THE USURPER

Neville Lynne leaned back on his pick,

Neville Lynne leaned back on his pick, and, wiping the perspiration from his face, gazed in a ruminative, not to say inclancholy, fashion across the plain.

It, was not a particularly pleasant view; in fact, it was as hideous as can be imagined, and would have given a scene in our own English black country points, and beaten it easily. For it was an Australian gold field; an arid, dusty plain, which would have been ugly at any time, but was rendered simply appalling by the dirt, confusion, squaler and poverty of a digger's camp.

The sun had been glaring down upon this cheerful prospect during the whole of what had seemed an endless day, and was now sinking in a bed of fire, to stoke up for the next day's scorching. There were a few trees in the valley, but not a parched leaf of them moved. A bird or two flew listlessly across the waste, but dropped with heavy wings on to the scorching rocks or the cracking tent poles. If they had dropped into the tents themselves no man would have molested them, for every man was too that the dead best and utterly ex-

tent poles. If they had dropped into the tents themselves no man would have molested them, for every man was too tired, too dead beat and utterly exhausted even to knock down a bird.

A group of horses, whose bones stood out under their skins like the lines of a Gethic cathedral, stood sleepily in what remained of the river, and the only sounds that broke the natural stillness of this aggrayating, soul-crushing heat

remained of the river, and the only sounds that broke the natural stillness of this aggravating, soul-crushing heat were the click of a pick in some claim, the listless bark of a dog, and now and again a feeble shout from Sandy Macgregor's grog tent, where some men were drowning care, and poisoning themselves with the 'liquid which Mr. Macgregor, with a facetiousness which was beyond all praise, called "whiskey."

"Lorn Hope Camp was very much down en its luck. There was gold in the favine, everybody believed, or said he did, but for some weeks past no man had sireceeded in finding it, and but for the least what remained of Lorn Hope Camp would have up sticks and departed for soine other Hope less forlorn; but the heat had burned up the energy, melted the purpose, sapped the perseverance of mearly all, and the men of Lorn Hope Camp still clung on, digging occasionally sleeping often, quarrelling at times and drinking whiskey always.

"Neville Lynne's "claim" was at the end of the ravine, half an hour or more from the camp at which he gazed. A rough hut of planks and canvas stood at a little distance, and in this Neville and his partner and an old woman—so old that the "boys" had christened her Mrs. Meth., as short for Methuselah —had lived. "Had," for the evening before Keville's partner. disgusted by the run of bad luck, had cleared out and departed.

Why Neville Lynee had not gone, too,

Why Neville Lynee had not gone, too, he could not have told. His belief in the he could not have told. His belief in the presence of this hidden gold was certainly he stronger than that of the other diggers, and as certainly he had not grown to love the hideous, sandy, dusty, sunstricken plain; but something, some feeling he could not have defined if his lifebad depended upon his doing so, had made him reluctant to leave the Lorn Hope, and there he stood, penniless, soltary and most utterly bored, on the edge of his barren claim, with the last rays of the sun apitefully smiting him on the head, and the flies bussing round his ears.

There were two reasons why Neville Lynne's claim was at a distance from the camp. The first was because he believed in the upper part of the ravine; the second, because he was different from the rest of the men who composed Lern Hope.

To put it shortly, the young fellow—he was very young, younger than he looked, a mere lad just under twenty—was a gentleman, and the rest of the

looked, a mere lad fust under twenty—was a gentleman, and the rest of the eamp were not.

Now, the one gentleman in a society of blacklegs, lags, roughs and ruffians is always regarded by them with a certain amount of envy, malice and uncharitable ness. It is very painful and disadvantageous to be the only honest and well-bred man in a party, whether it is a picule party or a party of gold diggers, and it was very much to the relief of the majority that Neville pitched his tent a hile and a haif from the main body.

And yet, though they regarded him with a groundless envy, they respected him. There was not a reckless, despery ate, dare-devil among them who possessed more pluck than the young 'un, as he was called. He was, in their expressive language, "all grit," and they knew that he was as ready with his revolver and his fists as any of them, and though slow at beginning a flight, was slower still at leaving off.

On his first joining the camp Bully wanger— a regular desperado—had gone for him" with the altogether unlooked for result of laying the bully on his hack for rather more than a forting the heat and his jelly-fish condition would permit. "Mac's poison is good enough for me; I want it for the stranger."

"The doctor smoked on in silence for a minute or so, then, without any movement, remarked:

"It is in't no good. There's nothing at the bottom of that, young un."

