

JUST IN TIME.

BY ADLINE SERGEANT.

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under False Pretences," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

MAGGIE LOGAN'S OATH.

Janet Douglas covered as if she could have sunk into the earth. In the extremity of her terror she forgot to breathe herself. She waited for pardon like a frightened child. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me," she said. "I did not know. I only wanted to look for something."

"You were stealing," said the old man. "You wanted my son's inheritance. God's curse light upon you for a heartless, wicked woman if you wronged my boy of a single halfpenny! You shall have no chance—no chance—no chance! You shall go, do you hear? You shall leave the house tomorrow—yours and your boy's. You are my child no longer; I cast you off."

"Oh, father, father, don't say such things," cried Mrs. Douglas, sobbing. "I'll never do it again—I'll—"

"What were you doing?" said the laird, still moving and speaking with the preternatural strength of voice and limb lent him for the nonce by nervous excitement. "What were you doing? Get up, woman. Speak; what did you want?"

Mrs. Douglas rose from her knees, to which she had sunk in a self-humiliation. But she could not speak for sobs, and Mr. Lockhart seemed scarcely to expect her to answer him. He thrust her backward and made one step towards the bureau, where the open tin box, the scattered papers and jewels, told their own tale. "What have you stolen?" he said savagely.

"They were my mother's—they ought to be mine," said Mrs. Douglas, with a burst of hysterical outburst. "The pearls were promised to me when I was a girl."

She got no further. The old man took the string of pearls and flung them in her face. "Keep them," he said, "and keep the luck they bring you. You will get nothing else."

Mrs. Douglas clutched the pearls firmly to her bosom. She loved them for their own sake, and she had the folly to attempt to thank her father for the ill-omened gift.

"I'm sure I am very much obliged to you," she gasped. The commonplace words sounded like a sentence from a comedy grafted upon some strangely tragic piece when uttered face to face with the laird's gaunt and ghastly figure, his high forehead, his livid lips, his eyes, the purple veins standing out strong and hard upon his forehead and his hands, the bands of perspiration gathered upon his brow. But Mrs. Douglas was not one that could see tragedy anywhere.

The laird, the more serious details of life blocked up her vision. "I shall keep it for your sake."

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" inquired the laird. "Hold your tongue; I'll not listen to another word. Go, go, I say."

With out hand on the open box and the other warning her away, he looked like the weird impersonation of avarice or greed. And yet it was not a quality to be called by one of these ugly names that raised in him this passion of anger and ardent desire to guard his wealth. It was rather the wish to repair a wrong already done.

The little onlooker, who had hitherto passed unobserved, now came into view. Maggie was neither frightened nor startled by the sight of the laird, who was simply curious. And she knew by instinct that Mrs. Douglas would not scold her for her presence at that moment—that she might even be glad of it and turn it to account. It was with unshaken confidence, therefore, that she stepped forward with Mr. Lockhart's warily-guiled dressing gown over her arm.

"The master'll be wanting his birr gone," she said calmly to Mrs. Douglas. "He'll get his death o' could if he diana pit something on."

"Yes, indeed," moaned Mrs. Douglas, "but how can I speak to him, Maggie, and him so angry like? I'm terrified to go near him."

Maggie Logan, while Mrs. Douglas only tried to find a possible condonation of her offences.

But in a second or two Mrs. Douglas felt bound to acknowledge the justice of Maggie's remark. The old man seized the box in both hands, pressed it closely to him and walked past them, muttering as he went. Only when his daughter tried to follow him with advice, offers of help and pleas for pardon, he waved her angrily away.

"Back with you," he said. "Back!" And Janet Douglas shrank away in terror of the fierce light in his haggard eyes, the threatening movement of his hand. He marched to the door of the room, flung it open, hesitated for one moment only upon the threshold, and then went straight out into the dimly-lighted corridor.

"He'll hit himself! he'll catch his death of cold!" cried Mrs. Douglas, roused to genuine distress, wringing her hands and sobbing aloud as she spoke. "And—oh, me! I haven't go after him, and there's no knowing what he'll do."

