ne hour was over. She had risen, me-chanically, to attend to the fire; and, turming, saw James.
"Wen, Gabrielle!" he said, and his voice was very low, very deep, a little tremulous, as before; "well, vauriene! have you made up your mind!"
"Yes."

"And what is it?"

She glanced at him. He looked as though he were hanging, in an agony of suspense, upon her words.

"Is it yes or no? I implore you to answer me."

er me."

Yes," said Gabrielle, faintly,
here was a long pause. The sudden
h of joy, of certainty, seemed to stun
for the time. He could not speak,
first; he could only stand and gaze
base;

her. You love me, then, Gabrielle?" 'Yes," she repeated, in the same low

"You are not afraid to trust yourself to me, after all that I have told you?" "No, I am not afraid."

As she spoke, she raised her eyes. They met his, and he smiled upon her— a sweet, a blessed, a divine smile, Gabria sweet, a blessed, a divine smile, Gabrielle thought. Then, suddenly, she was in
his arms; he was holding her close and
fast; the pent-up love of months finding
relief at length.

And Gabrielle did not resist him; for
was she not his own! his until death—
yes, and beyond death, his forever and
forever!

CHAPTER XXX.

"Here we are at last!" said Olivia, as e carriage came within sight of the or. "I wonder how Gabrielle has en getting on! I hope she has not

felt lonely."
"To tell you the truth, I suspect she has felt exceedingly the reverse," replied

"What do you mean? James can never leave Rotherbridge till quite late."
"Oh, no, never. Who mentioned James?" said Cissy, innocently.
She sprung from the carriage as she spoke, and ran to Olivia's room. There,

spoke, and ran to Olivia's room. There, all alone, James sat; lost in a dream.

"Hum!" said Cissy.

He started, rising hastily to his feet.

"My dear James!" cried 'Cissy;

"you are wondrously transformed! and, to my taste, nor for the better. Is Comus here still? Because, if so, I trust he'll make a different sort of animal of nue!"

"Where is Olivia?"

"Voice and all! The metamorphose is really perfect. What will James say, though? He 'can never leave Rotherbridge till quite late;' but he's certain to appear before bedtime. It will be Dromio over again; and I only hope that he may survive the fright."

"Cisay, you are a downright."

"Fool, dear?" said Cisay, in an insinuating tone. "That little touch of Billingsgate enlightens me! Comus is inneent, after all; and this creature is James himself."

Cissy, let me pass, if you please.

"No doubt you do, dearest brother; and patience likewise. What has become of Gabrielle? I hope you have not been mancing the fire with her? It would be very false economy. But I left her bere aione; and now, returning, I find you here alone. Exceedingly suspicious."

were passed away forever.

But where she had lost, Gabrielle had

And Gabrielle loved him as well as—perhaps better than—she. Sh struggled one moment; and was con

struggled one moment; and was content.

"I am so glad, dearest boy," she said, standing on tiptoe to kiss him—"I am so glad to hear this good news. I hope, I believe, that you will be happy. She is a very-dear child."

This was 1. subject upon which James could not talk—to Olivia, at any rate. He returned her kiss; then stood silent; still leaning against the wall.

"There will be a good deal to settle," said Olivia, sinking again into the chair; and pressing her hand to her forehead. "It is growing late now; but on Monday we must have a long consultation. I suppose, on account of Gabrielle's chest, you will wish to be—married"—with a gulp—"very soon?"

James observed the gulp, and his conscience smote him. He felt that he had been selfish.
"Olivie I hope you don't fancy that

'Olivia, I hope you don't fancy that this will interfere, in any way, with my affection for you? Because, if so, you are mistaken."

are mistaken."

"Oh, no!": said Olivia, smiling; although the smile was rather sad; "I fancy nothing. Don't trouble yourself, or, let Gabrielle trouble herself, about that. I can't be your wife, but I can still be your sister; and Gabrielle's also—which will make me very happy."

"And you must go on living here, just the same," said James.

Olivia shock her head

"Exactly. She has often threatened to establish me there, with a cat and tea kettle, and so on. But all this is premature, James," said Olivia, rising; "we will postpone discussions until Monday. And now I must see Gabrielle. Where shall I find her? In my room?"

"In her own, I fancy. She left me some time ago. She was afraid of Cissy's coming back, and finding us together. I wish—"What do you wish?" asked Olivia, tenderly: perceiving by his tone that something, some timy desideratum, was still missing from his cup of happiness."

"I wish," said James, answering mechanically, 'that she were a little less-reticent—timid—I hardly know what to call it. I wish that I could feel quite certain of her loving me as—" He remembered to whom he was speaking, and drew himself up.

"My dear James, we must not expect much demonstration of that kind at first. In time, no doubt, she will gain confidence. You must wait. Meanwhile, I am convinced, her real feelings toward you are all than can be desired?"

"You ought to go and dress, Olivia," said James, stiffly, looking at his

"You ought to go and dress, Olivia," said James, stiffly, looking at his

Olivia, the channel of her thoughts at once diverted, took up her card case and exclaimed, "Indeed I ought," and left

exclaimed, "Indeed I ought," and left the study.

The next day, Sunday, was warm and genial, more like May than the end of October. Nevertheless, Gabrielle felt weaker than she had felt for a long time. The various excitements of the past week had exhausted her, and now her joy, in its first intensity, seemed almost more than she could bear. The walk to church was short, but it tired her sadly; she was glad to get into her corner of the large, square pew, to lean back and to rest. James leaned back in his own, and looked at her, and a truer feeling of devotion stole over him than he had ever known before.

As she sut there, so fragile, so pale, so pure, she seemed to him something akin to the angles; he began to doubt whether the reverence which she inspired in his heart were not a deeper, holier reverence than that which led him to

akin to the angers; ne began to donowhether the reverence which she inspired in his heart were not a deeper, holier reverence than that which led him to how before the heroes of intellect—before intellect, in the abstract, itself. This was, at any rate, the most celestial kind. Gazing on her, his proud dreams melted, sunk into oblivion; his thoughts went back to a time when those dreams did not exist; when he, a little child, listened in innocent faith to the old Bible stories, making simple remarks concerning them, asking simple questions, wishing simple wishes about heaven and the heavenly people, and being "good." The spirit that shone out in Gabrielle's face seemed, in some mysterious way the same which in those childish days, in those Bible stories, had appeared so beautiful, so glorious; of which all fair things, all things to be venerated—stars, sunsets, churches, sweet music—had then heaven! sunsets, churches, sweet music-had then

been full. Long had this bright halo of infancy faded; but now it—or its shadow—re-vived. He thought of a line which he had once heart in a song and had conlemned as extravagant; it ran-

Taught to adore by earth's deep love. Now he recalled his verdict. No; i was not extravagant; his own experience

Sow he recalled his verdict. No; it picious."

"Gabrielle is upstairs. I believe," said Jemes. "Now, Cissy, please—", He laid his hand on her shoulder, and gently assisted her to move out of his way. The next moment he was in the hall with the astonished Olivia.

"James! What has brought you home? You are not ill?"

"Ill? Nonenese. Come here, Olivia—to my study. I want to speak to you."

"But James, it is time to dress, Can't you wait until after dinner?"

"No, I can't," replied James, impatiently. He drew her into the study, and closed the door.

"Well, Olivia," he said, planting himself with his back against the wall—well, Olivia! it is done. Gabrielle and I are engaged."

Olivia laid down her card case and sunk into a chair.

"You are engaged." Her lips rather formed, than spoke the words. She had long expected these tidings; yet they came with the force of a blow. Her boy—her idol—was no more her own peculiar property. The days when she could so regard him, the days when she could so regard him, the days when she had secretly gloried in the thought that she was first to him, as he to her.

But was not extravagant: his own experience proved that it might be true. The service begun. Gabrielle's lassitude increased. The continual changes of posture were strangely trying. Soon every thing became dim didistict. Mr. Edgecumbe's voice sounded like a voice in a dream. She said the responses the said the responses the said the responses the said the responses the said her said increased. The continual changes of posture were strangely trying. Soon every were strangely trying. Soon every thing became dim chiestics. Mr. Edgecumbe's voice sounded like a voice in a dream. She said the responses the said the responses the provene were strangely trying. Soon every timing becamed in distinct. Mr. Edgecumbe's voice sounded like a voice in a fream. She said the responses the provene were strangely trying. Soon every timing becamed in fire seal the mread in ferse. The continual changes of posture were strangely trying. Soon e

and now they sang:
"Oh, heavenly Jerusalem,

Of everlasting halls!

Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls!"
"Thrice blessed are the people." "Thrice blessed are the people," Gabrielle strove to repeat, but her tongue would not move. She began to sink; James sank, too; everything was sinking—down—down—into gulfs of nothingness. She closed her eyes in horror, then, suddenly, a familiar voice exclaimed, "I believe she is coming round," and she found herself, greatly to her surprise, extended on a sofa on the vicarage drawing-room, Olivia bending over her with sal-volatile, and Mrs. Edgecumbe with brandy—while James stood at her feet.

et. "What is the matter?" said Gabrielle, "Nothing, dear; don't be frightened. Sip a little of this," said Mrs. Edge-

cumbe.

"You fainted," said Olivia. "You should not have gone to church, dear child. You know I told you—"

"Hush, Olivia: don't worry her with what you told her, now!" said James, peremptorily, and Gabrielle tried to smile at him, all unconscious of Mrs. Edgecumbe's observant eyes.

She was soon so far revived that Olivia was persuaded to leave her; Mrs. Edgecumbe, who had stayed at home, to help a sick nurse, promising every care.

fancy nothing. Don't trouble pourseil, about that. I can't be your wife, but I can still be your sister; and Gabrielle's also—which will make me very happy.

"And you must go on living here, just the same," said James.

Olivia shook her head.

"No, dear James; it would be against my principles. A young couple are better alone. Of course I shall be sorry to leave Farnley; but—as Mr. Morris says—there are many alleviations. Cisay's company, in itself, is sufficient to make any house bright; and then Annie will be so glad to have us near her."

"Near her! You think of going to Enderby!"

"Yes. It has long been a castle of Annie's. There is a house—a very pretty one—just within the park gates—""
"What! That brown affair, be-porched and be-honeysuckled?"

"I couldn't help it, Clasy," said Gabrielle;

"I couldn't help it, Clasy," said Gabrielle;

Olivia was persuaded to leave her; Mrs. Edgecumbe, who had stayed at home, to help a sick nurse, promising every care. The two ladies left the room together. The two ladies left the room together, the lap as to woll a fair, belp as in the park at the soft and whisper, clasping her hand, that Olivia was quite right—she would stay at home, and he would stay with her.

"But, James, I should not like you to miss church for me."

"I'll walk over to Meddiscombe after luncheon, then. Hawkins has a three luncheon, then are larged to the value of cleas percuised or the evening and the service. But what a scrupulous child, you are!"

"Well, Gabrielle! So you've been and gone and done a regular scene," cried large the complete of the proper large the proper large the finance of the large thand, that Olivia was quite right—she would stay at home, and he would stay at home, and the would stay at home, and the would stay with her.

"Ull walk over to Meddiscombe after luncheon, then. Hawkins has a three discombe

laughing; "how was it? Do tell me the

laughing; "how was it? Do tell me the whole story."

"Well, my dear, you looked terribly faint, all through the psalms and lessens, And when we rose at 'In choir and places, where they sing, here followeth the anthem,' you sat still, apparently more dead than alive. And just as I was whispering to Olivia for salts, and James was beginning to look desperate, your head dropped and your eyes shut, and your prayer-book fell, and off you went in a minute."

(To be continued.)

WEAK KIDNEYS.

Restored to Strength by Dr. Williams'

Bad blood is the cause of weak kidneys. The impurities of the blood clog the kidneys so that they are unable to the kidneys so that they are unable to perform the work of separating the waste matter from the blood—the bad from good. The symptoms of diseased kidneys are numerous. The dull, sunken eye, the coated tongue, the backache, weak, shaky knees, sallow, swollen face all show what is wrong. This disease must not be neglected. Every day delayed in finding a cure is a day nearer "Bright's disease"—that trouble is incurable. Do not waste time and money on a medicine which acts only on the kidneys. It may relieve, but it cannot cure you. The trouble to be permanently cured must be treated through the blood. Good blood makes healthy kidblood. Good blood makes healthy kidneks. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—that's why they cure when other medicines fail. Thousands owe good health—some life itself—to this medicine. Among them is Roy Davidson, who resides with his uncle, Mr. C. B. Maclean, near Brockville, Ont. Mr. Maclean says: "My nephew, Roy, had weak kidneys. About a year ago he took the measles and this left him in a bad state. His kidneys were so weak that they were incapable of performing their functions. He suffered from backache, weakness, and restlessness. For a time le had to leave school. Our family doctor was unable to help him. In fact, he told me that Roy might never get better; that the disease would probably grow worse. I then procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself with great benefit and felt confident they would cure Roy. He began taking them, and continued their use until he had taken a half dozen loxes, which fully cured him. He is now stronger and better than he ever was and neither study nor work about the farm seems to fatigue him. I believe Dr. Willfams' Pink Pills saved him from a life of misery."

Dr. Willfams' Pink Pills do just one neks. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually

life of misery."
Dr. Willems' Pink Pills do just one Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do just one thing—but they do that thoroughly. They actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens every nerve and organ in the body. That is why this medicine cures such common ailments as anaemia, general weakness, headaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the ailments which make the lives of so many women and young girls miserable. Don't take something else which the dealer may say is "just as good." If you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealer send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail at 30 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

VICTIM OF MURDER

WAS SEEN WITH ANOTHER FOR-EIGNER AT PORT CREDIT.

Dead Man a Galician?-Detective Miller Follows Clue Into Toronto-Post-mortem Showed Death Was Due to Blow on the Head With a

Erindale, May 5.-With a host of stories from persons who say they remember seeing the young foreigner found dead on Sunday in the bush on the Samuel Fasken farm, with his skull crushed in, is the definite statement of William Patchett, of the Stone road near here, who says he met the and another foreigner at Arthur bur's Hotel, Port Credit, about middle of last month. Mr. Patcl bur's Hotel, Port Credit, about the middle of last month. Mr. Patchett, who asserts the two men were peddling and were on their way through the country from Toronto, has positively identified the body taken from the bush as one of them. Port Credit is the terminus of the Mimico division of the York Radial Railway, and upon the fact that receipt checks were found near the body it is practically certain that the deceased and a companion travelled from Toronto on one of the electric cars on the Port Credit route the day the tickets were issued, April 16. A "diamond" punch was used upon the ticket to state the amount paid, and it is believed that this will give the authorities the clue to find the particular conductor with whom the two men rode from Sunnyside to Port Credit. As a result of the information furnished by Mr. Patchett Provincial Detective Miller, who, with High Constable Broddy, is following up the murder, returned to Toronto to-night by way of Port Credit, hoping to trace the victim and his companion to their place of starting, possibly in the city of Toronto.

All the man's belongings are in the possession of Detective Miller, who will ask the Toronto detective department to assist him in tracing the dead man in

ask the Toronto detective department to assist him in tracing the dead man in

The autopsy conducted to-day by Dr. The autopsy conducted to-day by Dr.
I. Bowie, of Streetsville, showed beyond
any doubt that the man's skull was
badly fractured, and that a blow with
the club found near the body caused
death. There were no post-mortem
appearances to indicate the man had
been strangled with the woolen searf
found about his neck. Provincial Detective Miller photographed the remains this afternoon before the interment in the Anglican Church Cemetery.

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Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Mfrs'. Culls on Sale 10c Each

Veilings 25c Yard

50 pieces of stylish Veilings in tans, browns, greys, navies, reds, ples, pinks, skies, whites and blacks, greens, fancy meshes, with land small spots, regular 40c and 50c yard, on sale. Children's Kid Gloves 59c Pair

Elbow Length Lisle Gloves 49c Pair

Clearing Sale in Laces 15c Yard

Very Special Inducement for Thursday Tailor-Made Suits \$12.50

An exact reproduction of a \$25.00 model. The materials are in fine anamas and French Venetians, lined with silk. Coat strictly tailored Also braid trimmed, full pleated and gored Skirts, with deep fold. Colors

Special On Thursday--Walking Skirts \$2.98

50 Skirts, in navy, brown, black and green Panamas, and Venetians All the season's best styles. Pleated and gored Skirts, with deep fold Make selections early, as quantity is small. Regularly \$5.50 and \$6.00 clearing at

450 Yds. Printed Foulard Silks 39c Yd. Regular 75c

ANOTHER BIG Shadow Striped Taffeta Cloth On Sale REGULAR 75c 59c Yard

Thursday Morning Bargains On Sale From 9 o'clock to 12 o'clock Noon Only

\$1.75 fine large double bed White Quilts, sale price 98c Manufacturers' ends, fine White Lonsdale Cambric, in lengths of 1% yards up to 8 yards in each, worth regularly 17c yard, sale

\$5 fine Persian Lawn Waists, Thursday morning sale price only

\$1.50 White Cambric Underskirts, with broad cluny insertion; sale price 89c each.

Thursday is Lace Curtain Day

The feature of the selling in our Homefugnishing Department for Thursday will be Lace Curtains. By all means, if you require any don't let this opportunity pass by. The day will be full of splendid values, meaning tangible money saving for you.

Here They Are!

Sale price 98c, former price was \$1.25 pair; \$1.50, was \$2.25 pair; \$1.98, was \$3.00 pair; \$2.48, was \$4.00 pair; \$2.98, was \$5.00 pair. Please observe that all these Curtains are strictly new 1908 goods; no last year's job Curtains which we want to clear out. They are most artistic designs in double thread, cable cord and Brussels net, which you get in exchange for your money. Lengths 3 and 314 yards, all full widths; colors white, ivory and ecru. Grand for living rooms and bedrooms.

Drawing Room Curtains

Sale price \$4.37, former price was \$6.00 pair; \$5.00, was \$7.50 pair; \$7.38, was \$10 pair; \$10, was \$15.00 pair; \$12.50, was \$18 pair.

