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The Secret Out.

"You are angry with me," she murmured, "justly angry. My conduct appears to you light, and my prevarications unpardonable. I do not wonder, Walter, I do not wonder; but there was no guile in my heart, only weakness. I acknowledge it, and I crave forgiveness. Is it an impossible thing for you to grant?"

He did not answer. Seizing her by the hands, he drew her further down the hall, into a recess which was lighted by a large window of colored glass. "Genevieve," he cried, "I am not thinking now of your prevarications; I am thinking of what you said to Mr. Gryce when he asked you if you left Mildred Farley behind you in your room when you went down to be married. You replied, 'Yes,' and yet I distinctly saw you, on that night and at that time, lock the door behind you when you came out, and put the key in your bosom. If there was a woman there whom you did not expect to see when you returned, why did you do this?"

"Because," she moistened her lips, but did not drop her eyes from his gaze, "because I did not know what I was doing. I was terribly excited. Walter—I wonder if all brides are when they are married—and when I had that feeling it came upon me just as I was crossing the threshold—from the excitement, I suppose—and what with the one thing and the other, I was all in a daze, and I locked the door and took the key away. I thought of it afterwards, but it was too late, and the mystery to me then and now is, how she managed to escape in my absence. There is no other key, and no other door, and she was gone when I returned, and I neither know how nor where."

"Do not let that disturb you," said a soft voice at their side. "It is a matter easily to be explained. Mr. Gryce, supposing round the angle of the hall, mentioned towards the room from which they had just come. 'If you will stop back with me for a moment I can show you how Miss Farley managed to escape.'"

Genevieve's eyes dilated, and for a moment she seemed to hesitate. Did this man appear to her like a shadow, and was she beginning to dread his eye and ear?

"I cannot imagine," she began, but presently thought better of her objections and hastily followed her husband, who was only too anxious to have this mystery explained.

"You say there is no other door," declared the detective, as they re-entered the room from which they had just come. "That is true; but there is still a way of escape easy enough for a person who is very anxious to effect one. See there," and he pointed towards a window which had been closed by a curtain before mentioned.

Dr. Cameron advanced. "Ah, I see," he observed. The window opened on to the roof of a piazza.

"This room has not been entered since that night," resumed Mr. Gryce. "Yet this window, you observe, is unlocked. Now, if any of the other windows opening upon this roof were unlocked, it would require only a little climbing for her to pass into the room adjoining and so by way of the hall to the back stairs."

"It is so," assented the doctor. "We may regard the matter as settled, then," proceeded Mr. Gryce. "But what is still to be decided is why this veil of Miss Farley's, which I hold in my hand, should have been found in the room under this pile of clothing."

She tore her eyes from the spot where they were looking and fixed them upon him.

"How does he know it was Mildred Farley's veil? By the color I had one of that color myself. But let me see it. I can soon tell if it is mine or not."

She held out her hand. Mr. Gryce left the alcove and laid the veil in it. She gave it a cursory glance and tossed it back.

"It is not mine," said she. "It must be hers. As for its being found where you say, there is nothing so strange about that. I was dressing and I wanted an article of clothing. I had difficulty in finding it, and being nervous and in haste, I tore down half the dresses in my closet and flung them on the floor. When Mildred Farley came, she carried them into the alcove to get them out of the way. Her veil must have slipped off her hat as she stooped over them."

How simple. Dr. Cameron's head rose in complete relief. Mrs. Gretorex appeared satisfied and swept from the room; only Mrs. Cameron looked fatigued, harassed and half indignant. The detective saw it, but allowed himself to put no more question.

"And was the light gray veil which was found on Miss Farley's person?"

"I do not know. I bought so many things about that time that I cannot remember what I had. I only know I found no suitable veil when I came to put on my hat."

There was no more to be said. Mr.

Gryce again thanked her for her kindness and politely took his departure. He had no sooner left the house than Mrs. Cameron sought her mother.

