

of a hand to hand encounter with robbers. He might, he fancied, win back his father's trust and affection if he displayed striking bravery and presence of mind. He felt something like a thrill of positive satisfaction when at last he was certain that he did hear a footstep, that he did see a glimmer of light beneath the door of his father's study—where no light was usually to be seen between the hours of one and two in the morning. He drew back into a dark recess, and waited for the footsteps that were drawing near.

The study door opened, a flash of light came forth. It came from a lantern in a man's hand, and the light gleamed upon the man's face as he walked. Bertie started; his revolver nearly fell from his hand as he looked. This was no robber, then?—merely Ralph Kingscot, who had been wandering about the house by night, after his well-known, uncanny fashion. He had a roll of papers in his hand, and his face was pale; his eyes gleamed in a restless way as he glanced from side to side.

Bertie drew back as far as possible. At that moment he did not want to confront his uncle. Relations between the two had been somewhat strained during the last few days. He was lucky. Ralph stopped and extinguished his lantern before he reached the dark recess. If he had kept it alight, he would have seen his nephew's shrinking figure as he passed down the corridor. He went to the Octagon Room; thence, as Bertie knew, he could pass into his own apartments. Some impulse urged him to follow. He made his way softly and stealthily to the Octagon Room, holding his loaded revolver firmly in one hand.

The Octagon Room was dark. The door into the Tower stood open, and a breath of cold night air blew on Bertie's face as he approached it. He knew what that meant. The door from Ralph's room into the garden must be open too. Voices fell suddenly upon his ear. He stopped to listen, for surely one of them at least was well-known to him. Molly; what could Molly be doing in Uncle Ralph's room at that hour of the night? And there was Kingscot's voice and another—whose?—not John Hannington's? What did this mean?

A burning tide of indignation rushed through Bertie's veins. He dashed forward hardly knowing what he did. He had a glimpse of a dimly-lighted room; of Molly in her hat and cloak, holding by a man's arm, of Ralph Kingscot's furious look. The light was suddenly blown out; there came a cry, a scuffle, the sound of a loud report, as the revolver was wrenched out of his hand and fired—by whom he could not tell. A heavy blow was planted well between his eyes; there was a moment of bewildering pain, of flickering lights, confusing noises, quivering nerves—and then came the blackness and silence of complete unconsciousness.

A Lost Gem

Stella was painfully conscious of the change in his manner during the next few days. It was as though he were holding himself back, trying to be patient and courteous while suffering from a constant sense of injury and anger. A sort of half-suppressed irritation and resentment showed itself in his manner. She could not understand it. She knew that she had vexed him by her refusal to divulge the secret of her interview with John Hannington, but she felt that he ought to trust her a little—especially when she had said that she would tell him everything by and by.

She talked gently and sympathetically to Molly, telling her that she had promised Mr. Hannington a week's grace, and that she hoped he would then speak to Mr. Moncrieff. Molly tossed her graceful head, and looked at her stepmother with scornful eyes.

"Of course you will do what you can to separate us," she said. "What makes you say so, Molly? If your father approves, I shall approve too."

"But you will do your utmost to prejudice my father's mind; I know that!" cried Molly, flushing to the roots of her hair. "I understand it all; Jack told me."

"Told you—what?" asked Stella, as the girl hesitated. But Molly would not speak. She grew redder and redder, hung her head like a bashful child, and turned away. Stella could only conjecture that some garbled version of her acquaintance with John Hannington had been poured into her ear.

An air of gloom and mystery seemed to have settled over the household. No two persons were happy in each other's company. Misunderstandings abounded on every side. The whole family appeared to be at cross purposes—the most disagreeable state that a family can possibly be in. Stella and Bertie were more comfortable together than any other couple; and they, by tacit consent, avoided all themes which might breed perplexity or discussion. Bertie was under the impression that Molly's intercourse with Hannington had been broken off; and although he had not known much of it, he had known enough to make him uneasy. He felt genuine relief in the conviction that Molly was no longer carrying on clandestine relations with a man whom his father so thoroughly disliked.

At the same time, he was a little puzzled by the new friar which seemed to obtain between Molly and Uncle Ralph. He came upon them once or twice in deep converse; once he was certain that he saw his uncle hand her a letter, and he knew that they went for long walks together—but, after all, there was nothing so remarkable in these facts as to cause suspicion that anything was wrong. It was only that Bertie knew his uncle well enough to suspect his motives in every action of life; and that he did not trust too much in Molly. He did not like to confide his suspicions to Stella—who perhaps, might have been set on her guard if she had but known them in time; he could only resolve to wait and watch for further developments.

