## B. LOVERIN

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## ATERRIBLE SECRET.

lady!"
She is like a creature distraught. There is blood on her right hand; she sees it, and with a gasping cry at the grisly sight, and before they know what she is about, she falls down in a faint in their midst.

They lift her up; they look into one another's pale faces.
"My lady!" they repeat, in an awe-struck whisper. "Murdered!"
"Hore!" onice Ma. H.

"My lady" they repeat, in an awe-struck whisper. "Murdered!"
"Here!" cries Mr. Hooper, his dignity coming to his aid, "let us investigate this here. Lay this young woman flat on her back on the floor, sprinkle her with water, and let her come to. I'm going to find out what she means."

They lay poor Ellen stiffly out as directed, some one dashes water into her face, then in a body, with Mr. Hooper at their head, they march off to investigate.

"She was in the day-nursery," Nurse Pool suggests, in a whisper, and to the day-nursery they go.

wingers, in a winder, and to the day of the threshold for a second or two they batt, their courage failing. But there is nothing very terrifying. Only the solemn moonlight, only the motionless little figure in the arm-chair. And yet a great awe the arm-chair. And yet a great awe ds them back. Does death—does murder stand grisly in their midst?

"Let us go in, in the name of Providence," says Mr. Hooper, a tremble in his voice; "it—it can't be what she says. O good Lord, no!"

"it—it can't be what she says. O good Lord, no?"

They go forward on tiptoe, as if afraid of awakening that quiet sleeper whom only the last trump will ever awake now. They bend above her, holding their breath. Yes, there it is—the blood that is soaking her dress, dripping horribly on the carpet—oozing slowly from that cruel wound.

A gasping, inarticulate sort of groan comes heavily from every lip. Old Hooper takes her wrist between his shaking fingers. Stilled forever, already with the awful chill of death. In the crystal light of the room the sweet young face has never looked fairer, calmer, more peaceful than now.

The old butler straightens himself up, ashen gray.

ashen gray.

"It's too true," he says, with a sort of sob. "O Lord, have mercy on us—it's too true! She's dead! She's murdered!"

He drops the wrist he holds, the little jewelled, dead hand falls limp and heavy. He puts his own hands over his face and soby sloud! s aloud:
'Who will tell Sir Victor? O my mas-

"Who will tell Sir Victor? O my master!" yo dear young master!"
No one speaks—a spell of great horror has fallen upon them. Murdered in their midst, in their peaceful household—they cannot comprehend it. A last—
"Where is Miss Catheron?" aaksa sombre

voice.

No one knows who speaks; no one seems o care; no one dare reply.
"Where is Inez Catheron!" the voice says

again.
Something in the tone, something in the ghastly silence that follows, seems to arouse the butler. Since his tenth year he has been in the service of the Catherons—his father before him was butler in this house, Their honor is his. He starts angrily round

now.

"Who was that?" he demands. "Of course Miss Inez knows nothing of this."

No one had accused her, but he is unconsciously defending her already.

"She must be told at once," he says, "I'll go and tell her myself. Edwards, draw the curtains, will you, and light the candles?"

vice; "and please, miss, am I to tell Sir Victor?"

She hesitates for a moment—her face changes, her voice shakes a little for the first time.

"Yea," she answers, faintly, "tell him."
Edwards leaves the room. She turns to another of the men servants.

"You will ride to Chesholm and fetch Dr. Dane. On your way stop at the police station and apprise them. The rest of you go. Jane Pool where in the baby?"

"Op stairs in the night nursery," Jane Pool answers sullenly.
"And crying, too—I hear him. Hannah," to the under nurse, "go up and remain with him. I am going to my own room. When," she pauses a second and speaks with an effort, "when Sir Victor comes, you will receive your further orders from him. I can do nothing more."

She left the room. Jane Pool looked ominously after her.

"No," she said, between her set lips; "you have done enough."

There has been no direct accusation. but

"Oh, Jane, hush!" Ellen whispers in terror.

There has been no direct accusation, but they understand each other perfectly.

"When the time comes to speak, you'll see whether I'll hush," retorts Jane.

