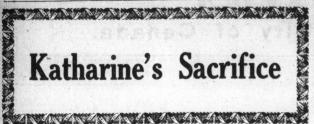
HAMILTON EVENING TIMES' SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11 1909.



ought to shield him. That some very urgent motive had brought him down to Ledston⁶ in a penniless condition—else why, if he had money, should he be sleeping in the open fields?—Katharine was certain now, and a cold shiver pass-ed through her as she recalled her cou-sin's unexpected arrival home, and his anger, repeated to her by Sarah, at the fact that he had been followed by this stranger.

2

fact that he had been followed by this stranger. Thinking deeply, Katharine walked on till she reached the curious, old, ruined works called Fraser's Mine. About ten years previously some unwary individual-had gone to the enormous expense of sinking a shaft and getting all the para-phermalia necessary for the production of coal. Unfortunately, coal refused to be produced, and the result of the specu-lation was utter and complete ruin for the affair had pased into Chancery, and there it remained, while the mine was allowed to fall linto decay and ruin as allowed to fall into decay and ruin as fast as it liked. Katharine had a fast as it liked. Katharine had a strange fancy for this desolate place; she often brought her pen and paper here, and wrote hard at the stories which no one but herself knew existed. There no one but herself knew existed. Infere was not much fear of interruption, for the factory folk did not care much about the spot, and with one voïce declared it haunted; but Katharine had a supreme contempt for ghosts and all spectres, and enjoyed her solitude immensely. Arrived at her favorite corner-a por

Arrived at her favorite corner-a por-tion sheltered by huge, moss-covered beams, from behind which, a hw yards beyond, could be caught a glimpse of the dark, uncovered mouth of the pit--she sat down to think, and, thred with the long, hot walk, and the unusual ex-ertion of rising so early, the girl gradu-ally lost the troubled train of her thought in a soft, deep eleep; Carlo, curled up at her feet, following her ex-ample. the los

curied up at ner reet, ronowing her ex-ample. From a curious, mixed dream, Kathar-ine was awakened suddenly by heavy raindrops falling on her face, and a loud clap of thunder rolling over her head. She had been asleep an hour; and in that time the morning glory had gone and the sky had grown gray and stormy. "Come, Carlo, we must get under shel-ter," she said, rising quickly, and running into a shed that had once been the fore-man's room, Katharine prepared to wait

face that had haunted him all night passed before his eyes like the face of an imploring angel, and then—Gordon Smythe was leaning against one of the stout beams alone on the edge of the pit. A cold sweat was on his face; he shook in every limb; his eyes glared down into the yawning chasm whose darkness had swallowed up that good honeat heart, that fair young face, that stalwart form. . How long he stood thus Gordon never knew. Suddenly he started with a smothered shriek; a cold hand had seiz-ed him as in an iron grip, and some one was beside him. It was Katharine. "You have killed him! Killed him!" she muttered in a voice almost choked with horror and emotion. I—I saw him go, sent by your hand. He screamed as he went. I hear him now!" with a shiv-er through every limb, her grasp tight-end convulsively on the arm. "Gordon, you must save him! Save him! Sove him! Do you not understand?". man's room, Katharine prepared to wait names form, actuarine prepared to wait patiently for the storm to clear. She, felt tired and heavy, as one often does after a sleep in the open air, and was passing her hand over her eyes and wishing vaguely that she was back at Rose Cottage, when she started violent ly, and first grew rosy red and then pale again. Just to her right, sheltered by a jutting portion of old wood-work, were

She knew them in a moment. There

She knew them in a moment. There was no mistaking Gordon's smart Bond Street cut lothes, and Katharine had a vivid recollection of the light tweed suit worn by the other. It was evident, that they had run sharply to escape the rain, for both were breathless, and that might have account-ed for the singular pallor and anger that was written on Gordon Smythe's face. "This is better!" Katharine heard the young stranger exclaim. She could catch every syllable uttered quite easily. "By Jove! Isn't it coming down!" Gordon made no reply; he was care-fully shaking the rain-drops from his sleeve. "The other waited a few moments thon

