Right at Last

With faint surprise Bertie stooped down and picked it up.

It was a folded paper of thick substance, and but little stained or soiled, as if it had been in the position in which he had found it for some time.

Putting the picture on the table, Bertie dropped into a chair and unfolded the paper.

In his amazement and bewilderment he saw that it was a closely written document, and on commencing to read it the paper almost dropped from his hands, as he read these words:

"This is the last will and testament of Stanley Barnold Arrowfield, Earl of Arrowfield, Villiars——"

It was Lord Arrowfield's will!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Bertie knew no more about wills than a donkey knows about house furnishing, and he stared at the document in awe and amazement. There was no doubt concerning it. It was a will, and the will and testament of the Earl of Arrowfield.

But how on earth had it come to be concealed in the back of this mysterious picture? Who had put it there, and why?

For a few minutes Bertie felt as a man does who is fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to pick up a letter in the street. He didn't want to read it, and yet he couldn't find out to whom it belonged unless he did read it.

With a feeling of curiosity and excitement he drew a chair up to the fire and commenced the perusal. But before he had got through a dozen lines the legal jargon made his brain swim and so confused him that he had to begin over again.

He had got to the length of half a dozen lines when there came a knock at the door, and his man entered.

Bertie rose as if he had been discovered in the act of committing a crime, and folding up the will, stuffed it behind the clock on the mantel shelf.

"Mr. Vassel about the horse, my lord," said the man.

Instantly the will was driven out of Bertie's mind. Mr. Vassel had a racer in charge of his lordship, and on this horse depended a great deal more of Bertie's money than he would have liked to own.

"Oh, show him up; no, wait," he added, quickly; "I'll come down to him," and putting the picture face downwards on the top of the bureau, he caught up his hat and ran downstairs.

Mr. Vassel had a great deal to say about the horse, and was particularly anxious that Lord Bertie should go to a neighboring stable where a groom, who had some important information to disclose, was waiting for them.

Bertie consented and the two went off.

The valet made up the fire, and began to clear up the litter which his master had made. He carefully collected the bits of the broken frame, and put them in the fire, and that they might burn the quicker, collected the odds and ends from the waste-paper basket, and added them to the heap, then he shook the cloth, and was sauntering to the window, when there came a ring at the door.

The valet looked over the balcony, and seeing that it was Mr. Mordaunt Royce, went down to answer the door.

"His lordship is not in," he said; "he's just stepped out with Mr. Vassel."

"Mr. Vassel!" said Royce, who also had an interest in the horse. "Do you think he will be long? If not, I will go upstairs and wait."

"Oh, he won't be long, sir; he's gone out without his overcoat; he can't be many minutes."

"Then I'll go up and wait," said Royce, and he walked upstairs into Bertie's room.

He had come to thank Bertie for his heroic conduct at the Coronet, and to smooth over and explain his secrecy in regard to his engagement to Miss Ida Trevelyan.

Lord Bertie's cigar case was on the table, and Royce lit a cigar and then sauntered up to the fire.

As he did so his eyes were attracted by the picture lying face downward on the bureau. He went up to it and took it up carelessly, thinking that it would be either a portrait of Bertie's horse or some famous ballet dancer.

"Bertie's going in for fine arts," he mused with a sneer.

Then he turned the picture over, and with an exclamation nearly let it drop from his hands.

It was the portrait of the Countess of Arrowfield, the portrait which he had last seen in old Craddock's safe.

For a moment Royce was turned to stone. It seemed to him too incredible to be true. He carried it to the window and examined it minutely. Yes, it was the original picture; the picture that was so like Joan Ormsby, the picture which Craddock had had copied and so carefully retained. But how did it come into Lord Bertie Dewsbury's possession?

"Can the old idiot have given—sold it to him?" muttered Royce. "Impossible! And yet five pounds would tempt the miserable hound!"

Then he looked again, and saw that Bertie had forced it out of the old oaken frame. Why had he done that?

