

TIC
NVENTION

Names For First
No Slate Yet.

State Wide Direct
for People.

Oct 3.—The dele-
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supposedly the con-
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THIEF.
Girl Confesses
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tunities.

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on the hook, for
sigh the occupants
she entered four
Monday.

girl, who reside at
very respectable
herself was looked
at school.

G DEAD.
Gambling Resorts
and Other Places.

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RECKED.
Molished by Ty-
of Luzon.

Right at Last

He stopped short in time, as the door opened and Joan glided in.

"Well, Joan!" he said, with the galvanised smile, "been on the cliffs, eh?"

Joan inclined her head and passed to the window, then turned and came back to him.

"Colonel Oliver, can I have my dividend money? I've had the money spoiled—spoilage—I have been set longing for a new dress by seeing the girls' patterns."

"En? Dividend money?" said the colonel. "Yes, yes, of course, Joan. I'll get it in a day or two."

He had drawn it that morning, and it consisted of the two five-pound notes which he had so generously lavished upon Julia and Emmeline.

Joan gave him a little inclination of the head and passed to the other end of the room, took up a book and sat herself down for a spell of dreamland; but the two girls, who never read anything but the newspaper and fashion magazines, kept up such a continual chatter that reading was impossible, and Joan put her book down and strolled out of the room into the hall.

The rain had ceased, the wind dropped, and a broad patch of moonlight fell across the ooloth.

Joan's eyes brightened, and taking her thick cloak of Irish frieze from the stand she wrapped it round her and went out closing the door after her quietly.

CHAPTER II.

As Miss Oliver had remarked, Joan was indifferent to weather; she was never so happy as when outside the Elms, and preferred the cliffs or the beach, on the bitterest and most tempestuous evenings, to the sham luxury and make-believe comfort of the drawing-room at home.

Almost always alone, unless one of the fisherman's children, with whom she was a general favorite, happened to be toddling by her side, Joan wandered about Deercombe, sometimes with a book in her hand, but oftener communing with her own thoughts.

That they were not very gay or joyous communitings may be gathered from the slight sketch of the Oliver menage, which has been given.

For Joan, life was a strange mystery. Most girls, she knew, possessed affectionate parents and loving homes; friends with whom they could associate and exchange ideas; but of her parents Joan knew little or nothing.

Her father, she knew, had been in Col. Oliver's regiment, and had left her to his care.

Of her mother the colonel rarely if ever spoke, and all that Joan knew about her was that she had died in giving birth to Joan, her first child.

It was doubtful whether the colonel himself knew anything of her mother, for Captain Ormsby had kept his marriage a secret, and had only confided to Colonel Oliver on his death-bed, the fact that a motherless child belonged to the dying man.

The Elms stood well up on the hill, within sight of several others of the new house.

Descending the road and turning abruptly to the left, Joan was making her way through the rows of cottages which formed the village; but suddenly recollecting that by this time the simple folk were all asleep, and that she should set the dogs barking and rouse the village, she struck off into a lane to the right, and following it for a minute or two, lost sight of the sea.

A lodge and a pair of massive iron gates stood before her, and through the gates a broad carriage drive, shining yellow in the moonlight, led to the road leading to the Wold. And if she were familiar with it, Joan abstractedly pushed the gate open and walked on through the avenue. Suddenly the avenue ceased, and at a sharp angle a magnificent view broke a vision on her sight.

It was the old house, white—almost silvery white, or like Parian marble—in the moonlight, and the sea with the cliffs in the background.

Every window, every tracery, almost every ivy leaf on the old building seemed to stand out as if carved, and at the back glittered and shimmered the now placid sea.

Joan stood still for a moment enraptured, her color coming and going, and her lips apart. She knew the view well but she doubted if she had ever seen it to greater advantage than to-night.

It would be gross flattery to call anything but right down bad and vicious; and later on came the tidings that the daughter was dead also.

Still the old earl did not trouble the Wold, excepting for a couple of days a few months before his death.