The other waited a few moments, then half-impatiently, half-eagerly, he said: "Well, Smythe, what's your answer?" Gordon turned on him savagely. "What the ---- do you mean by hunt-ing me in this way, curse you!" he muttered, fiercely. The other laughed shortly. "Come, don't lose your temper, old fellow. I confess it is rather hard lines for you to be dragged out of your bed so

fellow. I confess it is rather hard lines for you to be dragged out of your bed so early in the morning. But, you see, I'm in such a hole I am obliged to be trou-blesome. You know I told you in that note I sent you last night, when I sud-denly discovered you were in Ledstone after all, that you could choose your own hour. So it is your fault, not nine, that you picked on such an un-comfortable one to yourself."

"Curse you!" was Gordon's only reply. 'Take care! Curses come home

"Take care! Curses come home to roost!" "Save you!" she said, her yoice hoarse from the horror. "Go! I will have nothing more to say to you! Murderer, go!" But, Gordon clung to her still more the without being seen? Even while she thought this, Gordon moved a few steps thought the fordon moved a few steps

it is nothing to me. All I know is that you, are devilish impertinent, and a d-d bore, and the soone? you leave off wor-rying me the better! You are big and strong enough; surely you can find work to keep your sister, if you don't want to see her starve. But let me give you this piece of advice: don't think to sponge on une. I'm not to be controlled by whines or threats. The rain has stop-ped, so I'll say good morning." Craven Adair took one stride and stood in his path. "You blackguard!" he exclaimed in choked tones. "You contemptible scoun-drel! That such as you should bear the name of man! Ah! How I despise my-self for ever having called you friend! You, a common thief, a-" Gordon looked at him steadily. "Don't tempt me too far, Adair," he said in a curiously ouiet way. "Don't it is nothing to me. All I know is that

Gordon looked at him steadily. "Don't tempt me too far. Adar." he said in a curiously quiet way. "Don't do it, I say, or you may repent it!" With a smothered exclamation, Crav-en Adair clinched his fist, and for an-

passed before his eyes like the face

not understand?"

But Gordon Smythe had forgotten al

but himself and his own danger, which her presence suddeily recalled. In a per fect frenzy of fear he was on the ground

With a smoothered exchanation. Crav-en Adair clinched his fist, and for an-swer struck the other a quick, strong blow. The full force of his wrong had come upon him and maddened him, and in another instant the two men had closed and were strugging together fiercely, panting and straining every nerve to gain the mastery. Katharine tarned suddenly cold and sick; for one moment she trembled so much she could not move; her eyes were glued to the hideous sight; but as the faintness passed she roused herself wild-ly and staggered out into the air. In one glance she saw the situation. "Gordon! Gordon!" she cried, hoarse-ly. "Gordon Ah!" the word ended in a scream that was echoed by another given shrilly from the mouth of the old pit. fear sweep over her. "Let me go!" she murmured, shiver-ing from him. "Release me! Let me go! I-I cannot bear your touch! I

I-I cannot bear your touch! cannotcannot---" She pressed one hand over her throb-bing eyes; but the vision of that frank, handsome young fave vanishing into the black darkness still glared at her to torture here.

forture her. Gordon saw her weakness, and his

order saw her weakness, and his cunning returned. "Yes, go-go!" he muttered, huskily; "go quickly and send out for those who will search for the dead man and capture his murderer. It is my due; my hands are stained with his blood. It is life