The frame was a curiosity in itself, and of as much value as the picture.

Happening to glance at the fireplace, he saw a fragment of gilding, and then the remains of the frame smouldering in the fire. Mystified and alarmed, he stood with the picture in his hand.

What did it mean? How had Bertie got possession of the picture, and why had he destroyed the frame?

There were some open letters stuck in the glass and littering the mantelshelf, and Royce took them up and glanced over them; perhaps he should find in one of them a clue to the mystery.

But there seemed nothing in the letters to enlighten him. They were chiefly bills and invitations; he put his hand behind the marble clock to see if there were any more, and pulled out the will.

Thinking it would be nothing of importance to him, he was thrusting it back, when a cobweb which hung to one of the corners caught his attention, and he took it up again and unfolded it.

As he did so, a strange presentiment that he was on the eve of a discovery took possession of him, and it was with a thrill of amazement that he saw what the paper really was.

It was the lost will, the last will and testament of the Earl of Arrowfield, Joan Ormsby's grandfather!

Trembling in every limb, his face ashen white with excitement, he ran his eyes over the paper.

The legal phraseology did not trouble him as it had done Bertie, and in a few seconds he has mastered the contents.

It was the Earl of Arrowfield's will, and it left the whole of the immense property, with the exception of small sums to charities and Stuart Villiars, "to my granddaughter, the child of Captain Ormsby, of the 116th, now in India."

With quivering lips and dazzled eyes, Mordaunt Royce stood and stared before him into vacancy.

Here were his fondest hopes fully realized. Here was the will, the lost will, in his hands; in his own hands. Joan Ormsby was at this moment the owner of all the immense wealth held by Stuart Villiars! and she was his, Mordaunt Royce's promised wife!

It was all plain to him now. Bertie had bought the picture of old Craddock, and, removing the frame for some reason or other, had discovered the will concealed within it.

But had he read it? The frame had been destroyed just before he came in; the pieces were still smouldering in the fire. Had Bertie had time to make himself acquainted with the document, and, if so, what would be the consequences?

With his hand to his brow, Mordaunt Royce tried to realize the situation. If Bertie had not read the will, then he, Mordaunt Royce, was the only person who knew of its contents! He would keep it concealed until after he had married Joan, and all would be well.

If Bertie had read it!—what should he, Royce, do?

Then came a still more burning question:

What was he to do with the will? Leave it there on the mantel-shelf, leave it in Bertie's possession! Impossible! The first thing Bertie would do when he had read it, if he had not done so already, would be to fly off to his lawyer; everything would be known, and Mordaunt Royce, at the very moment of victory, would be lost and ruined! But how could he keep it? He couldn't steal it! He could not walk off with it in his pocket! Bertie would know that he had been there and would suspect him of the theft! There was no time to be lost, Bertie might be back at any moment.

Desperate, almost frenzied with perplexity, he strode up and down the room.

Then suddenly as a streak of lightning, an idea flashed upon him. Taking out his penknife he cut off a corner of the paper, without injuring the important part of the document, and carefully putting the will in his pocket, went to the fireplace and held the piece he had cut off to the flames. When about half of it was burnt, he let the remainder smoulder until it had become brown and then dropped it carefully on the hearth.

He had scarcely completed this elaborate preparation when Bertie entered.

"Hallo, Royce!" he exclaimed. "Been here long? Sorry to keep you waiting, I ran out with Vassel, wanted to see me about the horse——"

"Never mind the horse for a moment, Dewsbury," he said, holding his hand and pressing it fervently. "I have come to speak about a more important matter than the Derby—that is, to me. I want to thank you for all you did for Miss Trevelyan last night."

Bertie flushed, then went pale.

"Oh—oh, don't mention it, my dear fellow," he said, awkwardly. I—I didn't know you knew Miss Trevelyan. You never mentioned her—and—and—it seems you are engaged to be married to her!"

