

A Fair Invalid

CHAPTER X.

"Mrs. Neville," said the shrill, clear voice of Lady Wynnton, "it is hardly needful for me to remain here any longer. The house is very dull and quiet, and there is not a novel in the place fit to read—in very truth, I am bored to death, and should like to go."

"You will like to remain until Lord Wynnton goes," I said, surprised. She looked at me in real, unaffected astonishment.

"Lord Wynnton?" she exclaimed. "Why, what has his going or staying to do with me?"

"I believe the movements of a husband generally concern his wife," I replied. "We are an exception," said Lady Wynnton, laughing. "I do not live with Lord Wynnton; we do not share the same house, home, or even country. While Lord Wynnton kills time after his own fashion at the Park, I hold a little court of my own in la belle France."

"I see," she continued, with a mocking laugh. "Because we were traveling in one carriage you fancied we were devoted—the kind, my business relations with Lord Wynnton were not satisfactory—indeed, he did not allow me sufficient to live upon. I wrote, asking him to meet me at his lawyers', and he consented. We came to a satisfactory arrangement, and bade each other good-by. I was returning to France, and Lord Wynnton, it appears, was going to Paris. I assure you that it was by complete accident that we were put into the same carriage. I did not feel pleased—I am sure Lord Wynnton did not."

"Look at me, Mrs. Neville. You must see that I am not strong—that I am even consumptive, that is why I live always in the south of France. I enjoy my life so much that I do not care to lose it."

Looking at her, I saw that her eyes were very bright, that her complexion was transparent and delicate. "You will understand now," she said, "why I went in such a hurry to get away. This cold, foggy England kills me. I want the warm sun of fair France. Will you tell Miss Vane that I am much indebted to her for her kindness, but am compelled to leave River House to her, as you know, that I must stay here to the proprietors, and bid farewell to my liege lord. Will it be convenient for me to see him this afternoon? I thought of leaving about five."

"It will be convenient; but I hope you will not agitate him," I said. "I do not think that is in my power," she said, laughing. "I will see him this afternoon, Mrs. Neville, and I am sure that I may trust to your kindness to make all arrangements for my departure."

"I went to tell Miss Vane," I whispered to see them together," I said. "Lady Wynnton will bid her husband farewell this afternoon."

"I must see them," she said. "It would set the doubts and fears of wonder of long years at rest if I could see them together."

"It will be very easy," I observed. "You have nothing to do but disguise yourself as you did before, and remain in the room. I will dress you—you shall gratify the desire and longing of your heart—you shall see them together."

"When the disguise was complete we went into the invalid's room together. Lord Wynnton was lying wide awake. He watched Miss Vane as she went to the drawers and busied herself in arranging something. "A new nurse" he interrogated.

"No," I replied; "she was here when you were very ill." And then I bent over him. "Lord Wynnton," I said, gently, "Lady Wynnton is anxious to get away as soon as possible, and would like to say good-bye to you this afternoon."

"Very well," he assented, listlessly—"whenever she wishes."

He had barely uttered the words when a footstep was heard outside, and, without any rapping or announcement, Lady Wynnton entered the room. She went up to him smiling, cold, hard, polished with the faintest expression of sympathy. "The accident was a terrible one," she said; "we had a very narrow escape."

She made no remark about his appearance, nor did she congratulate him on his escape. Flanking my feet, she stood in the doorway, I turned to leave the room. Lord Wynnton stopped me with outstretched hand. "Do not go, Mrs. Neville!" he cried, in a quick, faint voice.

Lady Wynnton turned to me with a glittering smile. "We have no secrets, Mrs. Neville," she said, "I merely wished to bid Lord Wynnton good-bye."

Neither of them noticed the silent figure bending over the open drawer. "For your own sake," she continued, coldly, "I should advise you to get out of this terrible house as soon as you can; the silence of it is enough to make one melancholy for life."

"I like it," he opposed, abruptly. "Well, all to the taste—I think it horrible. Good-bye, Lord Wynnton; I hope you will soon be all right." Without another word she went away. "Good-bye," he responded.

When the door had closed behind her he turned his face to the wall. "Great Heaven! what have I been saved for!" he moaned. He lay silent for some time; he heard deep sighs come from his lips, and then he asked for some lemonade.

Miss Vane hastened to give it to him. I saw him look up into her face with a smile. There was not a faint gleam of recognition. Then he looked at the white hands that held the glass—looked at them long and steadily.

"There was a great commotion when 5 o'clock came," said Lady Wynnton, "and I went to bed. Good-bye, Mrs. Neville," she said. "You have been very kind to me, and I thank you. I am not sure," she said, "I suppose I am not sure," she really not well enough to receive visitors," I explained.

