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FREE.

remedies are powerless to give relief and cure to the Catarrh-stricken sufferer, Japanese Catarrh Cure-the onehundredth-comes as the never-failing rainbow of promise and will cure as it cured John Crow of 421 Keefer street, Vancouver, B.C., who for 15 years had tried every remedy he could lay his hands on that promised benefit or a cure hands on that promised benefit or a cure—
only to have the parts weakened and
more susceptible to most violent returns
of the malady when the effects of the
false cure had passed off. He used 6
boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Three
years have elapsed since he did so, and
while he has been subject to the same
exposures, there has been no symptoms
of a return of the Catarrh, and he winds
up his testimonial letter with these
words: "My wife also uses it for headaches and it gives instant relief." 127

Japanese Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of Catarrh, or money refunded. Guarantee and conditions in every package. 50 cents—at all in every package. 50 Druggists or by mail.

CRIFFITHS & MACPHERSON CO., TORONTO



Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I surdock consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood Bood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloom-



For sa'e in A Ine at the White Dug Sto e

the People's 7, g Store.

ed silently, and when, at the end of his

let containing the mysterious letters to Jasof Bradwardine, he drew his chair close to the table and examined every decument from first to last, without witering a word.

Bathurst lighted a fresh cigar, and learning back comfortably, watched his friend's countenance.

When the memoranda had been carefully scanned, and the photographs closely inspected, Jocelyn turned two keen, earnest brown eyes upon his friend, and Neil, who knew well the meaning of that intense look upon the usually debonair face, said:—

"I see, Rob, you think we have stumbled upon a strong case."

"I think," replied Rob Jocelyn, with slow gravity, "that this man is Jason Bradwardine, and that Jason Bradwardine and that Jason Bradwardine and that Jason Bradwardine and that Jason Bradwardine and that Jason Bradwardine, and the judge of the strokes, indicating that different pens have been used. Here are some entries that have evidently been made while moving, probably while riding in the cars, or a carriage. Now, then, here are some dates with curious marginal notes, or words. Did you look over these very carefully?"

"No; to tell the truth, I did little more than glance at the notes. I was

cars, or a carriage. Now, then, here are some dates with curious marginal notes, or words. Did you look over these very carefully?"

"No; to tell the truth, I did little more than glance at the notes. I was very sleepy, and expected to run them through again with you."

"Why did you not think of comparing some of these dates with the dates of the letters?"

"Why didn't you think of connecting our friend Bradwardine with that 'ad' for a female detective?" retorted Bathurst, with a good-humoured laugh.

"Hang it, man, one brain can't hold everything. You and I may possess very good heads, as heads go; but haven't we proved more than once the truth of the old adage?"

"'Two heads better than one; quite true," replied Jocelyn, gravely. "We have done some hard thinking together, and if you came to go over these papers the second time you would hardly have overlooked this matter of the dates. Let us see. Just refer to that pile of letters, will you. For a test, take that letter of defiance, the last one; what date does it bear?"

"April 7, 18—"

"And here, under my eye, is the same date; and here another date, some forty days later, most likely to mark the time when the letter was received. This man must have relied much upon his memory. Wait a moment; he sent, an emissary, she says in her letter. Well, here, just above the memorandum of April 7, is another, listen: 'Feb. 18:h I. salled.' What do you make of that? By Jove! 'I.' must be the fellow who came over to steal the child."

"Precisely. Now then, below I find this: 'May 21st, failure.' That means the man's return, ch?"

"It looks like it."

"Upon further examination of the letters and notes they found that the latter bore entries corresponding with the dates of the letters, or at the time at which they were received. Beyond this, their combined efforts could make nothing out of the memoranda, or notes.

For more than an hour they talked of Jason Bradwardine, and his pro-

could make nothing out of the mem-oranda, or notes.

For more than an hour they talked of Jason Bradwardine, and his pro-hable intentions and movements. Then Jocelyn said, "Well, Neil, we will work up this case together, as we both

Jocelyn said, "Well, Neil, we will work up this case together, as we both have leisure."

"No, Rob," said Bathurst, shaking his head. "This is your case. And you are just the man to see it through. You always were a 'Squire of dames.' The fact is I want to remain in the city. I have got one or two notions in my head. Notions so odd and altogether vague, that I dare not repeat them even to you. But I want to stay here awhile, and go in for society. Whenever you really need help, I am yours. Bradwardine, or Brady, as he calls himself, having employed me to scour the city in search of this woman, I will be able to keep him under my eye, and can keep you posted during the time you will need for your trip to New York. You can gather up all the Elm Valley news, and deel assured that I in the meantime have not lost my grip of Bradwardine. When you come back I will turn him over to you."

