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Saved From the Sea

Morley opened the door of his own | "I can not yet, indeed, dear Helen; private office at the back, lighted the gas, and turned round.

"My dear boy, I thought you were at Monte Carlo. What has happened? broke in her friend. "My dear, I just offices and buildings shut, the gates of What have you done!"

"Done!" he said, in quick, hurried sentences that, with the glitter of the dark eyes, betrayed the feverish excitement of great mental tension. "I hardly know yet, or how it will end. I was mad-desperate; I wanted to win, and the more I lost, the more I tossed up gold like water, and it's gone! I've gambled away ever stiver, and it's all over! I have crossed the river, burned the bridges behind me, for her sakemy wife's! I left Monaco at once, and travelled night and day to meet her, and when I got there to-night she was gone!"

J"Gone!" repeated Morley, startled.

"Where?" He saw something of the terrible strain on the man-a glimpse of the hard battle against the vice of years; the dazzling reactions not yet recovered from; the double darkness of doubt: the mad thirst for the pure stream from which his strength had come; the agony of that yearning, and the bitter, crushing disappointment of even a few hours' postponement of that meeting-all, too, coupled with metal anl physical exhaus-

"Gone!-but where?" "Only to Helen's-Mrs. Addison's," the other answered, a little more calmly. "But I cannot see her there-dare not even write; and I must go on-on now to Grass-Rowdon. I found a letter at my chambers from my uncle."

"Did he know you were leaving Monte Carlo. then?" "Yes; I wired to him, and he has wrtten to me to go to him directly; he's not well-worried; the men hold

out, and it's time for the lock-out. I have written a few lines to my wife; will you send the note on for me, Ken?" "Most certainly. I will serve you both in any way I can. I know who she is with, and all about it," he added, smiling at the other's look. "Your Christine and old Ken are fast friends. Of that, when next we meet. What more can I do for you? But just tell me why she left Henry street, and when? It's odd

I haven't heard from her of it!" "Then probably you will to-morrow. I went there on my way here, and asked for Mrs. Errington. The woman told me that Mrs. Addison had called into tea-being in town for a day or two, and she—the lodging-house woman—had just got notice that her landlord was going to distrain to-morrow. She told Mrs. Errington, and Mrs. Addison at once said she must come with her baggage and all till she could turn round. She helped my wfe to pack, sent for a cab for the luggage, and off they wentdear, kind Helen. But it was so bitter to miss-well, never mind that now. I'm in heavy trouble, Ken, and I have come to you, as I promised, but I never meant to ask you for another penny; and it is not for the accursed gambling nownever that again, though I am ruined, I rockon, and bewildered." He put one hand to his brow for a moment. "I have never in my life before been without

in my life. I can't rally or think out anything yet till I see her. It is such a wrench, and I'm worn out, perhaps." Morley laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

money, however got; and now it's all

"You are indeed, and no wonder; but you have done right, boy, and even your darling can scarcely be more gladdened than old Ken is to-night in all ways. Try to get some rest for that brain of yours, and when you can get back to town, you and I and your wife will talk over the future together. Meanwhile, here is money, and plenty more where it comes from."

"Kenton, no-only a little, and I'll ask Uncle Will for it back. How am I ever to pay up the interest on what there is already! Put that all back, I sav.

"My dear boy," Kenton gently removed the arresting hand and gathered up the notes he had counted, "this isn't a money-lender business, but just a loan from a friend-only two hundred pounds and so inteerst is nil. You'll hurt me very much if you hesitate or ask Mr. Orde for it. Put it up safely."

Falconer turned aside for a minute, proudly mastering himself till he could speak steadily:

"I would not wound you, Kenton, for anything in the world, but let me at least give you an acknowledgment as between friends."

"Not a line. Now be off, or you won't catch even that late train. I'll see to your wife. Good-bye, Falc, my dear boy. and don't get shot by those fellows if there is a riot."

Falconer smiled as their hands met in one close grasp. "If I am, Ken, it won't be till my lit-

tle six-mouthed friend," touching his breast, "has done its work." "Do you carry it on you, St. Maur?" "Always in travelling," said the other;

"it is never very far off; an out-West fashion of mine. I suppose." "Take care; you are a dead shot, I

"Yes, a dead shot; but I won't fire unless in self-defense. Good-night; thank you a thousand times, dear old Ken." Morley went to the door, watched him off, went back and bared up the door, with one deep-drawn breath of utter relief.

