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I can fit sportsmen out with supplies for a hunting trip,  
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ther sportsman who knows the game and you will be  
satisfied.

**W. A. LINDSAY - - - King St.**

**A HOLIDAY ROMANCE**

BY MRS. WELLESLEY-SMITH

(Continued.)

"I've no notion, but I can make a  
shrewd guess that it was to interrupt  
your conversation with Lord Alver."  
"Your imagination is running riot  
again," Janet declared as she hasten-  
ed away. "I shall be back directly,  
and then we'll go for a good walk  
together."

Two days passed slowly. Lord Al-  
ver had found his autocratic god-  
father really ill, and he was unable to  
return as quickly as he desired. Janet  
and Sally were out all day long ex-  
ploring, relieving their reluctant hos-  
tess of their company as often and  
as much as was possible. The morn-  
ing of the third, to Janet, endless day,  
found Sally ready to return to her  
work in London.

"I wish you were not going," Janet  
said. "You'll be horribly lonely by  
yourself in the flat!"  
"Oh, I may as well get used  
to it!" Sally answered, with forced  
cheerfulness. "But, before I go, do  
let me warn you to be careful."  
"Of what?"—astonished.

"Lady Alver! She hates you, Jan-  
et—it's no good pretending she  
doesn't!"

"I am quite aware of that," de-  
clared Janet. "Surely you don't  
think she will try to poison me!"—  
laughing.

"No, no; don't be absurd! I have  
a vague indefinite idea she means to  
do you an ill turn, so do keep your  
eyes open!"—earnestly.

"Very well! Cedric will soon be  
back, and then I shall have to see  
about my trousseau, as we are to  
be married so soon. I'm afraid I  
shall only be a shabby bride, at the  
best!"

When Sally had gone, Janet de-  
voted the afternoon to writing to her  
lover. That evening she dined in soli-  
tary state, as Lady Alver had de-  
parted to fulfil a long-standing din-  
ner engagement. When the meal was  
over, the girl retired to the draw-  
ing-room ostensibly to read—in reality  
to dream of her lover. She looked up  
with a start as the correct Mold  
came softly in.

"There's a person, miss, asking for  
you," he said.

"What sort of a person?" demand-  
ed Janet, bringing her thoughts back  
to the present with an effort. "It  
must be a mistake! I do not know  
anyone!"

"It's a man, miss—a disreputable  
fellow, too! Smells of beer, he do!"  
Mold explained, racking his brains  
for words to describe the caller. "Be-  
ginning your pardon, miss it's likely  
someone begging, 'aving 'eard as you  
and 'is lordship—"

"You had better send him away, I  
think," Janet said, blushing.

"Very good, miss."

Mold retired noiselessly, and Janet  
picked up her unopened book.

"I wonder what Cedric is doing!  
Perhaps thinking of me," she mur-  
mured. "How glad I shall be when  
he comes back! Ventnor is not the  
same place without him, and—"

Mold reappeared, looking ruffled.  
"He won't go, miss! 'E's carry-  
ing on awful—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the girl.  
"Do you think I had better see him?"

The butler coughed in an embarrass-  
ed fashion and hesitated.

"He says as he's a relative of  
yours, miss—with a covert glance.  
Janet opened her pretty eyes.

"There is some mistake," she an-  
swered with dignity. "Please show  
this man in here, Mold! I will hear  
what he has to say."

A minute later Mold flung wide the  
door.

"The—person, miss!" he murmured,  
at a loss for a proper way of an-  
nouncing the shabby object who shuf-  
fled into the flower-filled room at his  
heels.

"Did you wish to see me?" Janet  
asked, as Mold reluctantly retired, re-  
sisting a strong inclination to ap-  
ply his ear to the keyhole.

Certainly Lady Alver's dainty blue-  
and-white drawing-room had never  
before harboured so strange and in-  
congruous a visitor as this middle-  
aged man clad in an old frock-coat  
and much worn trousers and boots.

In spite of the lines of indulgence and  
depravity that marred his face, this  
human derelict had obviously once oc-  
cupied a very different position to  
his present one.

"Forgotten me?" he asked abrupt-  
ly, staring at the girl closely. His  
voice, at least, was refined and well  
modulated. "Well, yes, I suppose you  
have! You were only a kiddie when I  
last saw you."

A sudden, nameless horror seized  
on Janet. What could he mean?  
"I do not remember having met  
you before!" she said, with chill  
dignity.

He signed tragically.  
"And yet I am your father Janet!"  
Frozen with fear, she stood staring  
at him, her beautiful eyes wide open.

"My—my father!" she repeated.  
"Impossible! He is dead—years ago!"  
"Ah! They told you that!" he  
returned. "Well I can't blame  
them!"

"What do you mean?" she inter-  
rupted, with sudden passion. "My  
mother told me that my father died  
when I was a child."

He put his almost shapeless tall-  
hat on a table loaded with silver  
trifles.

