathcote, the senior of the two, long ruled over the internal economy of the upper class of patients with undisputed sway. He was a handsome, dapper, dignified, well dressed and well spoken little gentleman, with undeniable manners, silk stockings and shirt frill. Among the dowagers, his word was law. At whilst or pique he was an oracle, and not infrequently the younger ladies would confide to his safe ear and kindly counsels, malady of the heart. If he did bow a little low to a baronet, and lower still to a coronet, it was his only foible; and as that was part of his professional manner, it was pardonable and not unpopular.

The reign of this Esculapian potentate was at last rudely disturbed by the arrival of a pretender to the throne. Where Dr. Lenoir came from, who he was, or where he had previously practised, no one knew, or to tell the truth, had ever ventured to ask. He was a man of immense frame, over six foot in height, with a large head, black eyes, and a good tempered, sanguine complexion. He had commenced his Bath career by becoming the tenant of a large house on the outskirts of the town, which rumour said was used as a lunatic asylum. But he made his appearance in the Pump Room and the evening recreations, and as he proved to be a man of wit and information soon became a favourite with the lounging society of the place. Even in his most familiar moods, however, he had something formidable about him. No one could venture to ask him questions, and he assumed a quiet superiority which was only not galling because it was so thoroughly good-tempered.

With his patients he was exactly the reverse of the reigning sovereign. He was stiff to the great, kindly to the poor, to children gentle as a woman. Rules of practice he set entirely at defiance, and was said by his patients to toss up for

Dr. Lenoir had not heard what he said, she again addressed him.
"Am I very ill, doctor?"
"Nothing but fancy and temper the matter with you. Why do you mope up here?"
"I cannot go out. You cannot tell how weak, and oh! how sick I am. Oh, Dr. Lenoir, can you not cure me? If you can't, I shall die, and leave dear Fred and my poor little children, and the poor woman burst into a paroxysm of tears."
Lenoir sat until the storm had burst, and had spent its force; but tears stood in his own impassive eyes, and his voice trembled in spite of himself when he spoke to her.
"Cure you! of course I shall, if you don't give way to such folly; and when you are cured you will say you got well of yourself!"
"Do you really mean it?" she said, faintly.
Dropping his gruff style he said in a softer tone, "I think I can cure you, but you must be very obedient, and with those words he left her; and rejoined the Colonel in the dining-room, and straightway again look out at the window.
"Quite a common case," he said, as if to himself; "have seen it a hundred times; must have a nurse."
"A nurse!" said Colonel De Grey.
"What do you think of my wife? What is her illness?"
"A very common complaint, Colonel," said the doctor, "although I have often met with it in this country. But she must have a nurse who understands sundries, and with your leave I will send one."
And without waiting to know whether the Colonel wished to have a nurse or not, the doctor stalked out of the house.
If any one had seen the doctor's expression of countenance as he strode down to the gate, he would not have liked it. Was it wrath, or malignity, or cunning? It was a very unlovable expression, and not like the doctor's usual face.
Within two hours the nurse arrived: a tall gaunt Frenchwoman, with a resolute set of features, who understood and could speak English when she chose, but not otherwise.
She brought with her a small phial of medicine which she explained to Mrs. De Grey was to be taken every hour during the night, and the effects of which required to be carefully watched. She seemed to consider this her peculiar charge, for on Colonel De Grey taking out the stopper to smell it she snatched it away, with the pettish French exclamation, and without much reverence.
A fortnight passed over. Dr. Lenoir came every day; he prescribed nothing but this nightly potion, which was gradually discontinued, and Mrs. De Grey began to rally, her appetite returned, and she was apparently getting well. The Colonel was greatly relieved, and was profuse in his thanks.
People began to say that there was no necessity for the doctor visiting quite