"I expect the truth is she is some terrible, cross old maid," she said, laughingly. "Well, you will say all this is still for me. Good-bye." That was the last I ever saw of Lady Wynnton. After her departure I went to Miss Vane's room.

"Oh, Mrs. Neville!" she cried, "what a dreadful woman! Why she has no heart! She does not love him—she does not care for him!"

"I think it is a case of mutual indifference, Miss Vane. She is entirely void of feeling or affection. Lord Wynnton has heart enough, but I do not think he has ever given any of it to her."

"It is strange," she mused to herself—"very strange; he must have loved her once," and then she checked herself, and looked at me with eager eyes. "You do not think she has the least suspicion?" she interrogated.

"Of you? No. I think she has a very poor opinion of you—imagines you to be a cross, eccentric, disagreeable old maid." "I can bear that," she declared, with a smile. "And, Lord Wynnton—you feel sure that he has no suspicion?"

"Not the faintest," I replied. "But I saw him looking intently at your hands—those white, beautiful hands of yours." "Did he? Ah, well, I shall not see him again! It will not matter; my hands have ministered their last to him."

She never went near his room after that; but there was scarcely a limit to her care of him. He had the choicest dishes, the rarest fruits, the daintiest wines, she sent for every book or paper she thought might interest him—she superintended personally everything that went into his room—she gathered the fairest flowers and seemed to know by instinct what flowers he loved best. "The lady of the house—Miss Vane, you call her—must have a very kind heart. It is a sad thing that she is so great an invalid."

"Yes, she has a most generous nature," I acknowledged.

"What is her ailment?" he asked. "Is she old or young? Is she a confirmed invalid, or does she suffer from a recent illness?"

"She is a confirmed invalid," I replied. "For her age, sometimes she is a good deal older than at others."

"I should like to see her," he said; "her great kindness has made a deep impression on me. By the way, Mrs. Neville, who is the old nurse who was in my room yesterday? What strangely beautiful hands she has!"

"Yes," I returned, "everyone notices the beauty of them."

"They remind me," he said, with a bitter sigh, "of hands that I used to see years ago, and loved very dearly."

CHAPTER XI.

After a few weeks more, Lord Wynnton was pronounced well enough to leave River House. I ventured one day to say that I hoped at some future time our paths in life would cross again.

"Mine is not a happy life, Mrs. Neville," he said. "I never go into the great world. I live at Lyndmere Park and I try to forget a very great sorrow in the strict fulfilment of duty. The sins of one youth always find us out, I committed a great folly in mine."

"You may have committed a folly," I observed—"but a sin, a mean, deliberate sin, you have never committed, I am sure."

"You have faith in me?" he interrogated, eagerly.

"Yes—unbounded faith."

"Thank you. It is a long time since a woman's voice spoke of faith or trust in me, Mrs. Neville. We shall be friends."

"I hope so, Lord Wynnton," I responded.

"The friendship of a good and true woman would be invaluable to me," he said, musingly; and then he continued: "Doctor Fletcher advises me to leave England for a time. I shall obey him. I shall be absent some months—perhaps, but when I return, may I come to Mrs. Neville's Cross to see you?"

"Yes; I shall be delighted, Lord Wynnton," I replied.

"I want to ask one question more. You know Miss Vane and understand her; you think she would allow me to see her? I am so deeply grateful to her that I must express my thanks."

"I think if you were to write to her, Lord Wynnton, it would be better. She sees no one, and your presence would distress her, I am sure."

"Catarrhone is the only breathable cold, catarrh and cough medicine. Instead of taking drowsy drugs, chloral, morphia and opium mixtures, you simply inhale the richest pine balsam, breathe into your lungs the healing, soothing vapour of a scientific remedy, that commands the admiration of all good physicians."

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Rev. Mr. Pidgeon Goes West.

Vancouver, B. C., April 28.—Rev. Geo. C. Pidgeon, of West Toronto, has accepted the chair of practical theology in Westminster Hall Theological College here. The chair is endowed by a \$40,000 grant from Capt. J. J. Logan.

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"I may never see him again," I returned, warmly, "and I know but little of him, yet I would stake much that he has never committed a crime; he may have made a mistake."

She looked at me with wondering eyes, and repeated, dreamily: "A mistake! How could that be? I never thought of that."

"I am ignorant of the circumstances; but I feel sure that what you hold to have been a crime was simply a mistake—nothing more, and the time will come, I venture to assert, when you will find it so."

(To be Continued.)

FIGHT IN COURT.

License Inspector Knocks Midland Barber Out.

Joseph Peake Called the Inspector a Bad Name.

Midland, April 28.—A demonstration of pugilistic ability took place in the police court here this morning between Messrs. Wellington O. Fisher, of Orillia, license inspector for East Simcoe, and Jos. Peake, barber, of this town. On Saturday, April 10, the inspector, with Chief of Police Bell, searched Peake's barber shop and, it is alleged, discovered one bottle of whiskey in a cheese box in a hallway back of the shop, and in the cellar found twenty empty bottles. Fisher then laid information against Peake on two charges: first, for keeping liquor on his premises for sale, and, second, for selling liquor without license.