"Will no one see the men?" said Maggie. "No, no—at least, I don't know. Run, Maggie; run after him and see where he's gone; there's a good girl, now, knock at your aunt's door and Simpson's door as you pass, so that they may get him back to bed. And, Maggie, don't let him leave the box anywhere—bring it back with you, or notice where he puts it," said Mrs. Douglas, following the girl to the door. "He's likely gone to hide it, so keep your eyes open, there's a good girl, and I'll give you the white dress you were talking about, tomorrow."

Maggie nodded, and ran out of the room. She was not afraid of the laird; not she. In fact she was a girl to whom fear did not come very readily; she was too curious by nature to be afraid of the unknown. The love of knowledge would always be stronger in her than the fear of consequences. So, while Mrs. Douglas stood shivering and trembling in the well warmed, well lighted bedroom, the girl of twelve ran boldly and lightly through the dark passages in the wake of a man whom passion had for the time being transformed into a raging madman.

The laird tread softly, having socks upon his feet, and no one was aroused by his passing footsteps. As for Maggie, her feet were bare, as she had taken off shoes and stockings for purposes of her own when she came into the laird's room that night, so that the following noiseless tread of her feet upon the carpeted floor had caught up a lighted candle as he passed a side table on the landing, and he went through the narrow passages of the old-fashioned, irregular building with quick, unhesitating steps, holding the candlestick aloft in one hand, and clutching the box under his arm with the other. The candle made an odd circle of light around him, and the shadow of his gaunt figure, with the long flowing garment wrapped loosely round it, looked in the distance like an attendant spectre pursuing him into the darkness. Not that anything occurred to Maggie, who was scarcely to be called imaginative. She was a little heathen in matters of religion—materialist by nature, who believed in the good things to eat, to drink, and to wear; and though there was a fund of superstition latent in her mind, it did not come readily to the front; and she was devoted with curiosity to know what Mr. Lockhart was going to do.

The laird went up and down the stairs and passages in what seemed at first a rather aimless fashion; but Maggie soon guessed that he had had the cunning to get off in one direction and then to take another simply in order to baffle Mrs. Douglas's curiosity. Yet he never once looked back to see whether or not she was following. He took the way which led to a part of the house known as the West wing, and Maggie guessed that he was going to his study, which was situated in that direction.

The laird and his silent follower crossed the hall—not the front hall, but one from which a side door opened upon the lawn and shrubbery—then turned sharp round to the left. Here a short, dark passage led to a staircase and two upper rooms which had been for many years devoted to the books and papers of the master of the house. These two rooms opened into one another. The upper one was very large, but neither room was very large. The latter room was almost completely filled with books.

Maggie lingered for a moment on the stairs. She began to feel that there was some slight danger in the quest. If the laird turned back and came suddenly upon her what would he do or say? But, finding that he had come into the inner room and seemed to be lingering there, she mounted the steps, though with a little trepidation, and advanced on tip-toe into the upper room, whence she had a clear view of Mr. Lockhart and his proceedings.

"Open that!" said Maggie to herself once more, as she looked.

The laird had set the candle down upon the table, and there the light flickered in the draught, and the wax ran down the candlestick in great white drops. He was standing at the bookshelves, pulling out some of the books and giving them upon a chair. Maggie noticed that his brow-

ing seemed hurried and difficult; it was so loud that it resembled a succession of groans rather than ordinary respiration. When he had made a space about two feet in length, he stopped, put his lean hand inside and felt cautiously along the wall. Maggie leaned forward to learn the reason for this mysterious action. There was a little hidden chamber or cupboard in the wall, which was completely screened from view by the books. Indeed, it was invisible even when the books were taken away. Probably only an instructed eye could have found the place where, by pressing in a particular spot, the panel slid backward and revealed the narrow space in which, if tradition spoke truth, many a valuable jewel or paper had been concealed in days gone by. Very few knew of this hiding place. Janet Douglas even did not know of it, and it was quite possible that Mr. Lockhart himself and perhaps the family lawyer or the old factor were the only depositaries of the secret of its existence.