"Thank heaven! the long, long lane is turned at last. I knew she must win -but she was right, not I. He'll never gamble again-no, never! Oh! that wondrous power of love-the divinest of

The first thing the next morning. Morley enclosed that letter, addressed it, and posted it himself.

It was delivered to St. Maur's wife just when Helen Addison was trying hard to persuade her to acompany her that day to Nest Hill.

"What is the use of you sticking in

besides, I must find a place to put all my properties. I can't take all about

"Leave it here, of course, Christine." can't spare you. No, do you hear read the long, wide yard in which they stood time,' as the Yankees say. Frank's old regiment, the -th, has just quartered of work, and busy, cheerful industry, only five miles from Nest Hill-between | silent: us and Grass-Rowdon—and he knows all the fellows and there'll be great fun. only not enough ladies in proportion. Even I can't do all the flirting, you know." said she, arehly.

"And you think I will be a valueble assistance in that line; am I such a flirt then?" asked Christine, half smiling. Helen kissed the velvet cheek.

"You're quite too smart for anything; I don't know what somebody I know is about not to snap you up. I wish he would.

"Hush, dear Helen!" "Ah, my naughty tongue! Do forgive me, I forgot; and you are so young and beautiful to wear the willow. Never mind; but read that letter; what a legal

"My old lawyer's," said Mrs. Errington, quietly, recognizing at once Mor-ley's hand—"thanks. I will read it,

Helen went to the flower stand; and the next minute Christine's hand had covertly, passionately pressed her husband's note to her bosom. How entirely those few lines turned the scale in Helen's favor!

"My Darling"—they ran—"I am just back from M. Carlo. I found inclosed letter from my uncle, and en route went to see you. Found you gone, and heard how. Oh! the bitter disappointment! my heart so hungers for you; I must see you! Come to Helen's, if you can. and I can manage it somehow. Ken will send this on; I am going there now. I have so much to say. Ever thine. F." She hid it next her own throbbing heart, read the other letter, and then

said, quietly: "This letter from my lawyer rather frees me, Helen, dear; I need not, he thinks, remain about the little business that kept me."

"You will come with me to-day, then?" cried Mrs. Addison, joyously.

"Yes, if I may."
"You wicked thing! If, indeed! Lucille shall help you to pack what you want at once; my things went on yes-

She fairly danced to the bell, rang it, and gave her orders. "We'll wire from Euston," said she. "and Frank will meet us himself, dear old fellow, at Nest Hill. I mean."

Christine smothered a pitter sigh. She. too, was a wife; but she must only rejoice that she was going within twenty miles of the husband she loved, and be thankful if that distance were spanned for one stolen meeting in midnight darkness and danger.

Was that to be it-in midnight and danger? Ah, me! ah, me! CHAPTER XXXV.

Rowdon Chase-Mr. Orde's hor manager's house appertaining to the darkness, Ken, except where she stands mine, being near the town.

The late train which Falconer St.

train that stopped at Grass-Rowdon until after eight in the morning, so master and servant put up at the Railway Hotel breakfast, and went on by a train that reached their destination about halfpast nine, and it was therefore a little after ten when a trap from the Rowdon Hotel drove through the immense grounds, or, rather, small park, of the Chase, and pulled up at the handsome front entrance.

Mr. Orde, who had just gone into the library, heard the arrival, and hurried out into the hall. "My dear Falc, my dearest boy, how

good of you to come so quickly!" "We only reached London last evening, Uncle Will, or I should have been here last night. How are you?"

"I shall be better now you are here. How do you do, Rahmee-quite well, eh? Come in here. Fale." St. Maur followed the old gentleman

into the library, and the latter said, glancing at the very handsome face before him: "You look rather haggard, I fancy, or troubled; been racketing too much at Monte Carlo, I am afraid."

"Oh, I am right enough, Uncle Will!" he answered, with a half laugh and a shrug. "Why didn't you wire me if you were ill and bothered?—you should, you

"I was not actually ill, Falc, but unwell-worried by all this. Strife isn't for sixty years, dear boy; I wanted the young blood and strong hand at the crisis of battle!"

