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THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

Angels is my child and nothing you nor yours. I found out what the detective was there for and formed my story accordingly. He will tell you I had no proof to give him. My husband returned two nights ago, after an absence of seventeen years, and we will go to our new home in the India. I nearly betrayed myself when my child was out in the storm. May God forgive he for deceiving you!

"Madge Weston." Bolow was written: What can I say to you who have

given me your love and trust? I did not know until to-night that we were impostors. I cannot deceive you an hour longer, and I thank you for your great kindness to me. I thank you! Angela Weston."

"What can we do? What can we do? they cried. At that moment a light ep sounded in the hall and a cheery voice said, "I will go right in, Fenton." It was Dorothy out for her morning walk. She had come in for a few moments and brought a bunch of fragrant white roses for them. She saw the look on their faces She did not speak as Lady Agatha handed her the letter which she read. She soon understood it all. She saw the blanched faces, "What shall we do?" cried Lady Ag-

"Nothing ,of course, but be thankful -that girl was too honorable to deceive you longer. How thankful you should be to know it now." "But we have lost our darling," said

Lady Agatha. "If she was nothing to you, there no need for you to corrow for her. It is your Dorothy's child you want, not a stranger"

That is true," they all said. Then let's rejoice for another thing. You know there was one fraud practiced on you when they said your Dorothy's child was dead. Well, now, you know she did not die she lives! You have done a good deed. You have taken strangers to your hearts and homes and warmed and fed them. You have done a crowning act of love and charity. Now there's one thing left to be dove-find your Dorothy's child." All the clouds vanished from their faces, and sweet smiles came instead. They were convinced of the truth of all she mid Dorothy could bring sunshine to their hearts whenever she willed. They loved and trusted Dorothy.

What shall we do?" they asked, Take me for your Dorothy's child until she is found," she said, with a light laugh.

"We will, for God knows how dearly we love you," they said, and Dorothy watched the tears roll from their

The next day they received a letter which read: ties up at Cliff Towers who represent friends in North Berwic

the young lady to be your niece, is an some understanding that she should imposter, and should be dealt with as not disclose the name of her husband such. We have now a clue that will be until his return ,not knowing that he the right one, but we wish to take lay ill and near dying in India, having more time, that no more mistakes may occur, for which we humbly beg your Adam Seaton, detective."

"He has another clue! Let us hope he may be right the next time. These disappointments are so cruel to bear." They rejoiced that they yet had a

prospect. He had found that they were imposters, so he would be doubly sure next time

The days went by now more dreary and slow than before. It left them no young footsteps to sound on the marble halls, and no young voice to break the deep gloom that rested on everything, and they felt but for Dorothy and her face, life would have grown un-

But they had Derothy, and she was all the world to them, filling their hearts with love and their lives with

CHAPTER XIII.

The glorious summer days had lengthened into autumn. Dorothy had as yet made no plans for leaving Dunraren. She liked it better than any other place. It had a quiet charm about it. and reminded her of old Lenthill. Ant how her heart longed for a sight of the old place! But it was buried in the past and must not be resurrected. Burfed with all the happiness she had ever known. One evening she went to Cliff Towers. It was now early autumn, but the sea air blew in chill and cold, and fires had been lighted and blazed bright was taken by the nurse, with the monly on the hearth stones. The three ladies sat there and Dorothy had thrown herself with careless grace on a stool at their feet, one arm rested lovingly on Ladi Agatha's knee. The guitar had failen on the floor at her side and her voice had died away. She had sung those old songs that were filled with a weird old melody that was charming. Ah! how they loved the sweet voice and the singer. Tenderly, devotedly, even as life itself. The footman announced a stranger that followed at

He saw Dorothy there and stood for "I beg pardon if I have interrupted

The ladies welcomed him warmly. They were sure he brought them some news, for it was Adam Seaton, the de-

"You will excuse me," said Dorothy, rising to leave the room.
"If the ladies have no objections. I

would prefer the young lady to stay. Pardon me, but if you do not care to have the young lady hear a sad, sad old story that may cause some old wounds

to open afresh."

