And would be pleased to mail you a lead packet sample to try it, if you send us you address on a postal and mention black or mixed.

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The Secret Out.

"I-I don't know," came in a confused stammer from the woman's own lips. "This gentlemans tell me to come, and say you will be good to me. I know, ma'am, you did not like me. I didn't want to tell anything to anybody. But what I see, I see, and the gentlemans ask me more and more and then I tell

'im everything." 'What is she talking about?" cried Genevieve, dropping her air of wonder asd assuming that of cold severity. "Let her speak plainer if she has anyting to say. I do not understand these allusions."

The detective looked at the woman. "Tell your story," he commanded, with a quick gesture. Whereupon the woman glanced round

"I am sure I didn't think what it would come at all to," she began, lifting her eyes for a moment to Gene-vieve's face and instantly dropping "It's wrong, I know, but I was always looking in through keyholes and listening. Most of all I wanted to find out about the girl you let come so often to your room when you let ncbody else come. I wanted to know so much that I used to stay longer in the room than you wanted me to, just to see if she would take off her veil. And when you caught me that time looking over your shoulder, I was only trying to find out if you was writing to this girl. It didn't seem right, but none of it was right. She was a dressmaker, and ladies like you don't put up with dressmakers' girls, keeping them in their room all alone for hours. I can't tell why I did what I did. I only want to say how it is I came back after you sent me away, ma'am, just to see if you was married all right, and if that girl was let come into your

room at the last, as she was all along.' "All of which means," the detective here dryly interposed, "that she was in the house unknown to anyone but the servants, on the evening, at the time you were married."

"Ah!" Genevieve's cold, curling lip seemed to say. "She did come, ma'am, that you krow, and when I saw her go up, I got so mad I sat down on the back-etairs and cried. Then I got awful mad Celia was not looking at her old mistress or she might have found it --- "and when I difficult to proceed, heard you all go down I just ran up to see if she was left to look over the rail, at the people below, because I didn't see why you wouldn't let her do that when you have done so much

for her before. 'You mean," again broke in Mr. Gryce's cool voice, "that you thought it a good opportunity to steal a sight of her face?"

A red flush answered him. "I thought so, but I did not see it, for she wasn't in the hall; and then I wondered what she could be doing shut up in that big reem, when she could be seeing all the people downstairs. Then I feel I must go in. You see I tell the truth, ma'am, for you'll not like me again any more. And when I found the door locked I couldn't think of anything, but how to see into that room and see what that gul was doing all by herself. So I went to the room next by yours. I got out of the window on to the roof, and tried to look into the window which is in the alcove--'

"Why do you stop?" Was it Genevieve speaking? Even her lusband did not know her voice. As Celia had only stopped for her breath, she looked at the lady with eyes of wonder; then went on as if no interruption had occurred.

'For I saw from the street that your shade was a little up, so that I could look in. When I tried to look I could not see the girl, and I got mad, and then because the window was not locked. I pushed it up and couldn't see her yet and couldn't hear her, too. Then I got in the window and walked in the room. She was not there."

Celia paused. Did she realize that she had reached a dramatic climax? I think not; she was only feeling a little uncomfortable; for Mrs. Cameron's eyes were fairly burning now upon her face, and in a way the most callous of mertals must have felt.

"Not there," she said, shifting her gaze and looking somewhat uncomfort-"And I was so much afraid I felt faint-like and ran to get out of the room. But the door was locked. Then I went to the alcove window, and there I got an awful fright-oh, awful. For right there by me on the floor where a lot of dresses lay, there was a hand sticking out, and it was white and cold

She gave a little scream and turned pale at the recollection, while Mrs. Cameron half rose to her feet and then sat down, inert and stricken, finding difficult for a moment to breathe, such terror seemed to pass over her at the circumstance and picture thus pre-

sented to her. Her husband, who had been seized with a shudder, too, walked straight up to the detective. "This is an incredible tale," cried

he; "have you reason to believe it a true one. "Let us hear it out," was the calm "Afterwards we will talk." And he motioned to the woman to fin-

ish her story.
"I hear that some people say that an awful, dreadful scream was heard when the wedding was downstairs. It must have been a dreadful scream. I

was alone with that dead hand pointing at me. I was so much afraid that I got stiff and did not know what I must do. All I think then was that I must go away and say nothing to semebody about the hand. For I know had no right in your room, and if I got into trouble nobody in the house would help me out. But I was awful afraid because I got to step over that body if I got out of the window. When I was again in the hall I was fainting right by your door. But I didn't. I went downstairs, got out of the house,

time. And how that gentleman found that I have seen the dead woman in your room-"That will do," quietly put in the detective. "You have heard this girl's story," he now declared, turning to Mrs. Cameron with a polite bow. "Are

and nobody saw me. And I ran all the

way and didn't say a word for a long

there any questions you would like to ask her?" The great lady stirred, looked as if she had awakened from some terrible nightmare, and murmured "No!" "She can be dismissed, then?"

