MISJUDGED

Of Miss Langton's attitude she was to learn more very quickly, for Sir John Westen called to see her. He was more than kind, but he urgently begged her to give the information which all could see she was withholding, and to help the police to discover the murderer.

"I am so sorry, but I cannot do it," she said. "I tell you truly that I believe nothing I know has the most remote connection with the actual tragedy."

"My dear Miss Daintree, you will be compelled to speak sooner or later. Certainly I feel—we all feel—that you are generously shielding some one else. But there is a limit to that. You must let us know all you know, or you will be left to bear the brunt yourself."

"I know that," she said.

"No woman's strength could possibly be equal to that task," he said.

"Is a woman not bound by the laws of honor as much as a man."

Sir John had never thought of it in that light. He began to wonder whether a "strong-minded woman" and "a woman of honor" were interchangeable terms.

As he left he drew a letter from his pocket.

"My cousin, Miss Langton, asked me to give you this; she said she must send you a line of sympathy."

Beryl read it after he had gone. It ran:

"How can I thank you? You are the noblest woman on earth! You will never give me up, I know. Even if you did, it would not bring the murderer to light. And you promised!"

"Yes," thought Beryl, "I promised."

On his way home Sir John met the rector, who said:

"You have seen her?"

"Yes. She will not speak."

"But she will have to!"

"I know," said Sir John, "that the police have applied for a warrant and it has been granted. The magistrates will sit the day after to-morrow."

"Do they seriously suspect her?" asked the rector.

"Not of the actual crime, I believe; but they believe they will get at the mystery if they put her on trial. That detective man, Groves, has insisted on it. I am told that he is perfectly convinced of her innocence, all the same. Could you not speak to her?"

Mr. Vernon looks very serious.

"I will try," he said.

He called on Beryl as she sat trying face the situation intensified by the tone of Dora's note.

"You know why I have come?" he said.

"I fear it is to ask me to do something which I cannot do."

"Yes; I am as sure as I am alive that you have no guilty knowledge, but you must not hinder the course of justice."

"It is unwomanly, is it not?" said Beryl, with a little smile.

"It is at least highly inconvenient for you," he said.

"I know that; but, Mr. Vernon, it may sometimes be necessary to do things that are inconvenient. In this case there are two 'rights' warring against each other. How am I to decide between them? If I throw in my lot with the stronger side I shall be saved all inconvenience; if I try to help the weaker side I shall suffer. Which would you do?"

"It is mistaken chivalry," he said.

"Was not all chivalry more or less a mistake? Don Quixote suffered because he did not realize that fact. Yet you would revive the age of chivalry if you could!"

The rector did not argue this question.

"Do you know that a warrant has been issued against you?"

"I thought it not unlikely."

"And yet you will not speak?"

"And yet I will not speak."

"I do not know if it will interest you to know that the verdict of a dozen benches of magistrates supplemented by a dozen juries would not make me believe that you had any part of which you need be the least ashamed in the whole affair."

"Is that not rather a serious defiance of the laws of the land?" asked Beryl, with something like a smile. "But it was very good of you to come to tell me that."

"I came to tell you rather more than that," said the rector. "I came as the man who loves you."

"You tell me this at such a time?"

"I thought it rather a good time," said the rector. "It occurred to me that you might be interested in knowing it. Naturally you may feel a little surprised. I was a little surprised myself when I discovered it. I had thought myself incapable of anything of the sort, but I was able to realize the fact when it presented itself before me."

"Yet you do not even approve of me!" said Beryl, struggling between laughter and something not unlike tears.

"That is perhaps true. But since I approve of so many people whom I do not love in the least, there seems a certain justice in loving one of whom I do not approve."

"You had better forget it," said Beryl, gravely. "In a day or two you may find that my name is associated in all men's minds with the committing of a terrible crime. You would scarcely continue to care for me in those circumstances."

"That is a touch of arrogance on your part," he said. "Why do you assume that you have all the virtues and leave none for us? I should merely wait until you were free, and present myself at the prison gates with a marriage license in my hands."