Jecelvyn was surprised at his friend's

not lost my grip of Bradwardine. When you come back I will turn him over to you."

Jecelyn was surprised at his friend's sudden resolve to abandon work for pleasure, but knowing that Neil would explain in his own way and time, he forbore to comment, and it was decided that he, Jocelyn, should pay a visit to Elm Valley, there to seek information concerning "Mistress Bourne," while Bathurst, who had replied to the advertisement for a female detective, and had been employed by Bradwardine, who gave his name as Brady, to search the city for one Helen Richards, who had stolen from him, so he said, a wallet containing certain papers entrusted to him by a friend, and which, because they were held in trust for another, he would pay almost any price to recover.

"I will, of course, keep my character as a widow, with a taste for private investigations, and who knows but that in my perambulations about the city I may come upon your beautiful assassin. She of the eye."

"Who knows," replied Rob, "don't think I have abandoned the search for her. Depend upon it, I shall lind that she-devil yet."

"I should like to have a haal in that myself," said Bathurst, little dreaming how closely the fate of the beautiful murderess would be linked with his own.

CHAPTER X. A TERRIBLE TEMPER.

We must now leave the two detectives for a time, and see how the world is dealing with Lenore Armyn, the orphan girl, who, as a guest of the Buther of the ac-

did a good thing when you nabbed that handkerchief."

Then, without waiting for a comment from Rob Jocelyn, he related his experiences of the past two days, omitting nothing.

As usual, when deeply interested, and upon his professional mettle, Rob Jocelyn, throwing off his ordinary manner than one jest at the expense of the city.

Tit was no wonderful Phoenix to her, for she had never looked upon those other spires and stately walls now crumbled, or vanished away.

Before her arrival, the Ruthvens, or such of them as did know the truth concerning Lenore, had indulged in more than one jest at the expense of the city.

Tit was no wonderful Phoenix to her, for she had never looked upon those other spires and stately walls now crumbled, or vanished away.

Before her arrival, the Ruthvens, or such of them as did know the truth concerning Lenore, had indulged in more than one jest at the expense of the city.

True, she was childishly ignorant of everything pertaining to the city; but she asked questions with charming affable naivete, and received astonishing information with perfect composure, that her friends could do nothing

ure, that her friends could do nothing but admire.

There was no such thing as patroniz-ing Lenore. On the contrary, she bore herself toward those who were about her with gracious friendliness; while her with gracious friendliness; while to strangers, she extended a courtesy actually haughty. Upon Kate Seaton, her school friend, the girl always lavished a flood of sincerest affection not unmixed, it must be confessed, with a little, a very little, patronage. But Kate Seaton had been patronized by some one from her cradle up. She was one of those meck, sweet-tempered, lovable girls, who never assert their

own equality, or superiority, and her sister, Mrs. Ruthven, was of the same sort.
Charles Ruthven was young and gay,

Charles Ruthven was young and gay, fond of society, fond of fun, and—a little too fond of the ladies. His half sister, Mrs. Warren—the lady so graphically described by Clarence Arteveldt as a "blonde pussy cat widow"—had been but a short time a member of the Ruthven family.

Mrs. Warren was a fleshy blonde, very pretty, and standing upon the border-land of her thirtieth summer. She was well-preserved, good-natured, and frivolous—unprincipled, too, in the matter of getting her own way; but as Mrs. Warren's way was pretty sure to be a pleasant one, no one felt called upon to reproach her for lack of principle.

as Mrs. Warren's way was pretty sure to be a pleasant one, no one felt called upon to reproach her for lack of principle.

Mrs. Warren prided herself upon her style, and her taste in dress, and had calculated upon overwhelming the country girl with the elegance of her tollets. But Lenore, herself, well and tastefully arrayed, was not to be overwhelmed by the fashion as embodied in Mrs. Warren, a fact which that lady was not slow in finding out.

The widow was, in her own way an admirer of her own sex—one of those women who must always have on hand several "dear friends" in whom they may confide, and whose confidences they may betray when the love of gossip is strong upon them. Finding that Lenore was not to be led. Mrs. Warren, who had elected her, at sight, one of her chosen "dear girls," was content to stand on an equal footing—even to submit to be ridiculed sometimes, for the lady afforded a fine target for mirth at times, and Lenore was quick to see absurdities. But her laughter was far more malicious; her sarcasm had in it no sting.