Into this little press, then, the laird thrust the precious box, which he had not even taken the trouble to lock. Papers, bank notes, gold, and jewels were all hidden in dire confusion under the lid. One of the ornaments had fallen unperceived to the floor as he passed through the outer room. Maggie picked it up and thrust it into her pocket. It was the Indian jewel, with a setting of gold filigree-work and the engraved characters upon its ruddy surface.

"There, there!" said the laird to himself as he pushed the box as far back as it would go, and reclosed the sliding door. "There! I have made it as tight as I can. She will never think of looking here. It is safe now—quite safe. The land won't go to Bertie. It's Anthony's. And there will be a Lockhart of Glenberrie to the end of time, as there should be. Safe, safe!" And with a chuckle of almost fiendish glee, he fitted the books one by one into their places, so that not a trace of their removal should be seen. Then he turned round and took the candle from the table. For the first time he staggered a little, as if he could scarcely walk. Maggie wondered to herself how he meant to get down those steep stairs without assistance.

She hoped that he would pass her by unseen, as he came out of the inner room. She shrank back into the darkness. But the cold clear winter moon was rising above the tops of the gaunt trees without, and its first beam came through an unshuttered window in the room and fell straight upon her aureole of golden hair. It was this gleam of brilliance which caught the eye of Mr. Lockhart as he came with lagging footsteps and dying energy into the outer room. The thought that some one had dug his footsteps stimulated all his rage once more. He sprang forward and seized the girl by the arm.

"Why are you here?" he said. "Why are you spying upon me?"

"Oh dear! ye're hurtin' my arm," whimpered Maggie, with a shrill cry which she hoped might bring help from some other portion of the household.

"I'm no spyin' upon ye. I'm no daein' naething."

"What have you seen?" asked the old man redoubting the force of his grasp upon her arm with such violence that Maggie screamed with pain as well as fright.

"I've seen naething."

"False! False! What have you seen?"

"I saw you," gasped Maggie, feeling herself obliged to speak the truth. "I saw ye pit the box into the hole in—"

"You saw where I put it? Then swear that you will not tell her—her, my daughter—where it is. You will not let her know—never, never, so help you God!" said the old man, in whose eyes the light of a desperate reason shone with unnatural brilliancy. "Never, do you hear?"

"No, no, I'll never tell her," cried Maggie.

"Swear it, or I'll kill you—I'll throw you down the stairs. Swear it, I say."

Maggie burst into tears; she could think of nothing better to do or say. But the tears did not soften the laird's heart. His brain seemed to have had a great shock, and he repeated his wild threat until Maggie said the words that he wished to hear—a grim imprecation of evil on herself if she ever revealed his secret.

Then he let her go. She followed him to the head of the stairs, afraid now to be left alone in the dark, little as she liked to accompany him. He went first, muttering and raving as he descended the steps; and wonderful to relate, he got down safely. Maggie came after him; but before she had reached the bottom of the stairs she heard a sudden stumble, a groan, a fall. She rushed forward. Just at the entrance to the moonlight Mr. Lockhart had fallen on his face. The candle had rolled from his hands, but the moonbeams rested coldly and brightly upon his prostrate figure. Maggie ran forward to his side and called loudly for help.

She then tried to raise the old man's head, which was bleeding from its fall upon the stones. She heard voices and footsteps upon the stairs, and she knew that help was at hand. But before the

servants, with Mrs. Pirie and Mrs. Douglas, arrived, Mr. Lockhart had regained consciousness.

He lifted up his face, to which the moonbeams gave a peculiarly ghastly look, and gazed at Maggie with wild, threatening eyes. "Mind," he said, "if you break your word, I'll come back from the grave to punish you. Swear to keep your promise."

"I will—I will," said Maggie, whose face was as white as his own with fear. The old man smiled. "I've won the day," he said feebly. "It's been tough and go with Anthony and Glenberrie; but he'll get after all! We've won, Anthony! We've won!"