"Without going through the formality of finding out whether I had the least liking for you or not?" asked Beryl.

"If you had not had some liking for me you would have told me so in an unmistakable way the moment I began to speak on the subject. I am not going to ask you to say anything more now; but remember I shall expect you to do the best you can, consistently with honor, to clear the name of my future wife."

He went away, leaving Beryl with a confused sense of having lost her identity, or at least her posession of herself.

CHAPTER VI. AND LAST.

One whole day intervened before the magistrates were to meet. The charge of murder would then be formally preferred against Beryl Daintree.

It was a day of great activity, but no one was more active than the detective Groves.

With what his colleagues considered sheer perversity he persisted in ignoring the convincing case they had already prepared for him, and believed that the key to the mystery was till to be found at Whtie Farm.

It was true that all the belongings of the dead man had been thoroughly overhauled and that nothing had been found, but his opinion remained unshaken. He went to the farm and enlisted Mrs. Rigg to aid him in his search. The farmer was back at work, and the pretty daughter crept about the place looking like some wan little ghost. It was only natural that she should be upset; but Groves had his eye on her all the same.

Guided by Mrs. Riggs, he examined the room which had been occupied by the dead man. He had some vague hopes of finding a secret cupboard or a hiding-place under the uneven oak floor, or some unexplored recess in some old piec of furniture. Nothing of the sort rewarded him; the room, with whitewashed walls, contained no secret panel that he could discover, nor did the plain, old-fashioned furniture contain any secret drawers.

"I shall be giving the room a good turn out and a thorough cleaning to-morrow," said Mrs. Riggs. "It ought to have had it before, but you told me it must be left alone for a time. If I find anything at all, no matter if it's only a bit of torn paper, I'll let you have it."

With this promise he had to be content and to leave the place no wiser than when he came.

Beryl duly appeared in answer to the warrant, and was accommodated with a chair whilst the evidence was heard.

The first part of the proceedings was merely a repetition of what had taken place at the inquest. Sir John Weston was present, but declined to take his place on the bench. Beryl was again strictly questioned, but repeated only what she had already said, and declined to give any reply to the questions she had refused before to answer.

She had at Sir John's earnest request consented to employ a solicitor, who now sat beside her; but the solicitor was almost in despair over the obstinacy of his client, although he still loyally fought for her interests.

The great point at which all the inquiries were aimed was the identity of the mysterious woman who had been seen meeting the man, and to find out if she were or were not the almost equally mysterious wife.

The court adjourned for a short time for luncheon, and Beryl was left with her solicitor, although she was under a certain amount of observation from the police. The solictior made one more effort to bring her to reason.

"Miss Daintree, the case is going against you."

"I know it is."

"For all our sakes, speak out! You know who this mysterious woman is."

But she refused to discuss the subject.

"It is too annoying!" said Mr. Carter to his confidential clerk. "That woman is innocent—I'll stake my professional reputation on that; but she will ruin herself by her own obstinacy. Where is that fellow Groves? He is as convinced as I am that she is innocent."

Mr. Groves, sore indeed with a sense of failure, had been sitting in court listening to the evidence. Just before the adjournment he received a message that Mrs. Riggs wanted to speak to him. He hastened out, and, seeing by her face that she had something important to reveal, he took her to a private sitting-room which he had reserved at the little hotel near the court.

"What is it?" he asked when they were alone.

"Well, sir, I was turning out the room, as I said I should, and I came to the tallboy's chest of drawers."

"But we searched that."

"Yes, sir; but you forgot that we always put a nice piece of white paper to line the old drawers. You saw they were empty, but you never thought of looking under the paper. I did when I was cleaning out, and there under the lining of the top drawer was a printed form. I took it out, and then I found it was something you ought to see."

Groves clutched the paper. He recognized the form at a glance—it was a certificate of marriage before a registrar.