He had no son, and the heir to the immense wealth of the Arrowfields was a cousin—Stuart, Lord Villiers.

Of him, also, Deercombe knew little. He had come down once to see the Earl of Arrowfield, and the two men—the old and the young one—had quarrelled on the first evening, and parted with the mutual agreement to avoid one another's society for the future.

On condition that the young earl should not trouble him, the old earl made him an allowance, and promised to leave him the Arrowfield money; the title, of course, would come to Stuart Villiers whether the earl liked it or not.

After this visit of two days only to the Wold, the Earl of Arrowfield betook himself to his favorite health resort in the Pyrenees, and considerably died there.

Of Stuart Villiers, though Deercombe knew nothing, it had heard much—very much, indeed, and little or nothing to convince people that the hereditary vein of darddevil recklessness had worked out in the Villiers line.

The lawyer sent word to Stuart Villiers, Earl Villiers, that the Wold and the Arrowfield money were now his.

He held a commission in a crack regiment, whose fame for extravagance and "ornamental" vices he had contributed to maintain; people spoke of him with bated breath, as one who recognized no laws save those of his own momentary whims and easily wearied desires.

He was, so the world said, a gambler and a rone, "a dangerous man" in every sense of the word; and it was only those who knew him intimately who added that Stuart, Lord Villiers, was a perfect stranger to fear, that he would spend his last shilling to help a friend, that if women fell by his hand it was those who cast themselves at his feet, and that with all his faults the present Lord Villiers was a considerable improvement upon those of his race who had gone before him.

Colonel Oliver and the Carnforis, who lived in a villa at the foot of the hill, and never tired of talking about him; and it was believed that if there was anyone in the universe whom Colonel Oliver considered his superior in intellect and the conduct of a billiard cue, it was Stuart Villiers.

Of course, only faint rumors of his character as set forth fully by fame had reached Joan, but she knew that he was a wild and reckless man, and she wondered—not knowing that the old earl was dead and that Villiers was the heir—she wondered where he was, and whether he ever thought of the beautiful place which his ancestors made their home.

"If this place were mine," she murmured, half aloud, "I should love every stone in it. Why, I love it now as it is; I, who am a stranger with no part or lot in it," and she turned and looked along the front that stretched toward the sea.

As she did so, she started and put her hand up to her eyes, for she fancied that she saw a light flash from one of the windows.

That it was no fancy, but a fact, became evident the next moment, for the light appeared at the next window, and gradually passed from window to window until it reached the great oriel which lighted the central hall.

With a spring she reached the steps, and was about to run down them, when she heard the bolts of the huge door creak back and the key turn in the lock.

Quick as thought she stepped back to her old position, and, crouching down in the deep shadow, as completely hidden as if she had been inside the stone lion, she fixed her eyes upon the door.

The locks were old and rusty, and the key turned slowly, and it seemed an age before the door opened.

But it was swung back at last, and there emerged, not a couple of stalwart burglars with the usual paraphernalia of fur caps and crowbars, but a little old man.

He had a lantern in one hand and the keys in the other, and, deliberately extinguishing the light, which was that which Joan had seen through the windows, he turned and looked the door.

Then he came with a queer, quick hobble to within almost hand's reach of her, and taking out a snuff-box, glanced from under his brows up and down the house.

"Strange, strange!" he muttered, "Can I have left any place unsearched? Did the old fool change his mind at the last moment? Did he burn it? If so, why did he come here—why did he write to me. Curse the rheumatism! If it hadn't been for that I'd have been by his side, as I always had been, and—successful heaven! he broke off to explain—'what's that?'"

And Joan saw him swing around as if he had been shot.



A CHARMING NEGLIGEE.

It was a strikingly handsome face, the handsomest Joan had ever seen; slightly pale, with a heavy mustache and large, grave eyes; it was the face of a gentleman, an aristocrat.

Joan, though she knew so little of the world, recognized the hall-mark by instinct.