"Yes," said Royce, in a low voice. "I ought to ask you to forgive me for being so close about it, my dear Bertie, but the fact is a lover is always shy of talking about his mistress, and I didn't want her name bandied about by Pontclerc and the rest of the fellows. There are some things about which one cannot stand chaff."

"I should not have chaffed you," said Bertie, gravely. "I am sorry you didn't tell me, Royce, because—because——" and he hesitated painfully.

"I know," said Royce, gently, and laying his hand affectionately on Bertie's shoulder. "She has told me all, just now. I am very sorry, Bertie. I see now that I ought to have told you, but both she and I wished to keep it secret for the present. She is a public character, and fools would have talked——"

"I understand," said Bertie, in a low voice, as he leant against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets and his head lowered. "But I am sorry I did not know; if I had known——"

"You would not have said what you said to her this morning,' 'said Royce, sympathetically. "My dear Bertie, the blame is mine——"

"No, no, there is no blame," said Bertie, lifting his head, "and if I had known, I should have loved her all the same. I loved her the first time I saw her—but I won't go into that," he broke off quickly. "I am glad you looked in this morning, Royce. I wanted to say how heartily I wished you joy, and I do. You have got a woman, Royce, a woman a—a king might covet. I wish you every happiness, Royce, and as for her—why, I would give all I am possessed of, life itself, to bring her contentment, say for a year."

Royce grasped the hand which Bertie extended to him and wrung it.

"You're a good fellow and have behaved nobly!" he said, his voice faltering. "Many another man would have cut up rough and cut my acquaintance——"

"That's not my way," said Bertie, quietly. "If I can't have her for my wife, I can wish her every happiness as the wife of another man, and I do that with all my heart and soul!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" responded Royce, warmly. "I feel that we have both gained a friend who will stand by us for life!"

"I will!" said Bertie.

There was a moment's pause, while Bertie stared, somewhat sadly, at the carpet, then he brightened up.

"'Better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all,'" he said, with a rather reuful laugh. "Have a brandy and soda, Royce?" and he walked to the bureau.

As he did so he saw the picture, and the finding of the will rushed back upon his mind, and he uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, Royce, the most singular thing——" he said. "But just look at that picture," and he took it up and handed it over to him.

"A pretty face," said Royce.

"Yes, yes, but that's not what I wanted you to notice. Pretty? It's lovely. But doesn't it remind you of someone?" and he watched Royce's face eagerly.

Royce looked at the portrait with knitted brows.

"Remind me—no, I can't say that it does."

"Look again," said Bertie, going and looking over his shoulder. "Look at the eyes and the mouth—the smile. Why, man, where are your eyes?"

Royce shook his head.

"I can't see any resemblance to anyone I know," he said. "Is it a family portrait—one of your people, Bertie?"

"No," said Bertie. "I don't know who it is. I found it at old Craddock's when I went to borrow some money, and bought it of him."

"Oh, Craddock, in Chain Court," said Royce, carelessly. "The old fellow had picked it up somewhere in one of his dealings, and made you take it as part of the sum."

"I gave him fifty pounds for it," said Bertie. "I should have given him a hundred if he had insisted upon it."

"Why?" demanded Royce, with open eyes.

Bertie laughed, and sighed.

"Because I saw a resemblance, which it seems that you, who ought to have detected it as quickly as I, do not see."

"Whom did you think it was like, then?" said Royce.

"I thought it was like—Miss Trevelyan," said Bertie, in a low voice.

Royce looked surprised, and scanned the picture again.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "there is a faint resemblance, but nothing more. It is as like as the picture of one beautiful woman is like another. There is something about the eyes—"

"And that is all you see!" exclaimed Bertie, wonderingly. "Well, it is extraordinary; I should call it the image of her."

Royce laughed and shook his head.

"Your fancy, Bertie," he said. "There is just the faintest resemblance, and that is all. And you found it at old Craddock's?"

