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(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII

The Other Woman In The Case

Syd Smithere ran to the door through which Lady Tilborough had passed, went through the hall to the other side of the house, and stopped to listen, just as there was the pattering of a pony's feet, and he caught a glimpse of a dark-blue riding habit, which was gone the next moment.

"Scissors!" he exclaimed. "Here, I must be on in this piece."

He darted back into the hall, to come full butt upon Mark Willows.

"Hallo, Mark! What's up now?"

"Dunno, sir. Message for the guv'nor, I think. Some'un must be ill."

"Awfully," said the lad, and he grinned to himself as the man ran through the hall to the back staircase so as to get to his master's dressing-room.

"I'm not such a fool as I look," said Syd, as he entered the breakfast room and stood in the middle, picking up his fly-rod and thinking. "Marky's going to the race. Driving, I bet. Well, I was going to nobble one of the ponies and ride, but I seem to see a seat alongside of the old man on the dog-cart if I play my cards right. Oh, scissors!"

He started back for a step or two, and then ran to the window, to gaze out with staring eyes at a handsome looking youth in a loose, baggy, knickerbocker suit mounted upon a bicycle, which he cleverly manipulated with one hand as he thrust open the swing gate, rode through, and escaped the rebound by pushing onward, riding right up to the window, leaping down with agility, leaning the bicycle against the wall, and, as if in imitation of Syd, vaulting lightly into the room to fling arms round the lad's neck.

"Oh, Syd darling!" came from a pair of rosy lips, in company with a sob.

"Oh, Molly!" cried the boy, excitedly, beginning to repel his visitor, but ending by hugging her tightly in his arms.

"Got you again, at last dear," cried the very boyishly-costumed young lady.

"Yes, but—oh, here's a jolly shine!"

"Yes, dear, awful. But now I am come, don't send me away from you. I feel as if we must part no more."

"What are you talking about, pet?" cried the boy. "You must be off at once."

"Oh no I shan't. I've come, never to leave you any more."

"You're mad, Molly. March hare isn't in it with you. Auntie'll be here directly."

"Gammon! I met her ever so long ago, in the carriage and pair. She looked at me, and turned up her nose and sniffed."

"Did she know you?"

"Not she. I should have been here before, only Lady Tilborough galloped by me on her pony, and I followed and saw her come in, and I've been hiding in the copse till she came away, for I knew she wouldn't stop, as your aunt was out. As soon as she galloped off I came on. If it hadn't been for that I should have been here before. So no fudge; everybody's out and we can talk. Oh, ain't you jolly ready to get shut of me?"

"But everybody isn't out, pussy. Uncle's at home."

"Is he? Come out then. Let's get into the woods."

"But I can't dear."

"Oh, why don't you tell them? You must now.

"I can't dear. It's impossible yet. Oh, why did you come?"

"Because I wanted to see you perticler."

"But I was coming over to the races, and you'd have seen me then."

"You got my telegram, then?"

"Telegram? No. What telegram?"

"The one I sent, saying I must see you. Yesterday."

"No telegram came."

"Then it's got stuck, because there's so many racing messages going. I sent one."

"Then you must have been a little fool."

"That I ain't," said the girl, petulantly.

"I told you not to write or send."

"But I was obliged to, I tell you; and as you didn't come to me in my trouble. I jumped on my bike and I've come to you."

"But what for—what trouble?" cried the boy, stamping impatiently.

"Father's got hold of your letters and found out everything, dear. You ought to have told 'em by now."

"But—but—but," stammered Syd. "where—what—oh! why did you come?"

"That's what I keep telling you, dear. Dad's half mad, and he's coming over to see your aunt and uncle."

"Coming here?"

"Yes, Syd love. He'd have come before if it hadn't been for the race."

"You must go back at once and stop him from coming here."

"Stop him? Oh, Syd dear, you don't know father."

"Don't know him? Oh, don't I? Why, if he came here—oh dear, dear, what a horrid mess! Well, I don't know what to do."

"Hadn't I better stop here?"

"Hadn't I better go and jump in the river? I wish you'd stopped at the Orphoean."

"But I couldn't, Syd; they're rebuilding it."

"Coming down here to this quiet place and making eyes at me in church till I didn't know what I was about."

"For shame, sir! It was you made eyes at me. I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could. You'd got a church at Tilborough, and might have gone there."

"Oh, what a shame, Syd! You know I did, and you went on writing letters to me, saying your aunt kept you at home, and that you couldn't eat or sleep for longing to see my pretty face."

"I didn't."

"You did, sir!" cried the girl, stamping her foot.

"Oh, you wicked wretch! Why, I've got six letters with it in."

"What! You've kept my letters? I told you to burn 'em all."

"Well, I haven't. I've got 'em all tied up with red ribbon, the colour of my heart's blood, all but those father found."