"Crisis! What move has been made then, Uncle Will?" "None openly; but poor Clarke, the manager, is still away ill, and the day after to-morrow is the last day of grace. I have got notices here ready printed, reminding the men of their free return

on the eighth at four per cent. rise, or a lock-out till they return at the present rate." "Right. And why are they not posted up?" asked Falconer. "The man Jennings, who should do it,

is afraid. Some of the men, he hears, are determined that the notice shall not be put up." "It shall, though!" said St. Maur, his dark eyes gleaming. "I will see to it this very day, and the man who dares

try to interfere with me had better look to himself. I'll ride over after luncheon and pick up Jennings from the market place." "Take care, Falc; don't be too reck-

less, for my sake."
"And for some one else's sake, too," Christine's husband thought. "Never fear for me, Uncle Will." he said; "but they must see which is mas-

ter." "Unquestionably. Did you see any of themselves, only they follow the multi-tude to do evil, and they must suffer for are kind enough to be rather anxious to their folly, like the rest of us." He added that with the bitterness of

personal experience.

He kept his word that afternoon, and "Good-day sir." Jennings, the man at the little local printer's, who did the "bill-sticking"

when any was to be done, made no deinto even an easy canter. mur at all to do the job under the protection of Mr. St. Maur. So, walking beside the latter's horse, with his bills and paste pot, man and master took their way to the now desolate, silent region of the pit; the half?" that case. Falc?"

closed; all around that should have told "Take them on if you can, certainly,

"Nor life, nor breath, nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean." But there were little gangs of miners about, looking sullen and down. This

two months on strike was telling a story of short commons, savings drawn out, pawnshops visited, club or society allowances falling low or stopping. There were woman and children, too, hanging about

But as the various groups saw the well-known rider, they gathered up instinctively into a closer focus about the gate and led his horse inside the ; and. wide space before the yard, and looked This absenteeism was to look 'ke redifat each other-sullen, undecided, ques- ference, or else it meant mischief. tioning. As to their movements, that handsome man, who so courteously saluted as he passed slowly on ,looked paruted as he passed slowly on, looked parsmile was to sweet and his manners so gracefully conciliatory.

By the time he reined up his horse near the gates there was a small crowd collected, but keeping a distance of some twenty paces between the foremost line and "the young master."

"Put up those bills, Jennings," he said, as coolly and quietly as if no hostile crowd had been in view; but every word of that rich, carrying voice reached them, though it was not lifted one tone above its usual soft cadence.

The gate had strong, high piers, quite broad enough to take the notice papers, and Jennings at once prepared to obey the order by pasting the back of his bills.

As he rose up again with one in his hand, there was a visible stir among the men, and a hoarse kind of murmur ran through the crowd, but no one actually stirred forward; the man so quietly sitting his horse there, in conscious power born of ages of culture and command, held these men in check now by the subtle right of rule, the sheer, unspoken force of social and intellectual superiority over ignorance and mere brute strength. The savage lawlessness in the old cry, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him," was rife under the sullen surface; but they dared not execute it while that bold front and unflinching eye faced them, and, unmolested, the man Jennings pasted up large bills on the gate-posts, where it was impossible to help the eye reading every word, and equally impossible for eyes that could read to keep from doing so, as Falconer knew well and saw.

He paused a few minutes to give time for those many eyes to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," and then the soft ringing voice spoke direct for the first time to the crowd:

"Well, my men, now you have read les who have led you astray. stood about a couple of miles from don't want them among us any more. Grass-Rowdon village and mines; the You have time to call a meeting, if you pit-mouth, with the necessary works and like, to-morrow, and the day after that, the eighth, I shall be from twelve to four in the manager's office, with gates and door open, to receive all, or a de-Maur caught only went as far as Bir- putation, if you choose, to resume work mingham, and from there there was no at four per cent. advance. But remember, that at four o'clock, if no such return come, I keep my word and lockout until you return at the old terms for the few intervening hours, had early as they now stand, with Mr. Clarke as manager. There is the cold, dreary winter to come, and wives and children and yourselves starving, if you prefer that to sense and justice; for what I have said I will do, if the mine is shut forever and a day. That's all I've got to say now, except that it's a thousand pities that those men," he rode slowly forward, his bright, dark eyes scanning the rough, hostile faces, "the majority, I really believe, who don't believe in striking, should be afraid of the others or misled by a mistaken notion of sticking to a mate and hanging together. That's right enough within limits, but as you are doing you men who want to work and dare not-I call cowardice