"I came this morning to look over my things with you," she declared. "But this man has so tired me with his endless questions that I am no longer fit for it. Won't you take your own time and just dispose of the things yourself? I am sure I shall be perfectly satisfied with whatever you decide to do with them. I don't seem to have any heart for it." And without waiting for a response she took her husband's arm and drew him down the stairs. "Shall I ever make my peace with you?" she murmured.

He smiled a happy smile. "We are too young to make mountains out of mole-hills. Since you're a satisfied woman, I will try and forget them. Especially as I have confidence you will never repeat what you know gives me pain."

She stopped at the foot of the stairs to kiss him.

"Oh, how I love you," she murmured. "And how true and devoted a wife I will be if you will only let me." And her eyes gleamed and her face looked as if it had been dipped in dew, so bright was the change which his kind words made.

They stepped into their carriage they saw the portly figure of Mr. Gryce disappearing around the corner.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was evident that Julius Molesworth must go to prison. If Mildred Farley had been murdered, he was the man to whom her death was due. If she had not—but that was a question for the grand jury to determine—the duty of the police lay in arresting him. To be sure the case was not as strong against him as it had been against some criminals Mr. Gryce had known. But then a case of poisoning is always more impenetrable than one in which the knife or pistol has been used; for whereas the wound made by knife or bullet usually tells its own tale and determines either by its direction or by the character of the all-important question as to whether or no the death was self-inflicted, poison keeps its own secrets and only by the surrounding circumstances can we judge whether it was had it forced upon him by another. But here were circumstances of a direct and telling nature which pointed to him; for upon what other than a skilfully premeditated plan to conceal his crime can we account for the story told by Dr. Molesworth of his finding the girl in a dying condition on a certain stove, just the facts of the case show that she perished in his phanton and that the bottle was flung out and broken on the sidewalk merely to give color to the statement he intended to make? Only a cowardly basest stamp or a man conscious of being subject to the law, would resort to such a lie and such an action, and Dr. Molesworth had no appearance of a coward. On the contrary, he had every sign of being a deep-thinking, strong-acting and self-reliant man. To prison, therefore, he must go, and without further delay; the explanation given by the only other person who was known to talk with Mildred that night merely served to show the necessity of it.

This conclusion reached, action immediately followed. Mr. Gryce was sent to complete the arrest, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon he and the doctor made their appearance at police headquarters on their way to the magistrate. But here a delay occurred. For no sooner had Mr. Gryce stepped through the doorway than a man grasped him by the arm and an eager voice whispered into his ear.

"I've got her. She's here. It's been a hard chase, for she is frightened about something, and tried to keep out of the way. But I found her at last, and she only remains for you to make her talk."

Mr. Gryce's pale cheek took on a little color. Peering hastily about, his glance fell on the shrinking form of a young woman pressed up against the wall near by.

"That is all right," he declared. And turning to Dr. Molesworth he informed him that he would have to give him up to other hands for a few minutes, as he had other business to transact. Then he disappeared with the girl into the inspector's office.

He was gone some time, and when he came back the girl was not with him. But the inspector was, and it was he who stepped up to the doctor and informed him that the suspicions against him had been proved unfounded, and that he was at liberty to depart.

(To be continued.)

First Action—Second Action—Third Action.

So said the wise Athenian. We shall be wise to follow his advice in many matters; in none more so than in dealing with a cold or with dyspepsia; or in seeking relief from consumption in its earlier stages. It is absolutely useless to sit down and bemoan our bad fortune. We must act—act—act.

The first and most imperative action necessary is to procure a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The second action will be to use it. The third action will naturally follow—we shall proclaim abroad its virtues.

Sardis, Big Stone county, Minn. Dear Sir—Having felt it a duty to write of the good I received by taking your medicine, I now would say that one year ago I was given up by my family physician and friends; all said I must die. My people commented on my giving you "Medical Discovery," and I soon began to mend. It was not long before I became well enough to take charge of my household duties again. I owe my recovery to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Respectfully, MIRA MILLS.