"I was a guest of His Majesty's—a  
living death truly," he said slowly.  
Comprehension dawned on her.

"You mean that you were—" she  
panted.

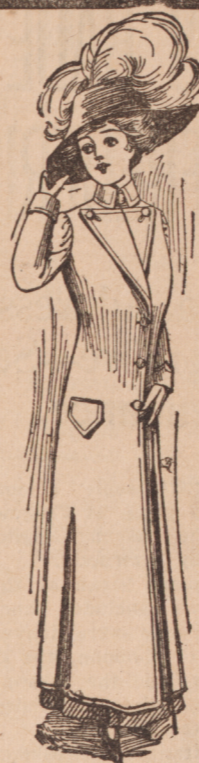
"In prison, to put it shortly," he  
supplemented calmly.

Janet recoiled.  
"No, no! I won't believe it! It  
can't be true!"

"I must say you are not very flat-  
tering! You haven't done so badly  
for yourself. Lady Alver will be able  
to help her unfortunate father. Come  
Pull yourself together, and make the  
best of it! After all, I'm not the  
only one who has paid dearly for a  
fatal gift of being able to copy other  
people's writing—quite a gentlemanly  
crime, my dear Janet! I do assure  
you it might have been something  
worse."

"What proof?" she asked despair-  
ingly, resolutely fighting back the  
growing conviction that he spoke the  
truth.

(To Be Continued.)

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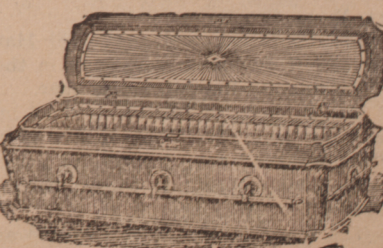
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**GRAND CIRCUIT RACES**

HAD TO BE POSTPONED

Syracuse, N.Y., Sept. 13—A drizz-  
ling rain fell over the state fair  
grounds today, interfering with the  
programme. The grand circuit races  
were put over until tomorrow, when  
the races will start at noon.

We have our good points, but so  
has a paper of pins.

**MOUTH KESWICK**

Sept. 12.—The funeral of the late  
Miss Lydia Shepherd took place on  
Thursday afternoon, Sept. 1st. The  
service which was held in the United  
Baptist Church was conducted by the  
pastor, Rev. L. A. Fenwick, assisted  
by Rev. Geo. Foster of Fredericton.

**NEWSY ITEMS FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS****LOWER HAINESVILLE**

Sept. 12.—We still have perfectly  
lovely weather and the farmers are  
improving it by getting their grain  
gathered.

We are having a series of evange-  
listic meetings conducted by Messrs.  
Brown and Cooke. They are bright  
and intelligent young men and preach  
the truth to an appreciative audience.

Our school here is closed on account  
of the teacher attending the Exhibi-  
tion.

Mr. Wm. McCulloch and Miss Lulu  
of Harvey have been visiting his  
daughter Mrs. E. Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chute attend-  
ed the funeral of Mr. Z. Morehouse at  
Zealand on Friday last.

Mr. A. White of Millinocket arrived  
Saturday night on a visit here to  
parents and friends.

Coun. E. N. Reynolds and his two  
sons spent a few days in St. John  
attending the Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Chute spent Sun-  
day with friends in Millville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Haines spent Sat-  
urday with Mr. and Mrs. M. H.  
Young at Maple Ridge.

Mr. Rankine Chute has gone to  
Cloverdale to attend to his farm in-  
terests, such as harvesting and  
ploughing.

Mr. James Reynolds had the mis-  
fortune to lose a valuable yearling  
colt which was hooked by a cow dur-  
ing the night while in the pasture.

Mr. Henry Elliott is engaged at  
present getting wood for the school  
house.

Miss Retta Yerxa, who has been  
living at Woodstock, has returned  
home. She was accompanied by her  
aunt, Mrs. Charles Wright.

The United Baptist Sunday School  
picnic which was held on Labor Day  
on Keswick Island was a grand suc-  
cess in every way, the winners of the  
various prizes were: Misses Retta  
Yerxa, Ada Barnes, Eva Dunphy, El-  
sie Coy, Stella Jones and Messrs.  
Cornelius Brewer and Fred Arm-  
strong.

Mrs. Walter Kennedy and daughter,  
Helen, of Millville, were visiting re-  
latives in this place last week.

Stanford Sloat left on the excu-  
sion for the West the first of the  
month.

Mrs. Frank Bonnell, who has been  
visiting in St. John, has returned  
home.

Mrs. E. V. Merrithew left on Sat-  
urday last for Millville to spend a  
week with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Downey, of  
Boston, were visiting relatives and  
friends in this place last week.

Miss Lena Reid, the popular young  
dressmaker of Keswick Ridge, was  
sewing for Mrs. David Pickard last  
week.

Quite a number from this place are  
attending the Dominion Exhibition.