With unbounded amazement he read it. It was dated in the October of the previous year, and set forth the fact that in the parish of St. Pancras, London, James Richardson and Dora Langton had been married. The names of the witnsses were there, and Mr. Groves had not the least doubt that it was a genuine document.

"Did you show this to anyone?" he asked.

"No; I brought it straight to you, as I said I would."

"It is most important. You have probably saved an innocent woman. Please may I depend on your not mentioning it until it is produced in court?"

"I won't say anything. But I wish Miss Dora's name wasn't on it."

Groves rushed away to find Mr. Carter, and together they examined the document.

"This is light with a vengeance," said Carter. "The lady must appear."

"You had better tell Sir John that you intend to call her. He is somewhere about the place, and so is his motor. He can bring her—it is only a couple of miles."

Sir John was apprised of the fact that Miss Langton's presence was considered advisable. He was rather surprised, but thought it was a move on the part of Beryl's solicitor to show that his client had friends who were above suspicion. He at once offered to go back and to bring his mother and his cousin.

This he did, and they came with him. Lady Westeon was rather astonished, but ready to do anything she could to help Beryl, whilst Dora was utterly dismayed, but unwilling to resist.

"Did Miss Daintree send for me?" she asked.

"No; I don't think she knows anything about it. It was her solicitor; he thought you might be called."

The magistrates reassembled, and Beryl was asked once more if she could give any information about the marriage of the deceased.

She declined to do so.

Her solicitor gave a paper into the hands of the chairman.

"Is Miss Dora Langton present?" he asked.

Dora, looking very frail and very pathetic, had to come forward and to be sworn. The chairman ordered a seat to be given her, and she found herself close to Beryl. The two did not look at each other, and Beryl was as pale as she was.

"Miss Langton, were you well acquainted with this James Richardson?"

Sir John Weston flushed indignantly, and Lady Weston half rose from her seat as if to protest against such a question.

Dora sat mute.

"I do not wish to entrap you in any way, but you must answer me. A very serious development in the case has taken place. In the room of the dead man has been found a paper which purposes to be a certificate of marriage between you and him."

Dora's head was bent low, and a breathless silence reigned.

"I must ask you, is this paper a genuine document, referring to a real marriage, or is it an impudent forgery?"

If she answered at all it was inaudibly.

"Are we to conclude that it relates a fact?"

Lady Weston sprang up, made her way to the side of the girl, and bent over her.

"Dora, my dear, it is not true! Certainly it is not true; but tell us so. Say that it is a lie!"

Dora laid her head on her cousin's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Only one sentence was audible at all—

"You must ask Beryl; she can tell you all now."

"Miss Langton, you must acknowledge or repudiate it."

But Dora fainted and had to be carried out of the room.

Into the mind of every one present flashed the description that had been given by the laborer of the lady he had seen talking to the murdered man. "A slip of a thing with yellow hair."

Beryl said in the lowest of tones—

"You believe that such a ceremony did take place?"

"I fear so."

"Then it was Miss Langton's name which you have been shielding so carefully?"

"Yes."

"And was it on her account that you quarrelled with the deceased?"

"Yes. He had her in terror, and she did not know what to do. I begged her to tell all and to get free from him, and I told him that was my advice. She was afraid, and made me promise not to speak until she gave me permission."

"That makes your conduct intelligible, even honorable, but misjudged."

A murmur of applause ran through the court, but was instantly hushed.

Then from the centre of the room rose the burly figure of Mr. Blake.

"I would take it kindly, sir," he said, "if any one would tell me if that bit of paper spells mischief for Miss Dora."

"What do you mean?" asked the Chairman.

"Will it give any one the idea that she killed that man?"

"Your questions are most irregular," said the magistrate. "I cannot hear you."

"You will have to hear me, sir—meaning no offence—and so will others, too! I won't have Miss Doria dragged into it. I have known her since she was a little bit of a thing, with a word and a smile for every one. And she is one of the old family, to, and Blakes have rented farms from Westons for more than two hundred years. Whatever happens to me, Miss Dora sha'n't be touched!"