At Summer Rest farm house, Hostess—Be careful, Johnny, how you sit out there on the damp grass. Johnny (city bred) said, "I ain't seen a park policeman since I've been here."

The Ills of Women.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is the sure cure for Constipation. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Cobble—I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing. Stone—What was that? Cobble—I asked him if there were any other sharks around.

All Recommend It.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. It will recommend it. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Connoisseurs of driving patronize Overmeyer's livery, Richmond street north, as he has only the latest style rigs. Phone, 423.

GARDEN OF CANADA.

Latest News From Western Ontario.

The barley crop in Kent is said to be exceptionally fine.

There are eleven patients in the Chatham General Hospital.

Princeton has a man six feet four inches tall, 26 years old, who is entirely bald.

Detective Heenan, of the M. C. R., has seen 29 years' service. His first experience was in the Irish constabulary.

George Curtis, aged 70, was buried in Sandwich East on Monday. He was one of the pioneers of the county, and leaves six children.

Inquiry as to the sanity of John Warder, of St. Thomas, will be made. Warder is in jail, charged with brain-lung sheep with a club.

Mrs. Hughes, Chatham, was using an axe, when it caught in a clothesline, and the axe fell, inflicting a frightful wound on the lady's head.

A number of French-Canadian Catholics and other citizens of Chatham are making up a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Louis Herbert, bookkeeper in the M. C. R., St. Thomas, died from pneumonia. He was 41 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.

It is reported that no appointment of a postmaster for Sandwich has yet been made. Strong efforts are being made to get the appointment for John Sifers.

The Brantford lodges of the I. O. F. held their annual picnic in Brant Park on Saturday afternoon. There was a large attendance of the members of the order.

Lewis Jasperston, of Kingsville, one of the oldest and best known men in South Essex, is dead. He was 70 years old. Two years ago his wife was killed by being thrown from a buggy.

Mr. Arthur C. Woodward, of Brooklin, N. Y., formerly head clerk in the tin mill works at St. Thomas, has been appointed to take charge of the company's office in Paris, France.

Rev. Father Twohey, of Kingston diocese, is organizing a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec, and it is expected that a large number of people from Western Ontario will go.

The horse stolen from Warren Cousle last Wednesday was recovered near Sparta on Saturday night. Two youths, going home from the circus at St. Thomas, got tired of walking, took the horse and drove home.

Ellwood, son of Dr. H. H. Way, St. Thomas, was on the top of a new residence, when a board slipped, and he fell to the ground, alighting on a number of bricks. He received a large gash in the leg and was badly shaken up.

Ed Cape, messenger of the Bank of Commerce, Chatham, who bravely risked his own life to save that of an infant who was in imminent danger of being trampled to death by a horse, is entitled to recognition at the hands of the Royal Humane Society.

Burlington, Wake, serving a 23-month sentence in the penitentiary for purse snatching at Windsor, has petitioned the Governor-General for his release after sixteen months. He is the first man who, after serving a term in jail, has been released by the Governor-General.

A case of senseless cruelty occurred at the First Presbyterian Church here at Brantford on Sunday night. Mr. John Sanderson left a fine driving horse there, and when he came out after the service he found someone had slashed it in the hindquarters with a knife.

Harry Lynn, one of Lobe's councillors, while clearing his path, had slashed the enormous number of 63 young ones and one old one, which measured about five feet.

The Presbyterian Church at Port Stanley was reopened on Sunday after a long closure. Rev. E. H. Savers, of Westminster, conducted the service in the forenoon, and preached an admirable sermon. In the evening the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of St. Thomas. Rev. Dr. G. L. Mackay, the returned Formosa missionary, and his student, Koa Kau, will be present at both services next Sabbath and deliver addresses.

Everywhere We Go.

We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

MOUNT BRIDGES.

("Advertiser" Agent, T. Pearce, P.M.)

July 23.—Mount Olivet Church held a very successful garden party on the church grounds last Wednesday evening. A good programme, tea, cream and refreshments caused all who attended to enjoy a pleasant evening. Proceeds amounted to \$25.