"What was she doing in this room fifteen minutes before you found my lady dead? Why wouldn't she let me in? why did she lie? what made her say my lady was still asleep? Asleep! Oh, poor soul, to think of her being murdered here, while we were all enjoying ourselves below. And if I hadn't took away the baby it's my opinion it would have been..."

"Oh, Jane," as much as you please, it's gospel truth. Them that killed the mother hated the child. When the time comes I'll speak, if she was twice the lady she is, Ellen!"

"Lor!" Ellen cried with a nervous jump, "don't speak so jerky Mrs. Pool. You make my blood a mask of ice. "What is

"don't speak so jerky Mrs. Pool. You make my blood a mask of ice. "What is it?"
"Ellen," Jane Pool said solemnly,
"where is the dagger?"
"What dagger?"
"What dagger?"
"The furrin dagger with the gold handle and the big ruby set in it, that my lady used as a paper knife. I'll take my oath I saw it lying on the table there, shining in the moonlight, when I took away baby. Where is it now?"
The dagger the nurse spoke of, was a curious Eastern knife, that had belonged to Sir Victor's mother. It had a long, keen steel blade, as sim handle of wrought gold set with a large ruby. Sir Victor's wife had taken a fancy to the pretty Syrian toy, and converted it into a paper knife.
"I saw it on that there table when I took away baby," Jane said compressing her lips; "it would do it. Where is it now?"
"Gone," Ellen answered. "Oh, Jane do you think—"
"She has been stabbed, you see. right through the heart, and there isn't much blood. That deviliah little glittering knife has done the deed. There it was ready for its work, as if Satan himself had left it handy. Oh, poor lady—poor lady! to think that the toy she used to play with, should one day take her life!

While they whispered in the death room, up in her ohamber, while the hours of the dreary night wore on, Inez Catheron sat, crouched in a heap, as Hooper had found her, her face hidden in her hands. Two hours had passed, an awful silence filled the whole house, while she sat there and never stirred. As eleven struck from the turret clock, the thunder of horses' hoofs on the avenue below, came to her dulled ears. A great shudder shook her from head to fote—she lifted her haggard face. The lull before the storm was over—Sir Victor Catheron had come.

"He is too true, my lady—the Lord have merey upon us all. It seems too horrible for beitis, but it is true. As he he yas defect to be the but it is true. As he he yas defect to be the but it is true. As he he yas defect to be the but it is true. As he he yas defect to be the but it is true. As he he yas defect to be the profit human form stabbed her through the heart, my lady—Dr. Dene may one blow dick it, and that dath must have been instantaneous. So young as a week, and so lovely. Oh, hey would not be here "I feel as though I were guilty in some way myself, the housekeeper want on." If you would not be here "I feel as though I were guilty in some way myself, the housekeeper want on." If you would not be here "I feel as though I were guilty in some way myself, the housekeeper want on." If you want the window, or anything: I know the monater whoever he was, got in through the window, or anything: I know the monater wiped her eyes suddenly, and you'll we had only woke her up. or fastened the window, or anything out openly, but the looks he gives, and the huntred rised! You can see as—clear as day that she as a ports—Miss Inex." Any hady, I don't say it—I don't think it—Heaven forbid !—it's only that wicked, spiteful nurse, Pool. She had the point of the point

rival had not softened her heart.

"He will survive it," she answered, in the same half-contemptuous tone. "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"Inez," said her aunt, suddenly coming a step nearer, "a rumor has reached me—is it true?—that Juan is back—that he has been here?"

"It is quite true," her niece answered, without turning round; he has been here. He was here on the night Lady Catheron first came."

"Sir Victor is in there—with her and faltered.
"Yes, my lady—like a man all struck stupid. It frightens me to see him. If he would only speak, or cry, or fly out against the murderer—but he just sits there as if turning to stone."

His aunt covered her face for an instant with both hands, heart-sick with all these horrors; then she looked up, and moved forward. He was here on the night Lady Catheron first came."

"There is another rumor afloat, that there was a violent quarrel on that occasion—that he claimed to be an old lover of Ethel's, poor child, and that Victor turned him out. Since then it is said he has been seen more than once prowling about the grounds. For everybody's sake I' hope it is not true."

Inex faced round suddenly—almost fiercely. orward.
"Where is she?" she asked—"in which room?"

