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Hammond, Ont. - "I am passing through the Change of Life and for two had hot flushes very bad, head-achiness, soreness in the back of head, was irritable, and had weak, nervous feelings.

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Her Adopted Daughter

CHAPTER XXXVIII. A HEAVY BLOW.

Was Dudley Montague in truth Gerald Deleware? Was he recovering from that wound, or was it, after all, fatal? And how was all this misery and doubt to end?

"I cannot," she murmured, pressing her hand on her heaving breast. "Oh, Errol, my love, my life, I cannot part—and live!"

Washed by the sea, she had known only care and innocent, loving homes, and never been tried, troubled, tempted.

But this we know, that if the cry "Heaven, help us!" goes up from the agonized soul in very truth, even at the dark, eleventh hour, it is surely heard.

All these torturing doubts and fears all the longing for, yet dread of, Errol's return, were filling Lenore's aching heart that Saturday morning.

She heard the visitors' bell ring, then a man's deep voice—a strange one—and the servant came up.

"Please, Ma'am, Mr. Jocelyn wishes to see you."

"Jocelyn!" repeated Mrs. Deleware startled, instantly thinking of some one from Dr. Keller's.

She stood waiting, gathering herself together, as it were.

But instead of one, two men were shown in, both very quietly—the elder one even well-dressed in ordinary morning suits.

The elder, presumably Mr. Jocelyn, asked, courteously, after a second's pause, as if rather surprised by the unexpected youth or beauty of the lady he faced:

"Are you, madam, Miss—or is it Mrs.—Deleware?"

"I am Mrs. Gerald Deleware," she said, with quiet, dignified grace.

"How oddly something in the air and out of these men suggested detective officers. What could it mean? Errol—Featherstone—had they been—"

"A very painful one, ma'am. I am a detective sergeant, and I have here a search-warrant, and a warrant to arrest you on a charge of forging a bill of exchange."

laid her hand suddenly on the back of the chair by which she stood, though she neither started nor staggered.

"This Mr. Everest's name to get this money—five thousand pounds?"

"Pray don't think for a moment that I blame you, Mr. Jocelyn," she said, with a sweet, winning gentleness all her own.

"I shall take you to Bow street first, ma'am, and charge you. Perhaps you may be able to prove your innocence at once; but leastways the magistrate will take bail. I dare say—heavy bail, maybe—and demand you for a week."

To Bow street, to be publicly charged with crime in a felon's dock! Oh! the shame and agony—and Errol is away! Oh, better so, perhaps, for her name's sake; yet she had no other friend.

"Thank you," she said after the slight pause; but "may I first send for this Mr. Beresford? He is to be my lawyer."

"Certainly, ma'am, it is your right to do that, whether you plead innocence or guilt."

"Mr. Jocelyn, I am innocent; but that, of course, I must prove, if I can, for I am ignorant of the barest outline of circumstance or evidence against me."

"Yes, ma'am, Mr. Errol's. I know, I'll go there and won't come back to you without him."

Who she was gone the sergeant rose, key in hand, and with an apologetic "I am very sorry, madam, but I must do my duty," crossed to the davenport and began to search, though what he expected to find, its owner had not much idea, and as any private letters or papers of hers were not in the davenport she cared little.

Presently, a half uttered "Ah!" from Jocelyn made her turn her head, then rise quickly, and go to him, as she saw in his hand two pieces of paper, unmistakably bank notes.

"Two ten pound notes!" he said, as she paused in blank astonishment; "pushed back among old receipts—foreign ones—in the bottom drawer, and their number is—"

"But, how did they get there?" she broke in. "I never kept money in that drawer at all—never put those there. I have not opened that drawer these five months."

"H'm, they didn't walk in ma'am," said the man dryly, puzzled between the truth of her manner and the ugly fact; "and these numbers are exactly those of two of the ten pound notes paid to the gentleman who got the bill discounted. Who he was you best know; but here is some of the stolen money in your possession beyond dispute."

"I see it all," she muttered, turning sharply aside and locking her slender hands in bitter anguish; "but, oh, how am I to prove such a conspiracy? Oh, Errol, come back, I am so much alone."

But in that moment the recollection of Roland Castelneau's words, and the promise he had exacted, flashed across her.

"If you ever need a friend, send to me—Mr. Roland, at the Langham Hotel."

Could she—should she dare now, in this terrible strait, send and ask him, if need be, to stand bail for her—to believe her innocent? She would tell Mr. Beresford and ask him to go to Roland.

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ushered in Errol's solicitor, a pleasant elderly gentleman—a reliable looking kind of man to whom one would naturally turn in trouble.

He was soon placed in full possession of the whole story by Mr. Jocelyn, after which he had a private interview with Lenore in the back drawing room in which she told him everything except the secret of the child.

"Take heart, my poor child," he said at length, after settling what should be done. "I will go to Mr. Castelneau, then return here for you, and, as this Mr. Grierson seems to be not harshly disposed, we shall get bail allowed. I shall be one security, no doubt; Mr. Roland the other. As for Errol, the less he knows, the better at present. Take heart, my dear, I say."

CHAPTER XXXIX AT BOW STREET

Deadly pale but calm, dignified, self-possessed, though the look of pain and dread in the dark eyes had deepened, Lenore Deleware stood in the prisoner's dock and heard the charge made against her by Mr. Grierson's solicitor supported by the bill discounter's evidence—heard that the "gentleman" who had come with the forged bill as a clerk of Mr. Beresford's was certainly a tall, and rather fine looking broad built man of about forty, as far as he (Grierson) remembered, dark and bearded, but thought he could know his voice again better than his person; the voice was deep.

