

Saved From the Sea

Fale put up his horse in a shed (he had ordered the hostler of the *Grass-Rowdon Arms* to come at two and give the animal a feed), and then unlocked the door of the manager's office, and went in to endure the horror—it was nothing less in the man's state of mind—of dead activity and waiting for four mortal hours, quivering still under the fiercest French from his past life, groping in darkness and doubt of the future, torn between right and wrong, remorse and repentance, in this giving up—all yearning in agony for the one who had been his clinging to, for love of whom he had at last, per saltum, trodden under so much.

How was it possible this miserable, passionate soul could know peace or rest until it could reach that one loved being for whose sake, under whose silent inspiration of moral beauty, he had, in being here at all, once more touched the sublime height of self-sacrifice that emulated hers for him?

Just now he did not even know exactly where she was—with Helen, at Kensington, or Nest Hill—and, even then, how write to her to arrange a meeting? He could not disguise his writing, but the postmark, if by chance Frank or Helen saw it, would look odd to them, since they were aware that the only person at Grass-Rowdon Christine knew was himself, and as they also knew why she had left Dr. Clifford's, what more likely than that they should jump to the suspicion that he was the man she had met in the park?

He must wait till she wrote, and then trust to Rahmnee's wife to convey a letter, or see her and arrange a meeting. He must see her alone at first, not as a mere friend before others.

The hours dragged on, but no one came near the open office. He had not expected any one would; but a little before four o'clock, when he fetched round his horse and fastened him up by the door in readiness, he saw that groups were gathering on the Waste.

"One quarter of an hour only, my friends," he said to himself, "and your chance is gone. I am ready for you, although if you interfere—doesn't matter if you do, as far as that goes—the look-out is the fact, of a shut or open gate."

He waited in the office till the big clock high up outside in the front began striking four; the hie came out with the keys in his hand. A glance told him that the group had swelled into a crowd, and as he shut the door and looked out, a shout, half derisive, half angry, mingled with hisses and groans, "He said to himself, 'and your chance is gone. I am ready for you, although if you interfere—doesn't matter if you do, as far as that goes—the look-out is the fact, of a shut or open gate.'"

Then there was a surge, and a burst master, slipping the bridle over his arm, and walking composedly across the yard to the gates, passed out, and deliberately shut the open one of the two—it was a double gate.

Then there was a surge and a burst of shouting and hisses also, in the midst of which St. Maur locked the gate and leaped to his saddle, checking at once the joyous bound forward of the mettlesome animal. In that moment a black-browed, forbidding-looking fellow strode a few paces forward, and galled out, with a kind of savage derision:

"What if we was to say 'Open these gates, and we'll come in—four advance'?"

"Too late now, my man, if you meant it fifty times," said St. Maur, with cool emphasis and distinctness. "I told you all four o'clock, and four o'clock has struck. The strike is a look-out now."

He put his horse to an easy trot, lifting his hat with a grave irony as he rode past the crowd, which broke into a storm of hooting, and after he had passed, into something of a rush, and a tolerable number of stones, which fell far short of the rider, who, with a contemptuous laugh, went on his way.

His work was done; he would stay a week at the Chase, if he could endure the stagnation so long. If he little could foresee, all that was written to be within that time!

CHAPTER XXXVI

On the evening of the very same day on which St. Maur had reached Grass-Rowdon his young wife and Helen Addison arrived at Nest Hill; but it was not till the second day after—that is, on the eighth—that Christine could get the opportunity to post a letter to her husband, and that was in the afternoon, riding out with the major and Helen.

"When I received your letter," the few lines ran, "I came here at once with H. to be near you. I have my former room, but how far where we can meet in the country I know not. Let me know, somehow, the minute you return to town, and I will follow. It is easy to meet there; and oh, I yearn so for you, my heart."

The next morning, whilst they were all three still in the breakfast-room, a footman brought in a letter for his master.

"An oddity has ridden over with it, sir, and is waiting for an answer."

"Well, he can do with a rest and a second breakfast, after a longish ride," the lady said to the major. "See to it, Thomas, and I'll ring when I've written the reply."

The footman retired, Helen looked inquiringly at her husband broke open the letter.

"From Darnley at Lynton," he said, reading, "asks me to go over on Monday to dine with them—a mess-dinner—at seven."

"Not Captain Darnley, is it?" asked Mrs. Errington, looking up.

"Oh, no, his uncle, Colonel Geoffrey Darnley, an old friend and comrade of mine, not long back from the West India."

"And old friends are precious," said Christine; "don't dream of refusing on my account, major."

"My dear Mrs. Errington—"

"My dear Major Addison, you will at once accept, or I shall fly south, like the swallow."

"Indeed, you shall not, ma'am."

"Feed me, she, laughingly adding, 'When I can spare you.' Is Lynton a garrison town—surely not—such a

small town it looked when we rode through it in August."

"No, not a garrison town at all," said Frank, "but only a depot, and there is a detachment there now. They have had sickness abroad."

"Recruit them with country air—I see. How far do you reckon Lynton, major?"

"Well," he said, "it is quite six miles by the shortest road that carriage or horse can use. It lies northward, between this and Grass-Rowdon; but Lynton is fourteen or fifteen miles from that road. Lynton is not on the rail, you know—three miles from it—for the line takes a sweep eastward, after Nest Hill, to take in—Why, you'll be as wise in the localities as we are."

Christine smiled.

"All knowledge is useful," she said; and it was not many days before she had reason to recall that reply as almost prophetic.

Addison sent an acceptance to Colonel Darnley, who had also despatched by post another letter of invitation to a former acquaintance—Mr. Orde—which reached its destination that evening late, when he and his nephew were chatting and smoking cigarettes after dinner.

"Fancy Geoff. Darnley remembering my existence," said Will Orde, evidently pleased. "I knew him some years ago, when you were in Texas, or California, or some wild region. You'd better come, too, dear boy. I am sure I may take you. He would certainly have asked you if he had known of your existence in England."

Falconer shook his head; he was in no mood—nor likely to be—to play the agreeable; and laugh and talk, when his heart ached to an agony of pain.

"No; thanks all the same, Uncle Will, and with the temper of some of those fellows down yonder, it is as well we shouldn't both be quite out of the way. There might be a riot, or an attack on the gorks to wreck the machinery."

"Well, Fale, if you stop at home, then, Monday, you will have the house to yourself with a vengeance," replied Mr. Orde; "for, except the housekeeper, all the servants have asked leave to go to a wedding-dance at night in Grass-Rowdon—some friend of one of them getting married—so if you don't mind dining at six—"

"Oh, don't keep any of them from their fun for me, Uncle Will. I'll dine at luncheon; and for the rest, Rahmnee and I can take care of ourselves. Let Mrs. Brand go, too, and disport her comely self."

"It is very good of you, Fale, to play caretaker; but I shall be back by twelve, with the coachman and groom, of course. You see, I live so quietly here myself, but I only keep a small establishment, and it's dull for them."

"Certainly. Pack them all off, uncle," said good-natured Fale.

And when the arrangement was made known, Mrs. Brand's gratitude was warm.

It was just like Mr. Falconer, and she only hoped the next wedding would be his; which wish she repeated herself to her young master on the eventful Monday morning.

He smiled half sadly at the wish; it might of steps was the tall, graceful figure of St. Maur, the sun glancing on his burnished gold-bronzed locks, and at his side his Indian fidus Achate.

As the carriage disappeared, Falconer turned quickly to him.

"Rahmnee, a sudden thought has struck me—how to get a letter to Madame where the postmark will be wide of this place. Ten miles from here, down the line, there is a small place called Gorst; it lies between this and Nest Hill. Well, you can ride over there directly after your tea and post my letter."

"I can start now, if the sahib chooses," said Rahmnee.

"No, no; plenty of time if you start at six or little after. Order the best stayer in the stable to be ready at six. Ride easy, and rest before you start back."

Rahmnee retired, and St. Maur went to write his letter—in a feigned haughty, of course—and an hour later his faithful follower rode off with it.

At half-past seven the letter was posted in the village—it was little more than Gorst; and the Hindoo, leaving his horse at the inn, strolled away to the outskirts, where a fine group of trees skirting, he found the high palings of a cottage-garden, or outhouse, attracted him. Within or behind the palings he heard voices talking—two men and a woman's—but the rough tones and broad native dialect made their talk almost as unintelligible to the Hindoo as his language would have been to them.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Was there ever anything so utterly provoking—so mad-making?" You little brute, I'll have you drowned!"

These vehement exclamations from Helen's lips, issuing from her dressing room, made Mrs. Errington, passing by that Monday afternoon, turn quickly to the half-open door, and—tablant—poor Helen, holding at arm's length an exquisite and especially favorite piece of real hard-cadec lace—alas! with each turn—crouching away in comical piteous terror, the prettiest little pointer pup, perhaps three months old, trembling all over, its funny little tail beating the carpet.

"What's the matter, Nell? Your lace torn?"

"Torn! done for! This set spoiled!" gasped Helen. "That wretched pup has got in somehow from the nursery. That's your gratitude for Fale saving you, is it, you little brute?"

Falconer's wife stepped and caught up the poor little frightened culprit to her bosom, where it instantly snuggled itself to shelter like a child.

"You dear little thing! You poor little baby-dog!" she said. "See how it trembles, Nell."

"Well, it is enough to provoke a saint; but I'll make Frank have it drowned, no matter what Fale may say. Look at my lace. It was made by a woman living over at Gorst, and I've lost her address, even, or she should make me another at once."

"Dear Helen, I am so sorry!" Christine's very voice scolded her.

will go over to Gorst now at once and find out the lacemaker if you will only give me this lace as an offender," laying her velvet cheek to be fractionally licked over, and then her ear-drops, ears, hair, all slyly bitten at, puppy-fashion. "I can't bear it drowned—a dear little brown ball!"

"You're welcome to it, I'm sure, if you like to have everything destroyed; only you shan't bother yourself about the lace. The idea of it!" said poor Helen, ruefully regarding the fabric, as she coiled down a little, "that tiresome Elizabeth—a house maid—'has left the door ajar, and that pup has got in. I let Effie have it to play with; it is one of its mother died when it was a month old this August, and it couldn't lap, or it wouldn't, and was starving, and Fale had it a whole week in his room, and taught it somehow to feed; but of course it shan't be touched. I was just as wild."

"Poor Nell! it is vexing, but I mean what I said. Ring for some tea, order the victoria to take me to the station, and I'll fish out the woman in Gorst this very evening."

Helen refused, protested, coaxed, all in vain. Christine only said, in "that determined way of hers," that she should go.

And so she did, Frank meekly declining to interfere on his wife's appeal.

"My dear," said he, resignedly, "Mrs. Errington is as bad as Falconer. When she says 'I will,' she will. You saw about the look-out in Saturday's County News. Well, out pointer pup, Mrs. Errington is yours. Thomas shall take it to the kennels. When shall Nell send the carriage for you?"

"Nay; I can't tell, major. This Mrs. Henage may be hard to find. I'll take a fly back; there are not many trains to and from Gorst."

So, with the derelict lace in her charge, and orders to make another like it, Christine triumphantly departed to find Mrs. Henage.

How constantly we can trace the gravest, most stupendous issues of human lives to the most trifling thing or incident!

Looking back a few hours later, Christine St. Maur recognized this once more. Only a poor little helpless pup's frail life, saved by patient, tender care; but small as the kindly deed seemed, unforeseen and probably forgotten by the deer, it was "bread cast upon the waters," and must surely return after many days to the hand that cast it.

When Mrs. Errington reached Gorst station it was nearly a quarter to seven, but she met with greater success than she had expected in discovering the lace maker, a widow, who was only too glad to have an order which she knew would be liberally paid for. She insisted on the lady taking some refreshment, and set out fruit, rich milk, bread and butter.

When Christine left the cottage she was barely half-past seven, and finding on inquiry that no down-train stopped till eight, she turned back and strolled a little way. A turn in the lane brought her in view of the pretty clump of trees where Rahmnee had just seated himself, and the next moment the two, so strangely brought to the same spot, saw each other.

"Rahmnee," the woman said, under her breath, her heart giving a wild bound, "is he near, then?"

"Ah, burra salaam, mem-sahib! The Hindoo's dark face was aglow with utter surprise and joy. "No, the sahib is alone; he sent me here to post letter to yourself. I do it. I wait to return. The sahib is alone."

"How do you mean, Rahmnee?"

Rahmnee explained that Mr. Orde was dining at Lynton, and the servants all absent at a wedding dance in Grass-Rowdon. While he spoke, the rough tones behind the palings reached them, and some words from the woman that sent every drop of blood back on Christine's very heart.

"Yes, I tell ye; he'll be just caught to-night like a rat in a trap. It's his hand that's locked out, as sure as yer my brother Bill, I'll tell ye, 'cause my man's one that's going."

Christine whispered:

"Hush! I will explain directly; there is danger to the sahib."

The two who loved Falconer St. Maur best, each, stood like statues, listening to the Hindoo eagerly watching his mistress' face as she listened to the harsh vernacular of the woman's speech.

When it ceased, the woman who heard lifted her hands up with a passionate gesture.

"Heaven above! give me power to save him!"

Then she clasped Rahmnee's wrist, and drew him quickly away round the turn of the lane. It was dark now.

"Listen!" she said in low, quick, but firm tones. "There is no time to be lost. That woman is the wife of the worst of the men on strike. She has come over to see a brother. She tells him that fifty or more of these men, learning that the sahib would be alone to-night, have secretly plotted to go, attack the house, get at him, and if he will not agree to grant their insolent demands, kill him. They are to go between eleven and twelve in small parties, meeting in the grounds. I must—"

"I was there, ever anything so utterly provoking—so mad-making?" You little brute, I'll have you drowned!"

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stronger to the way, so one to me, with all the perils which a woman must needs risk in such a night journey. She would be likely to lose her way and be too late. Too late! Those awful words! At best she could not possibly take under three hours on the road. Then this last train. It was due to reach Grass-Rowdon at ten minutes past ten; it was then a two-mile walk to Rowdon Chase, but she could cover that in half an hour.

"I must take the train," was her decision, "but, oh! this waiting—waiting is killing work!"

She went into the booking office and wired to Helen Addison:

"Can't get back to-night. Detained by friend. All well."

"Christine."

That reached Helen at the very time the sender stepped out of the train at Grass-Rowdon, and passed out into the silent, darkly dreary country road, her one dread to meet any one—most of all any of the desperate wretches who had banded together to do so dastard a deed to-night.

(To be continued.)

PLAYTIME STORIES.

DUTCHIE'S RIDE.

"Dutchie" was the grandson of the elephant-keeper, and without doubt he was the pet of all the circus. His papa and mamma had gone to live with the angels—that was why he travelled with grandpa.

This had loved all the animals but the elephants best of all, and big Ben was his favorite. They were great companions—these two. Quite often Ben would share the peanuts visitors gave him, with "Dutchie."

One night it was so hot in the tent that "Dutchie" couldn't sleep. At last he crawled out of the cot beside grandpa and stole into the other tent beside big Ben.

"Let's take a walk," whispered the boy, and the elephant flapped his ears approvingly.

Dutchie had often watched grandpa unfasten Ben's chain from the stake, so he soon had the big fellow free.

"Up with me now," commanded the boy.

The elephant held out a front foot and up scrambled Dutchie, seating himself on Ben's head, then out they

quietly slipped and down the deserted village street.

A few minutes later big Ben was pulling trunkfuls of fine clover and thoroughly enjoying himself.

In the morning, grandpa and the others found the runaway. Big Ben was keeping guard over a sleeping "Dutchie," and between times eating the farmer's clover.

LACK OF PURE BLOOD

The Cause of Most Illness—The Cure, Enrich the Blood Supply.

Any illness caused by lack of blood will be benefited and cured by a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills increase the red matter in the blood and enable it to carry to every organ and tissue an increased supply of oxygen, the great supporter of all organic life. This has been proved by cures in thousands of cases not only in Canada, but in all parts of the world.

More people to-day owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than to any other medicine. One of these is Mr. James Starr, of Galahad, Alta., who says: "A few years ago I became ill and very weak. Some days I would have a hot, dry fever and on others would be bathed in a cold sweat. I grew weaker and weaker until I could do no kind of work and was finally confined to my bed."

I tried several doctors, who cost me considerable money, but did me no good, as I was still getting weaker and weaker. I asked the last doctor who attended me to tell me frankly if he could cure me, and he told me my case was so complicated that he did not think he could help me. I told him I had heard a great deal about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked if he thought they would help me. His reply was: 'Well, they won't do you any harm, and they may help you. I sent for a half dozen boxes at once and began taking them. After taking three boxes there was no doubt they were helping me, and I continued using them for some time longer. With the result that I am now as strong and hearty and can do as good a day's work as any man in my neighborhood.'"

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 30 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ETIQUETTE LESSONS FOR MEN

(Men's Page in the Delinicator.)

When a lady gives you her seat in a street car, thank her, but in such a manner that she will not be emboldened to open a conversation with you.

When some one calls you by 'phone and says: "Do you know who is talking?" and you answer that you do not, and the person continues to ask if you don't or can't guess, utter a joyous peal of laughter and say you know it is the sanitarium. Then hang up the receiver.

If you know a fat girl with a slim sister, always mistake the fat one for the slim one, and vice versa.

When waiting with a lady who steps upon your toes, it is nice, if you have a wooden leg, to keep the foot of that leg where she will step upon it oftenest. You can do this unobtrusively with a little practice.

SASKATCHEWAN LANDS

I own and offer for sale 12,500 acres of land in West Central Saskatchewan, located on the Canadian Northern Railway, Saskatoon, Calgary Branch, twenty miles west of Kindersley. The track on this twenty miles is now being laid and will be completed this month. The land is from two to twelve miles from the railway.

It is free from scrub or brush and is rolling prairie; can be worked by gasoline tractor engines and cropped in 1911.

No Cash Payment Required

Will sell on basis of crop payments. Read Kindersley article elsewhere in this issue. Write

A. B. MACKAY

Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Hamilton

REFERENCES { Bank of Hamilton Bank of Nova Scotia } HAMILTON

WORSE STILL (Catholic Standard and Times.)

"My wife is getting to be very tiresome," complained Groucher; "she doesn't seem to know her own mind from one minute to the next."

"My wife," said Kratchett, "is the same way. She's as uncertain as the weather."

"Huh—Mine's as uncertain as the weather forecasts."

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 \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Godrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

HIS CHANCE (Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"I wonder if Nero really fiddled when Rome burned?"

"Maybe he did. Maybe it was his first opportunity to hold an audience. He did his specialty while they watched the fire."

The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race. Wilson's Fly Pads are without a doubt the best fly killers made.

ALL THIS IS LOST ON THE FAIR SEX.

Boston.—The bald-headed woman is a thing of the near future, if she continues to wear rats in her hair, according to Dr. C. J. W. . . no has gone to some length in warning against it. And the women, for their part, can be depended upon to ignore anything that slaps at style.

DID RATS MAKE YOU BALD?

He says wire puffs are not so bad, because they admit of ventilation for the hair, but "rats" heat it and tempt it to degenerate and in time it falls out. Besides, he says, and that may have some little effect, an old face with young looking hair looks ridiculous. This was a protest against the use of hair dyes, which he calls dangerous.

But rats—shun them, girls, if you want to have anything left to wear them in.

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly Pads are the only things that kill them all.

No Soap Gone to Waste.

Dewitt—Does your wife follow the fashions—does?

Jewitt—I should say so; she has one of those "standing room only" dresses.

—Smart Set.

Cupid on the Links.

Love and a maiden played at golf, All on a summer's day; The balls they used were maiden's hearts.

The clubs were Cupid's fearsome darts, And merrily went the play. Sweet, sweet was the song the robins sang.

And breeze was the sky above; The breeze swept o'er the daisied lea, And turned it into a rippling sea, "Ah, love!" the maiden cried in fear, As Cupid raised his dart: She watched the ball soar far away, And all that mighty living day She hunted for her heart.

—Town Topics.