"In the white drawing room, my lady;
the doctors brought her there. Sir Victor
is with her, alone."

Lady Helen slowly advanced. At the
door she paused a moment to nerve herself
for what she must see; then she turned the

Inez faced round suddenly—almost fiercely.

"And what if I say it is true, in every respect? He did come—there was a quarrel, and Victor ordered him out. Since then he has been here—prowling, as you call it—trying to see me, trying to force me to give him money. I was flinty as usual, and would give him none. Where is the crime in all that?"

"Has he gone?" was Lady Helena's response.

for what she must see; then she turned the handle and went in.

It was one of the stateliest rooms in the house—all white and gold, and dimly lit now by wax tapers. Lying on one of the white velvet sofas she saw a rigid figure, over which a white covering was drawn; but the golden hair and the fair, marble face gleaming in the waxlights as beautiful as ever in life.

He sat beside his dead—almost as motionless, almost as vold, almost as white. He had loved her with a love that was akin to idolatrous—he had grudged that the eye of man should rest on his treasure—and now has at beside her—dead.

If he heard the door open, he neither moved nor stirred. He never once looked ap as his aunt came forward; his eyes were riveted upon that ineffably calm face with a source. So, in the chill gray of the fast-coming

turn at the earliest possible moment tomorrow.
So, in the chill gray of the fast-coming
morning, Lady Helens, very heavy-hearted,
returned to Powyss Place and her sick husband's bedside.

Meantime matters were really beginning
to look dark for Miss Catheron. The
superintendent of the district, Mr. Ferrick,
was filling his note-book with very ominous information. She had loved Sir Victor—she had hated Sir Victor's wife—they
had led a cat-and-dog life from the first—an
hour before the murder they had had a violent quarrel—Lady Catheron had threatened to make her husband turn her out of the
house on the morrow. At eight o'clock, Jane riveted upon that ineffably calm face with a vacant, sightless sort of stare that chilled her blood.

"Victor "! she cried out, in a frightened voice; "Victor speak to me. For pity's sake don't look like that?"

The dull, blinded eyes looked up at her, full of infinite, unutterable despair.

"She is dead," he said, in a slow, dragging sort of voice—"dead! And last night I left her well and happy—left her to be murdered—to—be—murdered."

The slow words fell heavily from his lips—his eyes went back to her face, his dulled mind seemed lapsing into its stupefied

The state of the control of the cont

CREEDON TALKS

HE STURDY AUSTRALIAN IN PRIME DITION FOR HIS CONTEST WITH FITZSIMMONS.

From the St. Louis, Mo., Chroniele.

As September 26, the date set for the \$5,000 battle between Dan Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons, grows nearer its uncertainty grows greater and the interest of the sporting world increases. While Fitzsimmons will no doubt be a hot favorite in the betting, yet the truth of the matter is, that but very few have got a true line on Creedon, While the wise men of the ring who have come in touch with him, are saying but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud. It is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud. It is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud. It is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' following but little out loud it is a well-known fact that fact had been fact tha

Creedon is doing his training in St. Louis under the care of his Foster brother, Tommy Tracy. He was seen n the office of his manager, Col. John D. Hopkins, by a Chronicle reporter, and among other things unbosomed

D. Hopkins, by a Chronicle reporter, and among other things unbosomed himself regarding the "muscular rheumatism" story:

"In December last" (he laughed when the subject was broached) "I was giving sparring exhibitions with a variety and athletic company. We played a week's engagement in Boston. During Christmas week it was bitterly cold, the theatre in which we played was miserably heated behind the curtain. The dressing rooms were so cold that you could actually see your breath. My contract with the manager stipulated that I was to box two bouts of three rounds each, one of which was to be "try-out" with any local fighter possessed of an ambition to make me "bite the dust."

Though my task was not a severe one from a scientific point of view, the work was hard and monotonous and the perspiration streamed from my pores as I scampered from the stage into my cold, damp-dressing room. I resisted the shock of these sudden changes until the night before we closed our engagement, when, as I was dressing preparatory to leaving the theatre, a sickening chill pen trated my back, my legs ached and I suddenly became sick at my stomach. I drank two hot whiskeys in a neighboring saloon, hurried to my hotel, and huddled up in bed.