And then his head fell back upon Maggie Logan's arm. A strange choking sound was heard in his throat, a convulsive twist passed over those pallid features; then a short sigh or two issued from the livid lips. Mrs. Pirie was just in time to see the last quiver pass through the worn-out body which had served John Lockhart so well for nearly eighty years. Then came that indescribable settling down of every muscle to its last long rest, which one recognises at once as the sign and seal of death. There was nothing more to be said of done in Bertie Douglas's behalf. The laird of Glenberrie was dead, and there was neither power nor device nor wisdom nor knowledge in the grave to which he had gone down.

(CONTINUED.)

Threatened Danger. In the fall of '84 Randall Miller, of Montreal, N.S., was prostrated to his death with an attack of insipient consumption. Common remedies all failed. He rapidly grew debilitated, and friends despaired of his recovery. He tried Burdock Blood Bitters, with immediate relief, followed by a speedy cure.

The Cost of Drinks. Temperance advocates tell us that if everybody would stop drinking beer and whisky, business would immediately revive. That sounds like an overdrawn statement, but if his often been shown that those who drink pay more money into the coffers of the taxons than the whole country pays in taxes. If it were not so evident that the appetite blunts the reason it would appear amazing that men, who will haggle over a few cents in the price of a pair of boots, which are sold at a very small profit, or will buy adulterated coffee because it is a little cheaper than the genuine, will pay immense profits on the beer and whisky they drink without a thought of the way in which they are imposed upon. They follow statistics are quoted to illustrate this drain upon the drinkers:—A glass of beer costs five cents. There are 640 glasses in a barrel, so that the retailer receives \$32 for every barrel of beer he draws. The profit is something like 400 per cent. At least 15,000,000 barrels of beer were consumed in this country last year, for which the drinkers paid the aggregate of \$480,000,000. Whisky and other strong drinks average seven cents a glass, or \$4.48 a gallon at retail. About 78,000,000 gallons were imbibed in this country last year, the drinkers paying therefor nearly \$350,000,000. Imagine the hullabaloo that would be raised if the retailers of groceries and provisions charged such tremendous profits on their goods. Now, supposing this \$800,000,000 spent yearly for drinks that do no good were saved or spent for articles of use and real comfort. That vast sum would buy a good suit of clothes for every man in the land, give every woman a decent dress and bonnet, and clothe and shoe every child. The economic uses of \$800,000,000, put where it would do the most good, are incalculable, and those who tell us that business would at once revive if every body stopped drinking, do not appear to be very far out of the way after all. (Springfield Union.)

Miss M. C. Montague, Oalloway, Fayette Co., Tenn., suffered for years with a number of troubles incidental to females. First "Hys" was applied Applied by Dr. Giles, whose remedies gave her instant relief. She is now enjoying good health, and has recommended a number of her friends to the Doctor for treatment, and all have experienced the same relief by using his Liniment Iodide Ammonia. Sold by E. Jordan, Goderich.

The Mail having declared that it will appear, if need be, the London Advertiser rub it in by advising the Mail to obtain Sir John's advice and then act the contrary way.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy condition.

An unparalleled sensation is being created all over Ontario by the wonderful and unequalled manner in which Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Backache, Headache, is removed but by one application of Fluid Lightning. No offensive, disgusting drugs need be taken for days. It is an instant cure. Try a 25c. bottle from George Rhymer, druggist.

It is certainly glad tidings to the poor invalid to be informed of a remedy that will give prompt and sure relief in case of painful aneurism. Such a remedy is Hagar's Yellow Oil, adapted for internal and external use in all ordinary aches, pains, lameness and soreness. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, cramp and all inflammatory pains. 2

This is my daughter Lucy," said a minister, presenting a young lady of sixteen to a brother of the cloth whom he was introducing to the family. "And this," he continued, turning to the next younger, "is my daughter Fanny, also a Christian."

"And this is my baby—our little Mary."

"And I'm a Tia," too," said the little one, putting her chubby paw in the minister's hand.

"Amen!" chorused the good man. (Chicago Ledger.)

