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Barclay & Noble.

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WE MAKE
 Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines or hand or power, Crestings, Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for different ploughs in use, and Casting Repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

WE REPAIR
 Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers and Reapers. Also Circulars and X-Cut-Saws gummed, filed and set.

GOOD SHINGLES FOR SALE.
 CHARTER SMITH,
 Foundryman, Durham, Ont.

For the Revels worth Millions,
AN ANGEL OF EVIL.

A Story of Intense Interest in which a Beautiful but Unscrupulous Woman's Schemes are Made to Fail by the Man She Loves.

Her directions concerning the articles needed for Francesca's mother, Betty set to work with the hearty unselfishness which characterized her to arrange a charming bedroom for her new friend.

The wall-papers on the second floor had been renewed during the past few days, the ceilings white-washed, and the aid of a charwoman enlisted to assist Susan in some necessary cleaning. Mrs. Revels worth had taken these precautions simultaneously with the location of her first advertisement for legal heirs to her husband's name.

Chintz curtains and hangings of a wild rose design lined with apple-green, a bedspread of string-colored coarse lace over apple-green eideron, a brass bedstead, a bed-room suite of walnut-wood, a full-length mirror—indeed, a complete and beautiful as Francesca—work arm-chairs, a dainty dressing-table set in white and gold china, a neat little walnut-wood book-case, a square of carpet to place over polished boards, and a white fur hearthrug—these things, so Betty decided, would render the bare little room a more fitting resting-place for the imperial Francesca. The fact that her own bed-room was ill furnished and unlovely never once troubled her. Betty was a nature incapable of any consideration for the feelings of other people. She was willing to bring out in the service of the coming guests, and at half-past three o'clock returned home hot, tired, dusty, and hungry, but happy in the thought of the pleasant surprise which would await Mrs. and Miss Revels worth in the prettiness and comfort of their surroundings.

Scarcely allowing herself the luxury of a long-deferred luncheon, she worked through the afternoon, superintending the arrival of the furniture and the preparation of the two rooms. Of the young men she had saw nothing at all until half-past four, when, as she stood on some steps in the room which was to be Francesca's, fastening the new curtains along the cornice-rod, Betty perceived the tall form of Dudley blocking up the doorway, hat in hand, a broad smile upon his handsome face.

"You are the busiest little woman I ever heard of!" she said, as she nodded a greeting to him from the steps. "At least half a dozen times to-day since breakfast Victor and I have asked for you. First you had gone to Kingston to change some books, then you were absorbed in household matters with Mrs. Revels worth, next you were back again at Kingston buying furniture, and afterwards you were arranging the same. You seem to have been hard at it with one thing and another since nine o'clock. That's an eight-hours' day. Aren't you going to give yourself a rest?"

"All of which means," she said, shaking her finger at him judiciously, "that you want me to give you a cup of tea." "Precisely. But I am willing to earn my tea by helping you to hang those curtains."

A long course of half-friendly, half-coquettish badinage with the feather-brained young Irishman who lived across the Green had taught this country-bred young girl exactly the right tone of light banter in which to address a friend of the opposite sex, and Dudley was greatly delighted with the air of maternal authority with which, perhaps as she was on the top of the steps, with her serge skirt plumed up under a coarse apron, and her tiny feet in shabby shoes fully displayed, the little lady answered him.

"If you will be very good and quiet for just three minutes, I'll come down and give you some tea," she said. "Where is your brother?"

"On the Green, helping some boys to fly their kites. Kite-flying is a fad of his, and the wind has risen so much since the morning that he's in his element now. But he'll be delighted at the prospect of tea. That is an English custom my father loved, and which we always kept up in our Paris home."

"Le liv'-o'clock," they call it over there—don't they?" she asked, laughing. "I know I read that somewhere. Mrs. Revels worth takes in most of the social weeklies, and that's how we learn those little things about fashions and so on. There—the curtain's fixed! Now I'll come down and make your tea in my little 'den' down-stairs."

Betty's little "den" was, so Dudley learned, one of the four rooms on the ground-floor. Of these the dining-room, darkened by the overhanging bay portion of the house, formed one, and of the remaining three one was a large scantily-furnished room in the front of the house, to which several dusty book-cases gave the name of library, and the others were two little rooms overlooking the yard, stables, and kitchen outbuildings.

Betty's "den" showed clearly enough the girl's industry, good taste, and lack of pence. With her own hands she had hidden the unattractive outlook from the window with a clever imitation of stained glass, had darkened and polished the boards, drawn the mean-looking little mantelpiece with peacock-blue serge, nailed a square of similar material with drawing-pins on to the floor, and painted the woodwork, two kitchen-chairs, and a little round table pale greenish-blue to harmonize with the draperies.

