

The Chronicle

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN

THURSDAY, JAN. 11th, 1906.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The number of births in the city of Toronto, increased in 1905 by 533, the marriages by 277, and the deaths by 33.

A heavy piece of galvanized iron fell on Frank Thompson at the G. T. R. freight sheds, crushing his right leg. He was removed to the General Hospital.—Toronto Star.

Frank Horwood, 41 years of age, married, had a 200-pound stone fall on his leg at Bay and Melinda Sts., Toronto, Tuesday, breaking it in a compound fracture near the ankle.

A note of warning against the possibilities of an injurious mining boom in Ontario during the year of grace 1906 was sounded yesterday by Prof. W. G. Miller of the Bureau of Mines.

The work of rebuilding cottage No. 2 on the female side of the Mimico Asylum, which was partially destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, will commence in a few days and will cost about \$12,000.

Samuel Williams was walking down York street, Toronto, yesterday when he fainted and fell forward, striking his head on the pavement. He was partially unconscious when admitted to the Emergency Hospital, but soon revived.

Henry Dawes, a well known Woodstock painter, met with a serious accident on Tuesday. He was working on a house when he fell from the roof and struck on the stairs. He broke an arm and sustained internal injuries. He is at present in a critical condition.

Rev. Drs. Carman, Sutherland and Briggs and Mr. H. H. Fudger, representing the Canadian Methodists, left Tuesday for Baltimore to meet with a commission from other Methodist bodies in America for the purpose of considering the question of the union of Methodism in Canada.

Before Magistrate Kingsford in the Toronto afternoon police court Christopher Bunting of Sherbourne street was fined \$20 and costs for sleeping at large a vicious dog. The dog tore the coat of a Miss Archibald and \$16 of the costs were paid to cover damages done the garment.

An agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect is produced by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

F. J. Wooster has issued a writ to recover \$5,000 from the Canadian Brass Rolling Mills and Robert E. Menzies. He alleges that Menzies by fraudulent representations induced him to take \$5,000 stock in the company and he now asks the court to order the defendants to pay back the money and to have the stock certificates cancelled.

Retaining seven dollars belonging to his employer, Thomas Stokoe, a storekeeper at 33 Sheridan avenue, Toronto, was the charge upon which Lorne Heppenstall, 74 Bellevue Place, was arrested on Saturday by Detective Tipton. Heppenstall made, sales and failed to make returns. He pleaded guilty before Magistrate Denison yesterday and was committed to jail for thirty days with hard labor without the option of a fine.

Toronto Star: There still remains to be located \$2,500 worth of furs and goods stolen from the establishments of Lugsdin & Lugsdin, and Money Penny Bros.; \$4,000 worth of goods in all was stolen. Charles Goodman, of 138 Centre ave, who is in the cells charged with receiving the goods, is sullen and refuses to tell the police anything. They want to know where he got the goods, so they can catch the thieves.

Judge Teetzel Thursday morning continued for another week the interim injunction secured by A. E. Henderson and the other shareholders of the Henderson Roller Bearing Co. to restrain President Burd Simpson and Vice-President G. F. Marter from selling the company's factory in Toronto, and to restrain Simpson from getting the salary of \$7,000 for the period from Nov. 16 to April next, voted to him by the meeting of the shareholders last November. The plaintiffs say that the vote was invalid.

Woodstock Express: It is expected that the Domestic Science department in the Central School will be opened next week. Miss Culham, of Hamilton, who has been appointed, take charge of this department, has arrived in the city and is making preparation to commence her duties as soon as the room is ready. In all probability a commencement in this branch of study will be made by Monday of next week. A few of the classes will be organized and everything will be in readiness for the work.

Hamilton Spectator: Frank Douglas, Macnab street north, met with an accident Thursday afternoon that might have cost him his life. He was working at the Kintz brewery, and was assisting in hoisting a barrowful of bricks to the top of the building, in some manner, when the barrow was about forty feet from the ground, it tilted, precipitating the bricks on the ground in a shower. Douglas got the full benefit of them, some striking him on the head, shoulders, etc. He was rendered unconscious, but at the hospital it was learned that his injuries were not very serious.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND CONSTIPATION.

"Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are the best thing for stomach troubles and constipation I have ever sold," says J. R. Cullman, a druggist of Potteryville, Mich. "They are easy to take and always give satisfaction. I tell my customers to try them and if not satisfactory to come back and get their money, but have never had a complaint." For sale by all druggists.