"On the following morning on awakening, my right ankle was stiff and sore, and the muscles of my arm were swollen and pained excruciatingly." "I rapidly grew worse. My physician ordered hot water bags for my

"I discharged my physician in despair and tried enough so-called rheumatic cures to stock a fair-sized drug store. By the advice of Col. John D. Hopkins, my manager, I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Col. Hopkins had read so much in the papers of the marvelous cures made by Pink Pills, and being a victim of periodicals attacks of rheumatism, gave them a trial.

ing but little out loud, it is a well-known fact that Fitzsimmons' followers are finding in a quiet way all the Creedon money they want.

Personally Fitzsimmons has always believed that Creedon was easy game. But then, Creedon has improved almost beyond belief since he came to this country. The instruction he received while helping to train Corbett for the Mitchell fight did him no end of good, while his method of living and manner of taking care of himself has greatly improved his condition.

Some time ago it was reported that Creedon was a victim of muscular rheumatism and that his days as a fighter had passed. This has no doubt taken many of the sporting fraternity over to the other side.

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Some time ago it was reported that the was gone. Libought one bottle J. P. Lamb.

Some time ago it was reported that the was gone. Libought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince was a warranted by J. P. Lamb. remedy." A trial bottle will convi-you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

## FOR REFORM IN ROADS

Directors of the Good Roads Associ-

WORK FOR THE COMING WINTER

ried on at Meetings of Farmers' Institutes-The Department of Agriculture Takes an In-terest in the Work.

Twelve Horses Burned to Death.

Brantford, Sept. 14.—Yesterday morning fire destroyed L. Taylor's livery stable, Dalhousie street. Twelve horses were burned to death. A quantity of harness and some buggies were lost. Two stablemen sleeping in the building were rescued with much difficulty. The fire surread to

Fierce Forest Fires in Michigan Flerce Forest Fires in Michigan.

BESSEMER, Mich., Sept. 14.—The Gogebic Powder Company onli is in imminent danger of destruction from forest fire, which the department has been fighting in the face of a strong wind. Trout Creek, Mich., is again threatened with destruction. The wires are down and several railroad bridges have been burned. Several buildings at Iron Belt, Wis., on the Wisconsin Central, have been burned by forest fires. At Wakefield a miner died from the heat. Four hundred million feet of pine have been burned in Gogebio and Ontonagon counties.

A Tunnel for Niagara Falls, Ont. A Tunnel for Ningara Falls, Ont.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Sept. 14.—That
the construction of the Canadian Power
Tunnel for the Niagara Falls Power Company will seen be begun is shown by the
increased activity on this side. When
ground is to be actually broken is a matter
that is keeping overyone gnessing for the
present, but all agree that the time is not
far d stant. The residents of this town
are watching each new change with great
interest and savisfaction.

Convicted of a Shocking Crime. Toroxto, Sept. 14.—William Henry Barlow, of 1 Fitzroy terrace, paintir and paperhanger, was found guity of indecent assault upon a little 12-year-old girl. The assault took place in Barlow's place of business on July 6. Barlow is a married man with two children of his own.

Shot His Wi'e After a Spree. Shot His Wie After a Spree.
Long Islann Cury, L.I., Sept. 14.—
Wm. Schernowski, a Bohem an, 59 years
old, while crazy from the effects of a protracted spree, shot his wife Annie, with a
shotgun at their home. The woman is
still alive, but her death is momentarily
expected.

Dig Blaze in Dartford.
WENTWONTH, Ont., Sept. 14—A disastrous fire took place about noon yesterday in Dartford, destroying the grist mill, saw mill, two dwellings an is blacksmith shop. It is thought the fire originated from the engine in the saw mill. Loss about \$5,000.

Big Blaze in Dartford.

A Prince of Bourbon in Trouble.

MADRID, Sept. 14.—Proceedings have been begun against Prince Francois Marie of Bourbon who issued a proclamation last week plaiming the heritage of the crown of France. He will be recalled from his military commands. Burglars in Plattsviile. PLATTSVILLE, Sept. 14.—Burglars entered Veitch's drug store by a back window and made off with \$30 in cash and a number of cigars. No ciue



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