It struck him as odd, when he went into the Octagon Room one day, that Ralph was standing in the middle of the room, with a ring in his hand which he was idly fitting on his little finger. As soon as he saw Bertie, he thrust his hand into his pocket, so as to conceal the ring, and asked rather fiercely what he was doing there.

"It is the room in which I usually sit," said Bertie, with a touch of cool dignity which struck Ralph instantly as something fresh in his manner. "And I don't know why I should keep out of it. Why have you got Molly's ring?"

"Molly's ring? I have not got any ring of Molly's; what do you mean?"

"I mean the ring that you had on your finger," said Bertie, steadily. "A ring with one red stone set with brilliants. I saw it as I came into the room."

"You are quite mistaken," said Kingscot, suddenly recovering his coolness. "The ring I am wearing never belonged to Molly at all; it was a heirloom in our family, and I was trying it on in sheer absence of mind. I wish, my dear boy, that you would mind your own business."

And then he left the room, but—as Bertie noticed—without offering to convince him of his mistake by showing him the ring, which must have hung very loosely on his finger, for he drew his hand out of his pocket without it.

These vague suspicions, this consciousness of something unexplained, sufficed to make Bertie wakeful for the next two nights. As he lay sleepless, he could not rid himself of the idea that there were strange sounds in the house, stealthy footsteps going to and fro, a light gleaming for a moment where no light should be. On the second night this impression was so strong, that he got up and partly dressed himself; then opened his door softly and went into the corridor, where the struggling moonlight lay in fitful gleams upon the polished floor. He had armed himself with a revolver—a pretty dangerous toy which he had bought in London, and was proud of keeping loaded beside his bed.

Bertie went up and down the passage, looked into one or two rooms, stood and listened intently, but could hear nothing. He had fancied that burglars might be in the house. Wandering as he might be in moral courage, Bertie was physically no coward. His blood warmed at the thought

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LUCKNOW.

("Advertiser" Agent, W. H. Smith.)
May 2.—The calico ball given by the young men of the town in the Calendonian pavilion last Thursday evening was a decided success. The hall was beautifully decorated with colored bunting, while the stage was furnished as a parlor. The patronesses were: Mesdames J. McGarry, T. F. Cain and H. Morrison. Among those present from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. D. McCormick, Godrich, Miss Talbot, London; Messrs. A. A. Mann and F. Scheak, Toronto; Miss Duffield, Mrs. Jobe, Mrs. Lyle Hanson and Messrs. Kent, McLeod and Vanstone, Wingham; Mr. and Mrs. S. Laird, Miss Campbell and Mr. Walker, Kincardine. The music was furnished by the London harpers.

Mr. G. W. Berry was in London on Tuesday.
A meeting is to be held in Mr. G. A. Siddalls' office on Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing a tennis club. Miss J. Gordon has returned from Brussels.

Several local Oddfellows attended divine service in Ripley on Sunday last. A musical recital is to be given on Thursday evening in the town hall by Miss M. McNabb's class of pupils.

Miss Grace Boyd entertained a few of her lady friends at a masquerade party on Tuesday evening last. Several class characters were represented, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all.

MIDDLESEX.

The East Middlesex District Council met at Komoka on May 1. A large number of visitors and delegates were present at the afternoon session. The council members were: Komoka, No. 499; South London, No. 397; and Granton, No. 401. The D. C. Bro. N. P. Yeon, of South London Council, presided. The reports of councils and committees were most encouraging. The state of the order committee reported a new council organized at Lambeth, with good prospects for organization at Lobo and Kilworth. The report of the finance committee showed all councils represented to be in good financial standing. It was decided to hold a Royal Templars' picnic at Cornelia on July 4. In the evening an open session was held, the attendance being large. The D. C. occupied the chair. Addresses were given by Bro. Nash, S. C. of Komoka Council, and Bro. Lacey, of South London Council; instrumental duet, violin and organ, Miss and Mr. Stewart; duets, Messrs. Sinclair and McLean; recitations, Miss McChur, and a quartet by South London members. Both meetings gave good evidence that Royal Templarism is making good progress in East Middlesex district. The wants of the visiting delegates were well attended to by the Komoka members.

A very pleasing ceremony was performed on Wednesday, May 1, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Dyer, Crummeville, of Komoka, when his daughter, Ada, was married to Mr. Allan McConnell, of the London Asylum staff. After partaking of a feast of good things, the happy couple left on their wedding trip. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Cook, of Dorchester.

DUTTON.