The case came up for hearing before Police Magistrate Jeffery, thirteen of the most prominent citizens, including doctors, lawyers and business men, being summoned. The first charge of keeping liquor for sale was taken up, the only witnesses for the prosecution being the inspector and the chief of police. During the hearing Mr. Hammond and Mr. Finlayson, who represented Mr. Peake, had come to warm words, and the magistrate had a lively time of it in keeping the peace, and finally dismissed the case.

Mr. Hammond, on the advice of the inspector, withdrew the second charge, of selling liquor, and none of the thirteen witnesses were called.

Mr. Peake and Inspector Fisher got into an argument. Mr. Peake called the inspector a "dirty liar," and Mr. Fisher struck Peake a blow under the jaw that almost knocked him dizzy for a moment. Before anyone could interfere Peake had clinched with him, and it was all Police-man Rough could do, with the assistance of Chief Bell, to separate them. The audience crowded around, and threats were heard from all directions, and cries of "Fisher hit him first," were heard all over the court room. The police managed to clear the room, and finally peace was restored.

Peake has now laid a charge of assault against Fisher, and it will be heard on Monday next.

Mr. Fisher left on this afternoon's train with Crown Prosecutor Hammond for his home in Orillia.

McKay's for Dress Goods

Two Big Specials for Friday

At 75c New Plain and Shadow Stripe Suitings, Worth Reg. \$1 Yard

See these new goods to-morrow at a popular price, very stylish material

See these new goods to-morrow at, per yard 75c

New San Toy Dress Goods at 85c

A lovely sheer material, guaranteed for summer dresses. Comes in pearl grey, blue, regular \$1.00 for, 85c

black, at, per yard, special 85c

That Old Winter Cough

The Cough Syrup You've Taken Has Sickened But Not Cured You.

You'll Never Be Well Till You Heal the Lungs With "Catarrhone."

Nothing pulls down strength, makes you wretched, miserable and dependent like a chronic cough. The old-fashioned liquid mixtures slip down the throat, enter the stomach and do little else but ruin digestion.

Catarrhone is the only breathable cold, catarrh and cough medicine. Instead of taking drowsy drugs, chloral, morphia and opium mixtures, you simply inhale the richest pine balsam, breathe into your lungs the healing, soothing vapour of a scientific remedy, that commands the admiration of all good physicians.

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Tremendous 3 days' sale now going on. Come to-morrow, the second day. Without a doubt some of the best values ever offered by this store in reliable and up-to-date Home Furnishings. All roads will lead to McKay's during this sale. Don't delay. House-cleaning time is upon us. Buy now and buy at the store that places before you the largest varieties and the best values obtainable in Hamilton.

Economy Sale of Lace Curtains

Every economical housekeeper is willing to save a dollar or so. Here's your chance. 2,000 pairs brand new Curtains on sale Friday at factory price; bought by us at a sacrifice; your profit. Just arrived this week.

English and Scotch Curtains
Regular \$1.15 pair, on sale Friday 85c pair.
Regular \$1.75 pair, on sale Friday \$1.38 pair.
Regular \$2.50 pair, on sale Friday \$1.88 pair.
Regular \$5.00 pair, on sale Friday \$3.48 pair.
Charming new Curtains, beautiful lace designs, never offered before at such prices; all full length and width, strong and durable. Buy Friday; this offer is limited.

Sale of Madras and Novelty Muslins
35c goods, Friday at 22c yard
60c goods, Friday at 47c yard
85 and 90c goods, Friday at 68c yard
Fancy colored, tan lattice, white stripes, brackets, etc.
50c Art Cretonnes, Coverings, etc.

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Immense Chances to Save During This Sale

Wilton Carpets, Worth Regular \$1.65 and \$1.75, Sale Price \$1.09 Yard

This Big Carpet offer holds good again to-morrow. Wilton Carpets, with border to match, in rich two-tone colorings, pretty new floral patterns, a great bargain, worth regularly up to \$1.75, sale price \$1.09 yard

Regular \$1.25 Brussels Carpets, Sale Price \$1.00 Yard

An elegant range Brussels Carpets, with border to match, new designs, on sale at almost factory prices, worth regularly \$1.25, sale price \$1.00 yard

Regular \$1.00 Tapestry Carpets, Sale Price 75c Yard

On sale in handsome new designs, with border to match, fine qualities. See this line to-morrow, at, per yard 75c

Regular \$1.150 Tapestry Room Rugs, Sale Price \$0.50

A decided bargain in new Room Rugs, size 3 x 3 yards, choice patterns, serviceable quality. Buy to-morrow and save. Sale price \$0.50

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R. McKay & Co.