Mr. Gryce bowed again, and address-

ed himself to the doctor. "Will you be good enough to see that she is suitably disposed of while we have a few more words on the subject?" It was courteously said, but the doctor. and his wife, too, flushed with suppressed Indignation, for it was apparent that from these words he did not feel sufficient confidence in them to leave them together alone while he crossed the room. But sharp as were the feelings thus aroused, they did not interfere with the doctor's complying with the visitor's request; and Celia was conducted across the room and shut up in the doctor's office with as much care and deliberation as if there was no tumult in his soul and not a nerve of his proud nature had been

In the interval not a word was uttered, not a look interchanged between the lady and the detective. But the moment Dr. Cameron returned, a sudden change took place in Mrs. Cameron, and rising, she confronted Mr. Gryce with a frank and grateful air, that lent quite a new aspect to her ever-

changing countenance.
"You are very kind," she declared, in a grateful tone, that was in itself a shock to both her hearers. "Knowirg this frightful tale; seeing as you must have done that, if true, Mildred Farley did not die after I went downstairs, but before, you have come here in confidence and without scandal to hear what I have to say about the matter and give an opportunity to explain myself. I shall never forget this consideration, sir; and as a proof of my gratitude I will at once tell you what I can about this poor unfortunate's death, hoping that you will see the matter as I did, and understand in a measure at least how I was driven by my fears to keep back my knowledge of this frightful secret, even from my mother and husband, till it was torn from me shred by shred, as you have seen. And now for the truth. This girl whose death you consider such a mystery, committed suicide. She committed it in my presence just a few moments before I went downstairs to be married. It was a terrible shock and a great surprise to me. I had been dressing, and was thinking of anything else than tragedies or death. Nor

do I think she meant to die then and there. But she was desperate. She had had a talk with her intended husband and had been disappointed in him. She did not want to see him again, and the contrast expressed by my bridal attire and the dreariness of her own outlook maddened her I suppose; for in a moment, as it were, she seized upon that bottle and turned it to her lips, and the deed was done, and she was dead before I got over the terror which held me breathless and immovable at her side. I was in my bridal dress and veil, sir. The ceremony had already been delayed, and I was momentarily expecting the summons to descend Should I mar the happiness of the whole

company by revealing what had occurred? I thought not, in the moment I had to consider. So I just drew the poor girl into the alcove, and in grief and terror enough, God knows, covered her over with some dresses I had before pulled down from the closet and thrown upon the floor. I had barely done this and readjusted my veil, when the knock came and I had to descend." (To be continued.)

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Waggs-I'do when I speak it. A LIFE SAVED .- Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A and was advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly be-lieve it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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LOW WATER IN ONTARIO

Causes of Dry Weather Explained by Prof. Wiggins.

Electric Wires Said to Militate Against Rainfall.

An Ottawa correspondent writes: "The interest and possibily alarm the steadily decreasing water level in the great lakes has aroused, and the severe drought that has recently been experienced in Western Canada have not escaped the notice of Prof. E. Stone Wiggins. who for several years has been giving this question much study. When asked today his opinion as to the perceptible falling off in the water of our great lakes and rivers, he said: There is abundant evidence that the great rivers and water basins on the continents are being constantly reduced. Geologists assure us that there was a time when the Caspian Sea was a part of the Black Sea, and when the Medi-terranean covered the Sahara. The banks of all the great rivers of the world show that they once formed their bed when these rivers swept far inland. Year after year the rivers of

Russia are reported growing smaller. The Vorskla, 150 miles long, once an important tributary of the Dneiper, often compared with The Hudson, has completely dried up. The rivers of the United States and Canada are visibly smaller than they were 25 years ago. This is remarkably true of the Hudson above Albany Lake, the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by canoes. The upper part of the Hudson is almost dry in many places during summer. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. The harbor of Torento has grown shallow, though dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, while all the dredging which can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it. The seas themselves are retreating from the land; the towns once on the shores of the Adriatic are now

eighteen miles inland. The oyster was once abundant in the Baltic, but it is now no longer an inhabitant of that sea, it having grown so small that it is perceptibly freshened by the waters flowing into it. The great lakes of North America are decreasing every year, and the time is near at hand when Niagara Falls will cease to be. These lakes were all one since man came upon the earth, when the States east of Mississippi were an island. At that time an ocean stretched through

North America from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to the Gulf of Mexico, when the latter was part of the Paci-fic. We know this from the fact that there is a large coral reaf in the Ohio River near Cincinnati, and that huge blocks of copper were transported from Lake Superior to Mexico and Peru. North and South America were then united by way of the West Indies. Remains of the megantherium, mylodon, capybara, all South American animals,

have been found in South Carolina and Virginia, and since none of their remains have beer discovered in Mexico or any of the Central American states the inference is plain that the Southern States were then part of South America. What is the cause of this constant de-

crease in the volume of our great lakes?