"Yes," said Bertie; "but there is something more remarkable still about it, Royce."

"Yes?" said Royce, carelessly, though his heart beat and he felt that he was growing pale.

"Yes, most extraordinary. I have had it by me some time. You see I bought it because I thought it was like—her; but this morning, after I learnt she was to be your wife, I felt that I ought not to, somehow, keep it."

Royce nodded.

"That was like you, Bertie. You are the soul of nobility."

Bertie shook his head and flushed.

"That's nonsense; it was as much for my own peace of mind as anything else that I decided to destroy it. There was an old oak frame about it, and I knocked it to bits. When I had got the back off, I found that there was something concealed in it—between the back and the picture, I mean."

"Really," said Royce, with a smile, and he moved so that his back stood to the light. "What was it? a roll of bank notes, Bertie? If so, your fifty pounds was a good investment."

"Bank notes—no!" said Bertie, eagerly; "it was a paper. I opened it and found that it was—what do you think?"

Royce shook his head.

"Can't guess. The bill for the frame, perhaps."

"No; you can't guess—you never would," said Bertie. "It was a will!"

"A will?" said Royce, raising his eyebrows.

Bertie nodded, excitedly.

"Yes, a will. The will of old Lord Arrowfield."

"Nonsense!" said Royce, moistening his lips and smiling.

"But it was!" said Bertie, triumphantly; "and I'll show it to you directly. The will of Lord Arrowfield, Stuart Villiars' uncle, you know."

"I know," said Royce. "Left all his money to Stuart Villars!"

"Yes," assented Bertie; "and that's the strangest part of it! He hid it somewhere in the back of this picture, and how will Stuart Villiars be placed?"

Royce felt himself growing white.

"Oh, you read it then?" he said, indifferently.

It seemed to him an hour—a year—before the answer came.

"No, I didn't read it! I was just about it when Vassel came! I had got as far as a dozen lines perhaps, but the lawyers' terms in it—the 'saids,' and 'aforesaids'—confused me."

"So you don't know anything about it?" said Royce, a wild delight running through his veins.

"No, not the sense of it! I put it aside when I went out. We'll read it now, Royce; you're cleverer at that sort of thing than I am, and will know what to do! To tell you the truth, I feel as if I had stolen the thing! Never found a will before in my life, you know!"

Royce laughed.

"I can quite understand your feelings," he said. "Let us have a look at it!"

Bertie turned and thrust his hand behind the clock; then his face lengthened with a look of surprise.

"That's rum!" he said, thoughtfully; "I put it behind there!"

"Here?" said Royce, shifting the clock. "There is nothing here!"

"Then—where—did I put it?" muttered Bertie, knitting his brows. "I could have sworn I put it there; just out of sight, you know. My man came in while I was reading it, and feeling, as I say, like a criminal of the deepest dye, I hid it away."

"You didn't hide it here, evidently, said Royce, carelessly; "did you lock it up?"

"No," said Bertie; "the keys are in my bedroom, and I didn't go in there." But he went to the bureau notwithstanding, and searched it. "No, no; I am sure I didn't put it anywhere else than there. Bless my soul, I distinctly remember doing so!"

"Nonsense!" said Royce, laughing softly. "You think you did, you mean. It's the easiest thing in the world to make a mistake of that kind! You must have put it somewhere else in the hurry of the moment."

"But where?" demanded Bertie, impatiently. "I tell you I got up from the seat there and put it behind the clock. Great Heavens! I can see myself doing it now."

Royce shook his head.

"Whenever one loses anything, one is always sure of putting it in some particular place—and then finding it somewhere else," he said.

Bertie thrust his hands through his short curls in the deepest perplexity.

"It's most extraordinary!" he said, and then hunted about the room. "It's only waste of time!" he exclaimed, at last; "I know I put it there!"

"Strange!" remarked Royce. "You say you burnt the frame?"