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week, and the butcher's boy said he'd do for him, 'cause I heard him."

Telling Mrs. Revels worth of the death of the dog was felt by all three to be a serious matter, after a visit to the stables had demonstrated the truth of Joseph's statement. Here they found poor Briton's body, still warm, but growing stiff in death, stretched upon the straw, the tongue, which protruded from the mouth, and the entire throat swollen and inflamed. Betty's heart was melted at the sight of her dumb friend's dead body. Tears rolled fast down her cheeks, until Dudley, putting his arm around her in gentle brotherly fashion, induced her to return with him to the house.

In consultation the three young people decided that the news must be broken gently and gradually to Briton's mistress. The dog's untimely end had saddened them all.

"It seems such an unlucky beginning for your stay here," said Betty, "and reminds me of what our last parlor-maid said when she gave notice. 'No luck in her house.' What a jolly juggling drove her away, she declared; and that reminds me that I never asked you two how you slept, and whether you were disturbed in the night?"

"I can answer for myself that I slept like a top until my hot water was brought at a quarter to eight," Dudley began, and then stopped short, struck by the change that came over his brother's face at Betty's question. For the young Frenchman had flushed and looked embarrassed, just as he had done a few minutes before, when the dead mastiff had been the subject of conversation.

"Victor is keeping something from me," Dudley thought. "What in the world can it be?"

As if he divined his brother's conjecture and desired to avoid a cross-examination, Victor hurriedly left the room, pleading an appointment with his kite-flying friends, as soon as Mrs. Revels worth's bell summoned Betty up stairs.

Before however he had time to leave the house, the boy Joseph joined him in the hall, and to Victor's surprise approached him with an air of considerable mystery.

"That dog wasn't ever hurt outside," he whispered. "I found blood upon the door-mat here and wiped it up. Was it her he sprang upon? And did she have any hand in killing him, do you think?"

"The tall lady, sir, with the shining eyes."

CHAPTER XI.
 Dudley Revels worth, even more surprised and puzzled than were his brother and his aunt when he learned of the existence of Francesca's mother, and when at Mrs. Revels worth's teatime his cousin's letter was shown to him.

For a moment his thoughts flew to the short, stout, indistinguishable person whom he had met with Francesca's "double" at the music-hall. But after a little consideration he realized that this person could not, by any possibility, be his cousin's paralyzed mother. The mere fact that the idea had occurred to him however proved that he could not quite rid his mind of the possibility that Francesca and the lady at the music-hall were one and the same person, in spite of Miss Revels worth's scornful and reiterated denials on the subject.

The more he saw of her, the greater his opportunity of studying her features and her movements, the stronger the conviction grew upon him that two women, with that face and voice and height, and, above all, with those strangely-smiling blue eyes, could not exist. He was loth to believe that his cousin was deliberately lying to him, and his admiration for her beauty and the personal fascination she had for him were undiminished; yet already he was fighting against her way over his heart and senses, and telling himself that the strange magnetic attraction which she possessed for him was an unworthy thrill, to which he must not submit without a struggle.

The light in which he had come to regard her prompted his first thought on reading her letter to Mrs. Revels worth.

"Now what was her reason for keeping her mother's existence a secret?"

That was the question that rose in Dudley's mind, while Victor was melting to tears by the affecting tenderness of Francesca's allusions to her mother.

Victor had been equally astonished and angered by Joe Weldon's hint that Francesca might have been concerned in the death of the dog which had attacked her. At the same time, after administering a sharp reprimand to the precious youth, he had been constrained to bestow a shilling upon him with the tacit understanding that he was to keep silent on the subject of the cousins had stood in company. For his own part, Victor would have liked nothing better than to confide to his brother every detail of that triumphant walk; but his liege lady had decreed otherwise, and Victor, who, by his tender and chivalrous nature, was especially liable to become a woman's slave, already realized that for him Francesca's will was law.

That evening, after dinner, in the drawing-room, when he and Betty repaired to the piano, he insisted upon doing nothing but love-songs, either solos, which he executed in a tuneful tenor with excellent expression, or duets, with little Betty's sweet light soprano to help him.

Mrs. Revels worth, who liked listening to music, put down her rattling wooden knitting-pins to hear them better, while Dudley, seated near her, stroked his moustache and pondered, chiefly about Francesca.

"Your brother," said his aunt in a whisper, leaning over the broad window, breaking in upon his reverie—"your brother is in love. Is it some one in Paris, or is it Betty here, or is it Francesca?"

"It is Frances, I think."

"Think! Hasn't he told you?" "There isn't much to tell yet."

"He'd better have chosen Betty."

"So I think."