For the present—yes," said Neville.

"To the doctor ment of the twe is in the bottom of that, young un."

The doctor smoked on in silence for a minute or so, then, without any movement, remarked:

"To the doctor smoked on in silence for a minute or so, then, without any movement, remarked:

"To the present—yes," said Neville.

"To the doctor nodded.

"The doctor nodded.

"The hocking down at the hole. "I sholi the tree is," senter hove, here illed the raised an imaginary glass. "I must be going."

The doctor modded.

"The half rose, then sank down again.

"There, now! Hang it all, if haven't clean gone and forgotten what I'd come for," and

stopping again, and, once more leaning upon his pick, waited and gazed.

The man came up with a lagging gait and threw himself down on the edge of the hole. He was inexpensively attired in a pair of trousers made out of meal sacks, a shirt frayed and torn and rather blacker than a tinker's boots, which no self-respecting tramp in England or America would have deigned to pick up, and a chimney-pot hat so battered and napless and brimless as to convey the idea that the man who would wear it could only have insanity as an excuse for doing so.

He was the doctor of Lorn Hope—there is always a doctor, a barrister, not un-

for doing so.

He was the doctor of Lorn Hope—there is always a doctor, a barrister, not unfrequently a baronet and occasionally a clergyman in a diggers' camp—and he, too, like Neville, was nameless, answering always to the abbreviated cognomen of "Doc."

"Well, young un," he said, mopping his face, seamed and hollowed by a long and uninterrupted course of camp whiskey. "Still hanging on, Doc," said Neville, with as cheerful a nod as could be expected under the circumstances.

The doctor stared at the handsomesun-browned face with its short, crisp hair looking almost yellow against the darkened skin and the clear blue eyes that met him squarely, and then let his own blinking, undecided ones drop into the pit.

"Seems as if there weren't any more luck for this yere camp, don't it?"

Yes, it seems so," assented Neville, listlessly, as he took out his pipe.

The doctor's eyes glistened.

"Ain't got any 'baca to spare, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Oh, yes," said Neville, and he tossed his pouch.

The doctor caught it with eager, shak-

his pouch.

The doctor caught it with eager, shak The doctor caught it will eager, analying hands, reammed a blackened briar as full as it would hold, hid another pipeful in the palm of his hand with charming dexterity, and tossed the pouchwith just half a pipeful remaining—back to its owner.

with just half a pipeful remaining—back to its owner.

"Partner's cleared out, ain't he?"
Neville nodded as he lit his pipe.
"Tired out at last, eh? Ah, well, I'm not surprised. Why on earth the rest of the boys don't up sticks and cut it, I can't make out. Appears to me Lorn Hope is clean played out. Why don't young un?" you go, young un?"
Neville Lynne leaned against the side of the pit and looked absently across the

"I don't know," he replied at last. "I

"I don't know," he replied at last. "I suppose I shall presently."
"That's what most of 'em says," remarked the doctor, squatting on his haunches and puffing away with profound and sleeply satisfaction in the eleemosynary tobacco. "Seems to me there won't look sharp about it. Two more waiting for the undertaker this morning—sunstroke; and there's three lying low besides. Guess we'd better wait and bury 'em all together; it's a saving of time, though time don't appear to be money in this yere camp now."

The doctor was not an American—no one knew exactly what country could

one knew exactly what country could rightly claim the honor of his birth; but he had been in the California gold fields and had caught the tone of that country and half a dozen others as well.

"Sickness always follows other ill-luck," said Neville. "Not much sickness about you young

un," remarked the doctor, eyoing the slim but well-knit frame approvingly. "No I'm all right enough," assented Neville "I trouble the baker more than

Neville "I trouble the baker more than your profession, Doc."

"Kind of a teetotaller, ain't you?" said the doctor. "Don't see you often at the poison shop."

Neville smiled absently.

"No, but I'm not a teetotaller," he said

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This offer will prove to be one of the best of the season, as this Sill is of very high grade quality; an all Silk French Taffeta, full 27 inches will and nothing nicer for fall wear, regular \$1.50 yard, on sale to-morrow 98c

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Extra Heavy Flewed Table Padding, 54 inches wide, special .. 50c yard Sheeting 29c

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Linoleum, worth 90c, your choice
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tpens to be one like the Lorn Hope, in which sickness and death are always present or very near.

The doctor carefully stopped his pipe,

using his begrimed finger as the stopper, and shook his head.

using his begrimed linger as the scopper, and shook his head.