She heard the suggestion hinted that possibly she was not a widow, as described—that the accomplice might be her husband, and really the more guilty party.

Two of the notes paid to Mr. Grierson's clerk were found in the prisoner's davenport. Mr. Everest's signature she might have obtained surreptitiously, as he was a shareholder in a company of which her stepfather was managing director.

The magistrate listened gravely and attentively to the statements and the evidence adduced, glancing once or twice at the young and high-bred woman who looked so even ludicrously out of place there, and when all was stated, turned to her and asked quietly:

"What have you to say to this charge, prisoner?"

How soft and low the rich voice that answered with its delicate and most distinct accent:

"Only sir, that I am innocent of the forgery, or any knowledge of it at all. I never have seen Mr. Everest's signature, and do not know him personally. And I assert that my name is also a forgery, and that those notes have been placed where they were by some one else."

There was a slight murmur of sympathy among the increased spectators who had drifted in, and Mr. Beresford now arose, and stating to the court that he was the prisoner's attorney, said they reserved defense and asked for a remand, and that his client should be admitted to bail.

The granting of the remand was a matter of course—for the other the magistrate considered.

"Well," he said, "under the circumstances I will accept bail in two securities of five hundred pounds each, if the prosecutor has no objection to it; but, if he has—"

The old bill discounter stood up quickly.

"Pardon me the interruption, your worship. No, I have not the least objection—quite the reverse, sir—quite the reverse. It's very hard for me to be defrauded of so much money, but I couldn't be hard on a mere girl like that, who must have acted under a very strong pressure of compulsion. I want to see her, and I want to see her primarily and punish. Don't send that young thing to prison if she can find bail—"

very real, were as effusive and uncontrolled as all else about her, nor had she more tact or quiet in a sick room than out of it. She was one of those people who are always in evidence, seen and heard, and she would have simply driven wild any patient of a fine, high strung temperament; but Dudley's intrinsically coarse-fibered nature did not feel it, or but very little. It was not she or the severity of the wound, but the war of evil passions within that kept him in danger and sent the fever mounting upward.

To be Continued.

THIS REVOLT CRUSHED.

Mexican Troops Put Down Rising After Hard Battle.

SANTA ISABEL, Chihuahua, Mexico, April 14.—For thirteen hours the ranchers living in the town of Cieneguilla, near here, fought a body of federal troops yesterday in order that the honor and integrity of a nation they had formed Saturday night might live, but the new republic was finally buried in bullets.

The citizens met the troops with volleys when they tried to enter the place. After thirteen hours of resistance the cabinet submitted to the appeals of the people that further bloodshed be averted, and surrendered. All were executed.

May Abandon Air Derby.

MONTE CARLO, April 14.—The water-aeroplane Derby, the Grand Prix de Monaco, was started yesterday, but abandoned and annulled, owing to the high waves brought about by a wind blowing 40 miles an hour, which caused several accidents.

There were seven starters, of whom M. Fischer was wrecked at Beaulieu, his machine capsizing while he was 150 feet in the air. He and his engineer were rescued from the water.

President Falconer of Toronto University addressed the Wellington County alumni banquet.

Executions are being served upon Farmers Bank shareholders in Modesto, Tex under the public liability clause.

FREIGHT IS DERAILED.

C.P.R. Line is Blocked by Mix-Up Near Bolton.

TORONTO, April 15.—The worst tie-up of traffic that has yet occurred in the Ontario portion of the C.P.R. main line took place at 4.30 p.m. yesterday, when a large C.P.R. freight train traveling at a fast rate of speed left the rails three miles north of Bolton Junction.

The cause of the wreck is not known, but the statement was made by Supt. Arundel of the C.P.R. last night that it was believed to be due to a brake-beam falling from the front portion of the train on to the rails.

Twenty-two cars following were thrown to each side of the rails and into one telescoped mass. By a strange chance the last eight cars composing the train was loaded down with lumber, and the congestion caused by the smash was tremendous.

CUBAN LIBERAL SLAIN.

Prominent Politician is Assassinated in a Cafe in Cienfuegos.

HAVANA, April 15.—Jose Fernandez, a prominent Liberal politician, and known throughout Cuba as Chichi Fernandez, was shot and killed yesterday afternoon in the principal cafe at Cienfuegos. The shooting marks the first stage of the vendetta provoked by the assassination Saturday of Cefelino A. Mendez, who recently was elected Conservative mayor of Cienfuegos. Mendez was waylaid in the streets of Cienfuegos and riddled with bullets.

The assassin of Fernandez was a special policeman named Eustaquio Ordonez, who was attached to the office of the late mayor. Finding Fernandez sitting in the cafe with a party of friends, Ordonez without warning fired all the chambers of his revolver at him. Four bullets took effect. Ordonez was arrested, but refused to make a statement as to his reasons for shooting Fernandez.

Tore Up Her License.

LONDON, April 15.—Speaking at the weekly rally of the militant suffragette organization, the Women's Social and Political Union, "Gen." Mrs. Flora Drummond announced yesterday that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst had been given a fortnight's rest from jail. The speaker told how the militant leader had torn up the license given to her on her release, the remnants of which she said went back to Holloway Jail in the cab.

The Nova Scotia Steel Company will spend over a million dollars in the Sydney mines this summer.

The Richeleu & Ontario Navigation Company has obtained Federal letters patent under the Companies' Act.

Mr. George Ham, the popular publicity man of the C.P.R. is in the Western Hospital, Montreal, but expects to get out before long.

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