"We have nothing that our Dorothy my not hear," assented the three ladses, and Dorothy sat down again on the stool at Lady Agatha's feet. We have taken more time, my lady, that we might be sure now that there

is not one. I wish to tell a story that has been buried for years a sad, and story it is, too. You , my ladies, had Torothy who had an only child i s sei named Dorothy. She was reared

"I could not stay and deceive you. | from childhood to womanhood in this home. She was beautiful and accomplished. After her schooldays were over the visited one or two of her schoolmates. One in Kent, one in-

"Devonshire," said Lady Agatha. "Yes, in Devonshire. She was one of the proudest and loveliest girls among a host. On a visit to one of those places she must have formed an attachment, but the relatives had arranged a most desirable and advantageous marriage between her and a friend, Sir Alexander March, who was many years her senior, and greatly objected to by the fair young girl. What measures were resorted to for the accomplishment of that marriage, you may remember well. The girl rebelled, and refused to comply with it, but the preparations for the approaching marriage went on.

This much, memory must recall." The three ladies drew their chairs closer together and Dorothy nestled closer at their feet. There were teardrops in their eyes, quivers around their mounths.

"It seems that while at Kent, Dorothy Roslyn met there Robert Home, Lord Wedderburn,"

When the same fell on Dorothy's ear, she clutched lady Agatha's knee for support. Her senses almost left her, but she sat there, white and still.

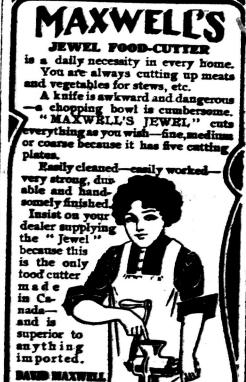
"Lord Wedderburn was ready to sail for India where he had estates, and though the couple had plighted their troth, it was deemed better that they await his return from India for the marriage to be celebrated. In a few days before the time fixed for the wedding of Dorothy Roslyn and Sir Alexander March, the girl seeing no way

out of the hateful contract but rebellion, heard that her lover, Lord Wedderburn, would be at the Swan Hotel in Duns, on a certain night. It was the night before the wedding was to take place between her and Sir Alexander March, Dorothy Roslyn stole out and by some means found her way to Swan Hotel, Duns ,and burst into Lord Wedderburn's room, crying. It is said that her white dress was soiled and torn, and that her beautiful, golden hair fell unfettered down her back. She cried to Lord Wedderburn, "Marry me now, Robert, save me if you love me." He ordered a carriage and drove to Berwick on Tweed, and there the ceremony was performed by one Anthony Lawless, a minister, and there were only two witnesses to the strange cere-

"When her flight was decovered, confusion reigned here at Cliff Towers. It had been planned to have kept the ceremony a secret until the return of Lord Wedderburn from India, but the harsh means used to marry her to Sir Alexander March rendered this impossible. Lord Wedderburn's ship lay at anchor in the North sea, awaiting his coming, inhabit the wilds of India. Often when have, at last, obtained a clue and he left his bride of a week or two she had starved and beaten the child, which forces us to believe that the par- return, sailed to India, leaving her with she drove her out on the moors to sleep one of those malignant fevers, Dorothy Home waited his return in vain. She wrote letters to the people at Cliff Towers saying she was legally married to a good and honorable man, and that he would soon come to claim her. The reply to those letters were the packing of her boxes—a blue, yellow and black one, which were sent to

Dorothy had been listening as in dream, but when she heard of three large colored boxes, she gave a great start. The detective saw it, but he went on

"These boxes were sent in reply to her most piteous appeal. At Cliff Towers ,her name could not be called and every picture of her was turned face to the wall as if to hide shame. When Dorothy Home received such repty, she took a house in a village and with a servant girl lived alone, waiting the coming of her husband. Then her child was born, a little daughter, very like the mother. This servant girl had been employed once as a housemaid at Cliff Towers and was greatly in love with your brother, the late Lord Somerville, before his death. Shall I tell you that servant girl's name? Sallie Boughman." Sobs burst from the three women, and Dorothy, too stunned to realize, hid her face in Lady Agatha's lap. "Dorothy Home died, and the dead girl was taken once more among her ancestors, for her body lies in the Somerville vauit. The child being repudiated by the family. ey left by the dead Dorothy, to a distant village where she lived under an name. Lord Robert assumed Home returned and found his wife dead, and he was told that the



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child died also. He did not speak of his marriage. He lived a very short time. Withdrew in sullen silence to his own apartments, and received no one. The day he died, a woman forced her way into his apartments, and had a long conversation with him. The result was, he made another will, and it was signed by three witnesses. In a short time he was dead, and the property was taken by the presumptive heir, his brother's son, Lord Reginald Home."

Dorothy lay stunned and motionless She could not speak, yet she had heard it plainly. She gasped, and tried, but the words would not come. Nothing but sobs were heard. "Shall I tell you of that child now!"