"Yes, that's it. If you'd done as I told you the old man would never have known."

"Oh, wouldn't he, Syd? Now say, if you dare, that you didn't write to me to come over so that you might see my darling sweet face again."

"Oh, I'm a gentleman, I am. I'm not going to tell any lies. If I said so, I must have been half cracked."

"So you were—with love. I've got four letters that say so when you wanted me to go to London and get married."

"Yes, I must have been mad, Molly. It's been like a nightmare to me ever since. I wish I'd never seen you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" began the pretty little bicyclist, beginning to sob. "Has it come to this so soon?"

"Don't—don't cry. The servants'll hear you."

"I—I—I can't help it, Syd. Oh dear, dear! You've broke my heart."

"No I have'nt darling. There, there. Kisses'll mend the place. There—and there—and there.'

"But you re sorry you met me, and you don't love me a bit. If I'd known what getting married meant you wouldn't have caught me running off on the sly."

"Don't—don't cry, I tell you," cried the boy, passionately. "I didn't mean it. You know that. I love you awfully, only a man can't help saying things when he's in such a mess. You don't know what my aunt is."

"And you don't know what my father is."

"Oh don't I? An old ruffian," added the boy to himself.

"Your aunt's only a woman, and she got married herself."

"Oh yes, that's true; but she isn't like other women. She didn't marry for love."

"And I don't wonder at it," said the girl, dismally. "Love ain't, as father says, all beer and skittles."

"Don't cry, I tell you," said Syd, angrily, as the girl rubbed her eyes, boy-fashion, with the cuffs of her jacket, after a vain attempt to find her handkerchief.

"Well, ain't I wiping away the tears, and got no—here, lend us yours, Syd."

She snatched the boy's handkerchief out of his breast pocket, and had a comfortable wipe.

"You used to kiss my eyes dry once, when father had been rowing me, Syd.

"Yes, and so I will now if you'll go away, darling."

"But I'm afraid, Syd. What with the letters, and the races, and the people, and the book he's making on Jim Crow, he's in such a temper that I thought he'd beat me."

"What!" cried Syd, furiously. "Strike my wife?"

"He didn't, Syd dear; but I thought he would."

"An old wretch! I'd kill him!"

"No you wouldn't, Syd dear," said the girl, kittening up to him and rubbing her cheek up against his; "but it's so nice of you to say so, and it makes me feel that you do love your little wifey ever so much."

"Of course I do, soft, beautiful little owlet."

"Then had I better stay?"

"What! Here?"

Yes; I'm sure Lady Lisle'll like me when she sees me—I'll stop, and we'll go down on our knees together, like they do at the Orphoean, and say, 'Forgive us, mother—I mean aunt dear—and it'll be all right.' 'Bless you, my children.' You know, Syd."

"Look here, don't put me in a passion again, or I shall be saying nastier things than ever."

"But why, dear? What for? I am your little wife, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know, Titty, but it'll make such a horrid upset. Here, I'm expecting uncle down every moment."

"Well, then, let's both go down on our knees to him."

"But he's just off to the races."

"Well, what of that? It wouldn't take long, and it would be like rehearsing our parts ready to appear before your aunt."

"No, no ,no. Now, look here, I've got to do it. Wife must obey her husband. You swore you would."

"Yes, dear, I did, but——"

"But be blowed! You've got to do it, Tit. Now, then you hop on your bike."

"But, Syd, there you go again."

"Hold your tongue, or how am I to teach you your part?"

"Very well," said the girl, stifling a sob.

"You told me just now that your father's making up a book on Jim Crow."

The girl used the handkerchief, stuffed it back in her boy-husband's pocket and nodded rather sulkily.

"What's he doing that for?"

"Because the other—La Sylphide's scratched."

"That she isn't. She's going to run."

"No. Josh Rowle's down with the D. T's."

"That don't matter. She's going to run and win. You've got to go back and dress for the race. You can't go like that. There'd be too much chaff on the course, and I'm not gong to have my wife shew up like this on the stands."

(To be continued.)

DO YOU SEEK HEALTH?

Consult Dr. Hamilton and You Will Be Shown the Way.

Thousands are in the same boat,—all sickly, bilious and feeling far from well.

Trouble is, the system is clogged with impurities which need to be cleared away.

Before downright sickness arrives you should cleanse and purify the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

At once you'll feel their mighty influence building up weak spots, clearing out disease, and putting you again on your feet.

These purely vegetable pills change your tired, worn-out condition to one of health and vigor, because they supply the body with nourishing blood that builds up and enlivens the entire system.

Mr. John Whitley, of Stanwood, P. O., Ont., knows the merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and says: "I wouldn't be alive today had it not been for Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Last winter I was sick with grippe, and when spring came I was weak, bilious and rheumatic. I used enough medicine to cure twenty times, but I didn't get any help till I tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They purified my blood, took the yellow color out of my face, put new tone in my stomach and increased my appetite. The bilious attacks and rheumatic pains gradually departed, and Dr. Hamilton's Pills made a new man of me. I proved their merit, and proclaim them a medicine for all men."