May 1.—The Epworth League, the young people's society of the Methodist Church, gave an "At Home" in the basement of the church last evening. The building was carpeted and beautifully draped with lace curtains, pictures and handsome decorations. There were six tables decorated with rich and different colors. The young ladies who were in charge of each table wore the same colors as their table. The hosts and hostesses were: Rev. J. E. Moore and lady; George E. Newman, M.A., and lady; W. H. Cake and lady. They vied with each other in welcoming the friends as they entered the festive room. After all had enjoyed it to satisfaction, their hosts desired, Rev. Mr. Moore, the pastor, called for music to order, and presented a short programme: Music by the choir, instrumental solo by Miss Green, speech by J. C. Payne, B.A. and a couple of selections by the orchestra. The visitors were of the most inviting kind—ice cream, bananas, etc. Proceeds, about \$30.

Mr. Bernard Payson A. and Miss Adella M. Conn, both of whom were married last evening, April 30, at the residence of Meredith Conn, Dutton. Rev. J. E. Moore, of the Methodist Church, Dutton, performed the ceremony.

A reception service will be held next Sunday evening in the Methodist Church for a number of incoming members. The last religious quarterly meeting for the conference year will be conducted next Sunday morning by the pastor.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:
"I have eight children, only one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The ancient knight leaned lightly upon his lance. "Marry—The modern maid was on his neck in an instant. 'Oh, Rodolphe!' she cried. 'This is so sudden.'"

It Saves Lives Every Day.
Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. T. Strong.

"How's all the boys makin' out now?" "None 'em a-doin' of anything, 'cept 'in' of Jim." "Ain't that Jim a-doin' of?" "Loafin' around!"

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

"Have you any friends in this city?" asked the paying teller at the bank. "No," he replied. "I'm a baseball umpire."

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

An actress appearing in Johnstown, Pa., recently was referred to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked: "She appeared here just before the flood." The actress has erased Johnstown from her map.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Pammel's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

George Washington could not tell a lie. In his day it was not customary for reporters to interview politicians and put them in holes on tariff and other questions of public policy.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Have you seen Keene Bros.' bedroom sets with heavy Kate Mirrors for \$9, \$11 and \$12? They are the delight of everyone that sees them. 127 King street, opposite Market House.

INGERSOLL.

("Advertiser" Agent, W. H. Manning.)
May 1.—Last night a young man named Leonard Woolson, son of W. A. Woolson, grocer, while riding his bicycle up Thames street, came into collision with Dundas & Minihnick's delivery wagon and received somewhat serious injuries about the head. His lip was so severely cut as to require a couple of stitches, and he was badly shaken up generally. The bicycle was not damaged to any extent.

Michael Young, the boy soprano, of Toronto, made his final appearance in Ingersoll at the Baptist Tabernacle last night before a large audience. He came highly recommended by the Toronto papers, and fully sustained the reputation which preceded him. He possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness and purity, and of wonderful compass, and his numbers were rendered with great feeling and expression. His selections were principally from the "Messiah," and he responded cheerfully to encores in nearly every instance. The balance of the programme was contributed by local talent, and was pleasing throughout. It was gotten up by Mr. H. E. Robinson under the "talent system," and by that church at the beginning of the year, and was a gratifying success.

The Meteor Bicycle Club had a run last evening, when there were nearly 30 wheelmen in line.

The Empire store reopened this morning under new management. The Foresters announce an excursion from London and Ingersoll to Toronto on the Queen's Birthday. The fare is only \$1.75, tickets good going May 23 or 24, and returning on the 25th. It will no doubt be well patronized.

The Harvie Mission Band will meet in St. Paul's Church tomorrow (Thursday) night.
A special meeting of the General Benevolent Society will be held in the council chamber on Friday afternoon. The Ingersoll cheese market will reopen for business on Tuesday afternoon next. The board will meet for the election of officers at 1:30, and the market will be held at 2:30. Most of the factories in this district are now in full blast, and several have made their first shipment of 1885 cheese, the price realized being \$1.2 cents.

AND HE SCREAMED.

White-Capped Women Administer a Whipping to a Wife Beater.

Port Tampa, Fla., May 2.—Edward Tucker, a merchant of this place, was taken from his home recently and whipped by women. Tucker had been in the habit of going home drunk and abusing his wife. Some time ago he was warned that he must treat his wife better or he would be severely dealt with. On this occasion Tucker went home drunk, and soon Mrs. Tucker was heard screaming. Shortly afterwards a number of men entered Tucker's residence and dragged him to the outside of the town, where a number of ladies, wearing white caps, were waiting. Tucker was stripped to the waist and lashed to a tree. Then the women, each of whom was armed with a rawhide, began to lash him. Tucker's screams were heard for a mile. Tucker promised never to abuse his wife again.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general sedative, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earaches, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

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THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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Castoria cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic.
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Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

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