Well, the woman Sallie Boughman took the child, and after changing her name removed to an old place on Lord Home's estate. This old place was Lenthill. Here she lived with the child named Dorothy, abusing and mistreating it, most brutally. She found the child was a great strain on her mentally and physically, and she starved, beat it and made it almost go naked. When the cold sleet fell she went through the moors bare-armed and bare-legged. She had no more care than the beasts that in a ravine or under a small rift in the hillside, with nothing for covering but God's blue sky, and nothing under her but cold, damp earth. She led this life until about fourteen years of age. She was as wild, and untamed and unhumanized as you could imagine, until one night she had been beaten she ran off and lay down on the moor to sleep. The wind was piercing cold, and she was so daughter." illy clothed that the cruel winds blew most unmercifully on her delicate white flesh. Lord Wedderburn had been walking and found her crouching strange gleam m his eyes. the coat from his body and wrapped it tenderly around her shoulders, and gave her money. In a few days Sailie Boughman was very ill and knew that she must die. She tried to make reparation for the life she had led the child. Her conscience lashed her. She had kept the child out of her just inheritance, but she loved Lord Reginald Home, She conceived a plan and sent for Lord Wedderburn to come to her. He obeyed the summons and no one at Castle Roval missed him from his home. Sallie

Boughman saked him to marry the child Dorothy. She gave him no hint or reason, save she wished to leave her to his protection. Lord Wedderburn being rich had tired of life almost. It was the sole wish of his mother's life that he marry: but as yet his heart had remained untouched, and when the dying woman begged him to marry the child Dorothy he consented, but the girl, with her fine sense of right and wrong, would not consent. She was urged and at last consented, and there by the dying bedside they were married by a manister and a brother of the dying woman's, John Bougrman. In an hour Lord Wedderburn left for London to obey a telegram he had received that day. He gave John Boughman a large sum of money to defray expenses, etc., and left intending to return at

once which he did not do, and when he did not come, the child Dorothy was taken to Castle Royal by the housekeeper, a woman named Parkins, who her clothes to wear instead of rags. In a day or two, the men Boughman called for the girl, Derothy, and, taking her to London, placed her in Madam Brown's school for young ladies, where she met the invalid daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, and they formed a strong attachment for each other. The Earl made a great mistake in his marriage. Many unpleasat incidents followed, and the Earl decided to legve the care of his loved child to Dorothy, removing her to the cheap lodgings of

her friend, where she died after leaving her a vast fortune. "Shortly after the Earl died brokenhearted, and having been deserted in his sickness and death by his wife, he made a will in favor of this Dorothy and then died in her arms."

"Spare me! Spare me!" cried Dorothy. "You have with ruthless hands raked up my dead," she cried bitterly. Her eyes flashed and the tear-drops glistened in them. The fadies were aghast. They could not realise it then. "A few more things and I am done. Lord Wedderburn has never forgotten that marriage and has sought his bride far and near, without success. He has grown ten years older and his hair is

strewn with silver threads. To-night he does not know where his wife is, and has not for one moment forgotten her." "Spare me! Spare me!" spare me," and fell forward on the floor at their feet. "There is your sister's child, Doro-

thy!" The ladies were aghast. They choked back the sobs that rent their bosoms, and gazed upon the prostrate girl at their feet. In a moment now, they understood and they knelt beside her and restored her to consciousness. They caresaed her tenderly. "Our love and our life—our Dorothy," they kept repeating. The detective stole from the room unobserved. He had only remained long enough to promise not to re-veal all he had told to them. The subject was one that should be buried. No idle speculation, no cruel relenties world should know the shadow that had fallen over their darling's young life. There was the same stubborn pride of the mother in Dorothy. She could crush out the love in her heart just as easily as he could. She would forget him, as he had forgotten her. The old place had

never seen such happiness as it saw that night. Those three hearts rejoiced that they now had a claim on Dorothy. It was no longer strange to them that she had so closely resembled their sister's daughter. No longer did it seem strange that she had battled so bravely for the wilful girl. It had been plain enough from the first that Dorothy was something to them, but time had to solve the problem as he does all others.

CHAPTER XIV.

The gay party had not left Castle Royal yet. Life there is one round of pleasure. It was deemed a privilege to receive an invitation to Castle Royal, Miss McRay was among the guests. In her heart she loved Lord Wedderburn very dearly, but her woman's pride forbade her admitting it, even in her own mind. She had schooled herself to be pleased to see him happy.