In Lenore Armyn's nature there was one most dangerous element. She was entirely devoid of fear, and was lacking in the worldly wisdom which begets prudence. Among the light-hearted pleasure-lovers who constituted the Ruthven family, there was none capable of advising Lenore Armyn. And the time was not far distant when the girl would realize this fact. For the present the days were haleyon.

The Ruthvens were fond of society, and scarcely an evening passed that did not bring its little card party, composed of a few of Charlie Ruthven's friends, together with the ladies of the family, and perhaps Miss Van Buren, the Washington young lady, some other of the female friends of the family.

Mrs. Warren, too, had various admirers, who dropped in occasionally

the Washington young lady, some other of the female friends of the family.

Mrs. Warren, too, had various admirers, who dropped in occasionally for an evening's chat, or sent the ladies theatre tickets. And Clarence Arteveldt had become almost a fixture on the North Side. Since that first evening, passed in the society of Leonore Armyn, he had become her shadow. But, while he sought to dazzle Lenore with his wealth, if he could not induce her to fall in love with his "womanishly" handsome face, he was mindful not to pay his court too openly. Accordingly, he planned numerous excursions and pleasure parties, which included the entire Ruthven family, as well as any male friend of the family. There were theatres and drives, steamboat excursions, and sails upon the lake, autumn picnics, impromptu suppers, concerts, and lectures—always something; and always Clarence Arteveldt was the leader, the life of the party. At least, he was the leader of the men; for no eye was brighter, no laugh gayer or nore frequent, and no repartee more ready and sparkling than that of Lenore Armyn.

It was a new life to the beautiful grid, and she enjoyed it to the full. The home circle was always gay and pleasant; in the daytime there were the parks, the shops, the matinee; in the evening some pleasure always fresh, And everywhere was Clarence Arteveld*. Thus passed three long we-ks of the lovely September.

One morning, Lenore, Kate, and Mrs.

set theatres and drives, steamboat acursions, and sails upon the lark antumn picnics, impromptu suppose concerts, and lectures—always posemething; and always Clarence Artevelid was the leader, the life of the party. At least, he was the leader of the men; for no eye was brighter, no laugh gayer or more frequent, and no repartee more ready and sparkling than that of Lenore Armyn.

It was a new life to the beautiful girl, and she enjoyed it to the full. The home circle was always gay and pleasant; in the daytime there were the parks, the shops, the matine; in the evening some pleasure always fresh. And everywhere was Clarence Arteveld. Thus passed three long weeks of the lovely September.

One morning, Lenore, Kate, and Mrs. Warren—or Jess, as she was usually called—set out for a walk. Warren—or Jess, as she was usually called—set out for a walk. The beautiful girl, and see the fat woom and the babies and the dogs and cats. Let's see low life fol once, girls! "And forward and the strongs will, the two followed Lenore. "I am thred down the rest and make of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that was an utter failure. "I am not at all of the congression of the congression of the congression of the consequence," she said, with an effort at carelessness that

"Now, Jess Warren, stop acting like a mad woman; what prank are you trying to play me?"

"I am not playing a prank," whimpered Jess. "Don't you see how scared I am. I tell you it is true."

"What is true?" stamping her slippered foot wrathfully. "Tell me instantly."

"Well I of the property of the pro

"What is true?" stamping her slippered foot wrathfully. "Tell me instantly."

"Well, I am going to," cried Jess, beginning to recover herself a little. "You see Lenore dragged us down among all those horrid, nasty smelling Germans, and at last turned into the awfullest, awfullest dirty street you ever saw in your life. We tried to coax her to turn back, but no, she was seeing Chicago, she said, and she must see all of it. So on we went, and oh, how it did smell! When we had got to the nastiest, meanest, dirtlest place of all, we heard some one sreaming, and some one else swearing in awful Dutch. There was a sort of alley-way, and as we came to it there we saw a big man beating a woman with his great, dirtly, awful fists. The voman was down on her knees beside a little pile of wood, and a mallet and wedge lay beside the man. Before we could think Lenore had rushed at the man screaming in the awfullest way, 'Stop, you beast, you devil; stop, I tell you.' But the man roared out another oath, and struck the woman again so hard that she fell over upon the wood. In an instant Lenore seized that great mallet and struck the man an awful hard blow upon the head. We could hear his skull crack. Oh, Nett, it was awful. And there stood Lenore above the man, and you could fairly see the sparks fly out of her eyes. 'Lie there, you brute,' she said, and I thought she would kick I im with her boot. By that time a ragged little girl ran up, and at her heels a big, ugly policeman. I saw him go up and take Lenore by the arm, and then I ran away as fast as I could."