If better health and prompt recovery are important, get Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandraks and Butternut today. At all dealers, 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

DRESSY BLOUSE OF BLACK TAFFETA.

Every woman's wardrobe, no matter how many colored garments it may contain, should boast at least one black costume. There are always times when a black costume is more in keeping with the occasion than a colored one, and one should be prepared for any emergency, even though one does not like black as a costume color. The separate waist of black taffeta is not only very practical but is extremely smart, and may be worn with a skirt of plain black worsted or silk, or even a skirt of some fancy material, such as the illustration shows, in this instance the material being a black foulard with a large coin spot in white. The skirt is a princess model, the pleats which give it its fulness being laid flat at the waist line and over the hips with narrow bands of plain black taffeta, tailor stitched and finished with tiny silk buttons in the centre front. The waist is a surplice model of chiffon taffeta, the fronts elaborated with the eyelet embroidery and soutache braiding in Greek key pattern. The high collar boned with featherbone and the chemisette are of black cluny, and the 3-quarters sleeves, or rather seven-eighths for they reach almost to the wrist, have a cuff effect of the braiding which runs up the back of the arm to the elbow, and the edge of the sleeve is finished with double pleatings of black mousseline. Waists of this type are most successful when built over a very light weight silk or cotton lining, boned smoothly to the figure.

Sea and Car Sickness Quickly Cured.

No Longer Need Ocean Travel Hold Any Fears for Travellers.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY HAS BEEN FOUND THAT ABSOLUTELY CURES ANY CASE QUICKLY.

If you are going on an ocean voyage and fear seasickness Mothersill's Seasick Remedy should be in your valise. This remedy has been tried under all conditions of ocean travel by hundreds and will positively relieve all cases of seasickness. It will strengthen any stomach and is pleasant to take. It contains no morphine, cocaine, opium or chloral, and it cures seasickness and all forms of motion nausea, such as car sickness, dizziness from climbing, etc.

These statements are facts based on more than 2 years' experimental work. Mothersill's Seasick Remedy will cure all and any manner of seasickness so that the one taking it may move about and enjoy the ship life the same as though one was upon land.

The following letter is one of many we have received from prominent men and women who have used this remedy. It has never failed to cure:

"When leaving St. John's, I took one of your capsules, which worked wonders with me. I am a very poor sailor. Had it not been for 3 doses of your medicine I know I would have been very sick. You may refer to me at any time."—J. J. Tonkin, 42 Broadway, New York City.

Mothersill's Seasick Remedy is sold in 50c and $1.00 boxes. So certain is this remedy to do the work that if it proves unsuccessful your money will be promptly refunded. Send your name and address today to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 84 Cleland Bldg., Detroit, Mich., for interesting information about this wonderful remedy.

They will send you a 50c or $1.00 box, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price, or you will find it for sale in St. John by A. Chipman Smith & Co. and Geo. A. Moore.

STILL LOOKING FOR BALANCE OF RUNYAN'S STEALINGS FROM BANK

New York, July 9—Late today the police arrested Harry Kirkstein, a telegraph operator, 22 years old, on a charge of acting with Mrs. Laura Carter in receiving and disposing of $5,000 stolen from the Windsor Trust Company by Chester B. Runyan. The complaint was signed by George W. Young, of the trust company.

Kirkstein is the man for whom the police have been looking for several days. He was examined by Assistant District Attorney Corrigan. He said that he had lived with Mrs. Carter at a flat in West 66th street for about a year and a half until she told him she had a "good thing," and he left her.

On July 4, he said, Mrs. Carter telephoned him to meet her the next morning, which he did. She told him, he said, that the "good thing" was Chester B. Runyan, the missing teller of the Windsor Trust Company and that he had given her $5,000 which she had in her hand-bag. Kirkstein said he advised her to take the money to the trust company and tell the officials where Runyan was. She replied, Kirkstein said, that she would return the money to Runyan and then give him up.

The police are still following other clews, one of which is based on a signed photograph which was found in the woman's flat.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the hoisting cable of the new dredge snapped while a bucket of mud was being lifted, and the dredge was idle for the rest of the afternoon. The deck hands were busy last evening overhauling the cable on the drum, and a new part was put in and fastened on by the diver. The dredge strained her cable Monday while lifting some heavy boulders.

SIX DROWNED IN A SQUALL

Horror in Penobscot Bay by Which Pleasure Party Was Almost Wiped Out.

Bangor, Me., July 9—By the capsizing of the sloop Ruth E. Cumnock, of Brooksville in Penobscot Bay this afternoon, six young men of her party of seven were drowned. Laurent D. Hall, of Bangor, being the only survivor.