Lord Wedderburn had received a letter from his solicitors that called him to town at once, but he had been too late for the train that day, and must wait another. He was restless and ill at ease. He haped and trusted it was something more about Dorothy, yet he dreaded to hear it. His mother called him into her room. He told her he was going to town the next morning.

"I am sure it is impossible, Reginald. They have all planned to go to Paxton House, and dine there and return late in the evening. I have arranged that you take Miss McRay. It is really amusing, Reginald, how I have managed to separate her and Sir Peter. I have ar ranged that he take some one else, and he frequently looks like a thunderstorm, but I am sure she understands

"Mother, I hope you will not do anything to estrange that couple. I am sure Miss McRay means to marry Sir Peter Pirley at some future time." Lady Home was astonished, "Reginald,

you are surely not going to break your work with me, when I have so counted on it? Then it is all over. You have trifled with me long enough." She was very angry. "Tell me one thing," she said. "Do

you love someone else?" 'I do," he said, earnestly, and his face lighted up with pleasure. "You intend this other person to be

"If God spares me to succeed," he She saw that in his face which convinced her of the truth of his words.

"You are sure it is no messallianceno one that I should be ashamed to call "If she is my choice, mother, you

should like her." She did not notice the equivocation, but could see the "When do you think of marriage?" she asked.

"As soon as possible," he answered This satisfied her. If he was going to marry some one else she would have to undo all she had done. She must Peter Pirley led Miss McRay to dinner. and he rode and danced with her, and altogether was agreeably happy. Lady Home soon repaired the error. They were thrown together incessantly, and Sir Peter was happy, for he thought it had simply been a mistake.

Lord Wedderburn left home the next morning early for London. He felt sure

that furl with the spots. on her face?"

Overheard in a Street-Car. There's a lesson right there!

Little blemishes of complexion, small sores, eruptions, spots, are not only unpleasant to the person afflicted, but are the first thing noticed by other people.

A little Zam-Buk applied at night to spots, eruptions, sores of any kind will do wonders.

Zam-Buk is not a greasy preparation which will go rancid on your dressing table. It is made from healing, herbal extracts and essences. Always pure, fresh and ready for use. Doesn't lose its power. Keeps indefinitely. Healing, soothing and antiseptic all the time. Try it!

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Why Should I Use MORE ABOUT Cuticura Soap?

"There is nothing the matter with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Scap was only for skin troubles." True, it is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair live and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation.

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. 7M, Boston, U.S. A., for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

that there was something of importance waiting for him. "Home, Boughman is dead," said Mr. Miller, the solicitor. "Dead!" repeated Lord Wedderburn.

Then my last hope is goue?" (To be Continued.)

ALWAYS



Prisoner-And I thought stars and stripes were the emblem of liberty!

MOSQUITO PEST. New Herb That Drives Them Away.

Ocimum viride are words that are probably strange and unfamiliar to the majority of people at present, but if what some scientists predict comes true they will become household words everywhere before another summer passes, for repair the mistake. She arranged it so they are the name of a herb that is the deadly foe of the mosquito, and has come to drive that annoying creature from our midst. It is not a new plant, but its use has

not been known until recently. The Essex County Mosquito Externination Commission of New Jersey has obtained some of the seed of this plant. and after it has made some experiments in growing it will distribute it through-It is asid that if the merest sprig of

the plant be nurtured in a room no mosquito will attempt to enter it, and one strong stalk on a porch will keep it clear of the pests.

According to Stewardson Brown, curator of the herbarium of the Academy of Natural Science, of New York, the plant is a native of Western Africa.

"I know it to grow in Liberia," he said, "and the plant is said to possess certain curative qualities. Over there in Liberia the natives consider it a panacea for all ills. They use it as a remedy for bites, for sprains, and even for internal diseases. "A man in this city tried to grow it

some time ago in that section of the city known as the 'Neck,' but he did. not succeed. It will probably grow in New Jercsey, but only as an annual: that is they will have to replant it every year. Over in Liberia it reproduces by itself and is quite abundant.

'As I recall it, it has the qualities that would tend to drive the mosquito away. The odor is similar to that of pennyroyal, and is not at all unpleasant to human beings. Perhaps it is not an important plant as yet, but it is quite likely to become one later." The State of New Jersey has spent

thousands of dollars in the attempt to find a remedy for the mosquito pest. If this herb really proves satisfactory it will be cultivated throughout the country and sold in stores. The Academy of Natural Sciences

does not possess a specimen of the ocimum viride, but the authorities are quite familiar with the plant.