The liver secretes bile to move the bowels; the kidneys secrete urine, to carry off uric acid, which would poison the blood; the stomach secretes gastric juice to digest or dissolve the food, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon these organs and purifies the blood by cleansing all the secretions of the system. 2

Scotland is not so Conservative as many believe. In the recent elections she only returned ten of that political complexion out of her seventy-two members. Wales is still more inclined to Liberalism, having elected only three Conservatives to twenty-seven Liberals. The number of Roman Catholics in the house has increased from sixty to eighty-three, and for the first time since the reformation Scotland has sent a Roman Catholic.

National Pills purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, cramp, and other painful effects of sudden cold, are prevalent. It is then that Hagar's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy. 2

Beware of any druggist who will try to induce you to take anything in place of McGreor & Parke's Cardiac Gem. It is a sure-act healing for Sore, Cuts, Burns, etc. No family should be without it. It has no equal. Get McGreor & Parke's, and have no other. Only 25c. per box at George Rhymer's drug store.

Liniment Iodide Ammonia.



The speediest and most certain medicine in the world. ALL FAMILIES USE IT. Weak Back, Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lightening, Sciatica, Protrusion Uterus, Female Weakness. The best and only certain remedy to relieve pain of all kinds, no matter how long standing. Instant relief guaranteed in Cripples, Swollen Joints, Yaws, Venous Bites of Insects or Sick Headache. No oil or grease; is clean and sweet; will not soil.

Giles' Improved Mandrake Pills. Safe, sure, reliable and effective. Do not gripe. Purely vegetable. No mercury, antimony, arsenic. They can be relied on for all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, etc. Sold by all druggists at 25c. per box. Full supply of Dr. Giles' Remedies at E. JORDAN'S drug store, Goderich, Ont. 1812-y

1885. GODERICH WOOLEN MILLS.

To the Wool Growers of the Surrounding Country: We wish to say that we are prepared to take your Wool in exchange for Goods, or work it for you into any of the following articles, viz. Blankets—White, Grey or Horse. Shirtings—Grey or Check. Cloths—Tweeds or Full Cloths, Light or Heavy. Flannels—White, Grey, Colored, Union, Plaid or Twill. Sheetings—Broad or Narrow. Stocking Yarn—White, Grey, Colored or in Colors. Carpet Wares made to order.

ROLL CARDING.

Our facilities for this work cannot be surpassed. We will endeavor in most cases to do the day it is brought in, if required. Custom Spinning and Reeling, or Spinning on the Cap, coarse or fine, hard or soft twist, as required. We are in a position to do all kinds of custom work, usually done in a full set custom mill, and we will guarantee to do for you fully equal, if not a little better than any in our surroundings. A call respectfully solicited.

E. McCANN, East End Woolen Mills, Goderich, May 18th, 1885.

FASHIONABLE FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

HUGH DUNLOP, FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Fall and Winter Stock of Tweeds, etc., now fully assorted. A CALL SOLICITED. Ready-Made Clothing & Overcoats. A Splendid Assortment, Cheap. Remember the Place—West street, next door to Bank of Montreal. Goderich, Oct. 1st, 1885.

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PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. Best Hot-Cut Iron Nails for \$2.55 per 100 lbs. CASH. Best Barb Wire 6 1/2 c. lb. CASH.

This Wire stood a test lasting up of 1875 lbs. strain, in the Northern R. Car Shops, Toronto BEATING ALL COMPETITORS. I have imported a large shipment of BLANKS from Germany, very fine quality, and having imported direct, I can sell at 25c. cheaper than ever sold here before.

All my SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE is sold on the same cheap basis as above. PAINTS and OILS sold nowhere so cheap as I am selling them. Get your BUILDING HARDWARE from me and save money.

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Downing & Weddup. Got to announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit.

QUICK SALES, SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO. Please call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, next door to J. Wilson's Drug Store. Our work will receive our special attention. Note that the best of material used and first-class workmen employed. Repairs neatly done on the shortest notice. Goderich March 3 1886. DOWNING & WEDDUP