"If you have any evidence to give, come forward," said the Chairman, perceiving that Blake really had something to say.

"I tell you," said the farmer, as he stood before the magistrates, "Miss Dora knew nothing of the death of that man, no more than a babe unborn. No one knew anything except ——"

Except?"

(To be Continued.)

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Enough for 5c. to produce 50 large loaves of fine, wholesome nourishing home made bread. Do not experiment, there is nothing just as good.

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A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

Her Health Must Be Carefully Guarded as She Approaches Womanhood.

The mother who calls to mind her own girlhood knows how urgently her daughter is likely to need help and strength in the years between early school days and womanhood. It is then that growing girls droop, become feeble, bloodless and nervous. Nature is calling for more nourishment than the blood can supply. Signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, pale cheeks, weak and aching backs, fits of depression and often a dislike for proper food. These signs mean anaemia—that is bloodlessness. The watchful mother takes prompt steps to give her girl the new, rich, red blood her system calls for, by giving her Dr. Williams Pink Pills, which transform, weak, anaemic girls into a condition of perfect health, through the rich, new blood these pills actually make. No other medicine has ever succeeded like Dr. Williams Pink Pills and thousands of weak, disheartened girls have proved their worth. Miss Mabel Sinclair, Cobourg, Ont., says: "About three years ago I was a very sick, nervous and run down girl. At the least excitement I would tremble and faint away, and the slightest noise would annoy me. I had severe pains about the heart, and would often take dizzy and smothering spells. I lost in weight and the color all left my face. My mother got all sorts of medicine for me, but all failed to do me any good and I was still going down hill. One day we read in the newspaper of a similar case cured by Dr. Williams Pink Pills and the next time my mother went to town she got three boxes. In a short time I felt the Pills were helping me and from that on every day they helped me more. I took altogether nine boxes and felt like a new person. I was ready for all my meals, gained in weight; the color came back to my cheeks, and I was again enjoying perfect health, and have ever since enjoyed that blessed condition. I earnestly advise all weak girls to give Dr. Williams Pink Pills a fair trial, as I am sure they will do as much for them as they did for me."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dumas' Last Jest.

Dumas the elder was the son of a general of Napoleon Bonaparte, who would take his soldiers by the breeches and fling them over the palisades to an assault.

Dumas inherited much of that same spirit. It is said that Dumas left Paris for the last time taking with him a single gold piece, which he solemnly laid on the mantelpiece of his room at Puys. Toward the end his eye wandered across the sick room to this coin, and, pointing to it, he said to his son:

"See there! Fifty years ago, when I came to Paris I had one louis in my possession. Why am I accused of being a prodigal? I have preserved and possess it still. See! There it is!"

This was Dumas' last jest.

TO BE CONSIDERED.

(Life.)

"My dears, your father thinks you should all go to hear his lecture tonight, just for the sake of appearance."

"But, mama, won't it have just the opposite effect; won't people think he is cruel?"

A nice cologne water may be made with 60 drops of oil of lavender, 60 of bergamont, 60 of oil of lemon, 60 of orange, and one pint of alcohol. Soak well and shake well.

Many a fellow is always going broke without shattering any traditions.

Still Singing Their Praises

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS RHEUMATISM.

Mr. D. A. Brotherston Tells How His Rheumatism Disappeared Over a Year Ago and Has Never Come Back.

Victoria Harbor, Ont., Feb. 7.—(Special.)—Cured of rheumatism over a year ago by using Dodd's Kidney Pills, Mr. D. A. Brotherston, a well-known resident of this place, is still singing the praises of the great Canadian kidney remedy.

"I was troubled with rheumatism in my left hand, which would shift to my elbow and then to my shoulder," Mr. Brotherston says. "It was very annoying and painful at times, but I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills helping others so I quit the liniment I was using and took six boxes of them. The rheumatism disappeared. That was over a year ago, but it has not returned.

"I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are good for kidney trouble both in my own case and through others who have used them."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. If you cure your kidneys by using Dodd's Kidney Pills they will drain all the uric acid out of the blood and there can be no rheumatism.