his murderer. It is my due; my hands are stained with his blood. It is life for life. What does it matter whether my mother's heart is broken? I have sinned and I must suffer. It is but just. They will condemn me on your word, Katharine's hands dropped, and her eyes went round in a confused, terrified way, while her breath came in quick, short gasps. Gordon crept nearer to her. "Think of my mother, Katharine, the, woman who has lavished a mother's love on you, who loves you as her own child; think of her shame, her agony when I am condemned by your word, and---." The girl stopped him. "I--- cannot stay here! I shall go mad!" she cried, wildly. "For Heaven's sake, take-take---" The words died away in a broken sob, and as ehe stagreend book foely. Gov pit. As the girl had rushed out of her hid-ing place, the two men had worked in their struggle to the very verge of the abyss. Weakened by fatigue and want of food, poor Craven Adair was as noth-

their struggle to the very verge of the abyas. Weakened by fatigue and want of food, poor Craven Adair was as noth-ing in Gordon Smythe's strong, cruel hands. He felt himself urged backward and backward, a sickening sense gf help-lessness appalling him, a torrent of abuse and oaths poured into his ears, then a momentary vision of that lovely face that had haunted him all night used before his eves like the face of

The words died away in a broken sob and, as she staggered back feebly, Gor

don Smythe sprung to his feet and caught her in his arms. For one instant she lay in his hold uite motionless, but nothing so merciful as oblivion was granted to the girl. As as convion was granted to the girl. As her eyes opened again, and she realized whose arm was supporting her, she started up with a shudder of deep, un-utterable repugnance. (To be Continued.)

DARING ROBBERY.

PROVINCIAL BANK AT YAMA-CHICHE ROBBED OF \$4,800. Dynamiters Worked Away at Safe While Manager Peppered Them

From Stairway-They Used Three Charges.

tect frenzy of fear he was on the ground clasping her knees. "Katharine, it was a mistake!" he gasped. "I-I swear it! You will not give me up now, Katharine? Kathar-ine, you must save me! They will hang me for this if-if you utter a word you will-" Montreal, Sept. 10.-Three burglars namited the Provincial Bank safe at Yamachiche, near Three Rivers, early Katharine shook him off as she would, this morning, and got away with \$4, this morning, and got away with \$4,-800. The robbery was one of the fmost daring in the history of safe-cracking in this Province. Despite the fact that Mr. Belmore, the manager, fired several shots at the men, they had cleaned out the safe. Three charges of dynamite were used, and the man-ager, who lives over the bank, was aroused by the first charge, but as there were three men there he did not come to close quarters, but fired at them. apparently without hitting them. Katharine shook him off as she would, have shaken off a rat. "Coward!" she said, in tones of un-fathomable loathing and contempt. Then she tried to moye, to bend over the pit, her heart bursting with the awful sense of horror, of helplessness that came over her. He was lying there dead, crushed, mangled! It was too horrible! She looked down at the man clinging to her skirts like a child, every scrap of self-reliance and mental restraint gone, pleading to her to help him to save gone, pleading to her to help him to save his life. is life. "Save you!" she said, her voice hoarse rom the horror. "Go! I will have

them, apparently without hitting then According to the statement made b. Mr. Bienvenue, the general management Mr. Bienvenue, the general manage the robbery occurred shortly before o'clock this morning. The men f the front door and did not take the front door and did not take precaution of stationing men out: They did not seem to care how m noise they made. Mr. Belmore did hear them enter, but he was awak by the crack of the first charge



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thought this, Gordon moved a few steps pearer her hiding-place, and the young fellow following, they came to a standstill just before the doorway, and her exit was blocked. Katharine could see the veins swollen on Gordon's brows, and the expression written on his face sent a thrill of dread through her. "You're come on a wild move chees a

"That's enough! I know the whole story, so it is not necessary to recapit furning sharply round: "Look here, Adair, I came out this morning to end the matter once and for all. I have not a shilling I can call my own in the vorld, and if I had, I should not give it to you. If you were fool enough to risk, all you had in speculation—well, am I to be responsible? Good heavens! I should have enough to do if I accepted such a state of things. I don't care a