Having finished her "awful" story, irs. Warren sat down to recover her

"And Kate?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, ell in a tremble. "I tell you, he has got her too. Think of it Nett-Kate and that awful

Lenore locked up in a police sta-

Think of it Nett—Kate and that awful Lenore locked up in a police station."

"Who talks of my being locked up in a police station," cried a clear, vibrant voice, and simultaneously the door swung open, and Lenore Armyn appeared upon the threshold, with cheeks flaming, eyes blazing, and nostrils quivering. "Is it you, Mrs. Warren? Oh, you pitiful coward; you would stand by and see a human being killed by a brute and then run away and lie about one who dared to interfere. Bah! I despise you." And Lenore Armyn turned on her heel and walked straight to her own room.

"Jess, how could you," said Kate Seaton, who had followed Lenore into the room, looking very pale but quite collected. "You have made Lenore so angry."

"I made her angry," retorted Jess, growing suddenly brave. "I made her knock that man down, I suppose. Heavens, I am afraid to live in the house with Lenore Armyn; she is a dend incarnate. I shall never forget how she looked. But of course you won't say a word against her, not if she kills the whole family some day. It's a pity the policeman didn't shut her up," said the now hysterical Jess.

"If you are afraid to live here you had better change your quarters," said Kate, in a white heat. "Rest assured Lenore will never kill you, she dicesn't care enough about you, one way or the other," "Don't she?" hissed Jess. "Well, I hope some day to prove more worth yer consideration," and she flounced out of the room.

As soon as the door had closed behind her, Mrs. Ruthven turned to her sister.

"Kate, what on earth does this all mean? Did Lenore Armyn strike a man?"

"Yes, Nettle, she did," replied Kate Seaton, gravely. "She řelled him with

mcan? Did Lenore Armyn schle a man?"

"Yes, Nettle, she did," replied Kate Seaton, gravely. "She felled him with one blow. He went down like an ox, and he deserved it. But oh, it was terrible to see Lenore. I never dreamed she could possess such a temper. I have seen her eyes flash, and her hands clench, at the mention of wrong or outrage; she was always the champion of the weak. I have seen her interfere between quarrelling children more than once, and shake a boy as big as herself nearly out of his boots. But nothing like this. Nettie, she was livid to the lips—and her eyes. I shall never forget them. She told the Joliceman what she had done, and he lecked thunderstruck; then, as we saw people coming, he told her she had served the brute right, but that she rad better go home as quick as possible. 'I wouldn't arrest you if you had killed him,' he said, 'but some one else might if you stayed.' Then I wanted her to run, but she would not; of course I would not leave her, and she walked elong so steadily all the way, but with that dreadful look of anger on her face. Nettle, I would not wrong Lenore Armyn for the world. If any man ever does, she will murder him." "Yes, Nettie, she did," replied Kat-

CHAPTER XI.

SETTING THE SNARE. Lenore Armyn kept her room until

TRAGEDY AT MONTREAL.

Pierre Lauxen Shoots Former Sweetheart Who Mad Rejected Rim, and Turns the Revolver on Himself.

Montreal, Dec. 5.—Murder and suicide will probably be the verdict in a shooting affray that occurred here on Saturday evening Pierre Lanzon shot Fablola Gravel, wife of O. Richot, and then shot himself.

The woman, who was shot in the head, died instantly, and the murderer died three hours afterwards.

The shooting was the result of jealousy.

Lauzon had been paying court to the girl for some time, but she rejected his suit and recently married Richot. While she was walking along St. James street, near the Grand Trunk station with a young sister, she was met by Lauzon, young sister, she was met by Lauzon, who, after following her for a short distance, pulled a revolver and shot her in the head. He then turned the weapon on

The words of praise bestowed apon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine.

"Are your new neighbors well-to-do?" "I think they are. The children have such awful manners."

Catarrh and Hay Fever.

If it's hay fever that is the bug bear of your life, you won't know the pleasure of freedom from it till you've tried Dr.