"Not knowing, can't say. Visitors to the Lorn Hope don't, as a rule, bring letters of recommendation with 'em, 'or call around dropping visiting cards, and the stranger ain't no exception. But he's a gent, I'll swear, and it occurred to me that you, being also a gent, might feel inclined to part with a drop of the real old stuff—that is, if you'd got it."

"There is no resisting such a compliment as that, Doc," said Neville. "I think there is a little Cognac left; if so, you are welcome to it."

He put his strong hand on one side

wais called. He was, in their expressive alang gone and forgotion what I'd come alanguage, "all grit," and they shaw that a farther the state of the property of the property

he is your father, or grandfather which?" "Father," said the girl.

As if her voice were more effectual than the spirit in rousing him, the dy-ing man raised his head and looked from one to the other. Then he made a mo-tion which the doctor accepted as a sign

"Want to be alone a bit, eh?" he said.

"Not knowing, can't say. Visitors to the Lorn Hope don't, as a rule, bring letters of recommendation with 'em,' or call around dropping visiting cards, and the stranger ain't no exception. But he's a gent, I'll swear, and it occurred to me it that you, being also a gent, might feel inclined to part with a drop of the real old stuff—that is, if you'd got it."

"There is no resisting such a compliment as that, Doc," said Neville. "I think there is a little Cognac left; if so, you are welcome to it."

He put his strong hand on one side of the pit, and leaping lightly to the top, went toward the hut. The doctor fold liwed him and stood leaning against the apology for a door, while Neville unlocked a strong box, and, after some hummaging about, found a bottle containing a small quantity of brandy.

"There you are," he said, tossing it to the doctog, who caught it as dexterously as he had caught the tobacco pouch. "Is there anything else I can do, Doe?"

"No, not as I knows on, and I'm thinking no one else can do anything." Then hiding the bottle under his tattered shirt, he patted it meaningly.

"Don't you be afraid; I'm square, young un, and I've been telling you the goal, the he some time, notwithstanding the bottle under his tattered shirt, he patted it meaningly.

"Don't you be afraid; I'm square, young un, and I've been telling you the goal, the scomplet ruth. Every drop the stranger don't drink I'll hand back," and confirming the distance was so short, to reach the camp, and, passing right through it, he stopped at a shanty rather more ruinous and tumble-down than the rest, and after a knock by way of announcement, pushed aside the tatered canvas that served as a door and entered.

A man was lying upon three upturned as the doctor had said, the was dving. The set the doctor had said, the was dving. The set the doctor had said, the was dving. The set the doctor had said, the was dving. The set the doctor had said the was dving. The set the set was the doctor had said, the was dving. The set was the doctor had s receily. "My poor child! My poor, poor child! It is hard. But God's will be done. Don't cry, syl. 1t's I who should cry, for—for when I think of you all alone in the world, without even me to help and protect you—" He drew a long sigh, and the tears filled his eyes. "But listen, Syl. I am going to give you something. It is something very precious, and I want you to guard it as if it were your very life. Don't lose it or let any one take it from you. Hide it next your heart, and—and when you are eighteen, open it, and—"
His voice failed him. He touched his breast and signed to her to take something from his pocket, and she drew out a small, flat package. It was covered with parchment stained and creased, but securely sealed at each end. "Take it," he whispered. "Put it in the bosom of your dress and—and keey it there. Some day—"
His voice failered and broke and his head fell back, but he seemed to indicate by a gesture that she was not to call out and she remained silent, holding him against her sob-shaken little breast.
While she waited with her anguished eyes fixed upon him a man's head appeared in the space between two of the boards which formed the side of the hut.

DOMINION LINE

Canada, Sopt. 18, Oct. 19.

Ottawa, Sept. 21, Oct. 26.

Dominion, Sept. 28, Nov. 2

Kensington, Oct. 5, Nov. 9.

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Steamers and from Montresi, daylight.

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Southwark, Oct. 5, Nov. 2.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Niagara Falls, New York—2.20 a.m., *5.31 a. m., *18.40 a.m., *5.00 p.m., *7.55 p.m.