repay, me-then we can part forever.
Heaven knows I want nothing more to do with you; you have done me enough mr. I have lost my berth through you, and the started to discredite through you.
A tear started to either blue eye, and went straight to Kathárine's heart. She drew back involuntarily against the wall as the young man went on, throwing out his hands with a despairing gesture:
"Do you know that I have tramped every bit of the road from London to find you, Smythe? It is just by luck theard you telling Mason you were coming down here. It isn't for myself I an worrying you, but-but that money is not all mine: half of it by rights be fore-"
"That's enough! I know the whole story, so it is not necessary to recapitulate it," Gordon broke in eurly: then turning sharply round: "Look here;
"The ywill condemn me, hang me, on your word! Katharine, you must, for my mother's sake!"
The girl started. She had forgotten the mother in this terrible moment. She could think of nothing but that frank young face, so still and cold forever.
"What --what can I do? Heaven have merey on us! she murmured faintly. Her brain more in the most is good to my sister-my poor little sister.
"That's enough! I know the whole tore-"
"The ywill condemn me, hang me, on your word?"
"The ywill condemn me, hang me, on your word?
Katharine, for-for my mother's sake!"
CHAPTER III.

In accordance with the promise of the Underwriters' Association, that with a permanent fire brigade Guelph would be given the lowest insurance rate in Can-ada, the City Council passed a by-law for a paid brigade of four permanent men and ten volunteers. L. S. Finch, of Beaution has



Axminster Rugs \$26.50



Extraordinary Monday Values

	ISUBDAY ONLY.
NOTE.—Anyone wishing to see the "TIMES" can do so at the abuve address.	BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELEC- TRIC RAILWAY. Leave Himilton-#6.30, *7.45, 5.20, 10.20, 11.20 a.m., 12.20, 12.00, 22.00, 32.00, 42.00, 55.00 6.20, 7.20, 5.20, 5.20, 10.20, 11.30 a. Leave Brautord-#5.00, *7.45, 10.00, 10.00,
Walking Canes We have a number of very nice light Canes, just the thing for young men. They are worth \$2.00 to \$3.00. We are selling them for \$1.50 each. They have sterling silver mounts and see up-to-date. F. CLARINCBOWL Joweter 22 MacNab St. North	Leave Brautora-63.30, *7.85, 1.20, 10.03, 11.00,a.m., 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.00,
	Leave Hamilton, 8.00 a.m., 2.15 and 7.30 P. mi P. Arive Toronto, 10.45 a.m., 5.00 and 10.00 D. mi Note-Special time table Wednesday and Saturday.
FILLED KEG WITH BEES. Butt of Jckers Get Even With the Crowd. Tired of being made the butt of prac- tical jokers. Stephen Swartz, of Aspin- wall, Pa., telephoned to his friends to join him in disposing of a barrel of beer rear town. On their arrival the friends found Swartz sitting by a cool looking keg with a large ice cake on top. Steva	Saturday. THE HAMILTON FERRY CO. North shore time table commencing. Septomber 1st, 1909. Depart Hamilton-7.50, 10.20 a. m., 2.20, 4.20, .20 p. m. Arrive Hamilton-8.30, 11.10 a. m., 3.10, 5.10, .10 p. m. SPECIAL SUNDAY SERVICE. Leave Hamilton-11.00 a. m., 1.50, 2.30, 4.00, .600, 8.60 p. m. Arrive Hamilton-11.40 a. m., 2.20, 2.15, 4.30,
isked another to knock the bung out and get the faucet started while he went into the house for amore glasses. A guest pulled the stopper from the	Plumbing
keg and loosed two pecks of mad bees nto the air. Five hundred stings were nflicted on Swartz's friends inside the	Heating
next two minutes. The bees had been mprisoned by Steve while they were warming the day before.	Contractor
Mr. Swartz has left town. When last seen he was four rods ahead of his near- est former friends.	GEORGE C. ELLICOTT
Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door. "Mon," she said, "ye're making too much clatter. What wull the neebors say?" "Dom the neebors " said the busy one, "I maun get ma' here medit" "Do hot Doal."	UTERA Diato serie Teresta Distantioner Prevents Cartagere The Constantions The



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