He—They can photograph the voice now. She—I hope I'll never live to see a picture of the things you say when your collar button drops down your back.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.



If your heart never stopped beating. You would never be sick if your heart was always able to carry rich, healthy blood in sufficient quantity to every organ and tissue of your body.

When your heart, through weakness or the strain due to worry and overwork, is unable to supply the necessary amount of rich, healthy blood, every part of your body begins to show signs of weakness and disease.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE

Strengthens the heart and purifies the blood. It positively gives rolled in thirty

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE.

Strengthens the heart and purifies the blood. It positively gives relief in thirty minutes and effects a speedy, permanent cure. It cures nervousness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, headache, despondency, female diseases, and all other ailments that spring from diseases of the heart and blood. If you suffer from palpitation, weak or irregular pulse, shortness of breath, fainting spells or a lack of normal strength and vigor in any part of the body, you should secure Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER is endorsed by Canada's greatest ministers and statesmen. Try it. Dr. AGNEW'S OINTMENT is without a peer in cure of skin diseases. Relief in a day. 35 Cts. Use Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS, 20 Cts.

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"That Tired Feeling"

reasonable in horses as it is in When their blood is impoverished their appetite and energy leave them—their work feels twice as hard.

Dick's Blood Purifier



restores this lost vitality-The food is enjoyed-Every particle is digested.—The hide frees itself. Bots and kindred worms are destroyed and the horse thrives. 50 Cents & Package.

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Rigby Waterproofed Freize Ulsters

Made from pure wool, 32 oz. to the yard Frieze. Five pockets.— Deep flaps.—Six inch collar, with throat tab.—Double stiched edges-Raised seams. Length 54 inches. Nine colors. Black, Blue, Mid Brown, Drab, Claret, Heather, Oxford, Blue mixture and Olive mixture.

Waterproof, Windproof, Frostproof, Comfortable.

Sold by all reputable dealers from \$6.75

Nova Scotia to British Columbia for

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pocket, of course. Insist on seeing it, it is a good square guarantee.

Cerescelleseelleseelleseelleseelleseelleseelleseelleseelles



First. Never we not allow the gestraight line. Second. Never sole narrower th foot, traced with the rounding edg

Third. Never we es the heel.

Fourth. Never not kept in place. Fifth. Never v tight anywhere. Sixth. Never that has depression sole to drop any low the level pla

Seventh. Never sole turning up v as this causes the part of the foot to Eighth. Never presses up into th Ninth. Never boots tight, as it action of the calf walk badly and si ankle. Tenth. Never c to low heels at on

Eleventh. Neve shoes all the time so. Two pairs of a time alternately and are much mo Twelfth. Never linings to stand drilling or linen more healthful. Thirteenth. Ne washed is not at longer than the f that stockings sh they will allow yo

at the extreme end joints in place and attractive foot. A ings, the single stocking" is the be Fourteenth. Ne feet will grow la proper shoes. Pin makes them grow unsightly. A prop the muscles make attractive.

A USEFUL S In every househo require mending a A stocking bag in those that need a useful thing for have and from an following descript that is very easily

Take a yard of p a small figure; thre bon an inch wide tonne in color, a flannel, some stif spoot of silk. Cut of the pasteboard, es in diameter. Y by a large saucer o plate. Cover these cretonne and over gether, as if for a with the sewing s

of cretonne six inc inches wide. Turn circular pieces, to be neatly overhau open for the mouth is a full ruff, with center of each side center of each side side of one of the the same size and flanner several ishape, but smaller meter, buttonhole each leaf with sew them to the circle are to form a needl needles.

The puff should

needles.
Fasten the embiths and sew a bow is fastened.
On the opposite piece of cretonne ibook, gathered at trun in a casing, at two shirrings. This darning cotton. H puff for a casing of ribbon in for st bag up. The interifor the stockings.

CHOICE Corn Fritters-On one half teacup mi flour, one small powder, one fables powder, one tables, ter, two eggs, one little pepper. Fry Bouillon-Six po-bone. Cut up the

bones; add two que and simmer slowly through a fine sie particle of fat. See per and salt. Lobster Soup-Coo ing four pounds, pieces. Place in relled fine, one cu, a very little cayenn together. Heat thr and one of water; s boil two or three cut lobster, and boi

Cranberry Pie-T ries, stewed with on fuls of sugar, and s plate wich paste; pu wash the edges, lay across; fasten at edg across, forming dian wash with egg; bak til paste is cooked. Lemon Pie-Two