and slavery. Good-day." During this speech there had been some hisses and groans among the crowd, but at the last word there broke forth at once a half sort of cheer from the back, and a savage shout from those more forward, above which sounded two or three distinct cries of "Smash the tyrant! Cut him down!" and the crowd surged and swayed, and one or two stones were thrown from the furthest point; but St. Maur, perfectly unmoved, still rode on past the ranks at the same leisurely foot-pace toward the

road hading into the town. He did not even glance back as he passed the last straggling outposts, but there was a haughty curve on the lips, a proud light in the dark, red-hazel eves that boded ill if any had the temerity then to try a cowardly rear attack, under the fancy that he was carelessly off his guard.

A little way up the road a policeman -the inspector of the few in Grass-Rowdon-was standing quietly watching the whole scene unobserved, ready if

"Ride on, sir, for Heaven's sake!" said the man. Your cool pluck's kept 'em back, but the worst chaps may be after you still, if you keep that pace." "If they do," said St. Maur, with a careless glance over his shoulder, "I'll give them such a decidedly warm reception that they won't want a second one. They know me, I think, to be ratherwell, dangerous, if I am meddled with

too much. The inspector was obliged to smile. "Your're a cure, sir. Pardon me, but you had better not. You are surely not really going to do what you said the eighth-alore, I mean?" "I am."

"But, Mr. St. Maur- Then I'll place

a couple of men near the yard, besides the one on duty there."

aid me in 'shuffling off this mortal coil, but they aren't game to try it in open day. Good-morning."

Falconer rode on, but not till he had reached the High street did he quicken

"I should not be surprised," said his uncle, when he heard what had passed. "if later on some half of the men don't come in-ay, before this month is out." "Very likely. Can you work with only

"We could-Yes. What do you say in

Uncle Will-of course, at present waves. But we don't want to make them suffer for their folly more than need he."
"No, indeed. Well, we shall see how things turn."

Punctually at twelve o'clock on that eighth day of October, Falconer St. Maur rode across the Waste, as the wide space mentioned was called, up to the yard gates. The notice posted up had been parti-

ally torn at the bottom, he saw; but that was all. Of humanity there was nothing save himself to be seen. He laughed to himself, as he unlocaed the (To be coatmued.)

THIS IS THE RUSSIAN STYLE SPRING SUIT.

This sketch shows one of the most charming designs in street suits seen ing and took off that fluffy, pleated this season. It is made of diagonal chation thing that looked so pretty this season. It is made of diagonal chiffon thing that looked so pretty and that his talking proclivities are a that notice, I hope before long we shall serge, in the new coral shade, and are it her neck, that she couldn't matter of history. I'll have to give it to the bows, belts and pipings about wear it again until it was sent to the the humorists there. the coarse lace collar, yoke bands are of black satin.

The newest features about this suit are the black satin girdle belt (which will be very popular this year, worn with suits and dresses), and the threequarter sleeves, which are decidedly

The broad, low hat of black chip is wound around with a black satin scarf, and trimmed with an enameled buckle and quills in coral red.

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 oss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has seen thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Godgrich and Beil. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars .-Heinsman & Co., 71 King street east, Ham Iton

> A CINCH. (Cleveland Leader).

"Why do widows almost always marry "Because dead men tell no tales."

COMPLAINT OF A PLUTOCRAT. (New York Sun.) The goose had just laid the golden egg. "I suppose they will want it weighed next," she cried.

Thus we see that she was up to date.

THE JARDINIERE HAT.

Brimless hats continue in favor, and many are the designs brought out in order to have "something new." The latest is the jardiniere hat in many would come in, of course, if left to violent. I am all right, never fear. I ing the petals. Each scallop is wired. international standard.

If You Want to be Sure of Quality

Medicinal and Toilet Preparations

You certainly take no chances when you buy any toilet article or medicinal preparation which bears the name NA-DRU-CO and this trade mark.

As soon as you see "NA-DRU-CO" you can be absolutely certain that the article is the very best.

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The purity and strength of the ingredients are assured by rigid tests. The compounding is done by expert chemists, who are thoroughly qualified for a work so vital to your health.