so often. But the Colonel did not seem to think so, for the doctor dined with him almost every other day. To Dr. Heathcote's inquiries Lenoir only said, to his great wrath, that there never had been anything the matter with her but his medicines.
One evening, as the Colonel and he were sitting at their wine after dinner, the former said, "When do you think Mrs. De Grey will be able to travel? I think a change of air would do her good; and I begin to fear Bath does not agree with her."
"Soon, I should think," said Lenoir, and as she is so much better, I propose to be absent for a day or two, as I have business in the country. So, if you think I can be spared, I shall go to-morrow. But don't charge her regimen in my absence, nor give her any of old Heathcote's potions. They are all very well in their way, but she has done better without them."
The Colonel laughed, and gave his word to eschew the established order of things; and next morning the doctor left.
Four days passed away, and on the fifth Lenoir again appeared at Prospect Villa.
Colonel De Grey was at home, and appeared dejected. "Things have not been so well," he said. "Your patient has had a relapse of her sickness; and something has happened which troubles both her and me."
"What is the matter?" said the Magnificent.
"Well, I don't like to inspire suspicions; but I fear that nurse drinks."
"Why do you think so?"
"Because Mrs. De Grey tells me that she saw her conceal a bottle in her pocket. The woman thought she was asleep, and on her, moving concealed it hurriedly."
"Have you observed any symptoms of drinking?" said Lenoir.
"No, I cannot say I have, excepting that her manner is very abrupt and rude. I shall probe this to the bottom, you may depend on it," replied the doctor; and I shall examine her about it at my own house to-night. Meanwhile, say nothing more while she is here."
He saw his patient, and found she had decidedly relapsed, and was greatly depressed. His visit had little effect in reviving her spirits, and again, as he walked from the house, the evil shadow came across his face.
The same day brought a letter by post for Colonel De Grey, desiring his immediate presence at Prospect Villa. It was a business letter, and he started the same night by the mail. Next morning, the Magnificent paid the lady a visit. She seemed greatly excited.
"Doctor," she said, "you must take that woman away; she is a drunkard and a thief."
"She may, perhaps, the doctor replied, take a drop of brandy now and then. But remember what fatigue she has undergone in sitting up with you."
"Well but, doctor," said Mrs De Grey "she is a thief. I saw her yesterday put my soap into a bottle, and hide it in her pocket. She did not know I saw her, and I have told nobody but you."
The face of the Magnificent for a moment exhibited great agitation. "If this is true," he said, "I will take her away, and send you another on whom I can depend. The Colonel spoke of fresh air for you; do you think you are strong enough to travel? He gave me some directions about that."
"I don't think I could. He surely did not mean me to go before he came back."
"He left you entirely in my hands, and I must make you well as I said I would."
"Not before he comes back, at any rate, doctor."
"Very well," said he, resuming his gruff manner. "People always know better than their doctors." Good bye, I shall see you to-morrow."
The next day, in the Pump Room: "She is off, I assure you," said Mr Henshaw, a dyspeptic barrister, with the tongue of viper; "she was gone this morning and so was her nurse, and no one knows where, excepting that the Magnificent is gone also."
"Who told you? How do you know?" asked half-a-dozen tongues at once.
"I shall not give up my authority, I can assure you; but if you stop out to Prospect Villa you will find it to be true."
"I don't believe a word of it," said Sir Bernard Brand, a stout supporter of Lenoir, who had cured him by making him drink lemonade instead of port. "I don't believe a word of it. It's some of that humbug, Heathcote's nonsense."
But when the whilst tables were set for the evening, behold the tale was true and the universal community of Bath were ringing with it. But to the still greater astonishment of every one, there was the Magnificent, looking more magnificent than ever, seated in his accustomed place, and glancing benignly from under his swarthy eyebrows.
"Magnificent," said Henshaw, "have you heard what people are saying?"
"Yes Benry, I have heard it."
"Well, what is the story?"
"They say you are not to have that place in the Customs, because you can't keep a secret."
Henshaw's face grew livid, for the place in the Customs was life or death to him, although he thought no one knew of it. He plucked up courage, however, and retorted: "They want to know what you have done with Mrs. De Grey."
"I believe Mrs. De Grey has gone to the country for her health. Of course Colonel De Grey is the best authority on that subject."