A Courageous Girl.

..Girl..

"Indeed! then you have changed your mind since the night when you so indignantly affirmed to Louis that you did not wish to profit by so much as a dollar from the man who had so wronged your mother," sneered her companion, bitterly.

"Certainly," calmly returned Irene, now that I know the truth. My father did my mother no wilful wrong, although in his morbid grief and sensitiveness he imputed such wrong to himself, and never ceased to reproach himself for it. You alone," Irene continued, with stern denunciation, "are guilty of the ruin of their happiness and lives; you alone will have to answer for it. You have been a very wicked woman, Mrs. Montague, not only in connection with your schemes regarding them, but in your corruption of the morals of your nephew. I should suppose your conscience would never cease to reproach you for having reared him to such a life of crime. You will have to answer for that also."

Mrs. Montague shivered visibly at these words, thus betraying that she was not altogether indifferent to her accountability.

But she quickly threw off the feeling, and the outward appearance of it, and tossing her head defiantly, she remarked:

"I do not know who has made you my mentor, Miss Dinsmore; but there is one thing that I wish you to explain to me—how came that detective to be in my house?"

"He was passing in the street, and I asked him to come in," Irene replied.

"Indeed! and where, pray, did you make the acquaintance of the high-toned Mr. Rider?" sarcastically inquired Mrs. Montague.

"In St. Louis,"

"In St. Louis?" the woman repeated, astonished.

"Yes, you doubtless remember the day that I rode with you and your nephew in the street car, when you were both disguised."

"Yes, but did you know us at that time?"

"No, I only recognized the dress you had on."

"Ah! What a fool I was ever to wear it the second time," sighed the wretched woman, regretfully.

"I knew it was very like in both color and texture the piece of goods that Mr. Palmer had once shown me. I was almost sure when I saw that it had been mended that it was the same dress that Mrs. Vanderheck had worn when she stole the Palmer diamonds, and immediately telegraphed to have the fragment sent to me."

"And Ray Palmer had it and kept it all that time?" interposed Mrs. Montague with a frown. "I hunted everywhere for it."

"He sent it to me by the next mail and I began my hunt for the dress, although at that time I did not suspect that it belonged to you," Irene continued. Then she explained how, while assisting the chamberlain in her work she had found the garment hanging in a wardrobe, and proved by fitting the fragment to the rent that her suspicions were correct.

"You will also remember," she added, "how you chided me a little later for going out without consulting you. I had been out to seek a detective to tell him what I had discovered."

"Ha! that was how you made Mr. Rider's acquaintance?" interrupted Mrs. Montague, with a start.

"Yes. He told me he was in St. Louis on business connected with that very case. He was very much elated after hearing my story, but when he went to make his arrest he found that Mrs. Walton and her so-called son had both disappeared. I was, of course, much disappointed, but I never dreamed—"

"Ha! I and my hopeful nephew were the accomplished sharpers," supplemented Mrs. Montague, with a bitter laugh. "Well, Irene Dinsmore, you have been very keen. I will give you credit for that—you have beaten me; I confess that you have utterly defeated me, and your mother is amply avenged through you. No doubt you are very triumphant over my down fall," she concluded, acrimoniously.

"Indeed, I am not," Irene returned, with a sigh. "I do not think I could triumph in the downfall of any one, and though I am filled with horror over what you have told me, I am very sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" repeated the woman, with skeptical contempt.

"Yes, I am truly sorry for you, and for any one who has fallen so low, for I am sure that you must have seasons of suffering and remorse that are very hard to bear, while as for avenging my mother, I never had such a thought; I do not believe she would wish me to entertain any such spirit. I intend to assert my rights, as my father's daughter, but not with any desire for revenge."

Irene's remarks were here suddenly cut short by the return of the four gentlemen and Mrs. Montague eagerly and searchingly scanned their faces as they gravely resumed their seats.

CHAPTER XLV.

Mrs. Montague's Annuity.

Irene too, regarded the lawyers with some anxiety for she felt extremely sensitive about having her father's troubles and past life become the subject of a public scandal. Ray noticed it, and telegraphed her

a gleam of hope from his tender eyes. The proposition which he had made to the lawyers upon leaving the room was in accordance with his father's request.