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NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspersia. NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug. NA - DRU - CO Talcum Powder

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3 kinds—Violet—Rose—Flesh Color. Gems of refreshment and refinement. Cleanses throughout—prevents decay
—makes the teeth beautifully white. National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at: Halifax—St. John—Montreal—Ottawa—Kingston—Toronto—Hamilton London—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Nehon—Vancouver—Victoria.

DOROTHY'S WASHING.

What do you think Dorothy got for a present on her fifth birthday a few seeks ago? Such a cunning little laundry set-a little tub and washboard and the dearest little rack to hang her clothes on!

There never was such a busy little girl as Dorothy was for a few days. Mary Jane and Esmeralda, Jack the sailor boy and her whole family of dolls were kept so clean. But, after she had done their

clothes all over two or three times, she thought she would like some different things to wash. She wanted to do something useful-something to help mamma. One day when her mamma had gone downtown she decided to surprise her. She knew the very thing to wash She had heard her say yester-

clesner's Then, with a sigh she my money."

day when she came home from call-

How pleased she would be to find it all washed! And it shouldn't cost Kansas City Star. her mamma a cent. So into the little



and Dorothy scrubbed it up and down on the board until she thought it was clean. Then she hung it up to dry. She went out to play after a while, and when she came back there were mamma and Aunt Flo examining ner work. But what were they saying? She couldn't believe her ears.

"It's ruined," cried mamma.

"I would spank her," scolded Aunt Then she saw it in their hands and it looked like an old rag. She had, indeed, ruined it. How sorry she sorry and that she hadn't meant to by a very long way. be naughty, but was only trying to help. So she didn't take Aunt Flo's advice and spank her, but explained to her that surprises aren't always pleasant.

If allowed to roam over your house those innocent looking flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of dysentery, typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis and other infactious diseases. The remedy lies in the free and persistent use of Wilson's Fly Pads.

Bertilion Collecting Hair.

M. Bertillon, well-known for his fingerprint system of identification for criminals, is collecting samples of hair from all over the world. He believes he has hit on a new method which will make still easier the identification of any one sought by the police.

Every nation, says M. Bertillon, has a different way of expressing a definite shade of hair; the Swedes, for instance, calling chestnut what the French de **What is the use of you sticking in horrid, close lodgings, dear," she coaxed; the men about as you drove here?"

"and I must go to-day, because Frank will arrive there to-night from his sheet will have a special name which I shade will have a special name which I have a special n scribe as blond. All samples are classed

Barbers Always Talkative.

"The talkativeness of barbers long has been the subject for puns and jokes," a barber said this morning. "I had always fancied the matter one of recent origin until the other day. You know in my profession we have a great deal of spare time. Well, the other day I was sitting on the bench waiting for the shaves and hair cuts to come in, and to while away the time was glancing through a copy of Plutarch's 'Archelaus.' Imagine my consternation when I

happened on a line reading: 'A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered:

"In silenca." "Well, that got me. I never knew they even had barbers that long ago. I always supposed the ancients let their whiskers grow and that they were curly locks as long as their togas, but it seems that the barber is an ancient relic.

"But say," he whispered, "that manhad said: "That cleaner gets all of icure girl over there has got us beat to a frazzle. I wonder if there's anything in Plutarch about her "-From th

WHEN BABY'S LIFE IS MOST IN DANGER.

Summer is the season when the mother finds it most difficult to keep her little ones well. The complaints that afflict the babies during the hot summer months come on so quickly and so unexpectedly that often it is too late before the mother realizes that her baby is anything but well. In summer the mother should make a special effort to keep baby's bowels regular and his little stomach sweet and pure, for this is the secret of successfully warding off those dangerous summer complaints. The mother will find a great friend in Baby's Own Tablets during the hot weather. These Tablets regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and thus ward off or cure cholera infantum, diarrhoea, colic, vomiting, etc. Mrs. Wm. Sinclair. Bonaventure, River, Que., writes: "I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets, as they have done my baby much good." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEYOND FASHION'S CAPRICES.

(Columbus Journal.) It is quite impossible to ruin female beauty by any contortion of dress. If it were so, the hat and the rat would long ago have relegated her to the regions of was! And mamma knew she was the scarecrow. But she is not there yet

> THE "SUFFERING" PROVIDED. (New York Herald.) Does woman's suffrage include the right to wear the hobble skirt?-Duluth News-Tribune.



ed bands of black satin.