"I didn't say so!" said Bertie. "I left it here on the table—some of it, at any rate."

(To be Continued.)

WORKED WONDERS IN THIS CASE

Rheumatism And Weak Heart Cured By Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Doctor Helped Mrs. Stephen Roy, But There Was No Complete Cure Till She Tried Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rock Mills, Grey Co., Ont., Feb. 13.—(Special)—"I must say Dodd's Kidney Pills worked wonders in my case," says Mrs. Stephen Roy, of this place. "I suffered with Inflammatory Rheumatism in my right arm, and though I tried several remedies the swelling increased and was very painful. My hands and limbs were also badly swollen.

"I got a doctor and he helped me, but the swelling never entirely left. He said it was because my heart was weak. Then I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and, as I said before, they worked wonders."

Rheumatism of any kind is caused by disordered kidneys failing to strain the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it by curing the Kidneys. They also cure the weak heart by making pure blood and lessening that organ's work of propelling the blood through the body.

Dodd's Kidney Pills only cure the Kidneys, but they always do that. And with healthy Kidneys you can't have Rheumatism, Lumbago, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.

WITH DUTCHY COILS O'ER EACH PINK EAR, HOW CAN THIS DEAR EXPECT TO HEAR?

It appears that to be in the mode nowadays we younger members of Our Set must wear our hair a la cinnamon roll—one rol lover each ear.

No rats, few combs, and very little false hair—that's the programme for 1911. The natural contour of the head must be shown. But girls proud of their pretty ears will be shy of this style.

Those with high foreheads to whom the parted hairdress is becoming usually wave the hair slightly on each side and wear it low over the temples.

The shirtwaist shown in the photograph gives us an idea of the comfort we're going to have the coming season. The Dutch neck will be more in evidence than it was last summer, and sleeves will be comfortably short.

A touch of hand embroidery will be seen on many of the waists, and the knife-pleated [illegible] frill for the front will be in high favor.

Children's Scalp Sores are Healed by Zam-Buk.

Mothers are well aware how frequently children contract scalp sores, ringworm, etc., at school. Some little sufferer is sent to school with a sore of this nature. At play, the children change caps, and right there the infection is spread—the damage done.

Some children are particularly liable to scalp sores, etc., and often these break out with annoying frequency. Such a case was that of the daughter of Mrs. Albert Gaedike, of 485 Amherst street, Montreal. Mrs. Gaedike says: "My little three year old daughter suffered frequently from scalp disease, and try as we would, we could not rid the little one of this. We tried everything we could think of, but failed to effect a cure, until we were advised to try Zam-Buk. This balm seemed entirely different to anything we had ever tried before, and from first applying it there was a marked improvement. The sores became less inflamed and less irritabl. After a few days, they ceased to trouble the child; and in less than a fortnight from first commencing with Zam-Buk, they were completely healed. In view of these facts I feel it my duty to let mothers know how beneficial Zam-Buk is."

There is no doubt that for scalp sores, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, cold cracks, chapped hands, frost bite and similar sores, Zam-Buk is absolutely without equal. It is just as good for piles, varicose sores, poisoned wounds, cuts, burns and scalds. Rubbed well in over the affected part, it cures rheumatism, sciatica, etc., etc., and rubbed into the chest it relieves the tightness and feeling of weight due to contracting a bad cold. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse imitations.

CRITICS.

"Only competent critics can give competent criticisms," said Admiral Mahan, at the Immortals' recent reception in New York. "The ignobler the critic, the ignobler the criticism—even of the very finest things—that he will pronounce.

"A man in a bar was praising a famous American journalist, a justly famous journalist, a journalist who gets out a really fine paper.

"'Yes,' the bartender agreed, 'his paper is a good one. It picked two winners last week.'"

Shiloh's Cure

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

HOW HE SALTED THE COWS.

(Barnesville (O.), Whetstone.)