Mrs. Revels worth's keen eyes scrutinized his face.

"So Betty's more your style?"

"I didn't say that," he said. "I only meant that Betty is more the style that makes a man happy."

CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL

Formally Opened at Gravenhurst.
 Special Despatch to the Globe.

Gravenhurst, July 6.—This new free hospital for consumptives erected by the National Sanitarium Association was formally opened this afternoon in the presence of a large number of the friends of the association. A special train from Toronto brought nearly five hundred persons, who were anxious to display their sympathy with the laudable object which the association has in view.

The excursionists were met at the Muskoka Wharf by Mr. W. J. Gage, who invited the Mayor, Aldermen and other distinguished visitors to accompany him in his handsome yacht Ina. The remainder of the party were taken across on the steamer Medora of the Muskoka Navigation Company, which also kindly sent the Charlie M. to bring them back in the evening.

THE CHARMING LOCATION.
 The new hospital is situated about half a mile from the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, in a charming and well sheltered location near the shore of Lake Muskoka, whose sparkling and inland-studded waters it overlooks. The hospital, of which a cut is published in this issue, is a substantial and handsome building, resting upon a solid stone foundation. It is as yet not completely furnished, but will, the trustees hope, be shortly, the equipment and appointments are all designed with a view to the comfort and health of the patients. The hospital when fully equipped will provide accommodation for one hundred patients.

Among the visitors present were Hon. J. R. Stratton, who made a thorough inspection of the hospital, and was very much pleased with all that he saw. As he had to return by the afternoon train in order to make railway connections for Peterboro, Mr. Stratton was unable to take part in the formal proceedings, but before leaving heartily congratulated Mr. W. J. Gage and Dr. C. D. Paritt, the physician in charge, upon the splendidly equipped institution they had succeeded in providing for the amelioration of the sufferings of those afflicted with disease.

THE FORMAL DEDICATION.
 Sir Wm. Meredith, Vice-President of the National Sanitarium Association, presided at the meeting, which was held in the open air. Among those present were Rev. Dr. Dewart, Mrs. Wm. Oldwright, Chas. O'Reilly, N. A. Powell, F. N. G. Starr, D. W. McPherson, J. J. Crabbe, Miss Gage, Dr. Grant, of Gravenhurst, W. J. Hill, ex-M. P., Ald. Jos. Oliver; Mr. Ambrose Kent, Superintendent of the N. S. A.; Dr. J. H. Elliott, physician in charge of Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium; Mr. J. S. Robertson, Secretary N. S. A.

Sir Wm. Meredith, in opening the proceedings, referred to the success attending the operation of the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium since its opening five years ago, which had justified the erection of the Free Consumption Hospital. He gave some statistics concerning the patient institution, the cost of which was \$80,000, of which one-half was contributed by Mr. W. J. Gage and the late Hart A. Massey in equal parts, and enumerated the following subsequent donations:—
 The Christie cottage, donation of \$5,000 from the late Wm. Christie.
 The Rosemary cottage, costing about \$3,500, the gift of Mrs. Jackson Sanford, Knoxville, Tenn.
 The Wm. Davis cottage, costing about \$2,100, the gift of Wm. Davis and family, Toronto.
 B. Frank Bull cottage, costing about \$2,000, the gift of Mrs. T. H. Bull, Toronto.
 The Wm. Mover cottage costing about \$2,000, the gift of Mrs. T. H. Bull, Toronto.

Since opening its doors six hundred patients have received treatment at the sanitarium, many of whom have been, humanly speaking, cured. Sir William related an instance of which he had personal knowledge, in which a young woman who upon entering apparently had not six months to live, but was restored to her friends after eight months' treatment practically a well woman.

OPEN TO ALL WITHOUT CHARGE.
 The building, the inauguration of which they had met to celebrate, was designed to meet the need of those sufferers who could not afford to pay anything for treatment. The building was open to everyone who had no means, free of all charge; its doors would not be closed to anyone; who was a fit subject for treatment within its walls, and who had no means of providing for the treatment necessary. It has been erected at a cost of \$20,000, one-half of which was contributed by Mr. Gage and the other half by the estate of the late Hart A. Massey, so that this building also owned its existence to the public spirit of two men who brought into existence the patient institution. Sir William conveyed the thanks of the trustees to the public, who had generously contributed upwards of \$8,000 towards the furnishing.

HANDED OVER THE BUILDING.
 Mr. W. A. Gage related the various negotiations during the past ten years which culminated in the erection of the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, and the free hospital which is being formally opened. Upon the authority of Dr. Elliott, who is in charge of the first-named institution,

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 IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
 AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, 246
 DURHAM, ONT.

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W. IRWIN
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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