Be. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo—5.23 1.50 p.m., *18.40 a.m., *9.55 p.m. *11.60 a.m. 15.50 p.m. *11.60 a.m. 15.60 p.m., *7.85 p.m. *11.60 a.m., *11.60 a.m., *11.60 a.m., *11.60 a.m., *11.60 a.m., *11.60 a.m., *16.65 p.m., *6.55 a.m., *8.55 a.m., *8.50 a.m., Galt. Preston, Hespier—18.00 a.m., 13.55 p.m., 17.65 p.m., 17.65 p.m., 17.65 p.m., 17.65 p.m., 18.32 p.m., 18.35 p.m., 18.32 p.m., 18.32 p.m., 18.35 p.m., 18.32 p.m., 18.33 p.m., 18.34 p.m., 18.35 p p.m., 13.0 a.m., 15.35 p.m. Credit, etc.—15.50 a. m., 11.30 a.m., 15.35 p.m. Cobours. Port Hope. Peterboro'. Lindsay—11.20 a.m., 15.40 p.m., 15.35 p.m. Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—17.55 a.m., 17.10 p.m., 18.55 p.m., 19.06 p.m. 15.10 p.m., 18.55 p.m., 19.06 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

7.40 a. m.—For Toronto, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Tweed, Kingston, Ottawa,
Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St., John, N.
B., Hallfax, N. S., and all poluts in Maritime
Provinces and New England States. Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston and Craighurst.

8.30 a.m.—For Toronto, Bala and Mustoka Lakes.

10.00 a. m.—For Toronto, Fort William,
Wald all poluts in the Northwest
and British Columbian of the Northwest
and British Columbian, Programmer and British Columbian
British Columbian, Programmer and Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham,
and intermediate stations.

8.06 p. m.—For Toronto, Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Craighyrst, Coldwater, Bala,
and the Muskoka Lakes.

10.15 p. m.—Collij for Toronto, Peterboro,
Olisp. m.—Collij for Toronto, Peterboro,
Illiam, Winnipez, Calvaster, Bala,
and and Borral, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Borral, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Portland and Borral, Guebec, Sherbrooke, Portland, Minipez, Calvaster, Ed. Sherbrooke,
Trains arrive at 12.45 a. m. m.s.

10.52 a. m., (daily), and 2.10, 2.35, 4.50, 6.15,
(daily), and 5.10 p. m. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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Hemilton

**RALWAY.

Leave
Hemilton

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Hemilton

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**RALWAY.

**RAL

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

RAILWAY.

WEEK DAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.10 a.m. [2.10, 1.10, 2.10, 2.10, 4.00, 8.10, 11.10 a.m. [2.10, 1.10, 2.10, 2.10, 4.00, 4.0, 5.80, 6.10, 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m. Leave Catville—7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a.m., 1.00, 4.00, 6.45, 7.30, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Burlington—6.00, 7.10, 8.10, 8.18, 10.10, 11.10 s. m., 12.10, 11.0, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 6.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 11.10 p. m., 12.10, 11.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 6

SUNDAY SERVICE. SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton-*8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, a. m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10.

Leave Oakville-9.25 a. m., 12.35, 3.35, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Burlington-8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m., 12.30, 1.00, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10.

**Oakville local cars stop at cli stations.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY. WEEK DAY SERVICE Leave Dundas—6.00 7.15, 8.05, 9.1s, 10,12 11.16 a. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.29, 11.15 p. m. Leave Hamilton—6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.11 11.16 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15 7.15, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15 p. m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
Leave Dundas—8.30 10.00, 14.45 a. m., 1.80, 2.80, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15

D. M. Leave Hamilton—9.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.40, 1.39, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.20, 8.30, 3.15, 10.15 HAMILTON, GRIMSEY & BEAMS-VILLE ELECTRIC RAILWAY. WEEK DAY SERVICE.
Leave Hamilton-7.16, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.17, 7.10, 8.16, a.10, 10.10, 11.10 p. m. 5.10. 10.10, 11.10 p. m.

Leave Beamwille-6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.5 s. m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 6.15, 6.15, 8.16, 9.40 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE.

Leave Hamilton-9.10, 10.10, 11.10 s. m., 12.15, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10 2.10, p. m.

Leave Beamwillo-7.15, 8.15, 2.15, 2.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 2.15, 2.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15, 1.15, 2.15, 2.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 1.15

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.

6.55 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 7.15 p. m.
a. m. Arrive Toronto, 11.45 a. m.
Leave Toronto, 4.30 p. m. Arrive Beach,
6.56 p. m. Arrive Hamilton, 7.15 p. m. TURBINE STEAMSHIP CO., Limited.
Leave Hamilton 7.30 a. m. Leave Piera,
7.46 a. m. Leave Oakville 9.10 a. m. Arrive
Toronto 11.30 a. m.
Leave Toronto 6 m. Leave Oakville 8.20
p. m. Arrive Piera 9.45 p. m. Arrive HamHon 10 p. m.

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