Arthur Mannix, a farmer living near Hammond, Ind., was astounded Monday at the sight of his herd of cows being madly pursued by four of his horses. As a cow dropped from exhaustion the farmer ran to the rescue, expecting to see her trampled. Instead, the horses eagerly began licking her hide. Investigation disclosed that a chore boy from Chicago, recently employed, when told to "salt the cows," had carefully rubbed the salt all over the animals, working it into the hair, and the horses were "salt hungry."

$25.00 FOR A LETTER

CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

Eight Prizes to be Awarded in a Letter Writing Contest Open to Every One in Ontario.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have been used in Ontario for a generation. Hundreds of remarkable cures have been reported during that time and there is scarcely a family in which the remedy has not been tried with beneficial results. This furnishes the material for the letter to be written in this contest. There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with facts and facts only.

PRIZES:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of $25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 20th day of March, 1911, from residents of the Province of Ontario, on the subject, "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." A prize of $10.00 will be awarded for the second best received; a prize of $5.00 for the third best letter, and five prizes of $2.00 each for the next best five letters.

CONDITIONS:

The cure or benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter may be in the writer's own case, or one that has come under his or her personal observation.

More than one cure may be described in the letter, but every statment must be literally and absolutely true.

The letter should be no longer than is necessary to relate the benefit obtained from the remedy in the case described.

Every letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the cure of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose cure is described as a guarantee of the truth of the statement made.

The writer of each letter must state the name and date of the paper in which he or she saw this announcement.

Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to describe. The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award.

It is understood that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in this contest if they desire to do so whether it wins a prize or not.

The contest will close on March 20th, 1911, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of a cure write your letter NOW. Observe the above conditions carefully or your letter may be thrown out.

Address all letters as follows:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Letter Contest Department.

NEW STAR FOR NEW YEAR.

Discovery of Oxford Man Raises an Astronomical Question.

A new star for the new year is discovered this week by Mr. Espin, an Oxford man, as Professor Turner notes with a touch of pride, says the London Saturday Review. All the old speculation is again raised. Astronomers are generally agreed that these "new" stars are due to the collision of astral bodies; the dispute is as to their character and the way of their meeting.

Certainly the most interesting letter drawn by the blazing up of the new star is that of Professor Turner. In 1901, it seems, light was caught in the act of traveling! In 1901 a new star shot suddenly up in Perseus to first magnitude and then died away. But after the "flash" a nebulous appearance was detected around the star, which was observed to be spreading outward. This was the "flash" traveling outward to "more and more distant parts of a vast diffuse body." In fact, here was a light reverberating through that clouds like a peal of thunder. The speed of the journey alone proved that the traveler was light and none other; for no other velocity was comparable.

The crowning proof that the haze of light observed to be moving in this way was the reflection of the "flash," and not independent of it, was that the spectrum of the "flash" and the spectrum of the nebulous haze were identical.

THE WORLD'S BEST HORSES.

Our hunters, harness horses and other types of light-legged horses were never better than they are now. There may be fewer of them, but the standard of quality is being fully maintained. English and Irish-bred horses by common consent still rank as the best in the world.—London Estate Magazine.

Shiloh's Cure

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

ANVIL SPARKS.

To be retained, happiness must be dispensed.

It is not elevation when a man is puffed up.

If Jesus the Carpenter could take a piece of rough olive wood and make of it a door frame for a rude stone dwelling in Nazareth, I know that as the divine Carpenter he can take the poor material of my life and make it to serve some useful purpose in his kingdom, if I will let Him.—The Christian Herald.

Useful Around the Farm.

"Enclosed please find one dollar for which please send me two large 50c. bottles of Nerviline. It is a remedy that I do not care to be without. It is especially good around the farm for man or beast. The worst neuralgia it cures at once. For a cold, sore throat or chest affection, nothing is better than Nerviline."

(Signed) Richard Hamlyn.
French River, Ont.

Get Nerviline to-day. Sold by all dealers, in 25c and 50c bottles.