TO THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND.

(A Poem for the Patriotic Fund).

Your wives flit round about your homes,
And give you of their care;
Some of the boys who went left wives
As kind and just as fair;
Your wives have all the joys they need,
Their dresses warm and neat—
How could you see a soldier's wife
Ill clad upon the street?

You have your little children safe,
You watch their happy play,
They laugh and romp about your knees
Till you are glad as they;
Some boys who went have children too,
Who cut their days beguiled;
God loves the children; He'll love those
Who help a soldier's child.

You still possess a mother
To give her love to you;
The boys who went have mothers
Who dearly love them too;
Then for the fond old mothers
Who watch, and fret and pray
Arise above all selfishness
And give your mite to-day.

You have your father living,
But age has round him clung.
Yet he proclaims how he could fight
If he were strong and young;
The soldier boys left fathers
As noble and as true;
Give, give for these old grey haired men
Who gave their sons for you.

And there are others dear to you
Whom you are loved to lend,
Old folks to whom you long have been
A comforter and friend;
The boys who went left these ones too
Appealing to your store;
You will not miss all that is asked,
So give a little more.

Thus giving and thus helping
You will be aiding on
The struggle that will have no end
Till victory has shone;
East bill you give is as a shell
Shot at the Kaiser's heart;
Shoot, shoot, and shoot until that hell
Is shot and rent apart.

Oh! drop those dollar bombs until
Our fiendish German foes
Are beaten back to the abyss
From which at first they rose;
Give, give your brave assistance
Until the earth is free—
Upon the struggle rests the fate
Of you as well as me.

—M. A. HARGADON.

Montreal.

FIGHTING BY NIGHT.

"A nocturnal attack on the firing line looks like an exhibition of fireworks magnified a thousand fold," says a writer in the November Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance, describing the various devices used by the warring armies to illuminate the battlefields.

"At the first shot in the blackness brilliant searchlights, mounted on motor trucks, criss-cross the battlefield with their blinding shafts of light, confusing the attackers and exposing them to a death-dealing fire of guns and rifles. A sound like a giant skyrocket is heard, and over the opposite trenches a huge rocket bursts, and, descending slowly under a parachute, an incandescent ball throws down a fan of light, which illuminates the surrounding territory for several minutes. Before it goes out others take its place, keeping the field under a brilliant light during the entire engagement. A glance down the length of the line reminds one of the drop lights of the stage, magnified a thousand times. As far as one can see these lights are dropping, shedding their light the better to allow their makers to kill

"The whirr of an aeroplane's propeller is heard overhead. Another danger is added to the melee, and bombs drop in rapid succession from the swift machine. The searchlights flash upwards, sweeping the sky, and finally focus their pencils of light upon the fragile, flying thing. One beam holds the range, while the rest return to the battlefield. Guns fire in quick succession and a series of fireballs chase across the sky. The anxious gunners follow their shots with their eyes, only to see them fall wide. By watching the course of the illuminated projectile, they are sometimes able to reach their mark, and the aeroplane crumples and falls to earth.

"From three-legged standards, much like our own skyrocket holders, rockets are shot out over the field and explode in a great glare of light. The soldiers defending their trenches place small grenades in the barrels of their rifles and, resting the butts against the ground, pull the trigger. There is a violent recoil, and an illuminating bomb is shot, to explode over the heads of the attackers and bathe them in light for nearly a minute."

MEAN TRICK.

(Judge)

Maud Willies—So Percy and Claude are both crazy about you?

Bess Gillis—Yes, and they have become the most bitter enemies over it, too.

Maud Willis—Indeed?

Bess Gillis—Yes. The other night when Percy was calling, Claude had bribed the milkman to come at 10 o'clock in the evening and to be sure to have father hear him.

Mother who pays the bills—What are all these charges on the Country Club bill—To Tom Collins? That's all right, mother. He—he's my caddy. —Life.

Keep The Toes In Your Harness

Keep it strong and good looking with

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Makes harness last longer and look better.