Mr. Robert Smith left yesterday for Pictou to attend the meeting of the Grand Encampment, O. O. F.

Miss Maud Grenfell, of London, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henderson. Mrs. (Rev.) Silcox, who formerly lived here, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Grigg.

Mrs. W. Gray, of South London, is visiting Mrs. Elsey for a few days. Quite a number intend going on the C. P. R. excursion to Galt Wednesday morning.

Mr. Wm. Borley narrowly escaped losing his hand the other day. While fixing some part of his binder his hand caught in the machinery, and he was unable to use it for several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Bice returned home Saturday from Toronto, where Dr. Bice had been attending the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Mr. Henderson, tinsmith, has about completed his new house and shop and expects to move in in a day or two. It is on the corner of the village. Several old buildings have been torn down and new buildings erected in their place, thus making our village one of the prettiest in Western Ontario.

Mr. Frank London has been appointed overseer of the work of the new dairy school now being erected in Strathroy.

EARLY PEACHES.

Saugatuck, Mich., July 23.—The shipment of peaches from this place last night is a record breaker, the total amount going by boat to the Chicago and Milwaukee markets being 23,000 baskets. Never before in the history of the peach business here have the shipments of July aggregated as much as one-half of last night's shipment. The cause of the excessive hot and dry weather, which has caused the early peaches to ripen in a bunch.

FIRES STEAMBOAT WAR.

Watertown, N. Y., July 23.—An important legal action has been begun in the Supreme Court by the Alexandria Bay Steamboat Company, which runs a line of pleasure steamers on the St. Lawrence River in opposition to the Thousand Island Steamboat Company, against the New York Central Railroad Company, the amount of damages claimed being \$25,000. The complainant alleges that the New York Central has given unlawful preference in rates, sale of tickets, dockage privileges, etc., to the rival steamboat company to the detriment and damage of the plaintiffs. The suit is the outcome of a fierce steamboat war which has been waged unceasingly among the Thousand Island summer resorts by the two companies for seasons past.

MISTAKES ABOUT THE GOLD CURE.

There was a time when the general opinion existed that only those who were extremely hard drinkers and thoroughly incapacitated for business took advantage of the Gold Cure treatment. At such times when a man would take the treatment public opinion would express itself with doubtful hesitancy. There was a time when Ministers of the Gospel and physicians discountenanced and discouraged its efforts for good. Now how different! ministers write open letters of recommendation; the best physicians endorse it, and the general public are awakened to the fact there is a cure for all grades of alcoholism at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. Why do they know it? Because, amongst the hundreds of its graduates they know some one, who, through its influence, has right-about faced from a rapid flight down the ladder of degradation and won their way back to respect, esteem and public confidence. For particulars address J. A. Tracey, 417 Hill street, London, Ont.

Guest (pushing them away from him)—I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant. Waiter—What's the trouble, sir? Guest—You don't cook them soon enough.

No one need fear cholera or any summer epidemic by taking a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

The Triumph of Love

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE.

Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truth, The Plain Fact; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life, Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure

The Wonderful Little Book Called "Complete Manhood"

And How to Attain It.

"Here at last is information from a high medical source that must work wonder with this generation of men. The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end all unnatural drain on the system. To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To exchange a faded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power. To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc. To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. Two thousand references. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it. A despairing man who had applied to us soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the Erie Medical Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "Complete Manhood." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoria, Balm's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of Dr. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

KEEP COOL

Flannel Suits, to order, \$10.00.
Flannel Coat and Pants, \$7.50.
Babriggan Underwear, 75c suit.
Babriggan Underwear, 90c suit.
Summer Coats, \$1 and upwards.

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For HOT WEATHER

Guest (pushing them away from him)—I don't like the way you cook eggs at this restaurant. Waiter—What's the trouble, sir? Guest—You don't cook them soon enough.

No one need fear cholera or any summer epidemic by taking a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly, and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

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