SUING THE MAYOR.

Montreal Suffragette Alleges She Was Insulted.

Montreal, April 28.—Montreal's first suffragette case is now under way, in the shape of an action for \$5,000 damages against Mayor Payette for alleged indignities and women's rights ideas. According to the Mayor's secretary, Mrs. Wright called upon him, accompanied by another well-known Socialist, and demanded a civil job, but the Mayor refused to furnish aid or work to unemployed. The Mayor did not see it such that she was removed from his office. Three days later she again called and demanded help. On the Mayor's refusing, it is stated that Mrs. Wright became very violent, and in the course of a stormy denunciation of his conduct she seized a paperweight and smashed a civil job. This was too much for the Mayor, and he called the police to remove the screaming woman.

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STEAMSHIPS RAILWAYS

C. P. R. ATLANTIC LINES

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May 7th . . . Empress of Ireland . . .
May 15th . . . Lake Champlain . . .
May 21st . . . Empress of Britain . . .
May 28th . . . Lake Manitoba . . .
June 4th . . . Empress of Ireland . . .
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Rates very moderate. Lake Erie, Champlain and Manitoba carry second and third class only. Call on nearest agent or S. J. Sharo, Toronto.

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MONTREAL—QUEBEC—LIVERPOOL.
CANADA May 8, June 12, July 17
LAURENTIC May 15, June 19, July 24
DOMINION May 22, June 26, July 31
MEGANTIC May 29, July 3, Aug. 7
OTTAWA May 29, July 10, Aug. 14
VANCOUVER June 5, July 10, Aug. 14

The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "ORILLIA" and the comfortable steamer "DOMINION" as one-class cabin steamers (second class) are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. See times and rates at local agents or company's office.

118 Notre Dame street, West, Montreal. 41 King street east, Toronto.

GOING WEST?

Take advantage of the Homeseekers' Excursions, by special train from Toronto, April 29, and every second Tuesday until Sept. 21. Tourist sleepers, 60-day return tickets to principal Northwest points at very low rates. Ask agent for pamphlet.

List of Agencies where the HAMILTON TIMES may be had.

G. J. M'ARTHUR, Stationer, Rebecca St., 4 doors from James
F. W. SCHWARTZ, Royal Hotel News Stand.
F. W. SCHWARTZ, Waldorf Hotel.
THOS. FRENCH, 90 James Street North.
C. WEBBER, Terminal Station.
H. T. COWING, 126 James North.
G. B. MIDDLEY, Printer, 282 James Street North.
A. F. HURST, Tobacconist, 294 James Street North.
A. A. THEOBALD, Tobacconist, 384 James Street North.
ALEX. M'DOUGALL, Newsdealer, 386 1/2 Barton Street East.
D. MONROE, Grocer, James and Simco.
JOHN IRISH, 509 James North.
W. THOMAS, 588 James Street North.
A. F. HAMBURG, 276 James North.
JOHN HILL, Tobacconist, 171 King Street East.
W. R. FLEMING, Barber and Tobacconist, 243 King Street East.
H. P. TEETER, Druggist, King and Ashley.
T. J. M'BRIDE, 666 King Street East.
H. R. WILSON, News Agent, King and Wentworth Streets.
JAS. W. HALLORAN, Groceries and Tobaccos, Barton and Catharine Streets.
H. URBSCHADT, Confectioner and Stationer, 230 Barton East.
JOHN STEVENS, 386 1/2 Barton East.
J. WOODS, Barber, 401 Barton East.
H. HOWE, 587 Barton East.
J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist, Barton and Wentworth, also Victoria Avenue and Cannon.
H. E. HAWKINS, Druggist, East Avenue and Barton.
A. GREIG, Newsdealer, 10 York Street.
JAMES MITCHELL, Confectioner, 97 York Street.
MRS. SHOTTER, Confectioner, 244 York Street.
NEW TROY LAUNDRY, 357 York Street.
S. WOTTON, 370 York Street.
T. S. M'DONNELL, 374 King Street West.
M. WALSH, 244 King Street West.
W. STEWART, Confectioner, 442 King West.
D. T. DOW, 172 King Street West.
JOHN MORRISON, Druggist, 112 Main Street West.
A. F. HOUSER, Confectioner, 14 James Street South.
J. H. SPENCE, 13 John Street North.
ROBT GORDON, Confectioner, 119 John Street South.
BURWELL GRIFFIN, Queen and Charlton Avenue.
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CANADA RAILWAY NEWS CO., G T R Station.
H. B. ACKBURN, News Agent, T. H. & B. Station.
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ROYAL MAIL TRAINS

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Famed for excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car Service. Leaves Montreal 12 noon daily, except Saturday for QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX.