Sept. 3. 5

Oct. 7. 8

Sept. 14, 15

"Yes-a good deal locked in the cel- | rang up the stairway:

"Quick then ! Have we time to carry the decanters into the drawing room?" said. "They will stop to drink, fight over the spoil, get half drunk, lose

"Women's wits, by Jove! Come, it's

soon done!"
He quickly unlocked the dining-room door opposite, then the cellaret, and they soon carried the decanters of wine into the other room, which resounded now with the onslaught outside. Reckless Falc laughed aloud as they came out again, he locking the door leading into the hall.

"It will amuse them a few more minuses to get through this after the wine-bibing," he said, lighting a silver lamp that stood on the hall-table. "Come, wife, this way to my rooms, and I'll arm you, too."

"Do; I know how to use fire-arms; and, at least, I can load for you in readiness."

"You are a brave girl, my Christine; but, oh! I would to Heaven you had not come into this danger to-night to save my worthless life!" he said pas-

"Hush, husband! What would life be worth to me if you were murdered? Ah, hear that!'

A crash below as if a shutter had partially rifted-a yell of triumph-then renewed attacks. St. Maur throw open a door on the

left in the corridor above, and entered a large, handsomely furnished dressingroom with an open inner door to the sleeping-chamber beyond.

"My rooms," he said, locking and who henceforth shall dare challenge your right to be here? Strange irony of fate indeed!"

Then he dragged a huge wardrobe slowly against the door as a barricade, and going into the bedroom, also barricaded the outer door of that with a heavy old bureau, and a bedstead against that again.

Then he brought his wife a pretty little six-chambered revolver, loaded, and, like his own, on the half-cock.

"You may not need it, sweetheart," he said, as she hid it in he bosom of her dress, "but it is to hand if you do. Ah, by Heaven! they are in now!" For, with a crash, the shutters below

gave way, and, with a shout and rush like a stampede of wild beasts, the rioters burst into the elegant room; then the two above could hear the wanton work of wrecking begun; the crash of glass, as decanters were fought for, emptied, and hurled away, mingling with vells, hearse laughter, and shouts from several half-tipsy fellows; while others, furious at finding another door to keep them from their prey, pell-mell attacked it tooth and nail.

"Not one of those blackguards shall ever work for Will Orde again!" Falconer said, between his testh.

Would the rescue never come? Would he soldiers never come,

"What-oh, what if some accident has happened to Rahmnee?" said Christine at last, with the first outward sign of agitation or fear she had yet shown. That made canaille below will be up here soon!"

St. Maur turned to her and took her close into his arms, laying his lips to hers, as a man might do who knows that it may be the last embrace of the woman he loves.

"My first-last love!" he whispered. "My wife-my all!" Another crash, the drawing-room door

was down, and they heard the besiegers, like a pack of woives after their prey, worse for wine, up the stair-way, and Joe Smith's half-drunken voice shout-

"This 'ere door, mates. Hearn him amovin' o' somethink." l'alconer loosed his wife and drew his

revolver at once. "Whoever first shows at that door," 'is a dead man."

For one moment there was a pause. "I don't believe any but Smith has a pistol at all," said St. Maur, "and 1 quess Joe's too many sheets in the wind to sim steady at all. There's a pick-

Right against the door-two at least -whilst others on the stairs surged, and--

> "Those behind cried 'Forward.' And those before cried 'Back.'

A wild scene of fury and drunken orgy - blow after blow fell on the door-the lock crashed, but the bolt still held: then a crash again, the top hinge had given, as Christine's straining gaze saw then-ha! the heavy wardrobe swayed as the door was burst back against

"Cuss the chap! he's stuck up a large chest!" shouted Joe, furiously, "Give us the batchet, Bill; I ain't afeared." A blow-a rain of blows-a bare.

brawny arm projected. Fale's bright eyes watching-the wardrobe swayed again. "Yah! I'm through, and-why! if there ain't a gal! Now then you!"

A rough coarse head and shoulders in view, struggling, meaning to shove the barricade, pushed on from behind. "I warned you, Joe Smoth," said Fal-

coner, taking aim. A sharp report, a savage howl of mortal agony, and Joe Smith fell back. down, a huddled-up mass of humanity.

Instantly there was a scene of wild confusion almost beyond descriptioncries of rage, a surging to and fro of those on the stairs; whilst two fellows, group talking, wailst the invainable mad drunk with unaccustomed wine, Outch courage gained thereby, hurled theniselves against the broken door and wardrobe, sending the upper part of the latter down with a roar, and themselves half rushing, half staggering toward St.

Quick as thought he stepped back, half throwing his wife behind him, and fired again twice, in such rapid succession that it seemed almost one report, but each shot hit its man; one caught blindly at the door, the other turned and fled, yelling, and in that moment, as Falconer still stood covering the widened ingress with his weapon, a ery

"Mates, come back! -cut for it!--they're down on us!-the soldiers!" "Saved!-saved! Oh, thank heaven! saved!" broke from the wife's lips; and in the sudden revulsion of feeling she hid her face on her husband's bosom with one deep sob, conscious only that he was safe, that his strong arm was round her.

CHAPTER XL.

It was a mad sauve qui peut now for the rioters, for the troop of soldiers had burst upon them in absolute surprise; and in fact that cry of alarm only reached the shouting, struggling, storming party above, when the military were already practically masters of the situation below-a point gained nearly at once. The three shots, fierce shrieks of the wounded, and wild struggle to stampede of the rest, at once told where the besieged were.

"Take all the prisoners you can, and guard them," commanded Colonel Darnley. "Keep back a minute, Orde-keep by Allison!'

'My boy! my boy!" was all the elder man said; and Frank grasped his arm as be, Rahmnee, and Darnley, with a few men, forced their way up the stairway against the downward rush of the riot-

But the slight, supple Indian, crouching, gliding, creeping between obstacles, was the first to reach the corridor and docrway outside which lay Joe Smith's body; and with a cry of transport that broke through all his Eastern stoicism, the Hindo lad rushed into the room and flung himself at his beloved master's

"Sahib! sahib! Oh, mem-sahib! all safe!' was the cry of joy that reached

the door as the others gained it. "Fale! Good heavens!-and Mrs. Errington!" exclaimed Frank Addison, as Mr. Orde also rushed post and grasped his nephew's hands, hardly seeing in that moment the beautiful woman who had shrunk back a step, flushing pain-

fully.
"My boy! my own boy! Are you un-"Dear Uncle Will, yes; thanks to a

woman's noble courage and-" "Mrs. Errington! 'broke in Mr. Orde. excitedly. "It is you-you, then, who

were the messenger Rahmnee meantwho have saved my boy's life!" "Not Mrs. Errington," said St. Maur, his dark, glowing eyes glancing from face to face, as he clasped Christine's trembling hand, "but the one woman you

wife these nine years!" "Your-wife! -your wife!" repeated William Orde, like one dozed, and saught blindly at Frank Addison's arm. "Yes. I will explain all presently, but

banned to me, Uncle Will-my wedded

"By Heaven! it's the best news I've heard for years!" exclaimed Frank, strongly.

"Thank you, Frank," said St. Maur, hard ride. Christine, will you carry this enmity to St. Maur. iamp for us? Rahmnee, see if the servants have returned get. Colonel Darnley, if you will kindly let your men here clear the door-way of the debris, inanihave not yet met to adopt candidates. to the housing of your men and horses."

Christine had given Mr. Orde a wistful, half-pleading glance as Fale placed nim on the couch; but she silently took the land and obeyed her busband, following them out. He knew best, and after the shock the old man had received it was better to leave him quite still a come rushing, jostling, fighting, all the while. This, too, was no time or place to speak of a family secret or trouble. She was acknowledged openly in his very house, and that was enough; the necessities of others, the commonplaces of life, called for immediate attention and

hospitality. "I think we need not trouble Mrs St. Maur," said the colonel, after he had given his men orders to remove Smith's dison's straight. corpse. "She has gone through so much

to-night." "I had rather be doing something,] thank you, colonel," she said, quickly. "Rahmnee and I must wait on you an,

you see." In the hall below a council was held as to a temporary prison for the captured rioters; for though many had succeeded in flight for the present, all the ringleaders and worst-quite a score-were in custody of the troopers. Joe Smith and the other two men were dead ,and lay now in the wrecked drawing-room where

the prisoners were. St. Maur soon settled that point. There were large empty stables and coach-houses with strong doors, and only a sentinel would be needed till early morning, when the rioters could be handed over to the police.

The prisoners, under his guidance, were soon removed, and crowd enough they were now; the three bodies, also, were taken to an outhouse, and the horsesit was a cavalry troop-stabled and f. l. in the midst of which the servants returned from their ball. Their const. inttion may be imagined, but certainly none the less could the score of troopers complain of the hospitality they met with in the servants' hall; and after supper the butler, by Falconer's order, told them off by fours into empty bedrooms to camp down and sleep.

Meanwhile, the dining-room, which was undamaged, was used for the refreshment of their officers and guests, host and hostess. They were standing in a Rahmnee was placing claret and lemonade on the table; and St. Maur had just said he would go up and see how his uncle was now, when the door opened, and Mr. Orde walked quietly in, very pale certainly, and looking rather haggard, but like one resolved on his course. and perhaps neither Coloner Darnley, nor his subaltern, nor Addison, was so utterly surprised as were Falconer and his young wife at that course.

"Gentlemen." he said, coming forward, "I hope you will pardon my having till now relegated my duty as host to my



SHE PAINTS, BUT NOT USUAL WAY; AMERICAN ARTIST FETED

MRS. J. LES LIE COTTON.

has any greater popularity in London ed it and gathered fresh laurels on society than the beautiful Mrs. J. Leslie Cotton, who was Mariette

Benedict, of New York. Mrs. Cotton is an artist of tremendous vogue abroad just now. It was and titled English overwhelmed her the artistic making of her when she painted a portrait of the late King King Edward. Edward. The English critics praised

London.-No other American woman, last visit to New York. She exhibitthis side of the ocean.

The American woman has spent but little time in this country during recent years. After her portrait of the late king was exhibited, the rich with orders. She was a favorite of

On her visits to New York she has the picture highly. Mrs. Cotton entertained lavishly at the Plaza brought the painting with her on her Hotel.

of our long ride-to me so terribly anx- | ter wreck to body and soul. I have been ious a time-and the great shock which the announcement you heard was to me, quite overcame me; but my own feelings however justifiable, must not make me guilty of pase ingratitude to a lady who has this terrible night perilled life and repute to save my nephew's life; nor must I' -and now, with a grave, touching courtesy, he took Christine's hand into his own-"put the slightest shadow of indignity or lack of due honor on my nephew's wife. My dear, permit megentlemen, be seated."

And he placed Christine on his right hand at the table opposite Colonel Dara-

No one ano're no one could have gratefully; "and you, Uncle Will, rest en for minutes after that, and then it here quietly a little whiist we three at- was the colonel who broke the silence tend to our kind rescuers after their by asking the reason of these follows'

And while Mr. Orde explained, the subaltern seated next Mrs. St. Many began telling her of Rahmnee's startling news. of their hasty mount, and how the colonel had sent off his orderly at once to Mrs. Addison to explain her husband's non-appearance.

And then Addison took the opportunity to ask his friend in an undertone: "Falc, then of course it was whom your wife met in my park that

night? "You both kept your secret well, by Jove!" said the other, in the same low tone. "And she, poor girl, at a cost of which I verily believe she has kept you

in ignorance—unless you are a greater scamp than I ever dreamed of!' "What do you mean, Frank?" The haughty blood leaped to

bronzed cheek, the dark eyes met Ad-"No-you don't know? I thought not. Well, when she left Clifford's" (he told

Nell himself) "she let him believe, as she did us, that she had been cruelly wronged-she refused to answer any question-said she had no certificate to show-" "Death! I never knew this!" said

Falconer, with such a passionate start that Frank touched him. "I have the lines! My poor darling! why, why did she not say, at least, that she was wedded wife? You would have believed her. "We should have believed-as we dd -anything except that had done

wrong," was the answer. "Jove! you are a lucky man to have won such a woman as that!" Who knew that better than the man who loved her, and owed her every-

thing. It was quite three o'clock when the little party broke up for a few hours' rest; St. Maur showing the guests to rooms hastily made, in some sort, ready

by the housekeeper. What a night it had been! more was to come the sentence of disin-

His wife was still sitting in a low seat; his uncle in his armchair by the fireless hearth "Come w re, Halconer," said the eld-

er man. He came to the mantel-piece, stood leaning lightly against it. "You know what I told you when you came of age?"

'Yes' obeyed the only one command I have ever laid upon you?"

ready to accept the penalty. I had the right of every man, to live and wedyou have the right over your own property. But, at least, when you know all that she is to me-all she has done for one so utterly undeserving-you may perhaps, forgive her for being-her mother's child!'

"All she has done you mean tonight? No! I shall never forget that!" adopted son. My excuse must be that "that she has saved me from a thousand and witness concerned. I am not young, and the physical fatigue times worse than more death-from ut-

a gambler all my life, till she, with her woman's matchless love, crushed one the hideous vice." "You, my boy, my son, in all but

blood, a gambler!" repeated the old

man, putting his hand to his head.

'Don't tell me that, Falc-don't tell me 'It is the bitter truth. I was a reckless gambler till lately ,then the last battle against the miserable sin was won, for her sake, my darling, whose

neart I had almost broken." "Husband, hush-it is all posc!" came under her breath, her hand outstretched to him.

He stooped and kissed it as if it were the hand of a saint. Was it not so to

"Tell me the whole story, Falconer," said William Orde, a litle unsteadily, his hands gripping the arms of his chair, his fine face growing an ashen gray-"the whole truth. There -there has been deep wrong and a terrible mistake somewhere. I want to find whether the fault has been all yours, or-or part mine. Tell me all the story of your two lives.

And, oh! what a sorrowful story it was-of undisciplined passions, of sin, and misery, and mistake, and through all, and in all, with what passionate intensity there ran the richest chord of heaven's music—a man's and a woman's love-hers never once dimmed or wavering-his, if once for a brief time shadowed by a mad infatuation of the senses, if rivaled by a hideous vice, still at the heart's core the master-passion of his life.

The man never faltered in his story, never spared himself one thing; touched on no excuse or palliation, not even that his father before him had been a gambler, and passed lightly over the hard injustice of his uncle's stern, obstinate fiat, which had, in truth, been in so much the sunken rock upon which two young lives had been wrecked, as the money-lender had seen at once, as the conscience-stricken listener saw now with every detail of the simply-told tale of error and wrong that fell on his ear, and he bowed his gray head with a 'great and exceeding bitter cry.'

'Oh, sister-oh, sister! how have I done by your motherless boy! I have driven him into sin by my wicked selfishness. I have dared to part those Heaven hath joined, and I am punished-I am punished in my children's years of misery. My son-my son!" He broke quite down; but someone knelt at his feet, the gray head was drawn tenderly on to a woman's breast, a woman's loving lips kissed away the bitter tears, and the soft tones that had ong ago whispered forgiveness for a husband's sin, soothed now the old man's Then he went back to the dining-room. remorseful grief-a ministering angel in What very truth-woman's noblest most Heaven-sent mission!

CHAPTER XLI.

There was so much to be done and thought of that day, that there was little room for individual joy or troubles. "To provide bread alone for such a voung garrison unexpectedly was no joke," Fale said, laughing, as he and his wife left their room before eight.

But Mrs. Cook rose to the occasion with true greatness of soul, for she had "And scarcely two years later you dis- packed off the groom with the wagonette to the town to requisition bakers' and such other: necessaries as she need-"Yes," he said again. "And I am ed. and she had no lack of help, for soldiers and sailors are always readv. handy, and good-natured in emergency; and before nine plenty of breakfast was on board, upstairs and down, the prisoners, thirty in number, being supplied with bread and milk.

The next thing was to send information to the police, and hand over the rioters to the majesty of the law. St. Many himself rode over to lodge infor-"I mean," said St. Maur, steadily, mation, as being the principal party

"Then just order my horse too, please,

Falconer," said Addison, "for Pil take HOW ONE WOMAN train at once to Nest Hill, to relieve my Nell's anxiety; so I'll bear you com-

pany to the station."
"Do; and ask Helen to kindly send on my wife's traps, for I can't spare her again," dropping his hand on her shoul-der as she stood beside them outside the open window. "Give my adoration to Helen, and ——"

(To be continued.)

PLAYTIME STORIES. PUGGIE'S ORATION.

Everybody knows how terribly hard it is to speak on the last day of school, and Puggie (that's his nickname 'cause his nose is so short) was to deliver a real oration. For the last few weeks Puggie could have been heard reciting before the looking glass in his room or to the pony in her stable. So Puggie felt confident. He was sure he could speak his piece all right, providing Doris wasn't

Doris was Puggie's best girl. She was in the grade next below. He had heard that it was barely possible that



the pupils in her grade might be allowed to come in his room, during the exercises.

The last day of school arrived, and Puggie, after a final rehearsal before the mirror, was sitting proudly at his desk. His mamma was there, and lots of other mammas, but who is afraid to speak pieces in front of mammas?

Then, just as teacher rang the bell for order, in 'iled the next grade? Doris was gaily resplendent in a new pink frock with big pink bows bob-bing on her hair. The boys grinned at blushing Puggie as teached called on him first to speak. He walked to the platform and started, but after two lines he couldn't think of anything more, and all he saw was those big pink bows on Doris' curls. He stammered, stuttered and wanted to cry-then teached told him to take

his seat. On the way home the boys teased him, but just to show Doris he hadn't really forgotten it he stopped at her house and recited it on the back porch to her and the family cat.

JOSEPHINE BROWN TO MARRY DAN FROHMAN?



JOSEPHINE BROWN. There is a persistent rumor in New York that Daniel Frohman, theatrical magnate and erstwhile husband of Margaret Illington, is engaged to marry Josephine Brown, the actress. Frohman is 60 years old. Miss Brown is 21.

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 been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, if I tells year. for such well-known makes as Thomas. Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Beli. This is your chance to save money. post card will bring full particulars .-Heintzman & Co., 71 King etreet east, Ham Iton.

Birds' Sinse of Home.

The interesting question whether migrating birds on returning in summer, come back to nest in the same places as before seems to have been answered in the affirmative by the experience of Dr. C. B. Ticehurst, of Huntbourne, in Kent, England. In May, 1909, Dr. Ticehurst's sister put a ring on the leg of a swallow nesting in their chimney. which had accidentally got into the house. This spring, on April 12, a small flight of swallows arrived at Hunsbourne, and four birds separated from it and stopped at Dr. Ticehurst's, where two pairs had nested last year. Two days afterward Dr. Ticehurst caught one of the birds, and found that it bore his sister's ring. The ring was very light and made of aluminum. Since last year many migrating birds have been provided with these rings in England. Each ring bears a number for identification.

REGAINED HEALTH

Utterly Helpless and Friends Did Not Expect Her to Get Better.

The great fame of Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills is due to the fact that they have restored to active health and strength hundreds of people when all other treat-ment had failed to cure, and who had come to believe themselves hopeless, chronic invalids. The case of Mrs. Henry Britton, 1,284 Alexander avenue, Winnipeg, Man., adds another striking proof to the truth of this assertion. Mr. Britton writes as follows concerning his wife's long illness and ultimate cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: "It is a simple thing to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and yet it is difficult to express fully one's heartfelt gratitude for such a marvelous remedy, as they have restored my wife to health and strength after the best efforts of the medical fraternity had failed. For years prior to our coming to Canada, and since that time up to about three years ago, my wife had been subject to severe illnesses from what the doctors said was chronic anaemia. She was utterly and entirely helpless, and so weak that she had to be lifted in and out of bed for weeks at a stretch. The trouble was aggravated by recurrent rheumatism and heart trouble. She had no appetite or strength for anything, I employed the best medical attendance and nurses procurable. The doctor gave her tonics and ordered beef tea and wine. The tonics and medicine would relieve her for a time, and then she would slip back once more into the old state-bus worse if anything. Then we began giving her advertised remedies, but all seemed of no avail. One evening while reading a newspaper I happened to see an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It told the case of a young woman who had been a great sufferer from anaemia, and who testified to having been cured through the use of these Pills. The case seemed to describe very closely the symptoms of my wife, and although I had pretty nearly lost all hope of her ever being well again, I decided to get a supply of the Pills and urged her to use them. My wife was thoroughly disheartened, and said she expected it was only another case of money thrown away. However, she began taking the Pills, and I thank God she did, for after she had used them for a time, she felt they were helping her. From that time on her appetite came back, her color began to return, and she who had been looked upon as a helpless invalid began to take a new interest in life. She continued taking the Pills, and through them her health continued to improve, until at last we were able to heartily congratulate her upon her complete restoration to health. Some three years have since passed, and in that time she has never been bothered in the slightest degree with the old trouble. Her cure has astonished everyone who knew how ill she had been, and we acknowledge with heartfelt thanks our gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which literally brought her back to health from t brink of the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as this in just one way—they actually make new blood, which fills the depleted veins and brings new strength to every nerve and every organ in the body. Nearly all the everyday ailments of life come from poor or watery lood, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure anaemia, indigestion, headaches, sideaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness and the ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about, even to their doctors. If you are weak, sick or ailing, no other medicine will cure you so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To Wash Blankets. ...

Use lots of water. First beat them well. Put them in a strong, warm suds.

And warm doesn't mean boiling hot. Two tablespoonfuls of ammonia should be in the suds. Dip the blankets up and down inter-

minably in the warm suds. Soap may be put directly upon stains, but it should be rinsed out at once. Blankets should never be rubbed upon a board, but should be put through suds

after suds till they are clean. They should be squeezed until the water is well out of them after every process, and a little ammonia may be put in the rinsing water.

TOLERANCE. (Punch) Jane-I've something on me mind, 'Array, that I hardly knows how to tell

'Array-Aha wiv it. Jane-I'm afrair yer won't marry me

'Array-Aht wiv it. Jane-I'm a sonambulist, 'Array. 'Array (after prolonged pause) --Never mind, Jane, it'il be all right. If there ain't no chapel for it we'll be married at a registry.



Is a concentrated extract of spices the Is a concentrated extraction of the flavors catsup and preserves it for all time. Many people have given up the making of catsup because it always time. Many people have given up the making of catsup because it always spoiled. You can now make better and nicer looking catsup than you ever made before if you insist on getting Parke's Catsup Flavor from your grocer. It leaves the natural red color of the tomato and imparts the most delicion flavor. Sent post paid on receipt

PARKE & PARKE MAMELTON DRUGGISTS CANADA