

ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

STRAND MAGAZINE.

"But I have something more to say," she answered. "Perhaps you will think me mad—perhaps I am mad—still, mad or sane, I will now say what is in my mind. I hate you, and I love Edward Bayard. I have Edward Bayard in the room this morning. He was standing close to Stanhope Gate. I passed him. I wanted to turn and speak him, but I found I could do so, he vanished. Yes, I saw him. It was that sight which completely upset me—it took my last remnant of strength away. When I returned home I thought I should die—the shock was terrible—perhaps I am mad, and it was a case of illusion. Oh, Francis, don't ask me to marry you—don't excoriate your strength over me—give me back my freedom. Don't make a girl who hates you as I do, your wife."

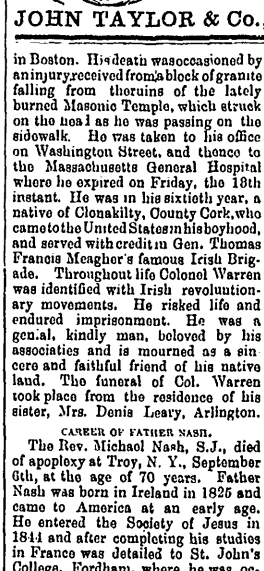
"Come, said Leveson, "this is serious. Stay quiet, my dear child; you are really not in a condition to excite yourself. I did not know, doctor," he added, turning to me, "that the case was so bad. Of course, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, seeing that Bayard is at present working out the sentence he richly deserves at Hartmoor."

"My game is this, he hissed into my ear. 'I mean to do for that wretched, smooth-tongued sneak, Bayard.' 'I thought he was your friend,' I answered. 'Friend!' said Leveson. 'If there is a man I hate, it is he. He has come between me and the girl I intend to marry. I have made up my mind to ruin him. In short, he shall not have Lady Kathleen—I shall look him up. Now, if you will help me, the deed can be done, and you shall have your £1,000.'

"I was as wax in his hands, for the state of my own affairs was desperate. I asked what I was to do. 'I mean to have Bayard arrested,' said Leveson. 'I mean to have him arrested on a charge of forgery. When the moment comes, you are to help me. I mean to prove to Bayard that the signature to the cheque which you now hold in your hand. He will declare that you gave it to him—you are to deny the fact—in short, you and I will have to go through a good deal of false swearing. If we stick together and make our plans, I am convinced that the thing can be carried through. My ward can't marry a man who is going through penal servitude, and, by Heaven, Bayard shall have a long term.' 'I said I couldn't do it, but Leveson said: 'Sleep over it.' I went home. The Evil One fought with me all night, and before the morning he had conquered me. That thousand pounds and the thought of saving the home were what did for me. We carried out our scheme. I am prepared to swear to the truth of this statement before a magistrate."

"It would be well to have witnesses to this," I said, when I had done reading. "Lady Kathleen will put your name here?" She came forward at once, writing her full name in a bold, firm hand. I put mine under hers. "And now, Bayard," I said, "this is not a moment for showing mercy; a foul deed has been committed, and only the stern arm of justice can set matters right. Will you have the goodness to go at once for the police? Leveson and Franks must be taken into custody to night on the charge of malicious conspiracy against you, for causing you to be falsely imprisoned, and for perjury."

"One moment before you go, Bayard," said Leveson—moving a step forward and speaking with the studied calm which all through this strange scene had never deserted him. "There is another side to Franks' story, and when I have said my say to-morrow morning before the magistrate, I can easily prove that the statement made on that piece of paper is worth no more than the paper on which it is written. There is not a magistrate on the Bench who is likely to give even a moment's serious consideration to such a trumped-up tale told under pressure, and at the instigation of an escaped convict. You can do your worst, however—I am so conscious of my own innocence that I have no wish to escape."



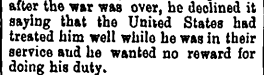
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A Distinguished Swedish Author becomes a Catholic.

A remarkable conversion to the Catholic faith has taken place this summer in Stockholm, Sweden, which must rank to the greatest progress of the Church in that country, which, as is known, is one of the strongest bulwarks of Protestantism in Europe. The convert is Mrs. Helona Nyblom, one of the most brilliant authors in the Scandinavian countries at the present time. She was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1813, where her father, Jorgen Reed, a painter of renown, was professor at the Danish Academy of Fine Arts. In 1844 she married Carl Rupert Nyblom, Professor of Aesthetics and History of Literature at the Royal University of Upsala. Professor Nyblom himself is regarded as a poet of rank, being one of the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy, an institution for the promotion of the language and literature of Sweden, founded in 1786 by King Gustavus III., the members of which is considered to be a high honor. By the way, it may be mentioned that Professor Nyblom has in a masterly way translated into the Swedish language Moore's Irish Melodies and Shakespeare's Sonnets.



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TORONTO PORTAL GUIDE—During the month of September, 1895, mail close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Class, Close, Due. Rows include G. T. R. East, G. T. R. West, U. S. N. Y., U. S. West States, etc.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m. on Wednesdays, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails on Mondays and Wednesdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of September: 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.

U.S. mails close on Saturdays at 11 a.m. and on Sundays at 10 a.m. Residents of cities directly connected with the route should transact their business with the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

AMERICAN NOTES. Women Successful in a Benevolent Association. The gift of an Irish Priest to Washington—Death of a Boston Fenian—Death of a Famous Jesuit (Chauncey Depew Describes Lourdes). New York, Sept. 23.—The correspondent of the Union and Times describes the little band of Catholic novices who have braved all sorts of opposition and not a little ridicule, when they undertook to extend the opportunities of their sex by securing for them through the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, the same provision for rainy days that men find in insurance societies. They may rest on their oars a bit now for all things else are being added unto them. Everything seems to be coming the Catholic woman's way nowadays and with the great and glorious power of the greatest of institutions, considered even on its human side, only to back her, what may she not do? Considerably less than twenty years have passed since the little group of pioneers, timidly, half frightened at their own temerity, started the first insurance society for women. How some folks laughed at first but now it's a solid, dignified, matter-of-course institution and everybody else is following suit. The other day the Women's Catholic Benevolent Legion got its charter from the Legislature and a week from Wednesday will have a Mass of Thanksgiving offered in St. Bernard's Church in West Fourteenth street. The Very Rev. Mgr. Mooney, Vicar-General, will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion and there will be a social entertainment afterward in St. Bernard's Hall. Naturally the women who were pioneers in the insurance movement believed in the opening of many other fields of activity and opportunity for their sex, and regarded this particular one as a more opening wedge. Woman has a good deal of the camel's persistence about her after all. Let her get her head in and it is only a question of time when her whole body will follow. To those who observed the large number of women delegates at the temperance convention held in New York recently, it seemed a matter of course that women should be delegates and officers. Women can be generous and forgetful apparently, for none of them referred to the fact it is hardly thirty years since two women were refused permission to attend another temperance convention held in New York. It wasn't a Catholic affair of course, but it shows the changed spirit of the times. And last and best of all the Catholic new woman who wants a university education need not go to Radcliffe College, or to Barnard, she may go to Washington University. It almost makes her feel as if she were away back in the middle ages when Maria Agnesi was professor of Philosophy by appointment of Pope Benedict in the University of Bologna.

DEATH OF COL. WARREN. Colonel John Warren, a prominent Fenian in the old days has just died