The next instant she heard his voice. He had caught sight of the shrunken figure of the old man standing in the moonlight, and there rose a quiet demand from the proud lips:

"Who goes there?"

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped the old man. "It is the earl!"

Joan looked around with the wild hope of flight, but it was impossible, unless she wished to be seen; and for some strong though unspoken reason Joan felt that she would give much, suffer much, rather than glide out into the moonlight under the gleam of those lordly eyes.

She must wait!

CHAPTER III.

At the sound of the voice so strangely grave and musical, some responsive chord seemed touched in Joan's heart; it was the voice of a man standing outside the world, as it were, and the mildly demanded "Who goes there?" which indicated an entire absence of curiosity or interest on the speaker's part.

Joan felt, without knowing why, that if the old man to whom it was addressed had shuffled off without replying, the speaker would not have taken the trouble to follow him or call to him again.

For a moment the thin, bent figure stood irresolute, the lantern shaking in his hand, then he struggled forward and took off his hat with the air of extreme deference which is paid to princes.

"Lord Villiers? Yes, it is you, my lord," he said, bowing at every other word and making obsequious sweeps with his hat.

The tall figure looked down at him calmly.

"Yes, I am Lord Villiers," he assented. "And you?"

"You don't remember me, my lord," said the old man, with a smile that wrinkled up his face like crumpled parchment; "and, dear me, that's not surprising; it's many years since we met. The last time was when you paid a visit here," and he waved the lantern toward the house. "The night the old earl and you—shem!" he coughed.

"Quarrelled," filled in Lord Villiers, lawyer; "I remember. You are the steward—the lawyer; I forget your name, however."

"Craddock," my lord, Craddock," said the old man. "Elijah Craddock, attorney-at-law, agent to the Earl of Arrowfield, my lord."

"This is an unexpected meeting, my lord," he said, deferentially.

Lord Villiers regarded him coldly. "It is, I certainly did not expect to see you here."

"No, no," assented Mr. Craddock; "but I got your lordship's telegram this morning, and came down to—to look over the house."

"And you found everything all right, I presume—although I suppose I should say all wrong. The place has been shut up for some time, has it not?" and he glanced along this wide-stretching facade.

"For years, my lord, for years. The Earl of Arrowfield came here for a few days before he died, but only two or three rooms were prepared for him."

The earl nodded.

"It is from you that I received notice of my inheritance, I think?" he said.

"Yes, my lord, yes, I had that pleasure. It is a noble inheritance, my lord. Upon estimation, simple estimation, the estate must be worth nearly two million."

"When did the earl make the will leaving it to me?"

Mr. Craddock thought for a moment. "About eighteen months ago, my lord," he replied.

"Eighteen months? Strange!"

"Strange, my lord," repeated the old man, with concealed curiosity.

"Yes," said the earl, carelessly. "Since that date I received a letter from Lord Arrowfield, stating that he intended disinheriting me."

The old man turned his head, and Joan saw the black eyes sparkle and flash.

"No! Oh, impossible, my lord! Why should he have disinherited your lordship?"

"For two reasons," said the earl. "First because we had quarrelled, and secondly because the earl gave a reason for disinheriting me."

"He gave a reason?" echoed the old man, with suppressed eagerness. "And that reason, my lord—"

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Not Due to Cold, Wet Weather—
The Trouble is Rooted
in the Blood.

There was a moment's silence. The moon fell full upon the handsome, once low face of the younger man, and upon the wrinkled, cunning one of the old attorney, and Joan looked from one to the other.

She saw the old man's eyes glitter greedily, and his hands twitch behind his back before he spoke.

"Ahem, my lord!" he said, with a dry little laugh. "An—an extraordinary letter. Extraordinary. It almost seems to earl."

"No, no!" replied the attorney, "certainly not. Assuredly not. I was his lordship's confidential man of business, and should know of it. And therefore we may assume that the letter was written to annoy or frighten your lordship."