Dealers Everywhere

The Imperial Oil Company
Limited
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BETTER PLANES THAN FOKKERS

Britain Has Machines Which Can Outfly the Huns' Best.

Marvelous Change in War Owing to the Airmen.

That the English have had battle aeroplanes capable of developing speed as high as, if not higher than, that of the famous German Fokker aeroplane was asserted recently by Henry Woodhouse, a governor of the Aero Club of America, who has been in close touch with the aeronautical development on both sides ever since the beginning of the war. These machines have not been generally used, because in the beginning there were not enough pilots to be spared to take them out, although a few have been used on the western battle front for reconnaissance.

"England developed more than a year ago planes that could make from 140 to 160 miles an hour," Mr. Woodhouse said yesterday. "The Royal aircraft factory developed machines of both the Bristol and Sopwith types that could make 150 miles an hour with ease. In addition to these, there were various other fast machines, such as the Avro, Short, Wright, and Martinsyde types, all of which were small scouting aeroplanes, and usually manned by the pilot only.

"It was the very fact that they were not needed that kept them off the battle front. The Germans had nothing that could compare with them, and the ordinary planes of from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour speed were all that were needed for observation and bomb dropping. Now, however, that the Germans have developed their Fokker class until they are nearly as fest as the Sopwith and other British speed machines, the fast British machines will be sent to the front."

N. W. Wilson, of London, England, in writing on the developments of the war, has dwelt at length on the changes wrought by the use of the aerial scouts, and shows what changes their use has made in strategy. The annual manoeuvres of the British navy, which were to have taken place a few weeks before the war, were abandoned because the use of aerial scouts made the sham battles and other evolutions useless. The airmen were able to follow the movements of the opposing fleets so well that the secrecy necessary to the success of the manoeuvres was done away with.

Mr. Wilson, in reviewing the work of the aerial scouts during the last year of the war, says in part:

"This remarkable simplification of the art of war was the supreme achievement of the military airmen during the first nine months of the campaign. Next to it was the increased importance of long-range howitzer fire, and the general improvement in the destructive power of artillery due to fire direction from aeroplanes. In the third place came the long-range power over the enemy lines of communication, derived from the bomb-dropping art of the airmen. The best example of it was seen in the part played by our Royal Flying Corps during the attack on Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915.

"This was, in plan at least, the first classic airmen's battle. But for an accident it might have resulted in the breaking of the German front and the recapture of Lille. Much time was spent in preparation. The enemy's trenches were minutely studied and photographed from the air. The artillerymen had simply to calculate the elevation of their howitzer, so as to drop an enormous number of high explosive shells into the German line.

"Then when the terrific bombardment opened, and our infantry advanced, our Royal Flying Corps was used, probably for the first time in the history of warfare, in a masterly manner. They flew behind the enemy's lines and bombarded the railway station at Don and the railway bridge at Meinin, by which reinforcements could have been sent to the breaking-point of the German front.

"Our airmen got behind the fighting German force and attempted to isolate it from the rest of the German army. They were not in sufficient numbers to control all the roads, but they seriously interfered with the working of any munitions. It was only lack of thousands of airmen and of thousands of machines which prevented them from dealing the enemy a series of terrific blows from the air."

DON'T GO INTO CONSUMPTION—CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW!

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—use Catarrhozone and get well. It clears the throat, cures hacking, relieves tight chest and soreness in the bronchial tubes. To clear away Catarrh of the nose, nothing could be better. Catarrhozone is nature's own remedy. It heals and soothes—cures every form of throat, lungs, or bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. Get the dollar outfit, it lasts two months, and is guaranteed. Small size 50c; trial size 25c. Sold everywhere.

NERVY.

(Birmingham Age-Herald.)

Hokus—Flubdub seems to have a wonderful opinion of his knowledge.

Pokus—I should say he has. Why, I have actually heard him attempt to argue with his son, who is in his freshman year at college.

You never can tell. Many an engagement ends happily by being broken off.