Six of the party were Bangor young men, summering at the Hersey Retreat at Sandy Point, and they had been invited by their friend William Vague, of South Brooksville, to take a sail in his boat to Islesboro and back. The sloop had reached a point off Castine when she was struck by a fierce squall and instantly capsized, her ballast and lead keel carrying her down like a rock.

Hall, who is a strong swimmer, managed to keep afloat for forty-five minutes and was picked up by the tug Bismarck, which landed him at Sandy Point. The others sank one by one and none of the bodies have as yet been recovered.

The victims are:

Harry Dugan, aged 18, son of P. T. Dugan, of Bangor, Sophomore in Bowden College.

Amos Robinson, aged 17, son of Frank Robinson, of Bangor.

Raymond Smith, aged 19, son of Sherman W. Smith, of Bangor.

Roy Palmer, aged 19, son of W. A. Palmer, of Bangor.

Frederick Ringwall, aged 19, son of Knute A. Ringwall, of Bangor.

Wm. Vague, aged 21, of South Brooksville.

The sloop was considered to be a safe boat in the hands of a sailor. When the squall struck, one of the passengers was at the wheel, Vague, her master, being busy forward.

All of the victims are well connected and widely known in school and college circles.

BRITISH JOURNALISTS COMING TO CANADA

Montreal, July 9—The Star's London correspondent cables:

The journalists who are sailing Friday on the Empress of Britain to tour Canada to the Pacific as guests of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, are remarkably representative of all political sections. They include editorial writers of the Times, Standard, Telegraph, Post, Daily News, Chronicle, Westminster Gazette, Pall Mall Gazette, Scotsman, Glasgow Herald, Belfast Whig, Cardiff Western Mail, and Illustrated London News.

Keir Hardie, M. P., leader of the Independent Labor party in the commons, will sail on the same steamer to tour Canada in the interests of the labor party here. He signalized his departure by issuing to the press a notice warning miners against invitations circulated in mining districts in England, Scotland and Wales, inviting members to go to certain unspecified mines in Nova Scotia where wages are high and the cost of living no more than here. Mr. Hardie says in his letter: "This trick has been so often played in the past that I beg miners to be on their guard." This unique reference is presumably to the Dominion Coal Company's assurance to the agent-general for Nova Scotia that it required a large number of miners during the six months commencing the end of March.

Harold Cox, radical M. P., and ex-secretary of the Cobden Club, returns, in the Westminster Gazette today, to the attack on the "All-Red" project. He calls on his leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to carry out his own declaration of policy on March 27, that the government are not advocates of subsidized services where an absolute equivalent for the money is not received.

Mr. Cox denies that Sir Wilfrid Laurier offers any such equivalent, and contends that the New York route will always be preferred to Halifax or Montreal. The whole argument for the "All-Red" route is an argument for protection against the foreigner, and he sees no reason why the British taxpayers should be bled for the benefit of Canadian tourists, Canadian farmers and consumers of Canadian cheese.

The ministers still favor the scheme, but it is evident if they carry it, it will be in the teeth of determined opposition of the extreme free trade group.

Rev. Chas. McCormick, C. SS. R., of Mission church, Roxbury (Mass.), is visiting his mother in Clarendon street.

THE DIVORCE WAS GRANTED

Fredericton, N. B., July 9—In the divorce court this afternoon, Judge Gregory delivered judgment in the case of Joseph Holmes vs. Eliza Ann Holmes, annulling the marriage contract. The case was brought before his honor last term and was undefended. The couple belong to Victoria county, and were married at Wicklow by Rev. Charles Sterling, Oct. 15, 1903. They lived at Cabano (Que.) for a few weeks, at the end of which time the wife left her husband, and went to Riley Brook, Victoria county, where she has since resided.

The libel in the case alleged adulterous intercourse with one Andrew McCaskell, of Riley Brook, but the judge held that there was no evidence to sustain the libel in this respect. As it had been clearly shown by the evidence, however, that the defendant had given birth to a male child nearly two years after leaving her husband, the court held that this established the charge of adultery, and justified him in granting the plaintiff a decree. Nothing was said in regard to costs of the suit. H. F. McLeod was prosecutor for the plaintiff.

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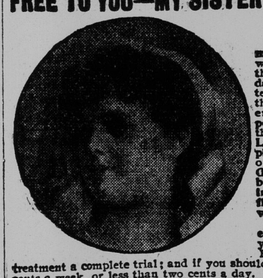

I am a woman.

I know woman's sufferings.

I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely.

Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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is not only pleasant to the taste, but has not that burning effect of alcoholic liquors, nor the sharp and bitter taste of quinine and iron preparations. It is soft and mellow to the taste, neither too sweet nor too heating to the stomach. It is a remedy which cures

Weakness, Debility and Dyspepsia

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