"It could do neither,"

"Ahem! certainly not, my lord; but, by the way, it occurs to me that—pardon me, I noticed your lordship kept the letter loose amongst papers, papers probably of little value. I may get misled."

"Nothing more probable," said the earl carelessly.

"And—perhaps your lordship would prefer to commit it to my care."

Lord Villiers held it out; the old man's trembling fingers were extended, clawlike, to clutch it, when the earl drew it back.

"No," said he, with a smile; "I received so few letters from the old earl that I think I should like to keep this as a curiosity," and he thrust it in his pocket.

Joan saw the old man's hand draw back reluctantly, and the thin lips twitch with disappointment.

"As you please, my lord," he said. "And now what are your lordship's instructions for me?"

"I don't know that I have any," said the earl, slowly.

"But your lordship intends coming into residence here, your lordship will want the Wold rendered fit and suitable?"

"Shall I?" said his lordship indolently. "I am not so sure. It is a pretty place; the view is beautiful, but I—don't know. I don't think I have any instructions for you, Mr. Craddock."

"And—what does your lordship intend to do?"

The earl looked at the view again, knocked the ash off his cigar, and smiled carelessly.

"I should be very much obliged to you, Mr. Craddock, if you would answer the question for me," he said, quietly. "I certainly cannot answer the question for myself. Give me your London address, please. When I have arrived at a decision on my future plans I will write to you."

The old man took a card from a voluminous pocketbook, and handed it to the earl; and his lordship, without glancing at it, put it in his pocket.

"And this place?" said Mr. Craddock. "What's to be done with it?"

(To Be Continued.)

RHEUMATISM CURED

Zam-Buk will give you relief!

Many people believe that the twinges and tortures of rheumatism are due to cold, damp, or wet weather, and treat themselves by rubbing with liniments and lotions. This is a serious mistake, and one which allows the disease to progress to such an extent that it is often impossible to get it out of the system. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood, and it must be cured through the blood. All the liniments, and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. This is a medical truth which every sufferer from this excruciating trouble should know. Rheumatism can only be cured by driving the poisonous acid out of the blood, and the medicine will do this so speedily and surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make out the poisonous acid, upbills the system, and makes the sufferer well and strong. It is because they do this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As proof we give the case of Mrs. F. X. Boisseau, St. Jerome, Que., who says: "Almost two years ago I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatism. The trouble first located in my right leg, rendering it so worked impossible, and walking excessively difficult. I tried to cure myself by means of all sorts of liniments and lotions, but without avail. The trouble was constantly growing worse, and the pain more and more unbearable. Finally the disease spread to my other leg, and I was all but helpless, and I was completely discouraged, thinking I would be a sufferer for the rest of my life. At this time I read an advertisement in our home paper, of this trouble being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I first got four boxes of the Pills and after using them for several weeks I could see that the painful rheumatism was gradually disappearing. I continued taking the Pills, however, until I had used about a dozen boxes, when every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and I could walk as freely as ever I did, and do my household work without the least trouble. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every rheumatic sufferer."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50. From the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCOTCH DIALECT POETRY.

The enclosed verses are set in the pure Buchan dialect. 'T would it be possible to have them inserted sometime?

The wording is unique and try your best Scots readers to interpret.

The old lady's favorite grandson is running on the hillside and trips over a much twisted broom root, his head coming down with a thud on the hard earth, which makes him scream with pain as he tries to gather himself up.

His grandmother, who is sitting on a bench, goes to the door to look.

When she sees her favorite coming home she scolds him, and says he would scare his father at the plough. Looking at his swollen head, she says, "Oh, you will get then, you can run away to your play again."

MINNIE'S OYE.
He's Minnie's oye, I'm awer to tell
Foe as an amshack Tam bafel,
By sayin' a stouy gidge sud leuch;
As toch a result, weest cud grow.

Tam fligit ower't, wi' foxy dird,
His harr' pan, takin' a gidge sud yird,
Gat sic a keerican, it dried;
An' hunk'r'n, Tam, begruaten, skried.