"I would rather lose three times the amount that woman stole from us than to have all New York know the wretched truth," he said to Ray, after calling him from the drawing-room. "To have it known that she robbed us and then tried to fortify herself by a marriage with me! I could not bear it. I have made a fool of myself, Ray," he went on with pitiable humility, "but I don't want everybody discussing the details of the affair. If you can prevail upon the lawyers to settle everything quietly, do so, and of course, Rider being a private detective, and in our pay, will do as we say, and, my boy, you and I will ignore the subject, after this, for all time."

He grasped his father's hand in heartfelt sympathy as he replied: "We will manage to hush the matter, never fear. I am sure that Irene will also desire to do so, and thought I should be glad to have that woman reap the full reward of her wickedness. I can forego that satisfaction for the sake of saving her feelings and yours."

Then as we know, he returned to the drawing room where Irene called to him to come and plead for the same thing.

The lawyers were both willing, for Irene's sake, to refrain from active proceedings against Mrs. Montague if she would resign all Mrs. Dinsmore's property; but Mr. Rider objected to this plan very emphatically.

"It has been a tough case," he said, somewhat obstinately, "and it is no more than fair that a man should have the glory of working it up. Money isn't everything to a person in such business—reputation is considerable."

They had quite spirited arguments with him; but he yielded the point at last provided Mr. Cutler would consent, although not with a very good grace, and then they all went back to Irene and her unhappy companion.

But Mrs. Montague put a brave front upon her critical situation.

"Well and have you decided the fate of your prisoner?" she inquired of Mr. Rider with haughty authority, although her face was as white as her handkerchief when she put the question.

"Well, madame," he retorted with scant ceremony, "if it had been left with me to settle there would have been no discussion with you—you would be in the Tombs."

"Well?" she asked, impatiently, seeing there was more to be said about the matter, and turning to Mr. Corbin.

"We have decided Mrs. Montague, that in the first place you are to relinquish everything which you have inherited from Mr. Dinsmore at the time of his death."

"Everything?" she began, interrupting him.

"Please listen to what I have to tell you, and defer your objections until later," the lawyer remarked, coldly.

"Yes, everything. You are also to give up all jewels of every description that you have in your possession to make good as far as may be possible the losses of those who have suffered through your dishonesty. You are then to pledge yourself to leave New York and never show yourself upon pain of immediate arrest, nor cause any of the revelations of this morning to be made public. Upon these conditions we have decided for the sake of the feel-

ings of others, to let you go free, and not subject you to a trial for your crime—provided Mr. Cutler also agrees to this decision."

"But—I must have something to live on," the miserable woman said, with white lips. "I can't give up everything; the law would give me my third, and I ought to inherit much more through my child."

"The law would give you a criminal—nothing," Mr. Graves here sternly remarked. "Let me but reveal the fact that Mr. Dinsmore wished to secure everything to his daughter and how you defrauded her and you would find that the law would not deal very generously with you."

"But I must have money, I cannot bear poverty," reiterated the woman tremulously.

"Mr. Graves—Mr. Corbin," Irene here interposed, turning to them, "it surely becomes the daughter's duty to be as generous as her father and—"

"Generous!" bitterly exclaimed Mrs. Montague.

"Yes, he was generous," Irene asserted with cold positiveness, "for, after all the wrong of which you have been guilty, he certainly would have been justified if he had utterly renounced you and refused to make any provision for you. But since he did, I will do what I think he would have wished, and with the consent of these gentlemen," with a glance at Ray and the lawyers, "I will continue the same annuity that he granted to you."

That is an exceedingly noble and liberal proposition, Miss Dinsmore," Mr. Corbin remarked, bestowing a glance of admiration upon her, "and with all my heart I honor you for it."

Mrs. Montague did not make any acknowledgment or reply. She had dropped her head upon her hands, and seemed to be lost in her own unhappy reflections.

Mr. Graves and Mr. Corbin conferred together for a few moments and then the former remarked:

"Mrs. Montague will, of course, give these subjects some consideration, and meanwhile I will go to consult with Mr. Cutler regarding the matter."

He left immediately and Mr. Corbin and Mr. Rider fell into general conversation, while Ray and Irene withdrew to the lower end of the drawing room where they could talk over matters unheard.

Mr. Graves was gone about an hour and then returned accompanied by Mr. Justin Sutter himself.

After a discussion at some length the question of Mrs. Montague being brought to trial he finally agreed to concur in the decision of the others.

"For Miss Dinsmore's sake I will waive all proceedings," he remarked, "but were it not for the feelings of that young lady," he added, sternly, "I would press the matter to the extent of the law."

Mrs. Montague shuddered at his relentless tone, but Irene thanked him with a smile for the concession.

Mrs. Montague then consented to abide by the conditions made by the lawyers, and at their command she brought forth her valuable store of jewels to have them appraised and used to indemnify those who had suffered through her crimes.

Ray laid out what he thought would serve to make Mr. Cutler's loss good, selected what stones he thought belonged to his own firm, and then it was decided that the real proceeds should be given to Mrs. Vanderheck if she wished them, or they should be sold and the money given to her.

Mrs. Montague was then informed that she must at once surrender all deeds, bonds, bank stock, etc., which she had received from the Dinsmore estate and would be expected to leave the city before noon the next day.

She curtly replied that she would require only three hours, and that she would leave the house before sunrise.

The house having been purchased with Mr. Dinsmore's money, would henceforth belong to Irene, therefore she and Ray decided to remain where they were until her departure and see that everything was properly secured afterward.

Having decided that these matters should not be made public nothing could be done with Louis Hamblin, and Mr. Rider, much against his inclination, was obliged to forego making the arrest on the Fall River boat.

Mrs. Montague hastened her preparations and left her elegant home on West Forty-ninth street in season to meet her nephew a little after the hour appointed in the morning. Mr. Corbin previous to this

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed—the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre—and concentrated. Then—and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives"—one more atom of bitter principle forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process—one of the most remarkable achievements of the age—the juices are made stronger, and many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruit-a-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered.

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handed her the first payment of her annuity, and obtained an address to which it was to be sent in the future and thus the two accomplished sharpers disappeared from New York, which knew them no more.

The next evening Ray and Irene were talking over their plans for the future in the cozy library in Mr. Graves' house, when the young girl remarked:

"Ray would you not like to read the story that my father concealed in the royal mirror?"

"Yes, dear, if you wish me," her lover replied.

Irene excused herself and went to get it. When she returned she brought the ancient keepsake with her.

She explained how the secret drawer operated, showed him the two rings and the letters, then putting Mr. Dinsmore's confession into his hand, bade him read it and this is what his eager eyes perused:

"My Dear Irene: You have been the darling of my heart, the pride of my life; you have just left me to go to your caller, after having probed my heart to its very core. I can never make you know the bitterness of spirit that I experience as I write these lines, for the questions you have just asked me have completely unmanned me—have made a variable coward of me, when I should have boldly told you the truth, let the consequence be what it would; whether it would have touched your heart with pity and fresh love for the sorrowing and repentant man, or driven you away from me in hate and scorn such as I experience for myself. You have just told me that I have made your life a very happy one; that you love me dearly. Oh my darling, you will never know, until I am gone, how I hug these sweet words to my soul, and exult over them with secret joy, and you will never know, either, until then, how I long and hunger to hear you call me just once by the sacred name of father."

"Yes, Irene, I am your father; you are my child, and yet I had not the courage to tell you so, with all the rest of the sad story, this morning, for fear I should see all the love die out of your face, and you would turn coldly from me as you learned the great wrong I once did your mother."

"I told you that your father is dead. So he is, to you, and has been for many long years; for when I brought you from England, when you were only two years old, I vowed that you should never know that I was the man who, by my cowardice and neglect, ruined your mother's life; so I adopted you as my niece, and you have always believed yourself to be the child of my only and idolized sister. But to begin at the beginning, I first met Irene Foster one day while attending my aunt to a millinery store, where she had her hats and bonnets made. She waited upon her, and I sat and watched the beautiful girl, entranced by her loveliness and winning manner. She was a cultured lady, in spite of the fact that she was obliged to earn her living in so humble a way."

"Her parents had both died two years previously, leaving her homeless and destitute after having been reared in the lap of luxury. I saw her often after that, we soon learned to love each other, and it was not long before she was my promised wife."

"But my first sin was in not giving her my full name. I was afraid she might be shy of me, if she knew I was the heir of the wealthy Miss Dinsmore. About that time, my studies being completed, my aunt wanted me to go abroad for a couple of years."

"She also wished me to marry the child of an intimate friend, and take her with me. She had been planning this marriage for years, and threatened if I disappointed her to leave all her money to some one else."

"Now comes my second sin against your mother. If I had been loyal and true, I should have frankly told my aunt of my love for Irene Foster, and that I could never marry another woman, fortune or no fortune. But I shirked the duty—I thought something might happen before my return to give me the fortune, and then I should be free to love."

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