"Lenoir, I doubt you are a villain," said a voice behind him, and turning round he saw Dr. Heathcote.
"I have just seen the Colonel, and he is raging at the disappearance of his wife." He says she disappeared last night and no one knows how. He was on his way to your house when I met him."
"Dr. Heathcote, you jog-trot practitioners judge by the most superficial symptoms," said Lenoir, in the loftiest tone. "I shall see the Colonel if he has returned, and to-morrow I shall take occasion to request an explanation of the epithets which you have used, and the impertinent suggestions of that little lawyer. Meantime, with your leave, I shall finish my rubber."
"But the party broke up, and declined to finish the rubber, and the Magnificent took his hat, and walked slowly from the room. His faction retired home in great discontent."
Meanwhile Colonel De Grey, in the greatest perturbation, having found his wife gone on his return, and no trace of her, went on to the house of Dr. Lenoir. It was a large gloomy mansion, with high walls, and surrounding by trees; a dim glimmering light shone over the doorway. The Colonel's knock was not answered at once, and he thought he heard a window open and shut. At last the door was opened by a thickset powerful man with one eye.
"Is Dr. Lenoir at home?" said the Colonel.
"Yes, sir," said the man, "be kind enough to walk in."
Colonel De Grey entered, and followed the man upstairs. He thought he heard the outer door locked as he went up.
He was ushered in a strange-looking room, with very little furniture, and a window at the roof, so high as to be beyond reach. The moment he was in the room, the door was violently shut and locked, he was left in absolute darkness.
He rushed to the door, raged and stormed, shouted at the top of his voice, but no answer was returned. Half an hour had elapsed, and at last a trap in the ceiling opened, and a light appeared through it.
"You master be come," said a voice.
"You scoundrel, you and your master shall pay for this."
"The master come. Will go quietly?"
"Another volley of wrath was about to escape from the Colonel's lips, when he bethought him that his better plan would be at least to feign submission.
"I shall be glad to tell your master what a blackguard he is. I shall do that quietly enough."
On this assurance the trap was closed; and in a few minutes the same one-eyed man, with a companion of equal strength opened the door and invited the Colonel to emerge.
He saw at once that he would have no chance in a struggle, and determined to see the matter out, resolving to use violence if he could not otherwise escape.
Passing through a narrow winding passage, a door opened, and he was ushered into a well-furnished sitting-room, and there, seated in an easy chair, was the imperturbable Magnificent.
The door was close, and looking round, he could not have told where it was.
Lenoir motioned to him to sit down; but giving no heed to the invitation, he exclaimed.
"What is the meaning of this infamous conduct? Where am I?"
"In a madhouse," said the doctor, composedly.
"And on what pretence have you decoyed me here, you scoundrel, and where is my wife?"
"Don't you think," rejoined the Magnificent, in the same tone, "that should your wife die, you had better be mad for a little?"
"What on earth do you mean?" asked the Colonel, but his face blanched, and he sank into a seat.
Colonel De Grey, I knew you a long time ago. Do you remember Dr. Gerónimo Spiretti, at Padua?"
"Good heavens!" said the Colonel.
"I was his assistant when you studied poisoned under him. I was a lad of sixteen but you have not changed. Now you know all."
The wretched man for a moment nearly fainted. He tried to speak, but could make no articulate sound.
"Don't glance at the poker. Killing me would be your own death. Listen."
"I knew you from the first, and but for the sweet woman who is linked to you and who still trusts you, you should have met the doom you deserve, as far as I am concerned. But to expose you would kill her."
"I was certain from Dr. Heathcote's account how the matter stood. I knew you would discontinue your doses while I was there. You thought that was the cause of the recovery, and didn't think of Spiretti's antidote."
"I knew the attempt would begin when I was absent. The nurse brought me the poisoned soup. I have had it analysed in my presence by two careful chemists, and the analysis and the subject of it are so bestowed—"
"Drop that!" he thundered, and dealt De Grey such a blow on the arm as nearly fractured it. He had attempted to seize the poker. The pain of the blow was intense for a moment, but Lenoir gave him a glass of brandy, and proceeded.
"Your wife is where none of Spiretti's recipes will reach her. She believes you have sent her there, and is content. You

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]