NATURALLY. (Judge.) "Do you play any instrument,

'Yes, I'm a cornettist." "Yes, I'm a cornettist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a planist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a sitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."

FAIR ESKIMOS

Explorer Talks in New York About Trip.

MANY SPECIMENS

Samples of Ancient Arctic Pottery Found

New York despatch: Dr. Villagel nar Stemmson, exhaerogist, anthropegist and explorer, who found a new race of men in blonde Eskimos, some of whom were red bearded, in what mage declare to be "uninhabited territory" in the Coronation Gulf region of Victoria Island, British Columbia, came back to town to-day. He spent the greater part of the afternoon at the American Museum of Natural History telling about his trip.

Dr. Stefansson was possibly more interested in the curious bionds people whom he lived with and studied for several months than almost any other of his finds, but the museum heads believe that his most valuable discoveries dealt with the pottery art in the Arctic regions. In the past it was be-lieved that only the Eskimos in Alaska knew anything about the use of pottery for cooking and other purposes, but Dr. Stefansson found specimens throughout the extensive section over which he traveled, even in the land of the strange blonde people, although they were not given to the use of it.

There are now on the way to the museum aboard the whaler Belvidere, due to reach San Francisco in November, between 40,000 and 50,000 ethnological specimens, including pottery, clothing, weapons, furniture, etc., which Stefansson gathered with the eistance of Dr. R. N. Anderson, one of the museum's scientists.

Dr. Stefansson said that the purpose of the expedition was to find Eskimps uncontaminated by contact with white men, and in this he succeeded beyond his fondest expectations.

"I depended altogether on game," he said . "My plan can be successfully carried out in any country where caribou are found. During the thirteen and a half months that I was away I went without oreakfast only once, I had with me six dogs and one sled. I took 960 rounds of ammunition and used but 600 rounds."

ANCESTRY OF WHITE ESKIMOS. Asked concerning his impressions as to the ancestry of the white Eskimon,

Dr. Stefansson said: "I believe they are descended from an ancestry approximately half European and half Eskimo, and the number is so large that one must suppose a large number of white men a long time ago mixed with Eskimos. The only place I can think of from which these white men could have come is the west coast of Greenland. It is well known that this west coast was inhabited from before the year 1,000 until about 1450. by a comparatively prosperous colony of

Norsemen or Scandinavians. "Out of the 1,500 I saw," he continued, "I should say that about a dosen had blue eyes. Brown eyes predominated. Fifteen per cent, possessed evebrows as light as mine, (The doctor's are light brown.) A few had curly hair and a number had red beards. A great many of them made a practice of pulling out their hair by the roots. This is done because of the inconvenience of having ice freeze to the hair. Not one that I caw had the stiff, black Mongolian hair of the Alaska Eskimo, Scientifically there is no reason for the belief that the Eskimos came from Asia, as was once believed. They are just as American as the Sioux Indian."

THE LUCKY NUMBER.

An amusing story concerning the Greek naval lottery appears in a Paris journal. It seems that the tickets were nawked about the Piraeus and were eagerly purchased from the combined motive of patriotism and the excitement attendant upon a gamble.

One day a hawker stopped outside a milkshop and, seeing an ass standing by laden with eggs, cheese and butter. to tantalize the animal took one of his tickets and gave it to the beast. The poor ass was struggling with it in the hope of extracting something extable, when a grocer on the opposite side of the way who had seen what was happening rushed across and rescued the ticket," That ticket," he said to the hawker, "will win a prize, and I will buy it." He did so and the ticked drew a prize of 20,000 francs.—From the Lon-

CHINESE VIEW OF MILLINERY. Speaking to a Chinese gentleman the other day an Englishman asked him if the Chinese ladies will emulate the men and go in for western headgear. In reply he beamed a smile most childlike and bland.

Pressed for something more definite, he remarked: "Did you not know that it is a well known fact among the Chinese that the reason so many European husbands look harassed and careridden. and the further reason why so many of your young men refrain from marriage is this very question of millinery. Ladies hats cost so much that they spell ruin and so we Chinese have told our women folk that we absolutely forbid them to follow western fashions in this regard, whatever they may do in other directions."-From the Pekin News.

HIS CHOICE. W. D. Howells, at a luncheon at Kitterp Point, said of a certain popular novelist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. McMasters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New Engiand wood. "What is your favorite flower. Mr. McMasters?" the girl softly asked. McMasters thought a moment, then disarred his throat and answered. "Well, I believe I like the whole wheat best."