He's Minnie, furth an, shawrin' eyes
Heard's willowas unyridly rise;
Quo' she, "wome' uttrits in a mink"
Eft idder cud she craink think.

Syne fan she saw Tam stenn' spang
An' beamwith airtin, "somthin'g
Sae, in a seerach, at the yett
Her Tam, her daubit oye she met.

She flinched wi' Tam, an' connerd doon,
The saylitchous o' the loon,
By sayin' a stouy gidge sud leuch;
He's flit fader at the pleuch."

Syne at the boven clure she glowert,
Quo' she, "Hoots, min, ye'll ablitus
Cower't."
He's crain't hi' swine-seam' steed o'
Saw.

Syne to yer protticks rin aw'!
Tam sabbit lang 'an' unco sair,
The swine seam drappin aff his hair,
His hounheid an' blutter'n' e'e,
Gat monie a smeeckack frae his gurtie-
hony.

Oh! Tam! bit ye're a gowlin geet,
Abowhought, akwot flit breet,
A files ablitth' wheest Tam!
Flint haer't o' langer will I stan.

See! Fa's this comin' 'Tis the knab-
Far'! See! hynie ayont the shrubbery
Noo: there's a man, yer face' ill dight
An' to yer protticks rin wi' a' yer nicht.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, loosens the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

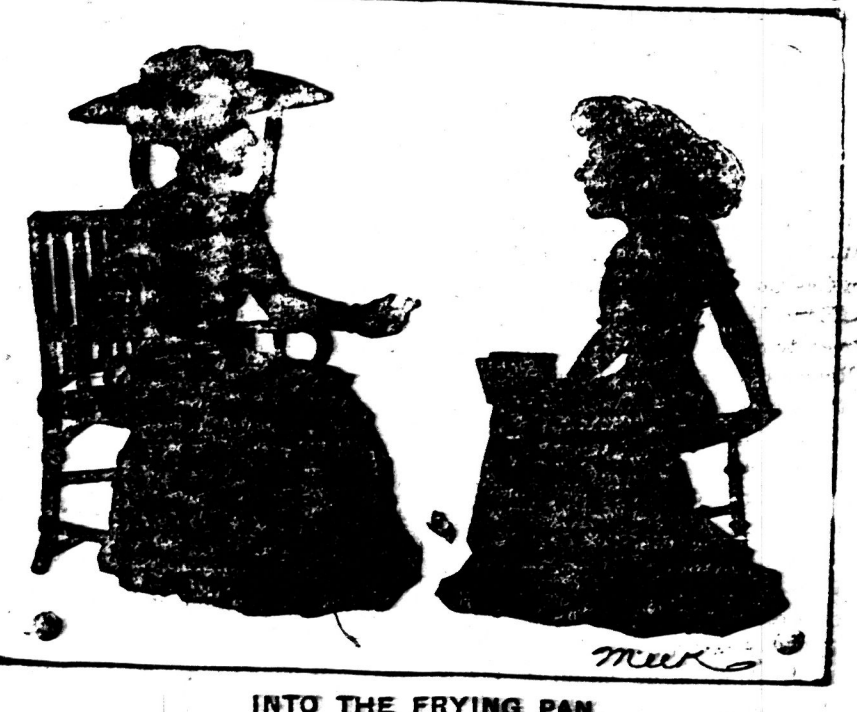
HARMONY.

"Now," said the architect, who was putting the finishing touches upon Mr. Nurich's new residence, "what color do you prefer for the parlor decorations?"

"Oh! they've got to be red," replied Nurich. "My wife's got a red plush photograph album that always sets on the parlor table."

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$25, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Domnion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King Street East, Hamilton.



INTO THE FRYING PAN.
"Yes, my husband has secured other employment nearer home. Now he doesn't have to take that long, tiresome ride to work."
"How nice! What does he do now?"
"He's a street car motorman."