These are all beautiful creations of the lace maker's art, gathered from France, Switzerland and Belgium. All the good wearing and worth having weaves are represented: Point Venise, Point Arabe, Irish Point, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI., Antique, Point Duchesse and Point de Saxe. Whatever the style of room you wish it for, we can suit you. In all wanted lengths and widths, and in colorings as white, ivory, recru, ecru embossed with white and in Arabe. This is for you, reader.

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addition to above. Georgian Bay Division—For Sault Ste Marie and way ports leave Collingwood 1.30 p. m., Owen Sound 11.30 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, (Thursday steamer carries limited number of

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PRIVATE CEMETERY.

GHASTLY REMAINS DUG UP AT LAPORTE, IND.

Murderess Murdered in Her Home With Her Three Children-Aftar the Fire Five Bodies Dug Up Near House.

Laporte, Ind., May 5.-One of the ost gruesome murder mysteries ever most gruesome murder mysteries ever unearthed in this State came to light to-night, when the bodies of five per-sons, all of whom were murdered, were found in the yard of Mrs. Bella Guin-ness, who, with three of her children, was burned to death on the night of April 28 last. April 28 last.

So far only two of the bodies have

been identified. These are Andrew Helgelein, who came to this city from Mansfield, South Dakota, for the pur-Mansfield, South Dakota, for the purpose of marrying Mrs. Guinness, whose acquainance he had made through a matrimonial bureau, and that of Miss Jennic Olsen Guinness, a Chicago girl, who had been adopted by Mrs. Guinness. She disappeared in September, 1906. The other bodies were those of two-men and a woman. None of them has been identified. The body of Heigelein had been dismembered, and the arms, legs and liead and trunk were buried in different parts of the yard.

The three unidentified bodies are those of a man and two children, apparently twelve years of age. So many bones are missing in the latter two that it is not known whether they are male or female.

It is believed by the authorities that Guy Lamphere, who has been under arrest since the burning of the Guinness

It is believed by the authorities that Guy Lamphere, who has been under arrest since the burning of the Guinness home on the charge of murdering Mrs. Guinness and her family, committed the Helgelein crime. Lamphere is a earpenter, and the manner in which the body of Helgelein was dismembered leads to the belief that it was done by somebody familiar with the use of the saw.

In some quarters it is believed that Mrs. Guinness may have known some-

the belief that it was done by somebody familiar with the use of the saw. In some quarters it is believed that Mrs. Guinness may have known something of the murders of the five people. As it is not considered likely that so many could have been buried in her yard without her knowledge of the fact. There have been rumors that Jennie Olsen Guinness had knowledge of the fact, where the property is the property of the fact. of the manner in which the first hus-band of Mrs. Guinness came to his death in Chicago, and it is believed she was made away with because she knew too much.

was made away with because she knew too much.

It is known that Helgelein had loaned \$1,500 to Mrs. Guinness, and that he had another \$1,500 in his possession just prior to his death. It is considered nrobable that he was killed by Mrs. Guinness or by Lamphere, or by both of them, in order to procure the cash he chad and to avoid the necessity of repaying the loan he had made her.

Lamphere denies all knowledge of participation in any crime, and declares that he knows nothing of the unidentified bodies.

The bodies were discovered by A. K. Helgelein, brother of the murdered man, who had come to Laporte to search for his brother.

Holgelein, brother of the murdered man, who had come to Laporte to search for his brother.

When questioning Joseph Maxson, a hired hand on the Guinness farm, Helgelein learned of the mysterious digging of holes by him, all of them being filled at a later date by Mrs. Guinness. The remains were only four feet underground, and were enclosed in a gunnysack. The discovery of the bodies led expressmen to tell of the delivery of five trunks to the Guinness farm during the last six months, and this fact has caused the authorities to work on the theory that the place was a clearing house for murderers. They suspect that the bodies of wealthy persons who had been lured to Chicago and killed were packed in these trunks and sent to Laporte and disposed of.

The developments of to-day also caused the authorities to recall that the two husbands of Mrs. Guinness died under suspicious circumstances, both meeting violent deaths. The first, Max Sorrenson, was insured for \$8,500, and the second, Guinness, was insured for \$3,500. This insurance was paid over to Mrs. Guinness by the commanies.

The home of Mrs. Guinness, six miles from here, was destroyed by fire during the night a week ago. The bodies of the woman and her three children were Myrtle, aged 11; Lucy, 9, and Phyllis, 5. Joseph Maxwell, an employee of Mrs. Guinness, barely escaped from the burning house. The head of otherwise damaged his features. Young Bond is under observation less the does harm to Walken.

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