One cause is that the rivers that drain away and gaining a deeper bed. But them are constantly the chief cause in our day is the constant decrease in the rainfall on the southern half of the continent. The great lake region and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec receive the largest share of their rain from the great air current that runs from the Gulf of Mexico to the lake region, and then turns eastward down the valley of the St. Lawrence. Till within the last 25 years this was loaded with vapor and abundantly watered these Provinces. There was not a week during the spring and summer that this current did not carry Now Ontario is almost as dry as the Sahara, and threatens to become a desert. Some substances will not receive others into union with them except on certain conditions. Oxygen, that has such an affinity for iron and other oxidizable bodies, will not combine with them at very low temperature, nor will in support of combustion. If our atmosphere temperature were 200 degrees below zero there would be no such thing as rust, and a fire would be impossible Water will not unite with lead except when charged with oxygen, nor will it receive carbonate of lime in solution except it contain carbonate dioxide. Pure dry air follows a similar law, for only under certain conditions will it receive aqueous vapor. This condition is not heat, for mists hang over waterfalls when the thermometer shows 40 degrees below zero. In times of drought, such as we have now in Ontario, vast lakes and flowing rivers, though exposed for months to the burning sun, convey no moisture to the atmosphere, and the fields even to the water's edge are scorched as if by fire. There is no electricity in the air, and without it the humidity will not rise. Twenty-five years ago this great east-moving current was highly charged with electricity from the time it left the mouth of the Mississippi till it reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence; now the telegraph and telephone wires that form a wire netting across its path over the western sates conduct off its electric energy, and not only is the vapor it contains precipitated in those regions, but it is unable to reload itself with vapor on reaching the great lakes. In 1887 I visited those parts of Ontario when the drought was so disastrous during that year, and subsequently reported to the Dominion Government that the telegraph wires were the cause, and pointed out that when Western Ontario would become ruined by drought the Ottawa Valley would enjoy copious showers from electric clouds that would form over the northern hills and forests beyond the wire belt, and would float down to us on the northwest current. The truth of my words may be seen in the fact that this year the crops in the Ottawa Valley are abundant, while the farms of Western Ontario are as dry

as the ashes of Vesuvius. MOST INVALUABLE.

The New Specific Remedy Is Being Ex tensively Used at Ottawa.

Ottawa, July 29.-The marvelous recovery of Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, Bright's disease, by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills is still fresh in the memories of Ottawa people, and the remedy is being freely recommended both by druggists and private citizens. The similar wonderful cures of Dr. A. G. McCormick, of Richmond, Quebec, and of Mr. Arthur Coley, of Somerset, Manitoba, to say nothing of many others, are generally quoted in favor of the assertion that no remedy of modern times has gone so successfully through a severe trial, and has been so efficacious in all cases of kidney trouble. It is also proving itself invaluable in the milder forms of sickness which appear during the summer.

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LETTERS TO THE "ADVERTISER."

If you have a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of public interest to discuss, or a service to acknowledge, we will pring it in this column, provided the name of the writer is attached to his or her communication for publication. Make it as brief as possible.

LONDON GEOLOGISTS AT ROCK-WOOD.

To the Editor of the 'Advertiser": Rockwood, a village in Queen's Valley, Eramosa township, county of Wellington, is a place where true geologists may go with profit—a grand exposure of limestone—which would be the making of Captain Foster if it was at Wonderland, on the Thames. But it is on the Grand River. Those are fortunate who get there in fine weather, and find Mr. Walker, of the woolen mills; Mr. Charles Strange, son of Henry Strange, Provincial land surveyor, who knows the place well. Taking the train at the G. T. R., leaving London at 7:30 a.m., you reach there before 10, and so have the whole day. Mr. Walker took the lead, and passing through the village, we were soon on the heights, where the quarries are. Men working on a 50-feet bed of blue lime-stone, in the thicknesses of about two to three inches convenient for working and handling. The dip is more than sufficient to keep them from trouble with water, as at Beachville. Deep workings will hold water, as some clay is in the seams. The large rock above makes finer looking lime, but not so strong. The men were too busy to care for fossils. At some risk many contortions of body we looked down into the pot hole, 30 feet deep and 15 feet wide, perhaps, and worn fairly smooth. Some attribute it to water and stone. There is much debris at or near the bottom, which might be many feet down. There is a crack midway from bottom to top, and at the side next the ravine an opening has been made that enables a person to get in easily. Some have risked much in climbing an extemporized ladder to carve their names. E. A. Stuart, J. S. Black, and many others, and the Erie is not left out. The caves on the road to the woolen mills are interesting and easy to see, only the back entrances to other caves need cleaning so that you may creep into them. A live geologist is wanted to develop these caves and other wonders in this interesting neighborhood. If there is money enough in the village, there are idle men to do it.

JOHN LAW.

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A despairing man who had applied to us soon after wrote:

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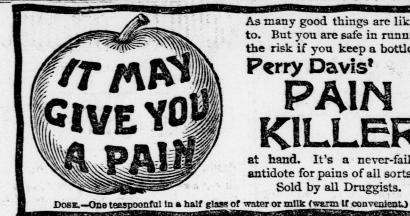
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